

gal acumen and a wealth of classical illustration that recalled the vigor of his youth, and were worthy to rank beside the efforts of the greatest of American lawyers.

“Mr. Folsom was married in 1843, to Miss ^VArthur, who, with three sons and one daughter, survives him.

“To mourn the dead, there came to-day, others beside those whose consanguinity gave license to their tears, for he was a man of tender heart and free hand, and his charity was broad as his culture.

“So has slept from his activity a man great in genius and culture, adorned by mental gifts of peerless brilliancy, author of deeds all worthy of ability so exalted, and the places in public station and private life he was so qualified to fill, are vacant, and await the coming of occupants who can walk upon that higher plane, pressed by his feet as their native path.”

DAVENPORT.

THE ^V*Davenport Democrat*, some months ago, contained the following allusions to the rise and development of that city:—

“Three-and-thirty years ago, just a generation back, there were but few people on this handsome town site. Only a few months before Judge ^VCook had been ferried across the river by Indians, and Harvey ^VLeonard had not yet taken forcible possession of a cabin to shelter himself and family, after wheeling all his earthly possessions to its door on a borrowed wheelbarrow. Our hill-sides were beautifully graded slopes, noble trees dotted their surface, and the river’s edge touched the bank without any intervening miasmatic marsh. A handsome place for a town was recognized.

“For a long time Davenport was only thought of as a remarkably fine situation for a summer resort. Visitors from St. Louis came here to enjoy the beautiful scenery about Rock Island and Fort Armstrong. Angling and shooting brought marvellous results, so abundant were fish and game. A chosen few understood the capacity of the spot to afford quiet enjoyment, and year after year it was improved. The country round began to settle. Davenport also began to grow, but as yet was surpassed by her elder sister, on the opposite side of the river, Stephenson, or Rock Island. Directly, that eastern enterprise which has recently spanned the continent, and which then was just commencing to demonstrate its energy and strength, showed its penetrating head-light to Black Hawk’s tower, and the old fort at the foot of the Island. Awakening from a kind of dreamy existence, all became life and bustle, and soon the locality comprising the cities of Davenport, Rock Island, and Moline became the most populous of any on the Mississippi river, above St. Louis, and still remains so.

“Davenport this day is a city of about twenty-one thousand souls, and is now the largest in Iowa. The half of the generation we have alluded to has not passed since the great steam horse has snorted in our midst. What she will be, how large and how strong, when the other half is added, will depend upon the wisdom and energy of our people. Rock Island city is nearly two-thirds as large as our city, and Moline probably nearly one-third. In the Island locality, of which Fort Armstrong was originally the center, we now embrace a population of more than forty thousand inhabitants.”

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