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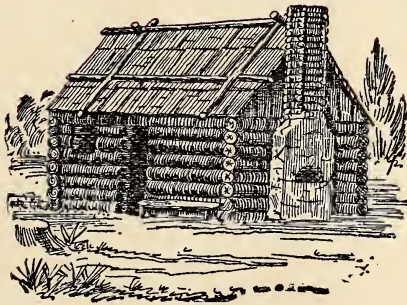
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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

JOHNSON COUNTY  
OLD SETTLERS ASSOCIATION



FROM

1866 to 1899





6-26-65 #1048  
#1048  
The Minutes #10.00

# Proceedings of the Johnson County Old Settlers' Association, From 1866 to 1899

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In pursuance of a notice a considerable number of the Old Settlers of Johnson county assembled at the council chamber in Iowa City, February 22, 1866. The convention was called to order, and David Switzer was nominated and elected chairman of the meeting and J. R. Hartsock was elected secretary.

The chairman stated that the object of the meeting was to organize an Old Settlers Association of Johnson County. On motion the convention proceeded to the election of permanent officers and David Switzer was elected president, Capt. F. M. Irish, 1st vice-president, Robert Walker, 2nd vice-president, Peter Roberts, treasurer and Silas Foster, secretary.

Hon. Samuel H. McCrory, Prof. T. S. Parvin and E. W. Lucas were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and code of by-laws for the government of the Association and report at the next meeting.

The following persons were appointed to act as a committee of one in the several townships in the county to collect the names of all the old settlers and report them to the secretary of the association to be recorded.

## COMMITTEE.

- Graham township, Jesse K. Strawbridge.
- Washington township, Titus Fry.
- Hardin township, A. D. Packard.
- Liberty township, Henry Earheart.
- Sharon township, W. B. Ford.

Newport township, Henry Felkner.  
Scott township, John Parrott.  
Iowa City Township, Perry D. Turner.  
Cedar township, Edwin Brown.  
Big Grove township, Charles McCune.  
Union township, P. Harris.  
Penn township, D. A. Shafer.  
Madison township, David Wray.  
Oxford township, H. Hamilton.  
Fremont Township, Henry Welch.  
Pleasant Valley township, John I. Burge.  
Monroe township, P. H. Barnes.  
Jefferson township, Benjamin Swisher.  
Clear Creek township, George Paul.

On motion it was resolved that all who resided in Iowa before the 1st of May, 1843, be recorded as Old Settlers, and eligible to membership in the association.

Resolved, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the city papers.

On motion the meeting adjourned to meet again on the second Saturday in March next, at one o'clock, p. m., in the council chamber in Iowa City.

DAVID SWITZER, President.

J. R. HARTSOCK, Secretary.

Council Chamber, Iowa City, March 10, 1866.

The Old Settlers Association met pursuant to adjournment. The president being absent, the vice president took the chair. The committee on constitution, by their chairman, reported a constitution for the Old Settlers Association of Johnson County, which was unanimously adopted, after which an election was held for a 3rd vice-president, and corresponding secretary. Henry Felkner was elected 3rd vice president and Theodore S. Parvin, corresponding secretary.

The president appointed Edward W. Lucas, Sylvanus Johnson, Lewis S. Swafford and John R. Vanfleet, an executive committee, after which the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, that the constitution of the Old Settlers Association of Johnson County, and the proceedings of this meeting be published in the papers of this city, and a request that all persons who are eligible to membership in this association call upon the secretary and become members by signing the constitution and complying with its provisions. Adjourned until the first Saturday in June at one o'clock p. m., at the council chamber in Iowa City. SILAS FOSTER, Secretary.

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## CONSTITUTION

—of the—

### OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

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Whereas: The old settlers are rapidly passing away, we feel it to be our duty to gather and preserve the memories of a settlement that has resulted in a growth and development so great, and feeling that the recollections of the past and the hope of the future link us together as a brotherhood, we do now ordain and establish this Constitution

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#### Article I.

This Association shall be called the Old Settlers' Association of Johnson County, Iowa.

#### Article II.

The officers of this Association shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer.

#### Article III.

The President shall preside at all the meetings of the Association, and preserve order, and in case of an

equal decision, give the casting vote; he may call special meetings of the Association at the request of eight (8) members. In case of the absence of the President or his inability to act, the senior Vice-President shall perform his duties.

#### **Article IV.**

Section 1. The Recording Secretary of the Association shall keep a true record of its proceedings, and shall keep a register called the Old Settlers' Register, in which shall be registered the name, age, place of nativity, occupation, date of settlement in Iowa, date and place of death, of each member, when such shall occur.

Section. 2. The Secretary shall ascertain from the members the above facts, as respects themselves, at the time of signing the Constitution, and perform such other duties as may from time to time be assigned him.

#### **Article V.**

The Corresponding Secretary shall receive and read to the Association, and answer all communications addressed to it, and perform such other duties as may from time to time be assigned him.

#### **Article VI.**

The Treasurer shall receive all monies belonging to the Association, and disburse the same and render an account, at the expiration of his term of office, and hand over all monies, books and papers to his successor.

#### **Article VII.**

Section 1. All officers of the Association hereafter shall be elected annually, on the first Saturday of March, and hold their office for one year, or until their successors are elected.

Section 2. After each annual election the President shall appoint an executive committee of five (5) whose duty it shall be to make all necessary arrangements for

an anniversary meeting of the Association at such time and place as they shall deem most expedient, and having determined on the time and place, give notice of the same.

### **Article VIII.**

All persons who are non-residents of Johnson county, who were residents of Iowa at the time of the adoption of the first State Constitution for the State of Iowa, and who are of good moral character, are eligible to membership.

### **Article IX.**

Section 1. Every member shall sign the Constitution and pay to the Treasurer fifty (50) cents, and thereafter twenty-five (25) cents annually.

Section 2. All persons hereafter that have resided twenty (20) years in Iowa, and are residents of Johnson County, may become members by applying to the executive committee; provided a majority of the committee are in favor of such persons being admitted as members of the Association, and by complying with the Constitution regulating the admission of members.

### **Article X.**

A majority of all the members of the Association may alter or amend the Constitution at any annual meeting in March.

### **Article XI.**

The executive committee shall select a suitable person to deliver an address before the Association on the day of the Anniversary meeting.

### **Article XII.**

The families of all members are privileged to attend the anniversary meeting of the Association.

### Article XIII.

Whenever practicable, the members of the Association shall attend in a body the funeral of any deceased member; and, as a token of respect, shall wear the usual badge of mourning.

Officers of the Old Settlers' Association:

David Switzer, President.

(1) F. M. Irish, (2) Robert Walker, (3) Henry Felkner, Vice-Presidents.

Silas Foster, Recording Secretary

Theodore S. Parvin, Corresponding Secretary.

Peter Roberts, Treasurer.

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### MEETING OF JUNE 2, 1866.

The Old Settlers' Association met pursuant to adjournment. The President in the chair, called the Association to order, when the minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting were read.

George Paul moved that two hundred copies of O. S. Constitution be printed and a committee of three be appointed by the President for their distribution, which was voted unanimously. Col. S. C. Trowbridge, George Paul and Silas Foster were appointed that committee, after which the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this Association hold a festival on Thursday, the 27th day of June, inst.

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of every member of the O. S. Association to furnish the secretary with the record prescribed by the Constitution.

It was also resolved that an invitation be given to all members of similar associations throughout the state to attend the anniversary meeting and festival on the 21st instant, of the old settlers of Johnson county, by the executive committee.

Resolved, That it is made the duty of every member of this Association to give information of this contemplated anniversary festival, and induce all old settlers in Johnson county to become members and attend the same with their families.

On motion the Association voted to adjourn until the 21st instant. On June 4th the program was published in the city papers.

The annual festival of the old settlers of Johnson county will be held on Thursday, June 21st, 1866, in the grove at the east end of College street in Iowa City. Hon. Smiley H. Bonham will deliver the annual address.

The following committees are appointed to carry out the program:

Committee to erect tables and speakers' stand—Edward Lanning, George Paul, M. D. Freeman.

To receive provisions—Col. S. C. Trowbridge, Lawrence Johnson, J. W. Swafford, John McCrory and Horace Sanders.

To arrange the tables—Mrs. Walter Terrell, Mrs. George Paul, Mrs. E. K. Morse, Mrs. S. Trowbridge, Mrs. Cyrus Sanders, Mrs. Titus R. Fry and Misses E. A. McCrory, Mary Sutliff, Elma Felkner, Ada Kimball, Helen McCune and Hattie Van Fleet.

To procure dishes—J. R. Hartsock, A. B. Walker, John P. Irish, William Crum, Jr., Matthew Cavanaugh.

To furnish water and refreshments—John Shoup, Charles Paul, I. V. Dennis, Charles Hutchinson, W. H. L. Swafford and Thomas M. Irish.

To provide music—Robert Hutchinson, Thomas Snyder and Edward Redhead.

On toasts and responses—David Switzer, A. C. Sutliff, Titus R. Fry, Samuel H. McCrory, Warner Spurrier, F. M. Irish, Ephriam Welsh, Charles Cartwright, and William Crum, Sr.

The committee on arrangements expect and would earnestly solicit every family of old settlers to take hold in the true spirit of an old settler, and be present on this occasion. Any information will be given by applying to the committee. E. W. Lucas, Sylvanus Johnson, James Cavanaugh, John R. Vanfleet and L. S. Swafford, Committee of Arrangements.

The members of the Association met at the grove near the east end of Washington street. About five hundred were present. No record of the proceedings were kept. Hon. Smiley H. Bonham delivered an address. Remarks were made by F. M. Irish, J. D. Templeton and others. The day was pleasant, and the meeting was a very pleasant one.

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Council Chamber, Iowa City, March 2nd, 1867.

The annual meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Johnson County convened at one o'clock, p. m. The President being absent, the Vice-president, F. M. Irish, took the chair; when Samuel McCrory offered a resolution that this meeting adjourn until Saturday, the 16th inst., at 2 o'clock, p. m., and that the secretary give notice of the adjournment in the newspapers of the city, which resolution was unanimously adopted.

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Iowa City, March 16, 1867.

The Old Settlers' Association of Johnson County met pursuant to the adjournment, Vice-president F. M. Irish in the chair.

On motion of Samuel H. McCrory that a committee of three be appointed to nominate the names of candidates for officers for the ensuing year, to be balloted for by the Association. Samuel H. McCrory, Sylvanus Johnson and George Paul were appointed said committee, and reported as follows:



For President, Samuel H. McCrory; for 1st Vice-president, John Parrot; 2nd Vice-president, Charles McCune; 3rd Vice-president, Titus R. Fry;; for Secretary, John P. Irish; Corresponding Secretary, T. S. Parvin; Treasurer, Edward Lanning.

On motion of J. R. Hartsock the report of the committee was adopted, and candidates balloted for and elected unanimously.

Voted to amend the Constitution by altering the time of holding the annual meeting for the election of officers to the third Saturday of March in each year.

The President-elect appointed the executive committee for the ensuing year, consisting of E. Lucas, J. R. Hartsock, L. S. Swafford, S. C. Trowbridge, Sylvanus Johnson.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary return the thanks of the Association to the Old Settlers of Scott county for a beautifully executed photograph of all the members of the Old Settlers' Association of Scott County, presented to this Association, and also that a committee be appointed consisting of John P. Irish, Samuel H. McCrory, J. R. Hartsock, to ascertain the cost of a similar one of the Old Settlers of Johnson County Association.

On motion the Association adjourned.

SILAS FOSTER, Secretary.

From March 16, 1867, to March 27, 1883, there is no record of a meeting of the Association. On the last named date a meeting was held of which John W. Parrott was chairman, and at that time, Hon. E. W. Lucas was elected President, Bryan Dennis, and H. W. Lathrop were Vice-presidents, and S. J. Hess, Treasurer, and A. E. Swisher, Secretary.

On June 18, 1870, the old settlers of the county met at the Court house, and the following proceedings were had:

## OLD SETTLERS' PICNIC.

At a called meeting of the Old Settlers in Johnson county, Iowa, held at the court house in Iowa City, on Saturday, the 18th day of June, A. D., 1870.

The meeting was called to order by S. H. McCrory, the President.

On motion, George S. Hampton was appointed Secretary.

On motion of Capt. F. M. Irish,

Resolved, That a reunion of all the old settlers of this county take place on the 4th day of July next, with a basket dinner, at such place as may be selected by a committee of arrangements, which may be appointed by this meeting.

On motion of E. W. Lucas,

Resolved, That a committee of arrangements be appointed, consisting of nine persons.

On motion of Judge Cavanaugh, that a committee of three be appointed to select and report to this meeting the names of nine persons to act as such committee of arrangements.

The President appointed Messrs. Cavanaugh, Paul and Sanders said committee, who thereupon reported the following named persons as the committee of arrangements, to-wit: William Crum, L. S. Swafford, S. Johnson, S. C. Trowbridge, E. W. Lucas, John R. Vanfleet, G. R. Irish, Dr. Henry Murray and James R. Hartsock.

On motion the report was adopted. On motion it was,

Resolved, That the committee of arrangements be and they are hereby authorized to fill all vacancies that may occur in said committee, and to appoint committees in the several townships in this county, to assist and further the object of this meeting.

On motion of Mr. Paul it was

Resolved, That the committee of arrangements be requested to select and report to this meeting the names of the committees so appointed by them in the several townships.

Whereupon, they reported that they had appointed the following committees in the several townships:

CEDAR—A. C. Sutliff, Edwin Brown, E. M. Adams, Wm. Trester.

BIG GROVE.—C. W. McCune, James Buchanan, Charles Devault, James Payne.

JEFFERSON.—Benjamin Swisher, Lovell Swisher, George W. Barnes, Joseph Brown.

MONROE.—Henry Dupont, P. H. Barnes, Ebenezer Brown, John C. Harmel.

NEWPORT.—Philip Clark, B. Henyon, Charles Calkin, Charles Gaymon.

GRAHAM.—E. K. Morse, J. K. Strawbridge, Mat Cochran, Saml. Hemsted.

SCOTT.—John Parrott, Wm. Teneycke, Benj. Graham, George Hunter.

PLEASANT VALLEY.—Daniel Hart, John I. Berge, Joseph Walker, Benjamin Ritter.

FREMONT.—James Magruder, Henry Welch, John Porter, Wm. Kelsee.

LIBERTY.—Wm. L. Figg, Henry Earhart, David Switzer, Jonas Hartman.

SHARON.—Wm. B. Ford, Jacob Ressler, Carr Hartman, Thomas Simonton.

WASHINGTON.—Etzel Roupe, William Fry, Nelson Shaft, Philip Shaver.

HARDIN.—A. D. Packard, Garrett Packard, Thos. Corcoran, Jos. Kibler.

UNION.—Alexander Humphrey, Wm. Beck, Jacob Sehorn, R. J. Richardson.

CLEAR CREEK.—Bryan Dennis, Joseph Douglass, Nathaniel Scales, James Hamilton.

PENN.—J. H. Alt, D. A. Shafer, David Crozier, Martin George.

MADISON.—Carson B. Wray, John Maddon, Sr., Orvil G. Babcock, James Chamberlain.

OXFORD.—Thomas Combe, J. S. Hartwell, Luther Doty, John Cook.

Which report was received and adopted.

On motion of Mr. Lucas, it was

Resolved, That the committee of arrangements have full power, and they are hereby authorized to procure such things and to make arrangements as may be necessary to carry out fully the wish of this meeting, to add to the comfort and enjoyment of all who may attend the reunion that day. And, further, that said committee procure some gentleman to deliver an oration on that day.

On motion of Capt. Irish it was ordered that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the weekly papers published in this city for two weeks.

On motion of Mr. Templin, it was

Resolved, That the committee of arrangements be, and they are hereby authorized to give such notice of the reunion and basket dinner on the 4th of July, as they may deem proper.

On motion of Mr. Lucas, the meeting adjourned.

S. H. McCrory, Pres't.

GEO. S. HAMPTON, Sec'y.

In pursuance of previous notice, the Executive committee of the Old Settles' Association met in the council chamber on Monday, June 20th, 1870, to perfect and carry out the plan of celebrating the 4th of July, have appointed the following committees and programme:

Committee on Erecting Tables and Stands—L. S. Swafford.

Committee on Dishes—J. R. Hartsock.

Committee on Necessary Refreshments—Col. S. C. Trowbridge.

Committee on Setting Tables—Mrs. Ten Eyck, Mrs. Sylvanus Johnson, Mrs. E. W. Lucas, Mrs. Col. Trowbridge, Mrs. S. H. McCrory, Mrs. C. W. McCune, Mrs. E. Welsh, Mrs. A. D. Packard, Mrs. Isaac Smith, Mrs. Frank Kimball, Mrs. Gorge Paul, Mrs. Robert Walker, Mrs. Cyrus Sanders, Mrs. Dr. Murray,, Mrs. J. K. Strawbridge, Mrs. John I. Berge, Mrs. John Fry, Mrs. Thomas Combe, Mrs. George Andrews.

Committee on Ice and Water—Simon Hotz, Edward Lanning, A. B. Barr.

Committee on Repairing Grounds—Cyrus Sanders.

Committee on Toasts—Jas. D. Templin, H. H. Winchester, Dr. Jesse Bowen, Capt. F. M. Irish, George Paul.

Committee on Invitations—Hon. S. H. McCrory, Hon. F. H. Lee, Thomas Hughes.

Committee on Finance—George Paul, J. R. Vanfleet, F. Kimball.

Oration—L. B. Patterson.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence—H. W. Lathrop.

The executive committee have selected the grounds of Cyrus Sanders, about three-fourths of a mile south of Iowa City. where all the conveniences necessary for such an occasion will be prepared. To this spot, all the old settlers of twenty years' residence in this county, with their families, are respectfully invited with their baskets of good things, where a good old time is confidently expected.

Everything will be done to make visitors comfortable.

W. Crum, L. S. Swafford, S. Johnson, S. C. Trowbridge, E. W. Lucas, J. R. Vanfleet, Gill. Irish, Dr. H. Murray, J. R. Hartsock, Executive Committee.

The annual reunion of the members of the Old Settlers' Association was held October 25, 1883, at Ham's Hall in Iowa City. Several hundred were present, and were addressed by Hon. S. J. Kirkwood and Suel Foster. A poem was read by Samuel Magill. After the speaking an hour was devoted to partaking of a picnic dinner, after which a vote of thanks was tendered to the orators and poet.

The 18th annual reunion of 1884 was held at the grove of Sylvanus Johnson. About one hundred and fifty were present. After dinner and music by the band, order was called by President Lucas, and speeches and remarks were made by John Hindman, Richard Poor, Col. S. C. Trowbridge, A. E. Swisher. Prof. T. S. Parvin, and a poem was read by Samuel Magill.

The reunion of 1885 was held at Graves' grove on August 20.

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The old settlers of Johnson county had a very successful celebration in the grove near Reece's, north of the city yesterday. At 10:30, a procession formed at the City Park, fifty carriages and wagons strong, and headed by the band marched to the picnic grounds. Philip

Clark, the first settler, and Wilbur Cannon, thought to be the first man born in the county and now living here, occupied the first carriage, President Lucas, Prof. Parvin and Secretary A. E. Swisher the second, and then came the old heroes of early days and their friends.

In the crowd on the ground we noticed among the families present the Lucases, Sanders, Adamses, Fairalls, S. J. Hess family, Hills, Ricords, Magills, Levi Robinsons, Lathrops, Julius Browns, Strubles, Westcotts, Vogts, Morsmans' Reeces' Borlands, Swishers, Scales, Cochranes, Bowens, Thos. Grahams, Gaymons, Pratts, Keenes, Cannons, Cartwrights, Edwin Browns, Brainers, Rev. Mr. Crozier, an early pastor, Hartmans, Gunsolus, J. C. Hesses, Hughes, Guffins, Nelsons, Shavers, Magruders, Seydels, Alts, Corletts, von Steins, Whitesides, Bridenstines, Parvins, Carrolls, Ten Eycks, Howells, Bonhams, Grahams, Steenburgers, Moons, Jacks, Kerrs, Zack Smiths, Mrs. Chandlers, Babcocks, Sylvanus Johnsons, Kaufmans, Marquardts, Adys, Conklins, Dorwards, Morsmans, Packards, Rices, Ben King, Stephens, C. C. Millers, Henry Walkers, Medowells, Orrs, Croziers, Hacketts, Lovelaces, Spencers, Ed. Shepards, L. B. Pattersons, S. N. Sanders, Hemsworths, E. Clarks, W. H. Taylors, Rankins, J. G. Sperrys, Wieniekes, Her-shires, Hartsocks, D. M. Dixons, Robert Lyons, Strattons, Milton Lewises, B. Swaffords, Kosts, Murrays, Ed. Wordens, Irishes, Mendenhalls, Mrs. J. Daniels, Mrs. Love, Homes, the Remleys, and many others.

After a splendid dinner at which families joined together around well-filled lunch baskets, there were addresses by Secretary Swisher, Euclid Sanders, and others. Mr. Sanders paid an eloquent tribute to the dead old settlers of the past year.

After the invocation by Rev. Mr. Crozier, Mr. Euclid Sanders made the following address:

“All nations have their traditions of their founders, and all people cherish the memory of their ancestors.

The desire for historical information was the earliest manifestation of that thirst for knowledge which has become cultivated and broadened, until no boundaries can be assigned for it. Away back in the dawn of civilization, when almost all the higher intellectual life was wanting, we find legends, myths and traditions passed down from generation to generation, and in them was preserved with more or less accuracy the record of the deeds and personal characteristics of their predecessors. The earliest of these were considered the founders of the family, tribe or nation to which they belonged. With the lapse of centuries, the thirst for this class of knowledge has increased. We still bring to our aid all the methods and means known to man to gather up the fragments of history and to arrange them into systematic order.

“But we are not now satisfied with merely a general outline of events attending the birth of a nation, nor the accounts of a few of the principal men who were concerned in its organization; we want detailed, specific information; we write out history as we go along; we learn, as we pass from this sphere of action, the history of all important events, and the names of all persons who have played a part in the settlement and growth of the various sections of our great country.

“Here in the west, the first settlements of our territory were, from a historic standpoint, comparatively recent, and we have yet amongst us many who came to the county when it was as wild and uncultivated as it had probably been for centuries before their arrival. From year to year it has been the custom of those surviving to meet and enjoy together that social intercourse which was common enough in years gone by, but which the rapid growth of our population has of late, in a measure, prevented. Here they meet each other with the friendly greetings which long and tried friendships prompt. Here they see the familiar faces of their own



race on which they gazed, and here incidents are recalled and memories revived, dear to the hearts of those who have survived them all.

“But, with old settlers, as with all mankind, time has been working its resistless change. Men and women who came here in the vigor of youth now are bent and grey, and children who were then unborn have reached maturity. With the changes we observe in the face of the landscape, changes which indicate progress and improvement, there is another change going on among those, the evidence of whose labor we see on every side. The latter is the opposite of the former. The one is growth, the latter is nought but decay. At each annual meeting the absence of familiar faces is noted. The pioneer ranks are seen to diminish with rapidity. Of those who were among the living at the last reunion, many, very many, will be with us no more. To pay respectful tribute to those is our duty today.

“To cherish the memory of the dead and to perpetuate their virtues is a duty enjoined on all mankind. Men instinctively turn to the roll of the dead, to find the names of those whom they regard as patterns and examples. We endeavor to bury with those who die their faults and vices and retain only the memory of their virtues. This is the better course, for their faults are of no benefit to the world, while their excellencies are a precious heritage to posterity. Death is no unusual occurrence; it comes to all alike. Every stroke of the pendulum, every breath we draw, marks a space of time in which some mortal is gathered home. It is only when it comes near to us that it becomes a matter of great moment. When the circle of our friendship becomes smaller and smaller, as our friends pass away, then we pause to reflect on the great changes going on. Pioneers of this county are not as numerous as they were a few years ago, and only when we examine the list of those that have gone beyond during the past twelve months

do we realize how rapidly are their ranks being decimated. I am able to call to mind something over three hundred early settlers, already dead, and the ratio of the dead to the living is increasing with alarming rapidity.

“It has been only a few months since a nation was called to mourn the death of a gifted literary genius; one of the greatest exponents of the rights of the oppressed; a friend to the humble and friendless; a man who, throughout his long life devoted his great powers to the cause of liberty. He had suffered banishment from his home, but the fire of genius was not quenched. As his ever-ready pen moved over the paper, there followed in its wake a train of thought which sank deep into the hearts of all who read, and made him beloved of all the world. When he died, Victor Hugo was followed to his final resting place by 100,000 of his grateful countrymen.

“Only a few days ago our nation was moved to profoundest sorrow when we received the sad, but not unexpected news, of the death of the greatest soldier of modern times. One who had achieved his glory and renown in a cause as worthy as any that ever engaged the genius of man. One to whom the bondman looked as a deliverer and the patriot honored as the preserver of the integrity of his nation. Cities, towns and villages donned the paraphernalia of mourning and the whole nation was swept by a vast wave of sorrow.

“In these and other similar instances, the public character of the men gave rise to the universality of regret at their demise. They were known to all, and by all was their worth recognized. But while the trappings of woe were being so ostentatiously displayed, there were hundreds of men, with their struggles, trials and triumphs all unwritten, passed through the dark valley silently and mourned only by the few who were immediately concerned in them.

“Man’s efforts may be directed in one or more of many channels, and whether or not the world recognizes his efforts depends, not on the magnitude of the task, or the energy displayed in it, but rather on the degree of publicity surrounding his occupation. Who doubts that, but for the events of our late war, General Grant would have been today the humble leather merchant that he was before, and had he died thus, there is perhaps none here who would have ever heard of the event. Yet he would have been essentially the same man that has been recently laid to rest amid the sorrow of millions.

“The men and women who constitute my theme today were unknown to fame. When they died there were no minute guns, no tolling bells; silently they passed away, amidst the sorrow of personal friends, and the bitter anguish of those bound to them by the stronger ties of blood, but the great public received no shock. Those gathered here today are personally bereaved; they grieve not so much as citizens, but as friends; their grief, however, is none the less genuine or profound. Hence it may be said that true heroism seldom receives public recognition. Courage, endurance and virtue are not publicly recognized when the sphere of action is contracted, as when it is not wrought out in the full vision of the public eye. The trials and struggles of a public life are in a sense the trials and struggles of the people collectively; each in sympathy is bound to that public character who is waging the battle for the public weal.

“But these struggles are no more strenuous or protracted, are accompanied by no greater privations or suffering, nor are they more difficult to accomplish than the struggles of private life. In the history of the lives of many of those whom it is our province to consider, there were doubtless passages which, if written, would read like romance. They had their duties to fulfill, their ambitions to gratify.

“There are few people who have not some definite end in view; some life work to accomplish. And these men chose Johnson county as their field of action; and here they came, commenced their work, and labored till they died. What in that time they endured can be fully appreciated only by those who have had similar experience.

“They came to a land sparsely settled, in a state without railroads or telegraphs. They came, most of them, with but little besides their strength, their courage, and their will. They cleared the forest, broke up the prairie, planted the seed and waited for the harvest. Almost alone and far from the haunts of men, they were forced to depend on their own resources for those things which are now so easily attained. They were hampered in transporting necessary supplies into the territory, and troubled to find means of exit for the surplus product they might raise. All these problems had to be met and solved; all this labor had to be prepared, and when we consider what they accomplished with facilities at hand, we marvel at the progress they made. We who have enjoyed the privileges which their industry has given us, and have at hand every implement and means requisite to carry on our labors, find it difficult to imagine how so much could be accomplished when stripped of these aids. Yet such was the condition of many of those who have ceased to be.

