

Annals of Iowa History
Volume IV July, 1866, No. 3

**THE ORIGIN AND INTERPRETATION OF THE NAMES OF THE RIVERS AND
STREAMS OF CLAYTON COUNTY**
BY ELIPHALET PRICE

When time shall have thrown around the remembrance of the early settlers of Iowa, its impenetrable veil of forgetfulness, when other generations shall appear, and look out upon the natural and enduring scenery of the State, there will be inquiring minds then as now, that will seek to discover the origin and the interpretation of the names of our rivers creeks, runs, brooks, branches and streams. And, should the antiquarian of that future period, while searching for information of this kind among the thrown-aside and mouldy volumes of some haunted attic chamber, accidentally discover this number of the *ANNALS OF IOWA*, he will acquire from a perusal of its pages, a knowledge of the origin and the interpretation of the names of the water-courses of so much of the State as is located in the County of Clayton, which we proceed to give by commencing at the north-east corner of the county, with what is known as "*Bloody-run*." This stream is about nine miles in length, flowing in nearly an eastern direction, and emptying into the Mississippi at North McGregor. The origin of its name is as follows: Lieutenant Martin Scott of the 5th United States Infantry, who was stationed from 1821 until 1826; at Fort Crawford, in Wisconsin, directly opposite the mouth of Bloody-Run, was not only a great sportsman, but was regarded as the best hunting shot in the country, by both the white and the Indian hunter. This stream and the country adjacent to it, was his favorite hunting ground, particularly at that season of the year when the deer were mowing in the water. Before leaving the fort to cross the river, he would often observe in a jocular manner, "I am going to make the *blood run* to-day over on my hunting ground." From this circumstance, the officers and soldiers at the fort bestowed upon the stream the name of "*Bloody-Run*," which it still retains. Lieut. Scott, who was stationed at Fort Snelling in Minnesota, for some time previous to the Mexican war, often when recounting his hunting adventures on Bloody-Run, spoke of the stream receiving its name in the manner we have given. He was a brave and gallant officer, and was killed at the battle of *Molino Del Rey*.

About six miles southward from McGregor, flowing in a south-easterly direction, the "Sny Magill" discharges its waters into a slough of the Mississippi, after winding through the country a distance of seven miles. This stream takes its name from the slough into which it empties, which was originally called by the French voyageurs "*Chinaille a magill*," which in English would express Magill's channel or slough. Donald Magill, a Scotchman, and an Indian trader, built a trading house upon the bank of this slough near the mouth of the "Sny Magill" in the year 1814, where for several years he carried on a trade with the Sac and Musquaquee Indians. The Spaniards called this slough "*The Sny Magill*," and the inland stream that empties into it, has taken and preserved the name. This stream is often improperly called the Sly Magill. Magill died at St. Louis about the year 1820.

Farther down the Mississippi, about six miles below the town of Clayton, "*Buck Creek*," after flowing a distance of nine miles in a south-easterly direction, discharges its waters also into a slough of the Mississippi. This stream received its name from William Grant in 1817. Grant was an Englishman by birth, and a millwright by trade, and while exploring the creek in search of a mill-site for Robert Hatfield, who afterwards built a mill and located upon the stream, he

discovered and killed a large doe while mousing in the waters of the creek, and from this circumstance called the stream *Doe Creek*, but soon after he killed a large buck that was standing at bay against a wolf that had driven him into the creek, when the men working upon the mill suggested to him that as the buck was the larger animal, the stream ought to be called *Buck Creek*, which he adopted, and conveyed the name of Doe Creek to a small tributary near by.

Grant was an ingenious mechanic, a hunter, and a bachelor, and was never more delighted than when engaged in the trapping of otter along the creek. The capture of one of these animals, always furnished him with a hunter's yarn, which of a winter's evening would often stretch itself out far away towards the midnight hour. He was much respected, and died upon the creek that he had named.

About three miles below this stream, "*Miners' Creek* " discharges its waters into the Mississippi, within the corporate limits of the town of Guttenberg. About five hundred thousand pounds of lead ore has been raised upon this stream, where mining operations are still being carried on. The discovery of lead ore here, was made by Neham Dudley in 1835. The stream received its name from Daniel Justice, who erected upon it the first cabin and engaged in mining. Soon after Mr. Justice had become permanently located and bestowed upon the stream the name of "Miners Creek," John Murry, a rival miner, also located upon the creek, and not being upon friendly terms with Mr. Justice, endeavored to have the stream called *Coon Creek*, and for a time it was known by both names, when, the parties meeting at Prairie Laporte, under the influence of liquor, agreed to settle the controversy by a fight. Mr. Justice proving to be the victor, "*Miners' Creek* was at once recognized as the permanent name of the stream. Mr. Justice died at Denver City a few years since.

