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COL. W. V. LUCAS
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Bremer county pioneer, whose letters made this
book possible.

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PIONEER DAYS

of Bremer County, Iowa



Compiled from Letters to The Waverly Democrat

by COL. W. V. LUCAS

Santa Cruz, Cal.

Appended by

HARRY HAZLETT

L. C. OBERDORF

H. B. MILLER

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WAVERLY DEMOCRAT

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INTRODUCTION

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THIS VOLUME, Pioneer Days and History of Bremer County, Iowa, was made possible through a series of letters which were written by Col. W. V. Lucas, of Santa Cruz, California, and published in the Waverly Democrat, but without any thought by the writer that they would be published in book form. Col. Lucas, a pioneer of Bremer county, and a man well posted on the lives of the people and conditions during the early days of the county, was asked by the editor of the Democrat to furnish this paper a story of the early settlers, knowing that it would be of great interest to its readers. Col. Lucas complied with this request, the first letter appearing in June, 1917, with weekly installments thereafter up to January, 1918. These letters were intensely interesting, and before the series was completed the publishers of the Democrat conceived the idea of issuing them in book form, so that much valuable history, which they contained, would be preserved for future generations. But, as stated, the writer having no thought of these being published other than as newspaper articles, did not confine himself to routine dates, but merely selected incidents concerning the most important events of pioneer days of the county.

For the arrangement of these articles there is no apology to be made. While they are probably not in the order in which the writer would have arranged them, had he known they were to be published in book form, they contain historic facts that will be interesting and valuable to the present and future generations. Thus was Pioneer Days in Bremer County brought about.

Following the letters of Col. Lucas, Harry Hazlett, another pioneer of the county, now living in Sioux Falls, S. D., contributed a series of articles for the Democrat, dealing with early settlers, and these are embodied in this volume. Mr. Hazlett possesses a fund of knowledge both as to the early settlers and their lives, and his contribution will lend strength to the book.

L. C. Oberdorf, of Waverly, a pioneer settler of the county, and a man who possesses a thorough knowledge of conditions during the early days and down to the present time, has contributed a series of articles which, when interwoven with the biographical sketches of the pioneers, makes this book complete. No better or more

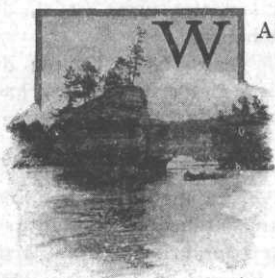
competent person than Mr. Oberdorf could have been secured for compiling this data, for his statements are based on facts which he looked up carefully.

This introduction would not be complete without mentioning the chapter by H. B. Miller, of Waverly, who has written interestingly of people with whom he was closely associated and of his experiences of early days.

THE PUBLISHERS.

June, 1918.

COL. W. V. LUCAS WRITES OF THINGS ALMOST UNKNOWN TO THE PRESENT GENERATION.



AS VERY MUCH delighted to receive your letter, which told me of the good time and success of the Old Settlers' Meeting at Waverly. I realize what a treat I missed by being absent. My mind and heart were with you all the day, and all that kept me from being present in person was a circumstance over which I had no control. It was my loss, and goes into the budget of disappointments that come to us in life's journey. In fancy I can see the

large crowd of old settlers gathered on the square in front of the old court house, enjoying a reunion such as comes on such an occasion. I congratulate them, that they had such a pleasant time and got away safely, for I feared the old ramshackle court house might take a tumble down the hill, and bury the whole caboodle of old settlers in a bunch. For sixty years it has stood in majestic silence as a monument to the honesty of its construction. It is made of native material of Bremer county, the timber cut from her forests, the brick from Lorenz Selbig's yard on top of the hill, near where your father (Theodore Hullman) owned and operated one of the first stores established in Waverly. (It was in that store I first met your father and mother, in April, 1856.) The lime came from a kiln up the river, north of town. The architect was Capt. Hinkley F. Beebe; the contractor and builder were George W. LeValley and H. F. Beebe; the brick-layers were three or a trinity of Georges—George Corey, George W. Briggs and George G. Evans, three master workmen whose hands never forgot their cunning, when doing a job with brick and mortar. The carpenter work was done by Sam Geddes, whose skill and genius as a prince in wood work was never excelled by any manipulator of the plane in Waverly. The only weak spot in Sam was his devotion to the god Bacchus, as dispensed by Dow Hinton from a jug and tin cup. Sam was ably supported in his work by "Mayor" Wood, who was the equal of the master workman in skill and speed, and who at a later date became a soldier in the old and gallant Third Iowa Infantry. My recollection is that he lived thru the war, but never came back to Waverly. Another thoro workman on the court house was William Reeser, who some years later returned to Pennsylvania, his native state. Roswell Keith and W. R. Hillis, and perhaps some others worked on the job. George Corey and George W. Briggs did the plastering. Sam Geddes made the seats and built the stairs. J. H. Brooks, Shadee Hinton, Jack and Joe Chandler carried the hods. No more faithful crew of men ever worked on a job. All were

past masters in their line, and as faithful as the clock that kept the time for them. Le Valley was tireless in his work and efforts to produce a building that would be an honor to all who had any part or lot in its construction.

When finished and turned over to the county it was the finest and most imposing court house in the Cedar Valley. Linn, Benton, Blackhawk, Chickasaw, Floyd and Mitchell counties were not in it in comparison with "Little Bremer" for court houses.

There it has stood for three score of years, as a temple of justice. Within its walls and at its bar, civil and criminal law has been construed and administered by such very illustrious judges as Wilson, of Dubuque; Williams and Murdock, of Clayton; McGlathery, of Fayette; Fairfield and Reineger, of Floyd, and our own lamented Ruddick, and still later by other able and clean men who honored the wool sack on which they sat. At the bar sentence of involuntary servitude has been passed upon men convicted for crimes committed.

In its auditorium such devout men as Elder Gould, Elder Burrington, F. X. Miller, C. M. Sessions, dear old Elder Swearingen and others preached the Gospel. Within its walls Plunkett, Billy Marble and Laughing Robinson held forth on the stage.

On one occasion Plunkett put on "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." Dave Clark, Al Lawrence, Mayor Wood and Doc Pomeroy, the leaders of Waverly's set of bright and mischievous young men, induced Sam Geddes, Dow Hinton and Joe Chandler to go and see the play. They were told it was one of great merit and high morals. They attended, chaperoned by a bunch of these teasers. At every point of striking interest they rubbed it in on Sam, Dow and Joe. When it was ended the three were nearly paralyzed and as they straggled down town to Frank Kimm's place, they commented on the scenes. When they reached Frank's bar, they agreed that three rounds should be the limit, and after that a drought would set in, for danger lurked in the glass. At the close of the three rounds they shook hands and passed out into the darkness to go home. Dow and Joe lived up on the hill near the court house, and Sam down town in front of the mill. After they separated Sam concluded he would go back and see if Dow and Joe were in earnest about a drought. When he entered Frank's place he found the boys lined up telling Frank they had no confidence in Sam's promise to cut out all hard drinks, while Frank in his French-English, was telling them he was expecting Sam every minute, and for them not to hasten away, for Sam was certain to appear soon. While they lingered the door opened and Sam appeared. He expressed great astonishment that they were not at home and in bed. They in turn told him they had doubts about his sincerity and concluded they would not retire until they were satisfied he meant what he said when the covenant was made. Sam assured them he was in dead earnest, and only because of a raging toothache was he there; he had dropped around to get some of Frank's "Toothache Elixir," which was a sure cure. At this Dow, the spokesman, replied, "We believe you, and we know Frank's stuff never fails to cure the toothache, blues, rheumatism or anything

else, except lying; set 'em up, Frank." After three more rounds they separated, the pledge renewed for a drought. Sam said afterward that he kept the pledge two days, but when he found that Dow and Joe stood out only one day he decided he would call the compact off.

This brings me back to the court house, for I am bound to say it has served its day, has done splendid service, is honored and loved for what it has been, but in the light of the progress of the times, the wealth of Bremer county, and the necessities of the hour, it is a disgrace to the county, a shame to its people, and some of these days it will burn up or tumble down, and thus destroy records and archives worth more to the taxpayers than the cost of an up-to-date building. If I were running the Democrat, I would keep up such a racket and give so many sound reasons why a new court house should be built that something would be doing, if nothing more than railroading me out of the county. I know that the people of Bremer county are as proud and progressive as are the people in any other county, and have more wealth than the average county.

Another thing the people of Bremer county should do that would honor them and be a just tribute to the memory of one of her first citizens and a pioneer honored in many ways; and that is to erect a monument on the public square in memory of Lieut. Edward Tyrrell, who fell on the awful 22nd day of May on the breastworks at Vicksburg, while leading old Company G, 9th Iowa, to reach the rebel flag inside the works. He is the only officer from Bremer county killed during the civil war. He was a model citizen of the county and a hero whose blood moistened the soil of his adopted country. He left a family who honor his name and the county. As a mark of patriotic devotion to country and respect for one of its foremost citizens, Bremer county can do no less than build a soldier's monument in the square, with Edward Tyrrell's name chiseled in the granite, and below it put the name of Johnny Karker, from the same company, who fell at Pea Ridge in March, 1862. He was the first soldier from Bremer county who was killed in the battle. Johnny was a poor obscure boy, but a patriot who died under the shadow of the flag that has never touched the ground. Unknown in life, honored and loved in his unknown grave, it would be patriotic and typical of Bremer county to preserve the name of the first man from its borders who was killed in the war for the freedom of a race.

I hope your readers will not think I am meddling or "butting in" among their affairs, for I am not. If my home were in the county I would have much more to say about a monument in the court house square. Nearly half of the counties of the state, or perhaps more than half, have creditable monuments to their soldiers of 1861-65.

TRIBUTE TO TWO DECEASED OLD SETTLERS AND OTHER INTERESTING DATA.

Pursuant to a promise made to you, in response to your request, I will scratch off some recollections of the pioneer days of Bremer county in general and Waverly in particular. I have no data or notes to refer to, so what I shall say will be wholly from recollection. The dates may not be exact, but the facts in all cases will be essentially correct.

First of all, I want to pay a slight tribute to the memory of the two old settlers, and among the best of Bremer county's women, whose obituaries I read in your paper of the 14th inst.

When I landed in the smart and pretentious little village of Janesville in April, 1856, two of the best known families of that section lived on farms east of town. None were better known than the McHenry's and the Bridens. Lizzie McHenry was a small miss of many charms and sunny disposition, which made her a favorite of the neighborhood. There she grew into womanhood, and after the close of the Civil War she married Guy C. Farnsworth, one of my best boys in old Company B, 14th Iowa, who to me is more like a brother than otherwise today. Thus she became very near to me, and I regarded her as a sister or daughter. She spent her life in the vicinity of her childhood, and a busy and useful life it was. A model wife and mother, a good Samaritan who did, as the Good Book says, "what she could."

Susan Gish came to the county a few years later with her parents, and spent all the rest of her days very near Mrs. Farnsworth. She was a rosy-cheeked, vivacious girl, highly respected by all who knew her. She married Horsman Briden, a son of William Briden above mentioned, and gave her life to the family and the community, gladly and freely. That she made the world better by living in it, no one will doubt, who knew her.

In the death of these two women the Old Settlers' Society loses two of its best members. They set examples that the young women of the day will do well to imitate.

When I first reached Waverly, in the last part of April, 1856, it was a romantic but straggling village, tucked away among the young trees and brush. Bremer avenue had been opened up from the river east to the top of the hill, and there for the first time I met Theodore Hullman in his store. The avenue was so full of stumps one could hardly drive a team and wagon thru it. Most of these stumps were hickory, and of good, fair size. It was comical to watch the wagons bounce and twist about to pass thru. It was a poor outlook for a town then.

Later on W. P. Harmon organized a grubbing crew to clear out the stumps, of which crew Mose Lehman was foreman. The grubbers were Dow Hinton, Jack and Joe Chandler, Sam McClure, A. C.

Barrett, Henry Bell, myself and several others who were transients and whose names I do not remember. We tore the stumps out by the roots, and in a week or so the avenue was a respectable highway.

When I quit the grubbing crew, I hired out to John Tyrrell, who was doing the mason work on the Bremer House, to attend him as mortar "jacky." Great haste was being made to have the hotel finished before the 4th of July arrived, for great preparations were being made to celebrate the day, and the hotel had to be finished so as to open with a big ball. Squire Mathews had leased the hotel and while Tyrrell was straining every nerve to finish his part of the work, the Mathews family were moving in. Such confusion as reigned thruout the house is past description. The chimneys had not been built, which was a handicap to the cooking department. John began the kitchen chimney in the afternoon of the 2nd day of July, and he and I worked until it was so dark we could not see. The morning of the 3rd we were at work as soon as it was light enough for him to see how to lay a brick. As the chimney grew in length the hotter it got, for Mother Mathews had ordered a fire started below, so as to be able to do cooking for the next day. All day long the bread, cakes, doughnuts and pies were being shoved in and taken out of the red-hot stove, while the heat and smoke at times strangled John so he could hardly do a good job of swearing, to say nothing of a good job of laying brick. When I suggested they were testing his ability to build a chimney that would draw, he leveled his artistic cussing at me, and when I taunted him with posing gracefully before Esther and Mandy Mathews and Mrs. Reeser, who were covered with flour and pie dough, as the sweat rolled off their faces, I reached the limit of his patience, and he threatened to throw me from the top of the building. All day long I mixed mortar and lugged it to the top of the hotel, and as the sun went down out of sight the chimney was finished. John was as black as a negro, from working over the chimney in the smoke and heat. My consolation was that the girls from the kitchen had kept me well fed on pie and cake all day, at which Tyrrell growled because he could not stop to eat. But we were ready for the celebration next day. Many a hearty laugh Mother Mathews had in after years over the stress and strain of that day.

In those days Waverly had a bunch of as bright and keen young men as ever gathered in a new frontier town. As I recall their names I wonder how many, and which ones, of them remain. The list as I think of them were W. W. Brown, Mayor Wood, William Battams, Alb. Goddard, J. P. Olds, H. K. Swett, Elias Groves, S. H. Curtis, Theo. Hullman, Alonzo H. Curtis, H. J. Hoffman, Louis Case, Geo. W. Briggs, Del Lawrence, Al Lawrence, Dave Clark, H. A. Miles, Mose Lehman, John Tyrrell, G. W. Ruddick, G. C. Wright, O. P. Haughawant, R. W. Hills, Geo. G. Evans, D. M. Cool, J. C. Pomeroy, William Mooney, John J. Smith, Wm. O. Smith, Oscar Burbank, Roswell Keith, Wm. Reeser, Jack Stroth, John W. Piggott, W. P. Reeves, Bide Ellsworth, Gorham Ellsworth, and perhaps some others whom I do not recollect. Of all those named, I am not certain that any are living but Louis Case and Al Lawrence,

At this point I will relate a circumstance. In the very early days Alonzo H. Curtis and Hink Beebe operated a restaurant on First street (now East Water street) in a building opposite the grist mill. The business was not a success, and Lon left the town, and so far as I know, no one knew where he went.

At the battle of Pleasant Hill, La., in April 1864, which was a hot and bloody field, just before dark in a rush on the enemy, our troops captured several hundred prisoners. They were sent to the rear and herded under guard. After dark I received a detail to take charge of the guard and the prisoners during the night. The evening was cool, and little fires were started, around which the prisoners were grouped. As I was passing a bunch of them I noticed a fellow who was watching me attentively. A little later I passed the group again and the same fellow looked intently at me. I inquired what I could do for him, for I was curious to know why he was so interested. He stepped up close to me and said, "May I ask what state you are from?" When I told him he said, "And from Waverly?" I said, "Yes." He gazed at me a moment and replied, "And your name is Lucas." I told him he was correct, and he then asked, "Do you know me?" I could not recall ever having known him, and told him so, upon which he told me his name. I at once recognized him as Lon Curtis. He then said, "There are three other Iowa boys among the prisoners, Jones and two Quigleys, all from Dubuque." I spent a couple of hours with Curtis, during which time he told me that when he left Waverly he went to Missouri and later married the daughter of a prominent man there, who became an intense rebel when the war broke out. He said his wife and his two children, all that he had in the world, were living there, that his father-in-law was in the rebel army and there was nothing he could do but join the confederate ranks. He did so much against his will, but once in the service he did his duty as best he could as a soldier. His story was a pathetic one, and I pitied him, of course. He inquired eagerly about all the men I have named above, and as I told him of those in the Union army he was much affected, and said, "I thought they would go." We spent most of the night in rehearsing old times and incidents, much to his evident gratification. I was relieved at 8 o'clock the next morning, and shook hands with him as we parted. I never knew where the prisoners were sent, and I never heard of Lon Curtis afterward. The incident brought very forcibly to my mind the cruelty of that war between friends and blood relations. Sergeant Keely and Steve Dicken, of my own company, each had a brother in the rebel army, and they were always, when they could, examining the batches of prisoners, expecting they might find a brother among them, but they never did. Steve's brother lived to get home, but Keely's brother did not, as I learned years after the close of the war.

In subsequent chapters, I shall refer to some unique characters we had among the pioneers, and to incidents of early days.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN 1856.

The ambition and growth of Waverly made it necessary that the 4th of July should be observed in the year 1856. The country was filling up fast with people who had come to make homes, and stay with the fortunes of the country.

Wm. P. Harmon was the man of the town and of the times. He was the embodiment of activity, energy and a vision. He foresaw a great country, with possibilities concealed from the ordinary man. His whole heart was wrapped up in the future of Waverly. Often in his enthusiasm, he characterized the little town in the grove on the banks of the Cedar river, as the "Lowell of the West," and as a reason would point out the splendid water power of the stream, with its high banks, only awaiting the genius and wealth of man to harness it to whirring machinery to make it all that he dreamed of.

He gave it out that a celebration worthy of the day, the town, and the people would be held. The country for miles about was looking forward to the occasion.

It was a little difficult to select a spot for the gathering, because most of the ground on the east side of the river was covered with a thick growth of trees and underbrush. Finally, the spot chosen was at the foot of the hill in the north part of town, where in after years Jimmy Hayes built his home. Slabs from the saw mill were hauled to the spot by Henry Harmon, and a lot of seats improvised out of them. A modest platform was built on the upper side of the grounds, on which the officers of the day, the honored guests, and the singers were seated.

In the absence of an outside orator, Mr. Harmon filled the place—and did it well. Geo. W. Mathews was president, with several vice-presidents that I do not recall. B. F. Perkins read the Declaration of Independence. J. G. Ellis was then sheriff of the county and was marshal of the occasion. Mrs. Dr. Cool led the singing, and was ably assisted by Mrs. Wm. Reeser. Miles Comstock was a pretty good fifer and was anxious to play. Mr. Harmon rustled up a snare drummer, who was camped near while looking for a location. He had his drum with him and consented to play. Mr. Harmon found a bass drum in town, but lacked a player. He met me on the street on the morning of the 4th and said, "I want you to beat the bass drum; can you do it?" And I answered, "Yes, of course, I can and will." I had never attempted such a feat in music, but extraordinary occasions always require extraordinary effort. Comstock and the snare drummer (I never knew his name) decided to practice a little, and Harmon told me to join with them. We went down in the grove, to about the spot where the Presbyterian church stood in later years, and for a half hour we made the woods ring. Finally Comstock declared we would be a respectable band, and as a last piece we would play "Yankee Doodle." In my efforts to make some extra

strokes, I put on more steam than skill, and "busted" the head of my drum. When we reached Bremer avenue, Mr. Harmon came tearing up the street and asked Comstock how the band got along. When told "fine, but the bass drum is out on account of a busted head," Harmon turned to me and said, "Hurry down the street to Fosselman's shoe shop and have him fix it." I went on the jump, for the crowd was to meet at the grounds at 11 o'clock and it was then past ten. That was the first time I had ever spoken to Charley. He was at work on his bench and dropped his work and fixed the drum. I shouldered it and started to report to Comstock that his band was ready. Charley stopped me and said, "I guess you forgot something. Pay me 25 cents." I said, "Mr. Harmon sent me here, I guess he will pay you." To that Charley said, "Nicht, you pay." I gave him a quarter and said, "This is the 4th of July and you ought to help along a little," when he retorted, "I work for cash, and not the 4th of July." In after years, when we became the best of friends, when I wanted to tease him I would ask him for a refund and interest. He still owes me the quarter, and when I dunned payment eight years ago when back to Waverly, he said, "It is outlawed." Many a hearty laugh we have had over the affair.

The day passed off fine, a large crowd gathered from all directions, many families coming in wagons that were drawn by oxen. I believe it is not extravagant to say that there were 25 teams of that sort in town that day. Everybody was happy and declared it was "the best 4th ever."

At night a dance was pulled off, with Ezra Williams, Joe Baskins, and Bill Reeser, musicians. They played the same tunes over about every half hour. During the evening I danced several times with the good mother of the present editor of the Democrat. She was an artistic dancer, while I had the step of the Wabash style, which she pronounced vigorous but lacking in grace and technique. When the sun rose on the morning of the 5th, we were still dancing. Then Mrs. Mathews appeared on the scene and told the merry crowd she must have the dining room to serve breakfast in, and if the dance continued we would have to go outside in the street. That order closed the festivities of the 4th of July, 1856, in Waverly. I am wondering how many of those present that evening at the Bremer House survive. If Louis Case was among us, he is one, but I do not recollect whether he was present or not. I know he was in Waverly then, as I am glad to know he is yet, from a letter I received from him this week. Louis was a sedate deacon sort of a boy then. He stuck close to his work and saved his strength, which serves him so well as he marches for the 84th mile post in life's journey.

UNIQUE CHARACTERS AND MEETINGS.

I mentioned the fact that Waverly had some unique characters in its pioneer days. Dr. Oscar Burbank was the wag and joker among them. A superior doctor and devoted to his profession. My recollection is he was the first doctor to locate in Waverly and he spent more than a half century there in active practice. For years a baby couldn't be well born unless Doc was present and started it in life. He never had a case that was so desperate he would not tell a story or crack a joke some time in his treatment of the patient. He once said, "People say I am frivolous and heartless in my profession. Nothing is further from the truth than that, but I learned early that jollity is good medicine for most everybody and I carry a lot of it in one end of my pill bags." In later years I have reached the conclusion that his philosophy was sound and his practice rational.

Among the early settlers in the town was Hiram Holbrook, a blacksmith, whose shop was located on the south side of Bremer avenue, near the east end of the bridge. He lived in the shop, it was his palace. Never married, so far as anyone knew, and devoted to his work. He wore the same suit of clothes from the time they were new until worn out so that they would not hang on him any longer. From his color, it was hard to tell whether he was a black or a white man. In the town was John Gothard, a mulatto, a good citizen, and the proprietor of an addition to Waverly. To tease Holbrook, some of the mischievous young fellows would drop around to his shop and in a confidential way inquire of him whether or not he was related to Mr. Gothard. Before doing so, however, they would edge about so as to be near the door and to know the coast was clear, for about that time the air would be full of horse shoes or any other pieces of iron accessible for quick use. For some several days the fellow who had ventured to stir old Hiram up would keep away from his shop.

Doc Burbank was very fond of teasing him, and because they both came from Maine, he presumed sometimes to go too far, and Hiram would order him out of the shop and forbid his return. But time would soften the old man's temper and Doc would venture to visit him again. Doc kept a human skeleton in a secret room at his home, and when Hiram learned this fact he cut Doc's company all that he could. The teasers soon found out that there was a break between them, and Hi gave it out that he believed Doc was waiting for the time to come when he could dissect his (Hiram's) bones, and from that time he was irreconcilable toward the doctor, and would not let him enter the shop. To stir the old man to high pitch, the boys would guardedly mention the skeleton to him, which was certain to draw out from him a lecture upon the brutality of doctors in general and of Burbank in particular.

The younger generation about town also loved to tease him. He had a habit of whistling, without tune, but in time with the blows

on the iron as he fashioned it into the required shape. The boys soon became adepts at mimicing him. They would get as nearly in front of the shop door as safety would allow and commence whistling, then take to their heels as the hammer or anything that he happened to have in his hands would be thrown at them with all the strength and accuracy he could command.

But for all his peculiarities and quick temper, he was a good smith and was very accomodating to those who sought his services. Many is the meal he missed that he might help some one who had a break-down in harvest or threshing time. He could always be depended on in emergencies.

In the early part of the year 1857, C. T. Smeed arrived in town and purchased the Republican from H. A. Miles. Smeed was a total stranger, so far as I know, to all the people of Bremer county. He was a highly educated man and of a pronounced literary turn of mind. His writings were scholarly, his style courteous, polite, always logical and often deeply philosophical. He was dogmatic and persistent in his opinions and manner; strictly partisan in his politics, and decidedly heterodox in his religious expressions. He was a man of broad visions and, as I now believe, about a half century in advance of the times in which he lived.

No sooner had he taken charge of the only paper in the town, or the county at that time, than it was apparent it would be run on different lines than it had been from its advent. Instead of being a strictly local paper, and the organ of the republican party, it became the personal expression of the editor's opinions. Local matters were only incidents with Smeed; the chief mission of the paper was to promulgate his individual opinions. In those days there was no news service at all, only one little stub of railroad in the state, which was from Davenport to Muscatine. No telegraph news at all, and only a weekly mail came to Waverly by a Jim Crow stage line, which bad roads or bad weather was liable to delay from hours to days. No "patent insides" or power presses, nothing beyond the old Washington hand press. The type was all set by the printer, and the matter furnished by the editor. Not much news from the outside world reached us then. Society news was unknown in those days. This situation gave Smeed the opportunity to furnish editorials, from a stickful to two columns in length, and most of them were as dry as sawdust. While the long and ponderous articles were not particularly interesting to the average readers, they were instructive and helped many a young man to start out on higher grades with the ambition to conquer larger fields.

Smeed lacked the social qualities that a country editor must have to be a popular leader. To be a good mixer is worth a good deal, and often does more to help the fellow along in the race of life than does polished equipment. Smeed was not a mixer, he was always serious, and rarely ever could see the point to a joke or a ludicrous situation. The following circumstance illustrates his matter-of-fact make-up:

When he took over the Republican, at the head stood in large letters "C. Tarbox Smeed, Editor and Proprietor." The gang of

mischievous teasers measured him up and were very anxious to have some sport at his expense. They inquired cautiously how it happened that he had the queer name of C. Tarbox. He was reticent and unsatisfactory in explaining, but his sincerity was plain. So they agreed to invite him to make an address, and then explain what he had hinted to be an interesting part of his naming. He consented. The old stone school house located northeast of the court house was the Mecca for all sorts of meetings, from the divine service down to debates. To it all classes of the people went at some time or other. It was the place of wisdom, worship, political caucuses, polemics, and mischief. It was the mass hall of the town. The meeting was called and the room was crowded on that evening to hear his address, and more especially to hear how it happened he bore the odd and singular name of C. Tarbox.

When the audience assembled in the school house to hear Mr. Smeed, Dave Clark was elected chairman. This was eminently proper, because he, more than any other person, was responsible for the unique meeting. It was a mixed assemblage. Quite a number of the best people in town were there in high glee, and ready to get all the sport out of the occasion possible. Even W. P. Harmon was there. His presence was not for the fun the gang expected, but for the purpose of measuring Smeed, who was so much of an enigma that Mr. Harmon was anxious to size him up.

The room was crowded, but perfectly orderly. Smeed seemed the least concerned person present. It was his opportunity, as well as the sporty fellows', and he was not ignorant of the purpose of the meeting. Therefore, he was prepared to make the most capital for himself while he pleased the "gang."

Clark, knowing he was to be chairman, was ready with a most polite and courteous speech of acceptance of the honor of being called upon to preside at such a meeting of respectable citizens of the future "Lowell of the West." He really made a fine speech and set everyone at perfect ease.

Dave's introduction of the speaker of the evening was a masterpiece for a frontier town, in matter and in form, and was received with rapturous applause. The reception of the speaker was no less hearty and cordial.

Smeed was a peculiar looking man. His manner was easy and calm. He knew he was on trial before a jury whose friendship he wanted to win. He thanked them for the invitation to address them and then launched out into a discussion of the high privileges accorded to young men in this country to be of great value in building up a high standard of manhood and citizenship. He strenuously urged that the true philosophy of life was to be in earnest. He pursued this line of thought to some length and some of his deductions were keen as rapier cuts, but well concealed by his vein of candor and earnestness. His address was quite lengthy, so much so that uneasiness was manifest, on the back seats, where the "gang" were grouped. A suspicion stole upon them that Smeed had out-generated them, and they were likely to be the victims of the well-planned

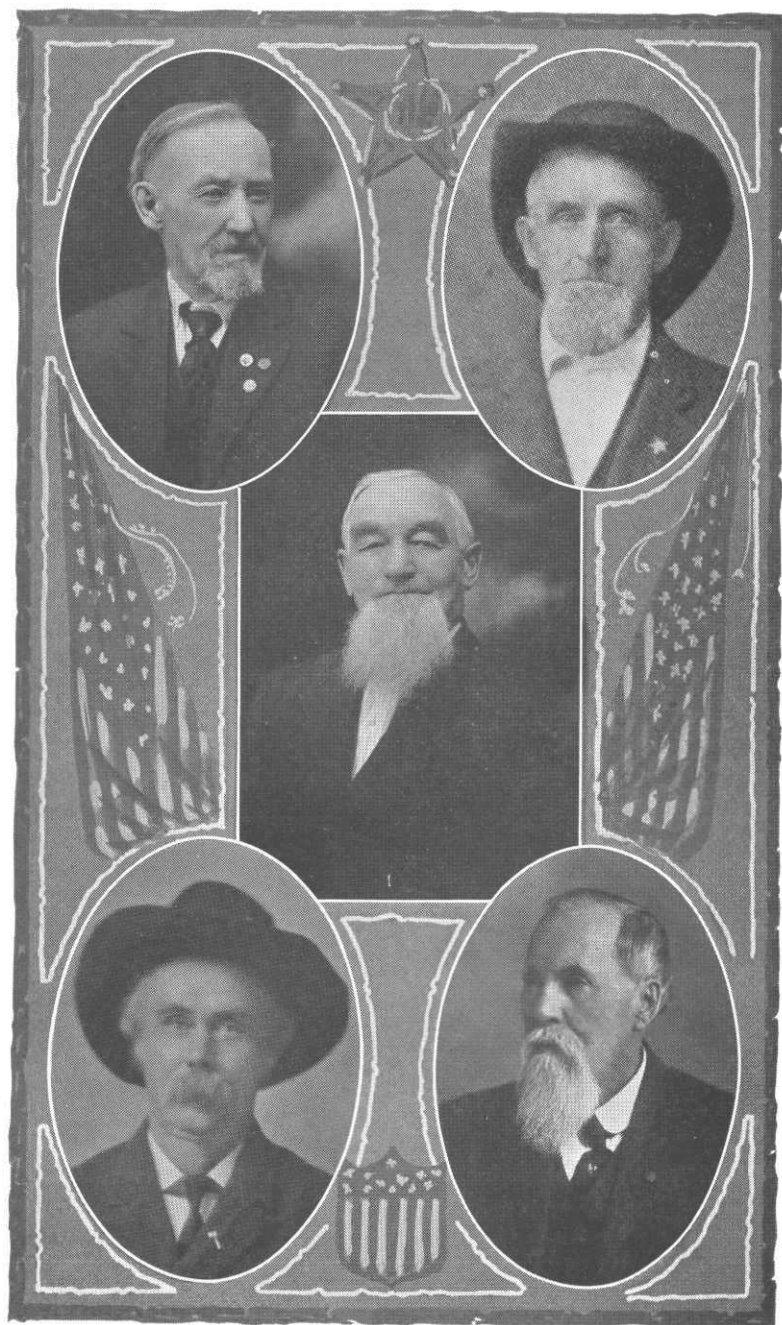
scheme to have a lot of sport at his expense. But he played fair, and finally reached the pitch of the meeting, which ended up in about this way: He recited the anxiety of his friends to know how it happened that he bore such a queer name. As near as I recollect he put it this way: "In the year 1829, in the state of New York, a male child was born, who was given the name of Caesar, in memory of the man who conquered the world. The child grew into healthy boyhood, until he reached the age of six years, when, to distinguish him from his namesake, the boy added the more euphonious one of Tarbox, since which time he has been satisfied to treat the name bestowed upon him by his parents as a pseudonym, and to be known as C. Tarbox Smeed. When he concluded the explanation, the "meeting was out," and the boys realized they had the information they sought, but nothing more on Smeed. It was a clear case of failure to trap or embarrass the new editor.

Smeed had very little care for society, and as I recollect, had few, if any, close friends; and yet he was friendly with everybody. He was indifferent to his personal appearance or dress, but was a student of books and theories, a dreamer devoted to philosophies of politics, religion and science. In politics he was a radical abolitionist and affiliated with the republicans; in religion a theosophist, and a scientist who adjusted the principles to sustain his theories.

In 1858, when the Cedar river was higher than ever before known, the water flooded East Water street so it filled the basement of the brick building on the south side of Bremer avenue, known then as the Foster store and later as the Barker & Bacon store. On one occasion Smeed came from his office over the Curtis hardware store, with his pantaloons rolled up to his knees, bare-footed and bare-legged, and waded about in the water like a boy. Behind his ear was stuck a quill pen. When laughed at, he declared in all sincerity that he was hunting for an "item." Many little things such as the above revealed the characteristics of Mr. Smeed.

Another case of a different sort illustrated his good nature and lack of temper. As has been said, he was radical in his political opinions and he unhesitatingly recorded them in his paper. The democrats became incensed at him and decided their party should have an organ. Accordingly Col. Wm. Pattee was importuned to establish a paper, which he did, and called it the Bremer County Argus. It was pronouncedly straight democratic in politics and was inclined to be belligerent toward the Republican. Col. Pattee was a gentleman of the old school, stately in manner and imperious in his utterances upon political questions. It was not long until the papers clashed and the battle was on between them. The Colonel landed with the intention, as he said, of squelching Smeed. Finally, in answer to one of the Colonel's broadsides, Tarbox came back at him by a string of ridicule and sarcastic logic that stung the pompous old Colonel to the quick, and he declared that he would ignore Smeed in his Argus, but if he persisted, he would use his cane on him.

Smeed was informed of the threat and cautioned to be on his guard, to all of which he seemed to be totally indifferent, and pur-



ALEX NICOL, Denver

JOHN KERR, Tripoli

CHRISTIAN MOEHLING, Denver

JOHN CHADWICK, Tripoli

GUY FARNSWORTH, Denver

Survivors of Co. B, living in Bremer county, commanded by Col. W. V. Lucas during the Civil war.

sued his usual course of passing about taking observations of what was going on. The office of the Argus was on the north side of Bremer avenue, well up to where the Great Western depot is now located. As Smeed approached the office on his way to the Court House one morning, he discovered the colonel standing in the door of his office, with his ever-present cane in his hand. Instead of dodging or swerving from his course, Smeed kept on and when near the angry old Colonel, Smeed saluted him, saying, "Good morning, Colonel, fine day; I hope you are well." At this cool and taunting salutation, Pattee replied, "Don't you speak to me, you whining cur!" Smeed stopped, and looking at the angry Colonel, answered, "Why, Colonel, I believe you are angry; I am sorry you have such a temper this beautiful June morning. We should be glad and rejoice that we live in such a health-giving climate and among such good people." The Colonel was nonplussed, and responded, "Go ahead, you don't know enough to be insulted." Smeed smiled and with seeming innocence inquired, "Did you mean to insult me?" "No, no, go ahead," said Pattee. For some time Pattee would grow furious when he was nagged about the interview, as was done every day by some of his best friends. After a while he, too, would laugh over the affair. Doc Burbank's office was near the Argus office, and he was a witness of the scene, and it lost none of its dramatic qualities by his relation of the story.

Smeed was restless and wanted to get back east, so he placed the Republican on the market and sold it to J. K. L. Maynard, who arrived in Waverly in 1861. Smeed went to Washington, but what he did or how he was employed I think none of his friends ever knew. But the sequel of his life closed by his filling his pockets with stones and leaping from the Long Bridge into the Potomac river. He was a man of good meaning, kindhearted, gentle in manner and temper. That he was a sort of monomaniac in theosophical religion is quite certain, and as he grew older he became partially insane. He did much for Waverly in attracting the attention of railroad men to the Cedar Valley in general and to Waverly in particular. He wrote scores of long editorials upon the future of the valley, and predicted what has come true. As I have said before, Caesar Tarbox Smeed lived a half century ahead of his time. His vision was clear and accurate, but his contemporaries called him "cracked in the head," when in fact he was a prophet.

HARDSHIPS AND WEATHER CONDITIONS PIONEERS HAD TO CONTEND WITH.

The year 1858 was the wettest one the state of Iowa ever knew. The Good Book says, "In the days of Noah the foundations of the great deep were broken up." So they were in that year. The Cedar river was a raging torrent for months. On January 26 of this year the "high water" took out the first bridge built over the river at

Waverly. This bridge had been built by subscription in 1857. It may be said here that the night following was extremely cold, so that the next morning people were able to cross the river above the dam on the ice. The high water also took out a part, or all, of the mill dam. The water swept over ground never since covered by water from the river. From the mill to the "Stone Corner" boats were used, and as far up the avenue as P. B. Foster's brick store. During the summer it rained so much and so often that much of the small grain remained uncut in the fields and that which was cut became so badly sprouted in the shocks and stacks that the wheat (not much oats was grown) was of very inferior quality and the flour made from it was quite dark in color and so poor in quality that no good bread could be made. The corn was mostly unripe and soft. This left the county short on grain. The ground became so wet, that it was said, if one should go about midway between Waverly and Tripoli and place a wide plank beneath his feet, to keep from sinking out of sight, by jumping on the plank he could shake the whole county.

One day W. R. Bostwick, who lived in Frederika township, succeeded in getting to town. Judge Ruddick inquired about the condition of the Wapsie, when Bostwick replied, "She's 40 miles wide and 30 deep." People talked seriously about the Cedar being a navigable stream. I think a small steamer did ascend as far up the stream as Cedar Rapids. A good many boats came up the Des Moines river that year as far as the now capital city, and so sanguine were the residents of that valley, that they believed the transportation question was solved for them, and thru Senator Dondge they succeeded in having the Des Moines river declared a navigable stream and secured an appropriation to clear out the obstructions. Two things knocked the navigation project out, one was the mill dams and the other a normal state of rain.

In a group of wise old farmers one day in Waverly, when assembled to talk about the wet weather, they included the subject of steamboats coming up the river. Mace Eveland said, "Boys, by gum, we could have plenty of them come right up here, if it was not for these mill dams." Then he told how the steamboats in "Eelinoy" had solved the question of transportation for the farmers to reach the markets for their produce, and ended by declaring, "The mill dams are an infernal nuisance." To which some of the listeners replied, "That's so, Mace."

The spot where the station of Irma now stands was covered with water eighteen inches deep, by the Cedar river overflowing its banks. South of the station fifteen or twenty rods, the ground is lower. I rode a horse down the lane there to inspect 40 acres of corn I had on the west side of the road and the water was up to the middle of the horse's sides. It was in August and the only thing I could see of my corn was the tassles sticking above the flood. I need not say I did not get even a "nubbin" from the whole 40 acres. I had rented the land from Thomas Halse, an Englishman. It was comical to hear him discuss the flood and wonder what was to come

next, for he was on his farm the cold winters and recollected all their horrors.

The result of the floods was a very light crop and to add to the loss, nearly all the grain kept over from the year before was spoiled because the granaries were covered with hay, and the water leaked thru to the grain and ruined it. It was a cheerless year, and discouraged the people so that many of them left the country in the spring of 1859, thoroly convinced Iowa was not a fit place for a white man to live in. Following the crop failure came the panic of money of which I will speak later. No silver or gold was in circulation and even the worthless "stump tail" currency was hard to get, for the people had nothing to sell, and if they had, there was no market. It was a hard task to get money enough to buy a postage stamp, for the government would not take anything but coin.

For a whole year I did not have a dollar in coin and not \$10 in "stump tail," except the \$30 I sold a cow for, of which I will speak. I asked Theodore Hazlett for a postage stamp, which I used in writing a letter to my wife's father in Illinois, in which I told him of our absolute poverty and asked him to send us some stamps, which he did. The news got out some way that I had stamps. Jim Adair lived four miles from my place and rode on horseback in a rain one evening to "borrow" a postage stamp. Of course he got it; he wrote to some friend in New York and got a dollar's worth as I had. Jim and I furnished stamps for our neighbors so they could write "home" for stamps. Everyone in the east would say, "why don't you quit the God forsaken country and come back?" No doubt, some would have done so, if they had not been so everlastingly poor they could not go out of the township. I loaned stamps to Pat and Joe Boylson, and after years when Adair, the Boylsons and I met, we went over those days with much interest. The people learned how to utilize cornmeal for bread-making, and many of the women became experts in making "corn dodger." To this day I have a hankering for a "hunk of corn dodger."

The winter that followed was a hard one on the pioneers because of the scarcity of foodstuffs, and many left the country the next spring, generally returning to the east. But those who would not, or could not, cheerfully put in all the crops they could and garnered a large crop in the season of 1859. The trouble that faced them then was the lack of markets and the total absence of all sorts of money, except paper issued by irresponsible banks. A person might have a wad of it filling his pockets one day that was current, and the next day it would be worthless, for like lots of miserable sinners, it never knew a redeemer. All such money was called "stump tail" or "rag baby" money. As an illustration of its utter worthlessness as money, I mention this case: I sold a cow to Jim Murphy on a Monday morning for \$30.00. The bank reporter classed the bank that issued it "good" that day. I knew the danger of holding the stuff and decided wife and I would hasten to town and spend every dollar of it, for we were as poor as Lazarus was. When I told her my plans she was busy with Monday washing and decided she could not go

that day. After a consultation, it was decided by her we would go early Tuesday morning. I protested, but yielded to her decision. During the evening we made out a list of articles we needed most, and felt pretty rich over the thought of all we would have when stocked up with our \$30.00. Tuesday morning we arrived in town about 10 o'clock, told Theodore Hazlett, with whom we always traded, that we wanted a BIG bill of goods, and added that we were in luck in selling a cow for cash. He inquired what bank issued our money, and when I told him, the "Bank of Anamosa," he said they closed their doors yesterday at 4 o'clock. I was not greatly surprised but awfully disappointed. Wife, woman-like, could not understand the situation all at once. We got into the wagon and struck for home with our bill of goods in cold storage—I, mad at such a system of finance, and she, crushed over the disappointment. Ever after, when I wanted to tease her, I would mention the \$30.00 washing she put out on that Monday.

Millions of dollars of that sort of money was issued and scattered all over the country by speculators with the full understanding that before the stuff would get back for redemption by the bank of issue, the doors would be closed and the holder would be the loser.

A bunch of speculators established a bank of issue in Florence, Neb., on the west bank of the Missouri river, and issued an unknown quantity of as fine looking bills as ever were seen. They sent agents thru western Iowa with saddle bags filled with crisp and beautiful bills to buy Iowa land. Hundreds of settlers were anxious to sell their land and get back east. Thousands of acres were purchased in that way, the sharpers knowing the sellers would carry most of the money as far east as people would take it, and thus ample time would ELAPSE before the COLLAPSE would come. The titles to the lands were passed to the wives, or persons not responsible. They held the lands until after the Civil War was closed, prices went up, the lands were sold and the project of financing the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railroad was the net product.

The laws of the states failed to provide any way to control the banking business, and no penalties were provided for failures of banks. The only good paper money was that issued by states, and that class was not in general circulation. No gold or silver was seen in trade or traffic, and all was locked up. It was hard to get enough to buy postage stamps with, and the federal government would take no other. Talk about hard times! It takes an old-timer to tell the story.

MORE ABOUT THE HARD WINTERS, AND SOME OTHER THINGS

To begin with, I shall rely upon any and all the living old settlers who passed thru those days as corroborating witnesses. If some of the events have faded from their recollection, when they read what

I say I am certain they will recall the incidents very clearly and as fresh as if it was only last year they had the experiences.

The winters of 1855—56 and 1856—57 were the most severe and savage ones Iowa ever had in her history and the people were the least prepared to meet such hardships as were forced upon them.

Prior to the winter of 1855—56 deer were plentiful, many herds existing in or near the different groves or in the woods bordering the rivers, but after the spring, 1856, there were but few left.

During December, 1855, the snow had fallen to a great depth and in January it became crusted just enough that it would not carry the deer, and in jumping in the snow their limbs became quite sore so that when they had broken a path they refused to yield the right of way to the settlers and would put up a fight rather than leave the beaten path. Many of them were killed with clubs. Often the deer were slaughtered just for their hides. So reckless was the killing that when the spring of 1856 came, there were but few left, as stated before.

The winter of 1854—55 was a remarkably mild and pleasant one. Not very much snow fell and the temperature rarely fell below zero. In the timber the ground was not frozen hard enough to prevent the limbs of falling trees from digging up fresh and unfrozen earth. The mildness and the beauty of that winter led the people to believe that they were located in a banana belt, and the story they told to new-comers misled them and put them at ease to climatic conditions. The result was that in their exceeding haste and anxiety to get homes built and preparations made for the coming year, to open up farms, they did not make preparations to meet a hard and long winter. For it must not be forgotten that the country was a wilderness of expansive prairies, and all over them were dotted settlers' homes built during the summer. Of course, they were crude, and primitive in form and construction. The one thing that was plenty was hay. Most of the settlers were miles from timber, but because of the mild winter the year before, little attention was given to providing a good-sized wood-pile, for they reasoned that the matter of fuel would be about the only thing they would have to look after during the winter, and that would be more of a picnic than a hardship. Therefore, every day was used to complete the houses, to build sheds for their stock, and tidy up things about the home. About the middle of December, what is now denominated a blizzard swept over the whole northwest, preceded by a heavy and deep fall of snow. The temperature dropped to 10 and 20 below zero, and the high winds drifted the snow, so all the low places were filled to a common level. When the storm subsided, the temperature rose above the freezing point for a day or so, which was followed by a light fall of warm rain. At the cessation of the rain, suddenly a drop of the temperature followed and froze the snow hard to the earth. The whole country was covered by a crust of hard snow, or ice, so that from that time till March, 1857, teams of all sorts travelled on a smooth, hard surface. The snow was deep enough, before freezing, to cover over all the fences, so people travelled on air lines. My father kept a thermo-

meter hanging on the outside of the house, and a record of the temperature, which showed that for the last part of December, all of January and February, the temperature remained about zero, or below as far as 30 degrees all those days. One storm after another followed until about the last of February. The country was sparsely settled, houses far apart. It is a fact that many of the women did not see a neighbor woman for weeks at a stretch, and some who lived remote from neighbors did not see a woman outside of the family for three months. The savage winter discouraged many people and they repented of having come to the arctic regions. When spring came, in early May, many loaded up and left the country. About all who had not bought land left. Those who had started their homes decided to try the climate another year, and went to work with a vim that caused them to forget their trials, for the spring opened up fine, even if it was late. The crops in 1857 were fine; even sod planting yielded good crops.

That spring thousands of acres of prairie land were broken up, and in the fall the whole aspect of the country was changed, and the real foundation for the greatness of Bremer county was laid. One very noticeable thing was the planting of trees. Every farmer planted cottonwoods, and in five years tall groves were in evidence as far as the eye could see.

My father was reared in the forests of Ohio, and had a firm belief that a country without trees was a failure. When he started from Indiana in the spring of 1856, he had an old-fashioned Pennsylvania wagon with box bed that was about four feet deep. In it were stored plows, hoes, etc., with household articles. Among other things were two flour barrels filled with black walnuts, to be planted when he got a farm. On reaching the Cedar Valley and finding as fine walnut trees as he had left in the Hoosier state, he was surprised, and his five boys had their own sport over "Dad's" "carrying coal to Newcastle." When we rallied him about the two barrels of walnuts he retorted, "These are not as good as mine are." He planted ten acres north and west of the old home, and in a few years he had a complete shelter from the northwest winds. With the walnuts he planted many forest trees taken from the banks of the Cedar river. The timber lot grew so dense it formed a harbor for rabbits, and they, in turn, peeled his fruit trees he had set in the protected space, until war was declared on the cotton-tails.

The great big wagon I mentioned above was hauled by five yoke of oxen all the way from Indiana, across Illinois, and from Davenport, where we crossed the "Father of the Waters," north to Waverly. The lead and wheel yokes were well broken, while the three middle yokes were young and wild fellows. To myself was assigned the job of driving this team and hauling what we boys called "Dad's steamboat." For the first three or four days my outfit used all the road; sometimes I had a yoke of the youngsters down and dragged them, sometimes they would both be on the same side of the lead chain, and occasionally the yoke would get turned from the top of their necks to the bottom. But I soon learned to keep at

a safe distance from the seething mass of young steers, for they had no respect for their drivers, and their driver had mighty little respect for them. On one occasion in a muss I had with them in a muddy flat in Cedar county (one that was nearly impassable), I got tangled up in an effort to get one of the rebellious youngsters onto his feet to save him from drowning, I forgot that mother was in the carriage near by, a spectator of the struggle, and I swore in desperate earnest. Dear mother was so shocked that she reproved me, much to my chagrin. But at this time dad came to my relief and said, "Let him alone, Nancy, it is enough to make anybody swear to see oxen act so." But I got out safe and so did the ox, tho both of us were a mass of black mud.

The flat I speak of was about a mile wide and every immigrant who came that road had an experience in "Mud Flata." When we reached it about noon I am certain that there were at least fifty teams of all sorts, waiting to pass thru. A couple of men who lived nearby each had two yoke of strong, sturdy oxen, and they did a big business "ferrying teams over," for which they charged five dollars a trip. After I landed our party on high ground, I put my wild fellows into the work, and before I let them rest I had them tame and quite decent oxen. I pocketed twenty-five dollars for the afternoon's work, and best of all, I had good young oxen ever after that day. Some three or four years afterward I met a Mr. Wheeler, who lived on the Shell Rock river, near Waverly. He looked right at me and said, "Aren't you the young chap who pulled immigrants across 'Mud Flat' in Cedar county?" On being assured that I was the chap, he said, "I thought so, you pulled my load thru that mud hole." Ever after we were well acquainted. He was the father of O. Wheeler, who lived in Waverly the last time I heard of him. Mr. Wheeler delighted in talking about the experience. He had a heavy load and only one small yoke of oxen, so he could not travel as fast as we did, but it proved he was headed for the same section as we were, and by chance we met years afterward to go over the incident.

