

bate—and evidently with the determination that no man should be allowed to steal a march on any other as a champion repealer—was laid upon the table. On the next day, Mr. Knoll, of Dubuque county, quietly introduced House File No. 2, a bill to repeal the law. There was more dignity and less hurry and rush in the Senate; still, Mr. Neal introduced a bill (S. F. No. 1) to the same purport. It was read a first and second time and referred to the Committee on Agriculture, "with instructions to report at an early day."

It really looked ridiculous and absurd to see the Legislature, called together in one of the gravest public emergencies that ever arose in the State or Nation, wholly unwilling to enter upon the great business of that extraordinary session, until steps had been taken for the repeal of a law for the registry and taxation of dogs! But if there was any particular question more than another upon which a majority of the Members and Senators united, it was upon the abrogation of what had proved to be a most irritating, vexatious and obnoxious statute. The measure for repeal was several times under discussion, but was quickly passed and approved by the Governor. One of the provisions only of the original act was retained, viz.: that making owners responsible for damages done by their dogs. While the law existed it created a world of acrimonious discussion. Votes in its favor no doubt sealed the fate of quite a number of budding statesmen who had cherished aspirations for higher places of honor or profit. Some of them paid very dearly for what they attempted to do for the people in thus meddling with their canine friends. The old saying, "Love me, love my dog," seemed just as pertinent as ever.

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#### A LITERARY QUESTION SETTLED.

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For more than a quarter of a century the question of the authorship of that beautiful and oft-quoted poem, "There is no Death," has been in dispute. The writer attempted, fully twenty years ago, to induce his friend, the author, Mr. J. L.

McCreery, a well known Iowa man, to take steps to settle the question in a manner which should thenceforth admit of no doubt. He did not do this, and his poem has continued to go "the rounds of the press" and to be quoted in funeral oratory as the work of the late Lord Edward Bulwer Lytton, the distinguished author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and other great novels. True, within the past two or three years, Hon. Theodore S. Parvin and others, in the interest of justice, have undertaken to set the matter right—in fact, have well nigh dissipated all doubt upon the subject. Mr. McCreery also had written one or more letters relating to it, which seemed to be fairly conclusive. But nevertheless there were points which might be raised in the future, and tend to throw doubt upon these attempts to set the matter right. The principal difficulty in this direction was the fact of there being more than one version of the poem in circulation. We therefore, earnestly urged Mr. McCreery to consider all these points and present to our readers the history of his great poem, making everything relative to it clear and authoritative. This he has done. It affords us great pleasure to present his statement in our pages, accompanied by a fairly good reproduction of his portrait. We are spared the necessity of saying more concerning the poem, for his own account is full and graphic to a remarkable degree, and will be found exceedingly interesting.

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#### "FIT TO COMMAND AN INDEPENDENT ARMY."

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That General Marcellus M. Crocker had a strong hold upon the affections of the people of Des Moines is evinced by the facts that one of the foremost of the city schools, a street, a public park, a post of the Grand Army, and a railroad station near by, all bear his honored name. His old brigade, which won imperishable renown under his command, also holds a reunion every two years and publishes reports of its transactions. Many people still reside here who knew him intimately and well, the writer of this item among the number. He was two years at West Point, but had to leave the

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