

For now, with sad prophetic ken,
I see the last of that bold race
Glide from the busy walks of men
Away to their last resting-place.

For the harvesters are reaping
The ripe and golden grain,
And with measured steps are keeping
Right on, o'er hill and plain;

While the gleaners, close behind them,
O'er the stubble as they pass,
Are ever chanting to remind them
"All of earth is but as grass."

BURLINGTON, IOWA, February 13, 1873.

A WEDDING ON THE FRONTIER.

ONE day my husband received a summons to Burke's settlement, to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, as he should be expected to remain all night and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement, and we reached the log house of Mr. Burke, the father of the expected bride, about noon. A dozen tow-haired children were at the door awaiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm! marm! here's the elder and his woman! They're nothing but common folks! She's got a man's hat on and a turkey wing in front of it; his nose is just like dad's, crooked as a coy-horn squash."

Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a little vain!

"Sam!" cried a shrill female voice, from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll slap him into the pot! Sal, you quit that churning and sweep the

floor. Kick that corn-dodger under the bed. Bill, you wipe the tallow out of the cheer for the minister's wife, and be spry about it."

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat and bare feet, came forward, wiping her face with her apron.

"How do you do, elder? How d'ye do, marm? Must excuse my head—hain't had no chance to comb it since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air, hain't it? Shoo there! Bill, drive that turkey out of the bread trough. Sal, take the lady's things. Set right up to the fire, marm! Hands cold? Well, just run 'em in Bill's hair—we keep it long a purpose."

Bill presented his shaggy hair, but I declined with an involuntary shudder.

"Lawk, if she aint actually shivering," cried Mrs. Burke. "Bring in some more wood. Here, take this hot corn-dodger in your lap—it is as good as soapstone."

A frightful squall announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly afterward he was bouncing about in a four-quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sal returned to her churn, but the extraordinary visitor must have made her careless, for she upset the concern, and butter and butter-milk went swimming over the floor.

"Grab the ladle, Bill," cried Mrs. Burke, "and help dip it up. Take keer—don't put your snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty! Dick, do keep your feet out of the butter-milk, it won't be fit for the pigs when the butter is gethered. Drive that hen out, quick, she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sal, do try and churn a little more keerful. If you are going to be spliced ter-morrey, you needn't run crazy about it."

"I advise you to dry up!" remarked the bride-elect, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I had got fairly warmed dinner was ready, and you may be sure that I did not injure myself by over-eating.

Night came on early, and after a social chat about the event of the morrow, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pitch knot, and climbed a ladder in one corner of the room ; I hesitated.

"Come on," cried she, "don't be afraid : Sam, and Bill, and Dick, and all of ye, duck your heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm, and mind, or you'll smash your brains out against that beam. Take care of the hole where the chimney comes through."

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot in the end of a board, stumbled, and fell headlong through what appeared to be interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left, where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms and set me on my feet, remarking coolly : —

"What made you come that way ? We generally use the ladder."

I was duly commiserated, and at last got to bed. The less said about that night the better. Bill and Dick and four others slept in the room with us, and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep and dreamed I was just being shot from the muzzle of a columbiad, and was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me that it was morning.

The marriage was to take place before breakfast, and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder.

She was magnificent in green calico over a crinoline full four inches larger than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow neck-ribbon, and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a pug behind, and well adorned with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lem^V Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet, which had been hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted one

corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated with a stew pan, and a few sharp words from Sally advising him to mind his own business.

✓Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather, on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather, and the room was well filled.

"Now, elder," cried the bridegroom, "dive ahead! I want it done up nice; I'm able to pay for the job; do ye hear? Come, father, trot out your gal!"

But Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was, or not at all. We urged and coaxed, but she was firm; and it was finally concluded to let ^{her} have her own way.

Mr. Morrison arose, the happy couple joined hands through the rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel "Will you have the woman," etc., down came the coverlet, enveloping bridegroom and pastor, filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft and cut the strings which held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out, looked decidedly sheepish, and Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question, Lemuel responded: "To be sure; what else did I come here for?" And Sally replied, "Yaas, if you must know."

"Salute your bride," said Mr. Morrison, when all was over.

"I am ready to do anything, elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that, sir. Just show me how, and I'll do it if it kills me."

My husband drew back nervously, but Sally advanced, threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter.

"I vum, if I don't ditto!" cried Lemuel, and hastily taking a huge bite from a piece of maple sugar which he drew

from his pocket, he made a dash at me, smashed my collar, broke my watch guard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight of the company.

"Now, elder, what is the damages? Don't be afraid to speak."

"Whatever you please, said Mr. Morrison. Lemuel produced a piece of fur.

"There, elder," said he, "there's a piece of muskrat's skin; and out in the shed is two heads of cabbage, and you're welcome to the hull of it."

My husband bowed his thanks, the young people went to dancing, Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast, and at my earnest request, Mr. Morrison got our horse and we bade them adieu. I never should have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said that if he had seen the elder's wife before he married, Sally might have gone to the dickens.

"Alas, it might have been!"

✓ DISCOVERIES IN WESTERN AMERICA.

FIVE years ago, in 1868, a great river, gathering its waters for a thousand miles, among the deep gorges and snow-clad summits of the Rocky Mountains, plunged into the "Grand Canon" of the Colorado, and was lost for five hundred miles, till, as was supposed, it was found within one or two hundred miles of the Gulf of California. For half a century the nation had owned the mountains in which it had its origin, and for nearly half that time the head of the gulf into which it poured its waters; but the desert wastes through which it ran were as much a mystery as the

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