Pioneer life is full of trials. There are many elements lacking to make such a life complete. There are many things to do before society can adjust itself to its surroundings. There must be, first of all, food raised on which to subsist. Then the exchange of surplus products effected; then the railroads to be built, and only after these and many other things are accomplished, can commerce be said to commence. The chief difference between their situation and ours to-day, lies in the fact that at the present all the conditions necessary to the direct and immediate pursuit of our avoca-

tion are supplied, while formerly they had to turn aside and devote much labor to producing the necessary condition. In these struggles there was a character developed which is seldom found under other circumstances. The early settler having been thrown on his own resource for almost everything, becomes self-reliant. Having dangers to face he is brave; but having little for subsistence he is economical, and having much to accomplish he is industrious. The true pioneer combines every element of the hero, and his character is as deserving of admiration as that of the most illustrious mariner, statesman or poet.

“There is little to be said of the old settlers who have died within the past year that could not with equal truth be said of all those who have been called to their final account. Their experience is the common experience of all early pioneers. However, amongst the names on the list prepared are those of some men and women of peculiar merit. Among them are some of our very earliest settlers and some of the best. There are in this list the names of men and women representing all shades of religious and political opinions; men of diverse tastes and habits. We could mention those whose pure and simple christian faith sustained and comforted them through life, and gave them hope in the hour of death. To them God’s providence was apparent; to them no doubts ever came. There was a sincerity, a practical, consistent application of their religion to their everyday life, that every one could but admire. Others there were whose whole course was directed without divine revelation; men who rejected any and all forms of religion and who were governed in their intercourse with other men solely by the light of reason and experience, and the dictates of their own unclouded conscience. So far as they had a religion it was the religion of morals, unmixed with supernaturalism; and so tenaciously they adhered to and practiced their principles that their names stand to-day as the synonyms of

all that is grand and just. In politics, as in their religious thought, there were vast differences of opinion. Among them we could have found all shades of opinion, from the ultra state-sovereignty doctrine of the Calhoun school to the strongest centralizing tendencies of the extremest modern Republican. Although bound together in common interest, they loved independence; while they unselfishly worked in unison, no one merged his individuality. The characters of some of them were so strongly marked and their personal peculiarities were so strikingly singular that they seemed not to correspond with the ordinary type of man, but to constitute a study for the student of human nature. But among them all there was not a bad man or woman. The standard of morality was exceptionally high. They gave to this locality the stamp of that fair-minded and honorable dealing for which the business men of our locality have justly earned a reputation. The founders of a community give to it many of their own characteristics. So we of the younger generations may look to the old settlers of Johnson county for the type of much that may be regarded as characteristic of ourselves and among them we find models well worthy of closer imitation.

“The following is a list which is perhaps incomplete, but we believe it embraces nearly all of the old settlers who have died during the past year: Mrs. Coe, Mrs. Lydia Sweet, Chas. Abbott, Adam Schwimley, Jno. Shubert, Jacob Miller, James Truesdale, Myra Hull Porter, Jno. Mentzer, Nelson Tucker, Mrs. Lucy Colony, John Schrader, Eve Patterson, Henry Fitzsimmons, James Curry, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Eliza White, Japhtha Cowgill, Rachel Stewart, Elizabeth Welch, Henry Felkner, Philo Haines, Joseph H. Hedges, Henry Leighty, Jno. Parrott, Thos. Hill, Jno. Goetz, Jacob Bowman, Benjamin Swisher, Jacob Gobin, Mrs. Jacob Gobin, Nicholas Zeller, Harvey W. Fyffe, Ethiel Lyons, Capt. Geo. W. Clark, Jabez Stephens, Phoebe Williams, Chas. Fuhrmeister, John Morford, Rees Morford, Henry Bechtel.”

Some remarks were made by Prof. Parvin and A. M. Packard.

Poet Magill read the following:

For many years in the past, we old settlers have met,  
And we are assembled now on the day that was set.  
Our main object in gathering most surely should be  
To talk of the past, the present, and each other to see.  
We have lived in this county long enough to find out  
We can raise the big cabbage to make good saur-kraut.  
We can grow corn and big pumpkins, and good garden  
"sass,"

And the best wheat to make bread, just as well as good  
grass.

Johnson county can make her own living we know,  
For what nature demands she most surely can grow;  
Now let us make merry, that our lot has been cast,  
In a land of great plenty, which always may last.  
The historian of Johnson county has much to say  
About what transpired in a very early day:  
The most important occurrence that then took place,  
Was the first baby that was born of the noble white race.  
Six mothers then claimed that each one had the best  
right,

To the honor of bringing the first baby to light.  
Mrs. Hawkins is entitled to that honor I am sure,  
For the dates are recorded and she needs nothing more.  
Another great historical fact we discover,  
Was a double wedding at the house of Joe Stover.  
Ben Ritter and Miss Stover were there joined for life,  
And Mart. Smith and Miss McLucas were made man  
and wife.

The women of this county have done their duty, too,  
Through the various privations when this country was  
new.

They brought up their families, and did their very best  
For the good of Johnson county, but some have gone  
to rest.

The first Fourth of July that was celebrated, we know  
Was held at Gilbert's trading house, some seven miles  
below.

White men and yellow Indians composed the noisy  
crowd,

They drank gallons of whiskey, and they talked very  
loud.

The first buckwheat that was grown in this county, we  
are told,

Was raised by Eben Douglass, and was pretty well sold.  
Thirty-seven times the bushel measure he did fill,  
And all that grain was ground in a common coffee mill.  
This county's organization was an important matter.  
Trowbridge was sent to Burlington, the Assembly to  
flatter;

He succeeded in his mission; he was then looking ahead,  
To get a good fat office, where he could make his own  
bread.

One by one the old settlers have been passing away,  
We cannot suppose that we have much longer to stay.  
We should always be ready and willing to rise,  
When our good Father shall call us, up to the bright  
skies.

How many old settlers I am unable to say,  
Have crossed over the great river, and gone there to  
stay.

Kimball, Bowen, Carleton, McCrory Felkner and Hill  
And Shoup have all crossed over, their destinies to fill.  
Foster, Cavanaugh, Coleman, McCleary and Stover,  
Porter, Gower, Parrott and Walker have all gone over.  
Irish, Swisher, Roberts, Patterson, Gobin and Fyffe,  
Talbot, Templin and Switzer, have ended their worldly  
strife.

I could name as many more who have taken their flight  
To that beautiful bright country, where there is no  
night;

And hundreds, without doubt, have gained the other  
shore,



And entered their mansion through heaven's open door.  
When the people of this world shall hear the bugle  
    sound,  
Then all the good old settlers will surely there be found,  
Ready to enter their home, prepared for them above,  
By their good Father in Heaven, the great God of love.

This closed the excellent literary exercises, and the large crowd dispersed, much pleased over the day's exercises, and determined to repeat them a year from now.

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### Pioneer Notes.

Secretary Swisher reports a membership of 150, some forty new names being secured at this meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Shepard had a fine gasoline stove on the grounds, and made most delicious coffee that was greatly enjoyed by many friends.

The families of E. M. Adams, John E. Adams, Frank Adams, H. H. Fairall, and H. S. Fairall, some forty in number, forming an illustration of how large families become, were seated at one table.

A. E. Swisher, W. E. Foster, S. S. Hess of the committee were very busy men, and, with their colleagues, aided greatly to make the day a success.

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The Twentieth annual reunion and picnic of the Johnson County Old Settlers' Association, held at Graves' grove on Thursday, August 18, 1886, was more largely attended than any similar event which preceded it. At ten o'clock in the morning, the procession was formed at the park, under the direction of Messrs. M. J. Pendleton and W. E. C. Foster, and after a turn around the blocks, marched to the grounds, there being about sixty carriages in line. Arrived at the place of gathering, Hon. Jacob Ricord, president, announced the order of exercises, and Mr. A. E. Swisher, secretary, called the roll of members. Among those responding were:

Philip Clark, Mr. and Mrs. James Magruder, Wm. Smith, J. K. Strawbridge, Mr and Mrs. G. R. Irish, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Sanders, Horace Sanders, Ed. W<sup>o</sup>rden, Col. Trowbridge, Mrs. Jane Sanders, Jacob and Jerry Stover, Titus and Henry and John Fry, Henry Earhart, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Irish, Henry G. Reddout, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Sam J. Hess, Mr. and Mrs. George Paul, Mrs. Sarah A. Myers, Garrett Lancaster, W. D. Cannon, Sam'l Magill, Hezekiah Hamilton and many others.

Music by the band followed, and the choir, under the direction of Capt. Cree, sang "America," the association joining in the chorus. Dinner was then announced, an abundant supply of coffee having been provided by the committee, and during the hour opportunity was given those eligible to membership, by twenty years' residence in the county, to enroll as members. A few of the added names are:

J. H. Thompson, T. W. Townsend and wife, Bruce Patterson, M. A. Humphreys, Jno. R. Heath, J. H. Alt, Dan Corlett, E. B. Moore, K. A. Powell, G. W. Dodder, E. Tudor, S. H. Fairall, John Hartsock, Robt. Roup, C. G. Moore, Rolla Johnson.

The attendance was quite large, it being estimated at about one thousand, and a happier, more thoroughly enjoyed picnic dinner was probably never held in Johnson county. Dinner disposed of, and the new members enrolled, the choir sang "Auld Lang Syne," after which President Ricord introduced C. W. Irish, Esq., the orator of the occasion.. Mr. Irish's address was as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Old Settlers' Association of Johnson County, Iowa:

In the year 1498, while Christopher Columbus was for the first time touching the shores of the hitherto unknown continent of America, Vasco De Gama, the courageous Portuguese navigator, found the way around the Cape of Good Hope, from Europe to the coral strands

and wide-spread plains of India. During that same year, Sebastian Cabot, an English navigator, espied the shores of Nova Scotia, New Foundland and the coast of New England. Immediately following in the wake of his vessels, came the hardy sailors of Brittany and Normandy, in the north of France, to catch and dry the fish, which Cabot represented as thronging the foggy shoals, and sporting about the rocky shores of his New Found Land, so thick as to impede the motion of his ships. The coming and going of the French fishing vessels rapidly developed a knowledge of the coast from Labrador to Cape Cod. The first map of the Gulf of St. Lawrence was drawn by one of these hardy French sailors.

In 1535, or just seven years after the voyage of Cabot, Thomas Cartier, of the port of St. Malo in France, having availed himself of the knowledge brought by the cod fishers from the distant iron-bound coast, conceived the idea that he would colonize it from his native country. To that end he sailed with some small vessels from the port of St. Malo, and entering the great outlet of the waters of a continental basin, then unknown, he gave the name of that saint to the Gulf which it bears to this day; which name came soon by usage to designate the great river. Cartier passed up the river in a small ship to an Indian village which lay at the foot of a commanding hill. The hill from its noble shape and stately bearing, he named Mont Real, or Regal Mount, thus coining the name of the future great city of Montreal. Thomas Cartier did not realize his dream of a New France, on the western shore of the Atlantic.

It was Samuel Champlain who had the fortune to lay the foundations for French rule in North America; which he did in 1608, founding the city of Quebec in that year. Upon the successful venture of Champlain becoming known to the people of France, there at once repaired from that country two classes of citizens, bent upon widely different ventures in the New World. One class was composed of merchants, who went prepared to

barter with the wild natives for peltries, hoping to enrich themselves in the fur trade. The other class was made up of pious priests and nuns, who, aided by a few kind-hearted and wealthy ladies of France, came to the new French province with the avowed intention of winning over to the cross the savage inhabitants. Upon the story of these efforts I cannot dwell. It is one of the saddest of human experiences. Noble-minded men, invested in the robes of their sacred office, with prayer-book and cross, plunged into the depths of forests hitherto untrodden by civilized man, and placing themselves in the hands of the painted warriors who had for all time been a law unto themselves, and whose trails were marked by blood and carnage, and the actions of whose minds were governed by a ferocity as fearful as that of the lion of the jungles, and in whose breasts there hovered not one spark of sympathy or pity. Into the hands of these beast-like human beings, the gentle, loving priests put themselves, relying upon Almighty power to protect them, and thus they journeyed from camp to camp, preaching the gospel of Christ, and baptizing as they went. Summer heat nor winter cold could not deter them. Wading almost innumerable marshes, following along the rivers and lakes in frail bark canoes, the pious brotherhood made their way slowly and painfully along the sides of the great river of Canada.

In 1641 Ramymbault reached the falls of Sault Ste Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, and here he heard from the Ojibbeways of their hereditary enemies, the warlike Sioux. This was, as far as I know, the first tidings from the land which we now inhabit. Nineteen years afterwards Father Charles Mesnard reached Keewenaw point, on the south side of Lake Superior, and for the first time civilized man made his abode on its shores. In 1665 Father Claude Allouez preached at Green Bay and met the Pottawattamies, Sauks and Foxes and the still distant Illinois. These tribes, then at peace with each other, listened to his preaching at the

Fox village which stood near to where the city of Oshkosh, Wis., now stands. He, by their help, set up a very large cross in their village. Here Allouez heard of the great river still further west, and for the first time noted its Indian name in one of the forms from which its present name is derived. He spelled it Mes-sippi. His knowledge of its valley and the inhabitants thereof, derived from his Indian auditors, was transmitted to Montreal

and at once visions of its wealth and splendor were indulged in by all classes.

In 1673, Father Pierre Marquette, in company with Louis Joliet, five Frenchmen and two Indian guides, started upon the journey which was to make them heroes of history for all time. Coming from Montreal by way of the lakes in canoes, they reached the Fox village at the head of Green Bay about the first of June, and there saw the great cross which Allouez had erected eight years before. This was the last land-mark of civilization to be found on their way. Undaunted they took the Indian route of Fox river, dragging their canoes over its portage at its head, and embarking upon the Wisconsin, they floated down its current and found themselves in the mid-days of June, 1673, dancing upon the breast of the mighty river, until then unknown, except in Indian story. Floating upon its peaceful bosom, admiring its lovely islands and beautiful shores, they at last made a landing upon its western side, and thus were the first white men to set foot upon the soil of our state. That landing place is in dispute. It is claimed for the meadows where Davenport now stands; and also for some point near Keokuk. I am inclined to believe that both claims are correct, and that two landings were made. The Indian inhabitants were found to be of the Illinois tribe, and proved to be very kind and friendly.

Leaving now the story of early adventure, and the various expeditions of LaSalle, Joliet, Tonti, Hennepin, and DuLuth, which developed a complete knowledge of the Mississippi valley, and resulted in its settlement by

the French and Spaniards, who became its rulers, and who, through the effect of wars in Europe, were obliged alternately to relinquish or resume its control, and during which time the French made settlements in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and the Spaniards built a fort on the banks of the Missouri among the Omahas, probably near the present site of the city of Omaha, I will go back a little in time and inquire what our English forefathers were doing while the brave and pious Frenchmen were penetrating to the very heart of the continent and laying the foundation of civilization and empire, the fruits of which are to be seen about us on every hand today. An empire of states, the power of which fairly eclipses all the dreams of its conception, the security of which is in such strong contrast to the wilderness of woods, lakes, rivers and prairies, with their dangers from wild beasts and more beastly man, so toilsomely, painfully and fearlessly encountered by those grand old pioneers of two hundred and thirteen years ago.

It is well known that English occupation of the Atlantic coast of permanent character took place between 1605 and 1620, the Pilgrim fathers making their landing only 20 years before the French made Montreal a rendezvous for the Indian converts gathered from the western wilderness. The English were engaged for many years after that landing, in Indian wars, and revolutions, political and religious, among themselves. While Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, was striving to hang the numerous rebels in that commonwealth, and making peace with hostile Indian tribes within its borders, the Dutch were retaking New York, and the emancipated Pilgrims of Massachusetts were hanging and burning Quakers, and cruelly torturing witches. But few thought of the great western wilderness lying beyond the crest of the Alleghenies, and few, indeed, were the men among them who

thought of the spiritual needs of the Indians within their lines or on their borders; true, it is, that there were noble exceptions, but they were few, indeed.

It was not until 1748 and the French war of 1754 that the English turned their attention to affairs west of the mountains. The French war terminated in the occupation of Canada by the English in 1760, and three years afterwards, France by treaty confirmed the conquest and fixed the boundary lines between France and England in America as running along the middle of the Mississippi river from its source to the river Iberville along that river and through the lakes Maurepas and Ponchertrain to the sea. Indian border wars, bloody massacres and surprises followed this change of control, for the Indians loved the French, and would not tamely submit to English rule. The American revolution coming on before English prowess had taught the Indians over the vast country from the Gulf of Mexico north to Lake Superior, and from the mountains of Pennsylvania to the river Mississippi to respect English arms and to accept English rule, the wretched white inhabitants suffered incredible outrages and endured untold miseries. The Indian wars of this period were fought by the thinly scattered settlements, by themselves, almost unaided, in hand to hand conflicts, against fearful odds in numbers. It was not until after the war of the Revolution came to a close that strong effort was made to settle the western wilderness. That effort was in the main made by the heroic soldiers of that war. It had left them houseless and homeless to a great extent, nor was there provided adequate pay for the courageous service rendered by them on a hundred bloody battlefields. As a recompense they were authorized to take and occupy certain lands on the north bank of the Ohio river, and many came the long and rugged mountain journey to claim these rights. The old heroes were under the guidance of Gen. Rufus Putnam. On they came

along Braddock's old and bloody trail, which soon became, improved at the hands of the general government, a veritable national road.

The Northwest Territory was organized in 1788. Gen. Arthur St. Clair was appointed governor, Winthrop Sargent, secretary, and Sam H. Parsons, Jas. Varnum and John Armstrong were the territorial judges, and R. J. Meigs the marshal. The first settlement centered about the first town, which was named Marietta, in honor of Queen Marie Antoinette of France. The settlement had previously been called Muskingum. Upon the now classic ground of Ohio were born many of the men who in after years helped to give shape and security to this our home. Here in the midst of the Ohio wilderness our first territorial governor began an earnest, honest and most honorable life. His career as a citizen and public man of his times, is a good index to the lives led by nearly all of the pioneer heroes of Ohio and Indiana. He was in turn county surveyor, justice of the peace, judge of court of common pleas, lieutenant of volunteers raised to confront the armies of Spain, then brigadier general of Ohio militia, serving in the war of 1812, and before that war had closed was commissioned a captain in the regular army. In performing these duties he was ever on the alert, and his services took him over thousands of miles of the great western wilderness, and into many a battle and skirmish. He also served many years in the legislature of his state, and was twice its governor—the peace, judge of the court of common pleas, lieutenant raised to confront the armies of Spain, then a brigadier. The active life of Governor Lucas was shared by all the citizens of the embryo state, and it was the telling blows dealt by their strong arms, which drove the skulking savage back to his hiding place in the distant forests, and vanquished the proud and well-armed warriors of Great Britain. On came the human tide; thousands flocked to the new settlements, many passing on to help found still newer ones.



In 1806, France by treaty conceded to the United States the province of Louisiana, which conveyed all that great country lying between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains, and in the northern portions from the river to the Pacific, and also from the Gulf of Mexico to the 49th parallel of latitude, except where claimed by Spain. Our government at once took possession of this valuable acquisition to its territory, and began exploring it. At this time the civilized inhabitants of the Purchase living north of what is now the state of Louisiana were about 10,000, and the only inhabitants of this, our state of Iowa, besides the Indians, were a few fur traders and perhaps a French missionary or two.

In 1804, Captains Lewis and Clark were sent to explore the Missouri and Columbia rivers. Their expedition passed along our western borders. Lieutenant Pike was sent in 1805 to explore the Mississippi to its head. Some years before this, a Frenchman, Dubuque, had begun mining for lead a short distance from where the city of that name now stands. These two expeditions gave to the country the first definite idea of what is now the state of Iowa. About the year 1822, American traders, taking the place of the French traders, came to the mouths of the rivers Des Moines and Iowa, and passing up along these streams, located trading posts or forts, as such places were then called. One set fixed themselves on the Des Moines, near to the present sites of Agency City and Eddyville. Two of these men are now living, Col. Jordan, of Ottumwa, and Captain William Phelps. A brother of Captain Phelps came up the Iowa river and built his fort inside the lines of Johnson county. The ruins of this trading post can still be seen, just below the mouth of a small creek in Section 10, in Pleasant Valley township, on the east side of the Iowa river. I believe that the creek is called Byington's Creek. However that may be, I should like to see the name of this pioneer of our county given it. Here as early as 1826, boats from St. Louis, discharged their cargo, and took on a load of furs. Here came the dusky inhabitants

of the groves and prairies to barter for blankets, trinkets and arms, and here in the shady groves, on the banks of our beautiful river, he lived his savage life of laziness, now blowing his courting flute to delight some dark-eyed maiden, or with dress of buckskin, tinkling with a thousand hawk's bells, he danced in measured tread his love and corn dances. Or, stripped of his finery, and covered with hideous paintings, with howl and yell of unearthly sound, he, by the light of the fire, recounted in pantomimic action, his deeds of war. Again could he be seen seated in a circle of his brother braves in council, how to meet and overcome their enemies, or recounting the mystic tales of Indian lore. Such was the beginning of civilized life sixty years ago. A solitary trader "forted" in his cabin on the banks of the Iowa, over him the lovely summer skies, about him the blooming prairies and fragrant groves, with their wealth of game, buffalo, deer, elk and antelope, and lords of it all, the savage Indian.

I had intended to read to you to-day a letter from Mr. Phelps describing these early scenes, but having mislaid or lost it, I cannot do so. In 1833, there was not over a score of white men making their homes in Iowa, and the first permanent occupation of the country by the United States troops took place, I believe, in 1834. Meanwhile the Blackhawk war had come to a close, and by treaty, a large tract of country west of the Mississippi was thrown open to settlement. At once, venturesome settlers began to arrive on the banks of the stream. In 1834 the War Department ordered Lieutenant Albert M. Lea to make, with an escort of soldiers, an examination of the "Blackhawk Purchase." This he did, and in 1836, made a report, and gave to the public the first map of it, and as I believe, coined the name of our state and gave it its present spelling—"Iowa."

In 1836, Philip Clark and Eli Myers, pushing their way on horseback from some point in Indiana, across the broad prairie plains of Illinois, and crossing the Missis-

sippi to its sunset side, came by invitation of John Gilbert to his trading post, on the Iowa river, it being the same, as I believe, as that of Mr. Phelps, the founding of which I have already described. Near it was another owned by Mr. Wheaton Chase. Gilbert and Chase together with three or four other white men, constituted the white population of Johnson county at the time. Myers and Clark selected claims near by the trading houses, and soon had their cabins raised thereon. The sound of their axes ringing in the passive woods were the first sounds to the keynote to the coming tide of civilization. Those sounds, ringing out sharp and clear were the beginnings of all the mechanical skill and architectural beauty which we behold about us to-day. Their plowshare was first to overturn the virgin sod of Johnson county. That plowshare laid securely the foundations of all the wealth with which our county is teeming on this fiftieth anniversary of their efforts. Thus the long struggle of three hundred and fifty years duration on the part of priest and nun, of soldier and of pioneer, came to an end, and civilization set her foot securely upon the soil of our beautiful county.

Of the priests, many died by the wayside, stricken by disease, and by the tomahawk in the hands of the savage, whom they sought to make better and to save. Others were saved from instant death to undergo martyrdom by frightful torture at the campfires, where but a short time before they had been welcomed as friends and received as brothers, and had preached the doctrine of peace and good will to all. A few were saved to revisit their native land, where their ashes peacefully rest. Hardly a vestige of their missions is to be found where with such labor and bright hopes they planted them. Of the noble soldiers who, with nerves of iron and heart of steel led the way, let history's page tell of their deeds. One of the band, who with Lieutenant Lea paved the way for the star of empire within our state, still lives within her borders. Of the two men who laid the foun-

dation of this prosperous county, one is taking his final sleep in a distant land, the other still lives within our midst. All honor be to these founders of our happiness.

After the expedition of Myers and Clark in 1836, settlers flocked to the county, and soon there began to appear in groves, and upon the prairies, the cabins of the settlers. These were golden days; privations, though great, were unfelt, a universal feeling of security, honesty and good will prevailed, and locks upon the doors were unknown. The stores and provisions of the settlers were free to all who came. We have still among us the first man to turn the prairie sod. The first man to hew the timbers which gave strength and shape to our first dwellings and public edifices. We still have among us the men who hewed and laid the stone in our first capitol building. We have here the man who made our first brick, (Sylvanus Johnson,) and the man who first traced out our section lines, (Cyrus Saunders.) Some of the first county officers, (Trowbridge and Clark,) and of our lawyers, there still survive a few, (Parvin,) and while in yonder cemetery storied urn and polished shaft marks the final resting place of many of the founders of our present prosperity.

Let us each record what we may know of their work, and of our own, to the end that posterity may know to whom it is indebted for clearing the way for its happiness and greatness. If it shall prove that this, my effort in that direction shall become the corner stone for such history, then am I content. I have endeavored to show how, by slow degrees the discovery and settlement of this country came to this, our beautiful state of Iowa. How the foundations of civilization, society and all their accompaniments, of security, wealth, happiness and honor, with increased expansion, were laid, and how they were cemented, by the blood of martyrs, soldier and pioneer. It is now my hope that those who followed Myers and Clark to this country fifty years ago—those men and women, who, firm of purpose, stout of

heart, and strong of arm, led the way—cleared the forests and converted the blooming prairies into smiling farms throughout the length and breadth of this, our country home—may, meeting with us to-day, come forward and recount the story of their labors. I see, on the one hand, Cyrus Saunders, the path-finder of our county, the man who heped to trace our section lines; on the other hand, I see Samuel Hess, the man whose drum-beat called together the volunteers for the Mexican war. I well remember how the rat-tat-tat of his drum sticks caused my heart to beat the faster, and filled my mind with visions of the tented field; and before me stand men and women who are the heroes of our early days of settlement, golden days, now to become history. Let us brightly write, then, on its pages.

Mr. Philip Clark, being called, came forward, and being helped upon the stage, said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Old Settlers of Johnson County: Mr. Irish has told you how I began my labors in this county fifty years ago. After I made that claim, I laid out, upon my own land, at another point on the Iowa river, my first county-seat, and called it Napoleon. The general government then laid out the capital of Iowa territory, Iowa City, where it now stands, as the legislature by an act, removed the county seat from my town to the territorial capital, and I was one of the county commissioners who, under the law removed the county seat from my town to the present site where the court house now stands. I have opened and improved several farms, and—(here the speaker's voice became very weak, and he was obliged to desist from speaking, he being very aged and feeble.)

Chairman Ricord then introduced Rev. O Clute, who spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It was my great misfortune not to reach the grounds in time to the address of the regular speaker this afternoon. I had supposed the address would begin about two o'clock, and

was here at that hour, expecting to hear my friend, C. W. Irish. But you old settlers got so in the habit of getting up early in the morning in order to push your work through, that you get entirely ahead of us, of the younger generation. So you had finished your dinner, called to order, and listened to nearly the whole of Mr. Irish's able speech before I arrived. If I had heard his address, so that I might have followed him as a gleaner in the field with which he is so familiar, I could, perhaps, have been able to say something worthy of your attention. I was favored with hearing a few of his last remarks, and learned from them that he had been urging upon you, among other things, the importance of carefully collecting and preserving the historical records of Johnson county. If you will pardon one who has been but eight years a resident of the county for saying a word on that point, I will add my voice to his.

We have in Johnson county, land as fertile as the glad sun shines upon. We have farms whose stock and whose crops cannot be excelled. We have houses, schools, churches, manufactories, business houses, all the result of your courage, self-sacrifice, industry and intelligence. Many of you were here when the unbroken prairie stretched away toward the west, when the mighty oaks along our beautiful river had never felt the ax. You and those who have followed by your side, have made Johnson county, have given to it peace, prosperity, morality and wealth. As one who enters into the enjoyment of what you struggled to obtain, I say strongly that we ought carefully to collect and preserve the records of all the early settlers of the county, and of all the important events in the early history of the county.

