



Jones County

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Once there was neighborhood called Frozen Hill located in Canton area

by John Clark
Monmouth, Iowa

About the turn of the century an insurance salesman drove his team into Onslow from the south and inquired of the first man he saw on the street, "Where is this place called Frozen Hill"? The answer he got puzzled him a little.

"You go straight north from here about three miles to a crossroad called Fadley's Corners. That's where Frozen Hill neighborhood begins. It extends north from there about three and one-half miles to the Maquoketa river, or east about three and one-half miles to the Orr and Green farms, and then due north to the river at Clay Mills. That's about the area of the Frozen Hill country. Now, who are you trying to find out there?"

Easy to find if you had a place from which to start.

The Frozen Hill neighborhood was 20 years older than Onslow. It was near neighbor to the Canton settlement which dates in the 1830s. Some early settlers in Jones county came to the area through Canton, and some few came through Dubuque. The Smith Ferry at Bellevue was a popular crossing place to get into Iowa. From there to Andrew, then to Canton, was an established route into eastern Jones county.

For the most part the first roads followed the ridges through the timber. In Jackson county there was an almost continuous ridge from near Fulton, to Iron Hill, to Emeline, to Canton, and this established road became an "entry trail" from the Mississippi river to Jones county. From Canton west, another ridge road extends half way across Clay township.

My grandfather, David Clark, followed his trail in 1858 to get to Scotch Grove, and it was the common route that led the Carpenters, the Bachelors, the Orrs, the Dennisons, the Frenchs, the Ecklers, the Greens, the Walters, and others into Clay Mills in the '50s.

Up the river from Canton, Walters

established a saw mill and flour mill together with a store and the place soon had a post office. It became an important trading point for much of Clay township, even giving Canton competition. When Onslow was starting in 1871, it was quite common to obtain sawed lumber and flour from Walter's Mill at Clay Mills.

CLAY FORD

A few miles further up the river was another place of some importance. They had discovered a spot where a good ford across the river was possible and it soon had a small store and post office and was known as Clay Ford. It was a convenient crossing place for local people and for travelers to and from Cascade, a growing town on the north fork of the Maquoketa river on the border line between Jones and Dubuque counties.

In the late 1880s, Hannah Jenkins was the store keeper and postmaster, and owned a large tract of land surrounding the ford. She had the biggest patch of gooseberries on the bottom land. Folks from quite an area came to pick a supply of berries "for free." It was a standing joke in that region to state that you had gone to pick berries on Hannah's bottom. The Jones County Atlas of 1893 still listed a post office at Clay Ford.

TWO SCHOOLS -- TWO CHURCHES

Two rural schools served the area I have outlined. Victory school district was in the left center of Clay township. The Sutton school was in the center, and thus became the voting place for the township. (Ed. note: This building still stands near the edge of the paved road west of Canton, on the farm owned by James T. McDonald, but is now in need of repair.)

At the Victory school location a large church was built by the Baptists, but this was later taken over by the Presbyterians and named Bethel church. It later affiliated with the Onslow Presbyterian church, had services each Sunday, sharing

the minister with the Onslow church. The one-acre of land for church yard and school was donated by William Eckler.

A Latter Day Saints church was built between the Ed Green and Rill Green farms in section 22, and services were conducted there by the Latter Day Saints group for many years until the Greens moved from the township. Finally the building was bought by George Reid and moved to his farm for use as a farm building.

A NEIGHBORHOOD ORGANIZATION

From the foregoing account you can see that an area with two stores, two post offices, a saw mill and flour mill, three or four creameries, two schools, two churches, the Presbyterian with well organized Ladies Aid Society, a Justice of Peace Court, a threshing ring, a well laid out and maintained cemetery -- it had good reasons to regard itself as a distinctive neighborhood.

WHENCE THE NAME FROZEN HILL

There are several versions but the most plausible is that the school kids at Victory school named it. About 1880 near the Clay cemetery there were three or four families with many school children -- Sam Reids with five, the Frenchs with several, the Dennisons with several. Each school day the kids would meet at the Dennison corners and about a dozen strong they would go the three-quarters mile west to the Carpenter corners, and then one quarter mile south up the hill to the schoolhouse.

As they left the valley road and turned south up the hill, they often remarked, "Now we go up to the Frozen Hill." Repeated often enough, the name spread to the parents and others and in time stuck. It soon was applied to both school and church and, given a little more time, grew to include the 3½ mile square area previously outlined, determined by the area covered by the church membership

The Irish were the prime settlers--

and attendance.

I am inclined to accept the school kids claim as it was told to me by my uncle, John Reid, who had lived with the Sam Reid family and attended Frozen Hill school in the winter of 1881-2. John Reid, age 15, had come from Ireland in 1881 and was obliged to work for his uncle, Sam Reid, for a year to pay for his passage to America.

That plan was followed by many in the area. An established relative here would send money to enable younger relatives back in Ireland to get here, and the youngsters would work for one year on the farm to repay the obligations. This practice was an important step in pioneer life and progress in the midwest.

And by the way, the Frozen Hill neighborhood was settled almost entirely by the Irish.

PRIVATE GLACIER

Thousands of years ago an ice sheet many feet thick came down from the north across much of Iowa and helped create some excellent farm land in parts of Jones county. There is evidence that a small splinter of that ice sheet came into and ended its journey right in the Frozen Hill neighborhood.

The evidence shows that this small section advanced across the northeast corner of Scotch Grove township, and entered Clay township, at section 7, proceeded southeast about three miles to the old Hugh Corbett farm in section 16, where it pushed up a 49-foot high pile of sand. Where it stopped, melted and drained away.