Going back to our arrival in Bremer county, father decided to go into camp at Janesville long enough to look for a farm, which he did, and finally purchased the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 18, in Lafayette township, and located there and spent the winter of 1856—57 in a log house he built during the summer. I quit the ox driving business, and the second day after our arrival at Janesville I hired out to work for Matthew L. Stewart for a month on his farm and at his lime kiln in the Big Woods, near where Nick Kern had located. Mr. Stewart and his family were excellent people, and he was specially my friend as long as he lived. I never forgot his kindness and good advice. In our case one of those opportunities offered by which I was able to return in a small way a favor to him. In 1883 I went to Dakota, which was a wilderness of prairie. Thousands of settlers covered the country on homesteads to make homes. Among others M. L. Stewart and his good wife were numbered. He located in Buffalo county, on the borders of an Indian reservation. Much of the land along the border was in the zone of disputed titles, and upon a quarter section

of it Mr. Stewart had been located by an unscrupulous locator. For three years or so no question was raised by the Indian department as to titles.

Mr. Stewart had improved his land, built good buildings, and was dreaming of comfort and pleasure in his old age. Suddenly an order was issued for the abdication by the settlers from all such disputed title land, which meant loss if not ruin to many of them. I was located at Chamberlain, in the next county south of Buffalo, and engaged in the locating and contesting business, in which I had a large practice.

I had not seen Stewart for a good many years and supposed, whenever I thought of him, that he was yet on the old homestead where I first knew him.

One evening he and Mrs. Stewart dropped into the hotel where I lived then and inquired for me. I heard his voice as he talked with the landlord, and instantly knew who he was. He told me his troubles and said, "I want help, or I am ruined." Fortunately, I was very familiar with the law and the practice in that class of cases. Suffice it to say, Matt won his case, and held his farm until his death.

The queer part of the story is how the whirligig of time brings about strange and unexpected things in our lives. Bread cast upon the waters often brings us to rich returns. He had done many favors for me when I was a boy trying to get a start in life, and he did so without the hope or expectation of fee or reward. This incident offered me the opportunity to repay him in a slight degree for his kindness.

The bond between the pioneers was a strong and unselfish one and could always be relied upon to furnish aid to one another when in need of help.—But I must go back to early days in Bremer county.

BUILDING ONE OF THE FIRST RURAL SCHOOLS

When I finished the month with M. L. Stewart, I went to work for John Tyrrell, as tender for him. He was an expert brick-layer and could shove more plaster on a wall in a day than any other man I ever knew. He was so cranky and particular about the preparation of mortar he used as a girl is about the way her hat sits on her head. He built the brick school house east of Waverly, near the well-known Baskins farm. It was one of the first rural school houses built in the county. It was built in June and July, 1856, and so far as I know was the first one built in the country. John laid every brick in it, and I mixed all the mortar and carried it and all the brick. He was a glutton for work, and would not tolerate talk during working hours. At first we worked together without a word being spoken all day on the job, except as to matters relating to the material I handled for him. After some weeks we got to know each other, and became the closest of friends, which friendship lasted as long as he lived. When the war came, he enlisted in the 28th Iowa

Infantry. The last time I saw him was at Alexandria, La., where he was very sick in a field hospital. I heard of his being sick, hunted him out and found him a total wreck. We visited as long as I could stay with him, and I left him with the full belief that I should never see him again, which proved to be a fact. I could do no more than sympathize with him. I joshed him and recited our experiences while working together. It was a sad parting of two devoted friends.

During the time we were building the school house, we boarded at the home of Father Nicholas Tyrrell, who lived in the stone house a half mile west of the site of the school house. It was then I first became acquainted with the grand old man, Father Tyrrell, and my admiration for him was almost an idolatrous one. He was a giant in stature of brain, a man of broad ideas and wide experience among men. He had travelled all over the world and was a master workman as a brick and stone mason. To me his relating of experiences among master mechanics on many great works was like reading a first-class novel. His rich Irish brogue was enchanting, as he sandwiched in anecdotes and comments upon great men he had come in contact with.

He was a keen critic of all lines of practical stone, brick and mortar work. He was more devoted to speculative Masonry, at that time in his life, than he was to operative. He often advised me to become a member of the fraternity. He was active and persistent in his efforts to have a lodge established in Waverly, in which he succeeded, and in token of the respect in which his brethren held him, the lodge was named "Tyrrell," and the number given "116," which remains to this day. I may add here that three years after I first knew him, I became a member of the fraternity, and in 1871, when he laid down the burden of a long and useful life, at his request I officiated at his burial and rendered the full ritualistic services at his grave on the same farm where I first met and became acquainted with him.

John Wesley Ward was the school director and had the official oversight of the building of the school house I have mentioned. Ward lived only a few rods east of the site of the work, and deemed it his duty to inspect the brick, mortar, contractor, and mortar jacky about a dozen times a day. His frequent meddling interfered with the progress of the work, and kept John about half mad most of the time. It was apparent that an explosion would happen if Ward persisted in meddling with the work. John's temper was of the Irish brand, quick and fiery, and he declared that if Wesley Ward persisted in bothering him, he would drop a brick on his head. Very soon after this threat, Wesley appeared one morning to inspect the brick Lorenz Selbig was delivering from his yard on top of the hill east of the court house. He found a few with chipped corners, and was sorting them out and casting them in a heap as condemned material. While engaged in this work he kept up a continuous stream of commands not to use any of the brick that he had cast aside. John was on a scaffold about six feet high. He stopped work and said, "Ward, you are an infernal nuisance about this job and I

want you to stay away from here." Ward replied, "I am an officer, and it is my duty to watch you and see that you put good brick in the walls, and I'll do my duty." John asked him to show him a defective brick, and Ward carried a brick with a broken corner and handed it up to John, that he might see the defect. Tyrrell took the brick and explained that such a one laid in the inner course was as good as a perfect one, at which Ward declared he would have none such in the wall. As he grew earnest he walked up so he stood beneath the scaffold; the brick slipped from John's hand and landed on Ward's head. He had a straw hat on his head, and the brick cut a hole in it and glanced off to his shoulder. As it went it peeled his nose so the blood flowed freely. He was in a furious passion and declared John intended to brain him so he could use the broken brick. No sort of explanation or apology would satisfy the school director, and he declared he would convene the board of directors and dismiss the contractor. He went away after a while and the work proceeded. In the afternoon N. M. Smith and Eugene Higgins, the other directors, with Ward came to look the situation over. They examined the brick and Nels Smith told Ward everything was all right, and thus the trouble ended. Ward rarely came about the building afterwards. Joe and Ab Baskins, who lived nearby and were as full of mischief as two good-natured fellows could be, and special friends of John, egged Ward on to maintain the honor and majesty of his office, if he had to "lick" Tyrrell. Joe told Ward, "If you don't show your authority as an officer, you can't be elected again." But all their nagging could not arouse him into further action. He was a character, and was noted for his slovenliness. Joe Baskins, speaking of him, said, "John Wesley Ward is one of the most careful and cautious men I ever knew; he has been deliberating for six month whether it would be good for his health to take a bath." And Joe said that, so far as he knew, John Wesley never took the chance of being made sick by a bath.

MORE UNIQUE CHARACTERS

I said in a former letter that Waverly, in the early days, had several unique characters, and none of them was more interesting than "Zeke" Ladd. In stature he was about five feet, and in weight about one hundred pounds. His head was the shape of a cone, his complexion as swarthy as that of a Spaniard; he was blind in one eye, and by nature strictly religious. In manner he was deliberate and simple as a child. He was the butt of many jokes. He fell deeply in love with one of the fair damsels of Waverly who was very much provoked at his attentions. The jokers soon understood how matters were and determined to stop his annoying the lady and at the same time have some sport at poor Ladd's expense. Word was sent Ladd to the effect that the object of his heart's devotion was ready to wed him, and would meet him at a given place from which

they would proceed to the court house where they would be "solemnly united in the holy bonds of wedlock." In some manner some of the lady's clothes were obtained and donned by one of the boys, and he then proceeded to the appointed place of meeting. Ladd was overjoyed and the couple hurried to the court house where the ceremony was duly performed in the presence of a goodly number of his friends—the jokers. The poor fellow's disappointment was great indeed when he discovered the prank that had been played upon him, but it cured him of any further attentions to the lady. He never hesitated to rebuke anybody whom he thought was irreverent or irreligious. His scope of knowledge was very limited, his manner was quiet, sedate and childish. In fact, he was innocent and harmless, but posed as a biblical student of profound knowledge. The wags and mischievous young fellows often plied him with questions about the teachings of the Bible, for the purpose of drawing from him some of his queer expositions. To see him strike an attitude of dignity when answering questions was really mirth-provoking and laughable. No matter how many might be cross-questioning him, they could not tangle him, for he would stick to his own opinions like a hero, and when cornered in an argument he ended it by saying, "I know it it so, for I read it in the Book."

The old stone school house was the Mecca of all knowledge, and to it the "bunch" often resorted for general information. Zeke was invited to occupy the rostrum to enlighten the public as to why he so firmly stuck to the Bible as the only book of knowledge. He consented to accept the invitation and, of course, all the mischievous fellows anticipated an evening of real sport, and accordingly all were present. Zeke was at his best, in dead earnest, and as dignified as a bishop. Dave Clark, as usual, was chairman of the meeting, and in a highly complimentary address introduced the speaker, who was greeted with hearty applause. Zeke, on taking the platform, stood in silence for two or three minutes scanning the audience, then in a clear voice announced his text: "But God hath chosen the foolish to confound the wise." He mentioned his weakness and ignorance, and that he stood before an audience of strong and wise men, and then, to the surprise of all present, he rebuked scoffers and critics of the religion he believed in. His manner was slow and deliberate, entirely different from his style when talking on the street. The meeting was a disappointment to the promoters of it, for they expected to have an evening full of fun and sport, with Zeke as the central figure.

Among those present was "Squire" R. J. Ellsworth, a man noted for his devotion to religious work; also Dave Milburn was present. They were there more particularly to protect Zeke from the joking and nagging of the bunch of mischievous young men. Speaking of the meeting years afterwards, Squire Ellsworth declared he was astonished at the cool and self-possessed deportment of Zeke, under the trying situation. One of the astonishing features was the appropriate text the boy chose for the occasion—"But God hath chosen the foolish to confound the wise."

Ever after this try-out, poor little Zeke was respected for his

calm and stubborn defense of his religious belief and faith. He was a hater of those who were not men of the same kind as himself, many of which were really bright, or rather original, in connection with his thoughts. He was dubbed "Ezekiel, the Prophet."

He was no more of a character than was his father, P. V. Ladd, who was a one-legged man, fond of discussion and argument. He was an intense republican, so partisan he could hardly be genteel toward a democrat. To slur the republican party, or one of the party, was to invite P. V. to fly to the defense. He would talk so loud and so fast that his opponent could do no more than listen to him, and when he had enough, pass on and leave P. V. roaring like an infuriated lion. In fair weather his usual place was a seat on a box in front of Hazlett's store. He and Zeke lived alone as long as they lived.

Another unique character of 1856 was "Jack of Clubs," whose real name was Samuel McClure. He looked exactly like the picture of Jack of Clubs on playing cards. He helped dig the stumps out of Bremer avenue, under the direction of Mose Lehman. My recollection is that Dow Hinton gave him the name of "Jack of Clubs" during the time of digging out the stumps. Ever after he was best known by that name. He was loquacious, keen in repartee, and a good story teller, and Mose said he was the best time killer on the job. Dow said Jack could grunt the loudest and do the least of anyone on the job. He was a good hater of England, and he and Jack Chandler had to be kept wide apart, or they would spend all the time arguing about what England did in the Revolution of 1776. Mose was careful to put one of them at each end of the work. Chandler being the best grubber, worked on the lower end, near where the east end of the bridge now is located, because the largest stumps were there. When we wanted a breathing spell, we would maneuver to get the two Jacks together, which was certain to stop the work of all to listen, until Mose would break loose with a lingo of Pennsylvania Dutch profanity, ending with a threat to report the whole gang to Mr. Harmon. This would stop all discussion and set the mattocks to going. If all the funny incidents of digging out the hickory stumps in Bremer avenue, from the court house to the river, could be collected and put in a story, they would be side-splitting.

MARKETING, EDUCATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTIES

When spring came in May, 1857, after the hard winter I mentioned, the pioneers set about planting all the broken land to crops. The season was a propitious one and a very large crop was harvested. Plenty, of the best, prevailed and the discouraged people took a new reef in their belts and settled down to the belief that Iowa was destined to be the best state in the Union.

Not all were so courageous, for many sold what they had for what they could get, gathered their household stuff together, turned

their backs upon the country, with their faces set for the homes of their wives' folks, east of the Mississippi, denouncing the "awful" climate and the bleak prairies as fit only for Indians, wolves and snow birds. Some others would have gone but could not because of poverty; they stayed with intention of going as soon as able to do so. But the bumper crop changed their purposes, and afterwards they rejoiced that they could not run away.

As an evidence of the tenacity of the winter, it hung on until about the first of May. In the middle of the month snow was plenty in the low places, about buildings and hay stacks. On the 4th of July my brothers and I dug from under hay back of father's cattle sheds an abundance of clean, white snow of sufficient quantity, so we had a snow balling game.

Corn was not planted until about the first of June, but the crop was a good one of sound corn. The fall was fine and lasted until about the first of December. The experience of the preceding winter caused the settlers to make preparations to meet a like one, which established confidence in the worth of the country.

The only handicap was the lack of markets for the surplus of production. The nearest railroad was at Dunleith, opposite of Dubuque, now East Dubuque. Not only this, but the cordon of approaching hard times had begun to tighten up money, which paralyzed the markets. The gold and silver was disappearing so fast that the dearth of a circulating medium affected all lines of business. Not a man in a hundred knew then what it meant, but the lesson was well learned before business times were better, of which I may speak in the future.

The lack of school facilities was seriously felt by families having children. At that time there was not a school house in Lafayette township, nor a place for public worship. A meeting of the citizens was called to meet at the house of William Van Diver, now known as the Peter White place, to consider how a school could be opened. At the meeting were present Samuel Cave, Judson Hall, Edward Fairhurst, Samuel Leese, Parker Lucas, W. V. Lucas, John Skinner, Scoville Shattuck, John Wile and W. M. Colton. Parker Lucas was elected chairman and myself secretary. The situation was gone over carefully and it was unanimously agreed that a winter session of school ought to be had. But a suitable place to have a school was lacking. Mr. Van Diver had a log stable near his house, 20x30 feet in size, which he suggested might be fixed up for a school room. The whole bunch repaired to the stable to inspect it as a future Mecca, from whence knowledge might flow. After, as a Sioux Indian would say, "a heap big talk," it was decided the stable could be metamorphosed from a place to herd stock, to one in which the growing and future men and women of the neighborhood could be herded comfortably. No sooner was the decision reached than committees were appointed to put the stable in order. The cracks between the logs were "chinked" and daubed with clay mortar. Seats were made from slabs procured at Harmon's saw mill in Waverly. Writing desks were made by boring auger holes in the logs on the north side of the

building into which strong bearers were inserted, a standard resting on the new slab floor supporting the other end. Upon these bearers was fitted a 24-inch wide basswood slab gotten from the saw mill, with the upper side carefully planed and polished by Uncle Samuel Dirks, a confirmed old bachelor, who said in his Dutch lingo, "I haf no shilder, put I fix him up gude for de poys and gals, py golly, mit out pay." It was a dandy writing desk, and was dubbed "Uncle Sam" by the pupils. Samuel Cave had a large old-fashioned cast iron stove he had brought to the country when he came, but had never used it for lack of room to set up the "steamboat," as the school boys called it. It was just the thing to warm up the old stable, then to be a school house.

By the first of December all the preliminaries were arranged except a shutter for the doors. This was delayed and when the school opened, the door was still unprovided, and a heavy carpet, loaned by my mother, was improvised to cover the entrance. It served the purpose so well, the managers did not provide a wooden door during the term, but before the next winter's school this defect was cured by a wooden door. The next important item was a teacher and by unanimous vote I was elected to the place. It is my belief I taught the first school in Lafayette township. I had 35 pupils enrolled and an average attendance of nearly the full number. Among my pupils were Philip Cave, now a well-known veteran of the Civil War, Mrs. Esther Raymond, now of Floyd, who in later years was a teacher in the schools of Waverly; Mrs. J. L. Rew, my sister, Amos Hall, the Leese boys, the Shattuck girls, the others I do not now recall, but all of whom grew up to be honored and useful citizens of the community. At the old log stable school house were many gatherings of the citizens at spelling schools, singing schools, polemics or debating schools, and political caucuses.

In the spring of 1858 Rev. James Skillen established regular monthly preaching service, and occasionally Elder Burrington and other ministers preached in the old school house. A Sabbath school was organized of which my aunt, Mrs. W. R. Lucas, was superintendent. This, I am certain, was the first Sunday school organized in the township, and to it came each Sunday nearly all the people of the neighborhood. Peace and harmony prevailed and a friendliness existed that is pleasant to recall. All were on an equality and all committed to the purpose of developing and making the county as great as nature intended it should be. As I recall the names of the grown-up people of the neighborhood, then residents, not one is living now except Calvin S. Colton. Cal was a dashing young beau then, and did not mix much with the young people of the neighborhood, but found his associates in town, where he was well acquainted and popular.

In 1859 a new frame school house was finished. It was located north of the present home of Peter White, and was intended to be used for school purposes and all public meetings. It was the church building for a good many years, and the rallying place of political parties. Able sermons and political addresses were heard within its

walls. It was dedicated on July 4th, 1859, which was the coldest Fourth ever known, I think, in that part of the state. The morning was a dark, cloudy one. About ten o'clock snow fell for a half hour or so until the ground was white. The temperature was down so low that the people who came to the school house wore their winter wraps. The house was packed full of people, a roaring fire was going in the big stove (the "steamboat" of the log house), tables were spread with food, good cheer reigned, except some misgivings as to what would happen to the growing crops. But about the middle of the afternoon the sun shone clear, the temperature rose rapidly and the evening was soft and warm and all danger passed. It was a happy day after all and another danger was passed.

HARD TIMES IN 1859

The spring of 1859 found the pioneers of Iowa facing hard times, such as they had not heretofore met. The preceding wet year not only destroyed the growing crops, but as I have said, leaky granaries had spoiled nearly all the wheat garnered from the good crop of 1857. What little wheat not spoiled, was used for seed, this leaving only a small amount for bread. Those who had more than enough for seed for their own use generously supplied their neighbors who had none, this they did without considering the prospects of pay. It was a case of all standing together or all starving together. We had reached a period when bread was a serious question with scores of families. Corn had kept better than wheat or oats but there was a scarcity of that article of food. Economy was practiced to the limit for if a crop failure should come that year the wisest person could not tell what would be the result. But by dividing what was available for seed all were able to put in crops on all the tillable land. The season opened auspiciously, and a bumper crop was the prize all over the country. The struggle with most of the people was to tide over from spring until the gardens began to yield supplies. In the interim the faithful cow and hen were indispensable allies. Cornmeal mush and rich milk was a standard diet in every family, and in some the only food, except occasionally on a Sunday wheat bread was served as a luxury, yet all families could not have even that plain and palatable food. The housewives learned the art of making corn bread such as few now know how to do. No people ever worked harder or more anxiously. From dawn to dark they toiled, and watched every plant grow with a lump in the throat for fear some insurmountable turn in their progress might occur, for upon a successful crop hung the future. In short, the crop was a success which insured plenty to eat and revived hopes for the future. Indeed it was the turning point in the history of Iowa, for from that year until this not a backward step has been taken by the grand old state.

To solve the question of sweets, sorghum cane was introduced and planted generously. In the fall, J. M. Moss manufactured all the cane

taken to his mill in Waverly, on the place where the Acken brick house now stands, in the northeast part of town. Jim could make good substitute molasses, but did not reach the art of making sugar. But the syrup filled the bill for sweets until better days came. For clothing in these trying days, all wore patched garments, or any old thing, for dress. Good health and grit tided us over, until a change came. But the present citizens and generation can never comprehend the real hardships borne by the pioneers of Bremer county. Those who went thru the days I have mentioned will testify that I have not magnified the trials and hardships.

My regret is so few are left, for as far as I know the survivors can be counted on the fingers of one's two hands. Some have removed to other communities but most of them sleep under the sod of the county they struggled so hard to make great.

My own experiences and struggles are better known by me than that of others and yet my knowledge and observation warranted me in saying, they differed from others only in detail.

I was not nearly so well fixed to maintain such a struggle as some of my neighbors, for they had a reserve to fall back upon while I had only my hands and good health, with a wife and two children dependent upon me. So when you have read my experience you have before you that of scores of others of the pioneers of Iowa. My school closed in early March and at once I began the spring work. I had 60 acres of fine land to plant to crops, but was handicapped for seed. John Wile, a neighbor, and one of the best men I ever knew, divided seed wheat with me so I sowed 20 acres to that crop, 10 acres to oats and reserved 25 acres for corn and 5 for potatoes, beans and truck in general. From daylight until dark I worked to get the ground ready for the sowing of small grain which I accomplished in splendid condition. Then I tackled the job of making rails enough to fence a part of the ground, I made about 5000. On my timber tract were 61 large sugar maple trees, which wife and I decided should be used to help us out. I made, with an axe, sap troughs out of basswood trees, spiles out of sumac, all growing among the maples. I improvised a dirt furnace, borrowed three large kettles from my neighbors, and was ready for the manufacture of sugar by the time the sap would flow. I secured four 50-gallon barrels for storing sap, piled up a lot of wood and waited for the season to open. Our house was only a half mile from the timber and my work of making rails was very near the furnace I had built, thus it will be seen I had all my work close together. My brave and faithful little wife decided she would move to camp during the day with our two boys, and tend the fires under the kettles.

When the time came I tapped the trees and the sap flowed in bounteous streams. She and the boys came to camp and the sugar making was on. I carried her rocking chair and some blankets to the camp. She kept the kettles roaring, I lugged the sap to the barrels as often as the troughs were filled, kept the wood pile replenished and she kept the fires going. In the intervals I kept at the rail making and by the time the sugar season closed I had all the



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rails I wanted. To this day is imprinted in my mind the picture of my heroic little wife setting quietly in her rocking chair, her fingers busy knitting stockings for our boys, with one foot she rocked a trough cradle I hewed out of a basswood log, while in it snugly ensconced was our baby boy of five months of age, now Hon. A. B. Lucas, of the Idaho legislature, and editor of the Meadows Eagle, her eyes watching the fires under the kettles. As she rocked back and forth I could hear her singing snatches of old hymns, or a lullaby for the baby. When the fires ran low she would lay aside the stocking, put more wood in the furnace, replenish the kettles with fresh sap and then drop into her chair, pick up the knitting, resume her rocking the trough cradle and resume the singing which seemed to be a part of the play of the drama of life she was acting. Often would she turn her face toward me as I drove the iron wedges and wooden glut thru the big logs, producing rails to fence our field. The picture is crude and may not mean much, or anything, to the reader, but to me it is more attractive and precious than the best one ever painted upon the canvass by Angelo, Raphael or any other artist of fame or renown. It is a reminder of our mutual efforts to get a start in life. It is a reminder of the heroism of a plain and earnest woman to win a home and its comforts. Never a complaint or a sign of surrender to the difficulties with which we were contending. In the after years as we recounted our struggles we would end it all by agreeing that hard as they were, the happiest day of our lives were those which at the time seemed the darkest. Within a mile or so of the scene of what I have described she rests, awaiting a more "abundant life." To me the shrine of her rest is a sacred one and to it I am bound by a golden thread of affection. The result of our sugar making was, we put away more than 300 pounds of grained sugar and 50 gallons of molasses. Later I traded 50 pounds of sugar to W. P. Harmon for 200 pounds of his best wheat flour and 50 pounds of buckwheat flour. From that day ever afterwards the spector of hunger and want disappeared from our home.

What happened to us substantially happened to all our neighbors, while they did not make sugar, they did something else as valuable to help them in the way of prosperity and security against want. Here for the benefit of the fisherman in the Cedar river I will tell a fish story. Our house was located about fifteen rods from the bank of the river which was swarming with fish. I kept a rod and fish line resting against the stable. When we wanted a fish for dinner I would come from the field a half hour or so early, put out my team, grab the fish pole, strike for a deep hole in the river nearby, and as I went, pick up a grasshopper or two, of which there were plenty, bait the hook and when I reached the "hole," cast the line, haul out a fish. If it was a black bass of about two pounds, would strike for the house, if it happened to be a pike, pickerel or small bass, cast it back and reach for one of my choice. Rarely did I fail to get what I wanted on the second trial. We were such epicures we spurned all but black bass. In about fifteen or twenty minutes from the time I started for the river, a royal fish would be

in the pan. I never thought then fish would be scarce in the Cedar. "Dutch" John Smith had a good deal to do with clearing the fish out of the river, for I suppose he caught more fish out of the Cedar than any one man in Bremer county, and he could catch fish when the ordinary man could not get a nibble.

The very big crop of the fall of 1859 was a problem to the farmers because of no market. Many hauled loads of wheat to Dubuque, but thirty-five or forty cents was all they could get for it, and that in store pay, as no cash entered into such deals.

Theodore Hazlett conceived the project of feeding a bunch of cattle, and rented a part of the Hess farm, south of town, now known as the George R. Dean place (now W. W. Brooks), for feeding grounds. He had trusted about everybody during the hard times. To collect some of the sums due him he advertised to take cattle and hogs as well as corn, paying the difference in goods out of his store. In this way he assembled more than a hundred head of cattle and as many hogs. Corn poured in on him until he had to cut off all purchases and confine himself to his debtors. This enterprise of Mr. Hazlett enabled scores of people to pay their debts and get something besides for their surplus. It was the first thing of the kind ever attempted in Bremer county and resulted in relieving the farmers of debts and enabling Hazlett to collect long standing accounts. He had been a benefactor to the people, for he trusted people in distress when nobody else could do so, even if willing. I hauled 400 bushels of corn to his feed yards and paid a fifty dollar debt and got ten dollars' worth of goods from his store. It was the best thing that had struck the country for it was a home market. Scores of men paid debts and had corn, as well as cattle and hogs left. Mr. Hazlett did well with his fat cattle which were driven on foot to Dubuque, sold there and shipped to the Chicago market, the first products of Bremer county to enter the stock market.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SOME OF THE NEW TOWNS

Spring Lake post office was established in the spring of 1856 with Edward Fairhurst as postmaster. The name was suggested by the existence of numerous springs gushing out of the north bank of a bayou that juts back from the Cedar river. When the state road was straightened out on the half section line, Fairhurst's house was left several rods east of the road, then the post office location was changed to Samuel Cave's home, near the school house, and he was appointed postmaster and retained the office until it was discontinued after the close of the Civil war.

In 1857 Fairhurst conceived the idea of starting a town upon the tract of ground directly east of where Irma station is located. Wm. M. Stephensen bought a steam saw mill plant and set it up, and got

ready to work up logs into lumber, when he awoke to the fact that an impassable gulf lay between the mill and the timber in the presence of old Cedar river. A few logs were brought over on the ice in the winter, but in the absence of a bridge of ice, logs could not be gotten to the mill. The result was that in 1859 the mill was removed to the east side of the river and set up on Section 16, where it remained many years. In addition to the mill Fairhurst secured a blacksmith shop with Erastus L. Bruner as the son of St. Vulcan, to pound the iron. When the mill was removed the town site scheme fell down, and Bruner departed with his kit of tools. In 1883 when I went to Dakota, I was in Bridgewater one time and met Bruner, whom I had not seen or heard from after he left Spring Lake in 1860 until I met him there.

Another town site scheme and saw mill to be run by water power was evolved and promoted by J. M. Moss, Dr. Oscar Burbank and Alf. P. Goddard in 1858 on the banks of the Cedar on a part of the old Mason Eveland farm. A dam was built which was swept out soon after its completion and rebuilt again and a saw mill was put into operation for a short time. A town was laid out and given the euphonic name of Yell City. L. B. Ostrander and Samuel Pratt located there with great expectations. A post office was established with Ostrander as postmaster. He was also elected justice of the peace. Pratt was acting mayor, town site agent, public dictionary or information bureau. The location was nearly inaccessible, away off from all thoroughs of travel. If the saw mill had been a success it would have had a good business, but for some reason every move to improve it failed and at last the promoters gave up poorer than when they started. Its failure drove Alf. Goddard out of the county which was a distinct loss to Waverly.

When the second dam went out, Doc Burbank, on being rallied by a bunch of his cronies, declared he had a damn that had never failed him when needed to express his opinion of such loafers as was then teasing him about Yell City and added, "We made a mistake in naming the place. We should have used (H) instead of 'Y' in the front of the name."

Another scheme for a town was tried by Silas Farr in 1855 at a spot about a mile or less, north of the present site of Plainfield. The name is all that was left of it after about two years or so, which was later appropriated by the present beautiful town. In the efforts to do something to develop the country and add to its industries many suggestions were made. Mr. Farr decided he would start a distillery and use up the surplus corn and barley. It was generally believed to be a solution of the corn market question, and as far as I recollect not much, if any, objection was made to the enterprise. Accordingly the plant was put in and for a little while was operated. The disappointment came when the farmers discovered that such a plant would need but a little corn to make a "heap" of whisky, not only so but the tendency of the institution was to attract men from their homes to it, where they loafed and idled away their time, if nothing worse happened. Mr. Farr was a good citizen and

of good morals, and he discovered the mistake he had made and shut the plant up. He lost all the means he had, in the effort to do something for the country, and for years he struggled to recover from his embarrassments financially. He lived many years in the beautiful valley where he had settled in 1855 and named it Plainfield, which clings to it to this day.

Another town site scheme was started and promoted a mile or so farther north about the same time by J. H. Woodcock and W. N. Gaines and was called Syracuse. The latter built a large hotel and kept it for several years. It was located on a very sightly spot and in its youth promised to be some town. But like many other pioneer enterprises it was prematurely born; born before the country could support it. No town can go faster than the surroundings will support. Both Woodcock and Gaines spent much of their capital in trying to make Syracuse a successful town. The former died many years ago and the last I knew about Mr. Gaines he lived near Janesville on a farm. Both were splendid citizens.

Harvey Hutchins bought the hotel in the early 60's and kept it open for several years, but finally quit because of lack of patronage.

BOOM SPIRIT STRIKES BREMER COUNTY AND TOWNS ARE ESTABLISHED

In the preceding article I spoke of the attempts of the pioneers to locate and build up towns on the west side of the Cedar river. The boom spirit was abroad then as now, not so much for individual profit as to improve the conditions of the country, and to develop its resources. As I then said, the original Plainfield was intended to be a half or three-quarters of a mile north of the present location. Silas Farr lacked the aggressive and snappy qualities necessary for leadership in an enterprise of town building. He was a calm, quiet and retiring man by nature, sincere and honest in his way of doing things. If he had been possessed of the push and energy of W. P. Harmon, he would, perhaps, have built up a smart village where he began.

In 1858 E. J. Dean arrived in the county and bought the quarter section of land on which Plainfield now stands. He owned it when the Illinois Central railroad came poking along in 1867, headed for St. Paul. After a good deal of dickering between the town site agent and Dean, the station was located where it now is. It was Ephraim's golden opportunity, but his estimate of the situation was so high that he failed to reap the harvest he expected, and the result was he got at logger-heads with the road, to the detriment of both, and lost out. Dean was a man of much learning, a book man, but utterly impractical. His final career was spectacular and in a sense a living tragedy. After his election to the legislature he lost all interest in everything else outside of politics, and in that line he was a total failure. He turned up in Dakota in about 1885 and located

in Jerauld county, some fifty miles from where I lived, and soon was engaged in a contest suit for a quarter section of land, that became very notorious all over that section of the country. He had no more than a poor technical right to the land at best. At his request, I looked up his rights, and advised him to drop the case, because the law and the facts precluded him from winning. For this he declared I was in the combination to beat him out of the land. That was all the pay that I got. His antagonist was a hot-blooded Irishman, who threatened to use a shillelah on Dean. The case ran the gamut through the land courts to the secretary of the interior, each one turning Dean down. When the final decision was reached he stubbornly refused to abandon his "shack" in which he had lived on one corner of the land at the time of the litigation, which lasted five years. After the final decision was made and the parties notified, instead of accepting the decision in good faith, Dean, like a contrary setting hen, went back to his nest, where Mitchell, his opponent, found him next day. Then the shotgun entered into the case, with the wild Irishman at the trigger. He gave Dean five hours to get his traps out of the shack and leave the premises, which he did; Mitchell burned the shack, and the war was over.

There is a long story connected with Dean's subsequent career, how he landed in Washington in 1894, married an adventuress there, who believed Ephraim was a rich man, while he believed she was not only rich but also a titled lady; how they decided to make a wedding trip to the Pacific coast, and when they reached Portland, Ore., the bubble burst, for they were stranded, neither one had a dollar, etc., etc.; but as it does not enter into my story of pioneer days any further, I will drop Dean at this point.

July 4, 1858, was celebrated by all the people of Bremer county on the west side of the Cedar in a grove near the river between Plainfield and Syracuse. The day was an ideal one, and a big crowd, for those days, assembled. The orator was Rev. A. K. Moulton, who at that time held the office of county superintendent of schools. He was a college man with a theologic finish, and was an orator above the average. I am not certain which church he represented, but I believe it was the Free Will Baptist. In those days the slavery question was prominent and nearly always provoked discussion. It was an issue in political parties, and to preserve harmony and peace, it was forbidden, by an unwritten law, to enter into its discussion upon non-political occasions. But Mr. Moulton was a positive man and a rank abolitionist, and never a dodger. On this occasion he turned his batteries upon slavery, and incidentally upon all who did not believe in the abolition of the system of human bondage. In his discussion of the Kansas and Nebraska situation at that time, he arraigned the democratic party and held it responsible for the existence of the iniquitous institution. His arguments were logical, clean cut, passionate and eloquent, yet kindly and impersonal. In his audience were a lot of democrats who were infuriated over his address, and at its close debates and arguments were heard all over the grove. He had stirred up a hornet's nest, which seemed to please him

very much more than to disturb him. It was a great day for the pioneers. The anti-slavery men were pleased, and chuckled over the oration. The sequel of it was at the election in the fall of 1859, when Mr. Moulton was defeated by George T. Sayles, a democrat. As to the qualifications of the two men for the office, Moulton was infinitely the better man, while Sayles was very ordinary in ability, limited in education, and lacking in all respects to make the best superintendent of schools. But the democrats were determined to defeat Moulton for his 4th of July address at Syracuse grove.

Mr. Moulton left the county soon after the expiration of his term of office. Where he went or what his subsequent services were, I never knew. His home, while in Bremer county, was in Sumner township, or Le Roy, as I recollect.

While I am about it, I may as well speak of the old towns of the county. Horton was located in 1855, I think, and the town plat was filed December 6, 1856. It became the center of population in Polk township, east of the Cedar. Such prominent citizens of the county as J. H. Eldredge, O. C. Harrington, Lyman Nutting, the dean of them all, Charles R. Hastings, Chauncey Lease, Elder David Terry, Joseph Smith, and others whom I do not recall just now were the men who gave tone and standing to Horton as a center. It never grew into much of a town, but was at all times a substantial unit of Bremer county, as I suppose it is today.

Jefferson City, now Denver, is an old town, laid out, I think, in 1854, by Jeremiah Farris, who was county judge for four or six years. It maintained its identity on the map as a town, and beautifully held its own among the smartweed, burdock and cockle burs for years. It was the center of population for that section of the county, and noted for being the home town of Matthew Farrington, Fred Bruns, Squire J. S. Jenkins and Derillo Holmes, who built the flouring mill there and operated it until after the close of the Civil War, also of Aleck Fleming and Squire Meeker, both unique characters, the first because of his devotion and loyalty to the school of "yerb" medicine, and the latter for persisting in always wearing a high-crowned silk hat and a pigeon-tailed coat. Thaddeus Keeley always declared that Squire's plug hats were of the vintage of King George's reign, and that Squire had only had one or two of the brand in his life time.

Jefferson City was located nearer to the site of the original white settlers of the county than any other town. Charles McCaffree was the pioneer of all pioneers of Bremer county. The history of his coming and location, including the hardships he and his family endured, has been told so often and so much better than I can tell it that I will pass it by. It is enough for me to say he was pre-eminently fitted and qualified for the mission of beginning the work of subduing and opening up a new country. He was a courageous, sincere, honest and industrious man. His family partook of all the good qualities he possessed, and were worthy of such a husband and father. Some of his posterity remain in or near the county yet, I believe, and are worthy of the illustrious original pioneer.

Very soon after McCaffree's location came the Messingers and the Tibbetts, all the right sort of people to start a country to grow in the right direction.

The first postoffice located in the country was "Nautrille." When the line between Bremer and Blackhawk counties was established, the postoffice was found to be in the latter county. At this period all the land was in what was known as neutral territory, for the Indian title had not yet been established. The necessity for a postoffice was apparent and when the department asked them to suggest a name, they agreed that "Neutral" would be very appropriate, and accordingly forwarded it. Just who conducted the correspondence has never been clearly settled, so far as I know, but in writing the name he spelled it "Nautrille" instead of "Neutral." The postoffice department accepted the name and its orthography, and established the office, which remained till some time about 1860, when it was discontinued. I do not know who the first postmaster was or the exact location of the office, nor do I pretend to know any of the facts relative to the naming of the postoffice from personal knowledge, but give them as I often heard them related in later years by those who did know them.

About the little town were grouped many of the most substantial pioneers of the county. When my company was organized for the Civil War, a large contingent of it were boys of the town, and in honor of them and the town the name of "Jefferson Guards" was given the company. I have to this day a roster of the company in a frame and I prize it very highly. It is a printed sheet, highly embellished with patriotic designs at the head. The list of officers and men is printed in alphabetical order. I have kept it marked up to the present, showing the disposition of each man. Today 15 names remain on it as living, out of the original 110. I often wonder which will be the sole survivor of the—to me—best company in the army of the Tennessee. Three of the 15 reside in the old town, now Denver, viz: Guy C. Farnsworth, Christian Mohling, and Alex F. Nicol; two others, John J. Chadwick and John B. Kerr, of the old company, live in Tripoli. These five are all that are left in the county and one-third of the whole number who survive.

Another old town in the county was Martinsburg, now Tripoli. In 1855 Asa T. Martin settled on what afterwards became the town-site and was called Martinsburg. The country between that place and Waverly was a wilderness of tall grass with only one house between the places. On the north line of Warren township in the northeast corner of the township, William H. Cook located and built a large house, for those days, and painted it white. For miles in all directions it stood out as a signal that civilization was dawning upon the waste between the Cedar and Wapsie rivers.

Mr. Martin built a commodious home, for the times, and before he knew, or intended, he had a hotel for all travel between Waverly, by way of West Union, to McGregor. Soon after he put up a saw mill and a corn cracker grinder. Both did a good business, and his house was often crowded with people who were traveling. His home,

like a cemetery, had to accept all who came, for there was no place else for miles where people could stop.

Not long after Mr. Martin located, Eli Eisenhart arrived and opened a store, as did also Jonathan A. Hale. Both carried a general line of goods, and kept everything from patent medicines to farming tools. At a later date Chris Wilharm put up a wagon shop, with all necessary attachments, and carried on a paying business, and E. S. Ober had a blacksmith shop. Martinsburg was the center and rallying spot for all that section of the county, and noted for county conventions of all parties. At such times Asa T. fed all who came, and all were equally welcome. He was not half as careful to collect bills as he was to make everybody comfortable, and Mrs. Martin and her girls could wait on more people and serve better meals than anybody else in the county at that time. For years the Martin home was a hotel because its doors were never closed to the needy. Only one class was barred. The fellow who carried the smell of "booze" about him could not dwell under the roof of Asa T. Martin's home, or eat at his table, no matter how much he would pay; all others could do so, whether they could pay or not, and were welcome. He was the original prohibitionist of Bremer county, and often predicted that the time would come when national prohibition would prevail. The signs of the times point to him as a true prophet. About the town settled many of the most substantial men among the pioneers, men who made and directed public opinion. I need but mention such men as Uncle Dave Gillett, the Lester's, Chapin's, Rima's, Walling's, Buckman, Shively, Turk and some other equally prominent, whose names do not occur to me now. The name of the postoffice was Tripoli, because a Martinsburg was already established in the southern part of the state.

From 1875 to 1885 Martinsburg, or Old Tripoli, was the Mecca each year for the political conventions of all those who were opposed to the rule of the republican majority which during these years was quite large in Bremer county.

Here came the democrat, the anti-monopoly, the greenback and the conventions of those who, regardless of party ties, did not approve of some of the nominees of the republicans. These latter were called "people's conventions."

Many exciting times and amusing scenes occurred at and near these conventions. All kinds of parliamentary tricks were employed to win for one or the other side in some question in dispute.

On one occasion some republicans were dissatisfied with one or more of their nominees and a people's convention was called to meet at Martinsburg at the same time that the democratic convention was called for. In the first named convention there was a division of sentiment over the advisability of uniting with democrats in nominating a "fusion" ticket. The discussions were warm and exciting.

Those who were opposed to joining with the democrats, were led by J. H. Eldredge, a republican war-horse of no mean ability. In the preliminary skirmish he won out by succeeding in naming the officers of the convention, and when it came to a vote on a motion

to unite with democrats, the president declared the motion lost. The other side took exception to his ruling and called for a "division of the house." Just at this point the democratic convention adjourned and some of the members came in and when informed of what was going on lined up on the side of those who were in favor of the motion and Eldredge was beaten, much to his chagrin and the delight of those who enjoyed teasing him.

On another occasion, while the conventions were in session a dispute occurred on the street outside the meetings, in which several blows were struck and some blood was shed. After the conventions had adjourned, the friends of the disputants took sides and engaged in a "free-for-all" fight in the principal street. During the fight, which was "fast and furious," the then sheriff of the county drove through the thick of the fight without trying to put a stop to it, much to the disgust of the onlookers. On one side of the street, where the fight occurred were several wagons on which were wood racks. After some time there was a lull in the fighting and the combatants sprang to the wood racks and each grabbed a stake with the intention of renewing the strife. Had this occurred there can be little doubt, some of them would have been seriously injured, if not killed, but just then Eli Eisenhart, who was a justice of the peace, commanded peace, and the fighters, realizing the seriousness of the situation, were glad to obey his orders.

In time a railroad came thru from Dubuque and located their town site upon the present site of Tripoli. This road was named the Dubuque and Dakota, and for short was called the D. & D. On account of the irregularity of its trains it was often spoken of as the "D——ed Doubtful."

Tripoli is a good town and prosperous, because the country is ahead of the town, as I am informed. No part of the county had a sturdier or more solid set of pioneers than did that about old Martinsburg, now Tripoli.

When I call the roll of the long list of pioneers of Martinsburg, I don't think of a single survivor of 1856 to 1860. I refer, of course, to those who emigrated to this place.

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To leave the town of Le Roy out of the enumeration of the list of towns would be to leave Hamlet out of the play. Le Roy was started as a hopeful town by John S. Bingham in 1856 or 1857. Whether it had high hopes of growing into a "smart" town or not is not known to me. I do know that Squire Bingham was proud of its name and jealous as to its right to be reckoned as one of the promising villages of the county. It was his idol for some time and he devoted much of his attention to its interests and sought to build up a center of interest in it as a rallying point for a large section of the splendid country about it. How it gained the soubriquet, or nickname, of "Pin Hook" I don't know. I do know it vexed the

righteous soul of the townsite proprietor sorely. To call his town "Pin Hook" was to stir his wrath to the boiling point. The more he protested, the more generally the nickname was used, so generally, in fact, that Le Roy was nearly forgotten. I believe the height of its greatness never attained more than a postoffice, a store, a blacksmith shop and a few loafers' benches for use in summer. Squire Bingham was a dignified and imposing looking New Englander with pronounced opinions in his religious and political faiths. He was a radical anti-slavery man and a republican, as well as a prohibitionist. His willingness to discuss those questions invited fellows who wanted to tease him to double teams on him at times and keep him busy for hours.

As in other portions of the county, many of the solidest men among the pioneers settled within a few miles about Le Roy and, of course, the embryo town was the center toward which all gravitated both socially and neighborly. Among those most prominent were Ezekiel Fay, E. E. Fay, Adam Broadie, Ephraim Watenpaugh, A. S. Funston, Pat Burke and others. Funston was as ardent a democrat as Bingham was a republican, and each was the leader of his party in the neighborhood. They often clashed, but in a general way got along well together. So far as I know, Ephraim Watenpaugh is the only survivor of the early pioneers about Le Roy.

Another valuable improvement was started in 1857 by John H. Henry, at the present site of the town of Frederika. He began the work of constructing a dam across the Wapsie river and the building of a grist mill, which was what the settlers needed more than almost anything else. Mr. Henry had many difficulties to overcome before he reached success. He was a man of purpose and determination, as well as untiring industry. He had much trouble to secure a dam that would stand the pressure of the floods, but the defect of one effort only whetted his determination to conquer all obstacles and build a mill, as he had started to do. A man of less courage and will power would have thrown up the sponge and quit, but not so with John H. Henry. He stuck to the enterprise until he won out, and "Henry's Mills" became well known all over the country. The completion of his mill enterprise was a victory for him and of much value to that section of the county.

Sometimes pessimists said that John Henry was a dreamer and a crank on the mill business. Time proved he had a vision clear to himself, tho obscure to the public, and he proved a benefactor to his neighbors. He wore himself out in the work of completing his mill scheme, was hard up most of the time while carrying out his original purpose, but in his last days he was happy over his victory. Mr. Henry was a sincere and honest man and a good citizen; as it is written, "His works do follow him." Later on a smart and pretty town grew up near the mill site as a monument to his energy and persistent efforts. I don't know whether the mill property remains active or whether it has gone as most country mills have, into "innocuous desuetude." At any rate, "Henry's Mill" served its purpose well in its day.

Another effort was made to build a mill on the Wapsie in Franklin township in 1857. The work was begun by Ichabod Richman and the location was near the center of the township. Ichabod spent all the money he had, or could get, and wore himself out in the effort to build a mill such as he had in mind. But the gravity of the river was not sufficient to afford sufficient power, and the surrounding country was so flat and level that it was impractical to reach his place much of the year. After wearing himself out and spending all his means, he was forced to surrender his scheme and write "Ichabod." But he stuck to his purpose until the beginning of the Civil War. When I was recruiting for my company, he insisted on enlisting. He was past the age, but strong and vigorous, and contrary to my advice he enrolled and went with the company into camp at Davenport. There he was rejected by the examining surgeon, much to his disappointment and to my regret, for he was a man of sturdy character, with balanced mind and high morals, just such a one as was needed to help hold the irrepressible boys in line for discipline and gentility. At that time the "Gray-beard" regiment was being recruited in which none below the age of 45 years were accepted. He enlisted in it and went south when it was organized some time later. I never saw him after he left us at Davenport, but I learned after we returned home that good Ichabod died while in the service at Memphis. He was as good and sincere a man as I ever knew. I never think of him, even at this late date, without a feeling of sympathy for him welling up in my heart. His life was one of trials, hardships, and disappointments, all of which he endured quietly and cheerfully as could be possible under such circumstances. His aims and purposes in life were all good, but because of lack of sound judgment he failed to measure up to his ideals and lost out. He was full of patriotism and became a soldier at the period of life when he should have been enjoying the fruit of patient toil and honest effort to accumulate enough to tide him over to the end. His wife passed away, leaving him, the lone oak of the family, to end a disappointed life. He laid down his life wearing the blue uniform of a soldier. He often said that his name, "Ichabod," was a sign manual of failure.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP PIONEERS

Coming back to Lafayette township and going over the list of the pioneers who settled in it in 1855 and 1856, I cannot think of a single one who remains in it, and only of Calvin S. Colton, who was a mature man at that time. Philip Cave, Jacob Eveland and Angeline Stufflebeam (now his wife) were just budding into manhood and womanhood, and all lived at the old homes of "Dad and Mam" and they are all that I know of who still survive. "Jake and Angie" yet live in the old township, I believe. (Note: Mrs. Eveland died since this was written.)

Among the well-known pioneers of the township in those early days, none was known better or more favorably than Reverend James

Skillen, whose farm was in the northeast corner of the township. He toiled early and late to subdue and open up his farm every working day of the week, and would go somewhere every Sunday in the nearby country and preach to the people. He was not only a religious man, but a humane one, for he would not ride or drive his hard-worked horses to the place of service, but would walk. Often he would go on foot as many as five to ten miles to a meeting place. In summer he would deliver a sermon at eleven o'clock and another at three o'clock, and walk home so as to be ready for the week's work to follow. He did this sort of evangelistic work for many years, without the hope or expectation of fee or reward in the way of money. He probably never received \$25.00 all told for his services. He was particularly concerned about people working on Sunday, and often denounced the desecration of the Sabbath in vehement terms. He knew every man within ten miles of his home who worked on Sunday, and often in private rebuked him.

Among the notorious Sunday workers was John Runyan, a neighbor and a special friend of the Elder, who very rarely attended church service. One of the places where the Elder preached regularly was the Wallace school house, later the Rew school house. It was his home place for holding service, near to his and Runyan's homes. On a hot Sunday afternoon the neighbors nearly all were present for the service, and among them was Squire Runyan. He was a large, portly, fine looking man, and known to every soul present. He took a seat in the rear of the room near a window, so as to keep cool. The Elder glanced over the audience and at once decided this was his opportunity to tell the congregation what he thought of Sabbath breaking. He took for his text: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." He proceeded in his plain and emphatic way to explain why this command should be kept. He used all the logic and Scripture at his command to impress upon his hearers their duty to obey the injunction. All the way along none present was more attentive than Squire Runyan. Finally, to illustrate and clinch his argument, the Elder said he would tell them a story, which ran like this:

Two men were on a journey and travelled together for several days, and finally reached the place where they would separate, each to go his way to his home. One man had seven dollars in money and was near his home; the other had no money and was a good many miles from his home. During the evening they talked the situation over, for they were to separate in the morning. The man who had no money said he hardly knew how he could get home, for the lack of money with which to buy food and pay for lodging.

The possessor of the seven dollars sympathized with him and finally said to him: "One dollar will take me home. I have seven; I will give you six and keep one, and thus both will be provided for."