You who came here when the country was new undertook a large work, and you carried that work through to a successful and honorable end. A hundred years hence, or five hundred years hence, your descendants will look back with interest and pride to their ancestors who were pioneers in the country. They will read with eager

eyes the old and yellow pages wherein is told the story of your toils and privations. Some of you smile when I say this. You are disposed to think that your work has no historic significance. You think the work had interest to you, and the many not here to-day who worked with you, but that five hundred years hence you and your work will be forgotten. Friends, you are mistaken, you and your work will not be forgotten. As years go by, and men come to see the importance of the law and order, the intelligence and morality, the home-life and the religion that in the very beginnings of this country were put into the currents of this life by you, they will look back upon you with warm affection, they will regard you and your work much as many of us now look back to our New England or New York ancestry. He among us who can trace his ancestry back to the Mayflower regards it as a great honor. My ancestors were not among those who first set foot on Plymouth Rock, but they were of a nobler band. My lineage goes back to those Dutchmen who first settled the valley of the Hudson river. I am one of the Dutchest of the Dutch. The New England Yankees had a way of saying that we Albany county Dutch were so Dutch that we could not see after four o'clock. However that may be, we always had wit enough to get the better of a Yankee, even when our eyes were shut. I suppose that the early settlers of Massachusetts and of New York had no thought that their lives and work were important, but after 250 years we look back and see how much their work meant, and we are proud to be descendants of the Pilgrims or of the Knickerbockers. Well, it will be just the same with your lives and your work. Their real value will appear more and more. Gradually men will come to appreciate and honor what you have done. Then, to have been a pioneer on the prairies will be held as honorable as to have been a Pilgrim in the Mayflower. Then, to have helped found Johnson county and Iowa City will be as honorable as to have been a sturdy Dutch burgher under Peter Stuyvesant in the village of New Amsterdam,

there aiding in laying the foundations of that commercial importance which gives New York city renown throughout the world. It is therefore of real importance that now, ere your gray hairs are laid beneath the clods of the grave-yard, you write out records of your early experience, or relate those experiences fully to those who will write them, in order that they may preserve a faithful picture of our country's early days.

It is a pleasure and an honor to stand in the presence of those who have made Johnson county. To you we owe our farms and factories, our homes and schools, and churches. On behalf of the younger generation who are entering into your labors, enjoying ease and peace where you had hard work and severe struggle, I thank you for what you are and for what you have done. I thank you, too, for the generous attention you have given to this unpremeditated speech, but I know there are those here, who, though aged and infirm, have yet the keen eye and the resolute mouth that tells of the bodily and mental power that did the large work of which I have spoken. The platform of this old settlers' meeting belongs especially to them, and it is to them you desire to listen.

After Rev. Clute's much-enjoyed little speech, Mr. Samuel Magill read an example of his poetry, prepared for this occasion, in this wise:

The first settlers of this county were not a temperance  
band,  
They bought whiskey by the barrel and kept it on hand.  
They sold it to the Indians when they came along this  
way,  
And took their pelts at prices, which they knew would  
surely pay.  
The result of such proceedings cannot by man be told,  
They aroused man's fiery passions that could not be  
control'd.  
The savages were ready, with scalping knife and bow,  
And when they found a victim to strike a fatal blow.



Those times have now passed by, and whiskey has had  
its day,  
The temperance cause has risen up to drive it all away,  
And our good old settlers will help along this cause,  
And be willing in the future to sustain the temperance  
laws.

Reformation must annihilate our degradation,  
Or the human family would suffer annihilation.  
We have it in our power to control our future fate,  
A nation must be good if that nation would be great.  
The principles of this republic, we all know are right,  
And for those righteous principles we willingly would  
fight.

Our fathers left this legacy which we are bound to cher-  
ish,

We must maintain those principles and never let them  
perish.

The destiny of this country is in the hands of man,  
We must submit to God's decrees, according to His plan,  
Then will He keep this republic, until the latest hour,  
And make us a noble nation, by His almighty power.

It has been said in olden time, King Cotton ruled the  
world,

But tobacco has usurped the throne, its yellow rag un-  
furled,

And millions now are worshipping this idol while they  
sing

Hosannas to this idol-god, for tobacco is their king.  
It's ten times more despotic, than any king you'll find,  
It rules the mortal body, it rules the immortal mind,  
And those who use this poisonous weed, are slaves of  
low degree,

They are bound by sinful habits, in chains of slavery.  
It contains a deadly poison, one drop would kill a cat,  
And if they would dare eat it, would kill off every rat.  
And yet mankind will chew it, and call it sweet and good,  
And thus degrade their manhood, by chewing a poison-  
ous cud.

Young men of education, who aspire to take the lead,

Will sacrifice their health, by chewing the dirty weed,  
And parents to their children transmit an impure taste,  
And by their act inflict a curse upon the human race.

And ladies in the upper tens, who hold their heads up  
high,  
With those who move on lower grades, will use it on the  
sly.

Some will smoke the stinking weed, some fill their  
mouths with snuff,  
And swab them out with stick and rag, till they are  
drunk enough.

You all have seen a gentleman, with breast and collar  
clean,

And in an hour's time, or less, too filthy to be seen,  
He spits the juice all over his beard, a disgusting sight  
to see;

Could any man with common sense, such a dirty crea-  
ture be?

Men of talent, of brains, well educated, and well bred,  
Will smoke a stinking pipe, and make a chimney of their  
head,

They will draw, and puff, and smoke, until their breath  
is found,

To smell like some old carrion that lies on the ground.  
The cost has not been counted, nor never can be told,  
What mortal man has paid, for the weed that has been  
sold.

Put down a thousand million and multiply by ten,  
You will not reach the sum, that has been spent by men.  
The constant use of this dirty weed is degrading and un-  
clean;

The physical effect on man, is easily to be seen,  
And those who will dare use it, the scriptures do fulfil,  
Let him that will be filthy, be forever filthy still.

Father Magill interspersed the stanzas with personal  
remarks not at all relished by those to whom directed,  
and some feeling was displayed, which resulted in a re-  
quest to Mr. Irish to formulate the response printed fur-  
ther on.

Mr. T. W. Townsend, who had been secured for the purpose, grouped the pioneer settlers of the years preceding 1840 into a group numbering about forty and secured a fine negative from which he will supply prints. From a hasty glance at this, one of the finest photographs of a group we have ever seen, the following were pointed out;

Jacob Ricord, Philip Clark, Mrs. Sarah A. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. George Paul, Mrs. Louis, Mrs. Kimball, Mrs. Jane Saunders, Col. Trowbridge, Sylvanus Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Irish, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, E. A. Brown, J. N. Seydel, Mrs. Wieneke, Mrs. Boartz, Mrs. Teneyck, Jos. Walker, J. R. Hartsock, and perhaps as many more.

In another view Mr. Townsend has those who came between 1840 and 1850, and in a third those coming after 1850. The pictures are all of the greatest clearness and detail, and in the most crowded, under a low power glass, every face comes out as distinctly as in a carte. Too high praise can not be given them, and we doubt not all the old settlers and their families will procure this interesting historical series. In all probability the interesting group of the pioneers of the thirties will never again be as complete.

### Father Magill's Poetry.

To the Editor:—

By request I am to answer for the old settlers, a poetical slander of his:

Father Magill saw fit to write down in a poetical way, that in the old times, whiskey was freely used by the pioneers of our county and upon all occasions. His poetic lance was freely used, and wherever it was thrust the whiskey freely flowed. Now the fact is, that our old settlers were pre-eminently a temperate community, drunkenness was very rare among them. True it is that there was in their midst a few men who, like the Indians, were not bound by any law, human or divine, men who from choice, association, and for crimes committed in

other communities, were outlaws here. These men mingled freely with settlers and Indians, and were, par excellence, drunkards. As laws took shape and courts began to execute them, this class disappeared and their place was taken by the modern civilized drunkard, and delirium tremens, an unknown disease among the early settlers, became quite fashionable, as did all the modern appliances of the drunkard's art. With these concomitants of civilization, came Father Magill. I well remember him. I was then a boy, and in those early days I never heard Mr. Magill raise his voice against intemperance. He was then in his prime, and I a boy. It was his opportunity, his duty, to have then preached the temperance doctrines contained in his poetry of today. The best refutation of his poetical "license" upon the use of whiskey at the time of the early settling of our county was to be seen in the hale, hearty old men and women, who gathered to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their first settlement in the county, and who, in general, though the weight of four score and ten years lay upon their shoulders, bore it as if but fifty years had laid their weight of care upon them. Their personal appearance, their character among their neighbors and friends, the happy, useful and temperate families of sons and daughters who have grown to man's estate under their guiding care, and have furnished other communities as well as our own with valued and brilliant leaders, in all the useful associations of the busy times of our day, are the best refutation of Father Magill's well-meant but misapplied poetical temperance speech. C. W. IRISH.

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**Letter from William McCormick.**

Grass Valley, Cal., May 24, 1876.

Messrs. S. H. McCrory, S. C. Trowbridge and John P. Irish:—

Gents: Yours of the 12th inst. containing invitation to be with you at a reunion of old settlers of Johnson County, Iowa, on the 10th of June next, is received, and

with its reception a flood of memories, associations and incidents of a quarter of a century ago are brought vividly, pleasantly and appreciatingly to my mind. How well do I remember Iowa City in its pristine beauty, with all its surroundings, its rolling prairies, its lovely groves of timber, and its crooked, meandering river, winding its way through the undulating hills, and luxuriantly, grass-covered prairies of Iowa, emptying its waters into the great Mississippi.

Johnson county was then a wilderness, the very confines of civilization, the home of the red men, and of the howling prairie wolf.

In 1839, I first arrived there, but few settlers at that time, a log cabin, dotted here and there the margin of the timber land, among which McCrory's and Trowbridge's 8x10 was most conspicuous. And I can remember well of sitting in one corner of it on a log, and eating roast potatoes from the ashes, broiled bacon from the spit. I think we had a little "Cincinnati double-rectified" from a jug.

The settlement of Johnson county, Iowa City, etc., their history and growth, would be very interesting, and I presume you will do them ample justice in your coming reunion.

It is now a little over twenty-seven years since I left Iowa City, but how well do I remember many, very many, of the old pioneers, even now, as I write, many names and faces come up that I have not thought of for years. Old men, women and children, young men and young ladies, etc., for there were many there when I left in 1849.

Would that I could be with you on that occasion, but time, distance and business engagements will not permit. Gladly would I take you three old fellows by the hand, and give a long, warm and cordial shake, and talk over old times, and listen to some of friend Irish's old stories and side-splitting jokes, but the pleasure of meet-

ing you I must forego, and tender to you and through you to all my old acquaintances and friends in the now great city of Iowa, of Johnson county, a kind remembrance of you all. a cherished recollection of happy days spent with you, and a sincere prayer that your days may yet be many, peaceful and happy.

Let me now congratulate you, my old friends, that you yet live. May your latter days be your happier days, and when time shall be no more, may you be safely anchored in the haven of bliss and joys eternal.

Very respectfully, from your old comrade,

WM. McCORMICK.

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(The letter of Mr. McCormick should have been read and published in 1876. The writer was the first judge of probate in the county. He was a member of the medical firm of Murray, McCormick & Swan. He was a civil engineer, and was very prominent in early days. He died in Grass Valley, California, about 1899.)

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The Twenty-First annual reunion of the Old Settlers occurred on August 24th, 1887. No more beautiful day could have been ordered by the weather clerk. In the morning the old pioneers began to come to town and fill up the city. The procession was a failure, as the program had not been published, but in time the new fair grounds were filled with the crowd. At noon, the scene was a most cheerful one. Under the many trees were seated groups of people, made up of single and many families. They enjoyed a most bountiful dinner. Dinner over, the people were called to the speaker's stand, Col. E. W. Lucas, in the absence of President Sylvanus Johnson, presided. The first address was by G. R. Irish, as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Often as I have listened to and read the story of early times, it has occurred to me that a comparison of the motives that

brought together here the men and women who have the honor of being the pioneers of this county, with the motives that have impelled many of the movements resulting in the settlement of other portions of the vast northwest would be a fine theme for an address upon an occasion like this, and a review of the methods followed by the early settlers in forming from a chaotic mass of material a community almost free from the vices and dangers that now beset us, and threaten as time goes on to leave us—the dwellers cursed by crime and overshadowed by poverty. The wisdom and good judgment of those pioneers of our county in selecting a spot to plant with the homes of a people as shown in the steady march from the Indian camp of early times to the vast improvements of the present day, is also a subject worthy of study, and remark as we yearly meet to renew old memories and count the motions of the scythe of time. It is my purpose today to compare as best I can the emigration that first peopled these hills and vales with those of other climes and places, and to briefly compare the results of their settlement with others familiar to us all.

The task is one requiring more able hands than mine, and I ask your kind indulgence as I proceed. The emigration of Mormons to settle Utah was a selfish movement, guided by knaves and fanatics. Old men and feeble women were yoked to carts and driven like cattle across the desert, and into the promised land, that their toil might enrich their masters and their souls go to a dearly bought rest. The rush of emigrants to California was not caused by a desire to gain a home, or to indulge in that unyeasty process of obtaining bread from sweated brows. The gleam of shining gold drew good men from comfort and plenty, and scoundrels from their lurking places, and all rushed to catch the phantom of wealth.

Starvation, disappointment or death in the wilderness was the reward of the many and the prizes fell to the lot of the few. Political excitement caused the first inrush of emigrants to the vast region of Texas and Kan-

sas. Drouth and famine have many times taught them that more thought and less haste might have caused their lives to fall in more pleasant places. The railroads, those blessed benefactors of the poor, having obtained by fraud and villainy a large portion of the lands in Nebraska and Dakota, by plentiful use of printer's ink and a wise display of big beets, gigantic turnips and corn of six weeks' growth and enormous size and yield, soon convinced the uneasy portion of the people that along their several routes lay the road to paradise, and the misguided emigrants are now learning that to burrow in the earth, preserves life in the winter that in the summer they may gather scanty crops for presentation to the railroads, paying dearly for the privilege of living upon the waterless, trackless plains of those twin Siberias, Nebraska and Dakota.

The men and women who settled this country were not moved by any desire to plant religious seed in a far-off land. They did not seek for wealth in glittering heaps. They did their own thinking, and followed the banner of no political filibuster, nor did they fall in a picture-painted trap of a set of land pirates and railway robbers. Here they made their modest claims and set about building homes. They were men and women who had learned "that life is real, life is earnest," and they not afraid to "labor and to wait" as the fruitful soil yielded to their touch and produced its bountiful harvest. The schemers came as beggars. For little aid they would build railroads, deepen rivers, and aid the honest toilers in making life pleasant and labor more fruitful. Although they were granted the aid they asked, it is one of the glories of the past that monopoly was held at bay, when Cavanaugh, Sutliff, Bowens, Stiles, McDowell, McGrew, McCollister, Anderson, Swisher, Dupont, McCorkle, Felkner, Smith, Moise, Hemstead, Hill, Bowen, Parrott, TenEyck, Packard, Cole, Seehorn, Carson, Fry, Roup, Bailey, Bonham, Stover, McGender, Walker, Sturgis, McCrory, Sanders, Johnson, Kimball, the Earharts, Hartman, Butler, Terrell, and Harris and



their companions settled here representing almost every country and creed. They joined in projecting rules by which to be governed that for brevity and justice have had no equal in later days. They were careful to select the best of men for public places. On the pages of their judicial history the names of Williams, Carleton, Smythe, and Isabel, gleam as stars of brightest hue undimmed by the greatness of the names of more recent occupants of the bench as lawmakers.

Felkner, McCrory, Bonham, Cavanaugh and others of early times might be followed with pride by any of the later legislators, and with profit to the people.

In the pulpit, Woods, Bumgardner, Wright, Bowman and Clark labored for the good of all, and with a refreshing impartiality, and although their text was seldom mentioned after it was read, the sermon was sure to touch the tender spots in the congregation. The man who had gone too close to the line of honesty in a deal with his neighbor, was pretty certain to want the back seat on the home trip from church, and the woman who had been too free with the tongue to the detriment of her sister, was apt to feel a tingle in her ears as the words of truth echoed gentle reminders of the wrong she had done.

At the bar were Reagan, Folsom, Preston and Gilbert, Patterson and Carleton. The unfortunate member who stepped aside from the path of honor was dropped from the rolls, and the standard of professional dignity maintained that were it now the rule would prevent many a legal scandal. Berry, Reynolds, Fiske, Choate, and Lathrop as educators, left an impression on the minds of the youth of their day, and their methods produced more beneficial results to the community than can be claimed for the more elaborate and costly systems of the present time.

The mud-chinked walls of the settler's cabin enclosed more of domestic happiness than do the pretentious

houses of the present day, and the hum of the spinning wheel and the click of the loom was music sweet to those who took pride in an industrious, thriving community.

In mercantile affairs Powell & Jones, Buck & Sanxay, represented all that is enterprising and plucky, contented to spend a lifetime in gathering a fortune that by merchants of our day would be looked upon as a small profit on a year's trade.

The early settlers of this country came here to build up homes and with thoughtful minds and careful hands they laid well the foundations of a state. Their laws were made because they were needed. They were enforced because the officers were faithful to their trust. No wild scheme of legal reform found place in their legislative halls. In political matters the independence of the man was the rule. They had no official barnacles demanding the kingly right to hold office during life. No party could boast of a monstrous majority, followed by a legion of place-hunters trampling down the rights of communities in a wild rush for undeserved places of trust.

Then you found men of nerve and dignity conducting the newspapers of the time, impartial, faithful and true, ever devoted to upholding the right and the exposure of errors. On the farther shore of the stream of Time lie the records of three old settlers' lives. From them we may learn that they worshipped no god but the god of love; had no creed but charity; acknowledged no master but justice and right, and lived as men who knew their rights as free men, and knowing, were ever ready to maintain them, and we their successors and descendants may profit by following the examples they have left us.

Hon. Jeremiah Murphy, of Davenport, who had been introduced by Col. Lucas as having been a poor, bare-footed boy, driving an ox team in Iowa City in an early day, said that he was proud of that humble position. He then spoke of the settlement of Johnson county and its

seat of justice at that time, Napoleon, and also Col. Trowbridge, the first sheriff, T. S. Parvin, the first prosecuting attorney, and Judge Williams, the first occupant of the bench. Mr. Murphy also mentioned other names, among them, Phil Clark, Sylvanus Johnson, Henry Felkner, etc., speaking highly of each. He praised Johnson county, and said no other in the state had ever furnished two cabinet officers, Senators Harlan and Kirkwood. Judge Murphy is a natural orator, and his effort yesterday greatly pleased the large audience.

The next speaker was Mr. Wesley Redhead, of Des Moines, who expressed his pleasure in being permitted to meet with his old friends in Iowa City and vicinity. He gave some amusing reminiscences of his early residence in this city, and kept the audience in good humor during his remarks.

Mr. Otto Byington was then introduced and delivered a short but excellent address, in which he paid a deserved tribute to the old pioneers. Mr. Byington is a polished speaker, and what he said about the progress of education in our county shows he is just the man to manage our school interests.

Col. Trowbridge had three ladies, 39ers, with him on the grounds. Mrs. Angeline Swan, formerly Miss Moore, came here in 1839, married Chas. Swan and went to California, and resides there. Mrs. Trowbridge and Mrs. Jennie Sanders are the other two, and are both 39ers. The only two other '39 ladies in this city are Mrs. John Carleton and Mrs. B. H. Aylsworth.

Mr. Henry Wieneke supplied sugar to sweeten Mr. Shepard's good coffee. Tally one for Henry.

Almost every possessor of a vehicle whether carriage, buggy or wagon try the new race track, and some on horseback made the circuit amid clouds of dust. The day was lovely for driving or riding, for while the sun was hot, a delightful breeze from the north made exercise enjoyable.

Mr. Ed. Shepherd, as usual, received the blessings of the hungry multitude for providing "hot coffee" on the grounds yesterday. The people rushed to his headquarters with large tin buckets, cups and everything that would hold the precious fluid and returned rejoicing. "Ed." was equal to the emergency and his supply was not exhausted. He deserves the thanks of the public for such coffee as he furnished. It was not of the hotel variety, the drinking of which, it is said, made Col. Ingersoll an infidel, as he lost all faith in everything.

At the meeting of the Old Settlers association of Johnson county at the fair grounds, the following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That the old settlers of this county here assembled, tender their warmest thanks to the agricultural society for the use of their beautiful grounds, and it is the wish of us all that the officers in their efforts to prepare and beautify the grounds for the coming fair may meet with the strong and cordial support and patronage of all our citizens.

Also Resolved: That we tender to President Rundell our sincere thanks for his able assistance and many courtesies to the executive committee in preparing the grounds for the reunion.

SYLVANUS JOHNSON, Treas.

H. WIENEKE, Secy.

Iowa City, August 18, 1887.

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A few among the former old settlers from abroad who favored us with a visit at the picnic were the following: Mrs. Angeline Swan, of California; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Redhead, of Des Moines; Hon. J. H. Murphy, of Davenport; Mr. Redout from Missouri; Mr. Abe Owen from Iowa county; Messrs. Balsler and Conrad Hormel and wives from West Liberty, both old Johnson county 39ers.

Sylvester Coe and family who live in Washington county, but claim membership in our society, are regular attendants at the annual reunions. There are now on record 248 names which represent that number of families, these only the head of the family records.

Below is a partial summary of the oldest on record:

Three came in 1836, 4 in 1837, 12 in 1838, 34 in 1839, 19 in 1840.

Miss Mary Hannah Ten Eyck is the first white child born in Johnson county, recorded as being born July 5th, 1840.

In looking over the registration books of the old settlers, we find 202 members, with 45 new ones enrolled yesterday, making a total of 247 members. We also find the following old settlers who emigrated here between 1835-40.

George Paul, born in Pennsylvania, came to Iowa 1836.

Mrs. V. V. Paul, born in Vermont, came to Iowa in 1839.

J. B. Swafford, born in Indiana, came to Iowa in 1840.

Mrs. Julia Swafford, born in Ohio, came to Iowa in 1839.

Jas. McGruder, born in Virginia, came to Iowa in 1838.

C. S. Moore, born in Ohio, came to Iowa in 1839.

W. D. Fry, born in Ohio, came to Iowa in 1839.

J. Fry, born in Ohio, came to Iowa in 1839.

J. G. Brown, born in New York, came to Iowa in 1837.

E. M. Adams, born in Maine, came to Iowa in 1836.

A. C. Dennison, born in Ohio, came to Iowa in 1838.

G. Lancaster, born in New York, came to Iowa in 1837.

Robert Walker, born in New York, came to Iowa in 1838.

W. Cavanagh, born in Michigan, came to Iowa in 1839.

C. W. Irish, born in New York, came to Iowa 1839.

J. G. Brown, born in New York, came to Iowa 1839.

Mrs. C. Wieneke, born in Pennsylvania, came to Iowa in 1840.

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### Reunion of 1888.

On Saturday, August 11, 1888, a meeting of the Old Settlers' Association as held at Fink's store, G. R. Irish, president, and Henry Wieneke, secretary. Among the large number present were Henry Walker, Jas. T. Robinson, George Paul, N. Scales, E. W. Lucas, John Jayne, Phil Brandstatter, Jacob Ricord, Edward Worden, I. V. Dennis.

After some discussion, Thursday, August 16th, was fixed as the time and fair grounds as the place of the next annual reunion. The following committees were appointed:

Grounds and music—E. W. Lucas, John Jayne, N. Scales.

Speakers—Ed. Shepherd, Geo. Paul, Henry Walker.

Finance—S. J. Hess, J. T. Robinson, J. Ricord.

Log Cabin—John Jayne, D. Dixon, H. Wieneke.

Marshals—J. W. Sterling, I. V. Dennis.

The committees are instructed to meet and act as early as possible, and it will be seen the committee on speakers had already provided an orator in H. W. Lathrop, than whom the county had no "old settler" more able to interest the public in an address, and the knowledge of his selection brought out a large attendance.

The committee on log cabin was directed to prepare a plan and make report at the annual meeting.

The log cabin proposition is very popular with the association and there is no doubt it will be carried into effect. Quite a number were in favor of building it this year, but it was thought best to have a plan approved by the annual meeting, and build the cabin with less of haste than involved in getting it ready in a month. Nearly enough logs to build it have already been promised. When built it will be "headquarters" for the Association and will be fitted up as a museum of Johnson county old time souvenirs.

The Twenty-Second annual reunion of the patriarchs of Johnson county and their descendants, held at the fair grounds Thursday, August 16, 1888, was a success in all directions. Early in the morning teams began to arrive and when the procession from the city reached the grounds, it was found that the picnic had already begun. Ample preparations were made for the comfort and enjoyment of the day, and it was granted by all that the occasion is long to be remembered as one of the pleasantest. The day was fine, the company large and very sociable, and it is believed that every township in the county was represented. A careful estimate places the number at two thousand, the number of teams at five hundred, and, indeed, it looked like a prosperous day at the county fair. The number of baskets and the amount of dinner spread, indicate that the old settlers appreciate a good thing, and that they have lost no part of their appetite. After the feast, the company gathered about the stand, to hear the speeches.

Mr. Lathrop spoke briefly, his address being characteristic of the pioneer and heartily appreciated.

The address of the day by C. F. Lovelace, Esq., was full of interesting reminiscences of the early settlers of Johnson county, and the poem by Hon. H. W. Lathrop called forth the highest praise. After the literary exercises, a social reunion was enjoyed by all present. The farmers were feeling in the best of humor over the crop prospects. The absence of several veterans, who died

since the last reunion, was painfully realized. Others were prevented from being present by other causes. While the attendance was not as large as usual, yet the occasion was one of real enjoyment. Many favor holding the picnic later in the season when the farmers are not so busy.

A look over the record books of the Association showed a total enrollment of 448, up to Wednesday. From these we selected those of quite a number of pioneers who came here in, or before, 1840. Nearly, if not quite all of those mentioned below, are living, though the grim visitor has thinned the Association's ranks greatly.

Sylvanus Johnson, Iowa City's first brick-maker, was born in Connecticut and came to Iowa in 1837.

Jas. R. Hartsock is a native of Pennsylvania. He came to Iowa in 1838.

Mrs. E. Ricord was born in Missouri, and came to Iowa in 1834.

Azariah Pinney is a native of Connecticut, and came to Iowa in 1839.

Mrs. Mary Borts, born in Pennsylvania, came to Iowa in 1839.

Mrs. Jesse Berry, born in New York, came to Iowa in 1839.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cohick came from Pennsylvania to Iowa in 1840.

Prof. T. S. Parvin was an Ohio citizen before coming to Iowa in 1838.

W. Hummer, born in Germany, came to Iowa in 1839.

Joseph Paine, born in Ohio, came to Iowa in 1836.

Gilbert R. Irish, born in Indiana, came to Iowa in 1840.



Mrs. Ely F. Dennis came to this state from New Hampshire in 1838.

J. H. Alt is a Virginian, who came to Iowa in 1840.

Sam P. Fry, born in Ohio, came to Iowa in 1840.

Jacob Stover, born in Indiana, came to Iowa in 1838.

W. D. Cannon was born in Big Grove in 1840.

A. W. and Chas. Pratt came from Maine to Iowa in 1840.

W. P. Ten Eyck, born in Ohio, came to Iowa in 1839.

Mr. Henry Wieneke, the secretary, has started a project which can be carried through if the old settlers will interest themselves. The plan is to build a log cabin of pioneer type on the fair grounds. The floor and door to be of puncheon, chinked and mud-plastered, the chimney of mud and sticks, the roof of clap-boards with weight poles, and in all respects constructed as in the olden times, without nails. If the Association will unite it will be built and furnished with old-time furniture and fittings, and become a sort of depositary for the relics of pioneer days in Johnson county.