The glacier's end is called a terminal moraine. At the base of this pile of sand was a spring of water that flowed summer and winter for many years. The sand washing down has about hidden the spring at the present time, but the pile of sand is still plainly in view. In time, wind and rain may destroy all evidence that it ever existed.

As the glacier proceeded on its course, about a half mile wide in section 7, narrowing to less than a quarter mile near its end, it deposited sand on the north side of its course, but no sand is noticeable on the southern edge. As it moved along, perhaps only a few feet per year, it filled hollows, gouged out depressions, and left sand ridges that are still evident today.

It dropped a large boulder on the Old Dennison farm, created a permanent pond just south of the cemetery on the old French farm, and ended its forward movement about a half mile east by pushing up the sand hill into the hills of clay on the Hugh Corbett farm.

The ice sheets simply stopped, melted down, and drained away when they got far enough south. But the trail they left behind is interesting to note. We could say that it

is rather unique that our little Frozen Hill neighborhood had its own private glacier that touched not the hills to the south or the north, but helped to produce a small but very rich valley area from section 7 to section 16 in Clay township, right in the middle of Frozen Hill neighborhood.

BIG CHANGE IN SMALL AREA

Today, little is left of the neighborhood elements that cemented the small area together. The store, the post office, the creamery, the school, the churches, the threshing rings, are long since gone. About all that remains is the cemetery whose stones with the names and dates, tell a silent story of a closely knit and distinctive neighborhood that once was.

One situation that demanded action by the community was the repetition of given names -- too many Johns or Joes, or Wills. There were two Joe Orrs so one became "Big Joe" and the other "Long Joe." Two John Orrs, so one was just "John" and the other "Jack." Two Will Orrs, so one was just "Will" and the other "Thresher Bill," as he had a threshing rig. Two George Reids, so one became "George" and the one of smaller stature was "Little George." Two John Reids, so one was "John" and the other was called "John-George."

I tell you this because it was necessary to have community acceptance of the names to keep things straight. You can also see that communications from outside the neighborhood could also get involved and general acceptance of the assigned names was very necessary.

THE IRISH DID IT

It was my privilege to meet and visit with some of the first Frozen Hill pioneers -- William Eckler, John Dennison, Joe Hanna, Samuel Reid and members of the families of the Orrs, Scroggies, Frenchs, Walters, Carpenters, Chattertons, Greens, Mackerils, Corbetts, Fletchers, Ames, Hamiltons, Hortons, Keatings, Snyders, Carsons and others, all Irish, and all of whom took great pride in their neighborhood, and the success they had in developing a fine community in a new country.

What happened to the Old Frozen Hill neighborhood has happened to hundreds of other small settlements over the state, and the general public has accepted it all in the name of progress. The name, Frozen Hill, will no doubt be applied to that area for years to come.

President's message

Dear Reader:

The Jones County Historical Society is again off and running with the beginning of this new year. Much is in store for the Society this year, and I hope to be able to make an astounding announcement later on, as regards a bequest to the Society and people of Jones county.

As we were unable to get going last fall on the building that will be remodeled into the society's library, it has a first priority this spring. We will need some volunteer help with this, and will appreciate your contacting the Society at Box 124, Monticello, or calling Gus Norlin at 465-3564 weekdays and indicating your desire to help. You need not be a paid member of the Society to offer this assistance.

If your subscription is expiring or expired, don't forget to renew RIGHT NOW. We cannot afford to send out reminders. The "Review" is absolutely a NON-PROFIT venture, and is published simply for your enjoyment. It carries no advertisements for subsistence, and depends solely upon your interest in the Society and Jones county history.

Many people keep these issues bound and they will increase in value as the year move on. All issues (right up to date) are worth more than they cost at the time you subscribed. Many people also give the "Review" as birthday or Christmas gifts, and remember, the Society offers a one-time gift subscription at the reduced rate of only \$4.50 per year.

When subscribing or giving a gift subscription we ask that you PRINT the correct name AND complete address with zip code. The post office will not forward or return incorrectly addressed "Reviews," as they go out at a nonprofit reduced rate of postage, which does not permit forwarding or return. We notify all gift recipients of your gift and for the occasion.

We need your support.

Thanks
C. L. "Gus" Norlin

For those of you wondering why the first issue of this volume for 1980 is so late, we have been conducting a membership-subscription drive that was not over until April 10. Subsequent issues will be on time. The drive is over and those who have not resubscribed will probably not be able to fill out their volumes.

Do you know anyone who is interested in Jones county history? Invite them to join the Historical Society today.

Sewall performs brotherly duty; writes to his sisters

(Editor's note: "The Farwell Biographies - 1751 to 1865", compiled and written by Luna Farwell Templeton, continues in Volume 6, Issue 1 of the Jones County Historical Review.

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The Farwell story continues with Sewall Farwell's letters to his sisters written Dec. 27, 1854.)

"Dear Sisters,

Mother says that I must write you, and send the letter with hers, and although it is a tough job, I must not grumble . . . The health of this family is good, and we are managing to get along without very hard labor. We have been cutting sawlogs lately to be sawed into boards to make a shed, which we have made out of stacks, and now we want some snow to harden them. This shed will be 30 ft. by 70, and will shelter the cows.

Nothing transpired on Christmas here, worthy of the day, unless it was a shooting match at Monticello, which I did not attend. Mother and I talked of going to Quasqueton pretty strong, but finally gave it up. I hope that you had a good time.

The people on the Prairie seem to be determined to have an academy of their own. They have over a thousand dollars subscribed for the buildings, and they met yesterday to appoint a committee to select a site. There will be brick burned here next season, and Blodgett talks of putting up a saw mill. They also begin to move about a bell for the church.