The impecunious fellow expressed much gratitude and accepted the favor. They retired to rest and sleep. In the night-time the beneficiary of his friend's liberality sneaked out of his bed and stole the one dollar reserved by his friend.

The story ended, the Elder waited until the force of it had soaked into the minds of his listeners, and then, looking all over the faces present, he asked: "Don't you think he was a mean and ungrateful man?" As he asked the question, he fixed his gaze upon Runyan, who recognized that he was appealed to, and nodded his head in assent. Rising to his full height, his eyes glued to the full, round and upturned face of his neighbor, the preacher thrust the index finger of his hand at Runyan, and in a voice that rang out like a syphon, he cried out: "Thou art the man; God gives you six days every week, and you steal the seventh."

Runyan sank back into his seat as if shot, the audience snickered in smiles and laughter, for all knew that it was a center shot and a deserved rebuke.

Runyan often said, "Elder Skillen broke me of working on Sunday."

Elder Skillen was not a great preacher, being an unlearned and illiterate man, but his Christian faith was of such a rugged and positive sort that he wielded a wonderful influence upon people who heard him preach. In his life he did much good in his awkward and stumbling manner, for like his prototype, St. Paul, he "shunned not" to proclaim a plain gospel. He was a typical pioneer, a plain, honest and sincere man. He lived up to his profession, and left his impress upon his contemporaries. He was buried in the graveyard on the river bluff, near the outskirts of the corporate limits, north of Waverly. Here, while the water of the river flows rippling past at the foot of the bluff, murmuring on and on forever, all that was mortal of Rev. Skillen lies waiting the time when, as he firmly believed, he shall hear the call to come forth to meet Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life."

BREMER COUNTY'S FIRST NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

As is well known by all, the first newspaper established in the county was the Waverly Republican, in March, 1856, a few weeks before I reached the county. The editor was Herman A. Miles, the proprietorship was lodged in W. P. Harmon. The office from which it was issued was over the hardware store of S. H. Curtis, in a frame building on the lot on which now stands the Curtis hardware store. The paper was a seven-column folio in style, all home print, for at that time the auxiliary sheets had not been discovered. Will Ed Tucker was printer, roustabout and foreman. "Tuck" left the Republican a year or so afterwards and went to Mason City to become foreman of the Cerro Gordo Republican, and was working on it when the Civil War began. He enlisted in Captain Coon's company of the 2nd Iowa cavalry and served full three years. Coon developed qualities that led to his promotion step by step until he had reached the colonelcy of the regiment before the war ended. He returned to

Iowa and some years after moved to San Diego, Calif., where about two years ago he died. I am not sure of the date of his death.

On "Tuck's" return home he took up his old trade in the same office which he left to serve his country, and after a few years he started the Express and published it until his death, a dozen or so years ago. When I went to the Republican at Mason City in 1876, we became contemporaries and had the pleasantest relations as long as I stayed on the Republican, which I sold in 1883.

Capt. Miles managed and run the Waverly Republican for something like a year, when he sold his interest to Caesar Tarbox Smeed, of whom I have written in a former letter. In May of 1855 P. V. Swan, a lawyer, issued the first number of the Janesville Banner,* the first paper issued in the county. It only survived for a few weeks, and was called the Bremer County Herald. It was revived in November, 1856, by D. P. Daniels, as is stated in the note, but again lived for only a few weeks. It was the pride of the town, which at that date was the largest town in the county and was one of high ambitions and great expectations. It was on the main line of all travel on the west side of the Cedar and the east side of the Shell Rock rivers, for Janesville was the junction of the roads, and that year was one of large travel. Strings of immigrant teams crossed the Cedar there, some passing up the river for points clear to the state line, others diverging on the Shell Rock river road, bound north to Clarksville, Marble Rock, Mason City, etc. This volume of travel made Janesville very prominent, and then it seemed to be the coming town of all the section north of Cedar Falls, which was the "city" of a radius of many miles. Waterloo was not in it in comparison with Cedar Falls and Janesville.

Swan practiced law when business of that sort showed up, but most of his time was devoted to his paper that summer, but the cold winter of 1856—57 froze the "innards" out of it. I believe it crippled along into 1857, when it was discontinued.

The third paper launched was in 1860, when Col. Wm. Pattee started the Bremer County Argus, as an organ of the democratic party, and especially as an antidote for Smeed's Republican. The war between them was on from the start and grew bitter and relentless. The burst of war on the county in April, 1861, changed the political status of scores of men. Up to that time I had been a democrat, more because of inheritance than from knowledge and conviction, and therefore my associations had been with the democratic

* As to date of establishment of the Banner I cannot say positively. My recollection is it was in May, 1856. I was in Janesville at that time, and the thought lingers in my mind that I was there when the first issue of the paper appeared. Unless some record proof is found to the contrary, I shall believe my statement is correct. It is a long time ago, but I may have slipped a cog. But my mind is pretty clear as to the fact. I recollect the boast of Sam Hook, As. Leverich, Ezra Fish, John T. Barrick and others, that "Waverly is not ahead of us now." If Dr. Loveland is alive, I think he will recollect, but I think he is gone. If so, I can't recall a single person who was there then. Mrs. Albert Webb may know, if her mind is clear, for I think she was there then. Dr. Bradford came a little later, in 1857, I think.

party. My father was an ingrained, doubled and twisted democrat, by inheriting the virus from a Virginia father, and the strain reached the third generation. But the war segregated father's five boys from his party, and they all lined up as republicans, much to his mortification. What happened in our family happened in nearly all families, in many cases the father changed his politics with his sons.

The result of the upheaval left the democratic party a mere skeleton, as compared with its former robustness.

In March, 1857, G. C. Wright arrived in Waverly and established a law office at once. His arrival was an opportune one for him to step in as the head and leader of the party in the county, which he did, and held the place for many years. He was a Marylander by birth, and educated in the school of politics peculiar to all the southern states.

Col. Pattee's Argus published the delinquent lists in 1860 and 1861, given to him by W. W. Norris, the democratic county treasurer. In those days the tax list was "fat stuff" for the printer, often amounting to three to five hundred dollars. The hard times of the preceeding years made it utterly impossible for many of the people to pay their taxes, so about all the resident real estate was advertised for sale. When times got better lots of people found three or four years taxes accrued against their property, the accumulated costs and the interest amounting to nearly as much as the original tax.

Col. Pattee being a Bourbon democrat with very strong prejudices, he could not admit that the war was one of salvation for the country, but he classed it as a "Black abolition war," thus placing his paper and himself covertly, if not openly, against all efforts to subdue the rebellion. This position put him in opposition to two-thirds or more of his party. The result was that his paper lost business, and early in '62 he suspended the publication, and the Argus went to the boneyard.

In the meantime, J. K. L. Maynard located in Waverly and soon bought the Republican from Smeed, who left for Washington, as I have stated in a former letter. Maynard was a lawyer by profession, a college man, and a splendid specimen of the Green Mountain state. He soon took rank as a leader in all the efforts of the town to advance. His office was located on the lot where the Masonic hall now stands, it was a cheap, wooden building and was burned, with all its contents, or nearly so, in the spring of 1862. It was a bad loss for Maynard, who was just getting started in life. Not much of value was saved, so he faced the problem of how to get a new outfit. As usual, W. P. Harmon was on hand to advise, manage, and pay, when necessary. The Argus had already passed out, to suffer the Republican to go was to have no paper in the town or county. After a few weeks a new outfit was installed and the paper appeared as the Waverly Phoenix arisen from the ashes. The change in the name did not appeal to the people, especially to the republicans. In response to the pressure the old name was restored and remained with it, until recently it became the Independent-Republican under the

guiding hand of sturdy dear old Comrade Grawe, who never flinches nor frets.

About 1866 George Lindley located in Waverly as a partner with S. H. Curtis in the agricultural implement business, under the firm name of Curtis & Lindley, which relation continued for a year or so. Lindley was a man of much ability, well informed and of wide information. In politics he was a dyed-in-the-wool democrat, and aggressive in his methods of work for his party. He soon forged to the front as a leader and general. Mr. Wright had started the Waverly News some time after the discontinuance of the Argus. It was more of an organ than a newspaper. Wright did not give the paper much attention further than to see it was ultra-democratic in its utterances. It crippled along in some way, but was continually on the ragged edge financially. Lindley sold out his interest in the firm of Curtis & Lindley and took over the News. For a time the change promised to make the paper a success and a leader as a local organ of all interests pertaining to the town and county. But after a time it fell back into the old groove of being strictly an organ. Lindley's convivial habits grew upon him and finally wore him out. He was found dead one morning in a stable north of Bremer avenue and east of State street, near the residence of Jas. P. Olds. His was a clear case of suicide by intoxicating drink.

After his death Wright again resumed the editorial duties and management of the News, which finally passed out, and from its ruins sprang the present clean, prosperous and newsy Democrat.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS OF THE PIONEER DAYS

In 1857 both parties held conventions and nominated full tickets for the October election. It was really the first convention of the republican party well organized. They named Thomas Downing for county judge, W. B. Hamilton for treasurer and recorder, W. R. Bostwick for sheriff, and H. S. Hoover for surveyor. The democrats named George W. Maxfield for county judge, Chas. C. Allen for treasurer and recorder, J. G. Ellis for sheriff, and A. S. Funston for surveyor.

The result of the election was the election of the democratic ticket, except treasurer and recorder, where Hamilton won out over Allen and Hoover won over Funston for surveyor. At that time the county judge filled the place of the present supervisors, handled all probate business and was auditor of all accounts—the most important office in the county. The treasurer was ex officio recorder. The clerk of the courts was elected in the off year and the superintendent of schools in the spring. The law was changed in 1858, making the election of the county superintendent at the general election in the fall, instead of the spring.



WM. P. HARMON
Founder of the City of Waverly

In pioneer days promises made to candidates were just of as little value as they are in these later days, as an instance that I will relate will show. Dave Clark was seeking election to some local office in Waverly and had the unqualified and absolute promise of support from 14 of the voters. As there were no more than about 28 legal voters in the town, he felt he had the office nailed, as these 14, with his own vote, would give him a certain majority.

You can imagine his surprise when the votes were counted and it was discovered he had just one vote beside his own. But he was still more surprised when on the next day each of the 14 men emphatically declared he had cast the one vote. Dave did not dare to call any of them a liar for fear he would hit his own friend. The matter worried Dave exceedingly and he was wont to say that even Solomon would never have been able to discover which were the 13 liars.

In 1859 both parties were eager to try their cause before the people by an election. Conventions were held and their strongest men put forward. W. P. Harmon was the general who managed the republican forces, supported by G. W. Ruddick, M. Farrington, Louis Case, Matthew Rowen, O. C. Harrington, D. P. Walling, S. H. Curtis, Thomas Downing, Samuel Jennings and many other such strong men. At their convention they placed Thomas Downing for county judge, Lyman J. Curtis, of Dayton township, for treasurer and recorder, Nelson Smith for sheriff, H. H. Burrington for superintendent of schools, and H. S. Hoover for surveyor. It was a well-balanced ticket, and made up of good men. Mr. Harmon said it was invincible, and so it seemed.

On the democratic side the fine Italian hand of Geo. W. Matthews appeared in the game. He assumed command and mapped out his plan of battle. He insisted that no Waverly man but Ellis should go on the ticket. W. B. Kipp, who had a store about opposite to the present county office building of Bremer avenue, was a candidate for treasurer. Like Matthews, he was from Pennsylvania, and was a trained politician. But Squire Matthews was looking for victory and not for men. He cared more for location of the candidates than for the candidates themselves. He and Kipp argued the question until their friendship was strained to the limit. Kipp was determined to have the Waverly delegation, which meant a nomination.

When all hope of a compromise was ended, both sides began a campaign for the pending caucus, which was called to meet in the old stone school house. John J. Smith was Matthews' whip, and for days he was as busy as a bee tallying up the democrats. O. P. Haughwont and Elias Grove were Kipp's active men. The result of the caucus, it was understood, would decide the nominations, hence the struggle for the delegation. It was agreed that Geo. R. Dean should be the chairman, for he was conceded to be a good parliamentarian and fair-minded; he was a Kipp man, and the concession that he should preside pleased Kipp so that he believed he had Matthews down, and about all he had to do was to name his delegates. He had not reckoned on the activity and persuasive eloquence of John

J. Smith, who had rounded up every democrat in the township and passed the list to Squire Matthews, who had the same in his jacket pocket.

I lived in Lafayette township, and Matthews' candidate for treasurer lived there also, so, of course, we were intensely interested in the outcome of the battle between Matthews and Kipp; therefore, all the democrats of Lafayette were on hand to leg on the side of Matthews. Suffice it to say the result was that Kipp was defeated easily, and fairly, too. He was outgeneraled by the smooth old squire and beaten by the activity of Smith. Dean made an admirable chairman. His rulings were fair in every test and his spirit was impartial and conciliatory. Not once did he betray on which side his sympathy was. Kipp had relied upon Dean to help him out by rulings on all contested points, and his disappointment amounted to desperation when he realized he was defeated. By a cartel of agreement before the caucus was called to order, the defeated side was bound to loyally support the decision of the meeting, and thus Kipp was estopped from a bolt or a guerilla warfare upon the nominee.

At the close of the caucus, when the big crowd had gotten out in the yard, Smith taunted Kipp, with words that stung the hot-blooded defeated candidate so that Kipp struck a blow at John J., which was what he was fishing for. In a minute, as General Kearney said to his fleeing men at Chantilly, "Stop, go in over on the right, there is beautiful fighting over there." So it was between the two men, who were about equal in size, weight and activity. The crowd opened up a space and stood silently by and watched the gladiators. But John had the science and skill, so he soon put Kipp out of the ring, and the war was over.

The democratic county convention was called to meet at the W. H. Cook home, out on the wide prairie in the northeast corner of Warren township. My belief is there was not a house nearer to Cook's place than Homer Case's home, four or five miles west. But in every direction, at about ten o'clock, could be seen horsemen, wagons, or footmen coming to the convention. Every township was represented by full delegations, and enthusiasm bubbled like a perennial spring. The result of the deliberations was the nomination of Geo. W. Maxfield for county judge, W. W. Norris for treasurer and recorder, J. G. Ellis for sheriff, Geo. T. Sayles for superintendent of schools, and A. A. Funston for surveyor.

Ellis was closing his second term as sheriff and was a very popular officer, so his nomination was regarded as the strongest possible to be made. The campaign was a hot and tireless one. The republicans, under the leadership of Mr. Harmon, were confident of victory on all but sheriff, and with Nelse Smith and his pair of horses to plow the country, they hoped to dethrone Joe Ellis. But they lost out, electing only Hoover, surveyor. It was a sweeping victory for the democrats, and the last one in Bremer county for a good many years.

The keen foresight, knowledge of the science of politics, adroit management and tireless head work of Geo. W. Matthews were the

fulcrum that brought the victory. He was as cautious as a fox, as smooth as oil, and as vigilant as a sentry on guard. He was a good mixer, but as loyal to his party and his friends as the steel is to the magnet.

As I have said before, I was a farmer in Lafayette township, struggling to get a start, and the big crop of 1859 had helped me to see rays of sunshine ahead, and I had hoped another crop or so, such as I was reaping that year, would put me on hard ground and lead a little later to independence. Having sold corn enough to Theo. Hazlett to pay my debts, I had begun to hope we should next be able to buy some new clothes for the dear, brave little wife and our two boys, and that I might have a pair of pantaloons without patches all over them. I was not in politics at all, more than to help my little as a neighbor and friend when I could. My ambition was to be a farmer, as good a one as my father, and Thomas Halse, John Wile, and other neighbors. On an evening in November, W. W. Norris, who was the treasurer-elect, and who lived in my township, on the east side of the river, called at our home, and after a visit and a talk about prospective crops the next year, he said to me, "I have come to offer you the deputyship in the treasurer's office when I take it over the first of January, and I want you." I was so surprised at what he said that an answer was not forthcoming. Finally I replied, "Wife and I will think it over and I will answer you in a few days." He said, "Of course, you will accept, and I shall rely upon it." He bade us good evening and left for home. This was one time when the office sought the man, and the man accepted it, and that was the beginning of my dabbling in politics. Here and now I will say that W. W. Norris had as good a heart in his breast as any man I ever knew. His intentions were good, his purposes honorable, and his nature kindly.

I believe he was misunderstood by the people in general, and was the victim of circumstances by which he was environed thru his weakness and love of strong drink. His slavery to a depraved appetite caused his ruin and downfall. By nature and disposition he was kind-hearted, honest and confiding in those he believed to be his friends. Those were the men who robbed the county treasury of its money, and W. W. Norris of his honor and good name, both made possible by his appetite for drink. This weakness his associates and pretended friends knew well, and they deliberately and premeditatedly encouraged him to the fullest extent in various ways.

Norris was a man of much more than ordinary ability, well educated, and a natural born mathematician. He was the only person I ever saw who could add up long columns of five figures each at the same time and set down the correct answer. Many times I saw him do that on the cash book in the treasurer's office. The columns were at least fifteen inches long. He would run his fingers along the columns, and when he reached the end record the result, and not once in fifty times would he fail, when duly sober. He could do in three minutes what it took me fifteen or twenty minutes to do.

As I have said, strong drink proved his ruin, and this despite the entreaties and warnings of his friends, and the declarations that he made that he would reform his habits. But the influence and association of stronger men than himself controlled him. He lost his pride and drifted away from his real friends. Many times I begged him to cut loose from some associates I knew had a bad influence on him, and he would declare he would do so, and for days he would seem to be on the way toward shaking them off. But the demon of temptation and the company of evil-minded associates would overcome his good intentions, and the old story would be repeated.

During the last year of his term he neglected his office and duties, and for two or three days at a time would not appear about the office more than to drop in to inquire how the business was getting along. It was pitiful to see the struggle he was making to break away, but, like old Prometheus, he was chained to the rock. As the time approached when he should turn over his office and the funds in his charge, he was inclined to attend to his official duties, but he was constantly besieged by his associates in one way and another, so that he seemed dazed.

The man that had the most influence with him was Robert J. Stephenson, chairman of the finance committee of the board of supervisors. Stephenson was not a man who drank to excess, that is to say, rarely, if ever, was he seen to be drunk. He was a cool, calculating schemer. While I had no thought of him as meditating a crime, my belief was that he was a dangerous associate for Mr. Norris, and I ventured to warn Norris to shun him as much as possible, to which he always replied, "Rob is a good friend of mine." I knew that he came from a family of shrewd, scheming, money-loving men. He was a son of the Stephenson of whom I have told about building a sawmill near where the Irma station now is located, and subsequently moving it across the river and locating it in the timber about the center of Lafayette township, where the debris of it perhaps remains to this day. His brother William was the man who burglarized the county treasurer's office in West Union, rolled out the safe, loaded it into a lumber wagon and drove to Wilson's Grove in Sumner township, in the northeast corner of Bremer county, where he tore it open and got all the money that was in it. His wagon tracks told the direction he went, and the officers found the wrecked safe in the woods. After a few days they captured Stephenson and he was sent to the penitentiary. While Bob was never connected with the robbery, he was suspected of having a hand in the crime. Of course, he denied all knowledge of or connection with the robbery and lamented that Bill should have so far departed from the English code of Stephenson honor. Most of the money was recovered from the robber. He served his term in prison, and later came to Bremer county and lived several years, removing then to Emmet county, and so far as I know, he was ever after a law-abiding citizen.

Knowing these facts, it was natural I should be suspicious of Bob's influence over Norris.

BREMER COUNTY TREASURY ROBBED

The man who turned the trick of robbing the county was named Knowles, and so far as was ever learned, he was never seen in the town or country previous to the robbery. If he was, he was incognito, and known to none except his confederate or confederates. Where he was concealed the day before the robbery, or how he got away, I think, was never revealed.

For two days before the culmination of the plot, Norris was in company with Stephenson most of the time about town and in a saloon. With them were several men who participated in their hilarity and drinking, but never did suspicion attach to any of them in connection with the burglary. The man who kept the saloon had no knowledge of or connection with the crime.

The night of action was spent until about midnight or later in carousing in the saloon. When it closed Stephenson accompanied Norris to his home about one o'clock, left him there and went to his own home some five miles north of town.

In those days there was no bank in Waverly, and the county money was kept in a safe, and the safe in a vault, which, I suppose, remains in the old court house today. Both, the vault and the safe, were opened by keys, of which there were duplicates. Norris had one set and I had the other.

The weather was bitterly cold. The time was the 29th day of December, and the first Monday in January was the date to turn over the office and the money to Caleb Morse, who had been elected to succeed Mr. Norris.

About half past five o'clock in the morning Norris and Ezra Williams, who was a constable, came to my home and called me out of bed. Norris told me he had lost his keys and he asked me to hasten to the court house to be assured that all was safe, and added, "I fear the safe is robbed." He and Williams proceeded to the court house and I went as soon as I could dress and get there. The morning was a cold, dark December one. When I reached the office I found them waiting, for the door key to the office was missing, as well as the other keys. I unlocked the office door and felt my way to the vault, which was locked, and I called back to them, "All is safe; the vault is locked." In response to this Norris ejaculated, "Thank God!" I unlocked the vault door and reached the safe in the pitchy dark, and found it also locked, which I announced, and again Norris cried out, "Thank God, all is safe!" When I opened the safe I felt for the drawer I knew contained \$30,000 in bills that I had carefully put up with bands around each \$1000 the day before, in readiness to be turned over. Then the staggering blow fell—the drawer was empty. In the meantime, Williams had found and lighted a candle. I was speechless for a moment and Norris stood in the door to the vault and asked if the money was all right. At my

answer, "All is gone!" he sank back and would have fallen, had not Williams caught him. The wail that Norris uttered was one of despair and desperation. "My God, all is lost and I am ruined!" For some minutes he writhed and groaned like a dying man. The agony of reproaches he heaped upon himself is indescribable.

Williams and I stood speechless and utterly bewildered as to what to do. The rays of the morning light were breaking, soon the people would be astir, the truth of the situation must be known. We realized the excitement and the high tension of public feeling that would break upon the little town and the indignation that would sweep over the county at the loss of all the money. Hastily we decided that Williams and I should go home with Norris and then notify Joe Ellis, the sheriff, and I should go and tell W. P. Harmon, who would be certain to advise what should be done.

Norris was utterly helpless. He had sobered up from his night of revelry and was collapsed and incompetent to advise any line of action or give the slightest clue as to how it happened. Suffice it to say the day passed without a bit of suspicion on anyone. A thousand stories were abroad, and in a day or so suspicion rested on several people who were known to be chums of Norris' in bacchanalian nights. In time Stephenson was connected with the robbery so closely that he was arrested, and thru him Knowles was discovered as the principal actor in the work.

He was a stranger to everybody, including Norris. He was traced to Davenport, arrested and brought to Waverly, where he remained in jail for many months; was there when I left the county for the army. He was tried and acquitted, because the state was not able to connect him with the robbery by any better than circumstantial proof, and all of that came from Stephenson, who was a co-conspirator in the crime, and his evidence could not be corroborated. The defense claimed that Stephenson was dragooned into a confession and therefore his testimony was not reliable, and that it was insufficient anyway.

Stephenson did confess that he took Norris home and that on the way Knowles fell in company with them, and in helping to get him home he believed Knowles secured the keys from Norris' pocket, which, of course, Knowles denied in toto, even denied that he ever was in the town. The fact that he was never seen in the town or county lent force to his denial. Stephenson admitted Knowles gave him five bundles of paper money, which he concealed under a black walnut saw log at the mill I have mentioned. On a dark and rainy night Stephenson, Sheriff Ellis, Mr. Norris and myself drove to the mill yard, rolled over the log he pointed out, and found the money as he said. But even this circumstance was not held to be sufficient to prove it was county money, notwithstanding the county kept it. It could not be proven that Stephenson got the money from Knowles nor could the county identify the bills as a part of the stolen funds. I give the story of the escape of Knowles as I heard it after I returned home from the army. The trial occurred while I was gone, so I knew nothing about the details of it except what I heard two or

more years after Knowles was acquitted. Stephenson was promised immunity if he would tell what he knew about the affair. In after years, when I thought of the case, I wondered if, after all, it was not the same man who stole, carted across the country to Wilson's Grove, and wrecked the Fayette county safe, who so smoothly pulled off the Bremer county case. He had finished his term and was often at his father's home, and then again was absent, rambling about the country. He was a mechanical genius, quiet in manner and reticent in conversation. He was a younger brother to Bob.

S. H. Curtis and I were once discussing the case and its mysteries, when he expressed his belief that Knowles was a victim rather than a criminal in the case. Knowles had a bad record, which was against him in any case where he was accused. Subsequent developments proved that he and William Stephenson were not strangers to each other and more than likely had been linked together in yegg work, but all this is more suspicion than anything else. The county lost about \$30,000 by the robbery, for because of the circumstances the bonds were let out, and the county suffered the loss.

W. W. Norris remained in Waverly for several years, broken-hearted, a physical wreck. He became a sort of recluse, remained at home most of the time, and shunned his best friends as much as he could. Finally he left the state and went back to his old home in McHenry county, Illinois, where he lived a few years quietly, and then passed away, a sober and Christian man. His experience and career were a warning to all who knew him and realized how strong drink destroyed his usefulness to the world and wrecked his life. It will be a benediction to mankind when world-wide prohibition prevails, a condition that may come in the lifetime of the young generation of 1917, and will come in time, most certainly.

Robert J. Stephenson resigned from the board of supervisors, and a year or so later left the county for parts unknown.

HORSE THIEVES A BURDEN TO PIONEERS

In the summer of 1856 the pioneers were annoyed and vexed by a systematic plan of horse stealing carried on by some means that puzzled the officers and kept uneasy everybody who owned a good horse. Many lost their horses, and for a good many months no trace of a stolen animal could be found. The success of the thieves made them bold and careless, to the extent that the officers got a line on the way the business was carried on. It was noticed that the territory from Wilson's Grove in the northeastern part of the county on a line diagonally across to the southwestern corner was the most dangerous zone for a good horse to be left on the picket line or outside of a locked stable. Not only so, but more strangers were seen passing over this route than any other one, and yet no direct road led in that way. Frequently a man would pass on horseback leading one or more horses.

Finally the officers of Clayton, Fayette, Bremer, Blackhawk and Grundy counties got into co-operation, and soon some important arrests were made. I recollect well when Joe Ellis and Ezra Williams captured a pair of men with a bunch of horses over on Crane Creek, headed in a southwest direction. The men gave their names as Gard and Willey. The officers brought them to Waverly and kept them a day or so under guard, but at that time Bremer county had no court house, or jail, or any sort of a lock-up. The sheriff of Fayette county (who in war times was Capt. Jack Welch) was in pursuit of them and Ellis turned them over to Welch, who took them back to West Union, where they were convicted and sent to the penitentiary for stealing Fayette county horses. The sheriff had to do some diplomatic work to keep the farmers from hanging them, when he got back to West Union. This quick action in arresting them and Judge Murdock's prompt trial and a conviction of them by a farmers' jury put an end to that sort of industry, which evidently had been hatched out as a rich mine to be worked. Not for many years was a horse stolen in the county. It was a long step toward high civilization. The rugged honesty of the pioneers did not stand much upon ceremony, the facts were all they wanted to know, and the penalty was certain to be inflicted without much delay.

Though many horses were stolen and parties frequently went in search of the thief or the thieves, when the parties came home they always reported that they had been unable to find the thieves, except in the case above mentioned.

It was thought by some people that in some cases they might have found the right parties and had made short shift with them. Whether this surmise was true or not will never be known.

NEAR-TRAGEDY IN VICINITY OF IRMA

In pursuing the events of pioneer days in Bremer county, I am not attempting to fix them in chronological order, but give them as they come to me. Nor have I attempted to moralize or philosophize upon any of the many things that happened. All new countries have their strange characters, their ludicrous sides, and sometimes their tragedies. I have mentioned several unique characters and there are many others that I think of, which would hardly interest the people of today.

The country was nearly free from desperate or dangerous characters, for not many adventurers came as pioneers, but all were seeking to make homes upon the rich soil of the county and they expected and intended to do so by honest toil and faithful labor. To get something for nothing was no part of their purposes. They brought their families with them, and their ambition was to lay the foundation for homes, and about them to build up good society, conquer the obstructions, build school houses and churches, and provide means for the comforts of declining years when they had passed the meridian of

life, so they could leave a legacy to help their posterity to greater comforts than they had enjoyed, if not to affluence. How well they succeeded is told in the splendid farms and elegant equipment left as monuments to their industry and faithful toil, that today are the boast and pride of the county.

A near-tragedy occurred on a Sunday in the summer of 1859 on the farm long owned and occupied by Walter Blasier, near where Irma station now stands. Northeast of where his home was located, in the edge of the timber, was held a grove meeting on a Sunday in July, at which Rev. James Skillen and Rev. Jas. N. Baker were officiating. It was an ideal day and all the country, nearly, were in attendance. Among those present was a young fellow by the name of Brown, who was a sort of transient character. He had been in the community for some time, working for various farmers, and at this particular time was in the employ of John Wile, who lived about a half mile from the grove. Brown had been in the neighborhood for five or six months and, because of his queer actions, he was called "Fool" Brown, not because he was simple or a fool, but, as I believed then, he was insane or a monomaniac. He fell violently in love with Rebecca Kreiger, whose father lived near the Grove. She was a beautiful girl, of more than the average charms. She was very greatly annoyed by Brown's attentions, which he forced upon her at every opportunity. She carefully dodged him when she could and declined to be in his presence when she could avoid it. She had expressed fear of him to her father and her brother, Samuel C. Kreiger, many times. While they did not share her fears of him as a dangerous man, they disliked his manner toward her, and Samuel, her brother, had warned Brown to cease his attentions to her.

In the afternoon service, while Rev. Skillen was preaching, an unearthly scream and the report of a pistol were heard in the outer circle of the audience, who were seated and listening to the sermon. Instantly the large audience was in excitement; many men rushed to the frightened girl, whom Brown had intercepted as she approached the seats, and had demanded that she should leave the grounds with him. On her refusal, he fired a shot at her, which fortunately went wild, and before he could do more, Sam Kreiger had him by the throat, and others disarmed him. It is needless to say the services were broken up and great excitement prevailed. Some of the younger men threatened to lynch him then and there, but cooler judgment prevailed, and he was saved from violence. He was taciturn and did not seem to think he had committed a serious crime. A counsel of the older men decided he should leave the country at once. Mr. Wile paid him a balance due him, and Sam Kreiger, Jim Case and my brother, John, escorted him to Waverly and saw him strike the road for Janesville, which was the last ever heard of "Fool" Brown in Bremer county. Who he was, where he came from or whither he went nobody ever knew, as far as I can recollect. Miss Kreiger was hysterical for a time, but otherwise was uninjured. Nowadays a man who made such an assault would be sent to the penitentiary, and there Brown should have gone.

MARKET AND SALE PROBLEMS OF EARLY SETTLERS

In those days a market for their products was the problem that worried the farmers as much as did the producing. The nearest railroad ended at Dubuque, and when that was reached there was no real demand for farm products. But it was the best in sight and therefore long strings of teams were constantly on the road from all directions, loaded with wheat and dressed pork, each in season. It took about eight days to make the trip from Waverly. A fair load was about sixty bushels of wheat, which would sell for forty cents a bushel. The scarcity of money forbade sales for cash, so pay must be received in trade. To enable the buyers to handle the immense volume of wheat that flowed into the market, combinations of merchants were formed, so as to be able to furnish what the farmers wanted. John Hancock handled groceries; Mr. Mobley, dry goods; Westphal & Hinds, hardware, and M. Humbert, boots and shoes. If the farmer sold to Hancock, the seller would take orders on the other three in the combination for what he wanted in their lines; not a cent of money entered into the deal. The ordinary amount for a load would run from \$24 to \$30. When the farmer left home, he carried a lunch box with food enough to last him the trip; he slept under his wagon. If the weather was cold or wet he suffered accordingly, and his horses fared the same way. He had no money to pay hotel or stable bills. For several days before starting to market, the evenings at home were spent by families in making out a list of the things needed worst. A load of wheat did not go very far in purchasing power, but helped along some. After revising and trimming the list of wants several times, it would be safely stowed away for use when the load was sold.

The custom was for a bunch of neighbors to go to market together. This practice was protection, as well as company. The roads were often very muddy and miry, and being together made it less difficult for all, as double teams could be used to pull a load thru the worst "slough." I recollect several trips made in company with John Wile, Ed Fairhurst, W. M. Colton, John Skinner, Thomas Halse, Samuel Kreiger, Parker Lucas and perhaps others. Such trips were hard on teams as well as men, but it was the only way the people had to realize anything from what they produced. Wheat and dressed pork were all they attempted to market. Corn, oats, butter, eggs, potatoes and all such stuff were not worth anything in the Dubuque market. Eggs in Waverly sold at eight dozen for twenty-five cents, when sold at all, but most of the time those days there was no market for them at any price. The life of a farmer was one of hard and constant toil. In addition to cultivating his plowed land he spent a month in the spring breaking more of the sod, thus adding to his productive possessions. The days not spent in cultivating his

crops or harvesting them, or breaking new land, were given to making fences, adding to his crude buildings, preparing for winter, getting fuel ahead, etc. Not an idle hour for him. The women folks helped in every way they could. Many of the girls then, solid grandmothers now, worked in the harvest and hay fields from early morn until late evenings. The whole country was a bee hive of industry and rarely could a drone be found; if one was found, he received cold attention. The struggle was to subdue the wild prairies and bring them into the line of production. They met the hardships and disappointments with Spartan courage and fortitude. The star of hope, backed with faith, was always before them. Dark and dreary as were the times, they looked forward to better ones. Such men and women are not classed as heroes and heroines and yet they deserve to be recorded as such.

ODD CHARACTERS, AND BEGINNING OF CIVIL WAR DAYS

In those days the country between the Elder Smalley farm and Martinsburg was a vast, unbroken prairie, with the exception of the "Prairie" Cook and Homer H. Case farms in Warren township. Sid Curtis and I rode across the prairie in 1856 to Martinsburg and discussed the misfortune that such a desert of prairie land should intervene between the Cedar and Wapsie rivers. I recollect well he said, "This waste won't be settled in fifty years." Such was the prophetic wisdom of a couple of wise young men. It is another proof of the old saw that "hind sight is much better than foresight."

From 1856 until 1861 the immigration to Bremer county was very small, and the emigration from it was much larger, because many became so discouraged that when they could trade their land for stock, they would leave the country for a home further east. Years afterward many of them returned and settled down for life.

One man who never flinched but stuck to his old home was E. B. White, who lived in the extreme eastern edge of Fremont township, on the east side of the Wapsie, on the bottoms. He bought all the "40's" he could of the flat, wet bottom lands, and thus acquired the nickname of "Swampy" White. He was a typical Connecticut Yankee, well educated, and a man with a vision of the future greatness of that rich section of land. In winter he dressed in garments made out of the skins of animals he caught in traps, thus making himself a conspicuous person. But he was a student of books and carried a head full of knowledge, perfectly indifferent as to what people said about him and his droll ways. I recall an incident of his frugality and yet good intentions. He was a justice of the peace and frequently made out deeds and other papers for his neighbors. He sold a 40-acre lot to somebody whose name I do not recall now. He made the deed and both he and Mrs. White signed it; then Swampy took the acknowledgment as justice of the peace. The deed was offered for

record to W. W. Norris, who was then recorder. He noticed the informality and declined to accept it for record. Soon afterward "Swampy" appeared in his office with the deed the man had returned to him as not good. I was then deputy recorder and was alone in the office when Squire White arrived, and he was instructing me upon the law relating to competent instruments for record. In the midst of his efforts Norris entered the office and took the matter up with "Swampy." They were very good friends and went over the case thoroly. I well recollect "Swampy's" logic. He asked if the deed was properly signed by him and his wife, to which Norris assented; then the ingenious old squire asked if they did so of their own free will and accord was it not legal and proper that he should certify that fact. Norris replied, "You certify as an officer that the grantees did so voluntarily and are reputable persons," etc., to which "Swampy" answered, "Well, who could do so better than I?" But the deed was rejected for record, much to Squire White's disgust. Among other arguments he used was this, "It will cost me fifty cents to have some officer take the acknowledgment." In fact, that was the nub of the whole affair.

Another character in Fremont township was Lafayette Walker, who was the democratic war horse and a leader of his party in that section. He was very fond of discussion and was a good talker. He was a near neighbor of W. R. Bostwick, who was a republican and about as fond of discussion as Walker was. They were good friends and got along well enough in all ways except politically, and then they always clashed. One evening Walker visited the Bostwick home and after awhile, as usual, they drifted into a political discussion. Mrs. Bostwick was busy ironing, while the men sat nearby in a hot discussion, to which she was intently listening as she worked. Walker was much the better talker and very aggressive in a debate, as well as sarcastic. In his denunciation of the anti-slavery party he reached an abusive period, when Mrs. Bostwick took a hand. In reply to something she said, Walker retorted in a way that stung her, and she wheeled upon him and hit him over the eye with the hot flat-iron she was using. Walker was not hurt very much, but he sported a black eye for several days. The report of the case reached Waverly before Walker came over to town, so when he came we had a lot of sport having him explain how it happened; then upon cross-examination the mischievous fellows would put Lafe on the cross and worry him for specific answers until he would fly into a passion and jump the crowd. Some years afterward Walker sold out and located in Waterloo, where he died a few years ago, as I believe. Mrs. Bostwick was all gold. In 1857 a colony of Germans came into and settled nearly the whole of Maxfield township. The land is quite level and had been regarded as wet and sour soil. But the industrious and energetic Germans very soon taught the pioneers they had overlooked some of the best land in the county. They metamorphosed the prairies into splendid farms and I suppose no richer township of land can be found in the state. Not only that, but the colony was made up of the best quality of men and women, whose sons and

daughters grew up to be among the leading families of the county. When the Civil War broke upon the country, I took into my company about forty of the German boys, who were as good soldiers as the old army of the Tennessee had, and those who returned settled down and became as good men and citizens as Iowa ever produced. To the pioneer Germans, Bremer county owes much of its prosperity and wealth, both in money, men and women. American laws and institutions became a melting pot which cemented all nationalities into stalwart citizens and Americans.

The year 1860 was an exciting one all over the country and was the forerunner of events that shook the continent and tried out the strength of a republic to sustain itself against internal rebellion. Predictions of war were often made by sober-minded and thoughtful men, but the general thought was that all such talk was for political effect. Lincoln led the anti-slavery hosts, Douglas the bulk of the democratic forces, who believed that each territory should decide for itself whether or not slavery should exist within its borders. Breckenridge was the candidate of the wing of his party that held that the constitution was a pro-slavery document and Bell led the native American party, whose shibboleth was "Americans should rule America."

The campaign was a wild and exciting one, and even as far west as Bremer county the spirit of excitement spread and men began to break away from all party ties and align themselves under new flags according as the principles of parties accorded with their own convictions of right. Party lines were pretty well broken, or if not broken, they were so strained that a year after, they were shattered. In the county the republicans made a clean sweep, electing all their candidates, with the exception of G. W. Maxfield for state auditor, for the first time in its history.

EARLY MEMBERS OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION

When I first knew Bremer county the bar of the county was small in number and mediocre in ability. W. P. Harmon had been admitted to the practice of law before coming west. The profession was not according to his taste or liking, and he did not give much attention to the practice. In fact, I believe it to be a fact that he engaged in the law business only as it was incidental to his own large and varied interests, and that part of his business was small, for he was a man who detested all sorts of disagreements between men, except in politics. Upon that line he was very positive and uncompromising, but always good-natured and liberal in granting to others what he claimed for himself. In his large and multitudinous business relations as town proprietor, mill owner and general adviser, my belief is that he never had a disagreement with anyone that required a lawsuit to settle it. He was a steam engine in force, a paragon in wisdom and advice, and tireless in his efforts to help make a town and county, as well as to promote his own interests and those of his

neighbors. He was ostensibly a lawyer then, but the only real lawyer in Waverly in the spring of 1856 was B. F. Perkins, who with his young wife, had steered his course west from Massachusetts. Soon after Perkins had graduated from Harvard, he married, and with a spirit of adventure and courage they struck for the great west. How it happened they came to Waverly I never knew, but they arrived when the town was very new. He opened up a law office and waited for clients. He and his wife established house-keeping and in a way they managed to get along. I suppose no more sincere and impractical couple ever tried to succeed in making a home or starting a business. Both were scholarly and studious, knew all about authors, literature and theories of business, as well as the etiquette of society. But about the real hardships and realities of a new country they lacked everything, even common industry. John J. Smith, who sort of looked after the poor, helpless pair, often said, "She don't know enough to know when a dish is dirty, and 'Perk' can't even carry in the wood when it is cut and ready for use."

They stayed in town as long as the money they brought with them lasted, and then went back east.

At that time all the northeast corner of the state was in one judicial district, taking in Dubuque, Clayton, Allamakee, Winneshiek, Floyd, Howard, Mitchell, Chickasaw, Butler, Bremer, Hardin, Grundy, Blackhawk, Buchanan, and Delaware counties.

Judge Thos. A. Wilson was on the bench and he made the trip over his circuit about once a year, with a troop of lawyers accompanying him as large as a small circus. Some who were afterwards among the ablest lawyers in the state traveled in this cavalcade of legal lights. A term of court was the biggest event of the year when it struck the county. So I think it is safe to say "Perk" never had a case in a higher court than Squire Ellsworth's justice court, and Squire very seldom held court, as the people were too busy and too poor to indulge in the luxury of lawing each other, and he advised peace.

About the same time another lawyer by the name of Phineas V. Swan located in Janesville, and as a side line he started and published the Janesville Banner, as I have mentioned in a former letter. Phineas was a Vermonter, a college man, and it was said by those who seemed to know that he was a sound and able lawyer. But the west was too wild and woolly for him, and he left about the same time "Perk" did. Both of these men came west before the country was ready for them, and they had not the courage and sand to stick to the job and help make the county what it is today. With these two legal gentlemen absent, no lawyer was left in the county but Mr. Harmon.

On St. Patrick's day, March 17, 1857, G. C. Wright landed from the stage, and located and stuck to Waverly until along in the 80's. I recollect the date from hearing him often declare that St. Patrick's day was his mascot, etc. He came from Maryland, was a graduate of the Baltimore law school. He was a continual contradiction, like the Missourian's bacon—full of fat and lean streaks. In many ways

he was a fairly good lawyer, but would rather win a case any time by a shrewd and sharp turn than by standing on the merits of his cause and the application of the principles of the law. He was a vigorous partisan upon all questions, for he never was neutral upon anything he had to do with. A good hater but a loyal friend. During the Civil War he made enemies that never forgave him by his course as the leader of the opponents of the war. He always had a fairly good clientage, but was liberal to a fault, and therefore was chronically hard up all the time. He, too, started a paper, "The News," and spent a good deal of money to keep it alive. In later life he went to Nebraska, and died there several years ago.

A few months after Wright landed in Waverly, Judge Ruddick came from New York and engaged in the practice of law, which he pursued until elevated to the district bench, where he spent the last years of his life, and made a record as an able, impartial and just judge, which will always live in the records of this court. Among the many men who have lived in Bremer county, none were superior, and few equal, to George W. Ruddick in all the qualities that go to make a well-rounded and symmetrical man and citizen. He was the soul of honor and the essence of sincerity. Firm in his convictions, but not to the degree of stubbornness. He was an able lawyer, and had it not been for his modesty and distaste for political manipulation, he would have adorned the supreme bench of the state. I was attached to Judge Ruddick as to but very few men in my lifetime.

In the years about 1860 Judge Ruddick had his office in a building on the north side of Bremer Avenue, on the second lot west of East Water street. The building stood up a couple of feet above the ground, the back end under it was open. At the time I am speaking of the Rev. Wm. Smith was pastor of the Methodist church, and he had a boy whose name was Samuel, a very bright, keen and independent lad. He was noted for his ability in school to master his lessons in half time, and have plenty of time to "fish below the dam" about every afternoon in summer. He was well known by everybody in town because of his keenness in repartee and ability to hold his own with anyone who sought to tease him. In summer he would go along the street with a fishing rod over his shoulder, his pantaloons rolled up to his knees, any old straw hat on his head and one "gallus" over his shoulder. Such was the boy Sammy Smith. Now he is the Rev. Samuel W. Smith, with a half dozen degrees attached to his name, and the last I heard of him he was the pastor of the largest congregation in St. Paul, as an independent preacher, somewhat after the manner of Dr. Swing and Dr. Thomas in Chicago.

The day I have in mind was a hot afternoon. Judge and three or four of his friends were sitting in the shade in front of his office, when Sam was seen approaching with his rod on his shoulder, a string of small fish, as trophies of his luck, in his hand. Behind him followed a meek-looking dog. When the boy and the dog reached the group of mischievous men, they began to nag him about his small fish and last of all about his "blooded" dog. Judge asked the price and if he would sell the pup. Sam said 25 cents was the price,

and he was for sale. Judge handed him the quarter and told Sam to tie the dog to a post at the back end of the office, which was done and Sam passed along whistling and swinging his string of perch. In a half hour or so he straggled back to see how the dog was getting along. He and Judge—he was not Judge then—went back to see the dog and the bunch went along to have all the fun out of Sammy that was possible.

When they reached the back of the building they found the rope attached to the post, but the dog was gone. Sammy crouched down and declared the dog was under the building “clear up to the other end.” Judge asked Sam to call him out, but he replied, “It’s no use, Mr. Ruddick, he never comes on a call.” “Well,” said Judge, “crawl under and bring him out.” “How much will you pay for him?” said Sam. “Pay!?” replied Judge, “Didn’t I buy the dog from you? Now deliver him.” “Yes, sir,” said Sam, “and I delivered him according to your instructions. He’s your dog, not mine; if you want him, crawl under the building and get him.”

The roar of laughter that greeted Judge was so loud it attracted the attention of the loafers on the street. Say what he would, the boy doggedly stuck to his rights, until Ruddick told him he was right according to law. When he yielded that point, Sam soon got the dog from under the house.

Years afterward, when Ruddick was on the bench and Sammy had become somewhat noted as a preacher, a delegation of Bremer county republicans were on a train going to a state convention, and Sam was in another car. On learning that a number of his old friends were on the train, he soon found us. All who knew him as a boy were delighted to meet him. Greetings were barely over before it was decided Judge and Sam should go over the dog story and the crowd would settle the amount, if anything, Judge owed Sammy. It was refreshing to listen to Sam’s presentation of his side of the case. He showed the keen instincts of a lawyer, and held his own with the Judge.

The next addition to the Bremer county bar was John E. Burke. He located in Waverly in the last part of 1858, and soon showed he was an active and able lawyer. He was entirely different in his disposition and manner from Ruddick and Wright, and it was not long before he and the former were rivals for the first place in their profession. A case in court with Ruddick on one side and Burke on the other was certain to be a fighting case, and no stitches in its trial were ever dropped. Their rivalry in their profession and political preferment was such as to strain their social relations. Both of them at different dates served in the legislature. Burke was ambitious to go to congress and made two aggressive efforts to win a nomination but without success. Ruddick preferred promotion to the bench as a Judge, which he won and remained a district judge as long as his health permitted. As I have said in another place, he could have been elected to the supreme bench had he let his friends manage a campaign for him. But he had exalted opinions about the propriety of seeking such a dignified office by the usual methods of

political conventions. The result was, he held his friends in leash while others were active for their candidates and they won out while we lost.

Contrary to his desires and requests I made a trip into the southwest part of the state and convinced the leaders in six counties that Judge Ruddick was pre-eminently the best man in the field for the high office. I lined up the delegations solid for him and felt somewhat elated over the success. When I told him at the state convention how it happened he had a solid bunch of counties in the extreme southwestern corner of the state, he scolded me for being so politically active. It was characteristic of him to keep the ermine of justice absolutely free from a possible taint of bias from every point of view. George W. Ruddick was a just judge, a man of honor, and perpendicular uprightness. He was devoted to his friends in all the social amenities of life. I spent a half day with him after he was confined to his home with sickness, while I was on a visit from California. We went over many of the incidents of pioneer days in Bremer county and when I bade him farewell, it was with the mutual knowledge that it was our last meeting in this life. The visit was both pleasant and sorrowful.

Burke never reached the goal of his ambition to hold a seat in congress, much to his chagrin and belief that his ability was not appreciated. He never was a good mixer, and could not hold the esteem and confidence of his associates and friends. He was suspicious and touchy, and thus repelled rather than attracted men to him. He planted a garden one spring soon after locating in Waverly, and among other things a row or two of beans. When they came up he was perturbed because the bean was shoved thru the ground and was on top of the stem. While cogitating over this, to him, mystery, George R. Dean happened to be passing, and Burke called to him and asked, "What is the matter with my beans?" G. R. looked wise and replied, "Why, man, you planted them upside down; they need turning over," and he passed on. Soon afterward, as he returned home, he observed the lawyer busy turning his beans upside down. And then it dawned upon Dean that Burke's inquiry was made in real earnest, and that he accepted the advice in good faith, but he said nothing and passed by. The joke was too good to keep, and accordingly he told it, and soon all the wags about town who dared to approach Burke were asking about his beans and how they were progressing. The inquiries were so many and so earnest that Burke grew suspicious, and when he learned the reason for so much interest in his bean patch and the source from whence the joke originated he was furious, and he never forgave George. When the latter ran for superintendent of schools some years later, Burke denounced him as totally unfit and incompetent for the office and did his best to defeat him.

Years after the bean episode, in a hotly contested trial in court, in which G. C. Wright and Burke were opposing counsel, Wright declared in the discussion of the law in the case, "The counsel on the other side don't know beans." So infuriated was Burke that it

was all that Judge Fairchild could do to restrain Burke from assaulting Wright. Then and there he served notice that such an insult would not be tolerated by him in the future.

Keenly as the joke was relished by such waggish fellows as Dr. Oscar Burbank and others, none of them ventured to spring it on the fiery Irishman ever after the court scene. The little story illustrates the characteristics of Burke. He was an able lawyer and a most zealous advocate of any case he had in court.

