

he arose and commenced soliloquizing, as his attention seemed fixed upon some distant object in the river :

“ Well, well,” said he, “ the boy is safe now ; if he courses for the old gum ’twill not be the sheriff of this settlement that’ll line him up. He had a monstrous deal of book larnin’, but his mind was little better than a piece of rotten comb. I tell’d the bar keeper to throw his liker out to the sheriff’s guard, to the matter of that speck of honey that I sell’d to the clark of the boat. I did want some powder, but I’ll do without the powder ; yes, yes, I’ll do without it, for I remember the time when on the Volga, he struck off the Indian’s arm at a single blow, while it held the scalping-knife over these few white locks of mine.” Here the old man paused, seemingly to brush way an intruding tear, then resumed : “ Well, well, I’ve done him a good turn ; God be with ye’r boy, wherever ye course.”

A that moment a canoe, containing a single person, glided out from among the willows of an island near the shore, and as it floated out upon the current of the moonlit stream, there arose upon the stillness of the night, the familiar shout of other scenes ;—“ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” Then all around was hushed to solemn stillness ; the bee hunter had disappeared among the cedars, and as the canoe glided behind a distant island, we saw no more of Donald McMullen, the maniac of the cavern and the sheriff’s prisoner.

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## RECOLLECTION OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NORTHWESTERN IOWA.

BY N. LEVERING, MECKLIN, MO.

(Continued from page 394.)

By an act of the congress of 1854-5, a United States land office was located at this place (Sioux City), and was opened for pre-emptions on the 22d day of October, 1855. Dr. S. P. Yemans was appointed register, and Gen. Andrew Leach, receiver. On the 20th day of May, 1856, congress passed an

appropriation bill granting every alternate section of government land for the building of the Dubuque and Sioux City railroad, and on the 5th of July following, the survey was commenced at Sioux City, and running east. This enterprise lent additional interest and gave a new impetus to the settlement of the northwest, and more especially to Sioux City. In July of the same year, Messrs. Plummer and Flag (if I mistake not) built the first steam saw mill ever built in Woodbury county. It was located at the mouth of Perry creek. This important enterprise added in a wonderful degree, to the growth and prosperity of the town and surrounding country. The mill was subsequently purchased by Messrs. Sanborn and Folet, who were men of energy and enterprise. They soon added to their mill a lath and shingle machine, and in 1858 erected a grist mill with two run of stone, near the mouth of Floyd river, in south Sioux City. This was the first mill of the kind built in Woodbury county. By the 1st of December of this year (1856) there were about one hundred neat and comfortable dwellings in the city, seven dry goods stores, two clothing stores, one tin and stove store, and one grocery and drug store. The members of the bar at that time were, John Currier, A. W. Hubbard, S. T. Davis, N. C. Hudson, and H. I. Brown. Hon. S. Riddle, of Council Bluffs, presided as district judge. This judicial district extended from Pottawattamie county, north to the state line, a distance of about two hundred miles, and east about one hundred miles. The first court held in Sioux City in 1856, was held in the bar-room of the "Des Moines House," kept by Jacob Osterling, a German.

The first sermon preached in Sioux City, if I have been correctly informed, was by a Rev. Mr. Black, of the Methodist church, in 1855, in the bar-room of what is known as the "Hays House," on the levy, then occupied by the proprietors, Benner and Bros., as a hotel. At that time morals were at a low ebb in Sioux City, for it is said that when brother Black came to our city to break the bread of life and set up the kingdom of God, satan came also, and set his up in the other

end of the bar-room, by some of his disciples, under the influence of the devil's tea, and who irreverently indulged in the luxury of a game of seven-up during divine service.