About six miles below the town of Guttenberg, Turkey River discharges its waters into the main channel of the Mississippi nearly opposite the town of Cassville, Wisconsin. This river is about ninety miles in length, flowing by trunk and tributary through the counties of Howard, Winneshiek, Chickasaw, Fayette and Clayton. From the earliest acquaintance of the white trader with the different Indian tribes of the upper Mississippi, this river was recognized as being in the possession and occupancy of the *Saw-kee* and *Mus-qua-kee* Indians, until the year 1832, when it passed into the possession of the United States by the treaty of Rock Island. In the treaty relations of the government of the United States with these United tribes, they are called "*Sac an Foxes*," which is not their national name. The *Saw-kee* does not call himself Sac, but *Saw kee*; the word Sac has no meaning in their language, while *Saw-kee* signifies "the man with the red badge or emblem," red being a national or favorite color in the adornment of their persons. The Hebrews of Biblical history, placed ashes upon the head when mourning for the dead. The *Saw-kee* during the period of mourning for the dead, covers his head with red clay, or clay colored red. *Mis-qua-kee* means the man with the yellow badge, or emblem. These tribes could formerly be readily distinguished by the color of the adornments of their person.

The name of "Fox," by which the *Mus-qua-kee* is more generally known, originated as follows: James Marquette, the Jesuit chief of a French missionary post at Green Bay, in June 1673, started from that station in search of the Mississippi River, being accompanied by a roving French gentleman in search of adventure, by the name of Joliet together with five French voyageurs, and two Indian guides. While ascending the rapid current of Fox River with his companions in bark canoes, he found the shores of that stream inhabited by a numerous tribe of Indians calling themselves *Mus-qua-kees*, and the adroitness of these Indians in stealing from our worthy missionary articles of small value, prompted him to bestow upon them the name "

Reynors, " from which circumstance the river acquired the name of the " Rio-Reynor," and is so recorded upon the French and Spanish maps of that day. The country afterwards falling into the possession of the English, the name "Reynor" assumed its English translation. which is Fox, and now without further digression, we resume the design of this article, by saying that the name of Turkey River in the Saw-kee and Mus-qua-kee language is " *Pe-na-kun-sebo.*" " Pe-na," turkey; " sebo," river.

The Winnebagoes who came upon the river from the Wisconsin after the white man had begun to settle upon it, were aware of its name in the Saw-kee language, which they translated into their own language and called it " *Ce Ce Carrah-ne-pish.*," " Ce Ce Carrah," a turkey; " ne-pish," river or water. At the time the white man came upon the river in 1834, it abounded with game of every kind peculiar to the country; so numerous were the wild turkey, they were often shot from the cabin door.

A short distance below the mouth of Turkey River," Catfish Creek " unites its waters with the Mississippi. This stream received its name from the following hunting incident. Addison Sherill, who resided in Dubuque County near Sherill's mounds, having discovered in his barn yard one morning in the fall of 1830, the track of a panther in the snow that had fallen during the night, he immediately mounted his horse and putting his dogs upon the trail gave pursuit. The dogs, after a chase of several miles caught up with the animal on this stream, where Sherill shot and killed him. Sherill who is now dead, was known to the early settlers of Dubuque County, not only as a great hunter, but as a master marksman with the rifle. In the spring of 1834, we saw him at the town of Peru, in Dubuque County, agree to shoot with his ride at a grain of coffee thirty times at the distance of twenty yards, and was to receive a dollar as often as he hit it, and pay one as often as he missed it. In the thirty shots he hit the coffee grain twenty-seven times, consecutively The loss of the three last shots was attributed by his friends to some liquor at the bottom of a jug.

ANNALS OF IOWA
VOL. IV. IOWA CITY, OCTOBER, 1866.NO. IV.

**THE ORIGIN AND INTERPRETATION OF THE NAMES OF THE RIVERS AND
STREAMS OF CLAYTON COUNTY.**
BY ELIPHALET PRICE.

We now approach "Plumb Creek," the last and the most southern of all the streams flowing into the Mississippi from the County of Clayton. This stream received its name from John Plumb, who, in 1836, purchased out the claimants to an extensive tract of timber land, through which it flows, and commenced the building of a saw-mill, which he soon after abandoned, owing to an insufficiency of water in the stream. We had some acquaintance with Mr. Plumb, and as we knew him to be the originator of the great idea of a Pacific Railroad, we will venture, as an expression of respect for his memory, to briefly speak of him here in connection with that great idea. Mr. Plumb was born in Wales, in the kingdom of Great Britain, and emigrated to this country in 1621, at the age of twelve years. In the spring of 1830 he became a resident of Dubuque, and in 1837 conceived the idea of a railroad from the Lakes to the Pacific ocean, and immediately commenced advocating his project through the medium of the New York and