Another member of the bar was James W. Woods, more familiarly known as "Old Timber." He was an old man when he came to Bremer county, and a pioneer of the state, reaching back to territorial days. He practiced law with such illustrious contemporaries as Judge McFarlane, McCreary, Crocker, Trimble, Grimes, Love, and many others of those days, when giants were being grown from the men who migrated to the territory which later became Iowa. "Timber" had much native ability and much more assurance. His law knowledge was gained more by absorption from his associates than from books or study. He was not a student, but was the prince of "hail fellows well met." He was a bourbon democrat and all his business and social relations were gauged by politics. He was genial and social and always strictly impecunious twelve months in each year. No man in the state, in his latter days, had such a fund of reminiscences as he had, and no one could relate them better. He would discontinue a lawsuit any time to tell a string of stories, mostly relating to the bar of pioneer days. He often told one to illustrate the pioneer days of the courts. At a term of court in Boone county Judge McFarlane was presiding, and, as usual for him, he was steamed up as high as was prudent for a judge. Among the cases to be tried was one involving the ownership of a horse. It was a replevin case with several crooks and turns in it, and the burden of proof rested upon the plaintiff, who was represented by M. M. Crocker, who in the Civil War was colonel of the 13th Iowa Infantry, and later became a brigadier general and commanded the brigade known as "Crocker's Brigade."

"Timber" was the attorney for the defendant and filed an answer, which was met with a demurrer by Crocker. When the case was called Crocker argued his demurrer and McFarlane overruled it. Crocker next filed a motion for change of venue, which was denied; then he asked for leave to amend his complaint; that, too, was denied, and last of all he asked for a continuance, which was denied. At the end of all his efforts to gain time and delay the case, he asked for three hours' time, which the court denied, and ordered that the trial should proceed.

At this point Crocker, who was a chum of McFarlane in convivial bouts, rose and addressed the court in about these words: "I have asked for rulings of this court which, if granted, would enable my client to secure justice. I have met refusal by the honorable court until I have exhausted all the remedies I know of and am forced to enter upon the trial, which must of necessity result in the defeat of justice to my client. I confess I do not know what to do."

McFarlane straightened up, and with a smile, said: "It is unfortunate your client has not a lawyer that knows how to get his case properly into court." Crocker, piqued at the court's remark, retorted by saying: "Perhaps the honorable court knows; I do not." The old judge, not to be bluffed, answered, "I appoint you judge pro tempore of this court, and I'll take your case."

Crocker gladly consented and they changed places instantly. McFarlane asked for three hours to prepare the case, which was granted. At the end of the time asked for, Mac appeared at the bar and Judge Crocker called the case. McFarlane offered a demurrer, which was quickly overruled; he tried two or three other methods of getting his case in shape for trial, each of which Crocker overruled, and finally dismissed the case on a point of law raised by "Timber," much to McFarlane's disgust and against his protest, ending the proceeding by saying, "It is a d.....n sight easier to handle a case as judge than as attorney, eh, Crocker?" "Timber" said Crocker adjourned court and the whole caboodle went across the street and assuaged a mighty thirst, at McFarlane's expense.

Woods had a fund of reminiscences of the early bar of the state, and the lawyers of those days, that he was fond of reciting, and when in the mood he could entertain a party a whole evening. He was a genial man, always expecting to be very busy, and chronically hard up; always willing to pay a bill, but never ready before "next week."

BREMER COUNTY'S FIRST DOCTORS AND MINISTERS

In recalling the early professional men of Bremer county the names of Doctors Oscar Burbank and D. M. Cool are first in Waverly, and J. M. Peebles in Janesville.

The honor of being the first person in Bremer county to make a business of healing and ministering to the sick, belongs to Elizabeth Martin. She was familiarly called Aunt Betsey Martin. She came to the county with her husband, the Rev. C. N. Martin, in 1850, and settled on Section 13, Township 91, which is about three miles south of Waverly and is where S. I. Pool now lives. Her practice extended over all of the western part of the county. She treated her patients with homeopathic medicines and herbs, and she was quite successful in her work. She answered the call of distress in all kinds of weather. Alone and on horseback she faced the worst storms or the howling blizzard in the effort to reach and care for the sick. If the sick person happened to be the woman of the house and there was no other help, she would remain and take charge of the housework. She was indeed a friend of those in distress but disliked pretense or nervousness. (In those days it was called "hypo.") A good story is told of her treatment of one of those cases. She was called to visit a family who lived on what is now the farm of Henry Thies, and found the woman of the house in bed, lamenting

and groaning and apparently quite sick. Aunt Betsey stayed for several days and in addition to treating the patient, took charge of the housework. The doctor finally determined that there was nothing really the matter with her patient except want of energy. The farmer had no well but depended on getting his supply of water from the nearby creek. One morning, on returning from the creek with a pail of water, Aunt Betsey found her patient "taking on" at a great rate and being entirely out of patience, she threw the pail of ice cold water over her patient, hustled out and saddled her horse and went home. The effect on the patient was most miraculous. She jumped out of bed and most roundly berated the doctor, and from that time was pretty well cured of her habit.

My belief is Dr. Burkank was the first regular physician to enter the practice, and he continued in his profession until his death. He was a physician of much more than average ability and thoroly devoted to his calling. He kept read up in the progress of medicine and surgery, until he was really in senility because of old age. He loved his profession and cared more for the success of his work than for the pay that was in it. His love of stories and his naturally cheery disposition were as sunshine among his patients. It was pretty hard for one to be sick if Doc was about, for he would talk about everything but the sickness of his ward. He was naturally waggish, and to that nature he added all he could by effort or put-on levity. He could always discover something mirthful, even in the presence of desperate cases of sickness. Some people classed him as heartless when he was treating a patient, but the fact was he was tender and gentle in his real self.

Dr. Cool was the next doctor to locate in Waverly, and he soon won a large practice, because of his ability and skill as a doctor, and his gentle and sympathetic manner in the sick room. When the Civil War broke out, he went to the front as assistant surgeon of the 3rd Iowa Infantry. At the close of his service in the army, he returned home and soon afterward removed to Faribault, Minn., where he died a good many years ago.

The third doctor to locate in Waverly was Samuel Jones, who was well along in years when he arrived. He opened up a drug store, which he kept until his death, several years later. His practice was confined largely to people who consulted him at his place of business. He was a polite and courteous old-fashioned gentleman, who was respected and admired by all who knew him for his excellent traits of character.

About 1861 Dr. J. C. Pomeroy came from Vermont after his graduation. He was an athlete in stature and a giant intellectually. If there is such a thing as a "natural-born" doctor, he was in that class. By looking at a sick person, he seemed intuitively to know what the affliction was. He was so thoroly able that people did not give him credit for being interested in his cases, when the fact was that he knew whether or not danger lurked about his patients.

Dr. William Boys and Dr. J. G. Smith, both young men and thoroly equipped with knowledge and experience in hospital work in

the east, located in Waverly soon after the close of the war and for some years were in active practice, but subsequently removed to other parts.

The pioneer ministers were Rev. John Buckmaster, who located in the county in the early fifties and opened up a farm north of Waverly and lived there some six or seven years. He belonged to the United Brethren church and gave much of his time to preaching to the pioneers in their homes, for there were no school houses in the country or any other places for public assemblies. In order to have church services the settlers opened their homes for such use. Buckmaster was an uneducated man, but zealous in his faith and often delivered sermons of instruction and edification. He was distinctly an evangelist rather than a pastor. As the tide of immigration drifted west, Buckmaster went with it. Where he located I never knew.

Another pioneer minister was Elder Terry, who located in Polk township and spent his life there. He was an educated and godly man, who gave the best of his life to the gospel ministry. He preached without the expectation of a salary, and, I guess, he was never disappointed by getting one. He was a Baptist in faith and had much to do in establishing the Baptist church in Waverly. When the church failed to have a pastor, Elder Terry was requisitioned and always responded. He preached in pioneer homes, and when school houses were built he preached in them, and in the summer time in groves—always to good-sized and attentive audiences. He was a sound, logical and able preacher, made no pretenses to oratory, but gave the people the best he could in teaching practical Christianity. His work ended a good many years ago, but his impress lives today.

Rev. James Skillen, of whom I have spoken in other letters, was another pioneer preacher, unlearned but very earnest and zealous in his Master's work.

I don't know who preached the first sermon in Waverly, but believe he was a Methodist. Rev. John Gould was the first preacher I heard in the town. He was a presiding elder, a man of much ability, dignified and reticent in manner, but a genial and companionable man when one got to know him. He was a strong and popular preacher.

In April, 1859, Elder H. H. Burrington located in the town and was pastor of the Baptist church for a long time. He was a finely educated man and a graduate of a theological college in the east. He was a systematic and sound preacher of much more than average ability, and no man was more respected than he.

After years of service for his church he was elected county superintendent of schools and had much to do in raising the grade of the public schools of the county. Still later he turned his attention to a farm he owned northeast of town, in which work he took great pleasure.

Another pioneer preacher was C. M. Sessions, who was the pastor of the Methodist church when the congregation worshipped

in the court house. He was followed by Rev. F. X. Miller. It was during his pastorate that the erection of the present church began.

The Baptists built the first meeting house in the town, upon the lot on which the Fourth ward school house now stands, and it was used a good many years for services.

SUICIDE MYSTERIES

The first suicide committed in the county was by Miss Fannie Willis. She was a very intelligent and handsome young lady, and so far as was ever known no cause was found for her act. She was a sister of Mrs. Alma Wood and Mrs. Matthew Farrington. Her death was a sensation to the little town, and a crushing blow to her sisters and her mother, Grandma Willis, who was a superior woman, as were also her sisters, in many ways.

Some years later, I think in 1866, Dave Evans cut his throat in the harness shop where he worked, which was located on the lot where the Broadie drug store now stands, or on the one next to it. He was an industrious and faithful worker, but a slave to intoxicating drink, and after a bout of dissipation he was melancholy and mortified to such a degree that he was desperate. His brother, George G. Evans, did all a brother could do to relieve him from the grip of the demon of rum, but without success. Dave lived with his brother, whose wife (formerly Lydia Gould, daughter of Rev. John Gould), did all a sister could have done to save poor Dave. They lived in the house now known as the late Hugh Hill home, in the Fourth ward. My home was next door to them, and I know the efforts that George and Lydia made to keep Dave from drink, for our families were very close friends. Across the street lived Henry Curtis, who, a few years later, took his life in the same way in his barn, on a hot busy Saturday afternoon. There Sidney Curtis and I found him lying dead in a stall. In all my life, never was I so shocked as at his tragic death. I had no closer friend, nor one I esteemed more than "Hank" Curtis, except his brother, S. H. Curtis. The news of his death was a sensation that paralyzed the town, and the mystery of the act was never explained. I had been with him a half hour before the act was committed. He got out of the chair in Jake Long's barber shop, and as I took his place, he said, "You'll find a hot seat," and passed out. When I left the chair, I went into the store to speak to him about a personal matter, and Sid said to me, "A report has just come to me that a tramp is lying in Hank's barn. Do you know where he is?" On telling Sid of our parting in the barber shop, he said, "Come with me and we will rout the fellow out of the barn, for I suppose he is drunk, and I am afraid he may set a fire going." We went to the barn and found Henry, as I said above.

Not many years passed before Jake Long took his life in the same shop where Henry and I parted. He took poison, and like the

two previously mentioned, no reason was ever discovered why Jake committed the act.

The last and most startling act of this sort was that of Henry H. Gray, a few years later still. He was a prominent and highly respected lawyer with a lucrative practice and a promising future before him. He was a veteran of the Civil War and had hosts of friends about him. So far as I recollect, he never was melancholy or morose. His death was a shock to the town, and large circles of friends in other parts of the state. All the above mentioned cases, excepting that of Evans, were shocks and mysteries to the town and to all the friends of the parties.

I sometimes philosophize over such cases, and have reached the conclusion that the scientist who said, "There is a strain of insanity in every person," was right when he wrote the verdict. I cannot believe that a perfectly sane individual ever did, or ever will, take his own life. At the instant of the act reason is dethroned and the act is one of an irresponsible being.

SURVIVORS OF THE WAR OF 1812

Waverly in her early days had two survivors of the war of 1812, in the persons of Ira Sturdevant and Manassah Reeves, who were always accorded the place of honor on all public occasions. They were sturdy and solid men, who were looked upon as worthy of any honor that the younger generation could pay them. The first time I saw them they were on the platform with the officers on the Fourth of July, 1856, of which I have written in a former letter. As I gazed upon their determined faces and quiet manners, I felt myself to be in the presence of men who deserved the honor of a nation and of all the people. It welled up in me that I would like to have a chance to do what they had done—defend the flag of our country—never dreaming that the day was not five years away when such as I was would be called upon to do so, and even in a far more desperate war than the one in which they had participated. I had the chance, and I got enough out of it to satisfy me for life. I believe that both these men are buried in Harlington cemetery, and also a third one, whose name is Smith. I never knew him or anything about his family or service, other than a general report. Reeves and Sturdevant left a posterity of the best people of Bremer county.

MORE ABOUT THE CHURCHES

Returning to the subject of churches in Waverly, the Presbyterian church was organized September 15, 1856, with such sturdy members as the families of John Findley, B. W. Johnson, Robert Cunningham, Naaman Moore and some others whose names do not occur to me at this time. Rev. John Smalley was installed as pastor, in which

capacity he labored for many years. He was a man of ability, educated, imposing in physique, and a typical old-fashioned Presbyterian preacher, he was sound in doctrine as well as a fine pastor and an able expositor of the Scriptures. They purchased and built the cozy little brick church in the grove on South State street (where the A. T. Leslie home now stands) where they worshipped for many years. Rev. Smalley owned and operated a fine farm northeast of town in Warren township, and maintained his pastorate as long as the organization remained. In later years, the membership dwindled away by removals and deaths, until finally the church was discontinued, and I believe has never been revived.

The Catholic church was organized in October, 1856, with the Rev. John Shields as pastor. He gathered together all the members of that faith and held them in fellowship, and out of his efforts and those of his early parishioners has grown the large and prosperous church of today. Father Shields was a forceful man, a keen and safe business man, as well as a leader in his church work. He had his share to bear in the hard times of those days, but he was pre-eminently the man for such an ordeal. He had all the courage and grit of his race, and the harder the pinch the more active he was. No Irishman ever possessed more courage than he did. If things didn't come his way willingly, he would find a way to make them come. One morning I met Tom Murphy on the street in a boiling rage and on inquiry as to the cause he told me Father Shields had called on him for a dollar for some purpose relating to the church, and Tom said that when he told the Father he had not a dollar in the world, the Father replied, "See that you get one by tomorrow." Then Tom added, "I know what that means, I must get a dollar, — him." Father Shields remained as rector for several years, when he was transferred to another field.

After the close of the war a new rector was sent to the church, whose name was Father Murphy. Soon after he arrived I met him on the street one day and instantly recognized him as the chaplain of the 58th Illinois Infantry during the war. He did not recognize me, but I soon convinced him I knew him by relating to him the incident of his capture in Louisiana, on a foraging expedition of which I had charge. The detail consisted of a bunch of men from his regiment, whom he volunteered to accompany, as a sort of lark. We got into a hot skirmish with the enemy, and could only escape them by a hasty retreat. Chaplain Murphy was not used to such quick work, and therefore was a bit slow, and he was bagged and carried into captivity. Later he was sent to a prison, where he remained for a time, but being a non-combatant, he was returned to his regiment after a few months. There was great rejoicing on his return, and I well knew all these circumstances. As long as he stayed in Waverly he was a frequent and welcome visitor at my office. He was a typical Irishman, well educated, witty and combative, and, he used to tell me, a "sound preacher." He was very popular in his regiment, whose colonel was Col. Lynch, who led the Fenian forces in the Canada raid, was captured, and only escaped

death by the influence which General Grant brought to bear in his behalf. Col. Lynch loved a fight, and Father Murphy loved Lynch.

I spoke of Tom Murphy, who was a pioneer in Waverly. He and I were particularly good friends. He did not have very many friends he cared for, but those he did have he was very fond of. He was a waspish and quick-tempered man and full of superstitious ideas. He owned a place east of town on the south side of the main road leading east. On it near the road grew a large basswood tree with drooping limbs, on one of which the Barber boys had been hanged some years ago. While on a visit to Waverly some time after the mob tragedy I was told that Tom had cut down the tree and even dug out all the roots and burned the whole lot. I went out to visit Tom one afternoon and in the course of an hour or so, I ventured to mention the fact of the hanging and inquired what had become of the tree. In answer to my question he told me that he had removed the tree, and in reply to my request to see the stump (which I knew he had dug up), he told me the story, and closed by saying, "The curse of God rested on the tree, and I believed that meant the roots, and I dug them all out to the last branch, and burned them, so I did. Was I right?" I said, "Sure you were, Tom." He seized my hand and said, "I knew you would say so."

Tom was fond of fishing, and there were few that could equal him in the number of fine fish he could catch, was the fishing good or poor. He liked the taste of that which cheers and usually took something along to pass away the time while waiting for a bite. On account of his prowess he was in great demand when the boys arranged a fishing trip. On one occasion when he was asked to go along he shook his head and refused to go. Upon being asked to give a reason for his refusal, he said, "The wind is in the wrong quarter." When told that they expected to take a keg along, he replied, "Then I'll go, the wind may change."

POLITICAL SITUATION PRECEDING THE CIVIL WAR

About the time the pioneers of Bremer county began to feel solid rock under their feet and, with smiles on their faces, could see the rainbow of promise ahead of them, as they glanced ahead and foresaw better times approaching, the campaign for the election of a president opened up in 1860. Political tension was taut to the limit and a subdued feeling of excitement pervaded the country. The slavery question stirred in the minds and hearts of the people and would not down at the bidding of party or of men. It was an eating ulcer, and the emollient of soft words, or the indulgence of hopes of its passing away did not soothe the public mind. It was a national crime against mankind, and the wiser men, such as Lincoln, Douglas, Seward and many other great statesmen trembled with fear that the peace and prosperity of the country was actually in

danger. The average man had not reached such a period then, but he hoped his party would find a solution in statesmanship, and all would be well.

Far removed as was Iowa from the center of political wisdom and manipulation, the people were deeply interested in the coming contest. Then, as now, they were a reading people and a studious people, and hated slavery and all sorts of oppression.

When the news came that Abraham Lincoln was nominated by the republicans a thrill of satisfaction swept over the party leaders, and men who detested slavery turned their thoughts toward him as the man who could, and would, solve the question, for they recalled the series of debates he had in 1858 all over Illinois with Judge Douglas, the champion of "Squatter Sovereignty." The northern democrats nominated Douglas, the southern democrats named J. C. Breckenridge, and the American party chose Bell, of Tennessee.

From the start it was well understood that the contest would be between Lincoln and Douglas, with the chances in favor of the latter. Both were intellectual giants, and knew each other perfectly, for many a time had they met as gladiators upon public platforms in joint debate. They were as unlike as two men could be in all save intellectual power, in that respect they were an even match.

The excitement reached to the remote parts of the country and Bremer county had its full share of it. W. P. Harmon led the republicans and Geo. S. Mathews the democrats. The result was a clean sweep of the county for every office by the republicans, from top to bottom. As I have said before, scores of life-long democrats forsook their party and joined the "black republicans" (for that was what the democrats called them) and very few ever went back to their first love.

Such leading men as Geo. W. Mathews, G. C. Wright, John Acken and many others fought desperately to hold their lines against the break, but without success. A hickory pole, 97 feet long, was erected on the corner of Bremer avenue and East Water street on the south side by the democrats, and a fine flag was raised in honor of Judge Douglas, on which were the words in large letters, "My country, right or wrong." As the flag unfolded in the breeze and the letters were plainly revealed, a shout went up from all the crowd assembled. W. P. Harmon, who was a witness of the proceedings and not a little perturbed over the manifested enthusiasm, as the words were read, challenged Mr. Wright by saying, "You will be compelled to choose your place in less than four years, will you stand by that motto?"

His prophecy proved true, and regretfully it may be recorded that Mr. Wright did not stand fast by the pledge, for he and his strictly partisan friends assumed an attitude of masterful inactivity from the election of Lincoln to the close of the war, and in a way discouraged enlistments for the army when the conflict came.

The republicans, not to be out-done, raised a goodly sized oak pole on the opposite corner, north from that of the democrats, from which they unfurled a large and beautiful flag bearing the names of their standard bearers, Lincoln and Hamlin. It also contained a

motto, the wording of which was, as I recollect, "The union cannot exist half slave and half free."

The democratic boys, led by Bell Morrell, Harry Hazlett, Will and Clarence Tyrrell and others whom I do not now remember, raised a pole on the corner where the Democrat office now is located and flung to the breeze a fair sized flag on which was enscribed, "Our liberties we prize, our rights we will maintain."

From these facts may be known the excitement that prevailed.

Such was the feeling that in business and social relations life-long friends were estranged or "personna non grata" toward each other ever afterward.

Often as war was predicted by students and thinkers, the average man did not share such thoughts and accredited such talk as the logic of politicians to stir their party into vigorous action.

When the eventful April morning in 1861 bore upon the breezes the sound of a hostile gun sending a shot at the flag, people of all classes and politics awoke to the stunning fact that war was upon them.

SOLDIERS WHO WENT TO THE FRONT

When, a few days later, came the call for volunteers to the army, the people were stirred as never before. In a day several of the young men of Waverly were seeking a way to enter the service. My recollection is that Mayor Wood was the first man to enlist, and he was followed by Gorham Ellsworth, George W. Briggs, Al Lawrence, Al Wemple, Charley Wemple and Samuel Grove, and they were joined by M. F. Gillett, who came on foot from Frederika. They went to Cedar Falls and joined a company that was being raised there, and became members of Co. K, 3rd Iowa Infantry, and were soon sent to Missouri. The first battle any Bremer county soldier was in was at a place in western Missouri called Gulf Mills, or a name like that, but nobody was hurt. Their next engagement was at Wilson's Creek, and all escaped injury.

About the same time H. F. Beebe set about raising a company, but he failed in getting enough men to secure a captain's commission, but did have a contingent sufficient to secure a first lieutenantcy for himself and a second lieutenantcy for Ashbury Leverich in the same company, by consolidating with Capt. Washburn, of Waterloo, and the company was "G" in the 9th Infantry. Among the men who were in the Bremer county part of the company was a boy by the name of John Karker, who was killed in the battle of Pea Ridge. Johnny was the first man killed who went from the county. I knew him well, as I did his parents. He was Bremer county's first martyr for the cause of freedom. In the same company was Edward Tyrrell, father of Will and Charley, two of Waverly's well-known and good boys. At the charge on the works at Vicksburg, in 1863, Lieutenant Tyrrell fell mortally wounded, and died a few days later. He was

the first and only commissioned officer killed in battle from the county, and, as I have often said, Bremer county has not done her duty to him by neglecting to rear a monument on the court house square to his memory. Edward Tyrrell was not an ordinary man in ability, morals, or good citizenship. His name and services deserve to be commemorated in granite in a public place in the county he honored in official, civil and military life. He bequeathed to the county a widow of sterling worth and children who honor his name.

Lieutenants Beebe and Leverich both resigned from the 9th, returned home, and recruited Co. B of the 38th Iowa, and went back into the service, where in time Beebe was promoted to a majorship, and when his regiment was consolidated with the 34th Iowa, in 1864, he retired from the service and came back to Waverly, and after a few years removed to Jasper county, Mo., where he died some years ago. Lieutenant Leverich came home on sick furlough and died at Janesville, I think, before the war closed.

J. O. Hudnot, of Sumner township, became lieutenant colonel of the 38th Iowa, and was the biggest in rank of any officer from the county. He was not well known in the county, especially in the western part of it. He was a civil engineer of ability, and because of that qualification reached the rank he held, but so far as is known, he never made any particular record as a soldier.

At the same time Beebe was recruiting his company for the 38th, H. A. Tinkham was doing the same work, in which he succeeded and became captain of Co. C, 38th Iowa, and thus Bremer county had two companies in that unfortunate regiment, which bears the distinction of losing more men because of sickness than any other regiment from the state; but it had only one man killed in battle, and he was not from Bremer county.

About the same time Richard Currier and H. A. Miles were each engaged in recruiting companies for the service. I enlisted in Currier's company, and when it was organized I was elected first lieutenant and A. J. Allen second lieutenant. When assigned to a regiment, the company became "B" of the 14th, and Capt. Miles' company was "C" of the same regiment. Many of his men were recruited in Butler county, and W. B. Stoughton was his first lieutenant and John Braden the second. Both were from Butler county. Braden was killed in battle.

Currier was a capital drill master and a strict disciplinarian, having belonged to a military company for a number of years in Buffalo, N. Y., before he came to Waverly. It was there he learned the tactics and drill which so well fitted him for making his company proficient. In the state camp he gave us a thoro drilling, and it was of inestimable value to us in our subsequent service, and made the company the best-drilled, all-around one of the regiment.

With all his ability and equipment for a model and rising officer, he lacked the heart and fortitude so necessary to make a good and sturdy soldier. As we approached the danger zone, he became restless and uneasy, and lost all interest in the men and their comfort. After we reached St. Louis, he was absent from the camp a great

deal of the time, and when present was crabbed and entirely different from what he had been in the drill camp in the state.

When the order came to embark on a steamboat for Vicksburg, he gave no attention to the preparation, directed me to take charge of the company and be ready to leave camp for the boat when the order came to go. He was absent for two days and nights in the city. When the regiment reached the wharf, and at the last minute before the boat swung out for the down-river trip, he appeared, in an excited condition, called me to him and informed me he had resigned and I should assume command of the company. He did not offer to bid goodby to the boys who were nearby, but turned about in the crowd and disappeared, and that was the last any of us ever saw of our popular commander.

In the brief time some of the boys caught enough to know what had happened, and in a few minutes the news spread to all of them. The gibes, roasts and taunts they sent after him were fierce and bitter, but he soon got beyond hearing them. The men demanded he should return the handsome sword and sash that had been presented to him by the people of Waverly, in the court house, when the company left the county. But he took both with him to Buffalo, N. Y., for he did not go back to Waverly, nor did he ever show his face in the state afterward. He had ordered a couple of dozen photos of himself in full uniform. They were delayed in delivery, so he did not get them, but they came to the company after he was gone. When it was known what the package contained the men tore it open, and with curses and anathema they wrote all sorts of stuff on the backs of the photos and sent them by mail to Waverly, addressed to him. Whether he ever received any of them, we never knew. If he did, it is safe to say he learned the literary ability of the company as masters of plain speaking.

This desertion of us at the threshold of active service was a crushing disappointment, for we had believed he would be a leader of far more than ordinary ability and would stay with us to the end.

The sudden change threw on me the responsibility of caring for the company. I felt incompetent and unable to meet it successfully, for all I knew about military drill I had learned from Captain Currier in the few months of our stay in the drill camp, and by a close application, in study, to rules, regulations and tactics, I assumed the duties of looking after the comfort and welfare of more than a hundred patriotic boys who left their homes in Bremer county to do their duty as faithful soldiers. They felt keenly their betrayal and desertion, and none of them more than I did. To restore confidence and harmony was no little task. I hoped we would have an officer assigned to command the company, who would have the ability and the personality to lead us wherever we were ordered to go. The Colonel ordered that the men should choose a captain by vote, which was done a little later, when I was absent. They elected me, by unanimous vote, as captain, which settled the matter, and I stayed with them until all were discharged.

At this point I want to say that no better bunch of men were in the service during the Civil War than was Company B, 14th Iowa. They were like a big family of brothers all the way thru, and to this day the survivors are like brothers. To me, the best of all is there never was in the company a single man who was not my friend to the limit. I never asked a man to do a duty or ordered one into the jaws of death, that he did not go cheerfully and heroically. To me they were my brothers and "boys," and to this day I am bound to them by hooks of steel, that can be broken only by remorseless death. At this date fifteen are still living, five of them are in the old county, the balance scattered into four states, but I know where they are, and I keep in touch with them. It is not a boast to say that Company B saw more hard service and lost more men than all the other organizations that went from the county. In the archives of Robbins' Post, G. A. R., may be seen a rebel flag, captured in battle, brought home as a trophy and placed there as a relic of their services. Go and see it and then attempt to reckon the cost of its capture.

I am the sole and last commissioned officer living who served in the war of the rebellion, from Bremer county. Many other boys from the county did good and heroic service, but in other organizations outside the county. The men in the Third and Ninth regiments from the county went to Blackhawk county and joined companies accredited to that county, so Bremer lost the honors that really belong to her, in that way. Bremer did nobly her part in the war, and sent her full quota on demand. Only a very few men were drafted, and those near the end of the struggle.

As I look back, I am amazed, as well as proud, of the heroism of the pioneers, who met the crisis in our country's history so heroically. But the school of hard times in their settlement of the county had taught them the lesson of self-sacrifice and will-power, and they did not hesitate to make the effort to conquer. It was so in peace and in war.

FEW SLACKERS DURING CIVIL WAR

As I have said, at the beginning of the Civil War Waverly shared, with all others of the frontier towns, much excitement. In some cases the discussion was very earnest, even bitter, between men of different politics, for a respectable number of the best men could not forget their politics and the democrats of the old school were inclined to hold the republicans as responsible for the break between the south and the north. In time the more conservative element became ardent supporters of the president and his policies, and thus segregated themselves from their old party. But a goodly number remained loyal to the old party which assumed what was dubbed in those days "a masterful inactivity," and finally became known as "Copperheads." Today people holding like opinions upon the war

question are called "slackers" or "pros." The division on the war question reached into social, fraternal and church relations; so bitter was the sentiment that it took many years to eradicate the feeling, if it ever will entirely disappear.

Among the early settlers in Waverly was Henry L. Dole, who came to town in 1859 from Vermont and established a small jewelry store. He was an expert workman, devoted to his business and soon built up a good trade. He was a radical abolitionist and often engaged in hot discussions over the slavery discussion. He and Dr. Pomeroy were good friends, came from the same place in Vermont, but they never agreed in politics. Doc was very fond of nagging Dole and kept him stirred up most of the time.

When actual war came Dole was much excited. To add to his discomfort and perturbation of mind Pomeroy, Elias Grove, Will Brown, Mayor Wood, O. F. Avery and others of his chums insisted Dole should enlist, if he was in real earnest in his faith. They systematically tormented him about enlisting until he was nearly frantic. They put up the story that an army would be made up by drafting at once, and all young men would be sure to have to go. Dole was by nature a timid man, and war was a horror to him which his tormentors very well knew. In a day he disposed of his business as best he could, packed his most valuable goods and with them left town. Where he went was a secret to all, and so far as known no one knew his whereabouts, and he was forgotten.

While I was in Washington in 1894 one morning a page informed me that a gentleman was in the lobby of the house and earnestly asked an interview. I repaired to the place and found the man, who seemed more than ordinarily delighted to meet me. He grabbed my hand and greeted me so cordially I realized he was an old-time acquaintance, but I had not the most remote idea who he was. To his inquiry whether I recognized him, I was compelled to tell him that I did not. He expressed surprise that I failed to recall him, and then told me he was "Hank Dole." Then I could plainly see he was the long-lost "Dole" from Waverly in 1861. I was glad to see him and he invited me to take a day off and visit with him, which I did. We went down to Mt. Vernon to see Washington's old home, and back to the city to see many very interesting things, and last of all to a famous restaurant, where he ordered an elaborate dinner. In the meantime he kept up a continuous stream of inquiries about all of the people of Waverly in her pioneer days. He had never heard from a soul in the little town from the day he left it until then. He recollected everybody who lived there and all about them, and was particularly interested to know who of his old chums had gone into the army, and their facts, all of which I was able to tell him. All day long, and until a late hour in the evening, we visited fast and furiously. He remained in the city two or three days and took all the time I could spare in asking questions about the people and the town he had left so unceremoniously.

He told me he went straight to Boston from Waverly, and had been there continuously and was the owner of as fine a jewelry store

as the city afforded, had never married and he never should, that life was a pleasure garden for him, etc., etc.

I asked him how he knew where I was and he replied that he saw an item in the paper that I was in congress, and that he started the next day to find me. I never had a more pleasant visit with anyone than with him. To my inquiry why he so suddenly left Waverly, he replied, "I was so scared at the thought of being drafted that I was half crazy, and when I started I had no idea where I would go, but kept going until I reached Boston."

Since that time I often hear from him by letter. He is now retired and spends his time on easy street. Louis Case will recollect him well, as may some other old settlers. It was a queer experience to me, and proves we never know what may happen in our lives.

* * *

Among the early settlers in the eastern part of the county was David Chadwick, for whom a grove was named in Dayton township. He was a robust and powerful man in physique, industrious and fully alive to the development of the new country in which he had cast his lot, just such a man as was needed to help make Bremer county great. He had as good a farm as was in the county. When the war came upon the country he was afire with patriotism and had he not been too old would have been a soldier. As it was, the best he could do was to furnish a son in the person of John J. Chadwick, of Tripoli, one of Bremer county's best men, and a hero and lion under all circumstances. No better man ever wore the blue than John J. Chadwick. John went in my company and is today an honored citizen of the county.

In the summer of 1864 our part of the army was assigned to the duty of watching and warding off the attacks of Forrest upon the lines of supplies and the country in and about Memphis. We were constantly on the move to thwart the sleepless and wizard Forrest, and often cut off from mail communication with our homes. This caused uneasiness at home as well as provoked the soldiers. Uncle Dave Chadwick decided he would make a trip down to Memphis and, if possible, visit his boy and all the rest of us. When he reached Memphis the army was many miles out in the interior of the country confronting Forrest, and to all civilians communications were closed. On the 4th of July we lay in camp fifty or sixty miles from Memphis along the line of the railroad, on which guarded trains were operated back to Memphis. In the evening a train reached us and to the surprise of all Uncle Dave landed in camp. He was received like a king, for he was the only person we had seen from "God's country" for as much as a year, if not more. It was refreshing and a royal treat to have him with us. The camp of Company B resounded with boyish glee as we gathered about him to hear from home, for, as Josh Meeker put it, "his clothes smelt good to us." After the welcome was over, he told us all about affairs at home and how the people were interested in the progress of the war. I wondered how it was

possible for him to get thru the lines and find us, for I knew the extreme caution exercised and the iron-clad rules enforced concerning keeping civilians from passing the lines. To my inquiry he promptly replied, "I told them I had come to see John and the rest of you, and when they told me I could not go thru the lines, I said, 'I am going, pass or no pass'." The fact developed he won the friendship of a guard on the train, who tucked him in a secure place, and he was overlooked by the detectives, or purposely passed, and landed safely.

We remained in camp, I think, two days, while General Smith was arranging his plan to fight Forrest. When the order came to move, Uncle Dave was fierce to have a hand in the impending battle and began to look for a gun. When told from headquarters that he could go no further, but must go back to Memphis on what was to be the last train before the try-out between Smith and Forrest, he at first declared he would not go, but would have a hand in the battle. But the order was peremptory and he had to go, which he did protestingly. He was as eager to march out with us and take part in the bloody battle which was fought at Tupelleo on the 12th, as a boy ever is to go to a circus, and not a doubt exists that he would have done the full duty of a good soldier. It goes to show the pluck, as well as the patriotism, of an old pioneer of the county and that courage and fortitude were transmitted to his son, who was a model soldier.

* * *

Another patriotic pioneer was Cyrus Odiorne, of Leroy township. He was past age when we were raising Company B, but insisted on being enrolled. He was afire with patriotic enthusiasm and would not consider for a moment his age, which was greater than his appearance indicated. His persistency won him permission to go to the state camp with the company. But when the examination by the surgeon was made Cyrus was rejected, much to his disappointment. He was a wiry and active man, and had the spirit to make a good soldier, but the years forbade his acceptance. About that time a regiment of men past forty-five years was being raised and he enlisted in it and went and did good service, which was entirely garrison and guard duty about Memphis, where the government had tremendous stores of supplies for the armies in the field. It was known as the "Gray Beard regiment" and was numbered 37. Iowa was the only state that was authorized to furnish such a body of men. Cyrus served full three years and returned home as well as when he left it. His lament always was he could not go with us, so he could see some fighting. He lived several years after the close of the war, and was always the same energetic and enthusiastic patriot and persisted in saying he was denied seeing more active service, a service in which he would have heard big guns and smelled powder. Men of such fiber as Odiorne made up the pioneer colonies of Bremer county and put the county on the road to its present greatness.

Among the very early settlers of the eastern part of the county was Ephraim Wattenpaugh, who settled what is now Sumner township. He was a young man of high morals, studious habits and industrial proclivities. He soon had a farm blocked out and was on the road to success. But the call for young men to save the country from division was heard by him, and no sooner heard than he was found shaping his affairs to respond, which he did, and for three long years, or more, he did his duty as a soldier, as he has always done in civil life. When a peace was conquered he came back to the same farm and took up the lines he dropped on the plow handles and proceeded to finish the furrow he had left half done. All the years since he has plowed, sowed and reaped rich crops from the same land, until today, in his age, he is on easy street, comfortable and honored by all who know him, and those who know him best honor him most.

No better type of good citizen ever lived in Bremer county than Eph Wattenpaugh. He has lived to see the pioneers grow old, and most of them gone, and he can go back in memory when a trip to Waverly to pay his taxes was nearly as big a job as it is now to go to Chicago. He forded streams, wallowed thru sloughs and mud holes, with the same courage that he faced death on the sanguinary field, and now is reaping the victories he won on both fields, and is a splendid example of what true and honest manhood brings to the man who has a vision and faithfully follows it to the end. Eph is one of the old timers in the county and knows from grim experience what it costs to be faithful in the discharge of the duties of life.

CAMPAIGNING FOR A RAILROAD

S. F. Cass was another comparatively old settler, arriving and locating in Sumner township about 1865. The first time I met him was in the fall of 1866, when he came into the treasurer's office to pay taxes. James Fletcher and I were alone in the office when he entered. He had barely passed the threshold when he staggered and fell full length to the floor, without speaking. We rushed to him and on inspection he seemed to be dead. Neither of us knew him. Jim procured a cup of water and dashed some on his face, while I was feeling his pulse and manipulating his arms. After a long time, to us, he showed signs of life. We placed him on a couch in the office and kept up a vigorous rubbing of his person until he showed signs of life, but he was in a state of coma and remained so for several hours. In the meantime we wondered who he was, and what his mission was. Last of all we examined letters and papers we found in his pockets, which revealed his identity. In the meantime H. C. Moore, clerk of the courts, came into the office, and recognized him and told us who he was, which confirmed what we had discovered in the documents we had found on his person. After three or four hours he regained his senses and was soon himself again. He told

us he had no recollection of anything after he left the hotel down town until he found himself on the couch in the office. When fully recovered, he said he never had such an attack before, and often, years afterward, said he never had such attack again. It was the beginning of a friendship between him and me that grew and lasted until his death some years ago. We often talked about the circumstance.

He located in the north part of the township and opened a store on his farm that became a center for the country all about, and where he did a large business and laid the foundation for a modest fortune. Steve Cass was no ordinary man in ability and was a born leader in all matters pertaining to the development and growth of all that part of the country.

When the Iowa and Pacific railroad enterprise was started he saw the importance of it and threw himself into helping to secure it with all his steam engine power. As will be recalled, the success of the enterprise hung on the voting of a five per cent tax by townships thru which it would pass. The people wanted a railroad most of all the things within their reach, but the farmers were opposed on principle to taxing themselves to build one. The work of carrying a tax by vote in some townships seemed to be a hopeless one. Platt Smith, of Dubuque, was the general who was intrusted with laying out the plans and managing the campaigns in several townships, of which no two were alike. He selected the men for each township and instructed them as to the methods of attack and work. To Sumner Cass and I were assigned. It was the first one in the county to be tried, and success there was regarded as of the utmost importance.

I went to the township and stayed with Cass for two weeks. We had some very determined opposition to overcome, if we succeeded, and to this work we applied all our best ability. Every man was seen, and the opposition was labored with many and many a time. We polled the vote often and finally we had a majority lined up. The day of election was a subdued and exciting one for us, but the result at night was a victory which insured the tax all along the line and best of all, insured the building of the road so as to bring the eastern and western parts of the county in touch with each other.

Then the spot where the prosperous town of Sumner now stands was a bare spot of prairie land, with a very sparsely settled country about it. Cass removed his store, in time, from its old location to the new town, and became the leader in its growth. He was well fitted for such leadership, and made his mark high up as a business man. Cass was a reliable and honorable man in all his business relations. As long as he lived, the friendship between him and me, which began as I labored to bring him back to life in the treasurer's office, continued without a flaw in any way. He left to the county and the state a family of boys who followed in his footsteps and have made reputations for themselves worthy of their ancestor, of which I may speak in another letter.

BREMER COUNTY'S FIRST FAIR

I am not quite certain who taught the first term of school in the stone school house which served the town so long as an educational Mecca, for in addition to the public school there were held church services, political caucuses, literary club meetings, railroad meetings, debating society meetings, and all others of a public character. My belief is that Mrs. B. F. Perkins was the first teacher in the new school house, in the winter of 1855—56. E. C. Moulton taught the school in 1857—58—59. Later on, after the war, B. F. McCormick was principal of the schools in the old house. It was the center of all educational efforts until the court house was completed in 1859, when all religious services were transferred to it by those having no meeting house of their own. In it church services were held, traveling theatrical shows, political meetings of all parties, fairs, big socials, etc.

Both these buildings served the wants of the people when public meetings were held.

The first county fair was held in the court house in October, 1859, at which a wonderful display of vegetables, grains, cookery, needle work, old family relics of a curious sort, as well as several coops of poultry and a few choice pigs were on exhibition. My contribution to the show was a head of cabbage weighing 38 pounds, that I sold to G. W. LeValley for five cents. The court house was crowded with people who rejoiced over what could be produced in Bremer county. It was a meeting of people who got acquainted with each other and it tended to cement them together in developing the resources of the soil and the industries of the people. The weather was very bad, rain with snow fell and the temperature was low, but all cheerfully faced the weather, as they did the hardships of pioneer life. I recollect a discussion between Mace Eveland, Horace Wallace, Samuel Lease, Parker Lucas, Samuel Case, Solomon Renn, John Wile, W. P. Harris and others, as to whether or not timothy and clover would ever grow in the climate and soil of this section. Each one of them was a paragon of wisdom on the subject and the general belief was that they had passed out of the timothy and clover belt and they must depend upon the prairie grass for hay, of which they all agreed there would always be enough, for the prairies would never all be settled and farmed. If these wise old farmers' foresight had been as good as their hindsight was, when mowing heavy swaths of timothy and clover a few months afterward, they would have been better prophets, and when some of them had lived to see every acre of prairie land under cultivation and teeming with ripe crops, they would have tried to forget their predictions.

The fair was a success as a beginning, and it was agreed that it was the starter of an organization that would be permanent and

be the means of advertising Bremer county. But the rapid changes that came because of the election of Lincoln relegated the fair project to the scrap pile for a good many years, and for more than four years the one thought in the minds of the people was the salvation of the country. To this work the young men rushed without a thought of pay, emoluments, or pensions, until very few were left, and the work on the farms was left for the older men and women to do. Scores and scores of the young women went into the fields to do men's work. Some of the grandmothers of today who still reside in the county were the girls then whose faces were browned and sun-burned while working in the harvest fields, hay fields and corn fields, and they are none the less healthy and grand now because of their industry and courage then. A sunbonnet then was an ornament admired because it sheltered a rosy face that teemed with loyalty to country and to the men who stood between them and a divided government.

The first hotel in Waverly was a log house that was located on the river bank on the east side between East Water street and the river. It was kept by Samuel Ritter and wife, who came from Williamsport, Pa., in 1854 or the year following. The necessity for a hotel was so great that they involuntarily became "Bonifaces" because they had the biggest house then in town and could not very well help becoming hotel keepers. They did a satisfactory and good business until better quarters could be provided.

The Bremer House (now Fortner) was opened to the public July 4, 1856, with a good deal of ceremony and a ball at night. Ezra Williams was the leading violinist and Bill Reeser had a cornet horn, with one or two violinists whose names I have forgotten. I danced my first set in Iowa that night with Mary Hullman, the mother of the present editor of the Democrat. She was quite an artist and kept me from getting lost in the mazes of the cotillions. For a change George Corey reeled off several jig dances during the night to the entertainment of the crowd. He and Mrs. Wm. Reeser gave a "Jupiter" dance, to the merriment of the crowded dining room. She was equally as expert in the terpsichorean art as was Corey; they were the artists of the occasion.

WAVERLY'S FIRST RAILROAD BRINGS PROSPERITY

The war of 1861 brought to the county a complete change in every way. The Illinois Central railroad had reached Cedar Falls in the latter part of 1860, and thus opened up a market for the products of the country, which had been long looked for. Waverly and Janesville were united in trying to have a line established in the Cedar Valley, which finally was done; the road reached the former place the last of December, 1864, and stopped there for more than a year.

This made Waverly a market for all the northern and western part of the state, as far as Osage on the north and Algona on the west. The arrival of the railroad within reaching distance inspired new courage in the people and they redoubled their efforts to open up farms and produce more stuff. From that date the prosperity of the people grew by leaps and bounds, until the whole land became a garden spot in beauty and a gold mine in wealth. The war demands inflated prices to a dizzy height for the pioneers, who had been used to begging for a market. With the coming of a railroad came troops of new settlers to find homes upon the rich prairies of the county. From that time until now, the county has grown and prospered beyond the expectations of the most sanguine of the pioneers of the 50's.

The first cemetery located at Waverly was on the hill on the east side of the river and north of town, near the residence of Jim Garner. It was in a brushy and forbidding looking place then, and I suppose it is worse now. Not many burials were ever made there, and most of the bodies were disinterred and removed when Harlington was laid out. But my information is that some remain there, but are lost in identity and totally neglected. Not for years has a burial been made there. It is a lamentable thing that the American people are negligent about caring for the cities of their dead. A wise law would be to levy a small tax in the budget of revenue to be expended in clearing up and caring for the neglected cemeteries. In many states such laws are upon the statute books, and in all such states desolate and neglected cemeteries are not found. Iowa is usually up-to-date in all matters of progress, but in this case she has stood still.

The first bridge across the river was the one built on Bremer avenue in 1857, connecting the east and west sides of the town. The floods of 1858 swept it out and another was built in 1859, which was replaced some years afterwards by a better one, and still later by the present steel structure, which is a highway for teams, autos and trolley cars.

The first flouring mill in the county was built in 1855 in Waverly, by W. P. Harmon and B. M. Reeves, and a saw mill nearby it was built earlier, so as to cut the lumber for the flouring mill. Shortly afterward a flour mill was built at Janesville, by the Morehouse's. All these mills did a fine business in their day. In 1863 Carr & Hopkins erected a steam saw mill near the river on the east side, and north of the mills built by Mr. Harmon. They operated their plant for a few years, when Hopkins sold his interest to Carr, who moved it into the timber on the Cedar river between Nashua and Charles City, where the station of Carrville now is located on the Illinois Central railroad. In Waverly the mill was located near the home of Jimmy Hayes, who hated the plant, as only a hot-tempered Irishman can hate, because it made so much noise. Jimmy tried many times to have it declared a nuisance and abated. When he heard that the mill would be removed, he took great credit to himself for its going, and said: "Begorra, 'Hop' knew I was after the varmint, and quit,

and Carr moved it away, so he did, and now I can slape in peace."

Two of the old-styled hunters and crack rifle shots in Waverly in early days were Uncle Conrad Fritz and Uncle Benjamin Fobes. In their prime, to shoot a squirrel out of the tallest tree by hitting any part of the little animal except the head was a "pothunter's" way, and they had a hearty scorn for all such marksmen. Whenever they got together they talked about target shooting and never hitting any part of a squirrel except the head. Each doubted the other's skill and in a diplomatic way was not backward in saying so. After I returned from the army one day they, with Squire Ellsworth, Uncle Charley McCormick and Elder Skillen, met by chance in my store, and the shooting question came up in their general talk. At once Uncle Conrad and Uncle Ben told of their unerring skill with the rifle. The crowd edged them on until a challenge was given by Uncle Conrad to settle the championship by target test the next day, and that Ellsworth, McCormick and Skillen should act as judges. The cartel was arranged that they should each fire three shots "offhand" at a distance of fifty yards, and three shots with a rest at one hundred yards, and the target should be one and a half inches in diameter, the shots to be measured by string measure, the shortest string to be declared the champion. All the preliminaries being settled, the event was waited for with a good deal of anxiety. In the meantime, the story of the meeting of the two old champion marksmen was circulated and the sporty fellows about town lined up as backers of one or the other of the principals. Dave Clark, as usual, was selected as master of ceremonies and umpire of the match. The place of meeting was selected on the west side of the Cedar, above the dam. A heavy and wide slab from the saw mill was set firmly in the ground and the inch and a half mark tacked on it. It was a good target and a plain mark. At the hour set for the meeting a crowd of quite a hundred were present with the judges and the rivals in the match. On a toss for first shots, Uncle Ben won, and promptly he toed the line and fired his three shots "offhand." The committee measured the target, after which Uncle Conrad stepped to the line and drove three shots at the target, which were very ceremoniously measured by the judges. Then they moved back fifty yards and made their shots from a rest. When the shooting was over the judges announced a tie, which neither of the contestants was willing to accept, for each claimed he had won and both insisted on another trial; but the judges and the crowd declared if another trial was had it must be on another day and with a new committee. The match was the event of the time and the old sports were eager to try it over, but they never did. The fact was that they did some very close shooting, so close that their hits were near the bull's eye and broke into each other so it was really impossible to tell which did have the shorter string. When they learned that fact, both were satisfied.

ORGANIZATION OF LODGES

The first lodge of the Masonic fraternity established in the county was Tyrrell Lodge, No. 116, under a dispensation from the Grand Lodge. On June 2, 1858, a charter was granted and the lodge was organized, with the following officers:

Thomas Downing, W. M.; G. C. Wright, senior warden; W. W. Brown, junior warden; Theodore Hazlett, treasurer; Geo. W. Maxfield, secretary; L. B. Ostrander, S. D.; Edward Tyrrell, J. D.; Nicholas Tyrrell, tiler.

The Master Masons were J. S. Harris, William Battams, John Tyrrell, H. F. Beebe, W. B. Hamilton, Geo. W. Briggs, Walter Wood, W. P. Harmon, Jas P. Olds, S. H. Curtis, A. P. Goddard, John Runyan, Geo. W. LeValley, Peter B. Foster, and D. M. Cool. The Worshipful Masters who served to 1882 were Thomas Downing, 7 years; G. W. Ruddick, 1 year; W. V. Lucas, 7 years; J. K. L. Maynard, 1 year; D. C. Chamberlain, 1 year; C. H. Cooper, 5 years. J. M. Andrews was appointed tiler by myself in 1869 and the last I knew of the lodge he was holding the office, a permanent fixture, as he is in the Grand Army, as commander of the Post. Nicholas Tyrrell, being the oldest member in age and in service, at the time of the organization, was honored by giving the lodge his name. He was a very devoted member, and was always present at the meetings when able.

