A Golden Wedding

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There are hundreds of pamphlets no doubt, *in the offices of lawyers and in editorial rooms*, of no use to their present owners, at present left to gather accumulations of dust, but which would be regarded as prizes by the Historical Department. In fact, we have assisted, during the past three years, in extracting from such "innocuous desuetude" a large number of very valuable publications. Some of these same pamphlets—Iowa pamphlets, too—are worth $50 each, and yet they might almost any day have been sacrificed in kindling a fire, or have been destroyed in a conflagration. Especially precious are most of the reports and other public documents published by the State prior to 1860. We shall prize gifts of all such publications, and feel deeply grateful to those who assist us in obtaining them.

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**A GOLDEN WEDDING.**

We are sure that thousands of Iowa people, as well as many far beyond our borders, were heartily rejoiced to learn that Hon. Theodore S. Parvin and his excellent wife were spared to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, on the 17th day of May last. It is seldom, indeed, that two such useful and harmonious lives are spared to each other for half a century after their union in marriage. That Mr. Parvin, in many directions, has been one of the most useful, as he has been one of the best known and most distinguished men in Iowa, goes without saying. This is a truth known to everybody. His reputation rests upon his own personal merits—his own hard work—and has not risen from any adventitious aids, as of politics, wealth or social surroundings. He has hewed out his own career, and it has been as remarkable in point of success as it is unique in character. He is one man among a million. We know not where another could be found capable of becoming so distinctly useful in the highly intellectual paths which he has pursued. From the day that he entered upon his duties as Private Secretary to Robert Lucas, the first Governor of Iowa Territory, until now, the man's head has been full of
wise plans for benefiting his fellow man, while his busy hands are never idle. His pluck, energy and endurance are remarkable. Even now, at the age of seventy-six, his frame seems as flexible and wiry, his mental powers as bright, as when we first began to know something of him, almost forty years ago. It would be an easy task to set forth some of his more useful labors, but they are known and appreciated by every intelligent citizen of Iowa.

Mr. Theodore S. Parvin and Miss Agnes McCully were married at Muscatine, Iowa, on the 17th day of May, 1843, by the Reverend Samuel Stocker, a Presbyterian clergyman. Of the witnesses of this event, but one, a sister of Mr. Parvin, is now living. Very few, indeed, of the residents of Muscatine at that time have survived to see this day. Mrs. Parvin has reached the age of seventy-four. During all these years no Iowa woman has enjoyed a wider acquaintance or been more thoroughly respected. In the direction of unobtrusive and unheralded charity, as a life-long member of the church of her choice, and in the social circle in which she has moved, this quiet, undemonstrative woman has won the highest measure of respect and esteem. Many a poor student at our great University, during the years that Mr. Parvin was one of the professors, found friends in the day of need in this kind and benevolent and always thoughtful couple. From many of these students, long since established as prosperous members of distant communities, have come the most grateful acknowledgments of well remembered aid when they were struggling alone and unfriended to obtain an education.

The occasion was an especially happy one to Mr. and Mrs. Parvin. Letters and tasteful presents were received from dear old friends in and out of the State. In the evening the beautiful Masonic Library—that great institution founded by the Parvins—was brilliantly lighted up, and music and pleasant greetings fitly rounded out the day. That the parties may "still live" for many and many a happy year is the earnest hope of troops of friends.