Boston press. Being in the enjoyment of a pecuniary competency, and a ready writer, possessing a high order of educational attainment, together with a fluent command of language, which enabled him to present from the public rostrum this great national theme with a display of argumentative power, convincing, pleasing and captivating, he, in the summer of 1838, convened a large public meeting at Dubuque, where, for the first time in public, he submitted his project of a railroad from the Lakes to the Pacific ocean, urging upon the people of the West the importance of securing from the National Government, in aid of this work, a grant of land extending from the Lakes to the Pacific ocean, before the public domain was otherwise appropriated by the Government. Soon after this meeting Mr. Plumb commenced lecturing in different parts of the Union upon this subject. In the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and throughout the West, he drew around him the mind and capital of the country, and while for a time it stood timidly aloof; startled by the gigantic character of the work, gradually it drew nearer to listen to the feasibility of his plans and the great national benefits that would result from its consummation. The public press throughout the Union began to drift cautiously into the channel of his thoughts, when the discovery of the gold fields of California almost immediately caused his great project to burst upon the national mind as a reality to be consummated at the earliest moment. In 1849 he visited California by the overland route, leisurely viewing the country by way of the South Pass. Upon reaching the gold mines, he again resumed lecturing and writing upon this subject, giving to it the largest portion of his time, during a residence there of four years. In 1855 he returned to Dubuque, disheartened and discouraged. He had exhausted a liberal fortune in his efforts to impress the national mind with the importance of taking speedy action upon this great project; pecuniary embarrassments began to loom up and weave around him their enthrallments, when his mind, yielding by the throes of despondency, reeled from its once brilliant pathway and rule—sinking to the gloomy haunts of despair, with his own hand he terminated his career among men, at the city of Dubuque, in May, 1857. Such is our remembrance of John Plumb, one of Iowa's earliest pioneers, and while his name is fast passing away from a national remembrance, it may live in the babbling murmurs of the little stream we have recorded, as long as its rippling waters shall course their way along the windings of its rocky bed, canopied in its forest solitude by the drooping foliage of the Elm, the Linden and the Mountain Ash.

Having given the origin and interpretation of the names of those streams which empty into the Mississippi along the eastern boundary of the county, we now approach the tributaries of Turkey-river, which are more numerous and which permeate a larger area of the county. "About one mile from the mouth of Turkey river, a small but beautiful stream empties into it, after winding its way for the distance of four miles among the rugged timbered hills that recede away towards the South. Upon reaching the river bottom, its waters become silent, deep and of a bluish color, and in winding its clear, cold and sluggish course through the river bottom, it forms almost a circle, from which circumstance it is known by the name of "*Blue Belt*," having received the name from Col. William W. Wayman, who was. the first white man' that settled in the county, having erected a cabin near the mouth of this stream in the fall of 1833. Col. Wayman, who died a number of years since, we shall refer to more fully when we reach the stream that preserves his name.

About a mile further up the river, there is a small stream also flowing from the south and known by the name of "*Joe's Branch*." This stream received its name from Joseph B. Quigley, who in 1836 made a claim location upon the river bottom through which it winds. Mr. Quigley is still a resident of the county, being numbered among the most prosperous and affluent

farmers in Highland township, on the western boundary of the county. We have never met with a person whose mechanical genius was more versatile and variable than his. During his early years as a resident of the county, he was a millwright, a tailor, cabinet-maker, milliner, shoemaker, carpenter, cooper, blacksmith, boat builder, weaver, wagon maker, and we have seen him cut and make a calico dress for a woman. In all these varied arts he was recognized as a master workman. Soon after he married and became a father, he undertook to invent a new and more convenient plan for diapering a child, and failed; since then his mind has been almost wholly given to agricultural and horticultural pursuits. Like the few remaining early settlers of the county, time has touched his locks, and they are fast whitening under its influence.

A short distance farther up the river, "*Little Turkey*" empties its waters into the parent stream, after cowing from the south through a timbered country for the distance of eight miles—its source being in the County of Delaware. The towns of Millville and Jefferson are situated upon this stream, together with several flour and saw mills. It received its name from Arthur Rowen, who erected a saw-mill at Millville in 1830, being the first mill built in the county. ~r. Rowen, while exploring the country in search of a mill site, came upon this stream at a time when its banks were overflowed by rains, giving it a width and impetuosity almost equal to the parent stream; from which circumstance he called it "*Little Turkey River*."