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POEM READ BY MR. SCHOFIELD.

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**Old Settlers' Reunion.**

All hail, and welcome the Old Settlers today,  
Lay aside all your business and drive care away,  
To meet and exchange glad greeting for greeting,  
And make this a joyous Old Settlers' meeting.  
But few are now left us the stories to tell  
Of privations, distresses and glad fortunes as well.

Yes, fever and ague were always on hand,  
And doctors, too, the best in the land.  
For charges (I mean) calomel, quinine and pills  
Were here ever ready to cure all their ills.

They tell us of how—in their pioneer lore,  
They lived in log cabins, with good puncheon floor,  
And a door and a window at the side or the end,  
As to size, taste or fashion they did not pretend.

The roofs of these houses were made of clapboards,  
Held down by great saplings, at least two men's load.  
After all their exactness the boards drew apart,  
Admitting the light of sun, moon and stars.

In fact all of these houses were found to be rife,  
With numerous specimens of pioneer life;  
While o'erhead dried game in plenty was hung,  
On long poles; beside them, dried pumpkins were  
strung.

Two rifles at least, up over the door,  
And two of three dogs lay stretched on the floor.  
In one corner was always a ladder which led  
The young urchins off, very early, to bed.

The pioneer plowed and sowed and planted and prospered;  
Read sermons on Sunday, education they fostered:  
Built houses of logs, well furnished with benches,  
As to width and height, well—we'll not tell the dimensions.

However, these houses, with all imperfections,  
Answered very well for church, school and elections,  
Whose walls re-echoed in high-flown debate,  
Local issues and measures relating to state.

They made roads, built bridges, immigration invited,  
And the stranger who came here was never once  
slighted.

But social and jolly were these pioneers,  
Scarce ever complaining, not oft seen in tears.

'Twas they who subdued the wilds of the west,  
And hunted the wolf and the deer with a zest.  
They made game so scarce for the Sacs and the Foxes  
They packed up and puch-a-chede off to the Rockies.

Just how much we owe to these men and women,  
Can never be told by any one living;  
For us to enjoy without a privation  
The very best homes e'er found in the nation.

'Tis with feeling of sadness we look all around,  
And scarcely a landmark's anywhere to be found;  
Yes, you cried when the old house, so unsightly to  
view,  
Was all torn away to give place to the new.

Yes, progress and push demanded these changes,  
The old-fashioned fireplace superceded by ranges,  
The spinning wheel, flax-brake and old scutching  
knife,  
Have long since been banished by modern device.

Soon, not a trace or a mark will be anywhere seen  
Of these cherished old relics, save in mem'ry so green,  
Where laid away safely for happy communion  
And gladly renewed at this yearly Reunion.

Iowa City, August 16, 1888.

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**Twenty-Third Annual Reunion, August 21, 1889.**

The Twenty-Third Old Settlers' reunion and picnic at the Johnson County fair grounds on Thursday afternoon, August 21, 1889, was a most enjoyable event, and the largest in attendance of the association's anniversaries. The day was not surpassed in fitness by any of the past red-letter days in memory's calendar, among the oldest inhabitants. The extensive preparations and general interest aroused by the proposed log cabin's build-

ing had assured a large crowd, but the most enthusiastic had hardly anticipated the outpouring of old settlers, their families and friends, to say nothing of the many who came to look on or participate.

More distinctly than at any previous reunion, this was a meeting of old settlers and long-time residents of the county. About every pioneer family was represented. A notable figure on the grounds was Philip Clark, the first man to take a claim in Johnson county, and after almost fifty-three years from that date, the honored leader of the pioneer roll.

From nine o'clock farmers came into town, representing all parts of the county, and when about an hour before noon a procession of carriages, led by the Union band, was organized, there was a general following to the fair ground that quite cleared the streets. The shaded grove on the grounds spread a canopy about many family parties that dotted the grass-carpeted lawns where seats and tables were of nature's luxuriant furnishing. Lunch was partaken of leisurely, seasoned with recollections of "old times," friendly greetings and visits from one party to another so that it was well toward two o'clock when the band's music called the many present to the speaker's stand.

Mr. G. R. Irish president of the Association, called the meeting to order, after which Rev. Wm. Emonds, of St. Mary's church offered prayer. The president, in appropriate phrase, introduced as poet of the occasion Father Samuel Magill, many of whose eighty-five years have been spent in Johnson county. His poem is given in full, not so much for the grace of its poetic diction, as for the salutary truths contained in its stanzas:

To God be all the glory, for, by His Almighty hand  
He created America, a rich and goodly land.  
Its power for production is beyond calculation;  
We can feed all the world with its present population.  
This gathering here today is the Old Settlers' meeting,

And once a year they gather to have a good old greeting,  
To see each other's faces and to shake each other's hand,  
And tell the old, old story about this beautiful land.  
How many of those old settlers do you find here to-day?  
And in the last forty years how many have passed away?  
The number that is living now can not be very large,  
And in a few years more what's left will get their last  
discharge.

When the Indian had control of this country long ago,  
Its beauty was not marred by the breaking plow and hoe.  
But now it's cultivated, and the farmer sows the seed,  
And the land produces a crop just what we mortals need.  
The city expects the farmer to furnish all its grub,  
And when the crop is rather short, the farmer has the  
rub.

He supplies his own wants first, and brings what's left to  
town,  
And sets his price upon it, and must have the money  
down.

When he wants to buy some sugar, he'll find the robber  
trust,  
Will steal one-half his money, but have the sugar he  
must.

And when he wants to buy supplies, he'll find he has to  
pay

A large per cent above its worth on all he buys that way.  
I could name as many more that the trusts have taken  
hold,

Such as salt, medicine, butter, clothing and shoes, for  
gold,

I fail to enumerate one-half they have in hand,  
And how can they believe that such robbery can stand?  
In their greed for money they have gone a little too fast.  
The people will let them know their robbery cannot last;  
It's meaner yet than stealing sheep to rob the people so,  
And take one-half their earnings to enrich the trusts, we  
know.

There is a power in this land that favors all the trusts,  
By an unequal high tariff that engenders their lusts,

Those soulless trusts have got the power, and the money  
too,

To buy up all the industries, which they will surely do,  
And in this free republic makè slaves of their fellow man,  
Which they are bound to execute, because they know  
they can.

Just think of a trust on school books, what a horrible  
crime,

To deprive our children of learning, while they have the  
time.

A trust got up on coffins is more than we can stand,  
We must call on our law-makers to destroy such a band.  
They have now the control of factories of zinc and lead,  
Iron, steel, copper, flour, jewelry, and oatmeal, it is said,  
Twine, cotton bagging, cotton seed oil, and patent leather,  
School books and coffins, and they will try to own them  
forever.

And by oppressing the people and by making them pay  
A very high tariff on what they consume every day.  
We have this powerful enemy within our borders now;  
And if he is not subdued our necks will have to bow,  
We must use the means we have, and get ready for the  
fight,

And buckle on our armor now and battle for the right.  
We can gain the victory if we are all united—

And let party prejudice go until our wrongs are righted,  
We must call on congress for a law that will sweep away  
Those robber trusts forever, until the judgment day.

To all those dear old settlers, who will so soon pass  
away,

We would direct their attention to what the Scriptures say,  
That every human being who neglects his soul's salva-  
tion,

His life will be a failure with eternal condemnation.

To avoid such destruction before it is too late,  
Seek and find your loving Savior and avoid such a fate,  
Then you will be ready, when the Lord calls you home,  
And when you get to heaven, you shall never want to  
roam.

Father Magill was loudly applauded and evidently struck a responsive chord in his audience. The president introduced the orator of the day, Hon. H. W. Lathrop, one of the pioneer settlers of Johnson county, whose address was as follows:

Permit me to congratulate you on the pleasant auspices under which you are holding the semi-centennial of your county. I say semi-centennial, for it is now just fifty years since the county was organized and Col. S. C. Trowbridge was appointed its first officer, by being installed into the office of sheriff. Subsequently to his appointment, the first meeting of the county commissioners was held in March, 1840, at which were present the sheriff, Col. Trowbridge, Henry Felkner, Abner Walcott and Wm. Sturgis, as commissioners, and Luke Douglass as clerk.

The first public meeting of the old settlers was held on the 4th day of July, 1840, in Capitol Square in this city, and it was held for the purpose of laying the corner stone of the first capitol building erected by the State, and that meeting was supplemented by another held by them on the same day in the public park, for celebrating the sixty-fourth anniversary of American Independence.

Regarding it from a financial standpoint, the settlement was begun at a most unpropitious period. In the year 1837, our country was swept by one of the most disastrous panics that ever occurred. Every bank in the country except those in New Orleans suspended specie payment, business of all kinds became paralyzed, confidence destroyed, and nearly every man that was in debt became bankrupt. For ten years thereafter, the country was strewn with the wrecks of this cyclone, in the shape of unpaid and unpayable debts, nor were these wrecks cleared away until the national bankrupt law, passed by Congress in 1842, opened a grave in which they could be buried. In looking over the court records

of the county in that early time, I find in them the names of many of the best of our early settlers, who availed themselves of the advantages presented by this law to relieve themselves of debts that otherwise would have been a life-burden to them.

How difficult it was to commence and carry on the improvements necessary in founding a state and building homes under such financial embarrassments, an event that occurred here in the winter of 1840, and one that occurred later in the spring of 1843, will illustrate.

The first event alluded to is Jacob Ricord's going to mill. The Ricord family was settled on a claim about twenty miles west of Iowa City, and, as was supposed, had in the fall laid in a supply of flour and meal sufficient to last through the winter; but as one neighbor after another got out of these necessary articles of household comfort and convenience, they borrowed of Mr. Ricord, for borrowing and lending was practiced by all in these pioneer days, till his stock became reduced as low as theirs, and the alternative presented itself of having to do without or of going to mill, and having to do without could not be thought of, for it was near neighbor to starvation.

Now, the nearest mill was at Cascade, in Dubuque county, eighty miles away, and the season was the blustering days of a northwestern February, with the mercury frequently dancing very close to zero, if not at an uncomfortable distance below it. The sequel of it was that a big grist of his own and his several neighbors was loaded into the wagon, and, with two yoke of oxen hitched to it, and not a cent of money in his pocket to pay "hotel bills," Jacob was started on his long and lonesome journey towards the north pole to mill. The first day's trip carried him across Cedar river at Ivanhoe, to the hospitable cabin of Mr. Burge, where he found the latch-string out its full length, and where he received a hearty welcome, stayed all night, and got corn and hay enough to feed his oxen the next day. The details of



the complete journey I will not relate. Arriving at the mill, he found that there were grists ahead of his that would take ten days or longer to grind out, and he would have to wait that long for his. Fortunately, he found a man in the neighborhood that had not got his corn gathered; so he goes to work for him, getting himself and team kept in good frontier style, till his turn came for having his grist. The two little runs of burrs—all the mill contained—were put to work upon it, and when done, the grist was loaded in and Jacob started on his return journey southward. He and spring reached Iowa City at nearly the same time, and he had to hurry across the river, lest the ice should go out, and leave him on the east side of the raging, rushing river, with no means of crossing it, to the hungry families in the Ricord settlement on the west. After an absence of three long weeks, he reached home but a short time before the clock tolled the hour of midnight. The joy that prevailed in that settlement on his arrival, I will leave for some one else to relate.

Going to mill at such long distances and under such adverse circumstances, led to the second event, which occurred in the spring of 1843. A few of the citizens got together, and discussed the project of damming the Iowa river and building a mill, and this led to the organization of a company, known as the Iowa City Manufacturing company, of which Chauncey Swan, A. C. McArthur and F. W. Haverstroh were directors, with Mr. Swan for president, Silas Foster, secretary and treasurer, and A. B. Newcomb, superintendent of the work. The capital stock was fixed at \$5,000, divided into shares of \$25.00 each. Work was commenced on the 18th day of June, 1843, by felling trees suitable for the dam, and the work was continued through the summer and fall, a mill being built at the same time.

On the first day of January, 1844, six months and twelve days from the day work was commenced on the dam, there gathered at the rudimentary boarding house

of the company its officers and workmen, and they feasted at a table spread with corn dodgers, corn pone, and mush made of meal ground that day in the mill which they had built. But the curious feature of the occasion was that, on examination of the books of the company, it was found that the dam 400 feet in length, which was then breasting the weight of the surging wintry torrents of the boisterous, dashing Iowa river, and was now paid for, had cost in money but twenty-five dollars.

Walter Butler donated to the company the site for the dam; many share-holders paid their shares in goods, which were traded for labor on the work; Judge Coleman and Philip Clark paid for their stock, which was \$100 each, in meat and flour, and H. O. Buck, who was for so many years the successful grocer on the Iowa Avenue, paid for his subscription in groceries, which, in those early days, were twin sisters to cash itself.

This was the embryo of that splendid water power at Coralville that moves the machinery in Valetine Miller' large flour mill, in the electric light works, and in the oatmeal mill.

Who to-day would think of putting up such a structure on \$25 cash, and the balance in dry goods, groceries, and meat and flour?

Our early pioneers came here not in search of wealth, nor in the pursuit of fame. They left the comforts, the luxuries, and the endearments of the homes of their eastern friends to come here and found a prosperous state and to establish comfortable homes for themselves and their posterity; and how well they have succeeded, the flourishing towns and cities, the comfortable farm houses, the commodious and well-filled barns, the lowing herds, the bleating flocks,, the well-appointed school houses, the well-attended churches and the ably conducted newspapers of to-day bear witness.

In founding a prosperous state, their example is without a parallel. From the time the pen of the historian wrote the first chapter beneath the shade of the

forbidden fruit tree in the garden of Eden, down to the time its last scroll was dictated beneath the waving folds of the "stars and stripes," no spot of earth can be pointed to, where, in the short space of half a century, and within the compass of 55,000 square miles, so much for the comfort, the benefit, the happiness, and the social and educational elevation of the people has been wrought out, as in the state of Iowa.

While nature has furnished you with a soil the most fertile, skies the most genial, and atmosphere the purest, dews the most gentle, and clouds dripping showers the most timely and generous, you, Old Settlers, as recipients of these favors, have, by your intelligence, your industry, your economy, your frugality and perseverance, so improved them that the country you occupy flows with the milk of your thousands of dairies and the honey of your thousands of apiaries, and your cribs groan with the ponderous loads they are carrying.

No county in the state has been called on more frequently to furnish men to fill state and national offices than yours, and no officers have been more able and faithful than those she has furnished. The list is as follows:—

Two Cabinet Ministers—James Harlan and S. J. Kirkwood.

Two Senators in Congress—James Harlan and S. J. Kirkwood.

One Governor of the State—S. J. Kirkwood.

Two Superintendents of Public Instruction—Dr. J. C. Stone, D. Franklin Wells.

Three Speakers of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly—James P. Carlton, Smiley H. Bonham, Rush Clark.

Three Judges of the District Court—James P. Carlton, W. E. Miller, S. H. Fairall.

One Judge of Supreme Court—W. E. Miller.

One President of the State Senate..Thos.Hughes.  
Two Treasurers of State—Martin L. Morris, Morgan Reno.

One Representative in Congress—Rush Clark.

One Clerk of the Supreme Court—George S. Hampton.

Two Reporters of the Supreme Court—Eastin Morris, W. Penn Clark.

One Register of State Land Office—Anson Hart.

Registers and Receivers of United States Land Office—Eastin Morris, Gilman Folsom, Jesse Bowen, H. D. Downey, Colonel Henderson.

State Printers—G. D. Palmer, George Paul, John Teesdale, A. H. Palmer.

And in addition to these the county has often, from those who have migrated from her borders, furnished men to fill responsible and important offices in other states. Henry Lee, formerly of Iowa City, has been for three consecutive terms, a member of the Colorado legislature, and to-day Robert A. Smith, formerly of Lone Tree, is a sitting member of the constitutional convention of South Dakota. But why begin to enumerate whole swarms who have gone forth from the old Johnson county hive, and they are found in every large community between the Mississippi river and the Pacific coast, engaged as their fathers were here in early times, establishing happy homes, and in founding new and prosperous states.

You occupy historic ground. Here were held five sessions of the Territorial and eight of the State Legislatures, and three constitutional conventions. Here were also held political, railroad, commercial, and other state conventions. Here, too, were held the early sessions of the supreme court, where met the learned judges and the leading lawyers from all parts of the state. In your county were organized the two first railroad com-

panies in the state, and yours was the first county west of and away from the Mississippi, to hear the neighing of the iron horse. Here were elected your first senators in Congress, and here stands the first capitol building erected by the state. Across your fertile prairies went that numerous overland caravan of "49ers" in search of those golden treasures that Captain Sutter found buried in the bosom of the earth on the shores of the Occident.

It is pleasant on occasions like this to look back over the receding years and call to mind those old pioneers like Felkner, Swisher, Berry, Sanders, Cavanaugh, Trowbridge, the Frys and others, their associates whom I have not time to mention, living in their log cabins, with their doors opened by latch-strings, with puncheon floors or no floors at all, with puncheon roof, held down by weight poles, going to mill, to the shop, to the store, to town or to church, when they had churches to go to, in their farm wagons, with prairie hay for seat and cushion, drawn by ox teams, worked down to their lowest gait in breaking of prairie and other farm work; and contrast their condition in those early days with the present when their children are living in well-built and well-furnished houses, with carpeted floors, tapestried walls, and frescoed ceilings, and riding to town, to church, etc., in nice two or three seated carriages, with seats well cushioned, drawn each by a spanking team of bays, that can kick up the dust at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour.

Old Settlers of Johnson county, the results of your arduous labors, your years of patient endurance, and your noble deeds, are now emblazoned on the historic page, and your children and your children's children can there read them with pride, in learning how much good you have done, and it is to be hoped that the next half century of your country's history may be as memorable at its close as the past one has been at its termination.

Professor T. S. Parvin, who has lived in Iowa half a century and more, was loudly called upon, and responded with a graceful "little talk," such as he always gives, illustrated with recollections of other meetings of old settlers in Johnson county, and with incidents of pioneer life and reminiscences of early settlers. It was an address much appreciated by all on the grounds.

After the addresses and music, the reunion features of the day were prominent and for hours there were greetings among the old settlers, and new themes, until evening hours compelled a separation and reluctant good byes.

The Driving Park and Agricultural Society directors freely gave permission and also encouragement to the project of erecting an Old Settlers' log cabin on the fair grounds. Secretary Wieneke furnishes us with the following list of the subscribers of materials for the cabin:

Sixteen Foot Logs—W. J. Haddock 1; M. J. Pendleton 1; George Nelson, 1; Sylvanus Johnson, 1; Henry Earhart, 1; Swisher Bros., 1; Charles Gaymon, 2; Folsom Bros., 1; A. Hemsworth, 1; D. M. Dixon, 2; J. Hartman, 1; L. Robinson, 1; B. Dennis, 2; E. M. Stevens, 1; M. Birrer, 1; P. M. Connelly, 1; Rolla Johnson, ; J. W. Stevens, 1; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Edwards, 1; H. W. Lathrop, 1.

Twenty Foot Logs—Euclid Sanders, 2; J. Y. Stover, 2; James McCollister, 2; Horace Sanders, 2; Isaac Bowen, 2; D. Conklin, 2; Cochran Bros., 2; E. Clark, 1; Wm. TenEyck, 1; O. G. Babcock, 2; John Struble, 1; John Brady, 1; J. B. Swafford, 2; F. X. Rittenmeyer, 2; J. M. Adams, 1.

Twenty-four Foot Logs—M. Adams, 1; I. V. Dennis, 2. Clapboard Tree, A. W. Beuter. Puncheons, James Magruder.

### Meeting to Build the Cabins.

On Saturday, September 28, 1889, the old settlers met at the fair grounds to construct the log cabins. The advance guard came in at an early hour and marched to the fair ground, which soon became a scene of the liveliest, busiest work. Old men, hale and hearty, as Johnson county's health-blessed population always is, were on hand, and putting in motion saws and axes, brought the beads of sweat to their brows. At nine o'clock scores of the pride of our county, our sturdy pioneers, were on the ground, and with coats and vests cast aside, were laboring to obtain the desired end. The work on the Old Settlers' log cabin had begun, and flying chips and sawdust told the tale. How those good old men enjoyed themselves, as they renewed the memories of youth and thoughts long gone by came trooping through their minds! They thought of the humble homes they had erected fifty years ago. A half century had flown since they had sawed and hewed as if for life to erect a shelter for the dear ones, ere the fierce wintry blasts shrieked over the prairie and through the leafless timber.

Pictures of painted and feathered Indians (not Lo, the poor Indian, but the less romantic and more fiendish—"pesky redskin", who slaughtered with glee and revelled in torture) arose before them, and in their mind's eye they saw wondrous scenes of wild pioneer life. And while they gave play to their imagination, busy and vivid, their hands and muscles were none the less busy, and the work rapidly progressed. Yet, hard as they labored, the task allotted was a hard one, and one day would not suffice; longer time would be needed ere this structure, commemorative of our hardy band, would be completed. As the elders worked on, groups of eager-eyed children and youths loitered about, gazing with great interest upon the sight, a spectacle which they had never before seen in their short lives. They learned that long before the light of day blessed their young eyes, such abodes

were their parents,' and with gratitude filling their hearts thanked those earnest, loving workers, who in lives of toil, had amassed wealth and pleasant—even luxurious homes for the children, who now surveyed them wonderingly.

Out of the three hundred members whose names appear on the books of the Old Settlers association, there were many present, and we would like to give the names of all who lent their aid in erecting the log cabin. To give all is impossible, however, it will not be proper to mention a few to the exclusion of others. Suffice it to say that of all persistent, energetic, tireless workers, the old settlers of Johnson county bear off the palm.

When the noon hour arrived, the perspiring carpenters laid aside their tools and sought neighboring cool, secluded spots, where their good wives had already assembled, with baskets heavily laden with dainties and substantial.

Secretary Wieneke kindly furnished a supply of coffee, and the ladies present soon had the steaming, fragrant beverage concocted and served to the toilers, this cheering drink being most acceptable to all the workers. The mid-day meal was then taken amid general pleasure, reminiscences being in order, and a steady flow of conversation was kept up, every one taking part. What wonderful stories of other days! What remarkable incidents and adventures were recounted! Each diner lent new interest to the gathering by his contributions to the conversational fund. Then when full justice had been done to the repast, the party broke up, the ladies strolled about and watched their "better halves," who resumed their work upon the cabin, which steadily continued until it grew too dark to permit continuance. And then when darkness overshadowed the earth, they unwillingly stowed away their tools, to be kept aside till the solemn Sabbath passed.

The following are the donors of logs and other material:



G. R. Irish, 1; J. P. Irish, 1; C. W. Irish, 1; T. M. Irish, 1; A. Cole, 1; J. W. Butler, 1; M. TenEyck, 2; E. Sanders, 2; Folsom, 1; Cochran Bros., 2; J. B. Swafford, 2; I. V. Dennis, 4; O. G. Babcock, 2; F. X. Rittenmeyer, 2; M. and J. Adams, 2; M. Birrer, 1; J. Hartman, 1; Gus Hartman, 1; J. J. Roessler, 1; C. Gaymon, 3; D. M. Dixon, 1; John Brady, 1; S. Cozine, 2; H. Walker, 2; W. J. Haddock, 1; I. Bowen, 3; W. H. Stewart, 1; Ezra Thompson, 1; J. H. Thompson, 1; A. H. Graham, 1; Mrs. Jephtha Cowgill, 1; H. Sanders, 2; J. K. Hemp-hill, 1; J. Struble, 1; B. Dennis, 1; J. Y. Stover, 2; R. Johnson, 1; A. Hemsworth, 1; J. A. Edwards, 1; George Hitchcock, 1; R. B. Sanders, 1; J. W. Bane, 1; R. A. Bane, 1; E. W. Lucas, 2; W. TenEyck, 2; W. Felkner, 1. Clapboards, A. W. Beuter; puncheons, J. Magruder, H. Walker and neighbors. Doors, C. Smith and neighbors. Foundation stone, F. Hutchinson. Hauling, Geo. Borland. Hearthstone, Mrs. Van Fleet.

The following each contributed \$2.00 in cash for sheeting: S. Spurrier, Warner Spurrier, Ezekiel Clark, L. B. Patterson and W.J. Haddock.

This list is not quite complete, but a complete one was not obtainable. The cabin is 16x20 feet in dimensions, one and one-half stories in height, and a six-foot porch facing the west side. South of this cabin, a narrow lane between them, stands the second cabin, made of logs unhewn, and with bark untouched, thus being an exact model of the homes of our pioneers of half a century ago. The first cabin represents the log cabin of advanced civilization, while the second is the original—the representative of cruder days.

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### Twenty-Fourth Annual Reunion, August 16, 1890.

On Saturday, August 16, 1890, the Twenty-Fourth Annual Reunion of the Old Settlers occurred. When the hour of noon arrived, the fair ground presented an animated appearance. Many old settlers and their fam-

ilies could be seen gathered in groups under the shade of the trees, with abundant viands spread out before them, and of which they partook bountifully. No doubt, everything tasted sweeter because eaten under the blue sky and on the green table of "Mother Earth." As he always does, Mr. Ed. Shepard served the people with his delicious coffee, which made their meal still more enjoyable.

After all had eaten and spent some time in exchanging friendly greetings, Hon. H. W. Lathrop, president of the Old Settlers' Association, called the large crowd to order, and announced the program. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Fairall, the doxology, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," etc., was sung. Then Mr. Samuel Magill was introduced as the "poet laureate," of Johnson county. He read the following poem in his own inimitable manner, making at times significant comments which amused the audience:

The old settlers of Johnson county try to meet once a  
year,  
To enjoy each other's company while they remain here,  
And how many are now missing, who were here a year  
ago,  
Who have gone across the river, and have met their last  
foe.

We met together last year and were highly entertained,  
We meet together this year and feel we are unrestrained.  
We are glad that we have lived to see this happy day,  
And we may hope to meet again before we pass away.

What was the condition of this county sixty years ago?  
The Indians had lawful possession, and did not want  
to go.

But the white men came in numbers, and sent them all  
away,  
For they did not like their company, and would not let  
them say.

Clark and Myers, in this county, made the first claims  
to land,

They set their stakes, believing that their claims would  
surely stand.

They were not disappointed, for their claims were  
good and sound,

And they made a grand speculation on Uncle Sammy's  
ground.

The old settlers had no roads, but struck straight for  
Bloomington,

Where they could find some grub to buy for them to  
live upon.

They packed all their provisions upon their horse's back,  
And then they struck a straight bee-line right on their  
homeward track.

They depended on their good rifles to furnish all the  
meat,

And when they had it roasted well, it tasted very sweet.

They washed their hard-tack down with coffee both  
strong and hot,

And they used another liquid, too, the name I mention  
not.

The buckskin shirt and pantaloons were what they had  
to wear,

The coonskin made a pointed cap, which looked both  
warm and fair.

The Indian moccasin was found to be a useful shoe,

And when they could do no better, they made the mocca-  
sin do.

An old settler dressed up, in the style described above,

Sitting in that log cabin, along with his lady love,

And a dear old mother four score or more with her spin-  
ning wheel,,

Making it sing the old tune, would make us old settlers  
squeal.

Is there an old settler here now, who was here sixty  
years ago?

If there is one, just let him stand up, he would be quite  
a show.

There are some here now who have been here fifty years  
no doubt,

We hope they will show themselves until they are count-  
ed out.

