

Charles Elliott Perkins

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my absence for 30 days during which time the command will devolve on Col Smith of the 16th Illinois Regiment.

Very respectfully

Your obedient Servant.

Saml R. Curtis

Col 2d Iowa Vols

Comg Expedition.

CHARLES ELLIOTT PERKINS.

BY HON. THOMAS HEDGE.

We cannot understand a great life without some knowledge of that life's beginning and of the conditions that shaped its course, or comprehend a great character unless we discover the source of its elements, the influences that drew out and developed them. No life of our time is better worth reviewing and the character it developed better worth studying than the life and character of Charles Elliott Perkins. He was born November 24, 1840, in "the little Third Street House" in Cincinnati, the first child of James Handasyd Perkins and Sarah Elliott Perkins, but the home that he best remembered was at East Walnut Hills, then some three miles from the city, where his father bought a few acres of land and built a small house in the summer of 1845, "a very pretty place with a beautiful forest directly back of us," and to this home was given the quaint name "The Owl's Nest."

"From his father's and mother's side he came of pure New England stock and from both he inherited the best qualities of that fine race. Their ideality alike with their practical sense, their rigid conscientiousness and their saving grace of humor, their love of liberty and their profound respect for law, all these were his by right of inheritance. He was tuned therefore to the finest chords that vibrate through our common life. He was of the stuff from which the ideal American manhood is fashioned." These words spoken of his younger brother by an old familiar friend admit of no qualification when applied to him.

The scenes of his childhood, his father's and mother's training, the influence of their daily lives, the whole atmosphere of home, were exactly fitted to nurture and strengthen these native qualities. I shall seem to those who knew Mr. Perkins to anticipate some things to be said of him in here presenting his father as he appeared to his neighbors in those days:

Looking to the educated men of the country to spread abroad intelligence, respect for what is good and reverence for what is venerable, by professional labor and through schools, lectures and the press, he exerted his own influence in all these ways; so quietly, however, were his public offices performed that the amount of his exertions might have been overlooked except by careful observers. He never did anything for effect and therefore, though always busy, attracted but little attention from the busy world. He was eminently one of those—the truly great—who are felt in a thousand minute and deep relations to society, exerting the most invigorating influence without being seen or wishing to be seen. Further, his labors were remarkable for punctuality and completeness. He never left unfinished or to be done by others the work that properly belonged to himself.

Mr. William R. Channing presents this picture of him:

Day by day as I met my friend in society and public meetings, observed him in his relations to others and talked with them about him, it became evident how high was the position which quite unawares he really occupied among his fellow citizens. Nothing could have been more unpretentious than his manner as he exchanged offhand greetings as he swept along the street, or entered with gracious demeanor the crowded circles of society, or the quiet houses of friends; wherever he might be he was always himself, quite unique in his singular blending of dignity and diffidence—of firm self-reliance and habitually modest estimates—of essential respect for all, and utter disregard of conventional distinctions—of decision and reverence. A spirit of earnest intelligence, of downright good sense, of interest in great aims and indifference to trifles seemed to spread out from him and clothe him with an air of quiet power. He took naturally and as of right the attitude of brotherly kindness towards high and low, learned and ignorant, men and women, old and young, and met all on the broad table-land of manly truth. This unaffected integrity and characteristic single mindedness it plainly was that gave him such a hold on others. Always he seemed equally self-possessed and present-minded. He used unconsciously a rare skill in clear statements.

Though his life ended when he was not yet forty years old, he had accomplished much. Those who had delighted to honor his presence held in grateful honor the memory of the scholar, the historian of the west, the earnest and convincing speaker, the minister of grace and help to troubled men.

Their mother did not suffer the shock and grief of their father's death to destroy, or too deeply or too long to darken the home life of her five boys. "To the life of that home how exquisite a charm she gave and how its memory lingers with those who shared it. Sacred to us are those memories and the very walls where that beautiful womanly presence, so wholesome, strong and sweet, once bade us welcome." Mrs. Sarah Elliott Perkins made real to those who knew her Wordsworth's vision of the "perfect woman nobly planned" and better still that ideal of the ages, who stretcheth out her hand to the poor, in whose tongue is the law of kindness, who looketh well to the ways of her household, and whose children rise up and call her blessed.