Mr. Ralston has sold his farm for a thousand dollars. I have not seen the man who bought it, but Clark says that he is the best looking man who has yet owned that farm. Mr. Clark's wife and boys have been to see mother, and to call on the Hulberts.

I see that White has moved back again on his farm, and will try to subsist there. Mr. David Graham is married to Miss Cheesemaker Bates . . . You probably know that Mrs. Russell, of Cascade, died just before you went to Quasqueton. Russell married one of the Bunting girls two weeks ago, his former wife having been dead only two months.

Mr. Little has at last obtained water in his well, a matter of no small joy to his wife. We also have been trying to dig another well, but four feet from the surface rock appeared, and at seven feet it is

so hard that we cannot go farther without basting. Blast it, what luck!

But what disturbs our equilibrium the most is the state of the pork market. We have not killed any hogs yet, except old Ramster, but we were intending to kill this week, and now we hear that pork cannot be sold in Dubuque at all. There is no money to buy it with, and no barrels to pack it in. What to do we hardly know, as Lalon must have money to get clothes, and pay board at school. Will Doctor Bidwell oblige me by answering the following question? Could a load of pork be sold to advantage among the newcomers about Quasqueton?

Dr. Drimmit told me Monday that our legislature had come within one of electing Harlan (who is he?) to the senate, but he thought they could not elect anyone, on account of the opposition of the Silver Greys, who ought to be killed, politically perhaps.

There! I believe that I have done my duty, and Mother will call me a good boy, and let me go to bed. Yours truly, S. S. Farwell."

A short time after this, Lalon wrote from Mt. Vernon.

Dear Sister Julia,

Well, you see by this letter that I am away from home for the first time in my life. Father brought me here last Tuesday. We found the academy full, and the town pretty well filled up with boarders, so it was hard to find a place for me to stop at. I am boarding with a preacher's family, by the name of Saxby. It is not a very suitable place but I have no time to go into particulars.

Mt. Vernon is quite a pretty little place. It stands on the top of a high ridge, with just room for one main street. On both sides of the town the country is level and handsome. Fairview is four miles from Anamosa, and twelve miles from here, making it thirty miles from home to this place. Between Mt. Vernon and Fairview lies the handsomest prairie I ever saw, not even excepting the Quasqueton prairie. If the doctor does not believe it let him come and see.

The academy is a large three story building. There is a family living in it, and about sixty students board there. The rest have board and rooms where they can get them. There are about a hundred and twenty five in all. They have three teachers, and they expect another soon. There are things that do not please me at all, but they have not things all fixed yet,

and I shall probably like it better after awhile.

Mr. Hulbert moved into the house just before I left. I got my clothes from Chicago, and they suit me fine . . . I suppose that all you folks expect to meet at the Farwell farm, when Marcus comes. I am going home then. I can walk there in a day, and I will want to see the pretty Hulbert girls by that time. I will not let Marcus, and Sewell, cut me out any more.

Father bought a stove. The Davy Crockett prospect was that it was a good one. I have no time to look over this letter, as it is too dark. Write soon, if you want to hear from,

L. Z. F.

These home letters, filled with simple interests, give a picture of conditions of living in Iowa, at this time. They tell of hardships, without complaint. The family was poor in money, but it was a poverty that was not degrading. It was the common lot, indeed they were much better off than some of their neighbors, and as a family they were loyal to the interests of one another. Lalon now must have his chance to go to school. Sewall, who secretly longed for more of an education, never questioned the justice of this, and willingly did without the clothing he needed, and remained the main helper on the farm so he could go. They all worked for the good of the whole. What little leisure Sewall had he spent in reading. There were always books in that New England home. Scott's *Ivanhoe*, *The Lady of the Lake*, Dicken's novels, in pamphlet form, Plutarch's *Lives*, the writings of Washington Irving, one or two books by Hawthorn, and a few of Emerson's *Essays* . . . "Sewall would rather read, you know," his mother wrote of him, and it was a taste that always remained with him through the years. His education was never finished for he remained a student of history and literature all of his life.

About this time the grandfather, Ab-salom Farwell, died in Keene, Ohio. Marcus, in a letter home, speaks of him lovingly, wishing that he could have seen him again. He lived to be a man in his eighties, and in his childish last days, deeded all his property to a Baptist church, he had built years before, instead of leaving it to his children, Becky, and Zopher, as it seems he should have done. Before leaving Keene, Zopher had given a high plot of ground adjoining this church for a church cemetery, and it is there that

Farwells, like other New Englanders, opposed slavery--

Absalom, and his wife are buried.

IOWA IN THE MIDDLE FIFTIES

In this new country were people from different sections of the United States. There were those called western, who had moved on with the frontier from such states as Illinois, and Indiana, and those coming from the south. These had come largely in the forties, and now had come the New Englanders. There was a small sprinkling of foreigners, Irish, and German, but as yet they were so few in number, and so poor, that their influence hardly counted.

The western, and southern population outnumbered the New Englanders, but the influence of the New England population, on account of its superior education, and culture, now began to be felt. There were people like the Farwell family, who could do without what would ordinarily seem necessities, but had to have a school for their children, and a church in which to worship. Some of these New England men and women had been educated in eastern colleges.

Zophar Farwell was a religious man. Before going to work, the family always gathered for morning prayers, and the father always asked a blessing at meals.

With these New Englanders there simply was no slavery question, no more than there was the question about the right and wrong of gambling. In 1850, in the Baptist church at Keene, the Fugitive Slave Law had openly been denounced as inhuman and ungodly. No Christian would obey it, and the people, as one, would have defended a runaway slave and helped him to escape. . . In the Farwell family there are still two shabby volumes of Uncle Tom's Cabin, almost worn to tatters, and covered by hand in faded cloth covers. It bears the publisher's name, John Jewett, Boston, 1852.

