"The Unconsidered Now."

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1st. A road from Burlington to the Missouri River, at or near the mouth of Platte.

2nd. A road from Davenport via Muscatine to Kanesville (Council Bluffs.)

3rd. A road from Dubuque to Fort Des Moines.

No other memorials will pass this winter, and the above may be regarded as the settled policy of the State. I will endeavor to have the memorials forwarded to you as soon as they shall be enrolled.

Yours truly, etc.,

JAMES W. GRIMES.

In view of the immense development of railroads in Iowa, this letter would indicate that the ambition of the people of the State at that day, in this direction, was very moderate. The principal object for which Mr. Grimes became a member of that legislature was to start a movement in behalf of building railroads, and in this he succeeded admirably. He introduced the memorial for a grant of land by Congress to aid in the construction of the Burlington and Missouri railroad, and without doubt was friendly to the other lines mentioned, which were endorsed by the legislature.

"THE UNCONSIDERED NOW."

The following article from the pen of Hon. S. M. Clark of the Keokuk Gate City, in a style at once clear and convincing, sets forth the idea which underlies the work of historical collecting, not only in this State, but everywhere else. We commend it to our readers as affording an excellent illustration of the efforts of the Historical Department of Iowa, the chief work of which is the preservation of the data for the history of the State and its people—those facts which, however much they may be "unconsidered now," will in future days be worth a thousand fold more than all they cost. It has been a con-
stant surprise to us to see how naturally people come to
obtain facts from our collections, and it has been highly
gratifying to be able to aid so many of them, notwithstanding
the work is not yet four years old. But read what
Mr. Clark says:

The late Judge Edward Johnstone was talking to us about how
unconsciously people live history and take no account of it and throw
its records into the waste basket and think nothing about it. After a
while that which was such a commonplace present becomes the past
and history, and you want the records of it and they are gone—thrown
away as unconsidered trifles. Thus, he knew very well a man living in a
neighboring town. He met him often and talked with him often and
got letters from him sometimes and threw them away after reading.
After a time that man was dead in a tragic way and his name was known
to certain of his adherents and many other people over the world,
for it was Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon religion, canonized now
as a prophet in the thought of thousands of his co-religionists. Many
times afterwards Judge Johnstone would have been glad to have written
of his own personal knowledge of Joseph Smith and to have had his
letters to show the manner of man the prophet was and how he wrote,
yet the letters had been dissolved in the dust-heaps of long past years,
because we seldom think now that the now can become history.

In the like manner that Judge Johnstone was speaking of, how we
let history and biography escape us in an unconsidered way! In those
palmy days of Keokuk in the fifties, when a canal for the commerce that
never was, was being made by the state of Iowa along the Des Moines
river; when the oak and elm thickets, and groves here where Black
Hawk and Keokuk and their bands had lounged about in the Indian
fashion had been cut down over night to make room for a palatial home
and a street alongside of it of such deadly depth of yellow clay that
sometimes an unwary lady who had ventured abroad had to be taken
home on a dray as the only possible form of transportation; in those
days of myth and memory there was a young man idling about his
brother's job-printing office in Keokuk, setting types a little, making
pretense of reading law a little, writing himself down as an "antiqua-
rian" in the bran-new first directory the ambitious young city ever had,
swapping yarns in a drawling way with the other fellows. Of course
they paid no more attention to his yarns than to the other fellow's yarns,
if so much. How could they know until they took up the New York
Herald years afterwards and were put into a glow with the matchless
fun of "The Innocents Abroad," that that drawling "Antiquarian" of
the job office and the old Billings house was "Mark Twain?" And that
the yarns and jokes he had drawled out to them would be worth $100 a
page after awhile, when written out as literature that stands well at
the head of American letters in its way?