A mile farther up the river, a small stream empties into it from the south known as "*Redman's Branch*." This stream took its name from Henry Redman, who settled upon the river bottom near its mouth in 1834. He was the first white man who brought his wife and family into the county; being about forty years of age, he was the oldest resident of the county at that time. His cabin door stood always open to the unfortunate and the stranger, who were greeted with a kindly welcome and liberal hospitality. He was a thin wiry man, of great muscular powers, and was regarded during his earlier years as the best fighting man in the lead mines. The fingers of his hands were crooked by mastication, while his arms, face and shoulders showed many scars made by the lacerating teeth of his opponents. In later years he became an active and zealous member of the Methodist Church, and often at class meetings, while recounting the scenes of his early life with expressions of sorrow and regret, he would straighten up his bent form, shake his silvery locks, and conclude by saying: "But, brothers and sisters, thank God I was never whipped." The day before he died, at his request, many of the early settlers convened at his residence. It was a Sabbath morn in early autumn; the crimson leaf of the maple was fast eddying its way to the ground, and rustled in the forest pathway that led up the little eminence to his home that overlooked the waters of Turkey river; Doctor Griffith, one of the number, offered up an excellent and appropriate prayer; a psalm was sung; the scenes of other days talked over. At length the parting hour came, when each approached his bed, took him by the hand and bid him farewell, and as each turned away from the scene, tears could be seen coursing along the pathways that time had furrowed upon the cheeks of Clayton's pioneers.

Upon the north side of the river, a short distance above the last named stream, may be seen a small rivulet known as "*Park's Branch*." This stream takes its name from Thomas P. Park, who settled here in 1838. Capt. Park was one of the early Sheriffs of the county—a man of fine personal appearance and gentlemanly address; he was a kind hearted, benevolent and hospitable man, officiating occasionally as a preacher of the Baptist persuasion. In 1840, we saw him at Coulie-de-Sue, on the Mississippi, in an unfinished building, which was being erected by Messrs. Jones & Bass, with the entire funds of a faro bank, which was being operated under the financial management of a professional banker.

Annals of Iowa History
Volume V January, 1867, No. 1

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Our last communication having closed with the origin of the name of Carlin Creek, we find upon resuming the subject that we have reached the waters of Cedar Creek, a stream rising on the high land prairie in the vicinity of the town of Garnavillo, and flowing southward until it reaches the waters of the Turkey, distant about ten miles from the source of the creek. For several miles this stream flows through a narrow valley bounded upon each side by high mountainous hills, covered with a dense growth of timber. It received its name from John Finley, who in the summer of 1834, made an exploration of the stream with a view to a discovery of its manufacturing powers; finding the sides and craggy summits of its high hills canopied by a luxuriant growth of the red cedar, he gave to the stream the name of Cedar Creek. There is a tributary of this stream known by the name of Read's Branch; this stream received its name from Robert R. Read, who settled upon the prairie at the head waters of the branch in 1839. Capt. Read will long be remembered as the popular clerk (for many years) of the Board of County Commissioners, when that power was in existence, and subsequently for many years clerk of the District Court. In consideration of his many years of faithful official service, the Hon. Judge Williams, when defining the boundaries of the civil townships of the county, bestowed upon the most central one of them the name of "Read Township." Capt. Read was an Englishman by birth, and for many years a resident of the frontier; he had seen the march of civilization approach him from the east, and heard the first echoes of the woodman's axe reverberate among the forest solitudes of Iowa "as westward it took its way." He died a few years since at Garnavillo and was honored with the masonic rites of burial, being a member of that fraternity.

About three miles above the mouth of Cedar Creek, the Wayman Branch coming from the south unites its waters with the Turkey. This stream received its name from Col. William W. Wayman, who was the first white man that settled in the county of Clayton. He was a native of New Hampshire, a man of liberal education and polished manners; in his habits and in the expression of his face, it was easy to detect one of those freaks of human nature that occasionally appears among the descendants of the Pilgrims of New England disturbing the purity of the Saxon blood, by portraying in every lineament the American characteristics of the Nar-a-gan-set or the Wam-pa-noag. Among white men he was reticent, watchful and restless. In the society of the Indian, he was authoritative, stern and commanding. He never performed any manual labor other than that which pertained to the indoor affairs of his house. The Indian, the half-breed and the hunter, regarded him as a mysterious being; they would toil and labor for him without any other reward than the pleasure of being near his person. The largest portion of his lifetime had been spent upon the frontier in the society of the Indian and the hunter, and yet he could never be prevailed upon to give any information concerning the Indians, their manners and customs, or traditions. The intimacy and social intercourse that we had had with him for a

number of years on the border, only seemed to render more impenetrable the shield of mystery that he had woven around the events of his life. He was the father of a half-breed daughter, whom he educated.

To detail the discoveries that we made in after years concerning the history of this person, would be too voluminous and romantic for the historical columns of the Annals.

