

duty of the governor to make other appointments. Kinney and Green were re-appointed associate judges, but S. Clinton Hastings, of Muscatine, received the appointment of chief justice, in the place of Williams. Hastings was a shrewd politician, and not very scrupulous as to the manner in which he carried his points, if he could only succeed, and in getting this appointment over the former chief justice, he resorted to strategy. A short time before the appointments were to be made, he caused it to be represented to the governor that Williams had had an offer to engage in other business, at a much better compensation than he would receive by being on the bench, and that he did not desire the appointment. The governor, believing this, gave the appointment to Hastings, and left the old chief justice a private citizen, much to the chagrin of himself and friends.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF MARION COUNTY.

BY WM. M. DONNEL.

DURING the early settlement of the county, some portions of it were infested with thieves. Being sparsely settled, with no railroads or telegraph lines, excellent opportunities were afforded for the escape and secretion of persons with stolen property. Horse stealing was extensively carried on by an organized band, who extended their route from Independence, Missouri, north-east, by way of Red Rock (Marion county) and Fairfield, up the Mississippi river, terminating at Prairie du Chien. Sometimes these marauders would bring negroes with them from Missouri, for the purpose of returning them and obtaining the rewards offered for the capture of run-away slaves. They also extended their business to the robbing of stores and

stables, hiding with their booty in the thickly-wooded ravines by day, and traveling by night. An instance in which this gang was foiled in a contemplated raid upon the village of Red Rock, is worth relating:—

In the summer of 1848, E. H. Baker kept a store in this place, and employed a young man named Thomas Stanfield as salesman during a protracted absence at St. Louis for goods. Stanfield boarded at the residence of a man named Bowen—a man of rough deportment, and notorious for drunkenness. He was scarcely ever known to be sober, and, with two other dissipated idlers about town, named Leach and Tusaro, was suspected of getting his subsistence by dishonest means. However, he and young Stanfield were intimate friends, and Bowen frequently manifested a confidence and interest in the youth that roused a suspicion in the latter that led him to wish to investigate what was at first couched in mysterious hints thrown out by the former during his drunken fits. “Tom,” he would often say, in a confidential manner, when they were alone, “I could tell you a way that you and I could make out living easier than by hard work.” And Tom would respond that he was in for anything that would prove profitable—he was for easy work and big pay, no matter what the character of the business might be. This was intended to humor his friend, strengthen his confidence, and lead to a revelation of what he feared was intended for mischief to somebody.

One Sunday, after having repeated his desire to initiate his young friend into the easy and profitable business in question, and having received the apparently confidential acquiescence of the latter, Bowen invited Tom to a rendezvous at the store, after dark, where he was to let him into the whole secret, and Tom was to join in the enterprise. Feeling much excited on the subject, and desirous of knowing the whole truth, the young man consented to the interview, and promised to become a party in the enterprise. He arranged to be at the store (where he lodged nights) first, and there was to be joined by Bowen at a certain

hour; and then the whole matter was to be talked over, and all necessary arrangements made for an organized movement.

Tom, however, was not desirous of bearing so heavy a secret alone. The responsibility of so momentous an affair was altogether too much for him. He needed counsel, and decided to confide the matter to Elias Williams, a young man a few years his senior, who was then at Red Rock, studying medicine under Dr. Matthews, and ask his aid in the emergency. He therefore went to see Williams, and asked him to take a walk with him, stating that he had something of importance to reveal to him, and needed his help. Williams, thinking it might be some love affair of his friend's, accompanied him to the shelter of the grove north of town. Here Stanfield told the doctor of the intended interview with Bowen, and why he believed it was intended for mischief. Not wishing to be alone with such a man as Bowen, at such a time and in such a place, and also desiring a witness to the interview, he asked Williams what he could do to help him. A plan was thereupon arranged for the doctor to be present. It required much caution to execute the plan unobserved by Bowen, but the doctor was on the alert, and got to the store in time. In the ceiling, directly over the counter, was a square hole, just large enough to admit a person through to the unfinished loft. Through this hole Williams, aided by his confederate, managed to squeeze himself. There being no upper floor, and the lath being unsafe for a heavy person to rest upon, the doctor was obliged to stretch himself upon a log joist, making his position as easy as possible by placing a blanket under him.

Just after having disposed himself in this position, with his head near the aperture, the better to hear all that might be said, Bowen made his presence known at the door, and was admitted. As he stepped within, he thrust both hands into the pockets of his pants, and drew forth a couple of small, steel-barreled revolvers, and, looking sternly at his

companion, as he held them before him, cocked, he remarked, "By G—d, Tom, here is something that never betrays me!"

Poor Tom, not knowing but that the half-drunken desperado had discovered the plot, turned pale, and trembled with fright; but, knowing he had a witness and faithful help at hand, managed to restrain any more visible evidence of his fear, and quickly produced what was recognized by Bowen as a token of good will — a jug of whisky, glasses, and sugar — and invited him to help himself.

Having done so liberally, Bowen opened the conference with a history of the company mentioned in the beginning of this article, stating that he, Leach, and Tusaro were members; that a squad of them were on the way from Independence, and were to arrive on next Thursday night, with horses; that he, Bowen, Tusaro, and Leach were, on that night, to rob Stanley's and Matthews' stores, steal all the horses they could get in town, and be off; that, on account of Stanfield's association with, and aid in, the plot — he having already signified his intention to join the gang — Baker's store was not to be disturbed, etc.

The interview lasted till about midnight. All the advantages and disadvantages, possibilities and impossibilities, connected with the undertaking, were thoroughly discussed, and young Stanfield seemed delighted with the prospect of plenty of money to be thus easily made.

To the doctor, however, the situation was not so agreeable. Though as deeply interested in the plot as a man could be, his narrow, hard bed and constrained stillness grew uncomfortable; and, to add to his discomfort, a hungry mouse persisted in nibbling one of his big toes. Once, indeed, the teeth of the little pest penetrated so deeply as to cause the doctor to give a violent kick, making a noise loud enough to be heard below, but, as it was not unlike that often made by mice, no particular notice was taken of it by Bowen.

It may be supposed that the young adventurers were

glad when the meeting adjourned. Williams was soon released from his hard bed, and from the persecutions of the mouse, and took up his quarters for the remainder of the night with Stanfield, behind the counter, where they discussed the matter and decided what next to do. Having concluded not to let any one know of the contemplated raid until on the day of the night on which it was to come off, lest the raiders themselves might somehow get a hint of it, and escape punishment, they then privately informed those who were most strictly interested, adding cautions not to betray their knowledge of it, by any means. But such was the excitement produced by the intelligence, that these admonitions were either forgotten or disregarded. Men got out their old guns and pistols, and rubbed them up and put them in shooting order, giving rise to inquiries one of another as to what it meant, and this resulted in whisperings and anxious looks that could not but betray, even to a stranger, the prospect of something unusual to take place. On Thursday Bowen and Leach were on the lookout for these signs all day. They were observed to be passing from one business place to another, not seeming to see or hear anything in particular, yet keenly on the alert to all that passed. The fact that they heard and saw enough for their purpose, was apparent that night. Stores and stables were closely guarded, but no thieves came. On the second or third day following, Bowen's absence was discovered, he having disappeared during the night. He was soon followed by Leach and Tusaro. In further proof of their intended raid, signs were shortly afterwards discovered, in the thick woods not far from town, of a company of men and horses having been secreted there for a short time, probably on the night in question, to await the action of their confederates in town.

This timely discovery, though it did not result, as it should have resulted, in the arrest and punishment of the thieves, did at least put an end to their operations about Red Rock.

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