The death of his father brought to the fine mind and true heart of Charles Perkins the consciousness of his special duty as henceforth the mainstay of his mother and as his younger brothers' keeper, developed his considerateness and regard for the rights of others, his faculty of helpfulness, quickened his sense of responsibility, enlarged his capacity to receive from the daily life and seasonable precept of that mother the training essential for right action and useful living; thus his real early education was at home though custom compels us to say that he was "educated" in the common schools of Cincinnati and one winter attended Mr. Bradford's school in Boston. At the age of seventeen he obtained employment as clerk in a wholesale foreign fruit store in Cincinnati, trudging forth and back from his work each day to save car fare, for their worldly condition offered no chance to indolence to dull "the spur in the blood" of this young thoroughbred. While thus at work in the summer of 1859 he received this letter:

Burlington, Iowa, June 28, 1859.

Mr. Charles E. Perkins,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

My Dear Perkins:

I have just received your note of the 24th and, filled with deep pity, hasten to enlighten you. Not know what "B. & M." means! To ye railway mind it typifies the Burlington and Missouri railroad—running due west from Burlington, bound for the Big Muddy—now taking breath for awhile on the banks of the Des Moines between Burlington and Ottumwa—in summer and autumn it is seventy-five miles of as pretty rail and ties as you would wish to see. You will have the title of cashier and would have a credit at the bank against which you would check for all bills as presented, duly entering the same in your books and filing them as vouchers. Not a complicated duty and not likely to overtask you. It would leave you time to study the details of the freight and passenger business—and on our short road this would naturally be more open to you than a long road, where there is subdivision of labor and more red tape. I think, myself, the place is quite a good one. Perhaps the best introduction to railway life is to commence on the construction—as rodman or engineer. But a position where you are forced to observe the cost of each and every article used and the cost of each branch of the service, can not fail, I think, to be of service to you. There will be some drudgery, of course, but there will be some pleasant work to relieve it. At the beginning of every month you will be several days on the line paying off the agents and workmen—in the fine weather this is very pleasant. The good city of Burlington, as a sojourning place, is not to be sneezed at—and the surrounding country is charming. We can boast of but two packing houses and at first you will naturally feel sad for the pigs you left behind you. Carper and I will do our best to cheer you—we are at this moment in treaty for a small house in the suburbs with trees, one and a half acres of ground and a plank walk to approach it. If successful, we can offer you as pleasant a nest as you would find even in Cincinnati or Cambridge. We have some good books and every few months a box from the east brings more. My office contains boxing gloves and foils and masks—and though I can not say "my bark is on the shore," there is a friend of mine who gladly lends me his for a little piece of silver. We will make even your small pay of thirty dollars a month leave a margin for extras.

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL.

And on the fourth of August he crossed the Mississippi, and took up his abode and began his new course in the town that was to be his home for his remaining forty-eight years.

Our attentive aftersight may profitably consider him at the outset of his new venture. He was not yet nineteen years old. His past was secure, in it there was nothing that was not pleasant to remember, and as he faced his future without presumption he might have faced it without fear for the qualities essential for usefulness had been rightly planted in him and so far healthily nurtured and were ready for the exactions of daily work and if need be, the uses of adversity to call them forth still further and develop their perfection. His creed or chart of conduct was very simple and was never revised from the day he left his home. Its first injunction was to learn the truth, to speak and act the truth, its wisdom taught that he was here for service, that the measure of merit, as of dignity, is usefulness, that opportunity comes with every rising sun, that "now is the accepted time" for the fulfillment of present duty, that success and destiny lie "all in the day's work." I do not think that comparison of himself with others or the consideration of their relative excellence ever occupied his mind. But that to excel himself as set forth in the precept "so to live that each to-morrow finds us farther than to-day" was often the subject of his thought. Nature had bestowed upon him the outward and visible signs of exceptional power and high quality. It is difficult to present him fairly to the reader's imagination—easy enough to say that he was of dark countenance with dark hair and eyes, that these eyes made manifest to one who met their gaze his straight, clear, all-comprehending mental vision, that his perfect head and shapely body would have made him in his youth a fit model for classic sculpture, but words cannot convey and description cannot catch that quality in his aspect from the time he reached his prime that, as in the case of Daniel Webster, made beholders take him to be physically larger than he was—not as in the case of Webster because of an air of importance, for no man high or low was ever less self-important than Mr. Perkins, but an indefinable quality that in any company made him seem to be the ruling influence and guiding spirit of them all.