But there was a slavery question in Iowa. Before the year 1854 the Democratic Party was in power. In that year Senator Dodge of Iowa, who was chairman of the Committee of Public Lands, introduced into Congress the Nebraska Bill. In this bill the matter of slavery in the new territories was to be left to the settlers, who would decide this by vote, and this became the famous doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty." The passage of this bill threw the whole country into an uproar, and the state of anarchy which followed in Kansas, was one of the chief causes of the Civil War.

Senator Dodge, and Senator Jones, of Iowa, not only accepted this bill, but were active workers for its passage. They were Democrats, with southern sympathies, and they had not kept abreast with the changing sentiment in their state.

Horace Greeley, in the New York Tribune, wrote "To what gain has Iowa been admitted into the Union? What gain

to freedom? Are Alabama or Mississippi more devoted to despotic ideas of pan-slavery?" . . . Iowa seemed to him to be a hotbed of Dough Faces.

But he did not know all of the people Dodge and Jones represented. There were many in Iowa who were now ready to fight to a finish on the slavery question, and the part these men took in supporting the Nebraska Bill ended their political careers in their own state. Dodge, whose term in the senate now expired, was defeated for re-election. President Pierce, as a reward for his services to the party, appointed him minister to Spain, and for some years he lived abroad, coming back to be nominated for governor against Kirkwood, at which time he was overwhelmingly defeated.

Sewall Farwell, in his letter to his sisters, written from the home farm on December 27th, 1854, had asked, "Who is Harlan, anyway?" . . . and it is doubtful if at this time he knew much about the political situation in the state. But James W. Grimes had been elected governor, and he was opposed to the Nebraska Bill, and on the Fifth of January 1855, James Harlan, who was really an abolitionist, was elected by the legislature as United States senator.

The passage of this obnoxious bill had reunited the Whig Party. Even the Silver Grays, a society who had advocated leaving the slavery question alone, were brought back to the party by it. They were joined by the Hunkers, so-called Democrats, who opposed the further extension of slavery. . . Then there were business men, who felt the need of reforms. They felt that Iowa should have a new constitution, for banks were needed, and funds should be provided for public institutions, to take care of the helpless, and the defectives; so it was that Grimes, and Harlan came into prominence, and later became national leaders.

SEWALL FARWELL GOES TO PELLA

One day in this winter of 1855, Sewall, who was cutting timber in the woods, did not come home in the evening at the usual time, and when his father went to the woods to find him, he was lying pinned down by a fallen tree, with a broken leg. There being no good doctor, or surgeon near, the leg was set by a man who lived at Bowen's Prairie, who had little knowledge of medicine.

Sewall insisted that it was not set right, so, after a time, Doctor Bidwell came to look after it, and found that he would always be lame, if it were allowed to heal as set. But the bones were knitting, and had to be broken again before it was set right, which was a painful experience.

That spring Sewall was twenty one years old. According to the custom of those days a son's time belonged to his father until he

was of age, so Sewall was now free to do for himself. The farm work would have been hard for him, for his leg still troubled him, but had there been any market for their stock or farm products, he probably would have remained at home, for he was loyal, and conscientious, and he realized how much he was needed there. But, up to this time, they had hardly been able to earn enough money for their simplest needs: Lalon would be home, for the school closed early at Mt. Vernon, and in a stress outside labor could be had at a low price, so he decided to leave home, and do for himself.

He helped his father to put in a spring crop, then driving a team of young horses, that he had raised, with only his clothes, and a very few dollars in his pockets, he said good-bye to his people, and the farm.

His sister, Eveline Bidwell, wrote Marcus at this time:

"We heard from home last week. Nothing specially new, except that Mother may visit us soon. She has never been here -(too bad, is it not?) We were greatly disappointed that Sewall did not come to live with us. He is a good boy, and I do hope he will do well. I am sorry that he found it necessary to leave home, and I wonder how they can get along without him."

In 1847 there came to this country the last remnant of the Separatists. They were the descendants of the Pilgrims, who so long ago had taken refuge in Holland from religious persecution, and had remained in that country, when the greater part of their sect had crossed the ocean in the Mayflower, and landed at Plymouth. They were being persecuted now in Holland, and they had immigrated to this country.

They had come west as far as St. Louis, and from there had sent out men to look for a favorable location to make a settlement. One of these men came to Iowa, and at Fairfield met a Baptist circuit rider, the Rev. M. J. Post, and by him was directed to the beautiful lands in Marion County.

The Hollanders, as they were called, bought up the claims of the squatters, resold them to themselves, and that summer two hundred men, in the picturesque dress of Holland, stood, with uplifted hands, under the open sky, before a Justice of the Peace, and took the oath of allegiance to the United States of America.

The town they founded was called Pella, and it was known as the center of the most prosperous community in Iowa. To Pella Sewall Farwell went, on leaving the home farm, hoping to find work. . . Here he made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Corey, who had a sawmill near Pella, and a general store in the town. He was looking for a man to put in charge of this mill. He was not in good health, and as he had a son about Sewall Farwell's age, he also wanted someone who could help run the business, so he could retire from

Sewall meets future bride in Pella--

active service. Sewall Farwell had had some experience in the sawing of lumber in Ohio, and it was not long before he, and young Corey, were partners in both the store and the mill.

Sewall entered on a new life in Pella. Here was a Baptist community, of the same sect that the Farwell family had belonged to in Ohio. They were hospitable, and for the first time, since he had become a young man, he associated with young people of his own age. It was here that he met Malinda Nesbitt, whom he afterwards married. She was attending the Baptist College that winter, a school that had been built by the Hollanders, which they had ambitiously named "Central University." She attended Sunday school, and was in a class of young people, with Sewall, and she was an active member of the church.

