Annals of Iowa [Indian Troubles Again; Excerpt from John Adams]

ISSN 0003-4827

Material in the public domain. No restrictions on use. This work has been identified with a Creative Commons Public Domain Mark 1.0.

Recommended Citation
"Annals of Iowa [Indian Troubles Again; Excerpt from John Adams]." The Annals of Iowa 6 (1905), 626-626.
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0003-4827.3103

Hosted by Iowa Research Online
Her venerable father, Rev. Milo N. Miles, survived her but a brief time. Her son, Mr. Howard M. North, is at present roadmaster for the Southern Pacific Railroad at Los Angeles; her daughter is married and resides in South Dakota. Three brothers survive her, two residing in Des Moines, the other in Nebraska.

INDIAN TROUBLES AGAIN.—The settlers on the border, in the Northwestern counties of the State, are again alarmed on account of the recent appearance and depredations of Indians in that quarter. Many immigrants destined for Dakota Territory and the little Sioux valley have turned back and sought homes in the valley of the Des Moines. The first act of the great Indian expedition fitting out at Sioux City should be to exterminate these infernal savages before ascending the Missouri river in search of Indians beyond the limits of white settlements. A massacre is feared at Peterson and other settlements along the valley of the Little Sioux. We trust however that the present excitement may prove a false alarm and that Northwestern Iowa may be permitted to receive and retain the immigration which, were these apprehensions removed, would flow into her beautiful valleys and spread over her fertile prairies.—Ft. Dodge Republican, May 4, 1864.

I CONSIDER the discovery of America as the opening of a grand design in Providence for the emancipation of mankind all over the earth. The Union is our rock of safety, as well as the pledge of our grandeur. A prospect into futurity in America is like contemplating the heavens through the telescope; objects stupendous in magnitude and motion strike us from all quarters, and fill us with amazement.—John Adams.