The old settlers should be glad who have lived to see  
this day,

Old Johnson county settled with people who came to  
stay.

Some made their farms in an early day when everything  
was new,

And now they are independent and very well-to-do.

When the emigrants came in, the county settled fast,  
And many made their claims right here, and made them  
all to last.

The capital was located here, which gave the place some  
fame,

And the people came with a rush, because of its good  
name.

The city was prospering, and the county was doing well,  
And the people were all happy with plenty of news to tell.

Then the population increased at a very rapid rate,  
And this fruitful territory became a noble state.

John Powell, our first merchant, built a ware-house near  
the river,

And bought all the pork and grain the farmers could  
deliver.

Hiram Watts built the flatboats that took the provisions  
away,

And when they landed in St. Louis, there the boats had  
to stay.

They traded off the produce for goods of various kinds,  
And landed them in Bloomington, well salted for the  
times.

They hauled them there with teams, and placed them in  
the store,  
And when they were sold out, they had the means to  
buy some more.

Those beautiful prairies with all their brilliant inland seas  
And their magnificent groves, filled with majestic trees,  
Are real monuments to show, a foundation good and  
strong,  
With material in abundance to help the state along.

This state, in the future, is destined to become great,  
It will surely be a rival of any other state.  
She has the means within herself to feed a population  
Greater than can be found in many European nations.

“Uncle Sam” regulated the railroads, and done it very  
well,  
And saved the people money, yes, more than they can  
tell.  
And forever in the future will keep them in their place,  
For the good of this great nation and all the human race.

And he will put his veto on making alcohol,  
And stop the importation until we have none at all.  
Then this nation will prosper beyond all calculation,  
And among other nations will have a good reputation.

The Supreme Court’s decision caused us all to reflect,  
But Congress has passed a law to cure the court’s defect;  
And the original package is in a bad condition,  
And the temperance cause will prosper, in spite of oppo-  
sition.

The work is great, but must go on, for God's decree has  
said,  
The nations of the earth must bow to Me, their righteous  
head.  
May we be found in temperance ranks, and in the tem-  
perance cause,  
To fight the temperance battles and maintain the tem-  
perance laws.

That round log cabin reminds us of sixty years ago,  
And that nice hewed log cabin of forty years also.  
May they stand as emblems in Johnson county, sixty  
years or more,  
And the string of the latch be on the outside of the door.

And when on earth our time is spent, may we be ready  
to go,  
To the beautiful land above, where the farmers need  
not sow.  
But reap the elysian fields of bliss, already complete,  
And gather a crop of happiness, a food the angels eat.

At the conclusion of the reading of the poem, which was certainly one of the best ever written by Father Magill for the Old Settlers' Picnic, the "Greeting Glee" was grandly rendered by a choir, composed of the following: Capt. A. B. Cree, Mr. Musser, Mrs. Cree, Mrs. W. Bowen and Miss Mamie Williams, Miss Cree presiding at the organ. Col. Ed. Lucas made a few remarks, referring to the erection of the log cabins and giving special credit to Mr. Gil. Irish for their erection. He said that the donors of the logs were so generous that enough had been given to build two cabins, one representing the earliest period of pioneer days and the other a period somewhat later. The address by Col. Lucas, though brief, was well received. Then followed "The Vermont Farmers' Song," an inspiring number from the choir, and splendidly rendered. The next exercise was a

poem by Mr. Abel Beach, who, in a few preliminary remarks, referred to his coming to Iowa in the early days. He then read his poem, as follows :

When asked for something new, original, I thought,  
Whether my friends, forgetting temperance record,  
                  sought  
An "original package"—popular down East just now—  
Or something original from the pen—without a row?  
I'll choose the latter anyhow.

Old settlers are not here, I think, to feed surprise,  
When all that's seen is now familiar to the eyes,  
But if a new-comer should disturb our precincts fair,  
Or tries an innovation strange, let him beware,  
'Tis dangerous sometimes to dare.

Home of the buffalo, and fairy land of brave,  
Where might was right, and speed the highest art to  
                  save,  
Here, where our camp-fire burns, the welkin often rung  
With midnight carnival; where exploits wild were sung  
And eagle plumes for token swung.

While some, not all can go back to the days of yore,  
When gallantly our territorial fathers bore  
The brunt of effort and the tug of war—which they  
So much enjoyed that it was labor merged in play,  
Yet ever will we bless the day.

America—no doubt reserved for pilgrim band,  
By smiling providence ordained, a glorious land—  
Had heroes to level forests and wild beasts to slay,  
Homes to build and foundations of the State to lay,  
Inspired with zeal to work and pray.

With manly might and courage did our fathers toil,  
Made desert beauteous as a flower, and blest the soil  
With rich fruition. Cities by magic sprung to life,  
Nature and art for mastery renewed the strife—  
Progress on every hand was rife.

From Maine to Florida, all along the Atlantic shore,  
The call of "Westward ho!" was heard, and heard en-  
core;

"Steam has solved the problem, opened up the land;  
The western 'land of promise'—rich and vast and grand  
Within our grasp is at command."

Charming, beauteous expanse and ready for tickling  
with the hoe,  
Responding with harvests bountiful where'er we go,  
Mesopotamia of the west with untold wealth,  
Now brought to light, though ages hidden as by stealth,  
Elysian fields of joy and health.

In those bright days not only are the wants supplied,  
But royal sport is with utility allied;  
Abundant game for epicurean tastes abound;  
Fish, beasts and birds—the bounding deer pursued by  
hound—

Here in our prairie home are found.

Before these prairies heard the sound of puffing steam,  
The rolling stage—remembered well—was heard and  
seen,

With cloud of dust enclosing messages of love,  
Oft bearing joys seraphic as from realms above,  
It came as welcome as the dove.

Faith nows its mark when now at length, to greet our  
eyes,

Fair Iowa dressed in bright garb before us lies;  
Garden and heart of our great western land is seen,  
Rivers and lakes and woods and plains of verdant green,  
A vista of beauty on beauty's sheen.

Well, for their settlement, the Eastern states came first  
In that vast tide of travel which from Europe burst;  
Strange paradox, however, that we, whose lot was cast  
"Away out West!" should still with Yankee land be  
classed!

We're under Eastern skies at last.



Old settlers, friends in our brief time what shall we say  
Has been the progress marked in this our IOWA?  
Dumbfounded with the query, mute, we pause and stand,  
And question back—what progress does she not com  
mand?

She challenges whate'er is grand.

In every corner of the state, our prairies teem  
With beauty, life and energy—infused by steam  
Rivers are bridged—improved machinery made to yield  
Crops fabulous from every cultivated field;  
Progression everywhere revealed.

Cities and towns are built, and manufactories reared,  
Churches to heaven look and schools are to homes en-  
deared.

With youth and beauty decked, our state unrivaled grows  
While nature her best gifts abundantly bestows,  
“Wilderness blossoms as the rose.”

Scenes of the former years no doubt are fresh in mind—  
Rich, racy, ludicrous and serious combined.  
The covered wagon, with its snail-pace o'er the plain—  
Now fording rivers, dodging prairie fires again,  
Prepared for sunshine, wind or rain.

Right here, in view of these two temples of the past,  
These gorgeous palaces, with open doors at last,  
We find unique reminder of the hardships rife  
In this new land when first engaging in the strife  
And triumphs of our border life.

If true, the “old log cabin” is almost replaced,  
No danger that its memory will be effaced;  
The dandy and the cyclone both by it are warned,  
Wild innovations and tame fashions too are scorned:  
Never, while memory lasts, transformed.

Land agents sharp, surveyors sharper, kept on the bound  
For tenants of tents and leaky cabins all around—  
The clash of opposing title, jargon and clash of tongue,  
The grasp of lucre by old—of heart and hand by young,  
Gave romance untold and song unsung.

Those sturdy days gave hearts for homes—found any-  
where—  
And hands expert, prepared for any fray to share,  
With tent quick spread, with banner kissing setting sun,  
Our Hawkeye, equipped with Bible, plough and unerring  
gun,  
Was ready for pioneer life begun.

Two mighty rivers untired still wash our fertile shores,  
Give North and South an interchange of wealth and  
stores,  
Uniting them in one majestic stream they run,  
Visiting realms as rich as any 'neath the sun,  
And help to bind our land in one.

While rivers—silver chains—bind such a golden land,  
Our vast interior lakes give water courses grand;  
Railroads unnumbered, level paths of travel strew;  
Have wealth untold, and steel for sinews to renew  
The work herulean they do.

Cities, farms perfected, bright homes on every hand,  
Mark the supremacy of this Elysian land.  
Not only this, but Cupid, too, can reign supreme;  
Reality can here be found to pictured dream—  
For social life the very cream.

Some gray heads here confess to three and four score  
years—  
Happy, we trust, in homes our country much endears.  
Some, restless and uneasy, true, made quick retreat;  
But we, with faith unshaken, now again repeat—  
“Iowa City's hard to beat.”

While many valued institutions bless our town,  
To be Athens of our state it is laid down;  
And every citizen, old or young, is proud to see  
The progress of our grand "old University."

Exalted may it ever be!

In town and county some old landmarks were endeared  
By sweet associations—hallowed and revered,  
Relics like these, I shudder as I see destroyed,  
Their fate, howe'er, seems settled; improvement is de-  
void,

Our sentimental thoughts enjoyed.

For many noble comrades, gone, we drop a tear,  
Moisten the ground whereon they strove and triumphed  
here;

An altar to their men'ries green, with garlands strewed,  
We fear for sacrifice of praise and thanks renewed—

A holocaust of gratitude.

Now to the "Old, old Settler"—glorious pioneer—  
We wish bright sunset skies, unfailling faith, good cheer!  
A goodly land you found, a manly part you bore;  
The tide of life has borne you near the golden shore—  
Conflicts ended a ndstruggles o'er.

Following it was an able address by Hon. L. B. Pat-  
terson, as follows:

"I have been requested to say something to and  
about the pioneers or old settlers of Iowa—that army of  
almost forgotten, unsung and unpensioned heroes, who,  
fifty years ago marched into what was then called the  
Territory of Iowa. They came for the purpose of ex-  
ploring a then unknown land, inhabited by savages, wild  
beasts, and the musical rattlesnake and other venomous  
reptiles. The mission of the old settlers was that of  
peace, union and fellowship; to found a colony for civil-  
ization, Christianity, and a higher intelligence; to raise

men and women amidst such influences as would best fit them for the various duties of a higher life, to be wrought out amidst the broad plains and valleys, groves and pleasant streams of a beautiful but until then unoccupied country; to raise statesmen, heroes and heroines for the times of peril and need, defenders of the state and nation against all assaults from every source; honorable, honest and intelligent citizens to carry on the multifarious and diversified duties of life in peaceful times. These settlers came not in companies, regiments, and battalions, or with unfurled flags, banners, music artillery, a heavy supply train, and other accompaniments of a well-disciplined and organized army.

These first invaders of Iowa marched down upon this goodly land for conquest in files of one, or two, three and four, and in single families containing something less than a regiment of children, each man a general, colonel, captain, corporal or high private, as occasion might require, all which positions he filled with honor and credit to himself, as he believed.

These invaders of the hunting grounds of the Indians, the ranges of the buffaloes and the hiding places of the wild beasts of prey, came on foot, on horseback, or mule-back, in wagons and prairie schooners, drawn by the docile cow, ox, horse, or the philosophic mule, in which were loaded all the earthly possessions of these conquerors, consisting of a few household goods, a plough, hoes, axes, scythes, and some other agricultural implements, a rifle or two, a chicken coop tied to the back end of the wagon, in which were placed a few chickens, geese and turkeys, and sometimes an aristocratic pig or two, all as starters in the grand conquest to be made. Your six dogs to a wagon acted as detailed guards to this unique procession.

These civilizers, so armed and equipped, reached the promised land after many weeks and sometimes months of weary travel, and untold hardships, in com-

ing from their former Eastern homes, where they had been surrounded with all the comforts and conveniences of civilization. They arrived weary and worn out by the long journey they had made over muddy roads and swollen streams, until finally the land of promise lay before them, without human habitations, villages, towns or cities; no cultivated fields, roads or bridges, no public inns to welcome a footworn traveler, only a land in its native condition as it was at creation's dawn, when lifted up by the Supreme Architect of the Universe from the bottom of the sea, to render it habitable by man and the living animals.

There was no time for repining and reflecting in the minds of those adventurous, courageous men and women; no repining for the flesh-pots of Egypt or the comforts they had left behind. The Rubicon had been passed by them, and with a heroism not surpassed by any soldier on the battlefield when he bares his breast to the leaden storm of advancing hosts, these settlers gather around them their wives and little ones and strike out beyond the lies of civilization and settlement as a picket guard, where they make a claim, miles from any human habitation of neighbor. Then he builds a log cabin, a home for his family, a fortress against savagery, a nucleus for civilization and democracy. Here he commenced his life work of subjugating the soil and elements to the demand of man in his best estate. We can readily imagine what a feeling of loneliness must have come over these settlers at night when the labors of the day were ended, and they had leisure to think of the loneliness of their surroundings when miles from neighbors and companionship—the stillness of death around them, save when broken by the rustling of the wind amongst the trees, the hooting of owls, the howling of a wolf or the growl of a panther, or other animals in their nightly carnivals; then when they thought of Eastern comforts left behind, the cultivated fields, the orchards and meadows, the herds of domestic animals, the villages, the

towns, the cities, churches, school houses, public roads, bridges and post roads, with the daily stage coach with passengers from afar, then all these things must have been recalled to them in sharp contrast with their desolate and isolated surroundings. Had they not been brave and enduring men and women in their determination to work out a civilization equal to and surpassing that which they had left behind, they would have been appalled by the magnitude of the work before them. Brave in heart and strong in physical endurance, courageously they commenced to till the land; year by year their fields were increased and the claim was subjected to the plough and hoe; orchards and meadows, barns, new homes, churches and school houses were seen as the results of this second creation. Iowa had begun to sprout and grow by the efforts and labor of your hands and heads and that of your co-workers. All honor to the crusaders of Iowa, and to that small remnant that still survive the wreck of time. Go back and recall your first view of Johnson county. You saw a vast unlimited undulating plain with a small strip of timber along the rivers and creeks, with no inhabitants save the wandering tribes of Sac and Fox Indians. No signs whatever of civilization. Just as it was at creation's dawn, lonely, desolate, still—no sounds of civilization throughout its entire boundaries. Behold it now, ye survivors of the invasion made by you a half century since, and note the changes as if by fair hands or enchanter's wand in 1890 you see almost an earthly paradise, a county containing near thirty thousand happy, intelligent inhabitants, your rolling prairie lands covered with the fields of the farmers, on which are grown your corn, wheat, oats, hay, potatoes and other vegetable products for the support of man and beast, your orchards and meadows, your beautiful residences surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of life, your well-filled barns and granaries, your stables of blooded stock, your pastures with herds of blooded cattle, with horns and without, fine-haired sheep, last but not least, your high-bred porker

with his musical voice as he calls aloud for more corn, your highways, passing along every forty acre tract, your bridges spanning all the rivers and creeks, your prosperous villages, towns and cities filled with stores, shops, churches and school houses, academies and a University, your creameries and dairies which turn out the golden butter for our bread, which would make the lips of royalty smack.

Our railroads with their heavily loaded trains thundering all over the county, the whistles of whose locomotives have superceded the hootings of the owl, the scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf.

These material achievements are the legitimate outgrowth to a great extent of your labor in subduing and cultivating the rich soil of Iowa. You laid the foundation and made it possible to build this unique monument of material and intellectual prosperity. I must not overlook the children, now stalwart men and women, you have given to the state and nation, who are able to take up the battle of life when you retire and bear the burdens you have borne with more ease and success by reason of the increased opportunities you have been able to give them. These be the jewels and diamonds by which the monument you have been so industriously building shall be crowned. Already you have sacrificed many sons to uphold the integrity of the state and nation. Many of them remain who are competent to fill the higher positions of life (so-called), as legislators for the state or nation, or to stand before kings in defense of the principles of American freemen.

These foundation-builders of a higher prosperity and civilization will be remembered in history among the benefactors of their race, and as time rolls off her years into eternity, your hardships, trials, sufferings and good works in laying the foundation of this grand state, will be more fully appreciated by your descendants and those coming after, and future generations of your descendants, wherever situated, shall rise up and call you blessed.

We stand with uncovered heads before the remnant of the Old Settlers of Iowa, knowing something of the trials and hardships of life through which they have bravely passed. May your remaining days be made pleasant by the reflection, that you have accomplished much by assisting in laying, broad and deep, the foundations of the great state of Iowa, whose superstructure shall continue from generation to generation, a thing of beauty, a joy forevermore to the sons and daughters thereof.

The choir then sang impressively, the grand old song, "Auld Land Syne," the audience uniting.

Prof. Parvin delivered the closing address which, being extemporaneous, we cannot give verbatim. He said that when asked to speak on this occasion, a few days ago, he "burned the midnight oil" and prepared an address on "The Work of Women in the Early Pioneer Days," but since coming to the fair grounds, President Lathrop had requested him to talk of the location of the capitol at Iowa City, and especially the laying of the corner stone of the capitol, July 4, 1840. The professor then gave a historical account of the appointment of the three commissioners to locate the capitol. They were Chauncey Swan of Dubuque county, John Ronalds of Louisa county, and Robert Ralston of Des Moines county. Prof. Parvin was with them when they came to the site now occupied by Iowa City. There was no dwelling house within three miles of the spot selected as the future capitol. No doubt the existence of a stone quarry nearby had much to do with the selection of the location in this part of Johnson county. The Professor said that the Fourth of July, 1840, was a memorable day. A little band gathered on the spot where the central stone building of the State University now stands, and unfurled the stars and stripes from the top of a tree. The corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies, Col. S. C. Trowbridge acting as Marshal of the day and Gov. Lucas delivering the oration. Prof. Parvin's description



of this event was very interesting. The choir rendered "Marching Through Georgia" with fine effect, after which the audience dispersed, feeling that this was the largest and best of all the "Old Settlers' Picnics" yet held.

When Prof. Parvin asked all to rise, who were with him July 4, 1840, when the corner stone was laid, several men and women stood up and were greeted with three cheers. It was a thrilling incident.

President Lathrop requested Mr. "Phil." Clark to stand up on the platform so that the audience might see the man who was instrumental in having the capital located at Iowa City. Mr. Clark rode forty miles to Louisa county to bring Mr. Ronalds, one of the Commissioners, whose presence was necessary to make a quorum. Only twenty-four hours remained in which the Commissioners could legally act, and it is believed by many that Mr. Ronalds purposely remained away in the interest of another place which wanted the capitol. But Phil. Clark volunteered to go, found Ronalds and brought him here on time. No wonder the audience gave Phil. Clark three cheers for his ride, which was something like "Phil." Sheridan's.

### 25th Annual Reunion, August 19, 1891.

The 25th annual reunion of the Old Settlers held Wednesday, August 19, 1891, was an exceedingly pleasant gathering. The day was warm but not oppressive as several days previous. In the forenoon the old settlers gathered on the Fair Ground, and their greeting of one another showed the strength of the fraternal feeling existing between the early pioneers.

After the dinner was finished, the meeting was called to order by the President, Hon. H. W. Lathrop. Vocal music was furnished by a quartette consisting of Capt. A. B. Cree and wife, Mrs. Will Bowen and Prof. Hastings, with Miss Mae McCree at the organ. They favored a delighted audience with a number of songs splendidly rendered. Major C. F. Lovelace was introduced and pleased the audience with early reminiscences and recalled many incidents of men and things of the long ago.

Hon. H. W. Lathrop then read a poem written for the occasion, which contained many gems and possessed no small literary merit. It is as follows:

#### AN OLD SETTLERS' POEM.

Read at the Reunion of the Old Settlers of Johnson County, August 19, 1891, by H. W. Lathrop.

From forty years of soundest sleep,  
Continuous, prolonged and deep  
Awake a while, my drowsy Muse,  
Nor now your kindest aid refuse,  
Drop from your lyres one pleasant verse  
While I recount of early years  
The story of our pioneers.  
When Philip Clark and Eli Myers  
First left the hearth-stones of their sires,  
To found within the wilderness  
Homes that themselves and friends would bless;  
Where Trowbridge, Sanders and the Frys  
Could live beneath benignant skies  
And spend the balance of their lives  
In peace and comfort with their wives,

And fill their homes with earthly joys  
And hearty, virtuous girls and boys.  
Where church, the press and common school,  
Without exception are the rule  
And where a deep and fertile soil  
Would give reward for all their toil.  
Where Swisher, Kerr and Winterstein  
Could overturn the prairies green,  
And till each one the fertile field  
That should the golden harvest yield.  
Where gentle rain distils in drops  
To irrigate the growing crops;  
And where those crops will not be lost  
By drouth, or flood or chilling frost,  
And where the balmy breeze may fan  
The fervid brow of lab'ring man.  
Where Wilson, in the great North Bend  
His herds and flocks in peace may tend,  
And where along each flowing creek  
The wild, wild game the hunters seek;  
And where with most unerring skill  
The deer and wolf and ducks they kill.  
Where Carleton with his lore profound,  
His country's laws could well expound,  
And teach us from judicial bench  
On other's rights not to entrench.  
For he'd a sheriff who was Abel  
To lock us in the county stable.  
In other words, who would not fail  
To lock us in the county jail,  
If we were guilty of the crime  
Of stealing prose or stealing rhyme.  
Where Folsom, Reagan, legal giants,  
Maintained the causes of their clients  
And made, when 'twas not crime or treason,  
"The worse appear the better reason."  
And to the jury in the box  
Explained each seeming paradox,

And made their case, though black as night,  
Appear like brilliant noonday light.  
And where our Clarks and George Paul  
Could sit in legislative hall,  
And make for us most wholesome laws  
In favor of fair Freedom's cause,  
And where the printer Thomas Hughes,  
Would publish for us all the news,  
And where, to do the state most good,  
They made a governor of Kirkwood,  
Which was, as you will all remember,  
The best of gubernatorial timber.  
Where Dr. Murray with his pills  
Could cure you of your various ills,  
And when the dreaded fever and ague  
Came on with chills and sweats to plague you,  
With sulphate quinine would assure you  
He could effectually cure you.  
Where Lathrop could collect his scholars  
And trade his learning for their dollars;  
But in him it was very rash  
To trade so little for their cash.  
And when this learning was imparted  
The stock was left with which he started.  
He never traded them his rhymes,  
Reserving those for other times.  
Where Gaymon never put on airs,  
But made us most substantial chairs;  
Where Roberts, who was christened Peter,  
Made tables, bureaus, always neater  
Than his competitor, Mr. Cropper,  
(But I have told a startling whopper)  
As all their goods when made of wood,  
Were very, **very**, **VERY** good.  
Indeed, so all their various wares  
Were firm and strong, like Gaymon's chairs.  
In early times we had a Gower  
That on us his dry goods would shower,  
And by the yard and by the bolt

They were dealt out by Joseph Holt  
Who was his partner in the trade.  
A strong and heavy firm they made,  
And sold their goods as was their luck  
For ready cash and "country truck."  
If you had neither and you said it,  
They'd sell you goods upon your credit,  
And get their pay when, by hard work  
You harvested your crop of pork.  
In those old times at church on Sunday  
We never met with Mrs. Grundy,  
For then the pictured fashion plate  
Was never peddled in our state.  
And in their neat and plan homespun,  
Our belles were wooed and beaux were won.  
Each one engaged in honest labor,  
And each was equal to his neighbor;  
Each was to each a friend and brother,  
And no one felt above another.  
In eighteen hundred thirty-eight  
Proud Iowa became a state,  
Or rather to make true my story,  
She then was made a territory.  
The month, as history has averred,  
Was hot July, the day, the third—  
More wolves, elk, deer did she have then,  
Than stalwart, vigorous, full-grown men,  
And in her rivers were more fish  
Than any epicure could wish.  
With birds of every plume and feather,  
In rainy, fair or cloudy weather;  
Our groves and copses all were filled,  
More than by hunters could be killed.  
Wild turkey, duck and prairie hen,  
Made food to suit the best of men,  
While flesh of tender fawn and deer  
Was quite enough to give good cheer.  
And in the groves were plums so fair  
They took the place of fruit more rare;

And in the timber were blackberries,  
More rich than Early Richmond cherries,  
And ripe and luscious red strawberries,  
Were gathered on our native prairies.  
From small pappoose to Powesheik,  
Red men were here on every creek,  
And though they were not over good  
They never thirsted for our blood.  
They were not fascinating neighbors,  
Nor were they fond of severe labors,  
Were mostly sane, not often crazy,  
But most incorrigibly lazy.  
In their rude dances they were frisky,  
And always very fond of whisky.  
But they are gone and o'er their graves  
No mournful weeping willow waves.  
These graves unmarked by sign of sorrow  
Are checkered by the plowman's furrow,  
Devoid of monumental stone  
Their very places are unknown.  
Where once was the rude Indian trail  
There now is laid the iron rail,  
Where Indian ponies took their courses,  
Is heard the snort of iron horses,  
And Indian whoops, of fear promotive,  
Displaced by screams of locomotive;  
Weighed down with products of the plains  
Are ponderous lengthy railroad trains.  
In early times was Frank and Walker,  
Whose teams often contained a balker,  
'To every point of compass bore us,  
With driver humming merry chorus,  
And the best driver on the seat  
Was steady, sober John Van Fleet.  
Our county seat and Muscatine,  
Three times a week they plied between,  
Till later years when Porter, Colonel,  
Sent out his coach and teams diurnal.

Then after him came iron horses,  
That drove his teams from all their courses.  
Not in cold stage through winter's storm,  
We ride in coaches now made warm,  
Nor do our toes and fingers shiver  
Riding o'er plain or over river.  
Stage coach, from slough no more we delve it,  
But ride on cushioned seats of velvet;  
Instead of driver whipping team,  
The grimy fireman gets up steam.  
Five miles an hour, we traveled slow,  
Now forty miles an hour we go.  
On Time's broad guide-board we will plaster  
The fact that we are growing faster,  
And that we've left the deep old ruts  
Yet without any "ifs" or "buts,"  
And that in every forward movement  
Is seen our progress and improvement.  
Our aged poet, friend Magill,  
Who all his duties did fulfill,  
Has gone beyond this mortal shore,  
And we shall hear his rhymes no more,  
But we have yet within our reach,  
Our other poet, Abel Beach,  
Whose rhythmic learning, rich and rare,  
We hope he long with us may share.  
Old Settlers all, to you good cheer!  
I hope we'll meet again next year,  
And that our earthly race will run  
Beyond the year of ninety-one,  
And that we one and all may woo,  
The August gales of ninety-two;  
And that our going hence may be  
Beyond the year of ninety-three.  
We cannot now much longer stay,  
We one by one fast pass away.  
Let's live, that when our race is run,  
The meed of praise will be, WELL DONE.

After this, the afternoon was spent in visiting and social converse.

Last March the Constitution of the Association was amended so as to have the election of officers held at the reunion, and accordingly an election was held, but there seems to have been some misunderstanding as to the part of the grounds the election was to be, and it happened there were two elections. At the election at the secretary's stand, the following were chosen: H. W. Lathrop, President; J. G. Brown, Vice-President; John Fry, Second Vice-President; Henry Wieneke, Secretary; J. Record, Treasurer and E. Shepherd, G. R. Irish, S. J. Hess, George Paul and L. S. Swafford, Executive Committee. At the other election, there was no record kept of the officers elected but L. B. Patterson was chosen president, J. W. Lee and S. P. Fry, Vice-President, and Mr. Wieneke Secretary and Treasurer.

