

Our old pioneer has remained in the land of his dreams. His farm has been changed into a town; the town has grown into a city, and the land has become valuable. He has remained poor. Public spirited, he has helped every one. He has freely contributed to every public enterprise. Has signed every note, every bond, until he has lost his all. He is poor, but respected. His name is known by every one and is enrolled among the great ones in history. His likeness is sold in the stores and forms the premium of the local papers. He lives to a good old age, and when he dies the community mourn his loss. He has been a father to them all. He has given his all for their welfare, and in return his name is chiseled into the face of immortality. H.

PUSH-I-TO,

OR THE OLD MAN OF THE CREEK.

HE was once young and full of hope; was born and grew to manhood in one of the beautiful valleys of Western Pennsylvania. He had just finished his course in the famous Rush Medical College in Philadelphia, and returned home to practice his chosen profession, when the Angel of Death spread his wings over the household of "The One" he loved as a child, a girl, and a woman, and claimed her as his own.

His Ange was dead. For weeks after the death of his promised wife his great strong mind tottered on the verge of insanity, but his fine physical organization triumphed, and he seemed himself again. His friends, anxious for his good, procured him a surgeon's commission in the regular army. He quickly joined his regiment at St. Louis, and was attached to the command of Lieutenant Pike; was with him on his expedition up the Mississippi in 1805. And subsequently was with Lieutenant Pike on his exploration to the Southwest, and was made prisoner with the command by the Mexicans, at or near Santa Fe, and marched on foot as pris-

oners of war to the city of Mexico, where, by the demand of the Washington government, they were released and returned home.

He was with General Pike until after the General's death, at Little York, in 1814. After the war of 1812, his regiment was sent out to the frontier again; and fifteen or twenty years prior to 1840, he was seen on what the Indians called Pushito, or Creek of the Old Man. The Indians frequently referred to the old man of the creek as living on Pushito a long time, in the year 1840. His cabin was still standing and looked as though it had been built for fifteen or twenty years. This tradition was gathered from the Indians and a woman who lived on the frontier all her life, and had frequently talked with the old man of the creek, and from him learned this tradition of his life.* He never gave his name, but when asked about it, he would answer, "A medicine man." His long, silvery white hair covered his shoulders. He held intercourse with very few persons, and seemed to have lived entirely secluded and alone. His old rusty sword and pistols were at the home of the woman alluded to. The manner and time of his death is unknown. Those who had known him in life were of the opinion that, when the dread messenger came, he went to a place that he had prepared for himself, and there, secure from wild beasts and birds, alone passed to the unknown realms beyond the grave, where, as he had frequently said, "he would meet his only love awaiting to welcome him to a better world."

Pushito, or the Creek of the Old Man, rises in Iowa county and runs in an easterly direction through the south side of Iowa and Johnson counties.—*An 1840 Seeker After a Home.*

*The Editor would like to hear from this woman or her descendents, where the sword and pistol are.

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