In the fall of 1840, about the midnight hour of a dreary day, we received from the hands of an Indian runner, the following communication:

"Come quick, I am dying. Ann will give you my keys. W. W. Wayman."

We hastened to him, but he was dead when we reached his residence. The keys unlocked, in part, the history of a strange adventurous life, and told us that his name was "William Wallace Hutcherson," a descendent of the "Mayflower."

About a mile above the Wayman Branch the waters of Elk Creek after flowing in a northerly direction about eight miles, empty into the Turkey. This stream received its name from Louis Reynolds, who in the summer of 1834, while exploring the creek in search of a mill site, came upon a herd of elk that were mousing in its waters, from which circumstance he named the stream Elk Creek. Reynolds was a bachelor of a romantic turn of mind, who manifested on all social occasions, the most extravagant politeness. His educational attainments seemed to centre in a knowledge of "Goethe's Sorrows of Werter," a small volume of which he constantly carried about his person, and which had been so liberally saturated with coon's oil and deer's tallow, that much of its contents had become wholly obliterated. Enough, however, remained to enable him, as he believed, to triumph in discussion, no matter what the subject might be. In the fall of 1835, near the close of a day's hunt, we came upon his cabin situated upon the Blue Belt, and was invited to place our rifle on the gun rack. During the early part of the evening an Indian came in with a ham of venison which he wished to exchange for corn meal. Reynolds had just succeeded in extracting a splinter from beneath the nail of one of his fingers, which had become located there while in the act of scraping from the bottom of his meal barrel material sufficient to make a dodger for two, and accordingly the Indian could not be accommodated. But as Reynolds stood in need of the venison, it occurred to him that he could satisfy the Indian by reading to him a page or two from his inexhaustible book, the " Sorrows of Werter." Accordingly he took the ham, hung it up, and after seating the Indian upon a keg, squatted himself down in the chimney corner, where, by leaning in a sideling manner towards the blaze of the fire, he was enabled to read from the Teutonic volume, occasionally pausing to explain and gesticulate away the difficulties that seemed to obscure the latent beauties of some frowning passage. The Indian who could understand nothing, had fixed his eyes intently upon the fire, while his mind seemingly in its efforts to grasp the subject, had plunged into the most profound thought upon some other theme. Reynolds after having amply paid for the ham, as he believed, arose, and taking the Indian by the arm led him to the door, where, with a profuse display of politeness, he thanked him for the venison. The Indian after casting a sorrowful glance back in the direction of the meat, departed.

Now Reynolds, had but one shirt in the world, a calico garment with an ample display of ruffles running perpendicularly through the centre of its bosom, and having learned that a family would locate in his neighborhood in a few days, among which, there was a female of an attractive character, he at once determined to be ready to receive them; accordingly he had just completed the washing of his shirt in the creek and had hung it upon a bush to dry,—in the

morning the garment was gone. The few moccasin tracks in the vicinity of the bush, bespoke the visitation of an Indian, incapable of appreciating the "Sorrows of Werter." Reynolds soon after left the country. There is a tributary of the Elk known as "Wolf Creek," it received its name from Dennis Quigley, who was the first settler upon the stream. During the first evening of his residence here, a surprise party of wolves called upon the few sheep that he had brought with him, and welcomed them to their new home. From which circumstance he honored the creek with the name of its inhabitants.

About a mile above the Elk, Volga River unites its waters with the Turkey. This stream, which is about thirty-five miles in length, rises in the centre of Fayette County. During the early settlement of the country it was known by the name of the South fork of Turkey. In 1836 when M. Lyon established by survey the township lines of northern Iowa, he bestowed upon it the name of Volga River, which was adopted by the settlers of the county. It is one of the most beautiful streams of northern Iowa. There are a number of towns and villages situated upon its banks, among which none more prominent than the town of Fayette in Fayette County. It is here that the "North Iowa University " is situated. The stream is sometimes called Classic Volga, from the following literary incident. A student from Wisconsin attending the University, had prepared a poem to be delivered at the closing exhibition of the institute. His fellow students who had manifested some skepticism as to the arcadian qualities of the people of Wisconsin, stood all on envious tip-toe, eager to hear its sentiment and delivery, while Professor Brush who had just been inaugurated, felt that the fame of his University was soon to sweep through the moaning pine forests of Wisconsin, pausing for a time to recuperate among the ample fisheries of the State, that it might take its way with wider, loftier flight through town and hamlet,—westward ho. The Badger Boy, proud of his native State, self-poised and confident, ascended the rostrum and commenced his poetic essay as follows:

"There where the classic Volga goes
With logs and sticks and overflows,
And in the farm-house runs its nose"

Here the professor commenced coughing so loud and incessant that nothing more of the poem could be heard. Sufficient however was preserved to secure for our beautiful Volga the proud literary prefix, "Classic."