Among some of the first pioneers present were noticed E. M. Adams, J. G. Brown and wife, James McGruder, Isaac Bowen, M. Ten Eyck, James Graham, Bryan Dennis, Joseph and Henry Walker, J. B. Swafford and wife, M. H. Carson, Joseph Hemphill, George Paul, Captain Dennis and wife, John Fry, S. P. Fry and many others, whose names, for lack of space, it is impossible to give. All were gratified to see Sylvanus Johnson, who came to Iowa in 1837, and for the last year has been confined to his home by ill-health. He made the first brick in this city.

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### **Twenty-Sixth Annual Reunion, Aug. 18, 1892.**

The twenty-sixth annual picnic and reunion of the Johnson County Old Settlers' Association was held at the Fair Grounds on Thursday, August 18, 1892, and in point of attendance was very successful, the company being perhaps the largest that has yet gathered on such an occasion. They came early, and not a few from a considerable distance, and many pleasant meetings there were on the grounds between the pioneers of 1837-40.



and the recalling of early times, the hardships, the pleasures, the gatherings and sports of early days. There were, too, recollections of those who had been conspicuous in the Association, who, since its last meeting have crossed over to the great majority, but whose names and acts are yet household words.

According to the "Johnson County History," the first formal organization of the Old Settlers' Association was in 1866, the constitution being adopted March 10th, and the first picnic held June 21st of that year, but there was an organization of earlier date. It has each year since at least held an annual meeting, and in most cases a reunion gathering. The recent erection of the log cabins in the handsome orchard on the Fair Grounds has given the Association a "home," and greatly strengthened it. One of these cabins is of unhewn logs, and represents the primitive forest-built home of the first white men of Johnson county; the other is built from hewn logs of later years. In each are many relics of bygone days—articles of furniture, tools and appliances, the gifts of pioneers and their families.

The picnic dinner was held on the grounds, each family brought its own lunch, and they gathered in groups beneath the cool shade or sought the opened buildings, as they preferred. The coffee, which represents the highest culinary skill of the pioneer, was supplied by Mrs. Henry J. Wieneke, and called out a world of praises.

Among those present on the grounds during the day were noted the following:

R. B. Saunders	E. W. Lucas
John Ranshaw	D. M. Dixon
Wm. V. Orr	Henry Bick
A. M. Wescott	Robert Simpson
Gil R. Irish	Robert Denton
E. R. Barnel	L. B. Patterson
Benj. Ritter	Jno. R. Heath
Austin Cole	H. W. Lathrop
George Magruder	Jas. T. Robinson
Peter Rohret	Henry J. Wieneke
Henry Speight	Joseph Walker

Luther Lee  
John T. Struble  
Sylvanus Johnson  
Chas. Pratt  
Alex Graham  
George Schleuck  
Mrs. Frank Kimball  
Frank Parrott  
Joseph Payn  
Mrs. Sehorn  
A. W. Beuter  
G. W. Koontz  
Wm. Nelson  
Henry F. Byrd  
Lemuel Hunter  
Jacob Kloos  
Chas. E. Colony  
Jacob Beard  
L. A. Allen  
Elias Howell  
Geo. T. Borland  
W. D. Cannon  
Samuel P. Fry  
W. J. Runyon  
John A. Stevenson  
A. R. Cherry  
Phil E. Shaver  
Garrett Lancaster  
M. A. Snyder  
Stawder DeVault  
Wm. Buchanan  
Mrs. Eliza McCrory  
Thomas B. Allin  
Henry Walker  
Mrs. Mary O. Coldren  
George Peppel  
James Tucker  
Leroy Rundell  
M. Carroll  
Miss Hannan Ten Eyck  
Chas. Hubner  
James Stevens  
Wm. Windrem  
Jas. R. Hartsock  
Isaac Weeber  
Thos. M. Irish  
John H. Clark

Mrs. N. R. Parvin  
F. A. Stratton  
W. R. Ogle  
W. P. Hohenschuh  
Henry F. Beutler  
W. F. Smith  
Jos. C. Stouffer  
Thos. Metcalf  
M. B. Cline  
K. A. Powell  
Jacob Roessler  
Chas. Schump  
M. B. Cochran  
Chas. Gaymon  
John Colony  
Isaac Furbish  
Lorimer Douglas  
R. A. Keene  
I. V. Dennis  
A. O. Price  
G. R. Hall  
Hez Hamilton  
Wm. Sweet  
A. E. Swisher  
G. W. Fleming  
C. S. Springer  
W. N. Chalfant  
Mrs. E. Chalfant  
Peter Coyle  
H. H. Kerr  
D. Corlett  
Thos. Wilson  
Horace Sanders  
C. S. Roessler  
Mrs. E. Cohick  
W. J. Huff  
Henry Springmyer  
Wm. Douglas  
M. Ten Eick  
Bryan Dennis  
Calvin G. Moore  
Mrs. H. B. McCullough  
Nat W. Scales  
Thos. Graham  
H. S. Fairall  
W. E. Pratt  
Emory Westcot

C. E. Clifford  
Jonas Hartman  
M. A. Humphries  
J. A. Smiley  
M. A. Adams  
Isaac Bowen  
E. R. Barnes  
Virgil Hartsock  
Eugene A. Lee  
M. J. Kirkpatrick  
G. W. Hitchcock  
R. M. Roup  
Abel Beach  
J. C. Wilson  
Mrs. N. A. McElwain  
N. Scales  
N. Dalscheid

J. M. Adams  
John A. Burke  
C. M. Calkins  
Daniel Crozier  
Jas. McKray  
J. W. Hart  
Benj. Owen  
M. J. Robbins  
A. H. Graham  
Mrs. R. L. Ruppin  
A. W. Leonard  
J. L. Abrams  
Mrs. Sarah A. Myers  
David Borts  
J. W. Schell  
H. Alt

Many of these were accompanied by their wives and children, and with the friends and guests they made up a number exceeding one thousand persons.

The annual business meeting was held under the shady apple trees, and the following officers elected:

President, L. B. Patterson Iowa City.

Vice-President, Henry Walker, River Junction, Ia.

Secretary, Henry J. Wieneke, Iowa City, Iowa.

Treasurer, Jacob Ricord, Iowa City, Iowa.

On motion, the president was directed to appoint the executive committee.

At two o'clock, President H. W. Lathrop called the company together, and presented Mr. Abel Beach, whose residence here goes back to the fifties, who, after a short address by way of preface, read the annual poem, which dealt with the early history and settlers of the county in entertaining verse.

Mr. Z. M. Griswold was introduced and sang a song of pioneer times that was received with marked applause.

Mr. F. M. Danner was called out, and in a brief talk dwelt upon the need of moral and religious training for the young.

There were gatherings of neighborly groups, plans for the future discussed, visits again to the old cabins,

good byes, and the reunion of 1892 was added to the history of the Johnson County Old Settlers Association.

Mrs. Sarah A. Myers, whose residence in the county dates back to before 1840, was at the reunion, and received the congratulations of many old friends.

Mrs. N. A. McElwaine, whose marriage license and certificate is recorded as No. 1, in what is now Johnson county, and her daughter, Mrs. H. B. McCullough, were present and participated in the reunion.

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### Twenty-Seventh Annual Reunion, August 24, 1893.

On August 24th, 1893, the 27th annual reunion of the Johnson County Old Settlers' Association was held at the fair grounds.

The morning was given up to friendly greetings, hearty hand-clasps, reminiscent talks of the days of "auld lang syne," and strolling, cabin-visiting, and when Old Sol rose high in the heavens, partaking of a bounteous repast upon nature's own table, beneath the spreading boughs of fragrant apple trees.

The following program was presented:

10 to 12 o'clock .....	Greetings of Old Settlers
12 to 1 p. m. ....	Dinner
1:30 p. m. ....	Old Hundred
	Invocation.
	Election of Officers.
Song .....	Pioneer's Greeting
Poem by Abel Beach .....	Read by M. Cavanaugh
	Music.
Address, "Pioneer Life" .....	Mrs. B. Dennis
Old Settlers' Hymn .....	A. Beach
Poem .....	J. B. Schofield
"Reminiscences of Pioneer Women" .....	H. W. Lathrop
	America.
Soldiers Aid Society of Johnson County.....	Mrs. N. H. Brainerd
Song .....	Mr. Griswold

The following is Mr. Beach's poem:

#### "PRETTY ROUGH."

In the varied experience here of our lives,  
Where the lot has been cast for each mortal that strives,  
We stand waiting to determine what the future holds in store,  
'Taken coolly by some, by others in a huff,  
We are bound to admit that the world's pretty rough.

There are things to rejoice about but much we must deplore,  
The high mountains and hills and deep gorges between,  
With rocks dismal—where life does not dare to be seen,  
Dispel dreams with tint of romance which we pictured in  
our youth,

Then ravines which are haunted with ravenous beasts  
That incessantly war, to make victims for their feasts,  
Are realities in nature when devoid of kindly ruth.

And deserts in some parts will blister the feet—  
And in others huge icebergs with fierce clashings meet,  
Wide extremes of heat and cold we learn are given us below,  
Inundations at times tell of deluging rains  
Then the next season drouths may consume fertile plains;  
So what we may expect the very wisest little know.

The grim maelstrom that swallows up ships into the main,  
And the cyclone's destructive track over the plain—  
With the whirling of waters and the fickle air above  
Serve to show how uncertain the foothold of life  
And the spectral cloud shadowing sad worldly strife—  
Unless faith can find rewarding in the surer realms of love.

In some sections vast swamps miasmatic infest  
Earth and sky with contagious diseases and unrest;  
And anon the boundless forests—growth of centuries—defy  
The approach of the woodman who shoulders his axe  
And his guns, which the contests of nature will tax.  
To provide a home for loved ones in the early by and by.

Tigers, lions, and leopards, and reptiles abound—  
In dark dens and thick jungles, far east they are found;  
So that life and rapacity is but the gate of death.  
In our own native wilds man has still mortal foes—  
Ever menacing life where life's weak pilgrim goes—  
While a transient breath of happiness preludes the parting  
breath.

Safe esconsced in his lair crawls the grim mountain bear  
And the wildcat and panther seek prey—growing rare;  
But instinctively dominion they concede to man's behest.  
Rugged slopes of the 'rockies' give countless retreats  
For wild game that the hunter so willingly meets,  
Which impress romantic regions with an ever-living zest.

E'en though nature gives trials unheard of in song,  
Man will strive undismayed when not filled with wrong;  
Glimpsing back through countless ages strange vicissitudes  
we scan!

But we witness no terrors in all the wide world  
So appalling as some he himself has unfurled;  
And man finds his roughest contact is relationship with man.

In mythology's story, Prometheus stole  
Flames from heaven to kindle our clay-fashioned soul;  
But the sacrilegious act, condemned, incurred all human ills.  
Heaven's pity alone could have served to restrain;  
Jove's pent anger for trespass on his fair domain,  
Thereupon the dire "Pandora's Box" unlocked, creation fills.

Pioneers, while the evening gleams now tinge our brows,  
We remember the dawning which lit early vows—  
Angels listening to our footsteps in the corridors of time,  
And we feel, as the sunset distinctly appears,  
There was much in our age to make glad all our years;  
But I fear they were too mortal rough to render them sublime.

While our present ills constantly hover in sight,  
Overshadowing promising prospects made bright;  
The uncertain sky, with shifting clouds continually is flecked,  
But the vista of years will reveal them afar  
From the hallowing future—gates open ajar—  
And asperities will soften in redeeming retrospect.

Now, Old Settlers, look round, and how few will you find  
Of our once gallant compatriots left to remind  
Longing hearts of days of "Auld Lang Syne when young hailed  
the west!

But with sighs for the parted, again we will greet  
One another with joy—while permitted to meet—  
And we hope to smooth each pathway to the portals of sweet  
rest.

Almost daily we hear of some brave Pioneer  
Who has laid down the burden assigned him here,  
The short life of trials left for one of peaceful love.  
Be ye ready, likewise, my good friends, for ye know  
Not the hour when you, too, will be summoned to go;  
We are waiting, only waiting, for a better home above.

Iowa City, Aug. 24, 1893.

ABEL BEACH.

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#### THE PIONEER'S GREETING.

(Sweet By and By.)

Greet your glad golden age, Pioneers,  
For the glorious blessings you share,  
And rejoice that the brightest of years  
Were reserved for your heritage fair.

Chorus—"Tis well done, every one—  
The rich harvest is ripe—enter in!  
Reap reward, every one  
The rich harvest is ripe—enter in!

The wilderness fell with a stroke—  
The broad prairie is decked with the rose—  
Before art, opposition is broke—  
In the stream of progression that flows.—Cho.

The great West, like Minerva, has sprung  
From elysian fields you have trod;  
The bright plow cleaves its plains which are sung—  
The terrestrial garden of God.—Cho.

Happy day which still lingers, endeared,  
With the lustre of glory will shine;  
And the columns of faith you have reared  
The bright chaplet of faith will entwine.—Cho.

In the fullness of time is now seen  
The fair fruits of your labor of love,  
Constellations of heavenly sheen  
Light your pathway to regions above.—Cho.

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OLD SETTLERS' HYMN.

(Coronation.)

With overflowing words and hearts  
We meet and greet once more,  
Old Settlers, thankful for their parts,  
Rejoice in days of yore.

Reflecting o'er the recent past—  
With dangers right and left,  
We're grateful that God's mercies last,  
And we no more bereft.

In Him we live and move and breathe,  
We would our God extol,  
Arrange for Him the royal wreaths,  
And "Crown Him Lord of all."

The world is spread with tokens fair  
Of comprehending love;  
Both heaven and earth receive the care  
Of majesty above.

His knowledge pierces every thought,

His mercy kisses power;  
With wisdom by Omniscience taught,  
We joy in Him each hour.

Joy in the love—His crown of thorns,  
Beclouded brought to sight;  
Joy in the crown that now adorns  
With transcendental light.

Ye noble sons of pioneers  
Who gave for you their day,  
Remember them in coming years,  
Greet them while yet they stay.

No heritage more fair than this,  
No richer dower is found;  
Increase the legacy of bliss  
Till seraphs catch the sound.

But little space from cradle rest,  
To when we kiss the sod,  
And heaven delights when earth is blest  
With trusting sons of God.

—A. BEECH.

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SCHOFIELD'S POEM—"OLD SETTLERS.

Much has been said to you today  
About Old Settlers, both in prose and rhymes,  
But I must strike a minor key  
And sing for you about more modern times.

But Johnson County's still the theme,  
She is the pride of all the West—  
A land that flows with milk and cream,  
With comb and honey, too, she's blest.

Her vinyards, too, yield precious fruit,  
Though two could easily carry a vine,  
Yet nevertheless when managed right  
They give us sweet and fragrant wine.

But we'll not stop to reason why  
This beverage does intoxicate;  
There are some who like it very weak  
Others prefer to take it straight.

Drink to their shame like one of old  
Till sense and reason leaves her throne,  
For such the prohibition law  
Should be in force for them alone.



Others will take what nature gives,  
T' invigorate the heart of man;  
Let conscience draw the line and say  
Do this or that on wisest plan.

There are many wise and steady men  
Whom we all know will take their wine,  
Whether they take it mixed or straight  
Is no affair of yours or mine.

Leaving this theme for temperance folks,  
I'll strike another key and sing  
Of men, who one and all believe  
That corn, not whiskey, is the king.

To begin in alphabetic style,  
The first, you'll easily guess his name,  
A poet and philosopher of more than  
Late or local fame.

Whene'er he speaks, we recognize  
True culture and refinement join  
In unison with with common sense  
And ready wit, these all combine.

To show to us a good, true man,  
Living among us just the same;  
In after years his name we'll write  
Way up in G, on scroll of fame.

Two others, Iowa City friends,  
Are Austin Cole and his good wife.  
They've lived together fifty years,  
And faced the ups and downs of life.

And their time seen better days  
When fortune's smiles to them were lent,  
But 'mid life's changing scenes, I doubt  
If they were ever more content.

They seem to me like voyagers,  
With sails all furled on harbor's crest,  
Awaiting now the trusty pilot  
To bring them to the port of rest.

We now move on one letter more,  
And read aright, tis A. B. C.,  
The initials of one, true and brave,  
Whom we all know as Captain Cree.

**We hope and trust he nevermore**

Will meet his country's foes again,  
As oft they met in days gone by,  
On rampart, in rifle pit, and plain.

But should he be compelled to draw  
His sword, our country to defend,  
We feel assured 'twill ne'er be sheathed  
Only in honor till the end.

Dixon and his good wife come next.  
May pleasures true, in years to come,  
Gather 'round them, though they've left  
The farm, to dwell in a city home.

But town life cannot be compared  
To pleasures on a farm well kept.  
True independence there he found;  
His crops were growing while he slept.

Many others I could name,  
Who've sought in city life a change.  
After a while, the town's too small,  
They thirst again for wider range.

And agriculture suits the best.  
The off spring of the pioneers;  
Stick to your farm, the surest road,  
For health and wealth for coming years.

With improved farm machinery,  
In the furrows you need not plod;  
Less work for hands, but more for brain,  
To turn and fertilize the sod.

God gave you both, and may He give  
To each stout heart and willing mind,  
To serve yourselves and thus serve Him,  
Through brotherly love to all mankind.

That when some dire calamity  
From flood, or fire, or cyclone's breath,  
O'ertakes a portion of our land,  
Its pathway marked by waste and death.

We then shall feel in all their force,  
While o'er their fate we deeply grieve,  
The words of Christ, 'tis far more blest,  
For us to give than to receive.

And be assured he truly lives  
Foremost is civilization's van,  
Who stoops to conquer self, and gives  
His hand to help his fellow man.

This brings to memory one more name,  
That lives in each Iowan's heart,  
That fought beneath the starry flag,  
Or in our civil strife took part.

The name I scarcely need to breathe,  
Because you've guessed in right enough,  
Samuel J. Kirkwood, you all know,  
A grand, pure diamond in the rough.

But when he's called to higher life,  
Its higher, purer joys to share,  
A polished gem he'll shine more bright,  
And immortelles forever wear.

His worthy spouse, we'll not forget,  
Truly a helpmate for him meet,  
She, too, will shine with radiance pure,  
And thus to him make heaven complete.

Many whose names we may recall,  
Have left this earthly sphere of ours,  
Since last we met one year ago,  
Two dwell, we trust, in fairest bowers.

Those dear friends who knew them best,  
Most keenly feel their loss—but all  
Will miss each kind, familiar face,  
As one by one they droop and fall.

Cohick and Sanders, Walker, too,  
And Matthew Ten Eyck, we miss,  
From their past record we infer  
They've found more genial clime than this.

Their virtues let us emulate,  
And shun what conscience deems amiss.  
Act on the Golden Rule while here,  
That we may meet in realms of bliss.

To close, these gallant pioneers,  
In wisdom built for future times,  
Great institutions, may they last  
Forever, thus I'll end these rhymes.

August 24, 1893.

J. B. SCHOFIELD.

Hon. H. W. Lathrop in reading the well written paper by Mr. Jacob Ricord, on "Reminiscences of Pioneer Women," preceded it with some interesting reminiscences of pioneer men. stating that in the year 1837, twenty eight men settled in the county, eight of whom were heads of families, and that but one of the twenty eight, James Walker, are now living. Thirty eight came the following year, twenty two being heads of families; ten of them, so far as known, are now living; James Magruder, Benj. Ritter, J. Y. Stover, Jeremiah Stover, Sion Hill, Martin Smith, Caleb Sweet, Wm. Sweet and James Hill. One hundred and nineteen came in 1839; fifty-five were heads of families; twelve are living now; E. M. Adams, Moses Adams, Isaac Bowen, Bryan Dennis, I. V. Dennis, Wm. B. Ford, Jonas Hartman, Sylvanus Johnson. I. N. Sanders, Presley Connelly and Wenzel Hummer. Mr. Ricord's paper in full is as follows:

In a pleasant town in one of the Eastern states in 1839, there was a company of men and women assembled seeking a land beyond the great river, hundreds of miles away.

It is of those pioneer women that I write. They were leaving home, kindred and friends to go to unknown lands.

The preparations were all made and their friends had gathered to bid them good bye. All glory vanished in the presence of the valor of those beautiful young women. There may have been a tremor of the lips, as a rose leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind, and there may have been the starting of a tear, like a dew drop shaken from the antlers of a water lily. But with self possession and resolution that a man can never reach, and only a woman's heart can compass, they sacrificed self to the task before them and cried the words: "Dear father, dear mother, good bye."

They were on the road with the words of their kindred and friends, "May God bless you," ringing in their

The young women had command of the leader. The

first camp supper is prepared and over, and they spread their beds in the open air. Days and weeks their slowly moving train traveled towards the setting sun, crossing the rivers in Indian canoes.

They have now arrived on the banks of the great river, and the danger of crossing the Mississippi flood is before them. A flat ferry boat was all there was for them to cross over in.

The women and a wagon of supplies, drawn by a yoke of oxen, and men sufficient to man the boat, were the first to cross. In the middle of the river, the oxen backed off the boat and hung by a rope on one corner. Soon there was a cry, "The boat is shipping water."

At that critical moment it was a woman's hand that seized an ax and cut the rope which cleared the boat from the oxen; but they followed the boat to the western shore. When all were safely landed, the women immediately established a camp. By evening the last boat was over, landing without accident. They were now on the western shore of the great river.

After a day's rest they took up their line of march toward the setting sun. In a few days they arrived on the banks of the Iowa river. Now their journey was ended and the real work commenced, making claims and building cabins to live in.

Ere one month rolled by the once happy band was separated, each family living on their claim in cabins of their own. Still there was more danger for these brave women to face.

They were awakened in the stillness of the night by the howl of the wolf, and the growl of the bear, and the scream of the panther, and in the day time they were terrified by the wild Indian prowling around their cabin.

As the years fled by, these young women spun and wove the cloth and made the garments for the families, which helped to make the settlement a success. They brought the bible with them and organized the Sunday school. They were superintendent and teacher, and

with their women's work assisted in building the school houses and the churches, and in laying the foundations of civilized society. And they laid the foundation of society better than they knew.

Many of those noble women have passed over the river of life, and gone to their reward in that mystic land where the good angels dwell.

The pioneer women of Johnson county, as recorded by Mr. Ricord, are as follows:

**Iowa City Township.**

Hannah Cole, wife of Capt. J. Cole, settled in 1838.

Mrs. M. J. Kirkpatrick, settled in 1837.

Mrs. Dolly Swan, wife of Chauncey Swan, settled in 1839.

Mary Ann Snyder, wife of William Snyder, settled in 1839.

Salome Ten Eick, wife of Matthew Ten Eick, settled in 1839.

Matilda Watts, wife of Hiram Watts, settled in 1839.

Vienna Paul, wife of George Paul, settled in 1838.

Mary A. Dunkel, wife of Kasper Dunkel, settled in 18—.

Pauline Sanders, wife of Cyrus Sanders, settled in 1839.

Mary Hawkins, wife of John Hawkins, settled in 1839.

Susan Smith, daughter of Gov. Lucas, settled in 1838.

Anna Horner, wife of Benjamin Horner, settled in 1838.

Jessie Hartsock, wife of J. R. Hartsock, settled in 1839.

Helen Duffy, wife of Michael Duffy, settled in 1839.

Elizabeth Dennis, wife of Isaac Dennis, settled in 1838.

Sarah Conklin, wife of D. V. Conklin, settled in 1839.

Clarinda Berry, wife of Jesse Berry, settled in 1839.

Martha Hawkins, wife of Jas. Hawkins, settled in 1839.

Mrs. Patrick Smith, sister of Philip Clark, settled in 1837.

Mrs. Andrews, wife of George T. Andrews, settled  
1839.

Mary Earhart, wife of Henry Earhart, settled in 1838.

Elizabeth McCrory, wife of Samuel Crory, settled in  
1838.

Dorcas Hamilton, wife of Yale Hamilton, settled in  
1838.

Savannah Parrott, wife of John Parrott, settled in  
1838.

Mrs. Sanders, wife of I. N. Sanders settled in 1838.

Mrs. Gardner, wife of John Gardner, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Jones, wife of Charley Jones, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Sally Ward, wife of Wm. Ward, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Nancy Foster, wife of Silas Foster, settled in  
1838.

Mrs. Gardner, wife of Stephen B. Gardner, settled in  
in 1839.

Mrs. Elizabeth Butler, wife of Walter Butler, settled  
in 1839.

Mrs. Henyon, wife of Bradford Henyon, settled in  
1839.

Mrs. Hill, wife of Green Hill, settled in 1837.

Mrs. Anne Switzer, wife of David Switzer, settled in  
1837.

Mrs. McCart, wife of Jesse McCart, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Fellows, wife of Nathaniel Fellows, settled in  
1838.

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#### Pleasant Valley Township.

Sarah J. Myers, wife of Eli Myers, settled in 1838.

Ellen Walker, wife of Robert Walker, settled in 1838

Jane Walker, wife of Joseph Walker, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Bessie Massey, daughter of Hon. Pleasant Har-  
ris, settled in 1837.

Elizabeth Welch, wife of Ephriam Welch, Sr., settled  
in 1837.

Mary Ritter, wife of Benj. Ritter, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Ruth McGruder, wife of Jas. McGruder, settled  
in 1838.

Mrs. Hester Stover, wife of Jos. Stover, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Elizabeth Walker, widow, settled in 1838.

Lucinda Hawkins, wife of George W. Hawkins, settled in 1837.

Mrs. Kelso, wife of William Kelso, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Lydia Sweet, wife of David Sweet, settled in 1837.

Mrs. Bowen, wife of Isaac Bowen, settled in 1839.

Charlotte Sheperdson, wife of J. J. Sheperdson, settled in 1839.

Elizabeth Marvin, wife of Wm. Marvin, settled in 1839.

Fanny Douglas, wife of Jas. Douglas, settled in 1839.

Mary A. Hamilton, wife of J. C. Hamilton, settled in 1838.

Mary Hamilton, wife of H. Hamilton, settled in 1838.

Mary Scales, wife of Nathaniel Scales, settled in 1839.

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### Cedar.

Mrs. Trotter, wife of Samuel Trotter, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Swafford, wife of Jeremiah Swafford, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Dudley, wife of James Buchanan, settled in 1838.

Mrs Ruth Sutliff, wife of Samuel H. Sutliff, settled in 1838.

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### Washington.

Nancy Smith, wife of Wm. Smith, settled in 1839.

Elizabeth Sehorn, wife of Jas. Sehorn, settled in 1839.

Phoebe Williams, wife of Edward Williams, settled in 1839.

Margaret Fry, wife of John Fry, settled in 1839.

Susan Fry, wife of Jacob Fry Sr., settled in 1839.

Savina Roessler, wife of Gottlieb Roessler, settled in 1839.

Maria Hummer, wife of Wencil Hunmer, settled in 1838.

Mrs. Wm. Fry, wife of Wm. Fry, daughter of Hon Pleasant Harris, settled in 1838.

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### Big Grove.

Fanny Pratt, wife of C. T. Pratt, settled in 1839.



Elizabeth Lyon, wife of John Lyon, settled in 1839.  
Ruth Paine, wife of Evan Paine, settled in 1839.  
Ellen Paine, wife of James Paine, settled in 1839.  
Mary Morse, wife of E. K. Morse, settled in 1838.  
Julia Cannon, wife of D. Cannon, settled in 1838.  
Hannah DeVault, wife of Strawder DeVault, settled in 1838.  
Hannah DeVault, wife of Chas. DeVault, settled in 1838.

