

HISTORY OF MARSHALL COUNTY.

BY NETTIE SANFORD, MARSHALLTOWN.

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HON. T. BROWN tells us the Albion people had an idea at this time that a land site and a building made a college, sans faculty, sans trustees, etc. With all its bad management, the ideal university had a good influence upon the community; the churches increased in number, so that Marshall county was, perhaps, as moral as any settlement in the state. There never was but a single murder in the county,—Dr. Bissel, the first practising physician in Marshalltown, was shot by Mr. Coble, from jealousy, in 1855.

Albion, in 1856, probably numbered five hundred inhabitants. John Tripp, the first hardware merchant, now the proprietor of the railroad town, Liscomb, was perhaps one of the most successful men here. Stanley, Chapin, Barnhart, Swearingen, and Wilson kept the Albion corner of the triangular fight between the aforesaid town and Marietta and Marshalltown in a constant state of activity. Marietta being the stronger, Albion ostensibly wrought side by side with Marshalltown, but if the plum could fall into her own lap she wrought for herself without any qualms of conscience upon treaties with great powers. The settlers north of Albion gave their energies and money to build up the village; among these were Philip and William Ballard, of Iowa township. Their early history is well worth recording. They came to their home on the wild prairie on the east side of the Iowa river in 1849; but the Indian trail lay over the river, and this must be crossed to reach the shanty where Mr. Philip Ballard intended to bring his family after he had made his claim. The stream was not clear of ice, yet it did not make a strong bridge. Wagons were waiting to go over, but it looked dubious at best. No bridge had ever been built upon

its waters, and none was like to be for some years; so Mr. Ballard concluded to place a few boards each way from an island of ice to the shore. It could not be trusted with a heavy load, so the household goods were carried over by hand, William Ballard assisting, he being a young man; then the horses were coaxed along the frail structure, the empty wagon, and, finally, the wife and little ones of Philip Ballard. In an hour the ice was swept away by the advancing current, and the brave pioneers had good cause for congratulations. The shanty was made of a few logs and boards. Mrs. Ballard ground corn in her coffee mill for bread, until the mill was started on timber creek. Meat was plenty until the powder gave out, and a small prospect for pork until the bears ate up the pigs. Bruin, in turn, was killed, and his honey in the cottonwood trees was also a fair reprisal. If, by some trade, a pound of coffee could be bought in Os-kaloosa, a hundred miles away, their happiness was complete. Healthy, cheerful, and contented, the pioneers, by the great law of compensation, were much happier than the people of older communities. No care to sustain position in society, no agony over unfashionable dresses and bonnets, their mission was to subdue the wilderness and make it blossom like the rose, and they were content.

The year of 1856 was one of great prosperity to the people of Marshall county, everywhere. Immigration brought substantial farmers to break up the prairie, their money made a home market for produce, and the little towns built up as fast as carpenters and masons could build houses. Marietta contended with Marshalltown for the county seat prize at the election of this year, and was again successful. Hon. Delos Arnold, Hon. H. E. J. Beardman, Hon. John Turner, Thos. Abells, esq., Dr. Waters (one of the most energetic men in the county), never allowed themselves to think for a moment the prize could be lost to Marietta. It gave zest, piquancy, to every enterprise of life, and "to come it over *them* Marshalltown fellows," as a Mr. Wallahan used to say, was the

best thing to call a group of Marietta citizens around the post office door, and "make a note on't."

Marshalltown, with an equal amount of pertinacity and a *little* more sharpness, was endeavoring to steal the hearts of the voting citizens in her favor. The Albion press, the mouth-piece of Marshalltown, declared that a man was drowned in the mud puddles of the public square in Marietta! Then it attacked the Fulton and Missouri River railroad, declaring upon the faith of a great man, in Des Moines, that it never would be built through the swamps, near the aforesaid town.