She was also a merry, pleasure-loving girl of eighteen. She was of medium height, slender, had blue eyes, brown hair, which inclined to wave naturally about her face. She was fair of skin, had round shapely arms, and small hands and feet. She was just the tonic this retiring, New England youth needed to arouse his sense of humor, which fortunately he possessed, and to make him as young as his age, and human.

Her family lived in Pella, really left there by an accident freak of fate. They were of Scotch-Irish descent. The father had kept a tavern, as an hotel was spoken of in those days, in Massillon, Ohio. He had been taken with the western fever, and had sold his business, and come west. He had come to Pella, and had left his family there and gone down into Missouri, looking for a place large enough for a good location, and while there had been taken suddenly ill, and died, without being able to get back to his family. It was a terrible blow to his wife, who really never recovered from the shock.

He had some means, but dying, as he did, while he was changing his place of business, his affairs were left in a bad condition. He had a large family, and no doubt his wife had never had any business responsibility, so the money he left rapidly dwindled away . . . The family consisted of an older sister, Kate, then married, George, the oldest boy, who was working, Malinda, attending school, and four younger children.

The Corey-Farwell business paid well for the first year. But they made more money in the lumber mill than the store, and they were not satisfied with the prospects for the future. They soon would not be able to get the right kind of logs at Pella, so they thought best to look about for a new location.

They were attracted by a new town, Kansas City . . . Here logs could be floated down the Missouri River from the northwest, and so Sewall Farwell left Corey in

charge of the store at Pella, and went to Kansas City to start a new mill there.

They certainly had picked an ideal place for such a business, but in order to get the right location for the mill, and new machinery, they had to borrow some money, which they seemed to have no trouble in getting, but they were not fairly started when the disastrous panic of 1857 paralyzed the country . . . That winter thousands of workmen walked the streets of New York City, carrying banners on which were printed in large letters, "Hunger is Sharp." "We want Work!" . . .

Agitators, and crowds threatened to raid the subtreasury vaults, where were stored twenty millions of dollars in gold and silver. They were guarded by soldiers and marines. Chicago reduced the wages of street cleaners to fifty cents a day, so the city money could be spread among a larger number of hungry families. Crops, all farm products, and real estate had no value. Alexander Stephens sarcastically declared in congress that whatever might be said of slavery, there was no unemployment, or hunger, among the slaves in the south.

Although he was involved in the general wreck, Sewall Farwell held on. He was so sure that they had chosen the right place for the lumber and mill business, that he still hoped to get a start, and he might have done so, had Corey been more of a capable man, and if he had not been attacked by a violent spell of fever and ague.

For weeks he was prostrated, and if it had not been for the kindness of the people, with whom he was staying, he might have died. When he at last recovered enough to travel, he went back to Pella, and to Oskaloosa, the place where the Nesbitt family was living. He and Malinda had planned to be married that fall, and he felt that this now would be unwise. He wanted to talk things over with her, and if she were willing to postpone their marriage another year, he intended to go back to Kansas City, and try to go on with the business there.

But Malinda would not consent to his going back alone. She was sure that he needed her to take care of him in his frail condition. She was of an intense nature, very loyal, and affectionate, and she persuaded him that she was right, so they were married by the Baptist minister, Doctor Childs, and they drove with a team, and light buggy, from Oskaloosa to Monticello, to make a short visit at the home farm, before going to Kansas City. They little realized that their whole future was to be decided by their going home at this time.

Sewall had been greatly missed by his people on the farm. Evaline had died of typhoid fever at Quasqueton the winter before, leaving her baby, Charles, to the care of her sister, Julia. Doctor Bidwell

had taken his two older children, and gone back east to live . . . Lalon was just coming of age, and was discontented and unhappy on the farm. He was not a student, and did not care to go on at school, but Orlando Bidwell, a relative of Doctor Bidwell, had taken a fancy to him, and had offered him a place in his wholesale notion, and drygoods business, at Freeport, Illinois, and Lalon was impatient to take it.

Marcus was becoming more and more successful in the wholesale grocery business, in Chicago, and here was this opening for Lalon, which promised equally well. Besides, Lalon was of a tyrannical, impatient disposition, and was making things decidedly uncomfortable at home.

It was very opportune that just at this time Sewall came back. He had practically failed in his business venture in Kansas City; they needed him here on the farm. To be sure they would have been better pleased if he had come back alone, but there was plenty to do in the home, so the proposition was made that the young couple should remain on the farm for two years, and at the end of that time Zopher Farwell would deed to Sewall one hundred and sixty acres of his six hundred acres of land, and they could build a home for themselves.

There really was no market for this land at this time, and at a forced sale it probably would not have brought a thousand dollars, and had Sewall Farwell been stronger, less afraid of a return of sickness, and if he had not taken on the responsibility of supporting a wife, he might not have considered the offer. But as he felt the needs of his own people, and also the uncertainty of success, should he go back to Kansas City, he finally decided to stay, although Malinda was disappointed in his doing so.

The firm of Corey and Farwell came to an end, Sewall went back to Kansas City, leaving Malinda at the farm, and settled up his affairs there, then came back, and Lalon went to Freeport.

LIFE ON THE HOME FARM

When the novelty wore off, and life settled down to everyday living, the days were very hard for Malinda Farwell. She had been raised in an environment entirely foreign to this quiet New England household. She had come from a family of young people. A give-and-take family, full of life, and talk, and joking: of hardship, certainly, since the father had died, but before that they had lived where there was plenty to do with, and hired help to do the hard labor of the place.

It was now hard for her not to feel a contempt for the little economies of these people . . . She had never lived on a farm; she knew nothing of its work; and some of it was distasteful to her. She was affectionate, and impulsive. She liked to

Iowa farm life not easy for Sewall's bride--

laugh, and sing, and talk, and soon she felt entirely out of place among these grave-faced, quiet people, who took life as a very serious business.

She had an education above the average young woman of her day, and had taught school, while Sewall had been in Kansas City, but she did not have the knowledge of



MALINDA NESBITT FARWELL

writers and books, that Sewall and Julia had, and she did not care as much for reading, and she soon felt that they were superior in this.

She had been impressed with Julia Farwell's dignity from the first. Not that Julia was egotistical, or overbearing, but she unconsciously had a royal-family carriage; she was a mature woman of twenty-six, and felt her age. She was very erect, and had snapping black eyes, and black hair, like her father. One could not find two women in temperament more different than Julia Farwell, and Malinda Nesbitt, and if they lived in different homes, and could have met occasionally in ordinary friendliness, they no doubt would have appreciated the others good points and have been friends. But close contact was devastating, especially to a warm hearted nature like Malinda possessed.

In the winter evenings, after the work of the day was over, the family would gather about a round table in the sitting room, which was warm, and comfortable. Mother would be knitting, or mending, by the light of her special oil lamp, still preserved in the family, for she treasured

it until her death, afraid of any new mode of lighting, and it now looks as though it might have come out of the ruins of Pompeii. Julia, after putting Charlie to bed, would be working on cardboard in cross-stitch.

Father would be reading, or nodding in his chair; And Sewall, who had been in the woods all day, now too tired even to read aloud, would be absorbed in some book or paper. Then, Malinda, with some needlework in her lap, would chafe and fret inwardly in the silent room, until it seemed to her that she could not stand it any longer . . . that she must run away from this quiet room, from these silent people, anywhere, out into the night!

She and Sewall had no privacy. There was this room, with a bedroom off of it, for Father and Mother. There was a little heat in Julia's room, but their room was a frigid affair upstairs, and it was the only place that they could call their own . . . Sewall looked at things differently. These were his people; he had helped create this home. The quiet, peaceful evenings, after a day of hard work, with Malinda there, were good to him. He could not realize how she felt about it.

Sometimes, when the day had been more trying than usual, for she felt her mistakes keenly, Malinda would slip off upstairs alone, and when Sewall put down his paper, and followed her, he would find her in a state of passionate rebellion. When he tried to find out the cause, she would accuse his mother, and especially Julia, of treating her shamefully . . . Why had he brought her here, where she did not belong, and was not wanted? She was miserable, and he had no sympathy for her. He wanted to make life unendurable for her!

Of course she repented, afterwards, and realized that she had been unreasonable . . . but such scenes were repellent to Sewall's peace-loving nature, and were harmful to them both.

Malinda had really no complaint against Sewall's mother. She was kind, and took great pains to teach the inexperienced girl. Neither was Julia deliberately unkind, but the two women had no conception of how strange this new life was to her, and they did not realize that she was a homesick girl. She was young and strong, and so anxious to win their approval, that she insisted on doing more of the rough work than she should have done. Then Betsy Farwell, who was so afraid of Julia getting sick, and was not strong, herself, let her gradually do more and more, until Malinda felt that she was being imposed on. It is the contradiction of a too generous nature, after insisting on giving too freely, to have a sharp reaction: and it was so with her.

There was so much hard, rough work to do. Heavy washings, where snow had to be

melted for water, as the wells were shallow, and the supply of water low. As yet wells had not been bored through solid rock.

In butchering time, the women put down a year's supply of lard; they helped salt meat, and get the hams and bacon ready for smoking. Wood ashes were stored in barrels, and water run through them to make lye for the making of soap, and shelling the corn for hominy. There were chickens to feed, and young tender animals to care for. There were the weekly churnings, and daily caring for the milk, besides every detail of housework, all done with the simplest appliances . . . There were always stockings, and socks to knit, and mend, and all the clothing, except the men's outer suits to make by hand.

The family drove to Bowen's Prairie to church, when the weather permitted, on Sundays, and very rarely a neighbor came to spend a day, and when this happened the women cooked, and sewed, while they visited, but there was practically no recreation during that long, cold winter, and the letters from Oskaloosa seemed far between.

The spring brought kinder living conditions. As the snows melted, the grass grew green over the stretches of prairies to the east and south of them, and to the west the fragrant woods touched their dooryard.

That spring the Dubuque Southwestern Railroad built thirty-five miles of track, coming from Farley, where it made connections to Dubuque. The people had been so anxious for this road, that they had offered many inducements for it to come their way. The Farwell family agreed to furnish the workmen their meals, while they were working near them. A Bohemian family, by the name of Kohute had bought some land down in the woods, and that summer were living in a wagon shed on the Farwell place, and Mary Kohute helped in the house, during this extra work.

The women saved the time of the men, who were plowing, and putting in crops, by doing the lighter part of the gardening, and with this work in the yard came a real terror for Malinda. They lived in an ideal location for snakes. They were mostly garter snakes, or others of a harmless variety, but that made no difference in her abhorrence of them. If one was discovered in the yard, Julia would marshal her force of women and surround it, each with her skirts tucked up, and armed with a stick. It was always a time of great humiliation for Malinda, for if the thing, and it always did, made a sudden dash for escape in her direction, she would drop her stick, scream wildly, and run madly for shelter. Julia could never understand it, and she never gave up insisting that she could control such unreasoning fear, if she would

Party honors the marriage of Marcus and Lucia--

ut try. But Malinda never did.