He was most fortunate in his immediate associates, Lowell and Carper, both men of sterling manhood and devoted to

their work. Both went to the war. Carper became a major and was General Corse's adjutant at its close. He then returned to the road and in the line of duty as a division superintendent was killed by the falling of a bridge. And Charles Russell Lowell, after a brilliant service which revealed him as the highest type of the young American volunteer, fell at the head of the division of which he was the commanding general at Cedar Creek.

Mr. Perkins' life in Burlington began and was carried on at first on the lines marked out in the letter which we have copied. Mastering the details and technicalities of railroad operation, learning men, day by day growing in wisdom and in favor; his progress was steady and regular, without accident or eccentricity; a great character was building, a great force growing in the due course of nature. The freedom given us in these pages does not permit us to note the steps of his growth and advancement only so far as to indicate the man he was, the life he led and the man he came to be, and to meagerly illustrate his strength of purpose, the clearness of his foresight and his genuine broad-minded public spirit.

November 9, 1860, he was made assistant treasurer and land agent of the B. & M. R. R. at Burlington. September 22, 1864, he was married at Milton, Mass., to Miss Edith Forbes, the only daughter of Commodore Robert Bennet Forbes, "a man of most genial and generous temperament," famous as a shipmaster in the days before Atlantic cables, when a successful shipmaster had to be not only a bold and skillful navigator but a man of affairs, and as it were, a minister plenipotentiary of commerce in foreign lands. Real home life began again for him. Ralph Waldo Emerson affords us a glimpse of their first home, on the northeastern bluff of Burlington, and of the young folks themselves in a letter he wrote to his own home from Chicago, March 3, 1867:

Yesterday I was at Burlington for three hours and met Mr. Perkins and accompanied him home. Found Mrs. Perkins and all her engaging hospitalities. Edward was quite right in admiring her. She is a radiant wife, mother and lady of the land. I played ball with the baby, Robert, who looked like some child I knew, and she told me it was Willie Thayer. Mr. Perkins is a superior person, with

great beauty of face, form and carriage. His manners cannot be mended, so much sense, strength, courtesy and youthful grace. As we came out of the house and from the door looked over the grand view, looking twenty miles up the river and eight or ten all around us, Mrs. Perkins pointed out to me a prairie fire which enriched the picture. Mr. Perkins and I walked down to the ferry boat. The bell rang and he shook hands with me and departed—a noble youth who inspired interest and respect at once.

But the Burlington home remembered by his boys and girls, was what old settlers called "the Dills place" in the southwest quarter of Burlington, where was an orchard of apple trees (which suggested the name "The Apple Trees," afterwards given to the family homestead) and a log house pretty large for its time. This house, Mr. Perkins, having regard for the early days, did not remove but made a part of his new house, building over and around it in such way that it became the favorite gathering place of his family and closer friends. And one may fairly suspect that the fine piece of woodland included in the Dills place determined his choice of it for his home, that in this remnant of the forest primeval he saw promise of revival of the spirit of his own boyhood, and opportunity to give his children the special pleasures which he and his brothers found in the beautiful forest by the Owl's Nest at Walnut Hills. In these forty years the house has grown to be a great and rambling mansion and with its comfortable air of welcome, its spacious grounds, beautiful in summer with trees and grass and flowers, shows itself the dwelling-place of an ample life and abounding hospitality.

In September, 1865, Mr Perkins was appointed superintendent of the B. & M. R. R. in Iowa, which was still "seventy-five miles of as pretty rail and ties as you would wish to see." It is easily remembered that railroad building was a hard matter in those days, grants of lands to railroads were called for by the people so earnestly that no candidate for Congress on any ticket dared to question their propriety.