Among those present at the picnic were the following:

Wm. Cochran	E. M. Adams
L. S. Swafford	J. W. Schell
J. T. Robinson	L. S. Pinney
W. V. Orr	A. N. Currier
L. B. Patterson	Chas. Baker
W. J. Bowen	F. X. Ritenmeyer
D. S. Barber	George T. Borland
H. J. Wieneke	G. W. Osborne
G. W. Dodder	R. E. Osborne
John Ranshaw	H. H. Fairall
U. T. Lodge	J. A. Stevenson
Z. C. Luse	H. W. Lathrop
J. N. Seydel	Abel Beach
W. P. Hohenschuh	Sam'l J. Hess
N. H. Brainerd	E. B. Howell
G. W. Pinney	G. R. Irish
Levi Robinson	J. B. Schofield
A. W. Beuter	B. Shimek
T. B. Allin	T. Fairchild
James Magruder	W. E. C. Foster
A. J. Shepherd	A. B. Cree
W. H. Buchanan	I. Furbish
W. D. Cannon	J. G. Hill
G. R. Hall	M. Cavanaugh
A. S. McCune	S. Sangster
Isaac Bowen	I. B. Lee
Robert Shellady	W. H. Goodrell
Strawder DeVault	George Schlenck
Sion Hill	J. R. Heath
D. A. Dewey	A. Pinney

D. F. Rozenkranz	Bruce Patterson
W. A. Boone	C. Gaymon
M. Cochran	L. Hunter
F. X. Geiger	Philip Miller
E. Balluff	Philo Colony
A. E. Swisher	J. J. Miller
G. W. Nelson	E. K. Hemphill
J. B. Swawfford	J. M. Huffman
George Magruder	J. W. Hart
J. H. Alt	M. J. Kirkpatrick
J. M. Seydel	H. S. Fairall
Jesse Strawbridge	John G. Crow
L. E. Curtis	J. R. Hartsock
A. J. Brown	Wm. F. Buck
M. Smith	E. H. Pepler
J. M. Adams	A. J. Hershire
A. H. Brown	Z. Smith
N. Owens	L. A. Allin
D. K. Shaver	J. J. Weber
J. B. Brown	J. C. Jocelyn
John Fry	David Borts
S. Weldy	L. F. Lee
M. Kessler	A. W. Wescott
Henry Springmyer	J. J. Roessler
Phil Shaver	Wm. Emmons
M. Adams	Chas. Pratt
E. F. Crowley	S. Sharpless
David Hoover	S. Yarbrough
John Hartsock	E. W. Lucas
J. H. McClellan	J. W. Morford
Bryan Dennis	G. W. Printz
R. Lumbard	T. S. Parvin
D. Dixon	S. Shepardson
J. H. Poland	E. F. Bowman
George Shellady	Adam Gill
C. Sweet	J. W. Leighty
Peter Greer	J. Luscombe

A. W. Pratt	J. H. Thompson
Milton Remley	Benj. Ritter
Jonathan Ham	Mrs. Rebecca Ruppin
John A. Beck	Henry Walker
Mrs. S. Myers	C. S. Roessler
A. L. Clark	G. P. Roessler
Mrs. S. H. Greeley	C. M. Calkin
W. E. Cupp	T. Graham
J. J. Marner	J. E. Adams
George Preston	J. G. Brown
Titus Fry	E. A. Lee
E. Abrams	W. E. Pratt
E. Yarbrough	Mrs. L. F. Fracker
V. Hartsock	P. Rohret
Alonzo Brown	Wm. Nelson
S. P. Fry	R. Johnson
W. H. Coller	G. W. Koontz
Henry Bitck	Edwin Breese
J. S. Wilson	L. E. Crane
M. Miltner	John McLaughlan
J. P. Orcutt	P. J. Regan
D. Corlett	Jacob Kramer
Jos. Berchenbriter	Wm. P. Coast
John E. Smith	A. W. Leonard
M. J. Robins	F. M. McReynolds
E. Sanders	Joseph Stouffer
C. G. Moore	Jas. McKray
George Hummer	H. Hamilton
John Green	Jas. Mahana
F. H. Rittenmeyer	J. Y. Yoder
G. Lancaster	J. T. Struble
Mrs. Ellen Langenberg	F. Lee
Dr. M. B. Cochrane	M. Smith
B. Owen	I. V. Dennis
L. Parsons	Wm. TenEick
W. Hanke	Mrs. Anna Hope
Leroy Rundell	George Hitchcock

W. Hummer  
C. Hubner  
Mrs. E. B. Wilson  
F. Dooley  
W. A. Kettlewell  
E P. Whitacre

H. Kerr  
L. Swisher  
J. Paine  
M. Burge  
Walter Stebbins

Seventy-nine new members were added.

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### **Twenty-Eighth Annual Reunion, Aug. 17, 1894.**

The 28th annual reunion of the Old Settlers Association was held at the Fairgrounds on August 17th, 1894.

Assembling at the grounds in the morning, the pioneers spent the forenoon in social converse. Reminiscences and hand clasps, story telling, history repeating, and renewal of "ould acquaintances" was the order of affairs. Then, too, the festivities embraced a visit to the twin log cabins—the crude and "dude" structures—with their coon skins, spinning wheels, old-time lanterns, tongs, etc. All these things were replete with pleasure to the sturdy men and self-sacrificing women who redeemed Iowa from the wilderness of savagery over a generation ago.

At noon all partook of a generous dinner, which was rendered more palatable by the amber coffee supplied under the direction of Frank Luse.

At the annual election, held at 1:30 p. m., the following well known pioneers were chosen for the ensuing year.

President, Hon. Levi Robinson.

First Vice President—Capt. Phil. Shaver.

Second Vice President—Elias Howell.

Secretary—George T. Borland.

Treasurer—Lovell Swisher.

Executive Committee—To be appointed by the president.

After the election, the crowd assembled around an improvised platform and listened to a very interesting program. Rev. Dr. Fairall offered a fervent prayer in opening.

Judge S. H. Fairall (for years the occupant of the district court bench, and a familiar figure in local and state courts, both at present and in days ago) delivered the address of the day. His theme, upon which he is peculiarly fitted to expiate, was, "Early Court in Johnson County." and in discoursing thereon, he spoke substantially as follows:

"I esteem it a real pleasure to once a year lay aside life's cumbering cares to go to an old settlers' meeting. Here we meet the few surviving men and women, who braved the hardships and privations of pioneer life, more than half a century ago; here we renew the friendships of early days, and here we look with pride and admiration upon the stalwart men and noble women who are the bread winners of our country.

I love to linger around these log cabins, for they remind me of the many homes which I have visited in my early days and of the warm friends, most of whom sleep in silent cities.

But of the courts, I am to briefly speak—and will try my pleasant task.

Blackstone defines a court to be "a place where justice is judicially administered."

A sarcastic comic writer declares it to be "a place where injustice is judicially administered."

This should not be so, for our district and other inferior courts are essentially institutions of the people. They elect judges and other officers therein, and a great number of the cases are tried by a jury of the people upon the testimony given by the people. Before courts were established, in many of the new territories, the pioneers established courts of their own for the protection of their lives and property. These tribunals were usually governed by the rules of natural justice. They arbitrated differences between neighbors and they were occasionally called upon to dispense rough and swift justice to the criminals who infested the frontiers.

Courts were early established in what is now

the State of Iowa. It is true that the first judicial district was large, consisting of two counties, Des Moines and Dubuque, the dividing line running east and west from a point beginning on the island known as Rock Island and thence to the great American desert. When this county was formed by the Wisconsin legislature it was attached, for judicial purposes, to Cedar county, the county seat being at Rochester. The first term of court held in this county, in 1839, was at the Gilbert Trading House, Judge Joe Williams presiding and Co S. C. Trowbridge, sheriff.

A few years afterwards, a brick building, just south east of our present court house, was erected, and until 1857 was used as a temple of justice.

On January 1st, 1859, the present court house was first occupied. The judges who have presided in this county are as follows.

Territorial Judge—Joseph Williams.

District Court Judges—Hon. James P. Carleton. 1847-1853.

Hon. William Smyth, 1853-1857.

Hon. Isaac Cook, 1857-1859.

Hon. William E. Miller, 1859-1862.

Hon. N. W. Isbell, 1862-1864.

Hon. C. H. Conklin, 1864-1866.

Hon. N. M. Hubbard, 1866-1867.

Hon. J. H. Rothrock, 1867-1876.

Hon. John Shane, 1876-1882.

Hon. James Giffin, 1882-1893.

Hon. M. J. Wade, appointed in 1893.

Circuit Court Judges—Hon. Wm. E. Miller, Hon. Wm. J. Haddock, Hon. G. R. Struble, Hon. John McKean and Hon. C. Hedges.

Of the earlier judges I will only have time to speak briefly; those of later years most of you personally know. I personally knew all of them except one, Carleton, and practiced before all except Williams and Carleton.

Judge Williams was affable and approachable and near to the people—a man of refined tastes and polished

manners, but he easily adapted himself to the ways of the people, and furnished violin music for their dances and ventriloquism for their entertainments. He was a devout Christian, withal. He was judge of the supreme court from 1847 to the end of 1854.

Judge James P. Carleton was in many respects the opposite of his predecessor. He was kind of heart but dignified in manner. His sterling integrity commanded the respect and confidence of the people, but he was not the idol of the masses. He was well grounded in the principles of the common law and familiar with the refinements and intricacies of its practice. While technical almost to a fault, he abhorred the chicanery of the unscrupulous lawyer and detested the tricks of the contemptible pettifogger.

Judge Smyth, who had read law in the office of Judge Carlton with Hon. L. B. Patterson and A. Patterson, was a good common law attorney, but inclined to be technical. Though a young man when he went to the bench, his superior knowledge of legal principles, his firmness and kindness made him popular with the people and with the profession. He was one of the compilers of the revision of 1860; a colonel of one of the infantry regiments of Iowa, and served one term in congress.

Judge Cook, though modest, unassuming and good natured, had a strong, well trained and evenly balanced mind, which enabled him amid stormy scenes in court to quiet the discordant elements. He was a good, careful, painstaking judge, carrying with him on his retirement to private life, the best wishes of all who had business in his court.

Judge Miller—eminently fitted for the judgeship—was called from the bench to a colonelcy in the 28th Iowa Infantry. He is the author of a work on "Pleading and Practice." In 1868 he was chosen the first judge of the circuit court of this district, which position he filled with marked ability until he was elected as a supreme judge in 1871. His decisions evince great industry, thorough re-

search, a careful examination and masterly comparison of conflicting authorities, and above all, a correctness of conclusions which won for him a reputation of being a safe judge.

Of the early bar I wish I had more time to speak—of Gilbert and Regan, Downey and Reno, Folsom & Patterson, W. Penn Clark & Templin. All of them have crossed the river except our honored townsman, Hon. L. B. Patterson, who is present with us, and the prayers of many are that his days may yet be long in the community where for so many years he has been and is now honored and respected.

Then came a second generation of lawyers, Robinson, Miller & Woodin, George and Rush Clark, Edmonds & Ransom, Fairall & Boal, McKay & Haddock. Many of these are dead. Many have moved away, only three of the number, Robinson, Haddock and Fairall living in the county.

A third generation of attorneys have filled the thinned ranks and they have ably perpetuated the fame and reputation of a bar which from its earliest days ranked second to none in the state."

Judge Fairall closed with other complimentary remarks relative to the bench and bar and officers of Johnson county. When the applause that greeted Judge Fairall had at length subsided, Presiding Officer Matt Cavanaugh introduced Austin Cole, a pioneer of 1839.

Mr. Cole was requested to speak about the early manufacturing interests of Iowa City. For years, said Mr. Cole, Johnson county manufactured without steam or water. Benjamin King turned out first class wagons and Henry Usher plows, which latter served every purpose, until the Moline plows pushed them out of use. The summer of '41-'42 much building of cheap houses was done and shingles were greatly in demand—drawing knives being used. A man named Reed came down from Michigan or Wisconsin, and started a shingle manufactory but the Iowa river rose of a sudden and washed it



away, after the shingles it had produced had been condemned.

Richard Chaney, of Keokuk, came here and started a grist mill, but even Mr. Cole's iron constitution of fifty years ago couldn't stand the stomaching of sand and gravel such as that turned out.

Mr. Cole's talk was very interesting and was heartily received, the vein of humor running through it being especially appreciated. Following Mr. Cole came a poem by Abel Beach, Iowa City's venerable "knight of the golden pen" well sustained his enviable reputation as a poet. His scholarly production is given in full below.

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**ABEL BEACH'S POEM.**

As we view the depths of Ocean, casting waves upon the shore,  
Bearing shells with jeweled fleeces like the Argonauts of yore,  
First we look around and wonder if along these sands of time  
Footprints still are found, or echoes, of some lingering golden  
chime.

Yea, to left and right, I recognize before me pioneers,  
Worthy patriarchs—aye prophets, of the long remembered  
years,—

When the chosen land they honored well rejoiced to see their  
day,

By their efforts and glowing in the sunset parting ray.

Changed somewhat in form and features, halting step or failing  
sight,

But distinguished for achievements won—all brighter brought  
to light,

Representing generations past whose shadows kiss the sky,  
Welcome once again, remember in your footsteps we are nigh!

Lo beyond yon hazy background, and dissimulating ridge,  
With converging lines I view a narrow open bridge;  
Hosts unnumbered, scurry onward, passing thru the grasping  
gate,

One by one with hurry hasting to resolve a final fate.

Serried ranks are widely scattered in grim cemeteries round,  
Foremost Pioneers and Soldiers, side by side, at length have  
found,

Final rest from toil and struggles in our mother earth of peace,  
Where, in sacred soil of heroes, all their worldly labors cease.

Mythologic story tells us that from Dragon's teeth there sprung  
Valiant men whose glory growing ever afterwards was sung;  
So we trustful—panoplied; the sons of heroes will arise,  
Elevating men to spheres appropriate for earth or skies.

In the flowery field of romance, dreams are realized song,  
Made elysian as some fairy nymphs the silken cords prolong;  
Half of life is seldom real; wild the wing of fancy sweeps;  
Like a magic spell appropriate to use, but seldom keeps.

Who can say imagination, when allowed to wander free  
Shall not find enchanted islands, bright as ever bathed by sea;  
Fairy scenes with elfin actors, luming night as bright as day,  
Sounding round the welkin echoes, borne on wings of wind  
away?

Come with me the while we're waiting; climb the summit of  
this hill;  
Panoramic views reward enraptured visions at their will:  
Dimly gleams the vista of the past now vanishing away;  
Brimming beams the bliss that ushers in a new and brighter  
day.

While some painted recollections mark the ever hallowed past,  
Greater acquisitions in majestic garb are seen at last;  
Lightning, steam and latent powers, at length developed—  
long concealed—  
Day by day made patent plain, disclose their mystery revealed.

What has been, and more, the gleaming future claims again  
can be;  
Ceaseless progress on progression marks our Nineteenth Cen-  
tury:

And when all the ages summoned give concluding resume;  
Rare historic pages hardly paralleled will mark our day:

Open now the swinging portals of new Century, now in view;  
Recognize the vast advancement—old retiring from the new:  
Better homes and bigger harvests, safer railroads, brighter  
lights,  
Greater comforts, wealth, prosperity that everywhere invites.

Nature, generous, when favored, holds abundance in reserve,  
Sometimes free to scatter seed, and sometimes careful to  
conserve;  
Making marked improvements, scientific progress, constant  
gain;  
Favoring new movements, having worthy objects to attain.

May we not believe, too, when the scales are taken from our eyes,

Men, redeemed from sordid senses, can behold their brothers rise?

Made fraternal, sound the praises of an age that's disenthralled;  
Make good will abound on earth as well as found in heaven installed?

Now, Old Settlers, when Time's summons comes—as soon it must to all,

Let us prove as brave as any e'er responding to his call.  
Not ashamed to stamp our impress on an age we helped to build:

Proud of chance to vamp the fashion where high destiny is filled.

Listen! Hear the echoes sounding from the valleys, plains and peaks!

Fainter, dying in the distance, one and then another speaks:  
Forty-five years or over, tell of generations past,

And the strongest hears announcement—soon you too, will be "the last!"

The next number on the program was a poem by J. B. Schofield of Oasis. For forty years Mr. Schofield has dwelt in this county, and his muse never showed to better advantage than in his happy and musical effort of to-day. The poem in full is as follows:

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#### SCHOFIELD'S POEM.

When we are among our friends  
Strict etiquette is little heeded;  
So I'll not make an apology  
As I think that none is needed.  
And I'm not going to make one,  
At least not for this time;  
Because I know that you'll expect  
Naught but a simple rhyme.

Old settlers, happy greetings to you all—

Fat or fair and forty, short or tall,  
Fair of face or dark, Sylph-like or buxom,

Stately dames, or old and quaint caring naught for costume,  
Of different nationalities, yet with me you'll all agree

That we love these institutions of the freeland of the free,  
Where the girls and boys are growing up and have a thirst for knowledge;

Their fathers need not be lords to send them through a college  
But the boys can take a buck and saw, like some I have known,  
Who sawed their way through school and are holding well  
their own.

Now they're filling good positions, where honesty and truth  
Are bound to be in great demand; and any of our youth,  
Who have that "tired feeling" and think they've such hard  
times,

Will just do well to ponder o'er some thoughts found in these  
"rhymes."

If they sit down and whimper "cause father hasn't the 'rocks' "  
Or doesn't own a railroad, or land and bonds and stocks,  
In some great sugar trust, or des'n't own a town  
Like Pullman of Chicago, of the last great strike renown,  
They'll feel a great deal bettered if they'll strip off their coats  
And work at some good honest trade, or go to feeding shoats.

For some good, honest farmer, until they've earned enough  
To pay for their education, proving diamonds in the rough.  
Who will, by and by, get polished, in this rough world of ours  
By the rubs and snubs from others, self styled the higher  
powers.

Or some, like Debs, who sigh presidential chair to fill,  
But if he were elected, I doubt if he'd fill the bill,  
And if he did, he'd like as not get mad about the rates  
And like as not we'd order out, the whole United States  
In one great strike, and if they struck, what a rumpus there  
would be,

I think that for myself I'd want to be beyond the sea.

In good old Merrie England, the place where I was born,  
Even if I lived on mush made from American corn.  
Perhaps 'twould interest you, to learn why I am here  
And why I'm called an old settler, to me it does seem queer.  
But when I come to compare the dates, it certainly appears  
That I am now in this western land, some forty two odd years.  
Way back among the forties, this state was not then old,  
You'll some of you remember, that they discovered gold  
Away in California, and people by the score,  
Were rushing o'er the American plains to reach that golden  
shore.

The fever spread, ran pretty high and speculators smiled;  
The epidemic crossed the sea and set our people wild,  
And nothing else was talked about, but the finding of this gold,  
'Twould read like some great wild romance, the stories that  
were told.

Geese, ducks and chickens, all laid golden nuggets, don't you see?

And the rivers, they were full of fish, as nice as fish could be. And he who had the grit to make the trip, and expense could afford,

Would soon grow immensely rich, come back and be a lord.

But many found it out, to them 'twas but a fake,

They longed for "home, sweet home" again, to much a staff fed steak.

For the snakes and pesky Indians, so bothered them, you know, That many of them left their bones to bleach beneath the snow.

Others, myself included, found Oasis near,

Concluded we were west enough, and so we settled here; And I think its more than likely, that here we're going to stay, Until we take a notion to pick up and move away.

There's many faces that we miss, that were here a year ago; Death must have whet his sickle and wielded it, I trow, In our beautiful silent city, fresh mounds are rising fast;

May we also be ready, when our summons comes at last. From him who gave to us this land—a land we dearly love; May we leave it to meet with loved ones in that better land above,

There we shall clasp each other's hand, while our victory's wreaths entwine

Our brows, and we shall quaff afresh heaven's sacramental wine.

The last speaker on the program was Hon. H. W. Lathrop, who declared that he was about to deliver "t'other fellow's" speech. Said Mr. Lathrop: "It is a tradition that fifty-two years ago a steamboat came here from St. Louis, with a load of freight and passengers. The citizens here were rendered wide awake and the town was agog with excitement over the fact that the Iowa river was navigable, and prophesied that we were about to become the head of navigation.

"The captain and the passengers were banqueted, and at the dinner the captain made a speech, declaring in a style grandiloquent and humorous—unconscious or otherwise—that he had proven the Iowa river navigable. That speech was "t'other fellow's," which Mr. Lathrop proceeded to read.

The program—all in all a delightful one—concluded with an original song by Mr. Griswold, who fairly carried his auditors away by his humor.

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GRANDFATHER GRISWOLD'S SONG.

Our houses they were made of logs,  
Rolled up in squares and filled with mortar;  
If the roof were rough we made it tight,  
And piped out all the water.

We built a chimney on one end,  
Made it up of sticks and of mortar;  
And up that chimney curled the smoke,  
For generations after.

We had some cider that was good,  
And lots of whiskey toddy;  
We drank success to every log,  
And health to everybody.

Our wives and daughters did their part,  
Most gracefully and proper:  
They made butter, bread and cheese,  
And doughnuts for our supper.

Our daughters learned to spin and weave,  
And made themselves quite useful,  
But now they paw the ivory keys,  
At night they ride the bicycle.

The boys they helped to run the farm,  
And did not mind the dust and sweat;  
But now they loaf around the town,  
And smoke the cigarette.

We used to have our husking bees,  
Also our log rolling;  
And sometimes we would dance all night,  
And go home with girls in the morning.

We hauled our wheat to Muscatine,  
And sold it for a quarter;  
And if we had to stay all night,  
We were sure to come out shorter.

Mr. Powell bought our pork,  
And shipped it down the river;  
And if his flat boat got aground,  
We had a heap of trouble.

And now kind friends, we'll say good bye,  
We have fared like pigs in clover;  
And in eighteen hundred and ninety five,  
We will act this same thing over.

September, 20th, 1895.

The pioneers of Johson county assembled at the annual picnic of the Old Settlers Association, elected the following officers for the ensuing year, before adjournment was taken last evening.

President—J. T. Robinson.

Vice Presidents—J. E. Jayne; M. Howell, Windham.

Secretary—George T. Borland.

Treasurer—Lovell Swisher.

### The Necrologist's Table.

A sad but necessary duty devolved upon 'Squire G. R. Irish, who, as necrologist, read the following record of those pioneers who have been called home during the past three years:

#### Old Settlers Who Died in 1893.

Mrs. Emiline Avery, 85	Mrs. M. J. Lentz 65
Mrs. Alice C. Gilbert, 50	Nathaniel Scales, 81
Max Otto, 51	Mrs. D. S. Barber, 52
E. O. Swain, 62	Mathew TenEyck, 88
Samuel A. Neely, 81	Samuel C. Cole, 72
Richard Leo Ganter	Mary Dewey, 77
Mrs. Fred Rothweiller, 41	Mrs. John Ranshaw
Bernard Mullin, 68	Mrs. Jane Sanders, 61
August Albright, 83	Richard Sanders, 73
Mrs. Sylvester Coe, 60	Joseph Walker, 74
Mrs. H. Hughes, 80	Mrs. J. Norwood Clark, 79
Lester G. Taylor, 76	Mrs. Martha Hanby, 69
Mattie H. Kimball, 30	Mrs. Nancy McElwain, 75
Edward Bowers, 76	Mrs. J. C. Remley, 77
Frank Prohaska, 83	Isaac Bowen, 81
Thomas K. Morrison	Joel Bartlett
Mrs. Martha J. Douglas, 89	I. N. Sonders, 87
Ebenezer Sangster, 76	Henry Devoe, 103
Benjamin King, 74	James McGruder, 77
Mrs. Fannie Warren, 88	Elizabeth Cohick, 70

Eivira O. Crum, 67	John C. Haas, 80
N. C. Stickler, 78	Azariah Pinney, 89
Mrs. Sylvia M. Pepper	Mrs. Harvey Sutliff, 63
A. J. Rider, 72	Thomas Butler, 70
Mark Clear	Mary C. Chandler, 63
John Walding	Thomas Brasy, 82
Andrew Shields, 75	George Fictor, 80
Jacob Snyder, 76	Moses Bloom, 61
Mrs. Hugh McGovern, 58	Susan Lucas Smith, 70
John C. Smith, 61	Dr. J. F. Huser, 56
Mrs. O. B. Fox, 81	Theodore Doty, 87
C. S. Rossler, 74	

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### Old Settlers Who Died in 1894.

Samuel J. Kirkwood, 81	Helen Cox Fairchild
W. F. Hindman, 46	Mrs. Wm. Meardon
Mrs. Coe I. Crawford	Dr. George E. Kimball, 66
Mrs. Fannie L. Fracker, 83	Mathew Harrison, 61
James Donahoe	Mrs. Frank Tanner, 42
Jacob Durst	John Wydenkoff, 70
Jeremiah Stover, 75	John Buettner, 74
Mrs. John Archer, 50	Thomas Hunt, 82
Mrs. Margaret Mentzer, 78	Mrs. Anna Yoder, 72
Mrs. Elizabeth Yokarn, 77	James M. Smith, 64
Hugh McGovern, 71	Anthony Sulek
Joseph Brown, 88	Thomas Macha
Mrs. Rosa L. Cerny, 85	C. H. Robinson, 80
Mrs. Samuel Stimmel, 81	Mrs. Julia Wicks, 68
Mrs. George Hevern, 72	Dr. Wm. G. Hammond
James R. Hartsock, 77	Robert Roup, 69
Robert Hartsock, 76	James Galvin,
John Coldren, 55	Thomas Brady, 83
Thomas E. Dugan	Patrick Greer, 71
John Jacobs, 75	John Danzel, 75
James Donahoe	Mrs. M. E. Bryan, 73
Sarah Hazard Schell 78	Henry Bick, 65
Emma Middleton Parvin 37	Mrs. Jane Downey, 71
Drayton Gunsolus, 55	



## Old Settlers Who Died in 1895.

John M. Haas, 91	Mrs. James McCollister, 51
Lyman Parsons, 66	Joseph Payn, 79
Peter Dalton, 76	Thomas Hunt, 82
Cynthia Leikhty, 81	John Greene, 81
George J. Boal, 60	Mrs. Michael Freeman, 76
Miss Elva Couter, 41	Mrs. Letovsky
Charlotte Strahle, 77	David A. Wilant
Mrs. Anna H. Hope, 63	Mrs. L. A. Allen, 53
John Burns, 85	Mrs. Thomas J. Cox, 65
Mrs. Walter Stebbins, 60	Mrs. N. Dalschied, 68
Mrs. Rebecca Rupin, 70	Joseph Schuttler, 50
Bartholomew Condon, 70	Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, 77
Richard Rasee, 80	Mrs. Anna Smith, 60
William Schnare, 82	Mrs. John Warner
L. V. Dennis, 74	Mrs. Samuel Merrifield, 36
Richard H. Sylvester, 65	Wm. A. Fisher
Henderson Bronson, 75	John Honza
Frank Dooley 75	Mrs. Mary Mahan, 56
Mrs. Sophronia Stahle	Philip Hofelder, 63
Henry A. Usher, 82	Dr. Otto Heinsius, 77
Mrs. Mary Black, 89	Mrs. Charles Blackmore, 43
Michael Zeller, 70	Mrs. Caroline V. Clark, 72
David B. Hughes, 79	Martin Freeman

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The old settlers were regaled with several very interesting addresses. An eloquent speech by M. Cavanaugh opened the oratorical program.

Mr. Cavanaugh declared that the real pioneers of this county were not those who came here in childhood with their parents. They are but sons and daughters of pioneers, even as there are sons and daughters of veterans who celebrate the deeds and sacrifices of their parents.

Widely distributed over the older states little more than a half century ago were men and women in the heyday of young manhood and young womanhood, with buoyant spirits and high aspirations, whose thoughts were turned to the then far west beyond the Mississippi.

On these days there were on railroads, no telegraph lines, no means of quick communication with, or rapid transit between communities only short distances apart. Under such circumstances, a few hundred miles was a long journey taking weeks to accomplish.