The first Odd Fellows' lodge in the county was established in about 1859, with Roswell Keith as noble grand, and other offices filled by Herman A. Miles, Wm. Shores, A. J. Stroh, Wm. Reeser and Uncle Geo. W. Baskins. The list of charter members I cannot give, for I was not a member of the order until after the war.

I was made a Master Mason in Tyrrell lodge March 14, 1857.

A lodge of the Knights of Pythias was established in Waverly some time in the late 60's or early 70's, as Western Star No. 3. The second Masonic lodge was established in Janesville in the 60's, with David High, Hamilton Rowen, Fish, Boomer and others as officers or members. A large Good Templars lodge was established in 1860, to which most all the young folks belonged, but after a prosperous career for three or four years, it surrendered its charter and I think never was re-established. The Odd Fellows' lodge surrendered its charter during the war, or soon after it closed, but subsequently was re-established and has been a prosperous lodge ever since.

WHY BREMER COUNTY IS SMALL

Bremer county is one of the smallest counties in the state, being 18 miles wide from north to south, and 24 miles long from east to west. In the organization of counties in the north part of the state

in a struggle for territory, Blackhawk grabbed a row of congressional townships on her north border that logically and fairly belonged to Bremer. This was done by a system of ledgerdeman that was too deep or abstruse for Uncle John T. Barrick and his helpers to understand until it was too late to change the slate, and John T. lost the townships, and with them went glimmering the prospective county seat. Zimri Streeter, of Cedar Falls, was the smooth manipulator who euchered Uncle John. T. Zimri was playing Cedar Falls for a county seat, and got left in the final wind-up, as well as did Barrick. The road never was wide enough for Barrick to have Streeter and himself travel on it at the same time, after the division of territory was made.

One consolation Uncle John had was that he did not have Zimri to help him name his town. Mrs. Barrick's name was Jane, and to compliment her and commemorate her popularity with the people of the town, he added "ville" to it, and Janesville went on the map; but Waverly was made the temporary county seat, as was Waterloo for Blackhawk county.

MEN WHO MADE GOOD AND HELPED TO MAKE HISTORY

Small as the county is, she has furnished her full proportion of prominent men in the different walks of life. In 1854 John Pattee, a resident of Jackson township, whose farm was east of Janesville, was elected state auditor, and William Pattee was his deputy and succeeded his brother as auditor. The state was young at that time, and these two men formulated and put into practice the business of that important office. John never came back to the county to reside any length of time, and subsequently sold his farm and located in Iowa City, where he was at the beginning of the war. He married a sister of Ezekiel Clark, one of Iowa's largest capitalists in later years. Governor Kirkwood married another sister of Clark. In the organization of regiments for the service, the governor appointed John Pattee as colonel of the 7th Iowa cavalry, which was sent west to a frontier military post in the midst of the Sioux Indian country, the place which is now the location of Fort Randall, S. D. The Sioux were on the war path and troops were kept in that country until the war closed. Col. Pattee spent more than 20 years in the military and civil service in that country and among the Indians. He remained in South Dakota until age and poor health retired him from the service; his wife passed away and he met with misfortunes in business, until last of all he came to the Soldiers' Home at Hot Springs, while I was commandant, totally broken down, and after about a year passed away. I buried him in the state cemetery and set a stone at his grave.

William Pattee returned to Bremer county and, as I have told in a former letter, was prominent in public affairs, among which was

newspaper work, until age and infirmities caused him to retire. I don't recollect whether he is buried in the county or not. A younger brother of the family, Wallace Pattee, was a captain in John's regiment, and after the war was over he came back to his farm east of Janesville and, I believe, died there. The Pattee family was a prominent and forceful one in the early days of the county and prominent in all public affairs as well as leaders in social and business life.

Among the younger class of men who have hewed their way to prominence in the various walks of life and are distinguished more or less, many names come to me, all of whom stand as marks of honor to the county. Leslie Fisk was a barefooted school boy and in later days, succeeding the pioneer ones, he was noted for his studious habits and his ambition to reach success. In a competitive trial of candidates for a scholarship to West Point from the, then, Fourth congressional district in 1868, Leslie won out over a large field of boys from the various counties in the district, and was appointed a cadet to that famous school, where he graduated with high honors and entered the U. S. army in the artillery branch and later went into the engineering corps, where he stood high. Several years ago he went onto the retired list.

Will B. Wilcox, another Waverly boy, won a scholarship in the naval school at Annapolis, and became a paymaster in the navy of the U. S. He will be recalled by many of your readers as a boy of irrepressible force and push, a leader in all games and athletic exercises among his colleagues in town. Never idle a moment, strong, brainy and vivacious. He told me he wanted to learn the printer's trade and asked if I would take him in the Republican office, so he might learn to set type. One morning, on press day, Will Tyrrell reported we were short a "devil," or roller. I thought of Will Wilcox and soon found him on the street, and he was more than willing to fill the place. When I introduced him to Will Tyrrell, the latter said, "What's the use to bother with him? He won't stay here fifteen minutes." To the surprise of the ferocious foreman and all the rest of the crew, my boy showed a disposition to stay longer than fifteen minutes. In short, then and there he turned over a new leaf and had a vision he had not had before. He made good, and a year or so later, when the field was open for competition for the Annapolis scholarship, he asked me to procure the necessary papers for the study of the questions to be answered, which I did. Early and late he devoted his time to mastering the requirements, and at the try-out he led the field and Senator Allison appointed him to the school. He had a clear head, keen perception, and was tireless in his studies. He was the second Bremer county boy to win out in a mental contest and gain a prize. He died in the service some years ago. His elder brother, Charlie, took training in the banking business and, I believe, is now connected with a big concern in the steel industry in Chicago. He is a first-class man and a success.

Another Waverly man, Georgie Hoffman, son of H. J. Hoffman, has won his way to high banking circles in St. Louis thru the training of his uncle, Samuel Hoffman, a long-time leading banker of that city.

Among the leading financiers and bankers of the northwest, none have gained a wider influence or higher standing than Isaac Hazlett, son of John C. and Margaret Hazlett, very early pioneers in the county. When a boy, he was a student in school and a close friend and disciple of "Dutch" John Schmidt, the fisherman. It was Ike's very highest ambition to excel "Dutch John" in catching fish out of the Cedar. He did not care so much for the fish as for the reputation of being a more successful fisherman than his instructor and partner. I believe he is now connected with over twenty banks, as an officer of some grade, and is rated as one of the foremost financiers in Minnesota.

His brother, Harry, is now a retired newspaper man. While Isaac took to dollars, Harry loved the smell of printers' ink and could never stay away from a print shop. He was an expert type setter, master of all the details of a country printing office, and one of the brightest and keenest localizers ever on a Waverly paper. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, a raging taste for poetry of the sentimental sort, and was no slouch as a writer of rhyme to fit occasions when prose was not adequate. As an all-around newspaper man, he was far above the average. I knew him well from boyhood to manhood, employed him for years, and in company with him, purchased and run the Shell Rock News for a time. When I migrated to South Dakota, he accompanied me, but the wild west was too woolly for him, and he trecked back to Iowa and located at Baxter, as the editor, publisher and proprietor of a paper that ranked up well with the better class in the state. After a successful career there, he sold his paper, after the loss of his wife, and went on the retired list. He is now whiling away his later days among the lakes and streams of Minnesota, where it is reported that the "silver sides" and "chubs" flee to secret places whenever he winds up his line, shoulders his rod, and starts after fish. No fish can out-wind him in patience and waiting for a "bite," and if they get within 40 rods of his hook his hypnotic power is certain to draw them to their fate, which is dry land and the frying pan. Talks about "Isaac Walton" are idle words, when the tall form of Harry Hazlett casts its shadow over the blue and pearly waters of the lakes of Minnesota. No bigger hearted or more generous boy ever tramped the soil of Bremer county, and mighty few more brainy ones, if any, graduated from the old stone school on the hill than "Isaac Walton" of the gopher state.

Another boy that is as close to me as a son is Will H. Tyrrell, who is known to all the people of Bremer county. Left an orphan by the death of his gallant father, Edward Tyrrell, who fell at Vicksburg, Will fought his way up the ladder of life, until he reached a commanding position among the best young men of the state, and today he is taking life easy under the sunny skies of California.

Will and Charlie Cowles, who are very prominent architects in Chicago, are products of Waverly and her public schools. They are successful and prominent in the higher grades of business and progress of the great city of the lake.

Will Matthews is another Waverly boy whom the public schools of the town turned out, a manly man and one who is a leading financier in Minneapolis; honored, trusted and looked up to in all the big business affairs about the Twin Cities of Minnesota.

Ed Nichols, a leading banker and financier of Staples, Minn., is yet another boy who was born and bred in Bremer county. Coming from good stock and running the gamut of the public schools of Warren township, he went forth to conquer the battles of life, and my information is he is succeeding splendidly.

Another Bremer county boy is Ed Martin, of Tripoli, a son of Pioneer John H. Martin and wife, who is a product of Wapsie soil and the public schools of Bremer county. Ed is a stalwart man of superior ability and model manhood. As a citizen and business man, he is the equal of the best. He is particularly looked up to as a financier and safe counsellor in all business matters, as well as a leader in every movement for the uplift of Bremer county in particular, and the country in general.

Among the pushing and irrepressible young men Bremer county has produced, none excel the trinity of Cass boys—L. S., J. F., and C. D. They are the sons of S. F. Cass, of whom I have spoken. They are "chips from the old block" in all ways, and well rounded out by the steady hand of an extraordinarily good mother. Products of the Wapsie, as they are, and trained in the home and business life as they were, the result is what might be expected. As I hear and believe, they are extra good and successful business men, and reflect honor on the pioneer element of the county.

Another boy who has made good and can be claimed a contribution of Bremer county and of Waverly's schools is Bruno Hostetler, of Nebraska. He was born on a farm west of Waverly and was reared by sturdy and exemplary parents. The strain of German, or Dutch, blood in Bruno told under every test. Industrious, rugged and ambitious, he figuratively ate up all the books he could get hold of. He migrated to Nebraska and entered the practice of law at Kearney, where he soon forced himself to the head of the bar. His sincerity and integrity marked him a leader, and his colleagues and the people called him to the wool sack, from which seat his fame went out to such a degree that he could have been made governor of the state with hands down, but he had the good sense not to be seduced from his chosen profession, and declined to consider the tempting office, honorable as it is, and stuck to the seat of justice. He is rated as one of the just and great judges of the state. Well may Bremer county and the Waverly schools be proud of Bruno Hostetler, the chunky "Dutch" boy, now a giant and trusted man.

And yet another Wapsie boy who was grafted into the Waverly schools is Ernest H. Cooper. He will be recalled as a live and irrepressible boy in days of yore. He was a son of Charley Cooper and wife, and a grandson of Francis Harwood and wife, of Grove Hill, who furnished more good school teachers for Bremer county than any other one family in the county, as they also furnished soldiers for the Union army, including sons and sons-in-law. Ernest is a leading man in public affairs in North Dakota where he narrowly escaped being elected to a seat in the United States senate. He reflects all honor upon the old county and her schools.

Then there is Jerry Bacon, a son of "Lige" Bacon and wife, who will be recollected by all the people of thirty years ago in Waverly. Jerry was a typical American boy, noted for his lung power when a kid. He could cry louder and more gracefully on the slightest provocation than any other boy ever in the town. He was dubbed "cry baby" by his chums, and they often yielded to him in his whims of wanting his own way to keep him from alarming the lower end of State street. Today he is a rich man and the leader among hotel owners and operators in North Dakota. He owns and operates the finest hotel in Grand Forks, as well as other large holdings. Jerry is a product of the Waverly schools, starting in the primary department in the Fourth ward. One can never tell what sort or quality of leather there is in a boy by looking at him or hearing his "bawl." The right way is to give the boy a chance and boost him when you can.

Continuing the enumeration of men who made good that were furnished the public by Bremer county, Oliver J. Smith comes in the list. He was the son of Philander Smith, who carried on a cooper business before the war began. When soldiers were called, Mr. Smith and his son, Charles E., both enlisted, leaving Oliver as the "man of the family" at about the age of fifteen. He had been a sort of happy-go-lucky boy, more fond of fishing and rabbit hunting or playing marbles than any sort of work. But the responsibility thrown upon him to "help mother" ironed out the wrinkles in the boy and he arose to the equal of the responsibility. At once he set about learning the printer's trade and became a success as an all around newspaper man. In 1864, when a call was made for 100-day men, he dropped everything at home and enlisted. When he was discharged, the officer signing his discharge used the same blank as was used for 3-year men. He wrote in the place for length of service, "One-Hundred" and failed to erase the word "years" and insert "days," thus making his discharge read, "One Hundred Years." At a reunion, held in Waverly some years after the close of the war, the question of length of service was being talked about, when Oliver asserted he had the papers to prove the longest service of any man present. Al Wemple, a veteran of the Third Iowa, replied, "It takes a lot of cheek for a whiffet of 100 days' service to make such a claim. The result was a bet of the cigars for the crowd that Smith could not prove his assertion of producing the documents. When Ol had Al

well cinched on the wager, he reached into his coat pocket and presented his discharge. Al in great disgust said, "I might have known the little scamp had me cinched or he would not have made the bet!" The laugh and the cigars were on Al, who being a good sport, produced three boxes of "Key City," the best cigars then on the market, which was one condition of the bet. Ever afterward he was dubbed "Hundred Years Veteran Smithers" by all, and the name stuck to Oliver among his best friends as long as he lived.

He was a good printer and worked in the offices in Waverly for several years at the case. All the time he had the dream in his head that some time he would own and operate a paper of his own. While working for me, he conceived the idea of starting a paper in Janesville, which had no paper at that time, but was anxious to have an organ of that sort. Oliver had no money or credit then, but was not to be balked in his purpose. At his solicitation I loaned him material enough to set up his paper and the boys in my office did his press work. He established the Janesville Clipper and he worked hard to win a place for it and establish it upon a paying basis. But the disadvantages were so many and his support so weak he was compelled to give up his cherished ambition, and last of all to write "Failure." His last visit to his office in Janesville was humiliating to him, and when he returned to his case in my office he was heart-broken over the failure. To add to his perturbed and miserable state of mind, the boys in the office, under the cloak of sympathy for him, made many suggestions, improvised snatches of doggerel and sang them to him as solaces for his troubled mind. Harry Hazlett composed a funeral oration, which, he said, was delivered by Smithers on his last visit to the Clipper office. It was a gem, one of Harry's very best, in matter and expression. To appreciate it fully, one must have heard and seen Harry pronouncing it. It was vinegar and gall to poor Smithers, but he knew the crowd and knew they were all nagging him, while their hearts' sympathy was with him to the very limit. Therefore he stood it heroically. His dogged determination to have a paper of his own never failed, but he kept steadily at his work, with a watchful eye for the opportunity to offer when he might seize it and reach the stake he was working for. Like all such cases, he at last found the location and the field, and seized it. The opportunity came in Hardin county. From that time until he grew old and poor health came upon him he made good, accumulated a moderate competence, sold out and removed to Olympia, Wash., and there passed away.

Strange how things happen. I had lost all track of Oliver after he sold out in Iowa, and I did not know he was on this coast. I have a niece residing in Olympia and she became very well acquainted with Oliver and his family and when he passed away she sent me a paper with his obituary in it, and also a letter telling me what a grand and good man he was.

While I was in the newspaper business in Waverly I had a bunch of the brightest and best boys in the town with me. They were a

wild lot at times, but true and loyal to me and my business. Sometimes they put me at my wits' end to know how to get along with them. I knew deep down in them were worth and mettle that were extraordinary, and I believed when their wild oats were all sown their real selves would place them as leaders and successful men. So it has proven. This is the list: W. H. Tyrrell, Harry Hazlett, Will Wilcox, Oliver J. Smith, Geo. E. Foster and Adelbert Cole. Six better citizens and men cannot be picked from Waverly's crop of boys. As I recall them as mischievous and irrepressible boys, and now consider them as men I am prouder of them than I will attempt to write in these lines.

The Bremer county boy who tops the lot and stands highest of all in civil life is Burton E. Sweet. He is not only an old settler, but a native born citizen of the county. His father and mother located in the 60's in the extreme northeastern corner of Fremont township, where Burton first saw the light. His advancement and success in life is an open and well-known book to every reader of your paper. His call by the people of the Third district to serve them in congress is a high compliment to him and an honor to the county, such a one as few counties in the western states produce.

The fact of his call in the district with so many able, ambitious and well-qualified men as the old Third has, is a certificate of extra ability and characteristics. To follow in the footsteps of Senator Allison and Colonel Henderson is of itself proof of his fitness and popularity. The Third district has always had extra strong men as her representatives in the lower house of congress, and my information is that Burton Sweet promises to be a worthy successor of the best of them. As fast as he gains the experience, his ability will keep pace with it, so that with the years of service, Allison and Henderson were awarded, he will be up to their standard of usefulness to his constituents and to the nation.

At this distance and with my information, it seems to me the district would make a mistake to dismiss him for the sake of a change or to gratify the ambition of a new and untried man. The charge of lack of patriotism that I read about against him is not only unfounded and silly, but is political rot, worthy only of cheap patriots. In times even of war, national law-makers should be conservative, and such conservatism does not imply indifference or lack of red-blooded patriotism, but does mean, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." It is unbelievable to me that Jack Sweet ever reared a boy who is not loyal to this country under all circumstances; yes, loyal to the flag, whether "right or wrong." I know the stock from which Burton sprang, and I know, as Ed Knott used to say, "They are recorded in the hero book."

Iowa has four congressmen born in the state, Kennedy in Lee county, Sweet in Bremer, Good in Linn, and Dowell in Warren. Wood was born somewhere, but is such a cautious politician that he does not admit his birth place. All the others are products of other states. Sweet ranks up with the foremost of the lot, and yet lacks

the experience of nearly all of them. It would be a mistake to dismiss him at the beginning of his usefulness as a representative in congress at this time for no other apparent reason than that another wants his seat. At this crisis in our country and in world affairs, politics should be relegated to the rear, and more certainly should untried men; the reliable and experienced men should be kept in place until we have solved the problem we now face.

Far away as I am from "Little Bremer," I have a great big pride, personified by Burton E. Sweet, the native-born Wapsie boy.

In the whirligig of time and the roving spirit of people it so happened that two of Bremer county's old pioneers found their way to this section, as I did. Here we met often and visited furiously. All of us did our duty in the dark days of the early settlement of the county, and all of us forsook our homes when war threatened to destroy the nation. Charley Mallory and Billy Pelton served in Company G, 9th Iowa, with Edward Tyrrell and I in the 14th. Together we often went over our experiences and hardships, as well as dangers and narrow escapes. First of all that the load of life and years became too heavy for was Charley, and he peacefully laid it down, with the request that I should officiate at his grave, which I did. Billy and I were pall-bearers and in sorrow we carried him gently to his rest. Then Billy and I drew closer together to close up the gap that Charlie left. Two years later came a telegram from San Jose, forty miles away, saying, "Billy Pelton died last night. Come to his funeral." Sick in bed at that time, I could only say, "Alone, yes, alone. Charley and Billy are both gone. Who will close up the gaps?" The gaps are still unclosed, but the comrades are not forgotten.

Both Charley and Billy located in Bremer county in 1855. They were there when I came.

NAMING OF BREMER COUNTY TOWNSHIPS

Another peculiarity about Bremer county is that the townships are all named for persons; four for presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Polk; two for candidates for president—Fremont and Douglas, and Dayton for Fremont's running mate in 1856; Lafayette and Warren for two soldiers of the revolution of 1776, and Frederika for the celebrated novelist and writer, Frederika Bremer. Hardly another county in the state has such an illustrious array of township names as has Bremer. Maxfield, the last township to be organized in the county, was given Judge Maxfield's name, as it was organized in his first term as county judge, thus making the whole list named for persons. Sumner was so named for Senator Charles Sumner, the champion of the abolition cause in 1856—57. The naming of the township was always a gaff in Jim Wilson's mind, for he was a Bourbon democrat and, I think, at the first election

held in the township he cast the only democratic vote in the box. He and Hosea Griffith were very near neighbors and quarreled every time they met, over politics, for Hosea was as radical in politics as Jim was. The consolation Jim had was that the grove in the extreme northeast corner of the county was given his name because he was the first settler in the grove, antedating Griffith a few weeks. They two owned all the grove and they both sought to have the privilege of selecting a name for the township. Griffith was an idolatrous admirer of Senator Sumner and chose his name for the new township and won. Jim always maintained that if Hosea had chosen Griffith instead of Sumner, he would have beaten the "Yankee." His chief consolation was that the grove was recognized as Wilson's instead of Griffith's. As it turned out the honor was even between the cavalier from Virginia and the Puritan from Massachusetts. Griffith sold out in about 1861 and left Jim chief of the grove and supremely happy. I don't know where Wilson went after he sold out about the beginning of the war, but I always suspicioned that he went back to old Virginia and into the Confederate army, but as to that fact I am ignorant. Both of the men were characters such as are not often found together, and as widely different as men could be. Exact antipodes in every way, except in temperament and disposition, both loved a quarrel, and they had that all the time while they lived in Wilson's Grove. Each settled there in 1855 or 56.

BUT FEW OLD SETTLERS REMAIN

The death of Mrs. Jacob Eveland removed one of the very oldest pioneers of the county, if not the oldest in length of time in the county. I doubt if there is a survivor left who came to the county as early as 1852. I recollect her as Angeline Stufflebeam when she was a small girl with her hair falling over her shoulders and back. She was then nine or ten years old. Her husband is probably the oldest continuous resident in Lafayette township. He was there when I first landed in the township, in 1856. All these years he and his good wife saw the people come and the people go, while they remained on, or near, the spot where she passed away.

Not long hence the last of the pioneers of the 50's will have passed away. Such is the march of time. History records their work and good deeds for others to read.

I recall that I failed to mention Charley Moulton as one of the first boys to enlist in 1861. He went out with the men who were in Co. K, of the Third Iowa, and, as I recollect, was the first man wounded from the county. At the little skirmish, or battle, at Blue Mills, in Northern Missouri, he was badly wounded and never recovered from the injury. He was hit in the body by a bullet that affected his lungs. In later days, he removed to South Dakota and located at Pierre, and he lives there yet. I often met him in that city, of which he was for many years police judge. He was always a sufferer from

the wound he received early in the war. He will be remembered as a brother to G. W. Moulton, who kept a grocery store in Waverly for a good many years. Charley married Miss Perry, a sister of Ed Perry, who was an old settler of the county and well known to all the earlier settlers and who, I believe, died some years ago. Charley is an example of what a man can endure and suffer from a wound, and still live to a green old age.

As I go over the names of the very earliest settlers of the county, I am amazed to find that so few remain. Removals and death have taken most all of the earliest settlers. A few are represented by their posterity, as honorable and worthy representatives of the hardy and heroic parents who set the pace of greatness of Bremer county. As all know, Charley McCaffree was the original pioneer and located in what is now Jefferson township. Long ago he passed away, with the distinction of being the first white man to locate a home in the county. He left a family of children worthy of the name he left them, and I believe one or two of his sons still live in the county or upon its borders, as leading men in the community of their homes.

Soon after McCaffree located, the Tibbetts brothers, Henry and Wesley, came, and for years were prominent and leading citizens in the county. They remained to see Bremer county grow great and prosperous, and had much to do in shaping public affairs in the beginning, and the impress of their efforts still remains to this day. But the roving disposition that they brought with them took them out of the county in the 70's and they migrated to Kansas, made new homes and passed away there.

About the time the Tibbetts came to the county also came the Messinger family and located in the locality of McCaffree and the Tibbetts brothers. E. J. Messinger was a man of push and sterling character, and became better known to the pioneers than any of the earlier settlers, because he rendered much public service in the organization of the county and township where he lived. He finally removed to Waterloo and became interested in the milling business in that place, and, I think, passed away there.

When my company was recruited for the service, "Johnny," a son of Elias J. Messinger, enlisted, as did John F., a brother of Elias, and went to the state camp at Davenport. In October "Johnny" was attacked by pneumonia and died suddenly, the first man to die out of the company. I took the remains home for burial. The funeral services were held in the "Dicken" school house, and a sad day it was, for all the people from the country about were present. The next man to die was Henry Gors, a splendid German boy, and the next one was Herbert R. Higgins, a son of Eugene Higgins, and a nephew of N. M. Smith, well known as sheriff of the county in the days after the war closed. All three of these noble young men died from pneumonia, and, no doubt, because of lack of skill and care which physicians now render to sick men. Then we lived in a camp poorly provided with any means of caring for a sick man—beds on the ground, little covering, no sanitation, and no preparations for cooking food or nurs-

ing a sick man. It is different now, thanks to science and good sense.

The deaths of these boys cast a chill of gloom on the men, but it was unavoidable then, because of the rush to get soldiers to the front line. I have always regarded those boys as martyrs, when I think of them. John F. Messenger remained in the company until we were discharged and came home with us, and some years later removed to Waterloo, where he died a few years ago.

Among those I recollect Aunt Sarah Harris, William Baskins, Calvin Kingsley, Louis Case, Calvin S. Colton, Mrs. Benjamin Fobes, Joe Babbage may be named. No doubt there are a few others whom I do not recall. Many of them left children who still reside in the county, and among these are Fred Downing, Herb Broadie and Frank Lee, Mrs. William Mooney, Mrs. J. M. Gross, Mrs. William Temple, the Hullman brothers, one of whom is ye editor of the Democrat now, Charley Tyrrell, and, no doubt, several others of this class, most of whom I knew as children, and who still live in the county. But time has shortened the list so that comparatively few are yet residents of the county.

Among the boys and girls of the early day and scions of the pioneers, none are so near and dear to me as my own "boys" who were with me thru the rebellion. John J. Chadwick, son of David Chadwick, John B. Kerr, son of brave and patriotic Mather Kerr, of Grove Hill, Chris. Mohling, son of the pioneer Mohling family, Guy Farnsworth and Alex F. Nicol, all are pioneers, as young men, or boys, then, but stalwart citizens now, as they were heroes in the storms of war. What is more natural than that I cling to them now as they clung to me in those days? Away out here on the shores of the Pacific ocean, a near neighbor of mine is Emma Martin, one of Asa T. Martin's daughters, and her husband, Terence O'Brien, a comrade, son of Mrs. Kinney, who lived many years at old Martinsburg, and a brother to Eddie O'Brien, who was a member of my company and was killed in battle. It is a pleasure to be so located, and when we go over the old pioneer days, we do so with both pleasure and sorrow. Time is marching on, history is being made rapidly and written with bloody ink. As I scribble these letters I do it with the hope of leaving to the future generations my recollections of the early days of Bremer county. My next letter will be the last one, and then I shall ring down the curtain as a poor writer of history.

COL. LUCAS WINDS UP HIS STORY

When I began writing, not once did it occur to me that I would send more than two or three letters to you, but at your request I decided to continue them as long as the "spirit moved me" or as long as I could recall events that I thought would be fairly good history of early days, and relished by your readers.

As I said in the beginning, all I have recorded is from memory's storehouse, for I have no notes or data of any kind to refer to,

either to refresh my memory or to state facts. No doubt, many errors have crept into the story, but they will be more as to details than otherwise, for in all statements I have made the facts are substantially true. My thought all the way thru has been to preserve incidents, events and people who are actors in the battle of subduing a wild, vast and climatically unfriendly country into a garden of inestimable productions of food and wealth as well as demonstrating that it is a climate of health and comfort. If I have succeeded in doing so, my main object has been attained.

Excuses are of no interest to the reader, but it is fair to the reader to say that very soon after I began the series I was solicited by the governor to serve on the exemption board in selecting and preparing soldiers for the war in Europe. Much as I dreaded the task, I deemed it my duty to "do my bit," even if personal business suffered. The work has proven ten times greater than I supposed it would be. For this reason, and on account of work in my office, I have written most of the pioneer letters by snatches and at odd times, rarely having time to review and correct errors or mistakes. These defects, if any, have been largely cured by the printer or the proof reader. In some instanced names have been changed, which arose from blind copy, no doubt. I recollect that Samuel Cave was published "Cass," J. M. Moss was "Mass"; I was made to say I was made a Mason on March 14, 1897, and it should have been 1859.

As I take leave of the letter writing of old times in pioneer days in the county, I hope others may put into print the later history of the progress of the county; do it while facts and events are all clear and well-known.

In all my letters I have studiously tried not to inject myself into any part of the early history further than was absolutely necessary to explain or to elucidate the topic I was discussing; for while I was an observer and contemporary of what I have described, it was only in the capacity of an obscure and inconsequential unit, who later may have had something to do with the growth and development of the county and still later became a sort of quasi-historian of early days.

No less than five letters have come to me from readers of your paper, four men who are residents of the county now, asking that I append my autobiography to the series of letters. With all due respect and thanks to the writers, I beg to say that my sense of the fitness of the case tells me that the public little cares who or what the writer is or may be, but the facts and the history are of value in many a way, and interesting, as is all early history.

This I may say, that the people of Bremer county honored me in many ways, as did also the state of Iowa. I did my best to show a due appreciation for all honors bestowed and faithfully account for every trust confided in me. And with pride I point to a clear record in every case. I gave to the county two stalwart and honored sons, both born in Bremer county. One is a resident of Idaho now. When in South Dakota, he served in the convention that framed the constitution for the state, and later on he served in the legislature, and is

now a member of the legislature of Idaho, and has two sons now in the service for our country.

My other and younger son is a prominent and active business man in South Dakota. He, too, has a son who tried to enter the service, but he was rejected because of his age. The boy is counting the days until the record will show him competent to be a soldier, for he says, "Grand-dad was a soldier and so will I be, as soon as I can." These boys are my pride and my free offering to my country.

* * *

I have mentioned a long list of Bremer county pioneer boys who have won distinguished places in business, in professions, and in all walks in life. Doubtless I overlooked others of merit, who should be classed as worthy of notice and cited as examples of what a boy can do in hewing his way thru life. It seems to me at this distance, in time, Waverly has been a leader in giving the country good citizens and leaders in finance, law, journalism, and all-around successful business. She may well be proud of the men sent out to take part in world affairs.

Among those I knew best and had most to do with are Harry Hazlett and Will Tyrrell, and of the latter I believe I have spoken particularly. Both were far above the average of their contemporaries and associates in ability and industrious habits. Waverly never produced two more sincere, honest and faithful boys. With both of them I was associated, first as employe and later as business partner, and have always congratulated myself that I may have helped them to get started on the right track, where they had the opportunity to slow down and develop the latent talents and force of character that were in them. They were alike, and yet unlike, in many ways. Harry and I purchased the Shell Rock News when it had stranded, along in the 70's, and put it on its feet and sold it. When I sold my interest in the Republican to James Fletcher, Will retained his interest and remained in Waverly, where he wrote his name high up among business men and in the social walks of the town.

I purchased the Mason City Republican and when I removed from Waverly to my new home, Harry went with me as foreman and remained with me until I sold it seven years later and struck west for South Dakota to pioneer once more in a new country. Harry went along. We had many plans mapped out, how we would establish a paper, get all the land we could under the law, which was 480 acres, which with my son Briney we could have a body of more than 1300 acres, and we would stock it, etc., etc. But we found our dreams dissipated, because such a body of land could not be gotten then, for every quarter section was being grabbed by a land-hungry pioneer.

I started the Charles Mix County Republican, located in a town of twenty-five inhabitants; we lived in a shack, cooked our own food, washed our own shirts, etc. The newness soon wore off and Harry suggested he would beat it back toward civilization and stay until

conditions changed. Then he would return with capital enough to buy all the land he wanted. His departure was regretted by myself and two boys, but we conceded he was both lucky and wise, first that he could go, and second that he would go.

This was our separation; he went and we stayed to fight it out on that line. He finally staked down in Baxter, Jasper county, Iowa, and remained until he retired in comfortable circumstances. He now spends his summers angling for and coaxing the pickerel and bass of the northern lakes to bite at the bait he anoints with spittle he learned to manufacture at the end of a clay pipe stem, labled "T. D." In winter he houses up, and reads Poe's "Raven" once a week, "Davy Crockett" and "Daniel Boone" between times, and at odd times other books. As a typo, Harry was a double team, and indispensible about a printing office. As a paragrapher and writer of pert and snappy locals, he had no superior in Waverly. He had a keen perception of the ludicrous and could detect a sham as quickly as a trained detective. He always had a ravenous appetite for doggerel poetry, such as a lot of contributors flood newspaper offices with, and while putting one of them in type he would commit every line and fit some sort of tune to it, and sing it with such spirit that the other boys in the office would call attention to Hazlett's concert program.

In all respects he was a generous and whole-hearted boy, whose sympathies were with the under dog in the fight, as he often put it. In his younger days, his liberality always kept him dead broke. If he met a fellow in hard luck, he would give him the last nickel he had. He had the knack and ability to make money, as well as to get rid of it. In his more mature years he learned to save and economize, and soon was on Easy Street. Now he is a student and a thoughtful man, a writer of interesting matter, and between his books and his fishing rod he is spending his time as pleasantly as if in dream land. Nobody enjoys a good story better than he does, and few can tell one better.

If I were looking for a team possessing all the best traits of character, of head and of heart, I would pick Harry Hazlett and Will Tyrrell. If I wanted to find two men who are always loyal to friends, to right, and to country, I would again pick them. As the sun veers to the west and settles down upon faithful and good men I have known from boyhood to manhood, and from manhood to approaching old age, I know of none to whom I am bound by a bond of friendship, yes, even of love, stronger than to these two Waverly boys, now past the three score mile post in life. I rejoice to know that they are taking life easy, and that pleasant shadows are falling across their paths, while we are separated by rivers, mountains and miles.



HARRY HAZLETT

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Early day printer and one of the contributors to
"Pioneer Days of Bremer County"

PIONEER DAYS of BREMER COUNTY

Chapter II.

HARRY HAZLETT SUPPLIES INTERESTING DATA CONCERNING COL. LUCAS; PAYS BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND

Col. W. V. Lucas, author of "Pioneer Days in Bremer County," gave to the readers of the Democrat, in a series of letters, an interesting account of early days, in which he took a very prominent part; but when asked to give a sketch of his own life, he very steadfastly refused, much to the regret of his host of friends. This gap in the narrative has been bridged by Harry Hazlett, of Sioux Falls, S. D., who was a personal and very close friend of Col. Lucas, and noticing the absence of mention of the author, he has kindly supplied the following narrative, which now makes the story complete.

* * *

I have read with much interest and gratification the series of articles under the heading of "Pioneer Days in Bremer County," written by Col. W. V. Lucas. They are written in a free, easy style, so that one who reads may easily understand. My boyhood days were spent in Bremer county; therefore, I am in a position to say that his references to the yesterdays are absolutely correct. He touched on nearly every phase of pioneer life, and the pioneers of that day—I mean those who are now living—who "bore the heat and the burden of those days," will bear me out in the statement that his pen pictures are true to life. His incidents of "by flood and field," the hard times of '67, personal mentionings, anecdotes and musings, make a lot of us feel as tho we were growing old, and about to "cross the harbor bar." But as the old adage has it, "one is never older than he feels." Col. Lucas is now well on his 83rd year, yet he is able to do straight ten hours' work a day, practicing law and writing from one to two columns of matter for a newspaper at Santa Cruz, Calif. In addition to this work, he is a member of the exemption board, which has to do with the slackers and liars. So, you see, he is a young old man, and a mighty worker. I am in my 67th year, and at present writing am in the best of health (please knock on wood), but I could not do the work Col. Lucas is now doing, and few younger men can.

In writing up his personal experiences, he neglected to say anything of a vainglorious nature about himself, but that is very characteristic of the man; so, with your permission, I will ransack my memory and see what I can dig up regarding this remarkable, self-made man.

William Vincent Lucas, the subject of this sketch, was born in Carroll county, Indiana, July 3, 1835. His first landing place in Iowa was in Marion county. In April, 1856, he moved to Bremer county. His first work upon reaching the county was at a lime kiln in what was known as the "Big Woods," where he labored for about two months, after which he became a mortar "jackey" until fall for good old John Tyrrell. In the winter he cut and split rails enough to fence forty acres of land, and, in addition, cut 20,000 feet of basswood logs for S. H. Curtis. In the spring he took possession of his small farm in La Fayette township, after having helped to drive the Indians from Spirit Lake. He wrote a complete and comprehensive history of that uprising and published it in the Mason City Republican. I well remember when the only female survivor of that red-skin uprising came into the office, which resulted in the Colonel "taking his pen in hand" to write up the revolt. He was very bitter against "Inkpadudah," the leader of the Indian outbreak. After that the boys in the office always addressed him as "Inkpadudah." It was great fun to see him squirm, but he had to take the gaff.

While on the farm, he was elected town clerk, the first office he had ever held, and in the fall of 1859, W. W. Norris, having been elected treasurer of the county, offered him the deputyship in the treasurer's and recorder's office. He had not expected such promotion coming to him without a note of warning. He accepted the place, and at the close of Mr. Norris' term of office, he returned to his farm, where he remained until after the breaking out of the war between the states.

In the meantime he was married to Sophronia Lowe, of Illinois, and at the outbreak of the war they had three children. At the first call for men he did not go, but on the second one, he did, leaving his wife and children on the farm. Old pioneers will tell you what kind of a woman Mrs. Lucas was. No better or heroic woman ever lived. I remember her with veneration and kindness, as I was a member of the household for a long time. She was a kind and considerate woman, and a mother to us all. When her husband talked over with her the matter of going to war, she said, "I believe it is your duty to go; I can manage the farm." And she did, with a profit, for when he returned, a captain, from the southern battlefields, he found a nice little bank account awaiting him. He enlisted with Capt. Richard Currier, and when the company was organized he was elected first lieutenant. The company was assigned to Col. W. T. Shaw's 14th Iowa infantry. Col. Shaw was known and recognized as "fighting Bill Shaw" and the boys learned that his name and fame were no misnomer, for he gave them plenty of "hot stuff." He was immensely popular with his men, notwithstanding that he was a very strict

disciplinarian and, at times, a martinet. Currier resigned before he reached the front, and I might say here that he was a slacker and a coward, resigning on the eve of battle, that is to say, when marching forth to meet the enemy. The boys then elected Mr. Lucas captain of the company, which position he retained until the close of the war. There is one thing that I might say right here, and that is that he is proud of the fact that he did not have an enemy in his company, nor did he have any pets or special favorites in all their service; and to this day all are his close friends. Pretty good record, that!

On his return home he opened a little grocery store, and later on T. C. Aldrich became his partner. In the fall of 1865 he was elected county treasurer and served six years, and at the expiration of his term he purchased the Waverly Independent and became a newspaper man, which calling he followed until 1888. In the meantime he sold the Independent and in company with Will Tyrrell bought the Waverly Republican. In 1876 he sold his interest in the Republican to James Fletcher and bought the Mason City Republican, and kept that until 1883, when he sold it to Leo Chapman, who, later on, married Carrie Lane, who, after his death, married Mr. Catt. She is now the leader of the national female suffrage propaganda, taking the place of Susan B. Anthony. She was a Mason City girl, and is one of the brainiest women in the nation. I had the pleasure of meeting her on various occasions. To sum up, I think she is a splendid politician, and one that "gets there."

While editor of the Mason City paper, Mr. Lucas was elected chief clerk of the Iowa house in the legislature, serving two terms, the 17th and 18th assemblies. In 1880 he was elected auditor of state, to succeed Buren R. Sherman. At the close of one term, he declined to be a candidate for re-election, having decided to remove to South Dakota, at the time when the tide of immigration was flowing there in a tremendous stream. I had nearly forgotten to say that in 1875 he, with this writer, purchased the Shell Rock News. I was the resident member of the firm. After putting it on its feet, we sold it. After having established himself in Charles Mix county, Col. Lucas started the Castalia Republican, and subsequently gave it to his son Fred. He located at Chamberlain in the latter part of 1883, and in 1888 was elected county treasurer of Brule county. During his term the governor appointed him secretary and manager of the board to build the state soldiers' home at Hot Springs, which position he accepted, and for want of an acceptable commandant, when it was ready to be opened for service, he accepted the responsibility to start the enterprise, the result of which was he gave up the treasurer's office and remained with the home three years. In 1863 the republican state convention met at Madison on the east central side of the state, and because of a deadlock, he was nominated for congress. He was at the soldiers' home five hundred miles away by railroad, and was not thinking of going to congress, but it seems they pushed the right man to the right place. He was notified by wire and asked to

accept, which he did, of course. He took the field and canvassed the state all over, and was elected over his opponent, who was a fusion candidate of the populists, the free silver party and the democrats. For a second term the fusionists defeated him, and returned to political power. After his defeat he was called back to the soldiers' home for the third time, where he remained until his health gave away, in 1903. He then resigned and left for California, where he regained his health, and is now in better fettle than at any time for the past twenty-five years.

But the proudest thing the Colonel thinks of is being mayor of Mason City. When he went there in 1876, the town was a railroad center. Three division headquarters were located there and the town was over-run with saloons and disreputable places, so much so that the place had a very bad reputation abroad. He attacked these conditions in the Republican, and waged a vigorous war upon the liquor traffic without any sort of compromise. At the spring election he was forced to make the race for mayor. It was a red-hot campaign, full of thrills, and all sorts of means were used to break down the influence of the Republican. The strongest and most daring of the saloon element was Denny McMorrow, who operated the biggest and most popular billiard parlor in the town. Denny was sleepless in his efforts to counteract the Republican, and had one of the three papers openly in line for him, and the other slyly and covertly gouging the Colonel and his Republican. On a press day Denny sent a boy to the Republican office with an ad, couched in the most plausible language, and a check for fifty dollars, with the request that the ad be published two weeks in one-fourth column space. The boy was told to go back and say to Mr. McMorrow that there was no space for any new advertising in that issue. In a half hour Denny in person appeared in the office with his ad and his check, and demanded to know why he could not have space. He was then told that he did not have money enough to get his ad in the Republican, but for the Colonel's price he could buy the paper and publish what he liked in its pages. He stormed and roared until he was told to clear out of the office, which he did, and lively, too. At the election Col. Lucas was elected, with two dry aldermen and two wet. All the time it was a tie vote on the liquor question, and as the Colonel cast the deciding vote, they made the town bone-dry and suppressed bootlegging to a minimum, and to this day Mason City has remained dry, so far as open saloons are concerned, by putting bums and drunks on the stone pile. By their work, two blocks in the city were paved or macadamized, and my information is that the plan then adopted has been followed up so that the city is noted for its good streets to the present day. It was the trial of his life to go thru the fight, but by a lot of courage and the loyalty of two men they won out. Colonel Lucas, in talking over this matter at one time, said that he is prouder of his official life in Mason City than of any other one thing.

It may not be out of place to say something about the school affairs of Waverly. He was on the school board for six years and

thru a hot fight to establish the ward system of schools. Squire Matthews and Jesse Leverich stood on one plan, while George R. Dean and Rev. A. T. Cole stood on the other, the latter advocating a centralized system of schools.

And now, as I remember it, President McKinley appointed the Colonel as registrar of the U. S. land office at Chamberlain, which he held two years, when he resigned to return to the soldiers' home at Hot Springs, as commandant.

Mr. Lucas has his permanent home in Santa Cruz, Calif., where he lives with his second wife, happy, in the midst of fruit of all kinds and a congenial climate, and surrounded by a mighty host of friends. He is in the practice of law, which practice extends to Washington, D. C. His son Briney is at New Meadows, Idaho, and among the many things he does there is to publish "The Eagle" and he does it well. Briney has two sons in the service: Parker, the elder, is in the aviation branch, a lieutenant, and Briney, Jr., is a petty officer on a warship. (Which reminds me that I have three nephews in the aviation branch of the service, and I shall look to them to do all my fighting.) Fred, the Colonel's youngest boy, lives at Bonesteel, in this state (South Dakota). He is one of the food, oil and gasoline inspectors, with headquarters at Yankton.

That William Vincent Lucas is a remarkable man cannot be questioned. I think that I know him thru and thru. I know that he is one of the most kindly and considerate men I have ever known. His deeds of charity have been many, but never advertised to the world. He has helped many a man who was "down and out" to become a permanent bread winner, a useful man and a good neighbor. It will be noticed that he has held many offices. In all of them he made good. As a statesman he ranks near the apex. As a newspaper man, none push a more trenchant quill than he. In all his editorial work, none ever found virulent criticism. As a soldier, no braver man than he ever drew a sword in defense of his country. As a citizen, he was and is of the best. No one in trouble ever appealed to him and went away empty-handed. He always favored improvements, a clean town and clean citizenship. He is a churchman, but not a bigot, and, all in all, as an all-around man in every walk of life he has few equals. By his sturdy manhood he has built for himself a monument that time will not efface. And all of his old friends who read this will wish this venerable old Bremer county pioneer, as he goes gently down the hill of life, all the good things that this world generally allots to a good and lovable man.

INTERESTING STORIES OF UNIQUE CHARACTERS AMONG THE EARLY SETTLERS OF WAVERLY

Among Waverly's unique characters was William Mores, or "Bill" for short. He was an excellent citizen and a money-maker. He, with his brother Alfred, was engaged in the furniture business,

and I doubt not that many Bremer county people have furniture in their homes to this day made by the Mores Brothers. It was honestly made and put together in a splendid workmanlike manner. In an early day they and Sam Geddes manufactured nearly all the caskets for Waverly, and, I might say, for the whole county. Both the Mores are dead, having passed away several years ago "to that bourne from which no traveler returns." Once upon a time William, I think it was "in the spring, when young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," concluded that he would take unto himself a wife. Like many other good men, he fell for the proposition and submitted to the yoke. Of course, William and his bride had to take the proverbial "marriage tour." In those days Dubuque was considered a long way from Waverly. And, indeed, it was, for one could not go and come from that city the same day. When he and his bride returned home, he told the boys that he had had a "bully tower," had taken the hearse (bus) on his arrival at Dubuque, and was taken to the Julia (Julian) House, and at every meal they served white sugar. When Gen. Grant was pounding away at Vicksburg, William was greatly interested, as were nearly all our people, you may be sure. When the news arrived that the grey-coats were evacuating Vicksburg, he met Dr. Oscar Burbank, to whom he imparted the information that "Grant was knockin' it to 'em," and that the rebels were "vaccinating" the town like the devil. But William, notwithstanding his murder of the king's English, was one of the best citizens Waverly ever afforded. He was liberal, go-ahead-itive, always favored public improvements, and in cases of charity, was generally to be found Johnny-on-the-spot. All in all, the world was made better because Uncle Bill had lived in it.

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Another early-day citizen was Peter J. Heckard. Peter was a cooper by trade. He made a good barrel and had a flourishing business. He had also served in the war between the states, but he always gave the truth a slight-of-hand deal. He had had wonderful experiences and was always ready to relate them to us admiring boys. One of his famous stories was that which had to do with a bank. He said that he was a "corporal" and was in command of three men. While scouting about in a certain town, they found a bank—"a B-A-N-K, by gad, sir. We placed our shoulders to the door, but it wouldn't give way worth a d—n. So I said, me being corporal, 'Men, grab that telegraph pole and ram the door!' Well, sir, we got in. I picked the lock of the safe with a shingle-nail, which I happened to have in my pocket, and, believe me or not, \$375,000 in silver rolled out on the floor." "What did you do with all that money, Mr. Heckard?" one of the boys inquired. "Do with it—do with it? Why, I just shoved it into my pocket and walked off." Thirty mule teams could not have hauled that amount of silver, but we were all inclined to believe the genial Peter, because he said that it was "the truth,

by gad, sir." At another time Corporal Peter, with his three men, was patrolling the banks of a river, in the middle of which was an island and a melon patch. He said that he and his men soon divested themselves of their clothing and swam to the island. While they were feasting upon luscious, ripe melons, the owner appeared upon the scene, armed with a shot gun. "You were in a mighty hard fix," said one of the boys. "Not at all," was the reply, "we just put on our skates and scooted down the river." At another time he, with his men, captured 10,000 pounds of loose powder. He "touched her off with a lighted match and came near burning my fingers, by gad, sir." Peter moved to Illinois, where, I presume, he told the same stories until called to his reward.

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The very old pioneers will remember that Colonel Lucas, in the absence of the regular pastor, would sometimes "fill the pulpit." Now, the colonel is a fine platform talker, if you please, and an adherent of the Christian church, and, like President Garfield, who was a member of the same cult, believed his creed was the only true way to the better world. Upon a Sunday the regular preacher, Rev. Skillen, I believe, failed to appear. Colonel Lucas was called upon to expound the Scriptures, which call he accepted. Among the topics he took up was the crossing of the Red Sea by the children of Israel. In grandiloquent and fetching style, the speaker told of the hardships and heart-burnings of the "children," how dismayed they were on finding themselves upon the shores of the sea and no way in sight to make a crossing. "But the hand of Providence did not desert them in this hour of distress," said the speaker, "for, when the morning appeared, lo, and behold, they found that during the night the sea had frozen over tighter than a wedge." "Hold on, there, Brother Lucas," said Mace Eveland, "how could that be, when it is known that the Red Sea is right under the equator?" For the moment the Colonel was up a tree, away up in the top branches, but recovering himself, he pointed the finger of scorn at Mace and said, "I'd have you know, Brother Eveland, that this event took place long before there was an equator." This answer knocked Brother Eveland out, but he shook his head, as if in doubt. I really don't know whether this story is true or not, but I'm inclined to believe that it is, for I was told so by Dr. Oscar Burbank, one of Waverly's pioneer sawbones.

Another story I have to relate about the Colonel will please the printing craft, if no others. One day, not being in the best of spirits, after having "read the proof," he gave it out cold and with a deadly thud that he looked for a cleaner proof hereafter; he was not going to have his editorial matter balled up like that, so it looked like thirty cents—no, sir, not by the measurement of four town blocks. This incident happened at about the time "plate matter" came into use, and there were about forty-eight columns of this in the office.