"In the early part of 1856 Congress made a grant of land to aid four different railroads then organized to build lines across the State of Iowa—one from Burlington (the

B. & M.), another from Davenport, the third from Lyons via Clinton, and the fourth from Dubuque. There were patented to the Burlington road 358,000 acres. The prevailing price of these lands was \$1.25 per acre, but they were not then salable at that figure. These lands were mortgaged, but the hard times of 1857 retarded railroad building, and the road was not finished to Ottumwa, seventy-five miles, until August, 1859, or more than seven years from the time of its organization. The Civil War virtually stopped all construction and the road was not started west from Ottumwa until 1865. The Burlington was the only one of the four companies to which grants of land were made in Iowa which survived to complete its road across the State. The old Mississippi & Missouri company (now a part of the Rock Island) built from Davenport to Newton and expired; the mortgages on it were foreclosed, the stock was wiped out and with it went the land grant; there was a reorganization, a new company (the Rock Island) and the original stockholders and investors not only risked, but lost their investment. The land-aided roads from Clinton and Dubuque had much the same experience. They all had land grants twice or three times greater than the Burlington, but the credit of the men behind them was not so good. These experiences in which the Iowa railroads were born are often forgotten. It is a common thing to hear people say that the railroads were built with government land grants.”*

Some one who permitted his prejudice to obscure his memory recently wrote that “until a community had grown up sufficiently large and prosperous to make it profitable to construct a railroad into it that community got no road.” This reminds the writer of what Mr. Perkins told him at Red Oak Junction one summer evening seven or eight years ago: “In the autumn of 1866 Mr. James F. Joy, then president of the C., B. & Q. came across the State in a buggy on a sort of preliminary survey looking to the extension of the road to the Missouri River. Pete Ballingall drove us, and we camped one evening within a half mile

* W. W. Baldwin's History of the Burlington Route.

of this spot. Not a sign of human life was in sight, and Mr. Joy said, "I'm not in for it. This country is uninhabitable. Where will they get fences, where will they get their fuel?" This coming from Mr. Joy, who had pioneered Michigan with the Michigan Central railroad, surprised Mr. Perkins—he quietly dissented. Mr. Joy reported adversely, "but the other view prevailed." Why or how the other view prevailed Mr. Perkins didn't say. It also happened to the writer to stop at what was called Highland on the first day of June, 1869. From that height through that clear air one could see for miles in any direction, but no sign of human life or trace of human work was visible except the railroad track. We were in the present limits of the city of Creston. "The other view prevailed" with the directors and principal owners of the road, because in the six years of his employment on the road Mr. Perkins had fulfilled beyond all measure the high expectation entertained of him. His persistent painstaking, his fidelity in the day's work, his assiduous study of the business, his facility of acquiring accurate knowledge, his adequacy of resource, his understanding of men, his tact in dealing with them, his perfect truthfulness and capacity to receive the truth, his faculty of reason and the resulting gift of clearness of statement, all these, made strong their faith in the integrity of his judgment. Their own great resources with their unlimited credit were placed more and more at his disposal as the years went on and his will carried out all further enlargements of the system and extensions of its lines.

September 29, 1881, he became president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. with which the B. & M. in Iowa and B. & M. in Nebraska had been consolidated, holding that position by annual election until his retirement in 1901, and continuing to take an active part in its control as a director until his death. His administration of the road, his care for the interest of all concerned as owners or as patrons is esteemed as perfect as human wisdom could have made it. His fundamental principles were simple, as simple as the arithmetic or the copy-book. He knew that all legitimate

business is an interchange of benefits, that all commercial and all industrial interests are interwoven and interdependent, that gain based on another's loss cannot be continuous, that prosperity is the result of a game in which both sides win, that a railroad cannot succeed without value given, as well as value received, that it surely cannot succeed unless the country through which it passes can afford year after year to give it something to do.

Conscious of his own rectitude he believed in the rectitude of other men—if they were intelligent; he believed that common honesty is a matter of common sense, that men competent to manage great affairs, in proportion to their competency, or rather as the main element of their competency seek to do the right thing, that all commerce, all business, all the affairs of the world are kept running decently and in order because doing justly is the general rule of action among men of force and influence in the world, and so he had little faith in the efficacy of public commissions to promote righteousness among men in the conduct of their own affairs. "The people can have no stronger motive or desire than the owners of the railroads to prevent bad management of every kind."

His letter of September 24, 1885, to Senator Cullom, chairman of the select committee of the Senate on Interstate Commerce, giving his views of the reciprocal rights and duties of the general public and those of the people who own and manage railroads is a compendium of the science of railroad management. It shows that in the twenty-six years since he had learned from Charles Lowell what B. & M. stood for he had taken all railroad knowledge to be his province. It is fundamental. Nothing is to be added to it to-day. It is neither to be revised nor to be answered. It is interesting as illustrating the quality of the man, his healthy conscience, his all-comprehending intelligence, his fairness, his compelling power of reasoning, his gift of statement. This letter should be admitted to the mind (if its capacity suffice) and pondered in the heart of every man who presumes to prescribe methods and rules for the men who are doing the work of the world.