A short distance from the mouth of the Volga, there is a tributary known as Bear Creek; it received its name from the following hunting incident. Missouri Dixon and his brother Samuel having started a large bear in the timber of Turkey River in the winter of 1838, followed its foot prints in the snow until they reached the vicinity of this stream, where they separated, Missouri following the trail and his brother making a circuit in the hope of meeting the bear. Soon after they parted Missouri came up with the animal, which had coiled down to sleep beneath an overhanging ledge of rock. He fired, and wounding the bear, it immediately turned upon him, when he fled in the direction of the creek. Dixon was wont to tell the adventure thus: " For a half mile there was something more than daylight between us, and if Sam had'nt fired just as I was crossing the creek, there would have been an old bear hunter spoil."

A short distance above Bear Creek, Doe Creek unites its waters with the Volga. This stream received its name from Benjamin Smith, an experienced hunter, who during his first hunting visit to the stream, killed a doe while in the act of leaping across it; this incident gave to the creek the name it bears.

Two miles further up, the Volga receives the waters of Honey Creek. Dennis Quigley who

abandoned a brief home upon Wolf Creek, in consequence of the hostility of its inhabitants to the wool-growing business, established his permanent home upon this stream, where he still resides. The great quantity of honey found in the forest trees adjacent to the creek prompted him to bestow upon it the name of Honey Creek. Dennis, who is a genuine Yankee, disguised under an Hibernian cognomen, has held many official positions with credit to himself and the county. The young swarm that has gone forth from his apiary, have settled around the old gum, and are waxing rich in worldly possessions, as well as acting their part with credit to the parent hive.

A little further on, we hear the rippling sound of Hewet's Creek as it comes through the forest to swell the waters of the Volga. This stream received its name from Joseph Hewet, who settled upon its headwaters in 1839. At the time of his settlement here, the nearest resident to him was distant about eighteen miles. Hewet was born and raised upon the frontier of Missouri, and was a hunter in the full and rounded acceptation of the word. We knew him early and well. Among the many hunters of the border with whom we have been acquainted, he alone could have stood forth as the representative of Cooper's ideal hero of the pioneers. He would often say to us with a dejected expression of the face: "The country will soon be overrun with settlers and all the game driven towards the west." As the settlements drew nearer to him, he listened for a time to the distant tinkling of the cow-bell, and then mournfully shouldering his rifle, turned towards the setting sun, calling to his companions, "Here pups, away dogs, ye'll be foot sore afore ye see the end of your journey."

A short distance above this stream we meet the waters of Nagel's Branch, which receives its name from John Nagle, who located here about the year 1841, being the first settler in that part of the county. Mr. Nagle is still in the occupancy of his early location here, and has been eminently successful as a practical farmer. The little stream that bears his name, will preserve to posterity many pleasing reminiscences of one of Clayton's earliest pioneers.

Mink Creek, after winding its way through a liberal portion of the county of Fayette, plunges into the Volga within the limits of Clayton, a few yards from the boundary, the largest portion of this stream being in the county of Fayette. The origin of its name cannot be traced outside of the archives of that county, which are securely kept in an iron chest.

We now return to the mouth of the Volga, to resume our way along the windings of the Turkey. Should we communicate with THE ANNALS again, it will be to conclude the origin of the names of the streams of Clayton, that we may yield to other correspondents the space that we have occupied in recounting a few of the remembrances of other days.

ANNALS OF IOWA,
VOL. V. IOWA CITY, APRIL, 1867. No. II.

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In ascending the waters of the Turkey River, from its junction with the Volga, the first tributary that we meet is Panther Creek, having its source at the eastern extremity of Panther Mound, and flowing from thence northward a distance of about four miles. With the exception of Turkey River, this stream is the only one in the County that retains its Indian name, translated into English. Oliver Phelps, an Indian trader from western New York, who had a trading post at

the mouth of the Volga in 1835, became acquainted with the Indian name of this stream through his Indian hunters and, in translating it, called it Painter Creek, by which name it is still called by many of the early settlers. The animal represented in the name of this stream is generally throughout New England and western New York, called a painter; along the valley of the Mississippi it is known as the panther; in Pennsylvania, and throughout the Cumberland range of mountains, it is commonly called the catamount or cat of the mountain, which is perhaps the most appropriate name, as the word panther is a generic term, and applies to the entire family or genus of animals which are of a spotted character. These animals were quite numerous along the waters and in the forest of Turkey River as late as 1339, and were of a tawny red in summer, changing to a dark steel gray in winter. The Indian tradition, that has handed down the name of this stream, relates that at a distant period of time, an Indian family that had encamped near the mouth of the creek, were attacked in the night time by a panther, and a small child, belonging to the family, seized and carried away. From this circumstance the creek was regarded by the Indians as an unlucky stream, and avoided as a camping ground, it being under the control of the evil spirit. In proof of which there were many evidences given by the Indians, which to rehearse here, would lengthen this article beyond its proper limit.