The boys took proof of this whole forty-eight columns and laid it upon the Colonel's desk. All that afternoon he labored over those proof sheets, and when he handed them in he said that it was excellent work and that he was extremely proud of his office force. In the forty-eight columns he had found only a misplaced comma. A great laugh and roar went up from the "prints," and the Colonel, very much in anger, wanted to know why the "hilarity." When informed, he made no reply, other than that he thought it was a mighty poor joke to play on a novice in the printing business. But you could not fool him now on a stunt of that kind.

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Among the boys of Waverly who have made good and stand high in financial and legal circles are E. J., James C., and C. B. Murtagh, who are sons of James and Mercy Murtagh, who were pioneers in the county. Jim Murtagh was a harness maker by trade, and came west to avail himself of the opportunities of the new country. He landed in Waverly sometime in the early Sixties and found C. H. Blossom running the only harness shop or store in the town for he succeeded Gib Hamilton who started the first shop of the kind in the county. He sold out to Mr. Blossom and moved to Kansas. Jim was a skillful workman and Mr. Blossom was glad to secure such a man, so Jim staked down and became a fixture in the shop.

Blossom had two daughters whose names were Mercy and May. Mercy was a bright and pretty girl and a favorite with all the people of the town. After Jim had been in town a year or two, he married the proprietor's daughter to the surprise of the village.

After he had taken over the responsibilities of a family, he began to cast about for a place to go into business for himself, and, as I recollect, for a time was located at West Union. From there he went to Shell Rock where he conducted a harness shop for years, at which place he died some ten or twelve years ago. They were blessed with three boys, whom they trained and educated.

James C., the second of the three boys, chose law as his profession and is one of the leaders of the bar of northern Iowa with his residence at Waterloo. True to the teachings of his father, he is a Democrat in politics and a leader in his party. He has been the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Third District two or three times and his party feels that he has all of the qualifications to fill that high office.

Charlie, the youngest of the three brothers, is the only Democrat that was ever elected to the Legislature from Emmet county. My understanding is that he does not care particularly for office and declined a second nomination, even though that nomination meant certain election. His name has been mentioned very generously over the state as the candidate of his party for Governor this year and if nominated and elected the State would be sure of a good business administration.

Ed and Charlie live at Algona, and are very successful bankers and, as I am informed, own the controlling interest in a dozen or more banks in northern Iowa.

These boys are sons of the Mercy, who was often affectionately called "Posie" Blossom.

Among other Bremer county boys who have made good in the world I give a few names, but have not time to look up all of them or just what line of business they were engaged in, they being Charlie Wilcox, of Chicago, financier; George Clark, of Chicago, capitalist, retired; Allen Clark, of Chicago, with John T. Hancock Co.; Will and Fred Cowels, of Chicago and Montana; George Hoffman, of St. Louis, banker; Will Mathews, last I knew of him he was in the banking business; Leslie Fist, army officer; Ben Salinger, supreme judge; Ed Martin, of Tripoli, banker; L. S., J. F. and Claude Cass, of Waterloo, railroad magnets. Briney Lucas, of Idaho; Theo. and W. H. Pockels, bankers at Tripoli and Bremer; Burton E. Sweet, of Waverly, farmer and congressman; Ed Prentice, address and occupation unknown, but understand that he is in the west and has retired. There are many others, but at this time I cannot recall where they are and their business and I must omit them for lack of knowledge and with only best wishes for them and all other boys of the early days in Bremer county.

Pretty good list for one little town.

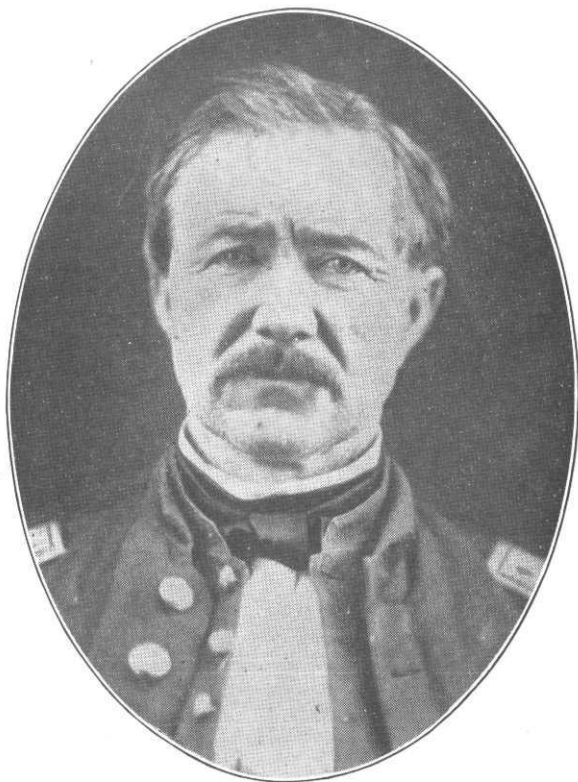
THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF '56, AND POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS AFTER THE WAR. THE COMETS OF '58 AND '61

The presidential campaign of '56 was a hotly contested affair. It was the entrance of the republican party in national affairs, with a complete ticket. Party feeling ran high and there were many spirited discussions as to the merits of the opposing candidates for the presidency and what they stood for. Buchanan was the democratic candidate and Fremont, "the Pathfinder," was the republican. Once good friends they passed one another "upon the other side." Each tried to convince the non-committal that the election of their candidate was the only salvation of the country. The republicans, of course, were anti-slavery, while the democrats, tho not really in favor of the enslavement of the black man, were of the opinion that the negro was better off in his then present situation in the south; in other words, the democrats were the "stand-patters"—the "let-well-enough-alone" people of that day. Amusing were some of the arguments advanced. Republicans insisted that "all men were created free and equal," and that among these men was the negro. The democrats would retort: "You may think so; I don't. Do you want your daughter or sister to marry a nigger, eh?" Republicans named the Democrats "Whiskeyites" and bad citizens in general, while dem-

ocrats called their opponents "nigger lovers" and "low-down trash" not fit to encumber the earth, by gad, sir. But the truth is, they were all good citizens, doing what they thought was for the best interests of their country. Defiant republicans imported a negro to town. It was the first negro that I had ever remembered of having seen, altho my grandfather, with whom I lived for a time at Zanesville, Ohio, had two negro servants in his family, having bought them from a slave block at Baltimore and given them their liberty; but I was too young at that time to remember anything about this event. The importation to the town of this "colored gentleman" created considerable excitement. In the evening there was to be a big republican demonstration, "a d—d black republican blow-out," the democrats sneeringly named it. In the afternoon there was a great parade, consisting of a lumber wagon, with horses, of course. In the wagon sat the negro, a driver, and H. A. Miles, pounding a big bass drum, and, of course, the flag of our common country was flown. While the "procession" was moving along in dignified manner, a number of democrats were lying in wait for it at the corner, where afterward a brick building was erected in which Israel Bros. conducted a clothing store. As the procession reached that corner, ancient eggs were hurled at it, besmirching the occupants of the wagon. There being no let-up to the egg-throwing, Miles leaped from the wagon and fled to a place of safety—nor did the band "play on."

But the campaign of '60 was more than a hummer. There were fist fights galore, and much good-natured bantering as well. Among the prominent republicans of that time, I remember, were Louis Case, later a county official many times and a member of the legislature, Tarbox Smeed, editor of the Waverly Republican, W. P. and Henry Harmon, 'Squire Ellsworth, Judge Avery and his brother George, G. W. Ruddick, who was judge for many years, Theodore Hullman, the merchant, Theodore Hazlett, S. H. Curtis, H. K. Swett, Caleb Morse; and upon the democratic side were Wm. O. and J. J. Smith, brothers, 'Squire Mathews, G. C. Wright, lawyer, W. P. Harris, Joseph Ellis, the then sheriff, J. C. Hazlett, Lorenz Selbig, Peter and Charles Fosselman, William Mooney, John Dunn, and whenever there was to be a democratic doings, Parker Lucas, father of Colonel Lucas, Joshua Stufflebeam, Mason Eveland, and the Bements had seats way up in front. Lincoln was elected, and then came the war, and also harder times than ever. I remember the going of the boys and their return—some of them.

After the war there were greater and hotter political gatherings than ever. Kirkwood, the great war governor, Harry O'Connor and other republican orators were brought to town to save the "country." But the finest political oration I had ever heard was by the Hon. John A. Kasson, and I have never since heard anything to equal it, altho I have listened to the platform talks of Bryan, Dolliver, Cousins, Fred Douglas, the colored orator, Doolittle and some others. Democrats had for their speakers such men as Mills and Wilson, of



LIEUTENANT EDWARD TYRRELL

Only officer from Bremer county killed during the
Civil war

Dubuque, Leffingwell, of Lyons, Doolittle, of Wisconsin. Doolittle had been elected senator from Wisconsin, as a republican, but he finally "swung around the circle" with President Johnson and became a democrat. While on his way to visit a son residing at Charles City he was prevailed upon to stop over and "address the people of Waverly and vicinity on the political issues of the day." There was an immense crowd and a procession more than a mile in length—a big one for that day and time. It was an out-door meeting and he spoke from a platform fronting the Bremer House. While he was speaking two negroes were near the platform, making sneering remarks and indulging in negro eccentricities in order to divert, if they could, attention from the orator. As I was "devil" in the Democratic News office at that time (also up to all kinds of deviltry besides, I am told), I had a seat on the platform, provided for me by George Lindley, who said that he wanted me "to hear a great speech by one of the greatest statesmen of the country." The negroes kept up their horse-play until Senator Doolittle, pointing a finger at them, said, not in an angry but a pleasant manner, "I am the man who drafted the amendment to the constitution that set you free." Those negroes slunk away like whipped pups, and the senator went on with his speech without further interruption, other than "loud applause" at intervals. Party feeling was high and bitter at that time. It pervaded social and business life. I was for a number of years with a democratic newspaper in the town, but no county officer ever gave that office a cent's worth of job printing, altho democrats were supposed to help foot the county printing bills. When Iowa had a democratic legislature, it enacted a law whereby the two newspapers in the county having the largest circulation should be given the "Proceedings of the Board of Supervisors" and be paid for the publication thereof at the rate of 33 1-3 cents a square. It has always been a mystery to me why a republican legislature failed to repeal that law, and if this had been reversed would the democrats have repealed it? But people of today have become more tolerant, more considerate of things political. They all recognize and believe in good government and are intensely patriotic, the only difference being in the methods pursued to bring about needed reforms in the economic life of the nation. Happy is the man who can sink his political dogmas and work shoulder to shoulder with his friend and neighbor for the freedom of the peoples of the world.

As a small boy, I remember well the comets of 1858 and 1861. But I have a more vivid recollection of the latter than of the former. Many of the superstitious shook their heads and said it presaged war. Others declared that there was no doubt of it, because locusts had been caught with the letter "W" plainly stamped upon their backs, and some declared it meant the ending of the world. The comet of '61 was a glorious and magnificent affair. As I remember, it was a gorgeous, narrow, straight ray, and, as it swept the heavens it was a wondrous, magnificent sight. At night it dimmed the light of the moon. The length of the tail was said to have been about

15,000,000 miles. I did not measure it, but that is what astronomers said. This event is recited simply to recall it to some who may have forgotten it. And how strange it is when we hark back to those times, to find that there was so much superstition running amuck. Every little phenomenon occurring in the firmament presaged an evil omen. It was either a war, a pestilence, a poor crop year, or, upon such a day the world would disappear and mankind would be annihilated. But now we know that this fine old world of ours is a pretty substantial structure, and if it does not bump into some other planet its life is estimated by learned men at 70,000,000 years—that is to say, when the sun dies it will be all up with the world. Cold logic and scientific investigation generally explain away all superstitious notions. But whether the world, today or tomorrow wanders around in space—a black ball, as all other planets will that had received their light from the once live sun—when the orb of day arises and there is dew on the grass, we take off our hats to the glories of the morning.

A colored brother was asked what he thought of the doctrine of evolution. He said that he was not concerned about it at all. He didn't care a whoop whence he came, but was considerably worried as to where he was "gwine." And I'm thinking that is about where we all head in.

In the pioneer days the people were generally poor, insofar as this world's goods are concerned. If one owned a piano, a buggy or a carriage, he was considered to be very well-to-do. If he had a ten-thousand-dollar rating, he was wealthy. Such a one was "Speculator Smith," who was looked upon with great awe by us boys. Whenever he would be passing, someone would remark, "There goes a man worth \$10,000—my, I wish I had it."

Notwithstanding the hardships and privations of these early-day people, they were a happy and contented lot, apparently. They had their corn-husking bees, dances, debating societies, and other societies and good-natured political discussions (which, I am sorry to say, at times led to knock-outs), and, like all country towns, had a brass band, "The Waverly Brass Band" being inscribed on the head of the big drum. During the war this band, under the leadership of Peter Fosselman, would get together upon the rotunda of the court house, and render all the patriotic airs of the day. Upon a clear evening the music could be heard for miles and miles. Its sweet strains linger with me to this day, and I am wondering if Peter Fosselman is the only survivor of that band.

Times were hard. Hard money was scarce, and wild-cat currency was rotten. It was a hardship to meet taxes, as they had to be paid in gold and silver, and treasurers' sales were very large. But it is different today. The poor boys of then—a large number of them—are great, stalwart men, and many of them are wealthy, have filled places of public trust with honor and ability. Bankers, lawyers, ministers, newspaper men, merchants, doctors, mechanics, prosperous farmers are on the list. If any of them shall read this by chance, here's good luck to them!

The Waverly Democratic News was owned and edited by George Lindley, a man of tremendous mental power. He was an old-fashioned Connecticut democrat, had been a judge in that state, and during the Mexican war he held a lieutenant colonel's commission, coming from the then president. At the world's fair in St. Louis in 1860, he was the escort of the Prince of Wales about the grounds. This prince afterward became king of England, one of the strongest and best-loved men who ever sat upon the British throne. Colonel Lindley was awarded a medal for having written the best essay on the subject, "A General System of Manufacturers in and around St. Louis," if I remember the title correctly. At about that time he wrote "Bread Corn of the World," which had a wide circulation and was favorably received by some of the greatest economists of the country. When he attacked a subject he exhausted it. In editorial debate he held his own with the best writers of the state. His body lies in Harlington cemetery at Waverly. His wit has been keen and cut like a razor. There was some trouble existing between the colonel and a druggist, whose name I do not now recall. The druggist posed as a deep-dyed-in-the-wool temperance man. This the colonel denied, and once in a while harpooned the pill man, who wrote and published in the Waverly Republican an article, the sum and substance of which was, "The All-Seeing Eye is Upon You, George Lindley." Living in the town at that time was a man of the name of Jim Eye. Lindley's reply to the druggist was that the all-seeing eye the druggist had reference to was Jim Eye, whom he saw leaving at the back door of the said druggist, accompanied by a bottle of whiskey. That closed the controversy.

I wonder if good old Joe Babbage still lives, moves and has his being? If he does, here's "top of the mornin'" to him! In his day Joe was a mighty hunter. As a marksman I think he was a better shot than Uncle Sam Geddes, altho if Sam were living he would put in a vigorous demurrer to this statement. Well, if Joe is in the flesh, he will forgive a "busy fisherman" (such as I am in season) if I tell a story about him as it was told me, by that prince of story tellers, Dr. Oscar Burbank. One day Dr. Pomeroy was out in the wild and woolly Wapsie country hunting prairie chickens. The grass in that part of the country grows something less than a mile high, or thereabouts. Pomeroy lost his bearings and was wandering around in a circle, as all lost men do, when he ran across our friend Joe, who also was bent on the destruction of chickens. Joe had a revolutionary musket, ten or fifteen feet in length and it was a question as to which was the safer end of it. When it was discharged, the battle of Waterloo wasn't in it a little bit. When the doctor discovered Joe and inquired the time of day and as to his hunting luck, he also asked Joe about how far it was to town. Now, Joe at that time had an impediment of speech. "Th-th-at w-w-ay, a-a-and it's ab-b-bout, ab-b-bout—oh, d—n it, y-y-you k-k-kin g-g-git thar 'f-f-fore I k-k-kin t-t-tell y-y-you." And none will laugh more heartily over this story than will Joe, if he is still in the flesh.

THE DAYS WHEN WHEAT WAS THE PRINCIPAL CROP, AND MEN WHO BOUGHT IT. EARLY NEWSPAPER MEN

Who of the "old stock" does not remember the great fields of grain that waved to and fro in the glad sunlight of pioneer days? About the time the grain was turning to its rich, golden color, it was a favorite pastime to crawl up into the cupola of the court house, now ancient and hoary, and, gazing east, west, north and south, behold what the rich and fertile earth could do for the man who tickled the soil well and faithfully. It always appeared to me that Bremer county was the granary of the world. For miles and miles, in every direction, the whole country appeared to be covered by one vast sheet of wheat and oats. It was a sight, insofar as Bremer county is concerned, that none of us will ever see again.

And there were wheat buyers in those days, too. There were O. A. Strong, Bert Turner, Port Bement, George Bellamy, E. S. Case, Sam Beswick, and some others whose names have escaped my memory. I think that all whom I have named are gone "over yonder." Mr. Turner died at Verndale, Minn., Mr. Case in California, Mr. Bellamy at Nashua, Iowa, and Beswick in a charity hospital in Chicago. Beswick had been on the board of trade in Chicago for many years, was practically alone in the world, and something of a miser. After his death in the hospital, a large amount of money was found concealed in his cravat, one of the bills being of the denomination of \$1000.

In those days, too, they had butter and egg buyers who haunted the streets and even went to the town limits to make first bids. "Penny" Wilcox, so named because he was always exact to the penny, wanting it if it came his way, and giving it if it went yours. He was a tall, slim man, somewhat noted as a great scrapper. He was the father of Charley and Will Wilcox, and no two brighter boys ever left Waverly.

And there were hog buyers galore, who strove to pry the festive porker from the farmer "with neatness and dispatch" and at prices that, should they obtain now, would be the wonder of the world. I think that the average price then was about three cents a pound, dressed, but now, in these piping days of civilization (I say "civilization" guardedly), we are compelled to pay a king's ransom for a measly little pound of pork.

Among the old-time newspaper men, I remember Tarbox Smeed, who ended his earthly career by drowning himself in the Potomac river at Washington, D. C., heart-broken because his party services were not recognized by the Lincoln administration, Heman A. Miles, Louis Case, G. C. Wright, W. A. Stowe, George Lindley, Chas. Mallahan, J. O. Stewart, Dan Fichthorn, B. F. McCormack, postmaster for a time under Johnson's administration, E. C. Moulton, and J. K. L. Maynard, whom the boys named "Alphabetical" Maynard.

He was also postmaster for many years and edited the Phoenix. My recollection of the Phoenix is that it was a poorly edited sheet, but typographically it was one of the neatest in the state, J. A. Stewart, a prince of good fellows and a fine printer, being responsible for that. In the Phoenix, about every other item was a notice of "Poland's White Compound." Lindley, of the News, dubbed him "Old Poland's White Compound." Of the entire list, I think, Lindley was the ablest of them all. He was a strong, graceful writer and had excellent command of the English language. His satire and invective were something to avoid. I think he was a graduate in the same department with Horace Mann.

While I have this subject in mind, is it not fair that Will Tyrrell should be placed in the class of old-timers? The memory of man scarcely runneth back to the time when he was not manipulating the "leaden tongues." He commenced the art with J. K. L. Maynard, during the Civil war. People set their watches and clocks by his coming and going. He was never ahead or behind time—not even a minute. "What time is it?" someone would ask. "I don't know, but Will Tyrrell just passed." "Well, then, it's two minutes after one," and that was the correct time, you may believe. His conduct of the Waverly Republican for so many years is of the highest credit to him. He is gifted with an abundance of dry wit, and is a ready, entertaining writer. He never dips his quill in gall. I don't think he ever wrote a line intended to cause anyone sorrow or anguish. As a master workman, he has few peers; as an all-around, conscientious citizen and friend, he nears the top. He, with his family, is now living at Los Angeles, Cal. And here is bully luck to him and his.

Who of the old pioneers does not remember early Bremer county agricultural fairs? In fancy I can even now see Jim Kinney, Dan Dean and his brother George, John Knott and H. R. Wells speeding their horses for the top prize. My, but it was a great sight! And there was a prize for the best lady or girl rider. My recollection is that Miss Maria Avery always raked in the prizes. Speaking of John Knott reminds me that his brother George moved to Sioux Falls many years ago and established the first brewery here. His brother Harry is now living in this city. I meet him once in a while, and we talk over the old times. Another old Waverly boy living here is J. M. Hooker. George Knott died several years ago, but his widow is still living, and is hale and hearty. Bob Knott also lives in this state, but I've not been able as yet to grasp his right hand. This state is full of Bremer county people and if I am to judge from what I can learn, they have all made good. But I am frank enough to say, and to believe, that had they remained in good old Bremer county and used the same energy, push and nerve that they have shown here, they would have been better off even than they are. However, I don't know; it is simply a guess on my part.

THE DAYS WHEN FISHING WAS GOOD, AND SOME OF THE MEN WHO INDULGED IN THE SPORT

Captain Jordan, who was a good and efficient worker in church and Sunday school, wrote the history of early Sunday schools in Bremer county. He found that the M. E. church people established the first Sunday school and that the writer of this item was the first one enrolled in that school, that being of date of 1856. I have no distinct recollection of that enrollment. The first superintendent of the school that I remember was the Reverend Smith, a fine man and an excellent platform talker. He is the same man who was drafted during the war, and claimed British protection, being a subject of the queen. But it did not work. He was forced into the service, but did not remain long. He was a very large man, hence little use could be made of him, so he was discharged. He was father of Samuel Smith, who later on, became famous as the pastor of the People's church, St. Paul, Minnesota. The next superintendent of the school, as I remember it, was the Rev. John Stone, father of Mrs. S. H. Morse. He was a strong man in Sunday school work, and he kept the interest of the pupils up to the highest point. During his superintendency, if he ever failed to give out that glorious hymn, "Greenland's Icy Mountains," I have no recollection of it. He was dead after the heathen every time, lay for him in every nook and cranny, and brought him into the fold, if a possible thing. This good old man has been dead for many a year, but the work he accomplished will last for all time. He was an expert fisherman, and he and I many a time "rowed" over certain fishing holes and—"well, that is another story," as Kipling would say.

* * *

In the days "when you and I were young, Maggie," fishing was good in the fine old Cedar river, a river winding its way thru some of the best land in all the world—land as fertile as the far-famed valley of the Nile, a veritable Garden of Eden. The Cedar, if I remember correctly, is something like 400 miles in length. As it winds its way southward it passes thru some grand, magnificent scenery, or did in the old days, for since that time, vandals have felled the grand timber from its banks, the timber that conserved the rain-fall, and thereby they have destroyed much of the beauty-sites, but, oh, boy, in my time there was fine fishing, fishing at which you could catch something, never going home with a grouch or "fisherman's luck." "Dutch" John Smith, because he kept everlastingly at it, had the reputation of being the best fisherman on the river, but there were also others who took pride in their piscatorial prowess. There was Rev. John Stone, who was an old Ohio angler, and who knew to a nicety just where to cast for bass and pickerel

and who handled a dip net so that any that entered seldom escaped; there were Al Lawrence, E. C. Moulton, and Hinkley Beebe; and sometimes George LeValley took a whirl after the finny tribe. Charley Parson was also quite an expert. The Hazlett Bros., Isaac and the writer of this—both young kids—knew every nook, cranny and pool wherein fish might be found, or where they were liable to be, and on many occasions when accompanied by "Dutch" John Smith, they showed him a thing or two about his noble and exhilarating pastime, which would cause John to give forth some choice Pennsylvania Dutch. I hear that nowadays Waverly has some who claim to be cap sheaves of fishermen, but my impression is that they are of the punk order, and not in the class of the fish catchers of yesterday.

The old fellows, who "bore the heat and burden of the day," will remember Col. J. W. Woods, better known as "Old Timber." He was a lawyer, and had a voice like a fog-horn. When he summed up a case, his voice would carry for nearly a mile. Children would be frightened homeward for fear of rain, because it thundered. He was one of the old-time circuit riders, going overland from county-seat to county-seat. In one of the counties he was retained in a murder case, being for the defendant. The case was hotly contested, and the defendant was acquitted. A large crowd had assembled about the court house and when the verdict was announced they took charge of the acquitted man and hung him to a tree near the court house, requiring but a few minutes to commit the deed. "Timber" was told of the happening, as he was preparing to leave the court room. "Well," he said, "I guess they got the right man, but it beats me out of a thousand dollars." "Timber" was a tall man, straight as an arrow, wore a tall hat always, upon the inside of which he carried his office. He was of about the same build and height as was Philo Knapp, of Nashua, an attorney also, and when these two got together, glory be, there was hilarious fun, galore. Philo had much humor concealed about his person, and had considerable ability. Falling into slumber in his office one evening, his lamp tipped over and dropped into the waste basket. Philo awakened and opened the door. A man rushed up the street, calling out, "Fire! Fire!" "H—l!" yelled the old gentleman, "it isn't fire we want—it's water!"

* * *

There grew up in Waverly a young man, John Lawrence, by name, son of "Deacon" Lawrence, living on the west side. "Johnnie," as he was familiarly called, always had the courage of his convictions, and expressed them anywhere and everywhere. He was always ready to back up his arguments in a pugilistic way when necessary, and being of sturdy build, light of foot and handy with his fists, he generally emerged from a fracas not second best. He was a keen, bright young fellow, with more than average ability, and had quite a following among the younger set. In 1868, I think it was, he left Waverly for Texas. He had been there but a short time when the

news arrived that he had been shot to death by southern sympathizers. It was learned that he had had many fierce discussions with ex-rebels, denouncing their cause with bitter invective. One morning, or evening, as he was making his toilet out doors at the rear of the house, some men rode up and shot him. If I remember correctly it was his father who gave me this version of the affair. John was a brother of Al Lawrence, the keen and successful lawyer, and of Del Lawrence, who, with S. H. Curtis, established lumber mills at Motley, Minnesota.

* * *

It has been years since I last met my good-natured friend, Frank Cretzmeyer, but I am told that he has grown old gracefully and is taking life in a happy way. As I remember him, he was short, chunky, and had a leg on him like a derrick. He and I attended the same school, the lower room, taught by Mrs. Moulton, wife of the late Rev. E. C. Moulton, who had charge of the upper room. Whenever any of the big boys misbehaved she would pen a note and send the culprit with it upstairs. When the boy and the note reached their destination, a good drubbing would be pulled off. One day this writer disobeyed a rule and he was started upward with a note. As he reached the hall he met Frank and told him that Mrs. Moulton wanted the note delivered immediately. Frank fell for it, and in consequence he received "what Paddy gave the drum." After school that little Dutchman lay in wait for the writer, but being a good sprinter, we escaped the bottled-up wrath of the irate Frank, and we likewise saw fit to avoid him for several days thereafter.

* * *

During the Civil war, James Moss operated a sorghum factory, or mill. He made many barrels of sorghum molasses. It was largely used by people, simply because they were unable to purchase anything better, that is to say, the reason for the popularity of the sorghum was that "spondulix" was scarce. It was a bitter concoction, and to this day I hate the name of sorghum. Besides this mill there were many maple sugar camps, and hundreds of pounds of it were made and sold. The Evelands and Stufflebeams were adepts at making it. Take it on a cold, frosty morning, pull up to the table, upon which you find the festive buckwheat cake and a pitcher of maple syrup, and, "Oh, boy, what a grand and glorious feelin'!"

* * *

On the west side near the river, opposite the old Ida House, of which Frank Taber's father was landlord, stood a two-story frame house, in which was a saloon and gambling house, John Hinchey and his mother being its proprietors. John was badly crippled up, but

was an expert at cards, and every day in the year he had a new cuss word to exploit. A large number of young men, and old ones, too, were frequenters of the place. At last it became a public scandal, and its abatement was gone at drastically. One morning it was found that during the night citizens of the town had torn the building from its foundations and had completely wrecked it. The Hinceys passed on to other pastures and were never heard of again. It was in the Ida House that Charley Taber met with his death, being struck by lightning. He was standing by a window, when the bolt struck the house, and he was killed instantly.

* * *

One of the early-day school teachers was Miss Laura Riggs (Mrs. M. H. Franklin). She was an excellent educator, far above the average. As a disciplinarian, she had few equals, and she sought to put "pep" into all her pupils so that they might become good men and women and bread-winners. I believe she remained with the public schools until she voluntarily resigned. If she is living, and it is hoped that she is, and if she reads this item, I want her to know that there is one at least who remembers her with loving kindness and gratitude.

On one occasion, while attending school of which she was the teacher, the writer of these lines had broken some rule of the school and was "called upon the carpet," so to speak. His guilt being clearly proven, in fact it was not denied, he was told to prepare for a lesson in "Physical Culture." To this the writer put up the plea that he had graduated from that branch of the "course of study" and proceeded to show his ability in that part of the "course."

Having but recently read of the heroic deeds of Paul Jones, Commodore Perry, Captain Lawrence and Commodore Decatur, my mind was all aflame and I resolved to stand by my guns. Straightening up to my full height and putting up both fists, I dramatically exclaimed, "I am a man-of-war." But, oh boy, after a few exercises quite well performed I was forced to "strike my colors" and surrender, much to the edification as well as the great amusement of the rest of the pupils. I think Frank enjoyed the engagement the most of all as it, in a measure, ended up his old score against me.

* * *

I suppose the pioneer merchants of Waverly have all disappeared. These merchants were a goodly lot. As I remember them, they were A. C. Fairfield, H. J. Hoffman, Theo. Hullman, Peter B. Foster, Alonzo Woodruff, S. H. Curtis, Theodore Hazlett, John Dunn, the Hechts, Raymond Bros., Thos. Aldrich, Jim Brown, Dave Clark, and W. V. Lucas, J. C. Hazlett, N. P. Ellis, Sidney Covert, G. W. LeValley, John Boys, Andrew Dailey, Simon Howard, Chas. Fosselman, Michael

Casper, J. B. Barber, the cigar and tobacco man, E. F. Bacon, and many others, whose names I do not now recall. Well, in their day, they were a mighty host, but a majority of them are now "under the sod and the dew."

* * *

And among the far-away-from-today blacksmiths were one Holbrook and William Mooney. Holbrook's shop was located at the east end of the bridge, on Bremer avenue. He was an eccentric old fellow and easily aroused to anger, consequently the kids made life extremely unpleasant for him. William Mooney's shop was also located on the east side. As a blacksmith, Tubal Cain had nothing on him. His workmanship was fine, and he bore the reputation of being the best horse-shoer in all the country about. He was a splendid good citizen and a fine neighbor. He passed away many years ago, to the sorrow of a mighty host of friends.

* * *

My impression is that the first brewery established in Waverly was by Joseph Ellis. It was a good, honest brew, favorably known, and patronized by lovers of the "amber." Later on it passed into the hands of E. F. Taber, who operated it until the time of his death. For many years Mr. Ellis was sheriff of Bremer county, and was an able, discreet officer, and a democratic war horse, always in the front line and ready for action. Mr. Taber was a highly educated man and a keen observer of men and events, therefore, a companionable gentleman.

* * *

All the boys will remember the terrible commercial and business revulsion of the year 1857. It was universal, and is known to this day as "The Great Panic." That year every bank in the union failed and suspended specie payment. In all classes of society there was much extravagance. Men invested in land speculation, were land-mad and hurried to get some of it, because they thought that it would soon be exhausted. Men who had no money, if they succeeded in obtaining it, agreeing to pay for it cent for cent, rushed to the West to invest in wild lands. From the East came the tradesman who had forsaken his store, the farmer, the lawyer, and the clergyman, all bent upon getting some of this earthly domain for speculative purposes. The debts of that time were excessive and extravagance ran rampant, and this brought on the panic, which, when it came, created great excitement thruout the country. The country did not fully recover from its effects for a period of nearly twenty-five years. This was the period of "wild-cat" money, when private individuals, merchants and bankers issuing their own paper, which, in nine cases out of ten, wasn't worth a cent on the dollar. I have seen my father look over his "bank detector" to determine whether the paper money he had on hand, purporting to be good, was of any value. I've seen

him close the book on many occasions, and say, "Well, they have caught me again." But the people of Bremer county pulled thru in a way. Nearly all the business of that day was of the "trade and barter" order. Breadstuffs were cheap, as the land produced prolifically, but the man who was not a producer had a hard time to make both ends meet, if they met at all. Following this panic came the war, and it was years before people could say with truth that they were "on Easy street." No such panic will ever occur in this country again. The government has provided safeguards, the bankers are more conservative, and the people themselves are shy of all wild-cat schemes. Of course, there are confidence men today, and now and then they catch a victim, but as a general thing, people are more careful in investing in anything that has not a solid foundation. Banks of today are the arteries of commerce and trade. They are generally officered by the best financial ability in the community where they are located. If one be in doubt over an intended investment, if he consults his banker he will be set aright. It is the "know-it-alls" that lose their money, not the men willing to take expert advice.

* * *

In the good (?) old days the wage-earner, no matter how hard he may have tried, never succeeded in establishing much of a bank account. If I remember correctly the average wage of a farm hand was about \$8.00 the month, and there was not much of a demand for him at that price. It's different these days, and he is now fast becoming a plutocrat. He is now able to fix his own hours of labor, generally the price of the same, has his automobile or his horse and buggy, Sunday is his day off, and it is upon this day that he gives Nellie or Annie a joy ride and makes known his thoughts and aspirations. He can get more now for a day's corn husking than fifty years ago he could get for a month of the same work. He wears good clothes, shaves and has his hair cut twice a month. In fact, nevermore is he to be sneered at as a "country clodhopper." He is practically his own boss and has the "long green" to meet his every want. Products of the farm fifty or sixty years ago brought but small returns. Butter and eggs were so cheap then that the very remembrance of their then selling price makes one smack his lips and almost wonder if such things could have been. Will Tyrrell has often related the fact that he sold my father, who was a merchant, eggs at three cents a dozen and "took it out in trade." But it must be remembered that one could purchase more for a dollar then than for five dollars today. Speaking of wages reminds me that when a kid I employed Charley Tyrrell and Valey Brooks to husk corn at five cents a day. The boys went at it manfully and labored for nearly twenty minutes, when they knocked off and went fishing—I with them. "The call of the wild" was too much for them. Where Valey is now living, if at all, I don't know. He was the son of "Bully" Brooks, named for the "Bully" Brooks who assaulted Hon.

Charles Sumner by beating him over the head with a heavy cane in the city of Washington. Nothing so stirred up the nation as did that brutal assault upon one of the most brilliant men of his time. Brooks went into disgrace and is remembered only as a brute, while Sumner is affectionately remembered by his grateful countrymen.

As for Charley Tyrrell, I hear that his lines are cast in pleasant places. He is upon the government pay-roll as deputy postmaster at Waverly. He is the son of Lieutenant Tyrrell, who was killed at Vicksburg. I well remember Lieutenant Tyrrell. He was a companionable gentleman, a close observer of men and measures, had ability far above the average of men, and died with his face toward the enemy. No better man than he ever lived in Waverly.

* * *

One of the old-time residents of Waverly was Dr. Oscar Burbank. He was not only an efficient physician and surgeon, but he was an equally great wag and joker.

He had been one of the California gold diggers and had in his possession several small gold nuggets which he had brought to Waverly with him. When the Pike's Peak gold excitement was on, and after several of the citizens of Bremer county had gone there to seek their fortune with "Pike's Peak or Bust" printed on the cover of their wagons and to afterward return with "Busted by Thunder" printed beneath the former words, the doctor thought of a plan to "put one over on the boys."

The spring freshet had, as usual, washed away the logway from the sawmill of Oberdorf and Brownell on the west side of the river and left nothing but a bed of rocks, with some sand filled between, from there to where the bridge now is.

One morning the doctor wended his way there and quietly placed four or five of the aforesaid gold nuggets in as many different places among the rocks and then commenced to turn over the rocks at other places as tho searching for something. It was not long until he had attracted the attention of several persons who came to where he was and inquired as to for what he was looking. The doctor at first seemed to be shy about telling, but when pressed for an answer, showed them a small gold nugget and at the same time gave them a wink and told them to keep quiet about it.

About this time he turned over a stone and found one of the nuggets he had placed. He soon found another. This set the others searching among the rocks in great haste.

The doctor was able to lead the search away from the places where he had placed the nuggets until he was ready to pick them up. It was not long before the news of the finding spread about town and for a couple of days nearly the whole population was engaged in the search for gold. While some turned over the rocks looking for gold nuggets, others used tin pans with holes punched in them and washed the sand to find the smaller particles.

The excitement was very great, and it was quite a week before some of the people were convinced that the doctor had been up to one of his pranks.

* * *

On another occasion while walking in his garden one morning, about the last of June or the first of July, after he had been reading an article which told of how little notice people took of the things around them, **especially the most common things**, he chanced to see a little flower growing on a plant. It was a blossom on a most common plant, and the doctor thought he would see if what the article said was true. Accordingly he plucked the flower and strolled along the walk on the business part of East Bremer avenue, showing the blossom to each person whom he met and stating that he had found it that morning in his garden and was desirous to know what it was. Farmers, businessmen, gardeners, none of them knew. Each of them admired its fine pink center and the delicate coloring of its leaves, but none of them knew the name of the plant from which it was obtained. Some remarked that it was too bad that he had plucked it, that he should have let it produce seed that so fine a flower should have been preserved. The doctor quieted them with the assurance that there were other blossoms on the plant. Finally when about a dozen or more persons had collected around him and all had praised the beautiful flower but none knew its name, the doctor told all of them that they had seen the same thing each year. He had picked it from a potato vine. It is not necessary to say that all of those around him had urgent business which required immediate attention and that the writer of the article the doctor had been reading had proved his point.

* * *

The jokers of that day set forth some marvelous fakes, one of which I vividly remember, because of its frightfulness. It was told that a huge snake had been seen in the river at or near the Cedar Bluffs. Its body was estimated to be as large as a fair-sized saw-log, and fully fifty feet in length. It was said to be a land as well as a water snake, and had invaded gardens, and one man declared that the snake had taken one of his pigs from the pen. A large number of men and boys, armed with clubs and guns, went in quest of the reptile, but if ever there had been one, as stated and described, it had disappeared. In the next week's Waverly Democratic News Charlie Parsons wrote a humorous article, saying that the snake story had a substantial foundation, for he himself had seen it. He said he was standing "on the bridge at midnight," a clear night with a full moon. While he was running over in his mind some legal matters, he noticed that the waters above the dam were fearfully agitated. Suddenly, the dam parted in its center and he saw the snake heading for the bridge, which it struck, carrying away with it in its mad

flight, the middle pier. He said that after it had passed the bridge, it did not keep to the natural water course, but with a swish of its tail when it reached Taber's brewery, where there was a great bend, it straightened the river, which was a good thing, because it gave more land to the west side, and he was a west sider and wanted everybody to know it. He said he followed the snake down the river until it crawled out and got in a potato patch, where it gorged itself to death. Charley was a good lawyer, witty and bright as a new silver dollar; but to this day I believe his snake story was the creature of a vivid imagination.

* * *

If these little stories that I have written have been relished by the readers of the Democrat, it will be a glad thing for me to know. There are many other things, "by field and blood" that happened in Waverly and in Bremer county fifty or sixty years ago that might be made note of by others who are much handier with the pen than I am. In my retirement I hark back to the old pioneer days and the friends of my youth, and it gives me great pleasure. There were ups and downs, many a stone in the way, pathways rough and rugged, but somehow and in some way it has worked out all right in a measure. Many a time, while going thru the grind of the day, with a multitude of cares and responsibilities, I've thought "what a grand and glorious feeling" it would be when I could close my desk and retire to private life, and amidst my friends and my books await complacently the call to "cross the harbor bar." Having reached that point, I find it considerably different from what I expected. A poet in a homely way thus describes the situation:

"Always lookin' forward to an easy-goin' time,
When the world seems movin' careless like a bit of idle rhyme;
A day when there is nothin' that kin make you sigh or fret—
Always lookin' forward—but I haven't seen it yet."

Doing nothing is the hardest kind of work. It dry-rots one—makes him a grouch and a poor companion. The retired man who has enough to live on is not necessarily the happiest of mortals. There are times when he would sacrifice all that he has, to be once more "in the harness." Therefore, I say to the old boys, don't retire; hustle, and refuse to be shelved. All of us have pictured in our minds what is in store, or the sights we shall see upon the other side of the hill. Then when we have reached its apex it is not what we thought it was going to be, and so we keep on plodding and worrying for the thing that never appears, and finally we drop off into eternal sleep.

INTERESTING NOTES OF EARLY-DAY LAWYERS. CHARLES PLUNKETT AT HEAD OF THEATRICAL PROFESSION

Among the old-time lawyers I remember the names of W. P. Harmon, H. H. Gray, M. B. Dougherty, H. A. Miles, G. C. Wright, G. W. Ruddick, J. E. Burke, J. W. Woods, Charles Parsons, D. T. Gibson, the Smalley Brothers, W. A. Stowe, Frank Sterling, M. E. Billings, A. F. Brown and Ed Dawson. Harmon and Miles, altho admitted to the practice of the law, never "hung out their shingles" in the town. Harmon was really the founder of Waverly. He built the first flour mill, and I am of the impression that his brother Henry operated the first saw mill. W. P. Harmon, the lawyer, was an unceasing friend of the town. He gave liberally of his time and money for his advancement, morally, socially, and otherwise. He died in 1865. One of the great ambitions of his life was to have a railroad come to and pass thru the town. He died just as a work train of the old Dubuque & Sioux City appeared a-top the high grade, somewhere near the old Father Couse fruit farm.

Those who have served the "wear and tear" of pioneer life, are, as near as I can determine, the Smalley Brothers, W. A. Stowe, Frank Sterling, M. E. Billings, and Ed Dawson. The only one of the whole number now in active practice of the law in Waverly is my old-time and esteemed friend Ed Dawson, an ex-railway commissioner and one of the ablest and most conscientious men who ever filled the place.

To digress a little, it might be well enough to say that J. E. Burke, after accumulating considerable wealth, left Waverly for Chicago, where he became interested in the Cook County Bank, along with B. T. Allan, at that time said to be the wealthiest man in Iowa. Allan had been successful in the banking business in Des Moines. As I remember it, the Chicago bank was a run-down affair, and Allan took hold of it with the expectation of making it a sound financial institution. It lacked capital, so the management went about over the country "seeking whom it might devour." It found one victim in the person of Burke.

The lawyer of pioneer days was a pretty good all-around scout. He was liberal, his charges were reasonable, and never did I hear of any of them taking advantage when they had a chance to exact more than a reasonable fee. They generally furnished very much more advice than they were ever paid for. It appeared to be a natural thing then, as now, to place upon the lawyers all the blame for everything that went wrong, alleging that they were mischief breeders, trouble-makers, and all for their private gain, which, as a matter of fact, was not true in any sense of the word. It is well to remember that were it not for lawyers there would be no liberty in the country today, and property rights would not be safeguarded at all. I "hold no brief" for these professional men, but will be frank enough to say that they are genial, companionable, helpful and fine old scouts—the cap sheaves of all professions.

Lovers of the art dramatic were many in ye old times. Regularly, in season every year—the number of years the writer does not remember—Charles Plunkett brought his troupe to Waverly from Dubuque. He himself was a finished actor—an educated, genial gentleman. Some of the time he starred his wife, a young and beautiful woman, talented, and a very winsome lady. I thought at that time she was the handsomest woman I had ever seen, and, really, comparing her with alleged beautiful female movie stars of today, I am still of the opinion that she had them all skinned to the extent of several quarter sections of Iowa land. “Billy” Marble was also one of Mr. Plunkett’s stars. In low comedy I have never seen his equal. He was a large man, and if he were now living the food conservation commission would certainly have him arrested for hoarding too much fat. He was like Old King Cole, “a merry old soul,” and he led the merriest kind of a life. As an entertainer and a hilarious fun-making comedian, he was, in my opinion, better than the best. But he had one grievous fault that he strove very hard to overcome. Many another good fellow also has fallen for the same thing many times. It always appeared to me that he celebrated the New Year by taking a new wife. During the years I had known him he had been “blessed” with the companionship of five wives, and my early impression was that they were fine lookers, when they were fixed up with their best furniture, but whether they got on Billy’s nerves or he on theirs, causing the dismemberment of their union, I won’t pretend to say. However, he was never without a wife for any long-drawn-out time. During the war between the states he starred with his own troupe in the south, sometimes going very near the firing lines, for he was no coward, as his many matrimonial ventures prove. By his superb merry-making he brought smiles and forgetfulness to the war-worn boys in blue. He lived upon the theory that it’s better to make people laugh than to make them cry. He has been dead for many a year, something like seventeen years, having seen nearly ninety winters. He made thousands upon thousands of dollars, but failed to save a single one of them, and when he “went out to sea” old-timers who had “drunk out of the same canteen” with him, listening to his inimitable portrayal of eccentric characters, felt that they had lost a fine old friend.

But I must return to the Plunketts. Charley Plunkett, Jr., was a bright, capable young fellow, and at the time of which I write he was just merging into the role of an amateur comedian. As I have said, Plunkett, Sr., was a finished artist, an Englishman by birth, and had followed the business in London many years before coming to America. His troupe was especially strong in the delineation of Shakespeare’s plays. No half-way work was ever permitted. Every person in the cast was expected to reach a certain standard of excellence, or he was “canned.”

And, of course, there were amateur theatricals in those days, by “home talent.” The only Waverly boy that I now recall to mind who appeared to meet with success was T. M. McCormack, better



W. H. TYRRELL
Los Angeles, California
Pioneer newspaper man in Waverly.

known to us all as "Pomp." Before going "upon the boards," Pomp learned (or learned at) the printing business. He finally quit barn-storming, purchased a printing plant, and published a fairly good newspaper. He, too, has gone the way of all flesh, and I hope the bleak winter winds and snows are treating his grave kindly.

* * *

The first tannery in Waverly was operated by Abe Starr, father of Will and John Starr. It was located at the south end of East Water street. It was not a very large affair, yet for a time the business was a paying one. The business was finally given up, and the property fell into the hands of E. A. Woodruff, who fitted it up for a residence and who, with his family, lived there for many years. Uncle Abe Starr was a shoemaker by trade, and, I believe, worked with or for Charley Fosselman for a long time. He was a square man and as a citizen was always willing to do his part. It has just occurred to me that he was also the father of George Parson Starr, who was drowned in the old mill-race that fed the flour mill. The unfortunate boy was known as "Parse." For something like a year he had been engaged in the printing business in the Phoenix office, and he was a bright young man. The Starrs, Abe and his three sons, have gone the way of all flesh. They were all good workers, and straightforward people.

* * *

It has been somewhere near thirty-five years since I have turned my thoughts back to Waverly and Bremer county to resurrect incidents and the names of those whom I knew in the early days. I do not suppose that very many pioneer farmers are yet alive, for many of them were well on in years when I was a boy. Of the farmers I recall the names of the Eveland, Stufflebeam, Lucas, Oberdorf, Rew, Tyrrell, Roberts, Lehman, Johnson, Potter, Dailey, Carey, Knott, Neff, Case and Baskins families, Pat Boylson, Henry Harmon, Levi Nichols, Dick Bates, "English" John Smith (I expect his son "Bill" is tickling the soil of the old farm yet), Jacob Hess, Baker, Miller, Adair, Reeves, Findley, Johnson, Sewell families, Shephard, Jennings, McRoberts, Sturdevant families, Cave, Keeney, Perry, Lashbrook, Harris, Wile, Winner, Wells, Thies, Case, Cruthers, Chittenden, Ingersoll, Heine, Harrington, Woodcock, Krieger, Briden, McCaffree, Farrington, Phillips, Bartels, Barrick, Loveland, Bloker, Rowen, Elder John Stone, Wm. and James Scully, Wm. and Tom McCoy, and "Old" Flynn, who lived on the Wapsie and who wrote the celebrated couplet:

"What a pity hell's gate wasn't kept by Old Flynn;
Such a surly old cuss wouldn't let anyone in."

This couplet was published in the Waverly Independent, then owned by Colonel Lucas and Will Tyrrell, and "Old" Flynn was its

Wapsie correspondent. His communications always invited most intense merriment among the office force. He was a fine old rough-and-ready tiller of the soil, and I hope he is yet atop the earth.

* * *

I suppose all the old pioneers—or “moss backs” as some name us—will remember M. W. Miles, better known as “Matt.” In an early day he was called “Puss” Miles for short—for short he was. He was the son of H. A. Miles, a mayor of Waverly for one or two terms. Matt was deputy postmaster for several years, was accurate and courteous and a good mixer. He left Waverly many years ago, spent some time in Minnesota, and finally drifted out of the state of Oregon. He was something of a politician of the republican cult and aggressive when expounding his favorite doctrine. He was elected to the state senate and, if I am correctly informed, served two terms in that office. He was not particularly noted for brilliancy, but was one of the all-around fellows who “got there” by being a good fellow. He died while in his second term of office. Will Tyrell and Matt were great chums, and it was fine sport when a lot of us got them together and pitted them against each other in a whistling match. As neither could “turn a tune,” you may imagine the hilarious fun the crowd would have. During the war for the union, a company of boys was organized, of which Matt was elected captain. We drilled and drilled, and “fought nobody” among ourselves, and strange as it may appear, I do not now remember the names of any of the boys who were members of the company. I presume that Old Time has sent the majority “out to sea.” However, Matt was a fine citizen, charitable, genial and always willing to carry his share of a heavy load.