He was not only a practical philosopher and economist but in his personal relations a constant guide and present friend to those who served the public and the railroad with him; exacting his best efforts from every man, there was manifest such perfect justice and human kindness in his intercourse with them and treatment of them that the best efforts seemed the only reasonable and natural efforts. There was an element of personal affection in their service on the "Q." To them it was a corporation with a soul. The title, "The Old Man" was their American way of admitting that their reverence was tempered and strengthened by more intimate regard and so the service of this railroad to the public became famous for its excellence.

But such are the contradictions in human nature that in February 1888, there was begun a strike of the locomotive engineers which had been ordered by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to enforce its claim to control in the classification and in the discharge of engineers. The President, in his report of December of that year, states: "The 2,500 men who left us on a few hours' notice had most of them been in the employ of the company for years where they filled important places and had become accustomed to one another and to their surroundings. They understood the rules of the train service which are more or less difficult and complicated and they formed a disciplined force moving as an essential part of a great machine. This part of the machine was suddenly destroyed and the task of reconstructing it had to be undertaken and performed without allowing the machine to stop or its efficiency to be impaired." We can hardly realize the weight of trouble this added to the ordinary heavy burdens carried by Mr. Perkins. There was no question of the right in his mind and no confusion of counsel among the directors. They stood by the man it had become natural to believe in, having full confidence in his resoluteness and his tact. The people along the line of the road generally endorsed his course, taking it for granted that he was right. All employed in the other branches of service supported him "with zeal, industry and courage through months of anxiety and over-

work." It would serve no good purpose to dwell on this unhappy chapter in the history of the C., B. & Q. There was no compromise. It ended in victory for Mr. Perkins. It added greatly to men's knowledge of his character and so enlarged and strengthened still further his influence, but it had imposed on him the new and painful experience of the disloyalty of men he had known and trusted for many years.

We have attempted to show how with clear mind and healthy conscience and ample powers he fulfilled all duty in his ordinary life and in the usual course of business, but certain actions known during his lifetime only by those immediately concerned have now been made public and show his recognition of duty in an aspect hard and strange. The sum of the story is that as one interested in the financial well-being of Nebraska he invested some \$25,000 in the stock of a bank in Lincoln, managed by men he thought he knew. Sometime afterward without his knowledge he was made one of the directors of the bank. When he learned of this action he strongly objected chiefly because the C., B. & Q. was a large depositor, but was persuaded to let his name remain on the list of directors on the reasonable representation of those concerned that it would strengthen the credit of the bank, help the small country banks, the farmers and merchants of Nebraska and the State at large. Of course he was unable to give any personal attention to the management of the bank's business. It degenerated into a wild cat concern. In 1896 the natural crisis came, threatening disaster throughout the State.

Mr. Perkins' legal obligation was that of a stockholder of 250 shares at a par value of \$25,000, but he seems not to have studied the limit of his legal obligation, but to have regarded only the reasons urged for his remaining in the directory. His name had inspired confidence and that confidence must be justified, and it was in the day's work for him to prevent or to repair the loss which the dishonesty or incompetency of the managers of the bank had caused and to restore and rehabilitate the bank if possible. To this end he sold many of his valuable securities, his

surest source of income, at a loss, and expended eleven hundred thousand dollars to satisfy what seemed to him a moral obligation. A great citizen of Nebraska, J. Sterling Morton, thus commented on this action in his paper *The Conservative*, July 13, 1899, his relations as a confidential friend not permitting him to publish names.

The heroism of private citizens in commercial life is often of the most exalted and consecrated type. The heroism of honesty in peace is as worthy of emulation as that of fortitude and courage in war. The heroism which for pride in a good name, for pride in one's own family because of its pure record and guileless history, will sacrifice hundreds of thousands of dollars to maintain the credit of a bank or other institution with which that name has been even involuntarily connected, is grander and more majestic mentally and morally than the heroism of the battle-field. Right here in Nebraska the *Conservative* has been an eye-witness of an instance of financial and patriotic heroism which for the sake of a good name and without legal compulsion being possible put up voluntarily more than a million of dollars and saved many a bank and business house from failure in this young State during the panic of a few years ago. It required more grit, more character of the choicest kind, more wholesome pride, more self-abnegation than a charge upon a battery spouting bullets and shells.

