

The life of Mr. Bloomer has been one of busy activity. As a prominent member of the ^VOdd Fellows, his pen has for years contributed to its best literature, and even now, as we write, he is a contributor to these ANNALS, and an editor of a local journal of wide influence. A sincere Christian, an honest, candid, industrious citizen, who knowing his duty, is fearless in the discharge of it, is the man whom all who know delight to honor as D. C. BLOOMER.

^VWEST POINT WEDDINGS.

^VBY HAWKINS TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

YOUR account of a wedding on the frontier puts me in mind of one of my own experiences in splicing a couple — for you must know that I have been constable, justice of the peace, alderman, and mayor, but never president. In 1836, ^VDavid Penrod came to ^VLee county and took a claim in the timber a mile south of ^VWest Point. He came from Johnson county, Illinois. His business in Illinois was that of a hunter, the game being deer, turkey, and hog. As the country settled up, hog hunting was most profitable, and his table was oftener served with pork than venison. Unfortunately, some meddlesome persons complained to the grand jury about his hog hunting. Some of his friends being on the jury, they posted him of the charge, which made him so indignant that he left the state, and left it without being particular in the manner of going. He brought with him to Iowa a dog, a gun, a wife, and two daughters, and built on his claim a small log shanty, dirt floor, clap-board roof, no loft; he had two beds, supported on two poles, one end

resting on a fork driven down into the ground and the other end in a crack between the logs; on top of these poles were cross-sticks for slats, running into a crack of the house; on these was some straw, a few deer skins, and an old quilt. The two beds covered nearly all of one end of the house. The only seats were three-legged stools, and the table was a puncheon. Fuge Martin courted one of the daughters with success, and I was employed to bind the bargain. About the middle of the afternoon I slipped out, hoping to get off without being seen, but some of the boys about town had heard of the wedding and were watching my movements, so that I hardly got through the ceremony before half a dozen came rushing in to see the fun. The bride was dressed in a copperas, home-spun dress, Tennessee stripe, and barefooted. Penrod and wife were sitting, one in each corner, near the fire, on stools, and both looking savage. Neither spoke to me. Martin and his Grandfather Clark, with the Penrod family, made up the party, when I got there. Grandfather Clark was one of the early characters of the country. He never came to town without getting tight, and every other word with him was "Hello, Molly." Grandfather Clark, as soon as I went in, said: "Hello, Molly, they think my grandson not good enough for their gal; Hello Molly, I think it an even swap. Hello Molly, Fuge is no account, but Hello Molly, he is as good as the Penrods. Hello Molly, Fuge, bring out your gal." About this time the crowd came out from town, when old Penrod got furious, but no one paid any attention to him. Fuge and his "gal" stood up, and I tied them, when the grandpapa took from his pocket a flask of "forty-rod" whisky, approved brand, and said: "Hello, Molly, let's have a drink." After taking a good swig he offered it to me, when I refused. "Hello, Molly, never heard of the like before." He then gave the bride a suck, which she appeared to enjoy, then her sister, then the bridegroom, and after that he offered it to Penrod and wife, but they indignantly refused, probably the first time in their lives that they ever

refused such beverages. The old man then looked at his flask and the new arrivals, but he saw that it would not go round, when he turned to the newly-married pair and drank their health: "Hello, Molly, here's to you, hoping that the first may be a gal and a boy; Hello, Molly." So far as I know, the union was a happy one — it was at least a fruitful one in the increase of numbers.

A few weeks after this I married another nephew of ✓ Grandfather Clark, of his own name, a ✓ Miss Duke being the bride — a rather dashing-looking young lady, and fashionably dressed for that day among the timber settlers. Young Clark had only a couple of weeks acquaintance with her, having met her at a "settlers' party." About four or five months after the wedding the old man Clark came dashing into the store at ✓ West Point, and the first words were: "Hello, Molly, Frank's wife has got a little one, but Hello, Molly, she is good enough for him if she'd had two." The incident created no unpleasantness in the family. Clark was a philosopher. My fees are still outstanding, but the splicing remained solid, without flaw. Probably it was more the result of the virtue of the people than the manner of the work on my part.

Those were happy days. No bloated aristocrats running their railroads at that day, or running their engines over peoples' dogs and cats. If a farmer living in Wapello had wheat to sell he could haul it to ✓ Jimmy Death's mill in ✓ Keokuk, and get thirty-seven and a half cents a bushel for it in calico and ribbons. If he wanted to visit his friends in an adjoining county he could walk, and not be forced, as now, to go in a hurry. If he wanted to take his family, he could take his horses and cow, as Grant does when he goes to Long Branch, and be independent. But I do not believe that Iowa can be got back into the good old ways again; but there are places, although they are getting scarce, where you can get away from railroads and Grecian bends for a while; Arizona will do, and New Mexico will do for a good while yet. It seems that it would be

worth while to at least try it, on the part of the good people that have been and are now ruined by railroads. I would at least advise them to send out a committee of explorers, to make a report at a future day.

✓ANAMOSA.---ORIGIN OF ITS NAME.

BY E. ✓BOOTH, EDITOR OF THE ✓ANAMOSA EUREKA.

THE city council of Anamosa recently ordered the engraving of a municipal seal, with suitable device, and Mayor Dott has now had it done. It is of the usual shape and size, with the words, "SEAL OF THE CITY OF ANAMOSA, IOWA," around the border, and within the circle is the handsome figure of a White Fawn, the signification of the name Anamosa. And now for the origin of the name as applied to our city.

The writer of this came here in 1839, a little over thirty-four years ago, when ✓Indians were plenty enough to be often seen. In the summer of 1840, in partnership with Col. ✓David Wood—who died in the following winter— we erected a frame house in what is now Brown Avenue, east of its intersection with High street. The place had been but recently laid out as a town, and named ✓Dartmouth, but the plat was never recorded, and therefore the survey amounted to nothing. In 1841 Col. Wood died, and ✓Gideon H. Ford, who came in 1838, married his widow, and we sold him our ownership in the dwelling. This was the first building erected in what is now Anamosa, and was the first frame dwelling built in the county. Mr. Ford removed it to the present site of the main building known as the old ✓Wapsipinicon Hotel, at the lower end of Main street, and it was used as a hotel for travelers and boarders until 1849,

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