The winter of 1856-7 was one of great severity, and will be long remembered by the early settlers of the northwest. On the 2d and 3d days of December, one of the most terrific snow storms that ever blew out of the heavens, swept over that section of the country, hurling snow into every crack and crevice that air could penetrate, and into drifts of fifteen and twenty feet in depth, burying cattle, sheep, and other stock, so deeply that hundreds perished from the extreme cold. On the 7th day of February following, another severe snow storm nearly equal to the one of the 2d and 3d of December, added much to the distress of many of the settlers of the northwest, as but few were prepared for it. The snow was now about four feet on the level, which completely hemmed in some settlers who were living remote from the more populous portions of the country, and whose stock of provisions gave out before it was possible to get more. Some killed their cattle and subsisted upon them for days after their flour and meal had given out, whilst others lived upon parched corn. A Mr. Guilliams and family, who in the fall of 1856 built a cabin in Big Sioux river valley, in Plymouth county, about sixteen miles from Sioux City, suffered much. After they had consumed the last of their flour, Mr. Guilliams set out for Sioux City to procure more, arriving there one day and returning the next to his starving family with a sack of flour for which he paid \$10.00, and carried it the entire distance on his back. By the time this sack of flour was consumed the snow had increased in depth, and Mr. Guilliams and wife were so afflicted with scurvy that it was impossible to obtain more; they were now compelled to resort to some means to supply the keen demands of appetite, which was now making an urgent demand. A poor cow, high of bones and low of flesh, was selected as the dernier resort, and slaughtered for the occasion, and upon whose flesh they subsisted for a number of days, until other provisions could be obtained. Their fire-wood gave out, and being

some distance from timber they were not able to procure more; the weather was very severe,—intensely cold. After consuming all wood in their reach they attacked the walls of their cabin by chopping and splitting blocks from the logs; in this manner they obtained wood sufficient to cook their beef, keeping their beds a greater portion of the day to avoid freezing. Thus the dreary winter,—

" Like the wounded snake,  
Drew its slow length along."

When early in the spring a friend from Sioux City (a Mr. Mills, I think) passed that way, and good Samaritan-like relieved their wants. This is only one instance out of many of the same character, that occurred in northwestern Iowa during that winter.

In the month of March, 1857, when the snow rapidly disappeared, the streams were swollen out of their banks. So high were the Missouri and Floyd rivers, that they came together in what is now called south Sioux City, not far from where the Presbyterian church now stands. It was about this time that it was discovered that the mad waters of the Missouri were encroaching upon the grave of Sergeant Floyd (who was buried about two miles below Sioux City, on Floyd's bluff), and likely to precipitate the grave and its contents into its turbid bosom. A meeting of the citizens of Sioux City was at once called, and a committee appointed to repair to the grave at once, and secure all that remained earthly of Sergeant Floyd. Said committee consisted of N. Levering, chairman, Hon. M. F. Moore, Dr. S. P. Yeomans, George Ware, and J. M. White. The committee, together with a large number of citizens, repaired to the grave which was on Floyd's bluff, about two miles below Sioux City. This bluff is about two hundred feet high, commanding a view for many miles of the surrounding country in Iowa, Nebraska and Dakota. When the committee arrived they found, much to their regret, that the mad and rushing waters beneath had robbed the grave of part of its contents. Until then he had slumbered for over a half century, where he had been laid by his com-

panions and brother soldiers, far from fond and loving hearts near and dear, in a howling wilderness, the abode of savage beasts and still more savage men, where naught was heard save the warwhoop of the brawny savage, the howl of the wolf or the croak of the raven. Until then, the green grass had waved and flowers bloomed upon his silent abode. For more than fifty long years had the autumn leaves rustled, and fragrant flowers drooped and withered o'er his grave; the chilling winter winds howled a sad requiem, and the turbid waters of the Missouri murmured by, and no one visited the last resting-place of the brave adventurer, save the red warrior or the dark-eyed Indian maiden, who would turn aside to gaze or perchance drop a tear upon the grave of the pale face brave, as they would recall to mind with a sigh the relative or lover who may have in like manner been stricken down by the mighty hand of the Great Spirit, in a strange land, far from those he loved.