A few miles above this stream, Poney Creek unites its waters with the Turkey. This stream rises in the counties of Fayette and Winnesheik, and enters the county under the name of Roberts' Creek, which it retains for several miles, when it disappears, and after running under ground about two miles, re-appears under the name of Poney Creek. John Roberts, from whom the northern part of this stream takes its name, became its first resident in 1839. He was a young man of some education—a bachelor, and an atheist. Upon a shelf that ranged over his fire-place, might be seen a few smoky volumes, consisting of the Bible, Volney's Ruins, Paine's Age of Reason, and a part of the works of Voltaire. He had poured over these volumes, until he had become so familiar with their contents, that it seemed like an easy matter for him to vanquish, in Biblical controversy, an uneducated opponent. He was a calm, unexcitable, good-natured fellow; and nothing delighted him so much, as a controversy with one of those gospel pioneers, that were often met with in those days upon the border, calling it to repentance and a remembrance of the Sabbath day. These Gospel heralds, were often converted hunters, who, having provided themselves with a hymn-book and Bible, a tin-horn and an Indian pony, meek with years, and lowly in flesh, would sally forth along the border, hewing away the roughness of the pioneer, that he might be prepared for the coming of a more educated ministry. As this personage was a prominent character in the early settlement of Turkey River, and has long since passed away with the hunter and the Indian, we will here (preliminary to the re-introduction of Roberts) give the exordium of a sermon delivered at a temporary revival on Turkey River in 1836, by our old and much-respected friend, Uncle Joe Clark:

"BROTHERS AND SISTERS: The sermin that I shell talk on, is about this: 'Remember the Sabbeth day, an keep it holy.' Now, my frends, it were last Saterdag nite, when Ike Miller santered ovor to my cabin, an sez he, Uncle Joe, spose we take a coon hunt ter nite, an sez I agreed. I were allers mighty fond a coon huntten, an so we tuk down on Little Turkey, an arter santeren around thru the timber, an shyen keerfully along up the creek, an the moon hed got smartly up, an nary coon out, we kinder lean'd to'ards hum, when Ike's dog opened, on spoon-run with his nateral yelp, and arter we got thar, the coon hed tuk a hackberry, an Ike hed chopt his foot right smart the day afore helpen ole man Springer throw a bee-tree, an so it kinder fell on me to go up arter the coon, an when I got up tu were the critter sot, in the upper forks, an were

about to grab him by the tail and slat him down, there was a gospel feelin cum over me rite smartly, and sez I, Ike "bout what time mite it be?' and sez he, 'why, Uncle Joe, I reckon its close on tu mornin;' and sez I, 'if that's so, its the Sabbath day, an this here coon may go,' an so I clum down agin. An now, Brothers an Sisters, that's what the Scriptor sez, 'Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy,' coon or no coon."

Here, Uncle Joe gave a toot on his horn, took a drink from a tin cup, and then launched forth with his sermon, the theology of which, bore a close resemblance to its exordium.

Uncle Joe was always a welcome guest at our cabin; and on one occasion, while we were preparing for him its evening hospitalities, Roberts came in, being on his way home from Dubuque. He had hardly become seated, when Uncle Joe turning towards him, threw his head downward, so as to bring his gaze to bear from over the top of his spectacles, and after eyeing him for a moment, he observed, "Young man, do you believe in the soundings of the Gospel horn?"

Roberts paused for a moment to make a survey of the source from which this unexpected question came, and then led off with a reply, that soon run into a warm Biblical discussion. The old man, who would get a little confused occasionally, would stop short, give a toot upon his horn, the Gospel soundings of which, would seem to arouse him up, when he would start off anew, with seemingly more clear and vigorous ideas. Presently, Roberts began to weave around him the net-work of his atheistical doctrines, and at length, having got the old man in a tight place, Uncle Joe began to breathe heavy, and struggle under a liberal flow of perspiration, when, in the midst of a sentence, he came to a silent halt. Turning to look upon him, we discovered that a cloud of wrath had settled upon his brow, which was fast spreading downward over the features of his face, and as it culminated upon his quivering lip, he sprang to his feet, and bringing his fists together, exclaimed—"You ongodly hethen, I ken lick more salvation inter yer in two minits then ye deserve, an I'll do it." Thereupon, Uncle Joe began to throw his buckskin, when Roberts made for the outlet of the cabin, and we saw him no more that night. The old man paced up and down the cabin for a time, occasionally going to the door, and throwing out upon the stillness of the night a blast of triumph from his horn, when he observed, "I know'd when I got riled up, I could make that ongodly hethen take water mity quick. Yer see, cap'tn, (bringing his fist down on the table) the Gospel will win every time, if yer only give her a fair show."

