

5. Piece of mahogany from the banister on the stair-case of Mr. Henry Clay, at Ashland.

5. A piece of wood from the great oak tree under which George Fox, the founder of the religious society of Friends, preached his first sermon in America—on the farm of Samuel Parsons, Flushing, Long Island—two hundred years ago.

5. A piece of the gallows on which John Brown was executed, given by a soldier. Two regiments divided it, each man taking a small piece.

6. A piece of the great elm under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians.

7. A piece of the foundation stone of the first mill built in North America, on Darby Creek, Delaware county, Pennsylvania.

8. Limestone from the farm of Professor Morse.

9. Granite from the foundation of the mill built by George Washington, at Mount Vernon.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY PROF. I. PIERSON, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

FAIR dome of Art, to science rear'd,
The crowning pride of College Hill,
That hallowed spot, so long rever'd,
And dear to Love and Friendship still;
There, musing, mem'ry ponders yet,
O'r scenes she cannot well forget,
And weeps where Stony Lonesome* pours her rill.

*"Stony Lonesome," a name given by Fox Abrahams to the brook that courses down through his grounds and enters Hawkeye at the crossing of Seventh street, near the B. & M. machine shops.

Beyond thy feet, at a stone's throw,
Or arrow shot from sounding bow,
Within a vale once set with wood,
The first but rude-built school house stood.

By the old fathers it was rear'd,
Far back in our heroic age—
To have their children well prepar'd
To act their part upon Life's stage.

Around the room the scholars sat,
On wooden benches without backs;
And bonnet, satchel, cap and hat,
Were hung on pegs, instead of racks.

A score of youth, of every age,
Each morning to the school repair'd,
To con the dull, black-letter'd page;
And those who failed most sadly far'd.

The text-books were of the old style,
And, too, were scarce, and hard to get—
For paste-board oft supplied the while
The infant with an alphabet.

Old Barlow, famous in his day,
Essay'd to teach the youth to spell,
And Dayball then, instead of Ray,
Instructed them to *reckon* well.

In grammar, Murray was the rage
(For Kirkham was but little known);
He was esteem'd the letter'd sage—
The scholar, to full stature grown.

And o'er his page they por'd for years,
With burning brain and aching heart;
And, after many stripes and tears,
Perhaps, acquir'd his prosy art.

The master, he was plain of speech,
In temper quick, in judgment clear,
But skillful in the art to teach,
Yet in discipline most severe.

From the Palmetto State he came,
In quest of fame, or health, or gold;
And Tucker was the good man's name—
And though not young, he was not old.

In stature tall, but slender made,
In shoulders stoop'd, or somewhat bent,
With features coarse, but o'er them play'd
A smile that softness to them lent.

His eyes were small, of hazel hue,
With a wry squint whene'er he spoke;
In mien sedate was he to view,
And yet, withal, he lov'd a joke.

Woe! woe! the day to truant boy,
Who loiter'd on his way to school;
Or stopped by Lonesome's side to toy
With the sly minnows of the pool.

Or clomb yon downward threat'ning steps,
And from its summit on the vale
Made the huge rocks in thunder leap,
Loud echoing round o'r hill and dale.

Or little maid from tiresome book,
When came the spring, with daisies crown'd,
To cowslip bank, by running brook,
Away with lightsome heart would bound.

Forget her task and all its care,
And in some cool, sequestered spot,
With jonquils deck her sunny hair,
Or wreaths of sweet forget-me-not.

Such sportive feats will often draw
The task-worn youth away from school,
Unmindful that the broken law
Is mended oft by the ferule.

Such was the master, such the books
They studied in the olden times,
When forests nodded o'er our brooks,
And song birds pip'd their merry chimes.

I knew him well—we often met
In the old, adventurous years,
Remember'd still with fond regret,
And often dim our eyes with tears.

His home was on yon wood-topp'd hill,
Far south the sunny school house dell;
There you may mark its ruins still,
Where wealth and culture deigns to dwell.†

Up Lonesome's side his pathway led
Some thirty rods, then clomb the hill,
Thro' shelt'ring woods, then reached his shed,
Which graced the ground he used to till.

His wife was a good-natured dame,
Who kept her house and children neat;
Thro' ev'ry phase of life the same,
And never gossip'd round the street.

And here they lived in sweet content,
Nor once impugn'd the ways of Heaven,
But blessed the good or ill it sent
With their heart-off'rings, morn and even.

† "*Where wealth and culture deigns to dwell.*"—The residence of Superintendent Perkins, of the B. & M Railroad, stands on the site of the cabin built by Benjamin Tucker, who taught the first school in Burlington, in 1837; and, if I mistake not, the building or part of it, still stands.

The master, he hath long since gone
To the lone city of the dead.†
His scholars have to manhood grown,
And o'er the earth by fortune led.

The grand old woods that crown'd the hill
Where curled so oft the wigwam's smoke,
Went crashing down along the rills,
To the stern axman's sturdy stroke.

No vestige of their pride is left
On winding vale or woody steep,
By the strong hand of Progress reft,
And e'en the rocks were made to weep.

The squirrel's bark no more is heard
From hollow tree on woody hight,
Nor piping note of tuneful bird
Proclaims the steps of rosy light.

Then rose our youth from its wild dream,
That so bewilder'd heart and brain,
When Commerce stemm'd our mighty stream,
And Ceres wav'd her sheaves of grain.

Up sprung our manhood in its might,
With a fair city at our feet,
With Art's proud palace on each hight,
And Learning sought her wonted seat.

Still o'er thy hills, fair city, rise!
A thing of beauty, joy, and light,
The first-born of proud Iowa's skies,
The first that burst her savage night.

† "*The lone city of the dead.*"—He died in the fall of 1838, and was buried in the grounds near the site occupied by the high school building, if it is not precisely over his grave.

And thou, fair dome! thy currets rear
Above the ashes of those men
Who came from far to do and dare,
Despite the foe of rock and glen.

From Vermont's hills, and Hampshire plain,
And Hudson's seaward-rolling tide,
From Appalachia's mountain chain,
And fair Ohio's wat'ry pride,

With stern, unflinching will they came,
With hearts of oak and nerves of steel,
The savage western wilds to tame,
And ope new fields to Christian zeal.

Her Alma Mater may'st thou be,
The nursing mother of her youth;
That wisdom teach that makes us free,
And spotless keeps the shrine of Truth.

And like those towers on Loch Neah's side,
That backward point to other days,
Those days of Erin's power and pride,
When minstrels sung O'Brian's praise,—

Be thou her monumental stone,
To link the past with coming years,
To show how thy just pride hast grown,
Thro' the old settlers' toils and tears.

And from thy halls may some one spring,
Some master spirit of the lyre,
Whose touch shall make each tuneful string
Resound the praise of son and sire.

Resound their deeds from mem'ry's page
"In thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"
That each succeeding race and age
May crown with pride each mould'ring urn.

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

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