Young men newly married or who had been married but a few years, and had young families growing up around them bade tearful adieus to the parental homes, where they had been so watchfully and lovingly reared through the years of their tender childhood, and dependent adolescence, to follow the fortunes of their young husbands in the far-away land if promise, which was to them almost a terra incognita.

At that time the waters of the mighty Mississippi and Missouri rivers, which laved the eastern and western boundaries of beautiful Iowa, were undisturbed and unruffled by the busy keels of commerce, the echoes of her forests had not been awakened by the stroke of the woodman's ax; her beautiful interior streams had not then been clouded by the rich soils washed from her cultivated fields; the luxuriant grasses of her magnificent prairies were then uncropped, save by the red deer, the bison, the caribou, and the flower bedecked expanses of her hills and valleys were then unpressed by any human foot, save that of the moccasined red man.

Here there was a scene of pristine loveliness and beauty, unsurpassed by any the sun had ever shone upon, or upon which the moon had overshadowed her mellow, subdued light to illuminate and glorify.

The forces of nature had here, or countless ages, been steadily, patiently and unceasingly at work in preparation for the advent of civilized man and seems to have exerted her powers to the utmost to make for him a home best adapted to promote the growth and development of the institutions that pertain to a high civilization. No glitter of gold or flashing diamonds had she wrought in her laboratories with her marvelous alchemy to hide in the soils of this fair land to tempt hither the sordid and avar-

icious, but instead had prepared a soil of wonderful fertility and adaption to the purposes of an enlightened agriculture and fitted it especially for the homes of its votaries.

And some came in the fourth decade of this century the advance guard of that devoted, hardy, earnest pioneer army intent on the high purpose of here establishing homes for themselves and their children and for the founding and nurture for succeeding generations of all the institutions which pertain to an advanced civilization and which constitute the greatness and glory of a state.

These in the ensuing few years were speedily followed by the main army, with the same high hopes and purposes, and animated by the same aspirations—not to say inspirations—which thrilled the hearts and brains of the perhaps more daring and adventurous advance guard.

How faithfully these pioneers wrought and how well they laid the foundations of these social institutions let the glorious Iowa of today answer with her 2,000,000 of enlightened people distributed in happy homes over her entire broad expanse; with her half million children and youth in her schools and colleges, in training to take their places as heralds and videttes in the march of progress, and not only to maintain but to advance the exalted and proud position of Iowa in the glorious sisterhood of states in this peerless American Union!

All hail, then, to the pioneers! Let us cherish the memory of those who have gone, and emulate the virtues of both the living and the dead, and strive to hand down to those who come after us undiminished and unimpaired the priceless inheritance of education, social order, liberty and law, which they have left us, and for which they so faithfully wrought, so disinterestedly spent their strength and their lives, for which they shed their tears and breathed their prayers.

If the time I am expected to occupy would permit I might enter into a narration of the part that different individuals took in events that transpired in those early times. But I cannot enter into this. It would be invidious to

mention a few and say nothing of those of equal merit. But perhaps I may be pardoned for mentioning my own father and mother. I do this not because they were of any particular prominence in those pioneer days, but because I knew more of them and think they were fairly representative types of the pioneer men and women. My father struggled as they all struggled to support his family and pay for his land, and was reasonably successful. He was always on the side of law and order, and favored every measure which he thought was for the public good.

But I think that the greater burden fell to the lot of the women of that day as I think they do to the women of today. My father and mother came here in 1839 and brought with them five children. Three more were born to them after they came, making a family of eight boys. In those days when it was almost impossible to get female help you can readily understand what the work of my mother must have been. She was to this family of eight boys, housekeeper, cook, washerwoman, spinner, knitter, tailor, nurse, doctor, teacher, and acquitted herself in all these capacities with greatest credit. Her round of work was interminable. I did not think about it much in those days but when I think of it now I am appalled at the recollection of what she has gone through. Her endurance and self abnegation were marvelous and could only have been sustained by a love and devotion that knew no diminution. She is still living but the infirmities and weight of her almost ninety years precludes her being here today in person but she is here in spirit and she will want to know all about who of her old neighbors were here.

I hope it will not be considered indelicate in me thus to speak of my father and mother. They are but types of pioneer character.

There is sadness in the reflection that these pioneer people are rapidly passing away: that only a few are left. Many of them passed away years ago. It seems sad that they could not have remained to see this day of

Iowa's greatness—this day of railroads and telegraphs, of telephones and phonographs.

But while this is sad, there is consolation in another thought. We may not believe in the traditional lake of fire and brimstone, into which are consigned forever the souls of the unregenerate, nor yet it may be in the apocryphal New Jerusalem, whose gold paved streets shall alone be trodden by the feet of the Calvinistic elect; but I think that we all believe that it is well with these departed pioneers—these men and women who wrought so much, who suffered so much, who loved so much and hoped so much. What their employment may be or in what their happiness consists, we can only conjecture.

We cannot doubt their existence beyond the grave. We can not believe that all this grand creation to which our little earth is but a most insignificant vestibule or ante chamber spread out before our physical vision, and that we were given the powers to comprehend something of its wonders and endowed with aspirations to see and comprehend more that all should end in oblivion. A beneficent Creator has not thus mocked these powers, these hopes, these longings, these aspirations with which He has endowed us.

Oh no! We firmly believe that these departed pioneers are today somewhere in the measureless beyond, freed from fettering habiliments of clay, on the wings of the spirit, perhaps mounting beyond the sun, passing from system to system—pioneering it may be—and with enraptured, beatific vision drinking in some of the glories of the illimitable universe of God.

### Thirtieth Annual Reunion, September 22, 1896.

The Old Settlers of Johnson county met in their annual reunion at the fair grounds September 22, 1896, and spent the entire day in a pleasant manner. Long before noon a large number of the old pioneers had assembled on the ground, and when the noon hour arrived spread their dinner in good old fashioned style, and feasted upon all the good things always to be found at these meetings.

The day was fair and pleasant, and in the afternoon at least fifteen hundred persons were in attendance, among whom could be seen the very oldest settlers in the county—pioneers who came here when the wild game abounded and when the entire county was an unbroken tract of land. Years have come and gone; great changes have been made socially and politically; yet we find the same hardy pioneers the leading spirits of all enterprise and growth, and the very foundation of all prosperity.

Rapidly the hours passed in social communion, recalling old times and telling of days when the pioneer was an individuality, and struggled along to pave the way for civilization.

At one o'clock, a pleasant program was carried out. Rev. Dow invoked the blessing of God in a short prayer, and was followed by Mr. G. R. Irish, who read letters of regret from many old Johnson county settlers, who could not attend the reunion. They told of happy days passed in this county, and recalled many events of long ago; some of pleasure and some of sorrow. Mr. Swafford also received many letters from afar, which were read. Among the letters were those from ex-Senator James Harlan, Mt. Pleasant; Mrs. Ruth Irish Preston, Davenport; Mrs. Geo. Paul, Highlands, Colo; Jule Smith, Beatrice, Nebr.; R. A. Carlton, Illinois; Mrs. J. W. Wright, Aledo, Ill.; Rev. Dexter P. Smith, D. D., Santa Ana, California; George Wwmer, Manson, Iowa; Rev.

Father Emmons, Tacoma, Wash.; Waldo Hanby, Bishop, Cal.; H. D. Rowe, San Francisco; E. W. Swafford, Oregon City, Ore.; J. D. Bowersox, Lawrence, Kans.; Pleasant O'Brien, Castle Rock, Colo.; James R. Elliott, Ogden, Utah; A. C. Younkin, San Diego, Cal.; Prof. S. N. Fellows, Fayette, and A. O. Price, Grinnell.

Mr. Abel Beach read a poem appropriate to the occasion, and Austin Cole spoke of the pioneer days, and told with much feeling the hardships endured by those sturdy men, yet which were filled with the greatest pleasure.

It would be impossible to give the names of all the old settlers assembled on the ground yesterday, but among them we note:

Moses Adams, of Cedar township, who came here in '39. Mr. Adams is 80 years of age, and cast his first vote for William Henry Harrison two days after he was 21 years of age.

D. V. Conklin, of East Lucas township, came here in '38, and is 71 years of age.

Geo. Heveren, of this city, came from Pennsylvania in '46, and has resided here since that date. He is 80 years of age.

H. Hamilton came here in '38, when the city contained only one log cabin, and the entire city was owned by a man named Steen, who held it as a claim. Mr. Hamilton is sixty-eight years of age.

S. J. Hess came here in 1848, and is 72 years old.

J. K. Strawbridge has lived in East Lucas township since '42, and is 77 years old.

Squire Dodder, 82 years of age, who has been a justice of the peace for more than 33 years. Everybody knows the 'Squire.

Ebin Adams is 85 years of age, and has lived in Cedar township about sixty years. He was the oldest pioneer on the ground.

J. Norwood Clark, of this city, is 82 years of age, and came here in 1842.

W. J. Bowen, our efficient city clerk, was born in this county 53 years ago, and has always resided here.

W. D. Cannon has been in this county 56 years.

F. A. Parrott has been here 55 years.

O. A. Patterson, a pioneer who formerly lived here, was present.

Mrs. Agnes Sanders is 73 years old, and came here from Illinois in '39. She resides in Iowa City township.

Colonel Robert Lucas came to this county in 1839, and resided where the Jake Switzer property is located now. Mr. Lucas was one of the brave boys that Johnson county furnished to put down the late rebellion, and enlisted in the 14th Iowa Volunteers. He is 71 years of age, and is hale and hearty.

Mary Lucas, aged 69 years, and came here in 1838.

Jane Clark came here in 1856, and is 75 years old. She now lives at River Junction.

Mrs. M. G. Kirkpatrick came here in '39, and is 81 years of age.

It was along about 1837 when the Walker family first came and settled in Fremont township. The first to come was James, in 1837; and he was closely followed by Henry, Laura and Martha. This was one of Johnson county's first families, and they have all lived in the same neighborhood in which they first settled.

Albert Wescott came in '54, and lives in Scott township.

William Sweet came in '38, and lives in Fremont township.

Mrs. H. B. McCullough was born in this county in 1843, and lives at River Junction.

Mrs. Matthew Tenick, the oldest old settler now living in the county, came here in 1839, and is now 80 years old.



J. J. Ressler came in 1840, and lives in Sharon township.

J. P. Von Stein, of Penn township, came in 1850.

Mrs. Lem Hunter, of Iowa City township, came in 1842.

Isense Rothwieler came to Iowa City in 1847.

Mrs. Van Fleet, of North Dubuque street, came in 1839, and lived on Old Man's creek.

A. J. Bowen, of Big Grove, came in 1856.

S. Weldy, of Pleasant Valley, located in 1863.

Mrs. John McCollister, born in Fremont township in 1862.

Mary H. TenEick bears the distinction of being the first baby born in Iowa City. She saw the light of day in January of 1840. Her grandmother, Hannah Cole, made the first flag that the breezes of Johnson county ever kissed, and history says it was made from old dress goods of the Cole family.

Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, of Iowa City, came to this county in '57.

Phila Culter, now Uncle Josiah Ady's wife, came in 1851.

Mrs. S. J. Kirkwood, the wife of the old war governor, came in '55.

Hon. H. W. Lathrop came on the 18th day of May, 1847, and for seven years taught school in this county. Many of the grandparents of today were his pupils then.

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## LETTERS.

Castle Rock, Colo., Sept. 10, 1896.

Gil R. Irish, Iowa City, Iowa:

My Dear Sir: Your note requesting the attendance of myself and family at the reunion of the old settlers of Johnson county, Iowa, on the 17th of the present month, was duly received. I cannot easily express the pleasure it would afford us to be able to meet the old settlers of Johnson county on that occasion, but distance and other

hindrances prevent. The trials and hardships intermingled with pleasures that the pioneers of Johnson county passed through, in its early history, are yet green in our memory.

When I look back and see Johnson county just emerging from the hand of nature, and contrast her then condition with the present, then a wilderness, now the happy home of thousands, it seems to me a miracle has been wrought.

In a short letter like this it is not possible to give much of the early history of the county. Will you kindly give to the old settlers assembled on the occasion our heartfelt good wishes for their present and future happiness, and we trust the future has yet in store for them many happy reunions.

Very truly yours,

P. W. O'Brien and Family.

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Grinnell, Iowa, Aug. 28, 1896.

G. R. Irish, Iowa City, Iowa:

Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to old settlers' meeting 17th proximo, at hand some time ago. Thanks. If not able to be present in person, you may count on me for a word of greeting.

Very truly,

Aaron O. Price.

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Beatrice, Neb., July 16, 1896.

Gil Irish, Iowa City, Iowa:

Dear Sir: Your kind and considerate note as Secretary of the Old Settlers' Society of Johnson county, inviting my wife and myself to attend your annual picnic, received. While circumstances are such as will prevent us from accepting of your invitation, yet, believe us when we tell you, we fully appreciate the kindly spirit that prompted the remembrance of us, who are so far away. We would dearly love to meet the many persons who will be present at your meeting, who have known us, so

many years, my wife nearly fifty years, and myself but ten years less.

However long a time we have or may be absent from old Johnson county, we always have and will call it home. Our wish is that all who may be fortunate enough to be with you at your annual picnic may live many years, and ever be able to meet at least once a year to talk over reminiscences of past generations.

Yours truly,

Julius and Calista Sanders Smith.

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Gentlemen of the Committee of Invitation:—

Dear Sirs: It is with regret that myself and family are compelled to deny ourselves the pleasure of attending the Johnson county Old Settlers' picnic.

I should esteem it a great favor to meet with you once again, and to hear anew, in song and in story, from the lips of those who wrought—the history of the building of this, our part, of the grand old Ship of State.

While I cannot recall much antedating the “decline and fall” of the old Red Stage coach and the omnibus barn, followed by the first train through Iowa City to the Golden Gate, yet my heart swells with pride when I recall the fact that my parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts were prominent among those brave, true-hearted pioneers who built with courage and skill the foundations upon which rest today the manifold blessings which we enjoy.

In the great political crisis through which we are passing in this beautiful year of 1896, it will be well if the younger generation, into whose hands the guidance of our Ship of State is passing, shall study carefully the history of the past. There and there only can they learn how our illustrious ancestors, with unity of purpose and Spartan bravery—through tempestuous seas or calms—steered heroically on toward their determined goal, a

Common-Wealth, which should stand unalterably for Justice, Freedom and Honor.

Thanking you for your kind invitation, and wishing health, happiness and prosperity to all,

I am respectfully,

Ruth Irish Preston.

Davenport, Iowa, Sept. 17, 1896.

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Fayette, Iowa, Sept. 9, 1896.

M. Cavanaugh, Esq., of the Committee of Invitation:—

My Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to be present at the picnic of the Old Settlers' Association of Johnson county on the 17th inst., is duly received. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to meet with the many old friends there assembled. I can scarcely call myself an "old settler" of Iowa, having come to the state in 1854; but I am an old settler and pioneer of the West. My father came to northern Illinois and settled among the Indians in 1834. There my boyhood and early life was spent. No splendid cottage was then our home. A rude cabin, fourteen feet square, afforded our only protection for a family of fourteen during our first winter. No luxuries crowned our board. Indeed, during the first winter, our food supply was almost exhausted. We were without flour, potatoes, milk and butter, and for nearly one month, our only food was hominy obtained from corn "planed" from the cob with a jack-plane, and so-called pork, of long-nosed, long-legged hogs, which had never seen an ear of corn, but had lived on acorns. Hominy and hog-meat for breakfast, dinner and supper; and we were glad to get enough of that. Of course, we were well, hearty and happy. You may easily imagine that I most highly esteem the old settler. The people of Iowa do not know the debt of gratitude they owe to the hardy pioneers, who with heroic courage severed themselves from the scenes of youth, the endearments of home, and all that was dear to them in their childhood

home, and endured the hardships of pioneer life, in order to lay the foundations of this great state.

We are proud of Iowa. Proud of her soil, her climate, her prairies and rivers, her towns and cities, schools and churches; but more than all, we are proud of the men and women who laid the foundations and builded for themselves and posterity, the civil educational and religious institutions of our beloved state. May long life and prosperity be theirs.

Yours very truly,

S. N. Fellows.

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San Diego, Cal., Aug. 31, 1906.

My Dear Friend Matthew:—

Some time since I received your very kind invitation to be present at the Old Settlers' picnic to be held Sept. 17th. Your invitation also contains the suggestion that if I find it impracticable to attend, I should favor you with some reminiscences appropriate to be read on that occasion.

On the receipt of your letter containing this invitation, knowing that it would not be possible to accept the invitation to attend, I laid the letter aside without replying, hoping I might be able to comply with the suggestion, but after several unsatisfactory attempts to write something of the many incidents of the thirty years I spent in the good old county of Johnson, I find it even more difficult to comply with the suggestion than it would be to make the long journey of 2500 miles. So many thoughts of dear old friends and acquaintances, (many of whom are now gone) crowd upon me when I attempt to write, that I give it up in despair. Pen and paper are inadequate means of giving expression to my emotions.

Altho' nearly ten years have passed since I left the old home, I have not lost one particle of my interest in all that is going on there. I scan the newspaper as it

comes to me week by week for the items marking the changes taking place, and I look for the name of the old settler who has answered the final roll call. Let me assure you, my dear sir, that it would be to me a source of great pleasure and satisfaction to once more meet the dear old friends and join in the festivities of the annual picnic of the old settlers, but the intervening distance and a not very plethoric pocketbook make it impossible, and I am obliged to content myself by thanking you for the hearty invitation and kind remembrance. Please accept my kind regards for yourself and family.

Yours truly,

A. J. Younkin.

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Santa Ana, Cal., Aug. 13, 1896.

Mr. Louis S. Swafford:—

My Dear Sir: Yours of July 14, remailed at Santa Ana to our summer resort near Trabued Mountains, was received. It would give more pleasure than words can express could we comply with the request of the Old Settlers of Johnson county, Iowa, to be with them at the annual reunion at Iowa City Sept. 17th, look into the faces of old friends, and take them by the hand in friendly greetings, assuring them of our abiding love. But as this cannot be, we submit to the inevitable, cherishing the inspiring hope that we shall meet at the River over there "in the sweet by and by."

We came to Iowa City in 1845, and left for the Pacific coast in 1883. All hail! to the old settlers of Johnson county, whose loving words and kind wishes when we last parted are embalmed in our choicest recollections; whose names are stereotyped on memory's enduring tablets. Grateful for your kind remembrances, and wishing you a still brighter record in the revolving years,

Yours very truly,

Dexter P. and Hannah B. Smith.

**Supplement**—Our oldest son, D. Edson Smith, was the first graduate of the Iowa State University. His

home is in Santa Ana. Our second son, Carey R., left the University and enlisted in the First Iowa Cavalry. His home is here. Our only daughter, Flora S., graduated with her husband, Dr. J. C. Gleason, from the Iowa State University. They are absorbed in professional work at South Riverside, Cal. Our other son, Granger C. Smith, A. M., also graduated from the Iowa State University. He is pastor of the churches at Ft. Howard and Green Bay, Wis.

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### Thirty-First Annual Reunion, Sept. 25, 1897.

Proceedings of the Old Settlers' Association of Johnson County, at the Thirty-First annual reunion, held at the Fair Grounds, September 25, 1897.

The Johnson County Old Settlers' Association is holding its annual reunion at the fair grounds today.

From the workshop, office, store and farm they have assembled for a day's outing, and Iowa City bids them welcome—one and all. The morning was devoted to reminiscent chat, and at noon a good, old-fashioned dinner was served.

This afternoon, Attorney General Milton Remley delivered an eloquent address, and Hon. H. W. Lathrop and Judge Fairall responded to calls with fine talks.

Gil Irish gave the necrologist's report, showing that at least eighty-five old settlers had passed away since the meeting in '96.

The following officers were elected, Mr. Wieneke, having long and ably served the association in the past, rebelled against election, but his protest was unanimously overridden.

President—L. S. Swafford.

First Vice-president—Wm. Cochran.

Second Vice-president—J. M. Hoffman, Graham.

Secretary—George Borland.

Assistant Secretary—J. T. Robinson.

Treasurer—H. J. Wieneke.

To one and all, the outing in the fragrant open orchard, 'neath luxuriantly clad apple trees, and in the shadow of the ancient log cabins, was a memorable experience. To some of the younger "old" settlers, those relics of pioneer days were strange sights, but the real veterans of the county found them strangely familiar.

The pioneers also found great pleasure in talking over old times, comparing notes—and ages—and rehearsing the deeds of the '50's, '40's, and even the '30's, though the settlers who antedate 1840 are now few and far between. During the day, the Morse band provided stirring music, and showed what a country band can do when it tries.

Before adjournment, the association authorized H. J. Wieneke, H. W. Lathrop and L. S. Swafford to secure a suitable case in which to preserve (for inspection, but from handling) valuable but often imperiled curios.

President Swafford and Secretary Borland were authorized to secure badges for distribution at the next picnic—the date of which will not be set until next year.

The re-election of George Borland to the secretaryship was a merited tribute to the genial officer for the efficient way in which he has kept the association's books in the past. His capable co-adjutor, "Uncle" J. T. Robinson, was similarly remembered.

The day, with all its pleasures, was not untinged with sorrow. Perhaps no cup of joy lacks its tear. Necrologist Gil Irish read a report giving the list of those beloved pioneers who, since the last annual reunion, have crossed the Jordan to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler e'er returns." The list was necessarily incomplete, as a perfect mortuary record was unobtainable. So far as Mr. Irish could learn, the list of the departed ones, with their ages, was as follows:



1896

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Mrs. Agnes Parvin, 78  
Judge Wm. E. Miller, 74  
Catherine Barth Gill, 67  
Nancy Y. Clark, 69  
Levi Robinson, 70  
Margaret Dull, 82  
Mary R. Hall, 66

Mrs. M. M. Bowersox, 71  
Angie V. Lodge, 41  
Mrs. M. Spurrer, 64  
Mrs. Rufus Lumbard, 75  
Edward Warden, 73  
Wm. Weeber, 40

1897

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L. E. Curtis, 79  
Mrs. W. W. Smith, 50  
Mrs. Amanda Cowgill, 78  
J. G. Hill, 72  
Jos. W. Holt, 81  
Mrs. B. S. Holmes, 80  
David A. Pratt, 72  
Mrs. Martha Lithgow, 102  
Francis X. Seemann, 93  
Mrs. G. W. Kettlewell, 66  
G. W. Kettlewell, 76  
Mrs. Lida Copeland, 53  
Mary B. Koontz, 58  
George Hevern, 80  
Mrs. Vincent Grissel, 67  
Mrs. D. F. Rosenkranz, 46  
M. M. Kerr, 87  
Joseph Kosler, 50  
Wm. Jayne, 70  
Hugh Tudor, 80  
Mrs. Rachel Osborne, 65  
Mrs. Rebecca Fyffe, 90  
Lemuel B. Patterson, 73  
Mrs. Sarah Hartman, 79  
Mrs. Evan Roberts, 82  
Mrs. John Lorack, 34  
Mrs. Jennie Glenn, 33  
James P. Kerr  
Austin McCune, 49  
Thomas J. Cox, 67  
Mrs. Cyrus Sanders, 74

Robert O. Spencer, 62  
Mrs. P. J. Regan, 27  
Mrs. Sarah Greely, 70  
Mrs. Mary Xanton, 67  
Peter Lewis, 52  
Mrs. Mary Fox, 52  
Jacob F. Beard, 64  
Mrs. Caroline Detwiler, 78  
Wm. Taulinger, 65  
Mrs. Melinda McCellister, 74  
Esther Hart Challant, 62  
Judge Z. C. Luse, 71  
Mrs. Frank Adams, 77  
Mrs. Mathew Tenetek, 81  
Frank B. Dvorsky, 63  
Wm. H. Goodrall, 57  
Dr. J. Ogilvie, 72  
Miss Mary Starkey, 80  
Mrs. Mary E. Fyffe, 79  
Judge Samuel Murdock  
John Benschaw, 70  
Mrs. J. G. Starkey,  
Rev. Jacob Lin'nger  
Jos. Berchenbriter  
Peter Weisse  
John C. Roberts  
Mrs. Jane Preston  
Mrs. Henry Bird  
Wm. Elret  
Mrs. Gus Oehler  
Isaac Emmons

Mrs. Frank Lee  
Mrs. Wm. Edwards  
Frank Sale  
Miss Mollie Robinson, 51  
Mrs. Dennis Kelcher  
Mrs. Sophia Brimer, 85  
Mrs. C. T. Ransom  
A. D. Mordoff

Mrs. Jos. Schneider, 67  
Charles Cox, 77  
Mrs. Ruth Payn, 81  
Robert Shellady, 76  
Mrs. Ellen Fitzsimmons. 66  
Mrs. Jane A. Conrad, 81  
Frank Zara, 60

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## ROLL OF HONOR.

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Those present at the meeting were the following:

L E Adams  
E. M. Adams  
J. L. Adams  
T. B. Allin  
O. M. Adams  
M. Adams  
L. A. Allen  
Ira J. Alder  
J. G. Brown  
A. W. Beuter  
Ed. Balluff  
Abel Beach  
N. H. Brainerd  
E. F. Bowman  
Wm. Cochran  
J. K. Corlett  
C. M. Calkins  
C. E. Clifford  
Carrie Clements  
Bryan Dennis  
D M. Dixon  
Joe. A. Edwards  
W. E. C. Foster  
E. G. Fracker  
Thos. Graham  
J. K. Hemphill  
Sam Hinkley  
Zion Hill  
J. M. Hoffman  
J. Holubar  
H. H. Kerr

M. Kessler  
J. M. Leighty  
G. Lancaster  
G. W. Nelson  
J. R. Heath  
J. E. Jayne  
W. P. Hohenschuh  
J. W. Hart  
Mrs. T. Hohenschuh  
H. Heath  
M. J. Kirkpatrick  
J. Ruhe  
J. W. Morford  
John McCollister  
Benj. Owen  
W. E. Pratt  
Chas. Pratt  
J. H. Poland  
J. T. Robinson  
M. Remley  
Phil Shaver  
Milt Seydel  
A. E. Swisher  
J. Y. Stover  
J. C. Shrader  
E. Sanders  
F. Schneider  
J. W. Schell  
J. A. Stevenson  
A. B. Teneick  
Sarah Tippenhour

J. J. Weber  
H. J. Wieneke  
H. Walker, sr.  
S. Weldy  
Wm. Anderson  
W. J. Bowen  
D. S. Barber  
Mrs. John Berry  
W. F. Buck  
J. A. Burke  
George Borland  
M. Qavanagh  
W. D. Cannon  
Cal Curtis  
Sarah Cropley  
Stra Deault  
W. M. Douglass  
L. Douglass  
F. N. English  
S. P. Fry  
Mrs. Cora Fracker  
Chas. Gaymon  
Lem Hunter  
Geo. Hitchcock  
Elias Howell  
Geo. K. Howell  
J. Aldous  
Henry Hastings  
M. Kessler  
H. W. Lathrop  
D J. Wilson  
J. U. Miller

Frank Greer  
S. J. Hess  
Chas. Hubner  
H. Hamilton  
R. Hevern  
Gil Irish  
George Jones  
R. A. Keene  
Geo. Magruder  
A. L. Moreland  
W. V. Orr  
G. W. Pinney  
Ben Price  
F. X. Rittenmeyer  
Mrs. M. J. Robbins  
J. J. Ressler  
D. F. Rosenkranz  
W. J. Rowland  
Wm. Sweet  
O. Starstman  
Zaach Smith  
M. A. Seydel  
J. T. Struble  
L. S. Swafford  
J. H. Thompson  
Jos Tubb  
Mrs. Clara Tubb  
Wm. Teneick  
J. P. VonStein  
Emory Westcott  
J. Waler, jr  
Geo. W. Koonz













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NOV. 65

N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA

