

*Resolved*, That, as this Academy is legally incorporated under the laws of the state of Iowa, and although five annual sessions have expired — the term of years for which scholarships were issued and notes given therefor by parties receiving said certificates of scholarship — that we intend to provide for and continue its annual sessions, and earnestly solicit that Prof. Perkins continue as musical director, believing that, with him as principal, its marked success will be uninterrupted.

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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

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BY HAWKINS TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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AT the first election under the territorial organization of Iowa in Lee county, in 1838, the contest was for the location of the county seat. "Fort Madison" and "anti-Fort Madison" — the real contending points being Fort Madison and West Point. The "Half Breed Tract," that figured so largely in politics and law afterwards, was scarcely taken into account in this contest. There were few voters then in the district, no title to the lands, and not much hopes of there being any title to them soon. The Wisconsin legislature had, the winter previous, appointed a commission, consisting of Edward Tohune, Thomas Wilson, of Dubuque, and D. T. Brigham, of Wisconsin, to adjust and settle the title to the lands. This commission was then in session at Montrose; at least Tohune was there and looking after the matter, what time he could spare from shaking with the ague and protecting himself from the fleas, a legacy left that place when the dragoons went away, and enjoyed by the citizens for many years, and, for all I know, up to the present time.

The candidates on the Fort Madison side were General I. B. Brown, for the Council, John Bix, Joshua Owens, Wm. Anderson, and one or two others that I have forgotten the names of, for the House. On the part of the opposition, Stephen H. Burtis, for the Council, Col. Wm. Patterson, Calvin T. Price, James Brierly, and Hawkins Taylor, for the House of Representatives. Burtis and Brierly lived at Nashville, on the "Half Breed Tract," the others in West Point. B. W. Gillock was a candidate, at the same time, for sheriff. There were several other candidates against Gillock. Gillock, Patterson, and myself were all from the same section in Kentucky. I was the only whig on the West Point ticket. Although party politics had no part in the contest, I wrote out a flaming circular, promising everything that I thought the voters wanted, and we all, on one ticket, adopted the circular, but each man his own share with his own name to it, the only difference being in the name attached to it. For this kind of handbill much fun was made by the Fort Madison people. Patterson, Gillock, and myself made a canvass of the "Half Breed Tract," down the Mississippi and up the Des Moines river. There were, at that time, not more than one hundred voters on the tract, and at least eighty of them had the ague; so that it was almost impossible to get anything to eat. Everybody was kind, and no one charged for what they gave you—they would have been insulted if you had offered pay. One evening, about sun-down, we got to old man Hinkle's, in the west part of the county. We were nearly starved. The old man was a good, square-set, long, white-bearded Dutchman—the exact counterpart of "Billy Button" of that day, who figured in all circus performances. He was a new settler, just starting in a new country. He had a large family of excellent boys and girls, who, like himself, were kind, honest, and industrious. We saw a large number of well-grown young chickens running around, and no Methodist minister ever enjoyed the sight more than we

did; but at supper, 'nary chicken made his appearance. ✓Gillock at once soured on "Billy Buttons," as he dubbed the host, although he was a good democrat, and showed some inclination, with all of his boys, to vote our ticket. At breakfast, as at supper, no chicken was visible, but both meals consisted of milk and corn-bread. I do not think that Gillock ever thought of that night without using bad language. Our ticket was elected, with the exception of ✓Burtis, who was defeated by ✓Brown.

Gillock was a curious character. No man ever asked him for a favor that he did not grant, if he could; yet there was nothing reckless that he did not do. As sheriff, he was collector of taxes, and was never known to refuse taxes when offered. As there was no title to the Half Breed lands, ✓and a law of the legislature made the payment of taxes a sort of squatter's right to the land, he was very successful in collecting the tax; in one case, he was known to receive the taxes on one quarter section of land, adjoining Keokuk, from seven different persons. At that time, each quarter section was taxed two dollars and fifty cents, without reference to location or value.

On one occasion, while in St. Louis, and out of funds (a not uncommon occurrence with him), many years before there was any railroad to that city, when all the travel was by steamboat, Gillock saw an Ohio river boat about leaving, crowded with deck passengers. He went on board, with his memorandum book in hand, and collected thirty-eight dollars passage money from the passengers, assuming to be the clerk of the boat.

On another occasion, while going from court at ✓West Point to ✓Fort Madison, with several chums, he overtook some movers going back to the Indians. They had moved out the year before and settled on the Des Moines ✓river, but had had the "ager," and were now going back. Gillock and his party were in a jolly mood, and, after passing the wagons a short distance, they overtook a couple who ap-

peared very loving. Gillock at once saw a chance for some fun, and got off his horse and walked along with them, soon learning that they belonged to the outfit and wanted to get married. Gillock told them that it was most fortunate that they had met him, as he was the man that attended to all such matters, and instructed them to have the families camp below town, and go themselves to Mrs. Knapp's tavern, and that in the meantime he would get the license and meet them at the hotel, where he would marry them. In due time the couple arrived at the hotel, where Gillock and a few of his set met them, and married them with great solemnity. The next morning the newly married pair joined their friends and went on to the "Indians," as well married as anybody, if they never heard to the contrary. Gillock and his friends went back to West Point to court the next day, full of the joke, but the next morning the grand jury made the joke a bitter one by returning to court a bill of indictment against Gillock, for assuming to marry people for fun. Gillock was at once put on trial, and, for the first time in his life, he was in real trouble. Big drops of sweat rolled down his cheeks while the trial progressed. The penalty was imprisonment for five years in the penitentiary, but the jury acquitted him, and so he escaped, thankful to the hard law for his acquittal. Soon after this he went to El Paso, Texas, and kept hotel there, where he died.

The "Half Breed Tract" brought Ed. Johnston to Iowa, and in looking back over the thirty-five years since I first met him, there is no one that I think has seen so much of the best side of life as he has, and no one is better entitled to such enjoyment. Politically, always on the wrong side, but always in the jolliest and best natured way in the world, he saw and enjoyed a joke, and enjoyed it equally well if at the expense of his own party, and when in office he was everything that an officer should be. When he was commissioner to settle the title to the "Half Breed Tract," he boarded at "Sweet William's," in Montrose. "Sweet Wil-

liam" had, as man-of-all-work, an old soldier of several enlistments, who had enjoyed much pious instruction and was piously inclined, but the flesh was too much for him at times. Ed. bargained with him, for fifty cents a week, not to steal anything from him, and he sacredly kept the pledge. This compromise arrangement of the Judge is the key to his success since.

At one time, when there was an effort to divide Lee county, the people of Fort Madison sent General Brown, among others, down to Keokuk to get up a healthy sentiment against the measure. They stopped at the "Box Trap," kept, and well kept, by my noble friend and prince of hotel-keepers, L. B. Fleak. The "Box Trap" was on the side hill, below Main street. Brown and his party were put in an upper front room. It was in the dead of winter, the river was frozen over solid, and the night still, bright, and clear. Brown and friends, joined by others of Keokuk, had some red-eye, and enjoyed a social game of euchre. Towards midnight, Brown said he felt like hallooing; the party said if he wanted to halloo, to "go it." So he raised the sash, stuck out his head, and gave several Indian yells that waked the town, if not the people in Warsaw, Illinois. Fleak, who had gone to bed, came rushing up to see what was the matter, but all was serene in the room. Brown, in his politest mood, asked pardon, and Fleak went to bed. Very soon the General said he felt like giving them another sample of the war whoop; the party again advised him to whoop, and he again gave the Indian yell. Fleak again made his appearance, when the General made his politest bow, asked pardon, and Fleak again returned to bed. Very soon the General insisted that he felt like giving the Camanche war whoop; the party said they would be delighted to hear him, and the window was raised and the Camanche war whoop given. Fleak again appeared at the door, and Brown was politer than ever; but this time Fleak told him that he kept a quiet house, and would not allow

any disturbance in it. The General fully endorsed all that he said in praise of his house, and Fleak went to bed again. Very soon the General insisted that he had not done the Camanche justice, and must try it over; the party insisted on hearing him, and the yell, with all of the variations, was given. Fleak again appeared, this time to notify the General that his horse would be at the door, saddled, within a few minutes. The General thanked him politely, and, with his companions, was soon on his way, at three o'clock in the morning, to "Hog Thief Hollow," a few miles from Keokuk.

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HON. THEODORE S. PARVIN.

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THE chiselled marble, the unhewn granite,— nay, "the everlasting hills" themselves, crumble at the touch of Time, and the face of all nature obeys the law of Change impressed upon it by the wearing friction of time. It may take a decade or two to wear out the letters cut by fame or affection on the polished gravestone, a century to crumble the granite in the virgin soil, or a millennium of time to level the mountain; but the features of man, varying with each breath of emotion, like

—————"the shade  
By the light, quivering aspen made,"

will register by their changes the flight of days, and sometimes even of moments, and when a short fraction of a century is gone, his face is no longer the same, but another.

Rummaging lately among the literary relics of a by-gone day, we accidentally fell upon the engraving we present (all "unbeknownst" to the original) with this number, and which is an excellent portrait of Hon. Theodore S. Parvin, as he appeared in the year 1848, but bearing but a slight

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