That fall Marcus married, and brought his bride to the farm to meet his people. She was a girl from Vermont, and had been visiting in his partner's family in Chicago, when he met her. Her father, during his lifetime had held some public office in the state capital of Vermont. The family had always lived in the east, and she had been raised in an atmosphere of old clocks, mahogany furniture, and old portraits. Later there was little left but the furniture, but she was a young woman of background: Julia made this quite clear to Malinda, and the sensitive Malinda added in bitter aside, "Not the daughter of an Irish inn-keeper." Oh, me!

Lucia was a little older than Malinda, but she was a gay young bride, who affected the arch flirtatious manners of that period. Marcus was now a man of thirty-two. His life had been a sober struggle with business, and he had seen little of girls or young women, and he was very much in love, and willing to be her slave. At her call of, "Mr. Fahwell! Mr. Fahwell!" he would rush to hook up her dress, wipe powder from her face, see that her curls were pinned in place, or drop the right amount of perfume on her handkerchief. All this very much to the disgust of Malinda, whose honeymoon had been so prosaic.

The marriage was a great event in the family, and they gave a party in honor of the occasion, inviting the people of Bowen's Prairie, and their friends in Monticello, Hopkinton, and Cascade. Marcus had fancy groceries and fruit sent out from Chicago, Lalon came from Freeport, and decorated the rooms with ferns, and flowers. Before this he had sent some new dress goods for Mother and Julia, and Mother had a wonderful new cap. Mother was then fifty-five years old, of course quite an old lady . . . They found that they could get some ice at Monticello, and Malinda, with much labor, achieved the triumph of ice cream.

But Malinda was sadly conscious of the shortcomings of her simple trousseau. She wore her blue and silver, changeable silk wedding dress, and covered her hands with silk mitts, but, oh, the lovely clothes of the bride! Just like the pictures in the new Godey's Magazine: white satin, and orange blossoms! Poor Malinda! She did not know that she was the more admired of the two young women.

In October came the startling news of John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry. When Sewall read aloud the account of it in The Chicago Press and Tribune, Malinda was filled with hot sympathy for the old man, but Mother and Julia thought it a rash act. Sewall said that the man was a fanatic, who had become insane on the subject of slavery, but the south no doubt would make capital of it, and it would hurt the new Republican Party. Father agreed

with him.

The winter closed in about them, but this winter they mingled more with the people about them . . . Sewall was stronger, and Malinda's social nature drew them to her. There was just as much hard work to do, but habit had made it easier, and they had more of a sense of belonging to the community.

In February, Sewall read to them the address that Abraham Lincoln had given before the Republican Central Organization of New York, and the comment from the New York Times: "The tones, the gestures, the kindling eye, the mirth provoking look, defy the reporter's skill. No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience." . . . At this time The Chicago Tribune came out openly for him as a candidate for president. If he should be nominated, and the Democratic Party split, as it might, for how could the north and south agree on a candidate they could both support? Why he might be elected. Than what would happen?

Mary was born on the Ninth of July, in 1860. She was a vigorous, active baby, with large gray eyes, darkened by heavy lashes, and her dark brown hair was so long that Mother braided a lock of it.

Now Malinda was more anxious than ever before to have a home of her own. She and Sewall had set out an orchard that spring, and Sewall had built some sheds during the summer, but Julia decided to go east that winter. Doctor Bidwell wanted her to bring Charlie to visit him. Mother could not be left alone, so all thoughts of moving onto their own place were given up for a few months.

With Julia away that winter was the happiest Malinda had spent on the farm. She had grown very efficient now, and Mother depended on her greatly, and Malinda was grateful for her help in caring for the baby . . . Little Mary became a common bond between them. Many a night, her little feet were toasted, she was choked with catnip tea, wrapped in soft home-spun woolens, and rocked to sleep on Grandmother's comfortable lap before the fire.

THE COMING OF THE WAR

Abraham Lincoln had been elected, the first Republican president of the United States, in November, 1860. Before the end of January, 1861, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas had seceded from the Union.

Now what was to be done about this? All kinds of compromises were being offered, and discussed. It was said that Buchanan, deserted by his southern statesmen, spent his time weeping and praying. Sewall Farwell read all this disturbing news to the peaceful household on the farm that winter. He had been able to buy a second hand edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall

of the Roman Empire," and he was much interested in that, although he did not read it aloud. It put Father to sleep, and Mother and Malinda were much more interested in the baby, than they were in the old Romans.

Lincoln went to Washington, fortunately reaching there alive, and the storm, which had been so long brewing burst. Fort Sumter, at the order of Jefferson Davis, was fired on, and reduced. President Lincoln promptly issued a call for seventy five thousand troops to put down the rebellion. The North replied, "We're coming Father Abraham, one hundred thousand strong!" . . . The southern coast was blockaded by the navy, and the South ordered the fitting out of privateers to prey on merchant vessels.

War had come at last . . . but neither side expected it to last. The South honestly believed that the North would not really fight. It had too long a record of compromises . . . It was too timid. In the North it was said the rebellion soon would end. No matter how much wealth the South possessed, how much better prepared they were, how could they hold out long against the North, so much greater in territory, and population? It could not be done!

In this call for volunteers, Iowa was asked to furnish one regiment, seven hundred and eighty men. They were to enlist for a term of nine months. There was at that time a telegraph line to Davenport, and the message was carried by a messenger to the governor, at Iowa City . . . A great outburst of patriotism followed. So many volunteered, Governor Kirkwood did not know what to do with them . . . "For God's sake, send us arms!" he implored the Government at Washington. "We have the men to use them."