Judge Woodbury, Anson, and Rice, determined to make a beginning for a court house in Marshalltown. They borrowed five hundred dollars from the M. E. Church society, to build a town hall, so they told Marietta citizens. Subscriptions were asked of people in any amount from twenty-five cents and upward. Some men were too poor to give money but came with their teams and brawny arms, offering them to the enterprise with hearty good will.

The terrible winter of 1856-7 will never be forgotten by the people of Iowa. The storms were unusually freezing and tempestuous; the wind would blow snow half through a haystack; while the mercury twice sunk to thirty degrees below zero in Marshalltown.

The spring of 1857 was late and backward, provisions high, and many new-comers became so discouraged that their farms could have been bought "for a song." Flour was fourteen dollars per barrel, meat and butter could not be bought at any price, the demand so much exceeding the supply. Then to crown all, the wild-cat currency of Illinois and Nebraska flooded the state. Very few merchants were able to stand up against the financial embarrassments of this year, and about all the trade was carried on by swapping articles of value. Three bushels of white beans would buy a calico dress. Under these discouragements the building of the town hall was more of a financial success than the erection of the colossus at ancient Rhodes.

CHAPTER V.

The farmers, whose taxes seemed heavy through the hard times, seeing that the old court house of Marietta would have to be re-built soon, and when Judge Woodbury impressed it upon them that the town hall of Marshalltown was in every part a court house, if they, by their sovereign will, only would vote it so. Marietta came into the field of the spring election of 1858 with the expectation of winning the victory. Marshalltown had not a traitor in her midst, every man was bent on beating her adversary. Old women through the county had mysterious presents of calico dresses, packages of tea and coffee from Rice's and Willigrod's store; bottles of paragoric and snuff from Dr. Glick's pharmacy; ginger and nutmegs from Dunton's and Hambel's grocery, and little pats on their childrens heads from the great men of the city that had a mysterious influence on the election. In no future golden age will women's rights be more triumphant. Yet, with all these drawbacks, Marietta read with astonished eyes the returns of the election in favor of her rival. In spite of this, and gathering energy from despair, she wrote *nil desperandum* upon her escutcheon. Knowing that in a new community there were always some little informalities in making out the returns through the carelessness of farmer clerks, she proposed to find them, so as to throw out votes enough to give her the proper majority. The returns from Marion, Le Grand, and Greencastle townships were not dated, neither were the certificates signed in the proper manner, so that she had quite a good show to contest the election, though she was well aware that a *fair* majority had been given to her antagonist. The returns from Marshall township had escaped the vigilant notice of the watchful guardians of the city's interest. The signing of the *jurat* had been forgotten by one of the officers. A sharp man by the name of Ranney found this out. A secret pledge was made never to reveal the rectifying of the mistake, and old Mr. Rice and Father Dunton, the good Methodist preacher, started to Marietta, after night, to

make the record faithful to Marshalltown. They went to Judge Smith, got the poll book, brought it down to the aforesaid city, poked up the negligent officers, at the dead of night, had the document corrected, and carried the poll book back to Marietta without the secret ever being divulged, until the history of Marshall county was published in 1867. Father Dunton never has explained what pressure was put upon Judge Smith, who was so partial to Marietta. But the poll book was obtained and Marietta people none the wiser. This last piece of *finesse* was acted before the meeting of the board of canvassers upon elections, and Judge Smith acquiesced with the board that Marietta was the veritable county seat.

This aroused the virtuous indignation of Marshalltown. Their tea, tobacco, and whisky had been wasted; something must be done to bring the contumacious board to their senses. Upon certain representations of Rice, Anson, and Woodbury, who might be called the Marshalltown junta, a writ of mandamus was issued by Judge Thompson, presiding over the district court at the April term, 1858, commanding Judge Smith and two justices of the peace, John Turner and Elias Wallahan, to re-canvas the returns of the election, including those of the rejected townships, or show cause why he should not do so, on or before the third day of the term of the court. The counsel for Judge Smith and his confreres was the Hon. Enoch Eastman, of Eldora, afterwards lieutenant governor of Iowa. Judge Smith filed exceptions, and refusing to answer or re-canvas, another writ was issued against him by Judge Thompson, peremptorily ordering him to re-canvas, but this he disobeyed and appealed to the supreme court, where it was argued at the June term of this year, but no decision was reached. In the following December term of this same court, the case came up again. William Penn Clark, of Iowa City, was the counsel for Marshalltown; Hon. C. C. Cole, of Des Moines, for Marietta. Every citizen able to give a dollar was assessed his share of the burden to carry forward the purposes of the junta, and this was cheerfully done in most cases, for houses and lots had a prospective value determined by the decision of the courts.

