

it upon the old original line, which had been accepted as the true line for nearly twenty years.

Thus ended the Missouri war and the foolish scheme of the half-breed land speculators, who should have been indicted for getting up a riot, sedition, and mutiny, and imprisoned until their rights to the half-breed lands were outlawed.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF
MARRION COUNTY.

BY WM. M. DONNEL.

DURING the year 1848 a saw and grist mill was erected on South Cedar river, on what is now the site of the pleasant and flourishing town of Marysville, in Liberty township. It was built, owned, and operated by Josiah Brobst, and was at times resorted to by persons from a great distance for breadstuffs. Particularly during the spring and summer of 1851 many came from Warren, Lucas, Jasper, and Mahaska counties, some with ox teams, and waited many tedious days and nights to get a supply of corn ground for their needy families at home. The flood of that season had thrown many other mills out of repair, or otherwise rendered them useless for the time being, compelling a resort to this, under extreme difficulties, and for some time the mill ran constantly day and night to supply the urgent demand. Then it was no pleasant situation to be the proprietor of this establishment, and Mr. Brobst was not the man to feel the responsibility less than any other. When customers would come from afar with their limited supply of

corn, and anxiously inquire when they could get it ground, it was hard to doom them to wait their turn, perhaps a week or more. And it was harder still to witness the expression of despair that settled upon the countenances of some whose peculiar necessities made the indispensable rule the hardest to bear, or to witness the tears of others who hopefully begged for a suspension of the rule as a special favor, to the extent of a small supply of meal for present emergencies. At this time Mr. Brobst had some corn for sale, and kindly furnished it to his most needy customers for fifty cents per bushel, while others who had it to spare, even in greater abundance, took advantage of the pressing demand and charged one dollar per bushel.

During the great flood of 1851 this mill was much damaged by being isolated from the main land, water having cut a channel between it and the shore. However, the mill stood firmly upon its foundation, though nine times did the water submerge the floor, and each time leave a coating of black mud upon it. But so soon as the water subsided sufficiently, a number of neighbors were invited to assist in filling up the breach. This was done with logs, brush, and earth, and occupied a day or two.

When the job was completed, it was decided by some of the young men who composed the main force in its performance to have a little jollification of their own. This they signified to the proprietor of the mill, Mr. Brobst, who readily agreed thereto, and added material aid in the shape of a jug of whisky and a bucket of doughnuts.

The leading spirits of this jolly assembly were Jonathan Willard, F. Manhart, Peter Kline, and John B. Ely, and their place for holding forth was in a small room in the mill. As it happened, the Rev. Hiram Moon was there, waiting for a grist of corn, and had taken up his lodging for the night on a cot in that room. It was evident that his reverence would be in the way, and it was decided to remove him. He was, however, loth to abandon his bed, and after much ineffectual parley with him the boys took him up and

stowed him away in a corn-bin that flanked one side of the room. Here he concluded it would be safer to remain above the din and reckless carnival that followed, enjoying it some in spite of his sanctity and loss of sleep. A one-stringed fiddle had been provided for the occasion, and one of the company sawed out of it the best music that such an instrument would make, and all the rest danced to it in the most indiscriminate manner imaginable, varying the performance with many rough tussels, singing, and laughter, and frequent resorts to the jug. The last mentioned performance was a source of much anxiety on the part of a sober-minded member of the party, named Jacob Stormbaugh, who seemed to consider his presence necessary to impose restraint upon the others. Apparently to him the boys were becoming recklessly drunk, and were fast passing into that state of insanity that would make them dangerous to each other, and it was amusing to them to hear how piteously he would implore them not to drink any more. For this reason his pleadings made their applications to the jug more frequent, though (unknown to him) their drinks were little more than make-believes. Thus the party caroused until midnight, when they adjourned in good order, all whole, much to the relief of their reverend auditor and the sober Jacob.

On another occasion the boys had a mind for sport, and Jonathan Willard, in consequence of his simplicity and good nature, was made the subject. Jonathan always claimed that he liked fun, even at his own expense, and on this occasion he even swore he liked it, though it was served to him in the rough. Jonathan had a fine suit of clothes, capped off with a stove-pipe hat, and, on the occasion alluded to, was, with other jovial companions above mentioned, assembled at the mill for an evening's rough entertainment. To begin with Jonathan, one of them (J. B. Ely) took his tall hat, crammed it full of shavings and made a bon-fire of it, while the others took down a wide door and sat the owner of the hat upon it. This done they all pro-

ceeded to give him a free ride. By the united efforts of the company he was hoisted rapidly into the air, two or three feet clear of the door, down upon which he would come again with a spat and a grunt, decidedly amusing to the other performers. Thus they kept him going up and down, till they became weary of the exercise. But the final descent was the hardest. At a given signal the door was dropped and poor Jonathan was almost bewildered with the shock, but on recovering he was in the best of humor and swore he liked fun. They had burned his best hat, and almost tossed the life out of him, and he liked it because it was done in sport.

At another time, Jonathan Willard and John B. Ely came to a mutual agreement to escort a couple of ladies home from church. They were a widow and her daughter. Jonathan preferred to accompany the daughter, leaving Ely, though a young man, no choice but the widow. The parties were all on horseback, and Jonathan was in his best suit, even to kid gloves, and in fine spirits, but the way was rough and fearfully muddy. But, after some adventures, they safely reached the home of the ladies, where they remained till next day. During the night it rained heavily, and the streams were so flooded as to make the homeward journey of the young men quite adventurous. On reaching a narrow, crooked channel, filled with a swift current of muddy water, Jonathan dismounted and stepped over it. Ely, however, remained in his saddle, and urged the horse to leap it. But the animal somehow made a mis-step and dropped into the channel, leaving Ely standing astride of it, he having dexterously lodged a foot on each bank as his horse sank from under him. His bestrided situation was neither a pleasant nor safe one, as it required some critical effort to get out of it. Here, however, like a miniature colossus, he stood astride the channel long enough to witness the worst predicament that Jonathan got into. Jonathan, apparently absorbed in the efforts of Ely's horse to get out, made one step too far backward toward a short bend of the

treacherous current, and went into it neck deep, with his best clothes on. He came out in a sorry looking plight, but merry withal, and both, after having recovered a safer footing on *terra firma* and their steeds, went on their way rejoicing.

ONE OF THE OLD SETTLERS OF IOWA.

MR. John Box, of Floris, Davis county, came to Fort Madison, Lee county, Iowa, on the 7th day of October, 1833, himself and wife being the first white settlers south of Skunk river. All their children living (four in number) were born in Iowa. The eldest, D. F. Box, was the second white child born in Lee county, Mr. Samuel Ayers, now deputy auditor of state, being the first. Mr. Box is seventy-three years old, and his wife, the faithful companion of his toils and triumphs, is now sixty. They lived in a log cabin on the western bank of the Mississippi some thirteen years, and during that time, without moving, lived in the territories of Michigan, of Wisconsin, of Iowa, and the state of Iowa. His nearest neighbors were seven miles off, but considered close then. Mrs. Box moved in the first society before she came to Iowa, and in after years, when her daughters were grown up, she rehearsed to them her early history, and said she was better off then when she had parlor, sitting-room, kitchen, and corn crib all in one room, than they were now when they had them all separate.

The first paper published in the state was the Fort Madison *Pioneer*, or *Courier*, issued first in the spring of 1835, and edited by a Mr. Edwards. Mr. Box was the first postmaster in Iowa, and paid for carrying the mail from (Flint Hills) Burlington and Montrose to Fort Madison, for twelve

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