By much labor, and danger of being precipitated into the abyss below, we succeeded in securing all that the muddy waters beneath had left, which were the skull, lower jaw, one thigh and one shin, with quite a number of smaller bones, together with relics of the coffin. The bones had suffered but little from decay. In order to arrive at some conclusion as to the probable stature of Sergeant Floyd, the writer of this sketch made an accurate measurement of a portion of the bones secured. The skull measured twenty-one and a half inches in circumference, the thigh eighteen and three-fourth inches in length, the shin bone fifteen and one-fourth inches, and the other bones in proportion; he must have been six feet six or seven inches high.

The remains thus secured were taken in charge by the committee, for re-interment. The coffin in which he was placed appeared to have been made with small oak slabs split out and set up on end around the corpse, and covered with the same material. The red cedar post that stood at the head of the grave, placed there by the hands of his comrades to mark the spot and point out to the traveler in after years, where slum-

ber the ashes of the brave explorer, had slid into the river; it was as sound as it was the day it was placed there. It had been whittled down until it was no larger than a walking stick, by travelers anxious to preserve a relic of the grave of Floyd. According to a published account some years since, a piece of this post was carried to London by an English traveler, and placed in the museum there to perpetuate the memory of Floyd. On the 28th day of May, 1857, the remains of Sergeant Floyd were re-interred, with appropriate ceremonies, on the same bluff, within two hundred yards of where they had formerly rested. They were placed in a neatly finished coffin, six feet seven or eight inches in length. A large concourse of people were present to witness the funeral ceremonies. Capt. James B. Todd, late of the U. S. army, officiated as marshal, under whose direction a procession was formed at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the U. S. land office. The coffin was draped with the stars and stripes; the pall bearers were eight, seven of whom represented seven different states; they were, W. Craft, of Virginia; T. Griffy, Kentucky; L. Kennerly, Missouri; W. H. Levering, Indiana; N. Levering, Ohio; D. W. Scott, of the U. S. army (the other names not now remembered). The coffin was borne at the head of the procession, which was marched to the levee where the steamboat "Lewis Burns" was in waiting to carry all that could get aboard down to Floyd's bluff. Many went in carriages, &c., the boat not being able to take all. Arriving at the bluff the grave was found in readiness, when Capts. Todd and Scott, W. H. Levering and W. Craft, lowered the coffin into the grave. Impressive funeral services were then performed by the Rev. Thomas Chestnut, of Illinois, after which an oration was delivered upon the occasion by Hon. M. F. Moore, of Sioux City, Iowa. The address was very appropriate, able and eloquent, and reflected much credit upon the honorable gentleman. Steps were then taken to erect a monument over the grave of Floyd, out of American marble, which I am sorry to say was never consummated. I trust it will yet be done at no distant day by the good citizens of

Sioux City, to mark the grave and point out to the traveler the spot where now slumber the ashes of the only man of Lewis and Clark's expedition who died during their long and tedious journey of three years up the Missouri river, and of the first white man who was buried in the northwestern country.

(To be continued.)

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## PIONEERS OF MARION COUNTY.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### GOING TO MILL—TALLY'S FORD—ORIGIN OF ROADS—FIRST ROADS LOCATED—RETURNING FROM MILL.

But when breadstuffs were needed, they had to be obtained from the "Old Purchase," and hauled, mostly by ox teams, a distance of from sixty to eighty miles; some had to go even as far as Burlington to get a supply of wheat and corn and have it milled. Wheat could be had at fifty cents per bushel; cheap enough compared with present prices, but dear enough then, considering the scarcity of money, the inferiority of the grain and the distance it had to be hauled. Owing to the want of proper means of threshing and cleaning it, wheat was more or less mixed with foreign substances, such as dirt, smut and oats. The price of corn was from fifty to seventy-five cents per bushel. It was mostly bought in the ear, and shelled by the purchaser before taking it to mill. Those mills usually resorted to were at Brighton, Washington county, and at Keosauqua and Bonaparte, Van Buren county.

But the difficulties to be encountered in reaching these distant places, were not the least among the tribulations endured by the pioneers during the first two years of settlement. The slow mode of travel by ox teams was made still slower by the almost total absence of roads and bridges, and such a thing as a ferry was hardly even dreamed of. In dry weather, common sloughs and creeks offered little impediment to the

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