There was great joy among property holders in Marshalltown when the decision of the lower court was affirmed by the higher authority. The clerk of the supreme court, in the early part of January, 1859, issued a peremptory writ of mandamus to the board of canvassers to re-canvas the election returns of 1858. Judge Smith, John Turner, and Elias Wallahan, esqs., meeting the bankers, lawyers, and real estate men of Marietta in secret council, feloniously threw out the returns again of the rejected townships above mentioned. Judge Smith, afterwards dissented, after getting advice from Cole, of Des Moines, as those returns could not be thrown away upon legal showing. This wavering upon the part of the judge, the action of the board, so exasperated the junta at Marshalltown, that they filed information against Judge Smith, and Justices Turner and Wallahan for dereliction of duty, and these gentlemen were brought down to Marshalltown for trial before Justice Yeaman. On a writ of habeas corpus being issued by the county clerk, J. D. Williams, acting as judge, Messrs. Turner and Wallahan were released, but Judge Smith seems to have been allowed to take his chances. Colonel Hepburn, now of Page county, at this time was the prosecuting attorney in the case, and H. C. Henderson, assistant counsel. Boardman, of Marietta, conducted the defense.

Pending this trial there was great excitement through the county, and the last evening of the proceedings, in a speech made by Boardman, he intimated that Henderson had told an untruth. Of course this exasperated the assistant counsel to a fever heat, so that he neared Boardman with a flushed face, cane in hand, demanding retraction. The town hall was crowded with Marshalltown men. A few Marietta men, in the center, commenced to huddle around their champion. Some one at the door cried out, "Lynch the Marietta rascals!" This was answered by some of the candles disappearing, yet enough were left to show Boardman in the tableau, pale, yet cool as a cucumber, and waiving his right hand with a look that Forest might wear in Coriolanus — "Gentlemen, you can impose upon Marietta and her rights now, but you will

feel differently when the cold steel of a hundred bayonets is passing through your hearts." This *hifalutin* and his coolness seemed to have some effect, for Henderson disappeared, and the crowd, being instructed by Woodbury and Dr. Glick, began to cry out for Judge Smith's blood. Horror stricken at this dramatic managing, the judge caught Rice by the buttons of his coat and begged to be taken to his father-in-law's house, Rev. Mr. Babcock, a Methodist clergyman. The crowd hooted at him as he went, all being arranged before hand; and with a great show of secrecy and apprehension, the judge was hustled into a buggy and driven down to Mr. Babcock's without further delay. In the course of the night, feeling anxious about his situation, as Charles I. before his death, sent for his family to console with him on the chances of his sudden taking off. Mrs. Smith would not trust herself "among the villians," she said, although the escort was her own father. Mr. Babcock, being a Marshalltown man, was hated so intensely by the Marietta people that in going to and fro he was insulted at every step. *Decayed* eggs and rubbish were thrown at his reverend head, without mercy, several times, and to add to his discomfort, the gossips repeated wonderful tales impugning his veracity as he made his different journeys back and forth to Marietta.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IOWA GOVERNORS.

IN response to a Missouri subscriber's request to record the names of the governors of Iowa, from the beginning of civil government in her borders to the present time, in the order in which they served, we may say, by way of introduction, that, before the organization of the territorial government of Iowa, in 1838, the acres now called Iowa formed an integral part of the territory of Wisconsin, the governor of which was Henry Dodge (father of Gen. A. C. Dodge), who was afterwards United States senator from Wisconsin, and who re-

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