The origin of the name of Pony Creek, is traced to the following incident: A person by the name of Gool, having settled upon the creek in 1840, and commenced the opening of a farm, soon after began to observe a decrease in the number of his pigs and chickens, and, upon giving to the cause a proper investigation, he discovered that it was owing to is farm being located near an encampment of Indians, who continued to increase their indebtedness, until it had culminated with the last chicken and a solitary pig, in whose prospective family, Gool had fondly cherished the hope of restoring that branch of his agricultural pursuits. It was this incident that prompted him to bring about a settlement with the Indians, which he did by quietly levying upon two of their ponies, and conveying them to Illinois, where he exchanged them for cattle, with which he returned to his farm, and was enabled to make a display of prosperity, that loomed proudly above the more tardy climbings of his conscientious neighbors. To perpetuate a remembrance of this sudden prosperity of Gool, his neighbors bestowed upon the stream that flowed by his door, the name of Pony Creek.

There is a tributary of this stream, known as the Dry Mill Branch. It received its name from

a saw-mill built upon the stream by Elisha Boardman, in 1837, under the mill-wright direction of Horace Brownson. During the erecting of the mill, there appeared to be an ample supply of water for creating the power necessary for working its machinery, but when the mill and dam were completed, and the flow of the stream arrested, the weight of water in the dam forced an underground passage through the rocky bed of the creek so formidable, that the mill was abandoned, without having rendered any service whatever. Mr. Boardman and Brownson were the two first settlers in that part of the county, having located there in 1836. They were formerly the proprietors of the principal part of the land upon which the town of Elkader is located, and where they are both still residing, at an advanced period of life, respected by all who knew them, as pioneers of "thirty years ago."

About seven miles above Pony Creek, are the far-famed "Big Springs," of Turkey River, being two in number, and but a short distance apart. The largest of these springs, has been estimated to yield six hundred gallons per minute. They come from the base of a bluff, upon the north side of the river, and move with a deep and sluggish flow through a prairie bottom, but a few yards, when they unite with the waters of the river. They are regarded as a great natural curiosity, and are often visited by strangers, who find them but a short drive from Elkader, along the valley of the Turkey.

While pursuing the windings of the Volga, in our last article, we omitted to mention the name of Cox Creek, a stream that flows into the Volga from the south, and gives its name to the township through which it winds. This stream received its name from Joseph Cox, who erected a cabin near its mouth in 1839, where he resided but a few months, and then withdrew from the country. After many inquiries, we have not been enabled to discover any person in that neighborhood who knew him. We were at his cabin about the time he located there, and remember him as a claimed to be a hunter.

There is a stream known as "Hickory Creek," which flows across the northern boundary of the county, near the center of the town of Hardin, and empties into the Yellow River, in the county of Alamakee. This stream received its name from Graham Thorn, the founder of the village of Sodom, which, previous to a visit from the United States Cavalry, under the command of Capt. Sumner, stood upon the boundary of the neutral land near this stream.

Thorn was a contraband trader with the Indians—a principal proprietor, and the first and only Mayor of Sodom. He was also a zealous Jackson man, and was in the habit of calling inanimate things around him by the name of "Old Hickory." His sled, ox-yoke, wagon, or hat, were alike generally addressed by the name of "Old Hickory." Being at Sodom soon after an Indian payment in 1840, when the town was crowded with traders, gamblers, teamsters and Indians, some person during the night, preliminary to relieving an Indian of his annuity, had taken the precaution to quiet any objections he might raise, by knocking out his brains with a hatchet. Thorn, while looking upon the dead Indian the next morning, addressed him as follows: "Well, Old Hickory, you've gone up, have yer; yer orter kept yer eye skin'd, old feller. There's folks around here that act as though they warn't brought up decently; and boys, this thing must be stopt."

We have now concluded our remembrance of the origin of the names of the rivers and streams of Clayton County. It is now thirty-three years since we first looked upon them winding their way silently through the prairie and the forest. We have seen the pioneer hunter approach them, and have heard the first echoes of his ax and rifle. We have partaken of his hospitality, and sat by the blazing fire of his hearth and listened to the story of his life. We have held to his fevered lips the cooling waters of the babbling spring, and have raised his emaciated form from

its straw couch that he might, for the last time, look out upon the forest-clad hills of Turkey River, the scenes of his many hunting exploits, and we have often helped to round up the little hillock that marked, for a time, the last resting place of the hunter who, if living, could tell you that he had learned, amid the solitudes of the forest and the prairie, that there was a God. Good by, Mr. Annals.