If gratitude were an enduring sentiment, if the faculty of memory were as strong in its exercise as the heat of a passing enthusiasm, the school children of Nebraska would be taught to-day not only of the foresight and venturesome will which opened highways wherein their fathers entered and possessed the land, but also of the lofty spirit and perfect honor of this modern Roman who in their people's extremity found his opportunity and at heavy cost of health and fortune saw to it that their republic should receive no harm.

The result of extending the road to the Missouri River justified the opinion that he had given in 1866 and thereafter the great financiers and men of affairs of New England who were interested in the road so confided in the soundness of his judgment that his influence controlled in all questions of its further extension. He fixed the time and place. His had become the authentic word. And as we contemplate the

eight thousand miles of highway that he caused to be built in Nebraska and Colorado, through the wilderness of South Dakota and Wyoming and Montana, and the enduring beneficence which resulted in opening fields for the multifarious industries and activities of myriads of stalwart men and women, in multiplying their opportunities for profitable usefulness, in strengthening the physical, moral, social and industrial, as well as the political union of the United States, we feel that it was the imperial achievement of an inspired foresight as well as of an imperial will.

We have already referred to his personal influence on his co-workers, developing in each the ambition to render always his best service, and in the successful exercise of his influence on strong bright-minded men we find explanation of the fact that many places of responsibility on the other railroads of the country are now filled with success and honor by men who received their early training under him. There are now presidents of five of the important roads of the United States who are free to use the words of one of the most eminent of their number, "I learned more from him than from any other man I ever knew," and not one who does not recall his association with him in that earlier experience, and his relations with him as long as he lived with pride and affection. "That which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends" was surely his. He treasured the love of his companions, and he had his reward.

Though his friends in Burlington had noticed the signs of bodily infirmity, the tidings of his death, November 8, 1907, at Westwood, Massachusetts, took them unawares. Not yet can they think of him as one whose day is ended and whose work is done, or realize that they shall no more look upon that commanding, gracious and attractive presence; the natural embodiment of great powers and noble qualities, powers so applied and qualities so exercised for the promotion of the general welfare that his private life now seems public and historic. We give place to others to speak in terms of comparison in their estimate of him. Mr. Richard Olney said: "Mr. Perkins was the most important man in the

business life of Boston who has died in recent years." Mr. James J. Hill said: "He was a great man, his was the greatest railroad intellect of the country. He did a great work and there is no one to fill his place." Another kindred spirit familiar with many men esteemed great called him, "One of the truest men and finest gentlemen God has given to America." Many men of all classes and conditions have testified their high regard for him in words true and inspiring, but no tribute so quickens the memory of those who knew him or so stirs their imagination as that, beautiful in its fitness and simplicity, which by the suspension of all the work of the railroad at the hour of his funeral enabled all those employed in its service, though scattered along its thousand leagues, at once and by a common impulse to pay their reverent homage and together to say farewell to him whom for these many years they had regarded as peculiarly their own.

CLAYTON COUNTY AS DESCRIBED TO A RESIDENT OF CONNECTICUT IN 1838.

Clayton Co., July 7th, 1838.

Dear Father:

* * * I am in latitude $42\frac{1}{2}$, a considerable distance north of what I intended when I left home. One great reason why I came thus far north is that on inquiry of many who had lived in the southern part of Indiana and Illinois, I found that it was unhealthy on all those flat extensive prairies. Besides all the good land was taken up. And the same reason which made it unhealthy for man would render it difficult keeping sheep, one object which I had in view when I left home. And to conclude my reasons for stopping here it is in the vicinity of the lead mines, where there are a great many persons engaged in mining, which makes a good market for everything which the farmer can raise so long as there is a market on the Mississippi River. I suppose it is as good a farming country as it is farther south, and the lead mines are said to be richer than the gold mines of Mexico, that is, there is more profit in working them.

The claim I have to the land I am improving is like all the other claims in the Territory (perhaps thirty or forty thousand in number). There is not a man in Ioway Territory who has a deed of his lands. There is a sort of combination among the settlers to support one another at the day of sale, and keep the spec-

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