* * *

It is always a hard matter to write for a newspaper about one's own relatives, for that reason the writer may be deemed egotistical and credited with a desire to give the subject more credit than he deserves; but as it has fallen to my lot to mention the old-time Waverly boys who have passed from that town into the world of business and otherwise, I may be pardoned for my courage in alluding to my brother, Isaac Hazlett. He was born at Janesville, Ohio, in the year 1852; went to Waverly in '53 or '54, being a little hazy as to the exact year. He attended Waverly schools, after which he clerked for T. C. Aldrich and various other persons. He, with his father, J. C. Hazlett, established a little store at the west end of the Bremer avenue bridge. From there they moved to Shell Rock, remaining there for some time, where they engaged in a general mercantile business. From thence they moved to Nashua, Iowa, where they engaged in the same business and were successful from the start. At last they sold their business, and the subject of this sketch moved to Verndale, Minn., and there went into the banking business,

and in all the years since it has been his occupation. He is connected in one way or another with thirty-five different institutions in the state, either as president or director, but he makes his home in Minneapolis and maintains an office in the First National Bank building, in which bank he is a heavy stock-holder. He built and occupies a \$40,000 home, but with all these evidences of prosperity, he is the same "Ike" to all his acquaintances. I don't know what he is worth, financially, because I have never had nerve enough to question him on this point; but I should judge that it is something like near a million dollars. For a boy starting with nothing, I call him a complete success. Before leaving Waverly he married a daughter of Levi Nichols, Esther G. They have one son, J. C., who is a partner of his father. He has been engaged in the Federal building for a long time, helping to push the War Savings project, being manager of distribution of the supplies, a place that requires hard and intelligent work. J. C. was also commandeered by the Federal authorities to assist in the last Liberty Loan, giving two-thirds of his time to the government without remuneration or any expectation of a cash consideration, to the neglect of his own business. His mother is every day at the Church of the Redeemer, where she devotes her time to Red Cross work. She has just received two crosses for continuous 72 hours' work. I speak of these things to show that the whole family, whatever may be their defects, cannot be accused of not being patriotic—giving their time and money generously for the cause of world democracy. Isaac has a fine summer home situated on the shores of East Battle lake, Minnesota, going there in May and returning in October. It is there that the writer of this pens his "Idle Thoughts of a Busy Fisherman" and enjoys the hospitality of this genial home. "Ike" is now 64 years of age, has the best of health, never strikes for an increase of wages or demands eight hours as a day's work, but is continually on the job, which is one of the many reasons why he has been so successful in a business way. I might say other things, but I won't. That would be egotism. He would not stand for that—neither would I.

* * *

I cannot cease my remembrances of old times and old workers in the newspaper vineyard, without alluding to my departed friend of nearly fifty years standing, the Hon. C. W. Miller. The last time I met him was something like a year before his death. He then appeared to be in the best of health and cheerful, and confided to me some of the future plans he had in view. The readers of the Democrat will remember that he was one of its founders—he and Frank Taber, an excellent, brainy citizen and a rattling good printer. As a writer Mr. Miller stood in the first rank of Iowa journalism. Many of his articles might have been termed "little classics." He had no superior as a paragraph writer. His Democrat was largely quoted by state and national press. His attacks upon the medical

fraternity—whether just or unjust I will not say—attracted the attention of the whole country, which gave him something of a national reputation. He served two terms as postmaster at Waverly. His work in this place was clean and courteous. When he died he was in the fourth term of office as a member of the legislature from Bremer county. I met him on various occasions at Des Moines when the law makers were in session, and always found him the same “Old Charley.” On the legislative manual you will find that he gives his occupation as that of “printer,” which reminds me that when Simon Cameron, who had been U. S. senator and a member of Lincoln’s cabinet, was on his way to Russia as an ambassador, when registering in the office wrote, “S. Cameron, printer.” His calling amazed the titled aristocrats of England, for it was far beyond their comprehension that a worker in the “art preservative” could ever attain such prominence. The legislative work of Mr. Miller is very familiar to the people of Bremer county. In the committee room he was an excellent worker, and upon the floor of the house he was the peer of any member in debate. His bills presented were always of merit, several of them becoming laws. Being a pleasant, companionable gentleman, and a thoroly good mixer, altho a democrat in a republican house, he succeeded in having some of the bills enacted into laws, when another democrat might have failed. He was keen and alert and roll call generally found him in his chair. He was a faithful, energetic, able and conscientious legislator, and Bremer county and the state lost a splendid type of American manhood and citizenship. And, as I write this, it occurs to me that few of the “old guard” printers still live—those whom I knew and associated with, which recalls to me a paragraph in Tom Moore’s “Oft in the Stilly Night”:

“When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I’ve seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted—
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

Thus in the stilly night,
E’er slumber’s chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.”

We shall no more see his face, but we shall always remember his generous disposition, his jovial, hearty greetings and his great love for his fellow men.

I do not know whether what I am about to say will be the proper thing to include in these early times notations. I remember the opening and the closing of the Civil war. I saw many of the boys going to the front, and I saw some of them after they had returned. Some of them had been wounded; some of them were the picture of health; while others were sick, sore and weary. They had marched thru mud, sleet, rain and blinding hot weather. At times they were athirst and hungry. Some of them had been in rebel prisons, and some of them were left sleeping in southern soil. Again, I saw many of the boys as they were entraining for the Spanish-American war, two of my employes among the number. And now, I have lived to witness the opening of the greatest of all wars. On every hand I see mammoth preparation going forward for its successful prosecution. On these streets I see the flower of young manhood, the young men who are being "whipped in" preparatory to taking their places at the front. Nearly every day I see a machine "flying thru the air with the greatest of ease." At the Dunwoody institute grounds I see every day over 700 young lads from the South, training for the navy. As I gaze into their young faces and imagine the hardships, the toil and strain which they will be compelled to endure, my thoughts turn to the large number of traitorous scoundrels who ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered, who are doing their level best to belittle the cause for which these boys have enlisted; and I say that those of our people who "give aid and comfort to the enemy" should be dealt with by an iron hand. If you are patriotic, say so, and say it in a tone of voice that may be heard over four countries. Do not wink at any kind of treasonable utterances. Let us drive treason out of every glen, dell and cranny, even if it be necessary to keep firing squads busy the whole twenty-four hours. Let us be ready at any time to sacrifice our all—lives and fortunes. Let us have cheers for the boys who march to the front, and "tears for the dead," but above all, let us smash the traitors in our midst. Do it now! "These are the times that try men's souls." Are we equal to the emergency? Without a doubt we are. Concert of action and a firm determination to win will give us world democracy and genuine liberty.



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING IN WAVERLY

By MRS. JENNIE HARMON CASE

Mrs. Dr. O. Burbank sent the following account of the first Thanksgiving day in Waverly, Iowa. It occurred in November, 1854, in Peter B. Foster's house, located where the State Bank now stands. A few of the ladies of Waverly one afternoon were talking about the approaching Thanksgiving day, and of the Thanksgiving days of their eastern homes, when someone suggested a picnic dinner, which seemed to please all. So the cooks got together and found out what

each would furnish or do. Not much variety was expected or possible but they had roast pork and a roast goose, coffee, doughnuts, mince pie, good light biscuit and vegetables. No butter could be found in town, but Mrs. Dr. O. Burbank had brought a crock of butter from Cedar Rapids, which she placed at their disposal. The men repairing the sawmill said they looked too rough to attend the feast, but the managing ladies said, "Wash your faces and hands, put on clean collars, and we will excuse the rest." No one was omitted in the invitations. Everyone seemed glad to get together and have a good social time on that Thanksgiving day. The men declared they had never had so good a dinner before, and such an abundance was left over that all came back to supper and had a good social time during the evening. Most all who took part in that pleasant Thanksgiving dinner have passed the limits of worldly interests and mortal life, and the few who remain are looking for the day that ends all earthly strife and ambitions.



PIONEER DAYS of BREMER COUNTY

Chapter III.

HARMON MILLER CONTRIBUTES INTERESTING EXPERIENCES OF HIS BOYHOOD AND EARLY DAYS IN BREMER COUNTY



THE FIRST trip I made to Bremer county was with my parents, May 20, 1855. Our household goods were hauled from Dubuque by team. We bought the home of John Miles, a log house and a barn. We were never able to find among the transfer papers a blueprint of the house; the contractor may have it. I will give you some of the items of building material used in the rough log house, 16x24: Red elm joints in lower floor and same in upper floor; round logs, 8 inches in diameter, puncheon floor and shake roof. Perhaps I had better explain

the floor and roof covering more fully for the benefit of young people. A puncheon floor is made from nice, second-growth bass-wood logs, 10 to 12 inches in diameter, split thru the center, with the round side at the ends sized down to three inches, and laid face side up on the pole joist. Shakes were made from nice straight-grained red oak logs, 2½ to 3 feet in diameter, sawed in cuts 3 feet long and split in quarters, and with the use of a tool called a frow, these quarters were split in pieces ¾ inch thick by whatever width the block would make. The lower end of the shake rested on the top side wall log. The logs in the gables were beveled to a one-fourth pitch. Logs running lengthwise of the house were notched down to an even surface with the gables; this not only acted as a support to the gables, but being 2½ feet apart, made a perfect bearing for the shakes, giving them a 6-inch lap. After shakes were laid, heavy green logs were placed over each row, and with wooden pins were fastened. It was a common occurrence for snow to sift thru this roof onto your bed and into your hair. The cracks between the logs were first filled with split pieces of wood, according to size; the walls both inside and outside were pointed with wet clay, mixed with straw as a

binder. The logs on all four sides of the house, as well as the roof logs, were not uniform in length; there were logs on all four corners projecting from 8 to 24 inches—very handy to hang a dressed hog on. On the outside this home presented anything but an inviting appearance, but it was our home for three years.

My father, John Miller, was the first justice of the peace in Lafayette township. The first couple he pronounced man and wife were William Payton and Miss Wood, and it was the first wedding I ever attended. Mr. Wood will be remembered as the first man to settle on the farm now owned by Otto Walther.

The first strangers that called on us were the Layton family. They had three covered wagons, prairie schooners, loaded with household effects, a crate of poultry, etc. Bedding was carried from the wagons to the house, where the women slept, while the men bunked in the wagons. The following day they reached their destination, New Bradford (not Old). Mrs. Hannah Medders, of our city, will, no doubt, remember the circumstance, as she was a member of the family.

The first justice court I attended was in the log house in 1855. Edward Parkhurst, living at Spring Lake, had a misunderstanding with his hired man relative to the price of a two-year-old heifer that the hired man was to take as part payment for his labor, and suit was brought before my father. This being the first lawsuit in the township, quite an interest was taken. The plaintiff and the defendant, with their witnesses, were on hand by 9:00 a. m. George W. Ruddick and G. C. Wright were the attorneys, and at that time both were single men. Wright called me to one side and said he would give me five cents if I would gather a pint of strawberries for him. I was 6½ years old and it was the first opportunity I had ever had to earn five cents. Strawberry season was nearly over and the berries were hard to get. There were patches of hazel brush dotted promiscuously over the pasture, and around the border of these patches a few deep red or purple berries could be found. By noon I had a pint cup rounding full, and delivered it to Mr. Wright. He shoved his hand into his pants pocket and pulled out a handful of silver coin, but nothing smaller than a 25-cent piece, and you can imagine my feelings when he said he would hand it to me some other time. Four years after that, on the way to town with my mother, we met Mr. Wright, and I proposed asking him for the money. My good mother said, "No, if he isn't man enough to pay you, you are man enough to get along without it." Now, kind readers, if you obligate yourself to a child in any way, especially in the way of a monetary consideration, don't betray him, for while he lives he won't forget it. G. C. was naturally a good-hearted man, and, no doubt, forgot the five cents.

In the summer of 1856, the first frame schoolhouse was built in East Lafayette, which was all in one district. The directors were Darias Freeman, Edward Tyrrell, and John Miller. Freeman had the only frame house in the district, and lived on the farm now owned

by G. G. Lindner. Mr. Tyrrell improved the farm now owned by John Donlon. The new schoolhouse was 30x42 feet, one-story, with ten windows having twelve 9x12 lights in each.

The first and most appreciated gift I ever received was from John Worthington, a good old uncle of Will and Charley Tyrrell and Mrs. James Conner. My father had only 15 acres of land broken, with a shanghai fence around it, and we raised 10 acres of corn on the Worthington farm, now the N. B. Marsh place. We were entitled to pasture the corn stalks, and it was my duty to drive our cow and yearling heifer to the stalk field each morning. I had no shoes, and the mornings were frosty. I would run out, start the cattle, stand in their warm nest with my bare feet until they were nearing the Worthington home, then run as fast as I could thru the glistening frost, open and close the bars, and then run and stick my feet under Aunty Worthington's stove. While I warmed my feet the kind old lady would give me a full slice of bread, with a first coat of golden yellow home-grown butter, and a second coat of extra C sugar. If you were ever a boy of 6½ years, you can imagine how thankful I was. It was, I think, on the third morning, and there was more frost than usual, when Uncle John, having finished his breakfast, said to me, "My lad, it's pretty cold for bare feet. I have a pair of kip boots a little tight for me, and if you like, I will give them to you." The boots were thankfully received; I put them on and went home, the proudest lad that ever trod the soil of Lafayette township.

The first teacher we had in the new schoolhouse (in the winter of 1856) was a young man by the name of Bruer, from Vermont. He was a high-stepper and a genteel good-looker, and had all the ear-marks of a first-class dude. He was hired to teach the school four months at \$16.00 a month, and "board around" among the scholars, the length of time at each home to be in proportion to the number of scholars from that home. Notwithstanding the fact that our log hut was only 60 rods from the schoolhouse, Bruer boarded at Freeman's, John Elliott's, Geo. B. Miller's, Elias Wright's, and Harris Wallace's, all from ¾ to 1½ miles away. These houses were all either frame or hewn logs, with sided gables, had shingle roofs, and presented a much better appearance than ours. My mother had sent Bruer different invitations to come to our house and board whenever it suited his convenience. She had learned that Bruer had made inquiries relative to our neatness and qualifications. I went home each noon to dinner, so he had no way of knowing whether we had ANYTHING to eat or not. The last invitation sent to him was just three weeks prior to the close of the term. He came home with me from school, stepped inside the cabin, cast his eyes to the white-washed ceiling and walls, and remarked, "Your house is like a singed cat—better than it looks." He sat down to supper. I watched him closely; he ate four biscuits, a dish of home-made maple syrup, seven slices of home-made dried beef, a piece of raspberry pie, a dish of crabapple sauce lubricated with sugar and rich, sweet cream, and drank two cups of tea. I began to think the cooking suited him.

When breakfast was ready, he was on hand and ate nine large, light, fluffy home-grown buckwheat cakes, with home-made sausage made from a 3-inch strip along either side of the backbone (including the tender loin, with other choice parts of the hog, seasoned with pepper, salt and sage, such as "mother used to make." He then started to school to look after the sweeping and the fire. I told my mother not to worry, he had a change of heart, and was coming to his appetite. After Bruer became accustomed to the ways and habits of the wild west he became sociable, and an all-around good fellow. He boarded at our house the rest of the term.

The large boys hauled and chopped wood on Saturdays for the winter's fuel. In this list were Butler, Alzathan and John Freeman, Frank and Nicholas Tyrrell, Joseph and Thomas Brown, Ben Skillen, J. M. Miller, John Walter, Joseph Campbell, Hugh Elliot and a man named Hill; and of the older girls there were Eveline, Mary, Phoebe and Permelia Wright, Mary and Mariah Brown, Mary Skillen, Jane Tyrrell, Elizabeth Miller, Mary Ann Baker, Mary Freeman, Lucretia and Jane Elliot. At the close of school an exhibition was given, a large stage having been erected, equipped with sliding curtains. By 8 o'clock p. m. the house was filled and standing room was at a premium. People came from miles around. There were speaking, dialogs, clog and jig dancing, and Ben Skillen represented a hard-shell Baptist preacher, in his sermon, his attire, and his gestures, to a T. At the close the school "spelled down." Mary Skillen was the last to remain standing and she spelled ten additional words correctly and then took her seat.

Two boys north of Horton, whose names I do not recall, arranged with Charley Morris that the three couples would all go to the entertainment by the same conveyance. Morris and his lady were waiting at the roadside, and when the team came near, the whip was applied, the two couples drove on and left Morris and lady. Morris offered to hire a rig, if it cost ten dollars, rather than be disappointed. The lady said, "No, I don't care to associate with people so utterly devoid of principle, but you go and get even with them, if it takes you a year." Morris took a five-mile hike and was on the school ground within an hour and a half. All were interested in the program, so Morris unsnapped the lines, drew them from the harness of the Horton lad's team, tucked them under his coat and followed the back-track until opposite the James Andrews home, thru the yard, out into a cornfield, up a tree and tied the lines in the branches. He then returned to the schoolhouse. When he entered he noticed a broad smile on the faces of his betrayers. All went well until the close of the program, when the boys missed the lines. A hasty search was made thru the woodpile, but in vain. At that time fence wire and binding twine were not known, and slippery elm bark was frozen so hard it wouldn't peel. The mercury stood 15 below, the horses were cold and anxious for home. The departure of other teams made the animals almost unmanageable. So the boys each mounted a horse and rode them home. Morris had jumped into the

sleigh, seated himself between the two ladies, adjusted the lap-ropes and rode to his destination. He then thanked the girls for their company and the boys for their courteous treatment, and told them that when they had occasion to use the lines they could find them five miles south by sixty rods west, in the top of an oak tree on the Andrews farm. The last time I saw Morris he told me it took ten years to get the sweet taste of revenge out of his mouth.

In the year 1867 the first sawmill was built in Lafayette township. The owners were Dr. Oscar Burbank and James Moss. Mr. Moss was the first settler on the place now owned by Geo. Leonard, of our city. The mill was operated by water power, an up-and-down saw, a pole and brush dam, located at a place called Yell City. The mill, the dam and the city have been gone for 55 years, and only an occasional yell is left. There was but very little lumber sawed at this mill. It was, I think, in 1860 that the river, during the spring freshet, cut a new channel to the east and left the old mill site, so far as water power was concerned, bone-dry.

In the fall of 1860, Geo. C. and Wm. Stevenson made a proposition to the log cabin proprietors of Lafayette township that if the citizens would guarantee the delivery of 500 saw logs on the C. S. Colton timber lot by the first of February, 1861, the Stevensons would move their steam sawmill from Greenwood, Chickasaw county, to Lafayette township. A meeting was called and after the object of the meeting was announced, the 500-log contract was signed by all parties within an hour. Of the signers of the contract, but two are living—C. S. Colton, of our city, and Philip Cave, of Waterloo.

At that time there was no bridge spanning the river in that vicinity, there were no railroads in the county, and no truck wagons strong enough to carry a 120-horse-power boiler. But the Stevensons were mechanics and equal to the occasion. A large raft was constructed, the boiler was rolled onto the raft, and floated down the river during the spring freshet; and by the aid of boats and pike poles the raft was towed in and along a bayou to within 40 feet of its destination. A skidway was built and with the aid of a large block and falls, the boiler was rolled from the raft onto its foundation, and within ten days the mill was ready for business. When the first log was rolled onto the carriage to saw, there were 1200 logs in the mill yard. The mill did a good business and within three years the farmers that had opened up their farms had good frame houses and barns.

My father died in the spring of 1860, leaving my mother with five children to care for; I was eleven years old. At that time hogs at \$1.75 per cwt., wheat at 40 cents a bushel, butter at 6 cents a pound, eggs at 4 cents a dozen, and wool at 18 cents a pound made it hard for us to keep the wolf from the door. The wool we had to spare was sold to O. A. Strong, then in business in Cedar Falls. We bought a double-shovel corn plow, the first one I ever saw, and with it I raised seven acres of nice corn.

The first circus I attended in Waverly was 57 years ago this summer. I sold a dog pup for 35 cents, paid cash for a ticket, and went to the show. I had but one objection to the performance; it didn't last long enough.

The first girl I asked for her company home from singing school said she had rather be excused, and I very reluctantly granted the excuse.

The first dozen eggs I sold went to Theodore Hazlett for 4 cents. I took a hank of black thread for 5 cents and went home 1 cent in debt. He asked me how many hens we had. I told him thirty. He told me to feed them flaxseed and run them up hill and I would get more eggs. I went barefoot at the time, and I loosened a plum stub in a cow path, or a toe nail occasionally, and sometimes both, stuck thorn apple brads in the bottoms of my feet, and had an occasional boil, and I came to the conclusion that flaxseed was worth more to me as a poultice than as an egg-producer, so I did not use Mr. Hazlett's recipe.

The first live hogs we sold were driven to Janesville on foot, price \$1.75 per cwt. These hogs were fed, watered and rested over and the following day were driven on to Cedar Falls, the then terminal of the I. C. railroad.

The first dozen of nicely dressed rabbits I sold went to John Dunn, price 25 cents in trade. Dunn had a one-story building standing on the corner now occupied by Mr. Sohle as a grocery store.

The first good, sound thrashing I got in school was given me by a man named McCord. He would come out on Monday mornings from Waverly, and bring a hickory switch about six feet long. Asel Wollis and the writer got into a punching match one day, and both were immediately "pinched" by the school master. We were asked what our plea would be. Wollis pleaded "not guilty" and I "self defense." Both were over-ruled and we got the full extent of the law and the full force and effect of the gad.

The first melon I stole was from Millard Potter. He had fastened a double-barreled shotgun to stakes in the patch, and a complete net-work of twine ran thruout the patch and fastened to the triggers of the gun, so that the least disturbance of the twine would discharge the gun. The boys from Lafayette considered this a challenge, and we formed a company of sixteen—no trouble to get volunteers. Matt Walter was a captain and William Breneber 1st lieutenant. Breneber lived in a log house out on the road, on the farm now owned by E. S. Weikert. We traveled across lots to avoid suspicion. Our captain halted us near the danger zone, and he, being not only a brave man but an old nimrod, slipped carefully over string after string, until he reached the breech end of the gun, grasped both gun locks in one hand and with the other removed both the gun caps, lowered the locks on the tubes, and quietly announced that the melon was ready to cut. We carried two grain sacks full of melons away without the loss of a man. We learned later that the gun was really intended for George Hunt, Henry Cretzmeyer and the Hullman boys.

The first apple I stole was from the first tree in bearing on the first farm opened in East Lafayette, owned by Henry Wollis, now a part of the Ohlendorf farm. There were thirteen fine apples, an unlucky number. Wollis was so anxious to bring these apples to maturity that he guyed the tree in four directions with cords. His boy Asel and I were equally anxious to sample the first-grown fruit. Young Wollis was not permitted to go near the tree. When the apples were nearly matured and of a deep red color and glistened in the sun, they would make any boy's mouth water. Young Wollis arranged for me to get two of the apples, one for each of us. My signal was that when the woodhouse door closed the dog would be shut in and Mr. Wollis at the supper table. I got two of the apples and gave Asel one. We both pronounced them A-1, but we did not mention their good qualities to the owner.

The first lady teacher we had in the district was Dora Downing. She taught a splendid school, and being an expert musician, taught numerous classes in music. She had a musical instrument of the melodian family, that was called a seraphine, and she gave her scholars a party and a musical at the close of the term. Dora was a sister of Fred Downing, and later became Mrs. H. L. Ware, the mother of Mrs. E. A. Dawson. Fred remarked recently that he would give a good deal for that old musical instrument as a relic.

The first and most enjoyable dance I attended was when I was 16 years old, and the affair occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Nichols. The lady who had refused my company one year before was my partner—must have changed her mind. At no other home in Bremer county at that time (nor since, as long as the host and hostesses lived) were people, young and old, more welcome or more royally entertained than at the home of Levi and Clarissa Nichols.

Three couples of us started for the dance in a sleigh, and while stuck in a snowdrift, the off horse broke a singletree, which was mended with a piece of hickory and the two rum straps. We got there a little late. A large crowd had gathered. We noted exceptionally broad smile on everyone's face. We soon learned the cause. A lady from somewhere in Iowa was there, the owner and possessor of a monstrous bustle, direct from Paris—the only one I ever saw, dead or alive. The gyrating by the owner in round dances and the right and left angles in the old square dances were amusing to us in those days. Finally, a good-natured cuss weighing about 200 pounds secured an introduction to the girl and invited her to dance. In the promenade her feet touched only the high places, and in the last change, which was lively, and while "promenading seats," the bustle lost its balance, left its moorings, struck on its rim, and rolled at a 2:40 clip across the hall toward the music stand. Sighting it with his eagle eye, Joe Russell sprang to his feet, pounded vigorously on the back of his violin and, at the top of his voice, shouted, "Run-away! Runaway! Clear the track! Clear the track!" Mrs. Nichols, who was nearby, seized a shawl, and smothering the bustle in its

fold, hastened with it to the ladies' room. Mrs. Nichols immediately passed the supper plates in order to aid in allaying the mortification; then we danced a few more changes and went home.

The first Fourth of July celebration I attended was in a beautiful oak grove, on the farm now owned by Paul Methers. The settlers at that time lived along the edge of the timber, on either side of the Shell Rock, the Cedar and the Wapsipinnicon. They came by ox and horse teams from Bremer and Butler counties. All the men brought their guns. William Mooney and Geo. B. Miller furnished the anvils. The men would form in line and, at the command of their captain, would fire volley after volley from their guns. The crack of firing pieces mingled with the roar of anvils kept up at intervals during the day.

The Declaration of Independence, as I remember, was read by Ben Skillen.

The uplifting and soul-cheering strains of martial music filled the air. A 35-foot pole swing was constructed, with box seat and foot rest. Two cook stoves were set up, both ovens filled with roasting beef. On the top of one stove were cooking two wash boilers full of pared potatoes, and on the other four skillets kept busy frying eggs and smoked ham. By this time a large crowd had gathered—everybody glad to see everybody else. There were no family troubles; every man thought more of his own wife than of his neighbor's wife. There was only one grade of society, and that was the very best. Two tables 80 feet long had been constructed of posts and poles covered with boards. The good mothers brought dishes and table cloths. When the tables were loaded with good things to eat, boy-like I walked down the line, and I noticed pieplant, pumpkin, gooseberry, strawberry, blackberry, black and red raspberry pies, strung out down the center line of the tables, about three feet apart and cut in quarters. Some people think one must live near a grocery, a bakery and a meat market to get good things to eat; but give me the farm table. I have tried both. Among the various kinds of meat at that old celebration there were 10 smoked hams produced from hogs fed on roots, herbs, nuts and sweet bur-oak acorns, with a little corn, and smoked over a smudge of shell-bark hickory bark to a golden brown. When sliced and fried they had a flavor rich enough to flood with saliva the mouth of a Jewish rabbi.



PIONEER DAYS of BREMER COUNTY

Chapter IV.

By L. C. OBERDORF.

INDIANS; DAYS WHEN THE RED MEN REIGNED SUPREME. WINNEBAGOS IN THIS SECTION OF IOWA



THAT PORTION of Iowa in which Bremer county is situated was ceded to the Winnebago Indians by the United States government in 1833, in return for the land owned or claimed by the Indians in Illinois; the government giving in addition to this land \$10,000 in specie and establishing a school for them, with a farm and garden, and providing other means for the education of their children, to an amount not to exceed \$3000 yearly; the whole treaty to continue in force for twenty-seven years.

This brought the treaty down to the year 1850, at which date a new treaty was made, in which the Indians gave up this territory for other allotments of land further north and west, and in addition they were to have certain yearly allowances from the United States.

The Winnebagos and other tribes, including the Sioux, the Sac and the Fox Indians, continued to hunt in this territory and to fish in the Shell Rock, the Cedar and the Wapsie rivers. During these trips they camped in favorable places for from a couple of days to several weeks at a time. While the men were hunting and fishing, the women would look after affairs at the tents and go on begging trips. These trips would sometimes extend for some distance and the women would return with quite a quantity of provisions and sometimes cast-off clothing, which had been given them. In these times, however, they were not so insistent in their asking as they were in later years, when they would not only ask for what they wanted, but would expect people to comply with their wishes, and they would sometimes get a little angry if they were refused.

Each year the Winnebago, and perhaps other tribes, would go to Cedar Rapids to receive their allowance from the government, usually down the Cedar River. It will thus be seen that Indians frequently passed thru Waverly or camped along the banks of the river near town.

In moving from place to place, their tents and other equipment were conveyed in various ways, much of the luggage being fastened on either side of their ponies. The bundles seemed larger than the ponies themselves, and on the top three or four children usually perched, making altogether a load that one could scarcely believe the ponies would be ably to carry. In addition to this mode of conveyance, they would sometimes have several carts or small wagons fully loaded, or perhaps they would have a couple of poles fastened like fills on either side of a pony, the rear ends dragging on the ground. These poles were well loaded with a part of the outfit, and the whole procession was quite as attractive as a circus parade.

The chief of the Winnebago tribe, which most frequently passed thru this section, was named Bradford. He had some education, having attended school in Illinois for several years. He dressed much the same as the whites, except that he usually had a blanket with him, and seldom, if ever wore boots or shoes, his footwear being moccasins; I never saw him wear anything else on his feet.

I recall an amusing incident that happened in the spring of 1858. The bridge over the Cedar river having washed away in January of that year, when Bradford and his tribe came to Waverly and wished to cross from the west to the east side of the river, they forded thru the cold water at the lower ford, the crossing at Ellsworth street. When most of the Indians were on the east side Bradford crossed over. He was fully dressed in a suit of black cloth and wore a high silk hat (stove-pipe), and drove a fine pony hitched to a sulky. When about half way across the river the pony refused to go further, and no amount of urging on the part of the chief could induce it to take another step. In vain the chief shouted and whipped, the pony would not go. All this greatly amused the on-lookers, including all the Indians. The pony reared and plunged and finally lay right down in the water and Bradford was forced to get down from the sulky and wade in the cold water to the head of the pony, and after much urging he finally led it across. During the whole of this time, the other Indians were enjoying the scene to the full, laughing and poking fun at the chief, all of which he seemed to take in perfect good nature.

I do not remember to have ever seen but one real old Indian. While some Sioux were encamped where the R. I. stock yards are now situated there was with them an extremely old Indian. He was quite feeble and nearly blind, and seemed to have much difficulty in breathing. His nostrils seemed to close, and instead of silver tubes thru which to breathe, he was provided with a couple of reeds of some kind. They said he was about 90 years old, and he certainly looked it. He was fed and cared for by his relatives.

On nearly all times while the Indians were encamped near Waverly, the young Indian lads would make a business of shooting arrows at pennies (the kind then in use being about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar). The pennies would be placed on edge and the lads would shoot from a distance of about 12 or 15 feet. When they hit the penny it was theirs. They were quite expert at the game and seldom missed. They often gathered in quite a sum of the "coin of the realm." This pleased them, and the crowd was quite interested in their prowess.

The school boys frequently visited the camps, desiring to view the Indians' mode of living. It amused them to see a pappoose fastened to a board and carried on the back of a squaw, or, when resting, stood up against the side of a tree, out of the wind, and, if possible, on the sunny side.

Also, the boys desired to talk to the Indians about their hunting and fishing trips, in which they seemed to take great interest. Their different styles of tents, the way they were put up, and the material of which they were made were also of considerable interest to them. At one time the Winnebagos, with Bradford as chief, were encamped about where the beet sugar factory is now located. It was in the summer time and one fine afternoon after school several boys, including Will and Clarence Tyrrell, Albert Taber, John Lawrence, and, I believe, Harry Hazlett, and led by the writer, paid the Indians a visit. On coming to the camp, they inquired in which of the tents Bradford could be found. When told, led by the writer, they marched single file to the tent and finding neither door bell nor any place on which to knock, they raised the curtain which answered the purpose of a door, and, without further ceremony, walked in, much to the surprise of a squaw, who was baking wheat pancakes on an iron griddle suspended above the fire by three chains from the center of a tripod made of sticks. The cakes looked as fine as any the writer ever saw, and she was turning them with a butcher knife. Either from being startled, or for the purpose of having some fun with the boys, she raised the knife and circled it about the head of the leader, who was so badly frightened that, as the saying goes, he "stood rooted to the spot". The other boys at one bound flew the tent, to the great enjoyment of Bradford and the rest of his household. When Bradford could control his laughter enough, he shouted to the boys to come in. It took some urging, however, to induce them to accept the invitation. It has always been an open question with the boys whether it was early piety or that scare that caused me to lose the hair from the top of my head.

SOME OF THE "FIRST THINGS" IN BREMER COUNTY

One can scarcely realize the great, the wonderful change that has taken place in this county in the short space of 73 years, since the first white settler came here. There are people now living in this

county who have been here continuously and who have been thru the most of and helped to make it. Picture in your mind, if you can, a country of rolling prairie in which there are numerous groves, some of considerable extent, and across which flow rivers whose shores are lined with timber of both hard and soft woods, and across which also run several creeks, lined in some places with timber—a country whose surface in summer is covered with wild grass, growing in most places high and thick enough to yield immense quantities of hay, were there anyone to cut it, and pastures for thousands of head of stock; among this grass grow wild flowers of many kinds, and in so great profusion that in some places it looks like a mammoth flower garden. A country whose silence is broken only by the roar of the storm, the chirping of the birds, the occasional crack of the huntsman's rifle, the howling of prairie wolves and the infrequent shout of an Indian; a country whose rank vegetation in summer shows the abundant fertility of the soil, and in the winter season whose surface covered with snow, and added to this is the deep silence, except when broken by the sound of the wind as it whirls the snow about in great blizzards, making a scene of great desolation.

If you can fix this in your mind, you will have a good picture of Bremer county prior to the year 1845, and in many respects the picture will be that of all this part of Iowa before the coming of the white settlers!

Now look about you, and see the good farms, with fine houses and big barns, corn cribs, machine sheds, windmills, and other improvements; the lively, enterprising towns dotted here and there; the surface crossed, as before, by rivers and creeks not quite so large as in the first case, to be sure, but still here, and in addition to this, there are several railroads, telegraph and many telephone lines, connecting the county with near and distant places; the whole country teeming with life and the sounds of industry. Note the herds that are consuming the vegetation that is now grown where before the vegetation was wasted. No longer desolation and silence reign, but the whole country is filled with sounds of life and the hum of industry. When you have viewed the two pictures you will have measured the distance that has been traveled in the short time before mentioned and I believe that you will agree with me that the change has not only been very great, but it has been truly marvelous.

With this introduction we will now take up some of the doings, events, happenings and "first things" not previously mentioned and possibly enlarge on some and re-arrange others that have been told. Many of these have been obtained from works published at different times, and as recent as 1883. The dates are taken from these publications and as they were either taken from the records or were furnished by the early settlers of the different townships, they are presumed to be correct.

As my people came to Waverly April 28, 1855, at which time I was about 7½ years of age, and as I have lived in or near Waverly continuously since, I am familiar with most that has happened since that date.

The first settlement in Bremer county was made in what is now Jefferson township.

The first white settler was Charles McCaffree, who made a claim to and located upon what is now Section 34, Township 91, Range 13. During the first year of his residence he broke about 50 acres and grew considerable sod corn. Soon after McCaffree, came Jerry O'Connor. He took a claim and broke about 5 acres, but remained only one season. Next came Jacob Beeler and Andrew Sample. Beeler did not remain long and Sample moved to Chickasaw county in 1851 and became part owner in the town-site of Nashua.

In the spring of 1846 a party came from Marion county, Indiana, consisting of J. H. Messinger and family, Geo. Tibbetts and family, T. Fisher and P. Miller.

During the spring of 1847 several others were added to the little colony that settled in or near the "Big Woods" of Jefferson township. These were followed by others making settlements in different parts of the county, some of whom we will mention later on in connection with the township in which they settled.

All who took claims and settled within the county prior to the government survey were termed "squatters". The county was surveyed into townships during 1847, by John Ball, who later became a resident of it. During the year 1848, Township 91, Range 31 was divided into sections by a man by the name of Berry. A little later the whole county was sectionized, and in about 1851 the land came into the market. In a short time it was all taken up except the school sections and what was known as "Swamp Land". Much of it was bought by those who held it for speculation. Trading claims and town lots at an advanced price was one of the methods used to boost the price of them, some of these being traded "unsight and unseen" as they called it. Trading back and forth between the same parties, each time at an advanced price, and these prices were quoted as showing the rapid advance in values. The holding of the land by speculators and the low taxing of these lands did much to retard the early development of the county. In regard to this more will be learned further on.

In 1850 the filing of the claims of the sections allowed for school fund purposes was allowed by the government. In 1851 the filing of claims by several of the early settlers was allowed.

The first marriage among the young white settlers of the colony was that of Isaac McCaffree to Rebecca Beeler, in the year 1847. They went to Linn county to have the ceremony performed. On their way they encamped at Spring Creek, in Blackhawk county, and were snowbound five days and nights. But, nothing daunted, they continued on their way after the storm, and the ceremony was performed, tho a few days later than they had planned.

Charles McCaffree and Cynthia Messinger were the contracting parties in the second marriage. They went to Independence, Buchanan county, to have the ceremony performed.

The first white child born in the county was Zachary T. Messinger, son of E. J. and Catharine Messinger, January 15, 1848. He

was a great favorite with the Indians. They wished to keep him as their own, and it was with difficulty that they were prevented from so doing.

The first death in the county was that of of Mrs. Fee, mother of Joseph and James Fee. Her remains were taken to Linn county for burial. The second death and the first burial in the county was an infant son of Isaac and Rebecca McCaffree. The child was buried on the farm later owned by Matthew Farrington.

The first person naturalized in the county was William Gould, who, on the 29th of June, 1854, renounced all allegiance to Great Britain before Judge T. S. Wilson.

The first sermon preached in the county was by Rev. Mr. Collins, a Methodist minister, in the winter of 1850, at the home of E. J. Messinger, in Jefferson township. The second minister to visit the county was the Rev. Mr. Vail, who was also a Methodist.

The first frame house built in the county was erected in 1852, for a Methodist parsonage, on the farm of William Payne, which was located just on the northeast edge of Janesville.

The first marriage license issued in the county was by Judge Jeremiah Ferris, and was given to Jonas Mishler and Sarah Michael. It was dated August 20, 1853.

The first deed upon record was dated October 4, 1853, and was given by John Barrack and wife, Jane, to Frank Coddington, James M. and E. E. Moss. The acknowledgment was taken by John M. Bennett, a justice of the peace.

The total amount of the first tax (levied in 1853) was \$653.52. The next year it amounted to \$1,194.75. The total amount of tax, for all purposes, to be collected this year (1918) is \$362,511.42. This shows quite an enormous increase in the value of the property in the county and, perhaps, a somewhat higher rate of taxation.

The first store opened in Bremer county was by John H. Winter and Ashbury Leverich, at Janesville.

The first probate proceedings of record in the county related to the appointment of S. F. Shepard as administrator of the estate of James McRoberts, and bore the date of Nov. 19, 1852.

The first house in the county (a log one) was erected by Jacob Beeler in the fall of 1845, in Jefferson township.

Janesville was the first town laid out in the county, and the plat was the first filed for record, on July 22, 1854.

The first school in the county was taught by Richard Miles, during the winter of 1852—53, in a log hut in Jefferson township. The hut belonged to John Clark.

The first postoffice in the county was established in 1850, and was intended to be called "Neutral," but by a mistake in spelling the name in the application, it became "Nautrille". J. H. Messinger was the first postmaster. The mail came by way of Cedar Falls.

The first chattel mortgage an record in the county was given by John Miles to Joel Sumner on October 15, 1853.

The first real estate mortgage bears the date of March 20, 1856, and was given by Philander and Cornelia Olmstead to Wm. McHenry.

The first grand jury in the county was composed of the following persons: T. J. Sewell, J. Queen, James Michael, Jacob Bevard, Lafayette Sturdevant, Ira Earl, John S. Jenkins, Geo. K. Baskins, Culver Tuttle, Chandler Eveland, William Powell, Claudius Albee, Alexis Jackson, James Null and William Baskins. The first petit jurors were: J. D. Jackson, William Edgington, Enos Lewis, Geo. Kerr, Wm. Westervelt, Samuel Jennings, Washington Thorp, W. P. Harmon, George Cagley, Nathan Payton, John Pattee, Elijah Kendall and Loren Rima.

In 1850, as has previously been stated, the Indian reservation was purchased by the U. S. government. The same year the territory, now Bremer county, was attached to Fayette county for civil and judicial purposes, but as there was little, if any, intercourse between the two counties and no road was broken connecting the settlements of these counties, the relations were soon dissolved, and Bremer county was attached to Buchanan county for the above named purposes.

Preparations were made for a township organization, and the entire county was made a civil township. On the 29th day of April, 1851, the first election in the county was held at the house of John H. Messinger in Jefferson township. The judges of this election were John Miles, Geo. Tibbetts and E. J. Messinger, and the clerks were H. A. Miles and Aaron Dow. The officers elected were: Israel Trumbo and Chas. N. Martin, justices of the peace; H. A. Miles and J. H. Martin, constables; Geo. Tibbetts, John Clark and J. H. Messinger, trustees; E. J. Messinger, treasurer; Aaron Dow, town clerk. A total of 25 votes were polled.

In April, 1853, the second election was held, at which 68 votes were polled.

In May of this year, J. W. Wood, John T. Barrack and O. H. P. Russell, commissioners for the location of the county seat, gave their decision in favor of Waverly, and in August the organization of Bremer county was made permanent by the election of county officers. The election was held at the house of Frederick Cretzmeyer. There were only 80 votes polled, and the following officers were elected: County judge, Jeremiah Farris; sheriff, Austin Ferris; treasurer and recorder, John Hunter; clerk of courts, Heman A. Miles; school fund commissioner, John H. Martin; surveyor, Israel Trumbo.

Altho Iowa was admitted into the Union December 28, 1845, it was not until April 3, 1854, that the people of Bremer county had an opportunity to vote at a state election.

At this time all the property in the county listed for taxation amounted to only \$43,168. The first court house in Bremer county, was a little frame building twenty by thirty feet in size, and one story high, and located on the southeast corner of the block just north of the present court house. It was erected in 1854 by Richard Miles for \$147.50. Mr. Miles was allowed the further sum of \$1.25 for clearing the ground and furnishing the seats for the court room. The first jail was built about 25 feet west of the then court house. It was about 16 or 18 feet square, and was built of 2-inch hard wood plank, doubled and driven full of spike nails. It

had a couple of iron rod grated windows well toward the top on opposite sides, and an iron grate in the door, which opened and thru which the prisoners received their meals. It was built in 1855 by J. W. Wood, and cost \$1194. In this jail at one time were kept two men who had been arrested on suspicion of having stolen the county school funds from John H. Martin, who was at that time the county school fund commissioner. The name of one of the men was Shippy, the name of the other I have forgotten. It was said of Shippy that he was exceedingly strong in his jaws and that in a store at Janesville he had taken between his jaws a 100-pound keg of nails, by the end of the staves and lifted it up and threw it over his head. He was also a pretty good singer and frequently entertained the school children who attended school in the, at that time, new stone school house, situated on the next block east of the jail. One morning, a few days before their trial was to have been had, the children on their way to school noticed that the door of the jail stood wide open and on investigation saw that the jail was empty, and on the door jam was written:

"Farewell, John Martin, and all your trash,
We're gone, that's sartin, with all your cash."

Quite an extended search was made to capture the parties, but if they were found, they were never returned.

On another occasion a man, who was put in jail for some offense against the local government, sought to obtain his freedom by setting fire to the inside of the building. Soon the smoke suffocated him and he cried out for help, but when help came he was told to put out the fire or roast. He soon became quite busy, and it was not long before the fire was extinguished.

On the 25th day of August, 1855, the county court made an order, as follows:

"Ordered by the County Court that Michael Currier, of Jackson township, Bremer county, Iowa, be and is hereby appointed county agent to sell intoxicating liquors for medical, mechanical and sacramental purposes, and for no other purpose, from the 25th of August, 1855, till the first of May, 1856, and that said Currier give bond in the sum of one thousand dollars, and to purchase liquors to the amount of \$211.31."

Jonathan N. Fowler, of LeRoy township, was also made county agent for the same purpose, and was required to give bond in the same amount. He was permitted to purchase liquor to the amount of \$69.66. It would appear from the foregoing that snakes must have been more numerous along the Cedar river than along the Wapsie, tho it was generally thought the opposite was the case. Whiskey being the favorite remedy in those days for snake bite, and its use for medical purposes being allowed, snake bites were frequent. I have heard that there were times when occasionally a settler had "snakes in his boots."

The county court went out of existence by an act of the state legislature passed the winter of 1859—60. The same act created a

Board of Supervisors, which took over nearly all the powers formerly vested in the county court. The first meeting of the board was held at the office of the county auditor on January 1, 1861. It was composed of one member from each township, as follows:

B. M. Reeves, Washington; Barnes Thompson, Polk; T. V. Axtell, Jackson; David Marquis, Jefferson; N. M. Smith, Warren; John Acken, Douglas; E. J. Walling, Frederika; P. H. Wilson, Le Roy; Otis Clark, Fremont; William Matthias, Maxfield; Ichabod Richmond, Franklin; L. J. Curtis, Dayton; L. M. Sholes, Sumner; R. J. Stephenson, La Fayette. L. J. Curtis was elected chairman.

At this time Waverly was still a part of Washington township. On the 3d of April, 1861, the board passed the following:

Resolved, That hereafter no bills presented for tobacco furnished paupers will be allowed by this board.

In 1860 the proposition of purchasing land for a poor farm, at a cost not to exceed \$5000, was submitted to the voters at the fall election and was carried by a vote of 944 in favor and 261 against.

The plats of the several towns of Bremer county were filed for record upon the following dates:

Janesville, the first was filed on July 22, 1854; the second on January 20, 1857.

Waverly, the original plat was filed April 14, 1855. The last of several subsequent additions was filed June 28, 1916.

Horton was filed on December 6, 1856.

Jefferson City, or Denver, was filed March 27, 1856.

Tripoli was filed on December 27, 1865.

Deanville was filed June 16, and Plainfield on June 18, 1868.

Sumner was filed on July 1, 1873.

Frederika was filed on July 29, 1873.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT AND ORGANIZATION OF THE VARIOUS TOWNSHIPS

DAYTON TOWNSHIP

In the spring of 1854, Isaac Brandt, John Brooks and Mr. Alshouse located on the east side of the Wapsie river. During the summer and fall several other families made settlement, among whom were Isaac Guard, Simeon Peck and his two sons, W. M. and A. S. Peck. William Gibbs and George Watts also came this year.

Among those who settled in 1854 were John Develin, Jacob Glattly, Albert McCumber, John Zimmerman, John Koch, Theodore Link, John Hill, Ira Allen, H. N. Miller, A. D. Allen and W. V. Curtis.

The township was organized on the 10th of February, 1858, and the first election was held at the house of Wm. Peck, in April, 1858. The judges of the election were Elijah Grinnell, Albert McCumber and John Williamson. The clerks were Wm. Peck and John Zimmerman. The officers elected were W. M. Peck, Albert McCumber, J. J.

Williamson, trustees; Lyman J. Curtis, clerk; James H. Yerton and Lyman J. Curtis, justices of the peace; A. S. Peck and W. V. Curtis, constables.

The first white child born in the township was Ida Frances Gibbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs.

The first death was that of Simeon Peck, who died on April 15, 1855, aged 61 years, 6 months and 14 days. He was buried in Grove Hill cemetery, in Franklin township. This was the first burial in this cemetery.

The first couple married in the township was V. B. Grinnell to Amanda Harwood, in November, 1858.

The first school taught in the township was in the summer of 1858, in a log house owned by John Brook. Maggie Harwood was the teacher. The first school house was built on Section 28, by L. J. Curtis. The second was built on Section 20.

The first religious services were held in the school house on Section 28. They were conducted by Elder Reardon, a Baptist minister.

In 1866 Robert H. Davis opened a small store on Section 15. He remained in business about two years. E. M. Cass then started a small store which he operated four years.

In 1874 Louis Mohlis opened a store and shoe repairing shop on Section 32, and in 1877 W. W. Bezold opened a store on section 32.

A grist mill was erected on the east side of the Wapsie on Section 32, by Cornelius Miller in 1876. Around this mill there collected a number of houses, and the place was nicknamed "Smoke-town".

A postoffice named Bremer, was established in 1858, with J. H. Yerton as postmaster.

In 1878 August Meier started a blacksmith shop near the Mohlis store and did a good business.

Dayton postoffice was established in 1861, with Burrell Rood as postmaster. He kept the office at his residence, on Section 9. In 1880 it was discontinued.

DOUGLAS TOWNSHIP

Albert Stannard was the first person to settle in this township. He came with two minor children, a son 16 years of age, and a daughter 14, from Battle Creek, Mich., in the fall of 1852. They wintered in a rude hut, constructed of logs and poles, on the banks of the Wapsie. He was followed the next summer by Crawford Thoroughman and his son-in-law, Andy Gules.

John Mitchel, John Acken, Asa Adams, J. H. Eldredge, Wm. Blackwell and Simon George settled in the township in 1852.

Then followed in rapid succession Benjamin and Frank Goodwin, Thomas Lashbrook, R. G. McDonald, Malcomb Fisher, Robert and John McCracken, James Leamon, Timothy Clary, Chauncey Brooks, G. T. Sayles and a few others.

Douglas township was organized June 22, 1858, and the first election was held at the house of Asa Adams, June 28th of the same year. John Acken, J. P. Goodwin and Albert Stannard were the judges; G. T. Sayles and L. F. Goodwin were the clerks of election. The following were elected to office: A. Stannard, N. A. Sanford and Simon George, trustees; L. F. Goodwin, clerk; G. F. Sayles and Wm. Blackwell, justices of the peace; Thomas Lashbrook, constable. Whole number of votes cast, 23.

The first death was that of Stephen Goodwin, a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Goodwin. He was a boy ten years of age. Seventeen days after coming to the township, and while still living in their wagons, he attempted to get a rifle from a wagon to shoot some chickens. In drawing the gun from the wagon, muzzle toward him, the gun was discharged, the ball entering his chest. Death was almost instantaneous.

The first marriage was that of Orville McGinnis to Mary Goodwin, October 4, 1854.

The first birth was that of Walter Goodwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Goodwin, in March, 1857.

The first postoffice was established on Section 25, in January, 1880: Phillips Burgess was the postmaster. In 1879-80 he opened a small store in connection with the postoffice. He continued in business but a short time. Mrs. A. E. Walker opened a store on Section 8, with a stock of general merchandise in 1880. She had a good trade. The place was called "Dickie", for her husband, Richard.

Helen A. Acken taught the first term of school in a log house on Section 12.

The first religious services were conducted by Mr. Newell, a Free-Will Baptist, in the spring of 1856, at the Acken school house on Section 12. In June, 1857, Elder Terry, a regular Baptist minister, began to hold meetings at the residence of J. P. Goodwin. The first regular religious organization was effected by the St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church, which was organized in 1872, with Rev. August Engelke as minister, and had a membership of 32 persons. The next was that of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church, organized in 1874 by Rev. G. Hageman. The first pastor was Rev. David Kutz, who remained until 1880.

FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP

Melton Harrington was the earliest settler in this township. He selected a home on Section 3, in the spring of 1854.

