

The practice of horseback-riding by the gentler sex led, on Christmas Eve, to a most distressing accident, which, for a time, threw a gloom over the entire community. Miss Ann^v Floyd, a beautiful young lady, adopted daughter of Mr. James C.^v Mitchell, while thus engaged, fell from her horse, was taken up senseless, and soon after expired. Her obsequies were attended by nearly the entire population, who sincerely mourned her loss.

But little progress was made during the year 1854 in the erection of new buildings. A few store-houses were erected in place of those burned at the beginning of the year, but these also were destroyed by fire as stated in our last number, early in January, 1855. Besides these, hardly half a dozen frame buildings were erected during the year. The main portion of the inhabitants still resided in the log buildings which had been erected by the early Mormon pioneers, improved in some cases by a covering of boards or planks. Instead of being plastered in the usual mode, they were lined with cotton goods, and in many cases, presented quite a cozy and comfortable appearance. It was not until the following year that the embryo city really took a step forward in substantial buildings and population.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SKETCH OF FRANKLIN COUNTY.

BY NETTIE SANFORD, MARSHALLTOWN.

FRANKLIN county is a very fine section of land, situated between Butler and Wright counties, and in 1870, had only 4,710 population, the scarcity of timber being a drawback to its early settlement in great numbers. At present railroads are building in the vicinity. The Central

Railroad of Iowa, crossing about midway from the county line east to west, is already finished, being the link between St. Paul and St. Louis, and when her railroads are completed, Franklin county will fill up rapidly with an enterprising class of citizens, as the nucleus formed is already of that character.

The first settlement in the county was made at Main's Grove, by John Main and James Reeve, in October, 1852, John Main driving his wagon into the shade of the trees in the morning, and Mr. Reeve in the cool of the evening of the same day, for it was a pleasant, sun-shining time in Autumn. The walnuts and hazelnuts were dropping among the dead leaves, a partridge drummed a merry welcome from the top of an old oak tree, and as busy hands make light hearts, these brave pioneers did not suffer from homesickness at first. There were a few trappers at Clear Lake, the Wrights on Lime creek, in Cerro Gordo county, and these were all the settlements of white men between them and the Minnesota line, over one hundred miles away. Mr. Reeve and Main were obliged to go to Dubuque for flour and groceries, a distance of 175 miles, across the trackless prairies, and paying high prices, with the tedious journeys stated, made the load very valuable by the time it reached their little cabins. Completely isolated from the busy world — their solitude enlivened only by the howl of wolves or the appearance of swarms of begging Indians — the hope of a home more comfortable in the future was the only bright spot in the terrible days of their despondency after winter set in. Thomas Downs settled in the grove that bears his name, situated near the north side of the plat of the thriving town of Ackley, in the year 1853. On the 4th of July, 1854, the settlement at Main's grove, having added a dozen more families to those we have mentioned, were startled by the appearance of a dusty, heated messenger, rushing into Reeve's house with the exciting news from Clear Lake, that the Sioux were on the war path, and instead of indulging in dreams of national enthusiasm, dis-

cretion was the better part of valor, and the best thing to be done under the circumstances, was to take a line of march for the settlement at Beaver's grove, not far from the village of New Hartford, in Butler county. The Cerro Gordo county people made their objective point, Marble Rock, in the same county, under the same pressure. It was hard to leave their growing crops, their little homes, to the marauding robbers, but there was no help for it, and so like the Israelites in their march for Canaan, they took their wives and little ones, chickens, pigs, cows, and calves — everything that had breath, was put forward on the Indian trail toward the place of safety.

After three weeks of inaction and visiting their more fortunate neighbors to their hearts' content, not hearing anything further from the Indians, who were either afraid to attack, or only intended to scare the settlers, returned to their homes, their only enemies being mice and insects, which had littered up the cabins with the debris of a few balls they had improvised, to pass away the lonely hours while the hostess was away.

There was no mail except by a special messenger, until in 1856, when a weekly line was established from Hampton, the county seat, to Cedar Falls. But sometimes the mail carrier would get careless, and weeks would elapse before the old coach would make its appearance.

One time, in 1861, when the whole country was in a tremor of excitement to know whether the Star of the West would get provisions to Sumpter, Hampton people had no mail for nearly seven weeks. The snow was deep, and the mail agent would not venture out. Mr. Owens, now living in Mason City, walked 50 miles — from Iowa Falls to that place — on snow shoes, and carried the mail on his back. Of such heroic stuff were border men made. Hampton fumed and fretted at their mail agent, and in the Franklin County *Record* there appeared a wood cut, of a turtle with sprawling legs, hitched to a mail sled that on its covered top had the words, "FROM CEDAR FALLS TO HAMPTON," and,

just peeping out, the long nose of the driver. This wood cut was accompanied by a comic poem, by W. N. Davidson, from which we take the liberty to transcribe a verse or so : —

“Skedaddle! skedaddle, my turtle, skedaddle!
 For Hampton is in sight; now swing out each paddle,
 Show them what a shell-back can do in his prime:
 They're watching to see if you run upon time.”

We laughed heartily over this page of a period that had some shady sides, enough to bring tears instead of smiles, from sympathetic hearts.

Franklin City was laid out in 1857, and as it gained a wide reputation in the financial world, a word of its first inception upon this wicked planet may be of interest.

The original proprietor was James M. Pattee, who lived originally in Philadelphia, but drifting along with the tide of emigration, came into Franklin county. Whether tempted by the evil one, or a real case of total depravity, I cannot say, but the rascal, by the help of one Sherman Reed, sold about \$30,000 worth of lots in a city that never had a house upon the town plat. There was a splendid lithograph map got up in style, to deceive eastern people. A steamboat lay at the head of navigation of the Iowa river — the same being a mile or so away, carrying on its little, placid bosom no ambitious designs to be a great artery of commerce. Lots sold as high as \$2,000, and the officers of Franklin county have been often in receipt of letters from distressed citizens at various times, who had been deceived in their distant homes by these rascals.

One man from Canada came with his little all — a wagon load of children — to occupy his house and lot in Franklin City, that he had paid \$4,000 for, and had nothing left when he reached the spot of prairie grass staked out as his domain — 25 by 100 feet of good, fat, Iowa loam, however. Eastern papers rightly named such rascals Hawkeyes, and finally the word lost its offensive associations by the many deeds of valor and merit that characterized the people of Iowa after this period.

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