Ichabod Richmond and family arrived May 21, 1854, and located on Section 15. Noah Porter came about the same time and located on Section 16. In July, H. Bockholt located on Section 26, and H. Kniffkin located on Section 33. John McRae came on October 7, of the same year, and settled on Section 10. Jas. D. Sankey, S. K. Davis and W. H. Taylor also located in the township in the fall of 1854. Among those who arrived in 1855 were W. F. and N. C. Peck, Albert Dexter, Frank Evert and Clarence Bacon. During the years 1856

and 1857 quite a number arrived, who were prominent in township affairs.

Franklin township was organized September 6, 1858. The first election was held at the house of Ichabod Richmond, April 2, 1855. The number of votes cast was 17, and the officers elected were: Ormel Clark, clerk; J. F. Barker, W. H. Taylor and John McRae, trustees; Ichabod Richmond and Simeon Peck, justices; Noah Porter and W. M. Peck, constables.

The first house was built by Melton Herrington in the spring of 1854 and was built of logs.

The first marriage was that of Henry White, of Buchanan county, Iowa, to Elizabeth Richmond, in 1856, her father performing the ceremony.

The first white child born in the township was Frank McRae.

The first death was that of Mary Ellen Kerr, September 27, 1854, and eight days afterward her father, Francis Kerr, was numbered with the dead.

The first school was taught by the Widow Greeley in the winter of 1855, in the house of I. Richmond, and the second school was taught in the house of J. M. Ellis, in the winter of 1856, by Mrs. J. M. Ellis.

The first school house was built during the fall of 1857. It was a log house 16x20 feet in size. The bench seats were made of inverted slabs with wooden pins for legs.

The first religious service was held in the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Kerr, by Rev. Mr. Abbott.

The first postoffice was established on Section 22, at the home of Thomas Fortner. It was called Eagle, and Thomas Fortner was the postmaster. The next was Grove Hill, established in the summer of 1859. Francis Harwood was the postmaster.

A blacksmith shop was opened in 1856, Geo. Haun being the proprietor. In 1882 a store was opened by Howard Page, which did a good business during its existence.

The first flowing well in the county was struck on the farm of B. F. Call, on the southwest corner of Section 15. Other flowing wells were struck later, and there are now quite a number in this and other townships along the Wapsie Valley.

FREDERIKA TOWNSHIP

Bremer county and Frederika township were named for Frederika Bremer, a popular Swedish novelist.

Levi Rima, with his family and Loren Rima, his father, were the first settlers in this township. They came on September 20, 1852, and located on Section 20. Loren Rima returned to Illinois in the spring of 1853, and came back in the fall, bringing with him two other sons, Aerial and Gideon, and a daughter, Lucinda. George Rima, a brother of Loren, W. R. Bostwick, M. F. Gillett, Crawford Thoroughman, Andrew Gillilan, Albert Walling and sisters and their mother; and Jeremiah Turk all came in the summer or the fall of 1853.

Eli Eisenhart and Asa T. Martin, with their families, came from Illinois and settled in this township in 1855. Thomas Lashbrook, John Ronco and E. J. Walling settled here in 1856.

The first death was that of a child of a Mr. Robinson, who lived on what is now Section 3, Fremont township, but which was then a part of Frederika township. The child died in November, 1853.

The first birth was a child to Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Turk, who lived on Section 32.

The first marriage was that of M. F. Gillett and Olivia Walling, March 20, 1855.

The first sermon preached in the township was at the house of W. R. Bostwick, by the Rev. Father Jenkins, in April, 1854.

The first school was taught by D. P. Walling in his own house on Section 19, the winter of 1855-56. The first school house was commenced in the summer of 1858, on Section 19, and was occupied for school purposes the following winter, Porter Bement being teacher.

The first sawmill was built by Loren Rima, in the now town of Frederika. It was operated by water power and was in running order in June, 1855. In 1857 John Henry bought some land in Section 7. He there built a gristmill in connection with the Rima sawmill.

The first cluster of houses in the township was called Martinsburg, after A. T. Martin, who located it. Its name was changed to Tripoli when a postoffice was located there. A. T. Martin was the first postmaster. A steam power sawmill was built there by A. T. Martin in the fall of 1855.

The first house, a log one, was built by L. C. Rima, on Section 18, in 1852. The first frame one was built by A. T. Martin, at Tripoli, in 1855.

The township was organized on the 22nd of May, 1858, but the first election was held at the house of W. R. Bostwick, in April, 1854. The following were elected to office: M. F. Gillett, clerk; W. R. Bostwick, Loren Rima and Crawford Thomas, trustees; L. C. Rima, justice; Aerial Rima, constable.

The town of Martinsburg was platted by H. S. Hoover and recorded December 27, 1865.

The town of Frederika was surveyed May 6, 1868, but the plat was not filed until 1873.

The town of Frederika was called at first Henrytown, or Henry's Mills, for the gristmill located there. The mill did a large business for a long time and was widely known for the excellency of its service. Frederika is a hustling little town containing several stores, a bank, a creamery and other business enterprises. The business men look after the needs of the fine farming community by which it is surrounded. There is a good church and a pretty good school building. The people take a deep interest in school and religious affairs. Any enterprise that is undertaken by the people of Frederika and vicinity is sure to be a success.

FREMONT TOWNSHIP

During the year 1853 five persons came to this township, but they only stayed until the next year, hence they cannot be called settlers.

George Kimball made a claim to 240 acres on Sections 10, 11, 12 and 13 in November, 1853, and settled thereon in 1854. R. D. Titcomb made a claim on Sections 10 and 11, and settled there in 1854. Henry and Hiram Lester and John Franklin came also in 1854, while Matthias Wuest, Mr. Satterlee and Mr. Adkins came in 1855. John Chapin and Robert Jolly came in 1856.

The first religious services were held at the house of John Franklin, Sr., on Section 14, by Rev. Mr. Smith, a Methodist divine, in the fall of 1867.

St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church was the first church built in the township. It was built on Section 31, in April, 1868.

The first school was taught in a log house built for school purposes, on Section 22. Mr. Owen was the teacher of the first school, in the winter of 1858-9.

The first death was a child of John Hall and wife, Oct. 11, 1859.

The first birth was a daughter to Matthias Wuest and wife, on August 25, 1855.

The first marriage ceremony was performed September 22, 1857, the parties being C. C. Cook and Ellen M. White.

The township was organized in 1856. The first election was held at the house of John Hale July 21, 1856. The following were elected: Sidney Booth, clerk; Henry and Hiram Lester and E. B. White, trustees; R. D. Titcomb, justice; John Closson, constable. Twenty-two votes were cast.

The town of Tripoli was named by H. J. Wynhoff in honor of the old town of the same name in Frederika township.

The first house was built by B. Kingsbury; the next by Marvin Trowbridge, the first blacksmith, who commenced business in 1873.

The first wagon shop was that of Otto & Mueller.

The postoffice was moved here from Old Tripoli in 1880, and H. J. Wynhoff was the first postmaster.

Tripoli school district was organized as an independent district in the spring of 1882. The first principal of the school was Professor Moore; the first primary teacher was Miss Effie Cook.

St. Peter's German Evangelical church was built in 1881. The first pastor was Rev. Paul Foerster. The Baptist church was built in 1881, the first minister being Rev. R. Norton.

The first store was started in 1873 by H. J. Wynhoff & Co. In 1875 Mr. Wynhoff took over the whole business, and in June, 1880, G. B. Cook became a partner, and in the same year Christoph Wilharm started a wagon and blacksmith shop south of the railroad track. Aug. Bockhaus built the Tripoli House in the spring of 1880.

Otto & Mueller started their wagon and blacksmith shop the same year. M. M. Watkins commenced the sale of lumber in 1880.

Tripoli is now the third town in size in Bremer county. Its business men are enterprising and courteous, always looking after any-

thing that will add to the advantage of its citizens. The business buildings compare favorably with any town of its size elsewhere. The residences are modern, and many of them are equipped with most of the modern improvements.

All lines of business are quite well represented. There is here located a good creamery doing a large business, also a good canning plant. Tripoli has two banks, a weekly newspaper, a water system and an electric light plant, a fine school building and three churches.

It is surrounded by a farming community of progressive people. It is situated on a branch of the C. G. W. railroad, and about one mile from the Wapsipinnicon river.

JACKSON TOWNSHIP

The early history of this township is identical with the early history of the county.

Ezra G. Allen was the first settler in the township. He settled on Section 25 in 1848.

John T. Barrack came with his family in 1849, and was the founder of Janesville, which was named for his wife, Jane.

Issac McCaffree was also a settler in 1849, settling on Section 32.

Aaron Moore, J. H. McRoberts, Rev. S. W. Ingham and Rev. S. T. Vail came the same year.

Wm. Payne came in 1850 and settled on Section 36.

During 1851, J. H. Martin, Samuel Jennings, Simeon F. Shepard, Wm. McHenry and Abraham Meyers arrived.

The first township election was held in April, 1854, at which 61 votes were cast. The following were elected to office: Trustees, T. J. Sewell, James Boyd, and James Queen; clerk, E. W. Fish; justices, Matthew Rowen and R. J. Ellsworth; constables, P. B. King and W. B. Hamilton.

The first school—a subscription one—taught in the township was at Janesville, by Rev. S. T. Vail. The first regular school was taught by Dr. Loveland in a log house on Section 35.

The first religious service was held at the house of Wm. Payne by Rev. S. T. Vail, in the fall of 1850.

The first marriage united Joseph Thornbrey and Miss Kane.

The first child born was a son to John and Jane Barrack, January 2, 1853.

The first postoffice was established at Janesville, in 1853. John Hunter was postmaster.

The township, as it is at present constituted, was organized on March 9, 1857.

Janesville is the only town in the township, and is the oldest in the county.

The first settler, as said before, was John T. Barrack.

The first store was opened by Hunter & Leverich. The next was soon after established by Keeler & Olmstead.

The first Baptist church was organized April 17, 1858, and their church building was erected in 1867.

The Presbyterian church was organized December 17, 1853, at the residence of Matthew Rowen. During the summer the church edifice was erected.

Janesville circuit of the M. E. church was organized in 1854. The church building was completed in February, 1866.

The plat of Janesville was filed July 22, 1854.

John T. Barrack erected a sawmill here, and afterward there was built a grist mill, but at present both they and the dam across the river are things of the past.

The town of Janesville, while not large, has a fine lot of hustling citizens and is sustained by some of the most enterprising farmers in Bremer county. The stores are well stocked with those things most needed by its trade. There are a bank, a newspaper and a creamery doing a fair amount of business, and the only cheese factory in the county. This factory is owned by the Fowler Brothers, of Waterloo. It produces a cheese of excellent quality, which finds a ready market. The town has a consolidated school, which meets the approval of its patrons. Most lines of business are represented.

Janesville is on the Illinois Central railroad, and is situated on the Cedar river.

JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP

Much of the early history of this township has been given in the early history of the county, as it was here that the first settlement was made. At the time of the first settlement, about one-half of the township was covered with timber, but at this time, 1918, much of it has been cut and the land is now being cultivated or used for pasture.

An account of the early settlers and early happenings has already been given in the early history of the county.

In this township there was organized, in an early day, a society to protect the claims of early settlers against "land sharks" and claim jumpers. This did much good in helping the actual settlers in protecting their claims. It remained in existence until the county was organized.

The first election was held at the house of James Bevard, April, 1855, and there were 64 votes cast. The following persons were elected to office: Trustees, Wm. Kern and E. J. Messinger; clerk, G. A. Michael; justices, Humphrey Hogan and W. P. Harris; constables, H. B. Boyd and W. Hogan.

The township of Jefferson was organized March 17, 1858. It has but one town, that of Denver.

Denver—then Jefferson City—was laid out by Jeremiah Farris. The surveying and platting were done by Matthew Farrington. The plat was filed for record March 20, 1856.

During the year 1856 a blacksmith shop was opened by John B. Ackerson. Powell & Farris opened a general store. Sabin Cooper opened a cabinet shop. J. Schukar engaged in wagon making and David Biggs began shoe making.

A postoffice called Breckenridge was established in 1856 or 1857, Alexander Flemming being the first postmaster. About 1863 the present name, Denver, was given to the postoffice, and later to the town.

Denver has grown to be a fine, thriving town, being up-to-date and chuck full of enterprising people. All lines of business are represented. It has good schools and two good churches. Besides its stores and shops it has one bank, a steam sawmill, a creamery, a water works system and an electric light plant. It is surrounded by some of the best farm lands in Iowa, which are also among the best improved.

Denver has good railroad connections, by way of either Waverly or Waterloo, being on the W. C. F. & N. electric railway.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP

The first settler in Lafayette township was James Collier, who settled, in 1850, on the northwest quarter of Section 15, where he opened a blacksmith shop.

Soon after, J. G. Baker settled on Section 26.

The next year James Estep, W. O. Edgington, John Buckmaster, Daniel Walters, Isaac Null, Samuel Armstrong and Wm. Wilsey made settlement.

In 1852 Wm. Powell, Samuel Buleh, E. M. Wright, Nathan Peyton, Nathaniel Harris and his brother, and M. Sumner arrived and settled in this township.

Among those who came in 1853 were Mason Eveland (who first located in Jackson township in 1851), W. A. Pelton, John Miles, Horace Wallace, John Worthington, Edward Tyrrell, Wm. Vandiver, Justis Hall, Joshua Stufflebeam and Albert Goforth.

The first election held in this township, as at present organized, was held December 25, 1858. The following officers were elected: Clerk, W. V. Lucas; trustees, Thomas Dudgeon, Samuel Lease and Wm. Vandiver; justices, W. W. Norris and L. B. Ostrander; constables, N. A. Miller and Henry Eveland. The township had been organized December 6, 1858.

The first religious service was held at the house of Mason Eveland in the spring of 1853, by Rev. Andrew Goforth, a Baptist minister.

The first marriage was that of Aerial Rima to Miss Harriett Freeman.

The first birth was a son to E. M. Wright and wife, in 1852. The child died in about three months, and this was the first death in the township.

The first church organization was effected by the Rev. James Skillen, in about 1856.

The first postoffice was established at Spring Lake, on Section 17, in 1857, with Edward Fairhurst as postmaster.

A water power sawmill was built in the township in 1858, as already has been stated, and a steam sawmill was built in 1857. It was at first located on the west side of the river, where it remained

for about six months, when it was moved to the east side and located on Section 16.

There is no town in the township, and much of its early history already has been told.

LE ROY TOWNSHIP

This township was originally about one-half covered with timber, but the most of this has been cut away, giving place to fine farms, improved with good substantial buildings.

The first settlement was made by Patrick O'Day, in June, 1854. He located on Section 2. W. A. Moulton, Emmor Flood and Nelson Long located on Section 13.

In September, 1854, J. N. Fowle, Nathaniel Perry, D. C. Thompson, Stephen Parkhurst and John Parkhurst, and later in the fall Abram Watenpugh, Robert Brodie, A. S. Funston, Patrick Griffin, Isaac Gard, James Wilson, Peter H. Wilson, Adam Broadie, Joseph Carter and H. C. Moore settled in different parts of the township. John Bingham came in the spring of 1855, and E. Watenpugh came either the same year or in 1856.

The first marriage in that township was J. N. Fowle to Miss Nannie Page.

The first birth was a son to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Guard, in January, 1855. The second person born in the township was Hattie O'Day, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Day, in April, 1855.

The first death was that of Mrs. Isaac Guard, in January, 1855.

The first school taught in the township was by Mrs. Perkins, of Waverly, in District No. 1. The school closed suddenly at the end of the second week. The number of pupils in attendance was eight.

The first postoffice was Le Roy, and Daniel Hatch was the first postmaster.

The first sawmill was built by J. N. Fowle and others, and was in operation in 1855. Another sawmill was in operation soon afterward at "Pin Hook" and was built by Thomas and William Riley.

The first school house was built in 1856, on Section 13.

The first store was at Le Roy, the next two at "Pin Hook."

The first blacksmith shop was opened by Adam Broadie.

The first religious services were held at a school house on Section 13, by the Methodists.

St. Mary's Catholic church was established in 1869, on Section 13.

St. John's German Lutheran church was organized in 1875, and the society erected a building in 1879.

Bremer Center Class, United Brethren, was organized during the summer of 1857, by the Rev. B. Allen. It has had a quite wide influence for good.

Le Roy township was organized July 27, 1858.

Bremer Center was located on land belonging to W. A. Moulton, who caused the village to be platted in 1857. A store was opened by Mr. Pratt, but was soon closed. Another store was opened by Hatch & Sweet, who remained in business about two years.

The first election was held at the house of J. N. Fowle, April 22, 1855. The following officers were elected: Trustees, A. J. Parkhurst, A. Watenpaugh, and A. L. Stevenson; clerk, J. S. Parkhurst; justices, J. N. Fowle and J. N. Bemis; constables, J. N. Parkhurst and A. L. Stevenson.

Le Roy township is settled by a very good and enterprising class of farmers.

MAXFIELD TOWNSHIP.

Maxfield is a full congressional township, having 36 sections of land. Its inhabitants are all, or nearly all, of German birth or descent. With but few exceptions the early settlers were from Cook county, Illinois. They are thrifty and successful. The buildings are among the best, and much better than the average, in the state. The farms are well tilled and the stock is among the best.

Christian Wenthe was the first settler. He erected himself a log house on Section 18 in 1854. This was the first house in the township.

The same year John Griesse, Christopher Kehe, August Tegtmeier, Christian Engelbrecht, Henry Meier, Henry Reick, Henry Schumacher, Christian Nevermann, John Messerly and Mrs. Borchert located in this township.

Among others that located here in 1855 were Frederick and Conrad Oltrogge, Herman Raecker, J. W. and William Matthias. Others came in rapid succession, until the township was pretty well settled.

Politically this township was united to Jefferson and Franklin until, on September 6, 1858, it was organized into a separate township.

The first election was held at the house of John Griesse, in October, 1858. The whole number of votes cast was 53, and the officers elected were: Trustees, Martin Tombs, Charles Close and Herman Raecker; Clerk, D. F. Phillips; Assessor, J. P. Burgis; Justices, David Downs and John Moehling; Constables, William Beard and Christian Engelbrecht.

The first marriage was that of Fred Hagemann and Dorothea King, on April 11, 1857. The second was that of John Bruns to Elenore Grupe, June 10, 1859.

The first birth was that of Caroline Wenthe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wenthe, on June 9, 1855.

The first creamery was established in the spring of 1880, by Little and Huebner and the second in 1881, by Huebner and Seehase.

A postoffice was established in April, 1873, and named Maxfield. H. Baumteath was the first postmaster.

The first religious services for the early settlers was held in a building on Section 18, owned by John Moehling, and was conducted by Rev. N. Volkert. In the spring of 1857, St. John's German Evangelical Lutheran church erected a church building on Section 19, on 5 acres of land, donated by Charles Bruns.

The United Evangelical St. Paul's church was organized January 22, 1862. The church and parsonage combined was built during the

summer of 1863, and was dedicated October 25, by Rev. S. Hartmann, of Chicago. The first minister was Rev. G. Geckler.

St. Matthew's congregation, Evangelical Lutheran church, was organized by Rev. P. Bredow in 1878. The church and the parsonage were built in 1878. The first minister was Rev. L. Lobeck.

To Maxfield township belongs the honor of having the first regular church edifice and the first church bell in the county.

Readlyn—named for Mr. Read, who was a member of the townsite company—is the only town in Maxfield township and is a thriving little place. The town plat was filed November 2, 1903. Its business men are all progressive and the town has perhaps the most up-to-date improvements of any town of its age in the state. Its streets are well lighted, its buildings are good and it has waterworks, electric lights, a substantial bank, two churches, two machinery dealers, seven stores of different kinds, two lumber yards, two garages besides other shops and trades all being able to take care of the rich country by which it is surrounded.

POLK TOWNSHIP.

The first settlement made in this township was in 1851, by Allen Smith, Lloyd Smith, Stephen Jackson, Ezra Allen and their families on the east side of the Cedar river, on and near where the town of Horton is now located.

Alex Jackson came in 1851 and Gideon Phelps, John Tyler, J. J. Corlett and Joseph Smith came in 1853.

During 1854 the following arrived: Geo. Bawser, Geo. Richey, Chas. Woodcock, Wm. and Obed Gaines and Louis Wheeler.

Adin Terry, E. A. Granger and John K. Head came in 1855, and about the same time among other arrivals were: Nutting, Lane, Eldredge, Tape, Lease brothers and Cagley.

The first election was held at the home of Lloyd Smith in April, 1854. The following officers were elected: Trustees, John S. Tyler, Allen Smith and G. G. Phelps; Clerk, Addison Phelps; Justices, G. G. Phelps and S. D. Jackson; Constables, Lavinus Phelps and Spencer Jackson.

The township was organized December 6, 1858.

The first postoffice was established in 1854 and was called Polk. S. W. Jackson was the postmaster.

Horton postoffice was established in 1857 with Lyman Nutting as postmaster.

The first church organization was the Methodist and was formed in 1854.

The first frame school house was at Horton in 1859.

The first church building was that of the Free-Will Baptist, 1869, at Horton.

The first school taught in the township was in a log cabin in 1854; Mrs. Louisa Nutting, teacher. There were about 15 pupils in attendance.

A steam saw-mill was in running order at Horton in March, 1856.

Woodcock & Hopkins erected a saw-mill on the Cedar river on Section 6. They operated it three or four years, when it was abandoned.

A steam saw-mill was built by Silas Farr in 1855. It ran as a saw-mill for three or four years, after which it was remodeled for a grist-mill and distillery. It was finally sold and removed.

The first marriage was in 1853, Mr. Elliott and Miss Ellen Buckmaster being the contracting parties.

The first death was that of Thomas Hawkins in the spring of 1853.

The first birth was that of Mary E. Smith, daughter of Allen and Elizabeth Smith, on September 19, 1852. The second birth was a son to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Smith, in November, 1853.

Horton—this town is located on parts of Sections 26 and 27, and was platted in 1856 by C. A. Lease.

The first house built after the place was laid out was by Carlton Brown.

The first store was opened by Anson Nutting and about the same time a blacksmith shop was built by C. A. Lease and was operated by a Mr. Bower.

The first preaching in the place was by Elder David Terry, a regular Baptist, in 1857. Rev. Terry also performed the first marriage ceremony, which united the destinies of W. W. Gray and Miss Lucinda Nutting, in the summer of 1857.

The first death was an infant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Lease, and the first birth was a son to the same parties.

A creamery—among the first in the county—was in operation for some years, but was finally discontinued.

Horton still contains a number of residences, one of the largest general stores in the county, a graded school, one church, a blacksmith and repair shop, a garage, etc.

Plainfield is situated on the Iowa division of the Illinois Central railroad, and on part of Sections 29 and 30. The town was platted October 16, 1866.

Previous to the platting of the town site, Mr. Folks had built a frame building and put in a stock of goods. This was the first store in the town.

The first postoffice, which was named Polk, established in 1854, has previously been mentioned. It is said of this office that the first quarterly report showed receipts of 45 cents for postage stamps and there was unpaid postage on books, pamphlets, etc., to the amount of 27 cents, which shows the amount of business transacted in early days.

The first school in Plainfield was taught by H. M. Swan, a Methodist preacher.

Plainfield became an independent school district in 1872, and in 1881 a new school house was built which has since been enlarged. It is a credit to the town.

The Plainfield House, a frame structure, was the first hotel, and was kept by Geo. Ketchum.

Mr. Henry Flint was the first shoemaker to engage in business here.

A steam saw-mill was operated by Bement and Boorum and a good business was done until 1869, when the boiler exploded, causing so much damage that the project was abandoned.

Dr. H. Nichols was the first physician to locate here. This was in 1869.

E. F. Temple started a store here in 1873 and remained until the spring of 1877 when he sold both stock and store to E. J. Walker.

The first drug store was opened in 1870 by Warren Connor. He remained in business until 1870.

At different times two different attorneys sought to make a living here, but the citizens were too peaceful and they left for more turbulent towns.

Wm. Ryon built a blacksmith shop in 1876 and hired Peter Fisher to do the work.

Plainfield has grown to be a town of some little size. It has electric lights, two banks, two elevators, a good creamery and feed-mill, two churches, several stores, lumber yards, agricultural implement shops, restaurants, a hotel and a boarding house and other enterprises, all doing a fair amount of business. Its schools are good and its citizens are public spirited.

SUMNER TOWNSHIP.

The first settlement made in this township was by E. P. Bemis, J. N. Bemis and Allen Rowe in June, 1854. J. N. Bemis built the first house.

In the fall of the same year came Chas. Rowe and A. L. Stevenson and Rev. A. K. Moulton came in 1855.

In 1856 came Albert Rowe and in 1857 Geo. Wheaton, D. R. Hatch, Henry Lease, Jr., and Geo. H. French settled in the township. Sumner township did not settle up very rapidly for some time.

The first marriage was that of D. R. Hatch and Miss Mary A. Davis, April 15, 1858. This marriage was soon followed by that of Charles Sweet and Nancy Moulton.

The first birth was a child to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stevenson, which was born in May, 1855. It lived but a few weeks. This was the first death in the township.

The second death was that of Hattie, wife of Andrew Parkhurst; she died in October, 1856.

The first school taught was by Mary Ann Hart, in a little building used as a granary, on the premises of J. N. Bemis, in the fall of 1857.

The first schoolhouse was built in 1858, in what was afterward called Rowe Independent district.

The first religious services were held by Rev. A. K. Moulton, near Wilson's Grove.

The first postoffice was established at Wilson's Grove in 1855. J. N. Bemis was the postmaster.

The township was organized July 27, 1858, but the boundaries were afterward changed.

The first election was held at the house of Rev. A. K. Moulton, on August 16, 1858, where the following officers were elected: Trustees, H. E. Jaggar, Geo. H. French and L. M. Sholes; Clerk, H. W. Griffith; Justices, J. N. Bemis and J. N. Wilson; Constables, Charles Rowen and M. Baker.

Sumner—the town of Sumner—is near the northeast border of Bremer county and on the C. G. W. railroad. It is on the thru-line from Chicago to St. Paul and on the branch of the same road to Waverly, where it connects with the main line from Chicago to Omaha. The town plat was filed July 1, 1873. To the original plat there have been added several additions.

The first house built in Sumner was a residence by Chauncey Carpenter, in 1871. Mr. Parsons built the next one and Ebed Brooks built the third in 1872. A. S. Buls built the next one in 1873.

D. B. Hatch opened the first store in Sumner in 1873. The next store was opened by Brown & Ward. Green & Lovejoy erected a store building in 1874, and Stephen Todd put up the next business place in 1874. S. F. Cass came to Sumner township in 1866 and opened a store about four miles north of Sumner town. His trade became quite large and in 1867 there was a postoffice established there with Mr. Cass as postmaster. The place was called Cassville and there were a few other business enterprises started, but finally they all concluded to cast in their lot with the town of Sumner, and during the winter of 1875—76 all Cassville was moved to Sumner. This addition to Sumner nearly doubled its size and gave it quite a boom. The first railroad—then called the Dubuque and Dakota—reached Sumner in 1880, since which time the town has had a steady growth.

In the spring of 1876 Sumner became an independent school district, and a two-story frame school building was erected. Afterward a couple of additions were made. During the year 1901 the present fine brick building was erected. There is now a good graded school, with a full twelve-years' course of study.

The first newspaper was the Sumner Camera. The name was later changed to Sumner Gazette, which still continues to keep the citizens posted on current events.

Sumner now has a water works system, electric lights, three banks, several churches, many fine stores, handling different lines of trade, lumber yards, implement dealers, a creamery and other lines of business that go to make up a first-class town.

WARREN TOWNSHIP.

Warren township was originally a part of Washington township, from which it was taken in 1859 and erected into a separate township. Its surface consists of rolling prairie, crossed by several small creeks. At the time when it became a separate township it contained three good groves of fine timber, a little of which still remains. The soil is, for the most part, rich and deep and is fairly well cultivated by a thrifty class of people.

The earliest settlements were made in 1853, by N. M. Smith, William Ogden, Israel Trumbo, Enos Lewis, Samuel Lewis and Claudius Albee. Others came later, but the township did not settle up very rapidly until about 1864.

The first election in this township was held on February 28, 1858, at the home of N. M. Smith. The following were appointed to hold said election: H. W. Perry, N. W. Perry and Horace Smith, judges; H. D. Perry and H. D. Smith, clerks. Those elected to office were: Trustees, W. B. Ingersoll, H. D. Perry and N. W. Perry; Clerk, H. W. Perry; Justices, N. W. Perry and Horace Smith; Constables, E. N. Perry and O. Skillen.

The first school was taught on Section 34, by Miss Lottie Crawford, during the winter of 1854—55, in a log schoolhouse built by the neighborhood, and Miss Jessie Berry taught school in the same house during the summer of 1855.

The first marriage was that of George Michael to Miss Elizabeth Trumbo, at the residence of Israel Trumbo, on Section 34, by Squire Ellsworth, in 1854.

The first death was a child of W. B. Ingersoll and wife.

The first birth was that of Abner Ogden, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. William Ogden, in 1854.

The first house was built by Israel Trumbo, on Section 34.

The first religious services were held in a school house on Section 27, by Rev. Sessions, a Methodist minister from Waverly, in 1858.

The first church was built of logs by the German Evangelical Church Society, in 1864, on Section 34. The first pastor was Rev. Geiper. In 1872 this society built their present church edifice on the S. E. corner of the S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 28. It is a frame structure and cost \$3300. The first pastor in this church was Rev. Jacob Nuhn.

Another German Evangelical church is located on the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 26. It is a frame building and was erected in 1871 at a cost of \$1500. Their first pastor was Rev. L. J. Cramer. A neat parsonage was built in connection with the church.

A Methodist Episcopal church was built in 1882 on the S. E. corner of the S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 6, at a cost of \$1700. It was dedicated in November of that year. The sermon was preached by Rev. Elliott, of Charles City, attested by Elder Crippin. This church was once in a flourishing condition, but at present services have been entirely discontinued. The members have nearly all removed or have gone to their final rest. There has been talk of disposing of the church property to other parties, but as yet nothing has been done.

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP AND WAVERLY

The early history of Washington township and of Waverly are much alike, the only difference being that the early history of Waverly does not include all the early history of Washington township.

On February 21st, 1859, when this township was organized Waverly was a part of and included in Washington township and so remained until it became a separate township, January 8th, 1886. The first election was held April 3rd, 1859, at a house formerly occupied by H. A. Miles. At this time the following officers were elected: Town Clerk, N. M. Smith; Trustees, Edward Tyrrell, Horace Wallace and James Estep; Assessor, Edward Tyrrell; Justices, N. M. Smith and John R. Buckmaster; Constables, Joseph G. Ellis and Jonathan Goforth; Drainage Commissioner, Edward Tyrrell; Supervisor of Roads, Wm. Powell. The most of those elected were residents of what is now La Fayette township.

To clear up the difference between the time of the first election and the organization of the township and, perhaps, some of the others as well, it will be necessary to state that this election was held under an order of the County Court, given February 6, 1854, dividing the county into election precincts as follows:

Townships 91, 92 and 93, ranges 11 and 12, constituted Bremer precinct (afterward changed to Frederika precinct).

Township 93, ranges 13 and 14, constituted Polk precinct.

Township 92, ranges 13 and 14, constituted Washington precinct.

Township 91, range 13, constituted Jefferson precinct.

Township 91, range 14, constituted Jackson precinct.

The first to settle in the township, outside of Waverly, was John Clark. He came with his wife and eight children in the fall of 1849 and settled on section 8, township 91, range 13, which is now a part of Washington township. He was a real pioneer and did much to help build and settle up the country. One of his sons, David Clark, has been several times favorably mentioned in former articles.

Among others that came in 1850 were Rev. Chas. N. Martin with his wife and sons, J. H. Martin, Samuel B. Martin, Wm. B. Martin and their families. The Rev. Martin was a Baptist minister, who for a long time looked after the spiritual welfare of some of the early settlers, and his wife, familiarly called "Aunt Betsey," has been before mentioned as the first doctor to locate in the county.

Wm. Hinton, Jacob Heckard and his sons, David and John Heckard, J. H. McRoberts, Joseph Kerr and Aaron Daw came also in 1850.

Daw was a nephew of Lorenzo Daw, the famous eccentric early day preacher, and, like his uncle, was rather peculiar in his ways.

W. P. Harris was a prominent pioneer who came in 1853.

Robert Farnsworth came in 1855. About this time there came H. R. Wells, John Findley, B. W. Johnson, John Davis, Anson Case, E. I. Bussey, A. M. Winner, Mr. Glassford and several others, all of whom were active in the development of the township.

CITY OF WAVERLY

At the time when the first settlers located in what is now Waverly, all that part of the present site east of the river was covered with heavy timber, consisting of oak, elm, basswood, ash and hard maple. There being much of the latter kind and for many years after the town was first settled much maple sugar was made. The timber extending beyond the eastern limits and from a mile to a mile and a half east of the river. But on the west and the south side of the river there was but little timber.

I believe that Jacob Hess and Jonathan Goforth with their families were the first persons to settle within the present city limits. Hess was a son-in-law of Rev. C. N. Martin and came with him and his sons in 1850 and settled south of the river and built a log house just west of where Wm. Brooks now lives. He afterward built the stone house that still remains in that neighborhood. Mr. Goforth is credited as having come at the same time and settled on land in the northwest part of town, near where Winnie Eldredge now lives.

In 1852 Frederick Cretzmeyer, with his wife and two girls, settled on a tract of land east of the present site of the court house, which was afterward platted and became a part of the city.

Wendeline Cretzmeyer came the same year and secured ten acres from his brother, upon which he built a log house. Both these families had considerable to do with the early development of the town.

The founder of the town was W. P. Harmon, who, in the spring of 1853, came west on a prospecting trip. On arriving at what is now Waverly, he was impressed with the natural advantages the spot had for the location of a town, and at once set to work to take advantage of the situation. He secured the land and had O. H. P. Rosell, county judge of Buchanan county, survey it into lots. When this was finished he went to Cedar Rapids where he met R. J. Ellsworth, his brother-in-law. From there he went to Independence, accompanied by Mr. Ellsworth and family. At Independence he was married, July 28, 1853, to Miss Alzina Reeves. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Harmon and the Ellsworth family started for Bremer county, arriving the same day. They lived with Frederick Cretzmeyer until they could build a log house for themselves. Then the work of starting the new town began in earnest. A dam, made of logs, stone and other material, was built across the river and a saw mill was erected at the east end. While this work was being done other settlers came. The first was Samuel Henderson, who built a log house just south of where the First National Bank is now situated. James Null came next and built a log house in the same locality.

In August of the same year Porter W. Earle (a peddler) came with a pack of goods and was persuaded to unload his goods and start a store. In the fall W. H. Hamilton came from Cedar Rapids and started another store.

There were quite a number who settled in Waverly in 1854, among them being Ebenezer Martin and family (his wife being a sister of W. P. Harmon and of Mrs. R. J. Ellsworth), Henry Harmon, Doctor Burbank, H. A. Miles, P. B. Foster, William Reeves, David Milburn, Dennis Buckingham, Philip and Elizabeth Smith, Charles Ensign, James W. Wood, N. L. Turner, Hayward Howell, Nelson and Samuel Flynn, Hamilton and Horatio Geddes, Amos A. Case, James and William Sturdevant, Doctor Fisher, J. C. Hazlett, Jeremiah Ferris, Theodore Hullman, H. W. Lehmkuhl, Daniel Lehman, Alexander Buckmaster and Ira Sturdevant.

In 1855 the settlers were more numerous, among them being Moses Lehman, John Brownell, Philip Oberdorf, Jacob Gish, Samuel Cottrell, Hiram Lampson, Samuel Patterson, B. F. Perkins, John Goddard, J. J. Smith and his brother, W. O. Smith, Nicholas Cavanaugh and Thomas Downing.

This year the dam across the river was made higher (about the height of the present dam), and the few complaints that were made about the overflowing of land were settled without much trouble. The dam was planked this year and, as a bulkhead for the west end, a saw mill was built there by Eben Martin and N. L. Turner. This mill was sold in 1857 to Oberdorf and Brownell, but was not used after 1861.

As nearly as I remember, in 1856 a grist mill was built by Harmon and Reeves, a few rods south of the east of the dam and a water race was built from the dam to it. On the water race were later built a turning lathe shop and a woolen mill. About 1854 a Mr. Buckmaster equipped a shingle splitting machine which supplied shingles made of oak for the first houses. James Wood later built another one. About 1859 a tannery was built near the end of South Water street east, so that about the beginning of 1860 there were the following industrial enterprises located at Waverly: A grist mill, two saw mills, a woolen mill, a tannery, a turning lathe mill, two shingle cutting machines, a grain cutting machinery reaper, three blacksmith shops, a couple of tailor shops, two shoemaker shops and a harness shop.

The first merchant was Porter W. Earle, who opened a store in 1853. The next was W. B. Hamilton, who started business a little later the same year. Then came J. C. Hazlett, who built a dwelling and store building on the north side of Bremer avenue, near the center of the first full block east of the river.

The first death in Waverly occurred in the winter of 1853—54, the party being a sister of Mrs. Wendeline Cretzmeyer. She was buried on the bluffs south of town. The next death was that of Mrs. Scarf, in 1854. She was buried on the west side of the river.

The first birth was a son to Mr. and Mrs. James Null. This occurred early in 1854. He was named William Waverly. The first name in honor of William P. Harmon and the latter in honor of the town.

The first marriage in Waverly was that of Norman A. Reeves to Miss Rhoda Willis.

The first school was taught by Charlie Ensign, in a log house standing near the center of Bremer avenue near the east end of the bridge.

The first religious services were held in a little log cabin built by R. J. Ellsworth, the minister being Rev. James Burley, a Methodist Episcopal circuit rider.

The first store was started by Porter Earle, who afterward built the stone building on the corner where the Savings Bank now stands. Mr. Earle was also the first postmaster in Waverly.

William B. Hamilton erected the first frame building in the winter of 1853—54 and started the second store.

A minister by the name of Barelay was the first preacher to locate in Waverly.

The first school building—a stone one—was erected during the summer of 1855.

P. B. Foster erected the first brick store in 1855.

The first building used as a hotel was erected by Harmon and Ellsworth in 1853 and stood where the First National Bank now stands. The landlord was J. J. Smith.

The first bridge across the river was erected in 1857 and was swept away by a freshet January 26, 1858. The second bridge across the river was built in 1859, and on February 26, 1871, it was swept away by ice and high water. The present structure was built in 1899.

In 1859 Waverly was incorporated as a town and officers were elected. In 1868 it was incorporated as a city of the second class.

In December, 1864, the first train of cars ran into Waverly. Up to this time the growth of the town had been rather slow, but after this the town grew more rapidly. In 1866 this railroad, then called the Cedar Falls and Minnesota, now the Illinois Central, was extended to Charles City.

The first election in Waverly was held at the house of Frederick Cretzmeyer.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The first church society was that of the Methodist Episcopal, organized either in 1854 or 1855, it is not definitely settled which. Rev. J. Burleigh was the first pastor in charge. Services were held at first in private homes, then at school houses, and afterward at the Court House, until the present church edifice was built. It was commenced in 1866, and completed and dedicated January 12, 1868. The total cost of the building was \$11,000. At different times the church has been remodeled, and at present is a fine modern church, with all the attendant features of a present-day structure.

About the year 1887 a parsonage was built at a cost slightly over \$2000. There is a flourishing Sunday school and the usual societies in connection with the church.

BAPTIST CHURCH

The next organization was that of the Baptists. The first services were held at the home of Samuel Patterson, the services being conducted by Rev. David Terry. Afterward services were conducted at his home and at the court house for a time, and in September, 1855, a society of this denomination was organized.

In 1858 the society erected a story-and-a-half building, which served the double purpose of a church and a dwelling. The upper floor was used as a residence for the minister, and the lower floor as a place of worship and for other church services. Rev. Austin D. Bush was the first pastor to serve in this building. He was followed in 1859 by the Rev. H. H. Burrington, who served for over five years.

The society outgrew this house, and in 1867 a church structure was built at a cost of about \$7000. This building served the congregation until 1901, when the present modern structure was erected, at a cost of \$11,000. It has, in addition to the main auditorium of the church, a lecture room and a Sunday school room. The society has a fine parsonage near the church.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

The origin of St. Mary's parish dates back to 1854. The mission at Waverly was opened by a Father Tracy in that year. At first there was not a resident pastor, and for ten or twelve years the mission was attended by priests from neighboring towns. Mass was celebrated for the first time in this community by Father Tracy in the home of William O. Smith, which occupied the site where the Wile & Maaser furniture store now stands. The parish was formally organized by a Father McLaughlin, of Davenport, in 1865, who gave it the name of St. Mary's.

The earliest Catholic residents in Waverly were John J. Smith, William O. Smith, Lorenz Selbig, Charles Fosselmann, Mrs. Tyrrell, Nicholas Cavanagh, Wendeline and Frederick Cretzmeyer. These people organized a parish society in 1865, and with the funds which they raised they bought vestments, a missal, and other requisites for carrying on divine worship. William O. Smith organized and taught the first Catholic Sunday school, which met in his home every Sunday morning at 10:00 o'clock.

For some years services were held in the school house which stood on the present site of the Washington school on the west side of the river; then for a short time in the court house. About 1860 Father John Shields came as the first resident pastor. He immediately took steps toward the construction of a church, and the foundation for the old brick church was laid during his pastorate. He died while the work was in progress, and the church was completed by his successor, Father Murphy, in 1868. Its cost was \$6000. Father Shields was buried in the old churchyard, but about four years ago his remains were moved to St. Mary's cemetery, where they were

placed beside the body of Father Gilchrist, who died in 1897, while pastor of this parish.

The first episcopal visitation of the parish was made in 1870, by Bishop John Hennessey, who dedicated the church and administered confirmation.

In 1882 Father Bernard W. Coyle was appointed pastor. He remained until 1891, during which time he built the convent school and the parochial residence; he also founded a mission at Shell Rock and built the church there.

In 1912 Father Dennis London, the present pastor, was appointed to Waverly. The old church was now deemed inadequate to meet the needs of the parish, and in 1912—1913 the splendid new church was built at the corner of Downing and State streets, at a cost of \$40,000. In 1917 a modern parochial residence was constructed on the grounds adjoining the church.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The First Presbyterian church society, of Waverly, was organized September 15, 1856, with a total number of six members. For a time services were held in the stone school house, then in Union Hall, situated on the north side of East Bremer Avenue.

In 1866 the congregation erected a brick church building in the block north of the present Catholic church. It cost about \$2000. The first pastor was the Rev. J. D. Caldwell. He was followed by the Rev. J. D. Smalley, who served until 1867. The society has gone out of existence, and the church building has been torn down.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

The Evangelical Association society was organized in Waverly in December, 1859, and a church edifice was erected in 1871. It was located on West Water Street North, and was built during the pastorate of Rev. Nuhn. This served the congregation until 1902, when a fine modern church was built at 322 North Elm Street. This structure is fully equipped with all modern conveniences, and cost about \$7000.

There is a flourishing Sunday school and all the societies usually belonging to a church organization.

ST. ANDREW'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

St. Andrew's parish was organized in December, 1863, the Rev. Hale Townsend being minister in charge. Articles of incorporation were filed on record February 29, 1864. The first wardens were Dr. Samuel Jones and H. S. Hoover. The first vestry was made up of Wm. Follet, Charles R. Beardsley and A. J. Tanner.

The first church edifice, being the first in Waverly, was built during the year of 1864, the first service being held January 29, 1865. The last service in the first church was held on April 29, 1885.

A new church building was erected during the year 1885, costing about \$16,000. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop Perry on June 11, 188. The first service was held in the new St. Andrew's church on April 18, 1886. Forty-two received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at that service.

The church was consecrated on the festival of S. S. Philip and James, May 1, 1866. At that time Rev. S. R. J. Hoyt was rector; H. S. Hoover and J. R. Smith, wardens; and the vestry was composed of W. R. Bowman, J. H. Bowman, J. L. Leonard, A. W. Yokum, and Robert Maunder.

From the organization of the parish until the present time, the following rectors have had charge, in the order named: Rev. Hale Townsend, Rev. Charles Stewart, Rev. William Wright, Rev. Frederick Humphrey, Rev. S. R. J. Hoyt, Rev. Chas. L. Pardee, Rev. John B. Van Fleet, Rev. Joseph A. Antrim, Rev. A. B. Shaw, Rev. George H. Bailey, and Rev. John S. Cole, who has been in charge of the parish since February, 1906.

The congregation recently erected a fine rectory near the church.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

The Congregational society was organized May 5, 1865. The first services were held in the court house. During this year steps were taken to build a church, which was completed early in 1866 and dedicated on February 4th of that year. This building served the society until 1897, when a new structure was erected. This, with the parsonage, cost about \$12,000. In 1917 the church was remodeled, and a basement with the usual equipments was added. This gives the society a fine church structure, comparing favorably with the best arranged church buildings.

The society has a Sunday school with an exceptionally large enrollment, and has also the usual young people's societies and other church organizations.

ST PAUL'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church, of this city, one of the strongest congregations, in point of numbers, in this section of the state, was founded in 1872 by the Rev. Paul Bredow, then pastor in Maxfield township, who came regularly to minister to the few Lutherans in Waverly. The congregation, at first weak in numbers and poor in funds, tho rich in faith, passed thru a checkered career. It had a number of pastors who followed each other in rapid succession. It worshipped in several modest places of worship. In 1886 it secured its first permanent church, an unpretentious frame structure on North Elm St., just north of its present handsome edifice.

Especially during the pastorate of Rev. F. Zimmermann who came to Waverly in 1886, the congregation entered upon a rapid development. The present substantial modern parsonage was built and

the parish school established, which today numbers over one hundred pupils and is directed by three teachers under the supervision of the pastor, who has also charge of the religious instruction in the upper classes preparatory to confirmation. The English language only is used in all branches. Miss Ida Goeken is the principal, and she is ably assisted by Miss Helen Becker and Miss Laura Grube. Miss Becker is also the organist and choir leader of the congregation.

After seventeen years, Rev. Zimmermann was succeeded as pastor by Rev. Weyrauch, during whose days the present handsome church was built, costing at the time over \$30,000 aside from the pipe organ, which was purchased for the old church and removed to the new, and the baptismal font, of pure Carrara marble, which was donated by the young people's society, and which is probably the finest font of its kind in the state.

At present the congregation numbers more than fourteen hundred, with upwards of a thousand communicants. Its property is worth approximately \$50,000. Its budget for 1917 was \$4734.35, which sum was raised exclusively by its own members, without outside help. In addition to this amount, it contributed \$3348.55 for benevolence at large. Its people purchased over \$110,000.00 worth of bonds during the Third and Fourth Liberty Loan drives. The congregation is affiliated with the Synod of Iowa and other States. The Rev. Emil H. Rausch, who took charge of the work in September, 1908, is the present pastor.

THE GERMAN EVANGELICAL PEACE CHURCH

The society of the German Evangelical Peace church was organized September 15, 1902. This society belongs to the German Evangelical Synod of North America. The church is located on West Water Street North, and is a modest structure suited to the present needs of the congregation. The first pastor was the Rev. Karl Doering. The present pastor is the Rev. Ph. Hilligardt. The society is in a prosperous condition.

ST. JOHN'S GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

St. John's German Evangelical Lutheran society of the Missouri Synod was organized in the fall of 1913, and a church building was erected on the northeast corner of Clay and Locust streets, during the year 1913. This is the latest church society to be organized and the last church to be erected up to the present time. The congregation has had a steady growth and now numbers 45 communicants. It is at present under the charge of Rev. O. F. Koch, who has been the pastor since 1915.

CONCLUSION

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Waverly is a finely located city of about 3,700 inhabitants. It has more up-to-date business houses of all kinds than are usually found in a city of its size. Its business men are a live bunch, always on the lookout for means to improve the city and the surrounding country. It has, in addition to these business houses, an orphans' home, the academic department of Wartburg College, the Wartburg Publishing House, St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital—one of the largest and best in the state, the Kelley Cannery, with a capacity of 4,000,000 cans annually, a gas plant, an electric light and water power plant owned and operated by the city, a fine beet sugar factory (not operating at present), a brewery (closed now), feed grinding mills, three lines of steam railways and an interurban electric railroad connecting Waverly with Waterloo and Cedar Falls, and running on to Cedar Rapids. Its schools, having an average enrollment of about 700, are among the best. Most of the fraternal orders have lodges here.

Waverly is also the home of the Bremer County Fair Association, which puts on annually an exposition commonly known as the "Live Fair." It put on its first fair in the Fall of 1909, and was from the start one of the leaders. During the years 1911, 1912 and 1913 it outclassed any fair of its kind in the state and was known almost all over the United States. It reached its apex in 1913, but it is still among the leading fairs.

Altogether, to the hustling man of business, to the man seeking a place to educate his children, or to the man who has reached the time when he wishes to retire and spend the remainder of his days in congenial society or in the company of fraternal fellowship, Waverly will be found a good place to have a home.

In concluding this account of the settlement of Bremer County, it is well to state that the settlement of the county was greatly retarded, not only by the lack of transportation facilities, but on account of the fact that much of the land was bought up by speculators, whose land was but lightly taxed, altho its value was greatly enhanced by the improvements by which it was surrounded. In Western Iowa and in some other states this was different, and these lands were taxed at their selling value. Thus speculators had to bear their full share of the cost of public improvements.

Taken as a whole, Bremer County people have had but two periods of hard times. The first, as has already been mentioned, was caused by the lack of transportation facilities and by worthless money. The second was from about 1878 to 1881 or 1882. This was mostly caused by the contracting of credit after the Civil War and by the rapid opening of the West to farming and grazing, thus causing a greater supply of foodstuff than could profitably be disposed of. Naturally, there are people at any period who have "hard times", but during the period referred to, nearly everyone found it difficult to keep from becoming bankrupt.

About the year 1880 dairying, in connection with stock-raising, began to replace the raising of turkeys. First-class dairies were operated by private parties, but soon they became co-operative enterprises. Since the time when this method of farming became really established, Bremer county has prospered wonderfully. It is claimed for the county that more milk is produced here per square mile than in any other part of the United States.

Co-operative insurance also takes the lead here, and co-operative buying and selling have been used to some extent.

Own a home in Bremer County and enjoy the fruits of your labor.