Many of these volunteers had to be refused, for the state of Iowa was too poor to outfit them . . . Sewall Farwell wrote his brother, Lalon:

"The recruiting officer has been in Monticello and obtained ten volunteers. It is quite evident that double the number will volunteer than is asked for at the present time, therefore I do not think that duty calls for me, or you, to enlist now. In times of excitement, such as this, it is best to be calm and thoughtful, holding himself ready to act when the time comes. This time may come in a few months, and then we may believe it is our duty to go, and for this time let us calmly wait.

Your brother,
S. S. Farwell."

That fall Sewall moved on to what he considered to be his own farm, although his father had not given him a deed to it. He had built a small frame house, a few sheds, and had fenced some fields, and he had some stock, which he had raised on the home farm.

The nation at war disturbs Sewall's serenity . . .

Everything that he owned represented a great amount of labor, and sacrifice . . . The time had come when this move seemed to be imperative, and yet he felt a great deal of uneasiness in making it. If the war continued, he knew that he would feel it his duty to leave everything and enlist.

At this time the greatest disorder prevailed. After sending her first volunteers away with so much enthusiasm, Iowa had suffered a reaction. The legislature had pledged the resources of the state to the maintenance of the Government, and now her war bonds remained unsold, and Governor Kirkwood was borrowing money on his own personal credit to meet war expenses.

With the news of the first disastrous defeat of the Union arms in the east, the disloyal element, and it was a large one, came boldly out into the open. It was then that the bitter name of Copperhead came into being. Men openly blamed President Lincoln for all the misfortunes that had come upon the nation. He was incompetent, and his election had been a colossal blunder.

During the winter of 1862 the people of the North grew more optimistic, a little success had brought this about. A western general, U. S. Grant, had won a victory at Fort Donaldson, and the northern arms had been successful at Pea Ridge. In April the recruiting offices were closed, and the farmers of Iowa turned to the business of putting in their crops.

THE NEW BONNET

Malinda wanted to go to Monticello. Sewall was going the next day, and he had told her that she could go with him, if she did not mind riding in the lumber wagon. Of course she did not, as they at that time had no other conveyance. . . . She needed a new bonnet, but that spring they had needed so many things, that after looking the old one over, she had decided she could make it do another summer, if it could be retrimmed. Then Mary needed shoes . . . Sewall could go after dinner.

He was helping at the home farm, besides doing his own work, and had been away all the afternoon. When he came home he told her that Mother was not well, and must go to town the next day to see the doctor. His father wanted him to take her, with Julia, in the single buggy, the next afternoon.

Sewall was sorry that this had happened. Malinda and Mary would have to go some other time, but he did not realize how keenly Malinda felt the disappointment. To her, just to get away from the farm, and drive to town with Sewall; to talk with other people, see new faces, and make a few simple purchases at the general store, meant a thrilling experience. She had been very happy to have a home they could call

their own, but the work was sometimes hard, and grew monotonous, and the prospect of a little change set her heart to singing.

The next day she watched Sewall drive away. He would leave his wagon at Father's, and take the light buggy. How could he look so contented, and say good-bye so calmly! She had sent the bonnet to the milliners with him. He was to tell her to put on fresh ribbons. My, how she hated -- everything!

That afternoon she cleaned the chicken shed, and whitewashed it, in spite of the indignant, cackling protests of the setting hens. Sewall had told Tomey, an Irish neighbor who helped him sometimes, to do this when he could, but it was relief for her rebellious feelings to do the hardest work she could find to do.

It was hot in the shed, and she worked herself into a state of nervous tension. Towards evening she took little Mary and went to the pasture to drive home their two cows, carrying the heavy child the most of the way. She was just finishing the milking when Sewall drove up.

Milking was work that he never expected her to do, but he did not interfere. One glance at her soiled clothing, and tired face, and he went silently into the house with his bundles, to change into his working clothes, before going out to do his chores.

As Malinda washed her face, changed her dress, and combed her hair, she was already repenting of her bad temper. That hurt look on Sewall's face always had a sobering effect. She even experienced a little thrill of expectation, as she opened the hat box, Sewall had set on the kitchen table . . . Then suddenly, she became a flame of indignation. Julia! She had interfered! She had thought the old bonnet good enough, for here it was just as she had sent it with Sewall that morning.

She wanted to scream; she wanted to cry. Suddenly she took the bonnet in her hands and threw it from her, then laughing wildly, she commenced kicking it like a ball, about the room.

Little Mary joined in the exciting sport.

"Mama kick, Mamie kick!" she cried, chasing after. But as she struck out with one of her fat legs, she lost her balance, and sat down suddenly and squarely on the offending bonnet, as it struck the floor.

This brought Malinda to her senses. After all, this was the only bonnet she possessed. She picked Mary up, and gave her a vigorous shake and spat. She was just putting the bonnet back into its box when Sewall came in, while Mary was howling in vigorous protest, at this unexpected ending of a delightful game.

Sewall picked the child up, and gave her a peppermint . . . Mrs. Burdick did not have anything to trim the bonnet with. She would be getting some stuff in next week,

and Malinda must go to town and see to it herself, he said.

Mother had sent her some slices from a fresh ham Father had cut, and here were some oranges, Marcus had sent a box from Chicago. Sewall had brought from town a small package. Wales had shown him some new prints, he had just unpacked. Wales thought she might like a new dress. Julia? Oh, no, she had not even seen it. Wales had picked it out, thought she might like it.

It had a gray background, with tiny sprigs of blue flowers scattered over it. Malinda loved it! Now there was a rainbow in the sky after the storm. They had flaky sour-milk biscuits, honey, and fried ham and eggs for supper.

The next day Malinda took the bonnet to pieces, steamed and braid, and resewed it. She brought out a small box of old trimmings, many times drawn upon, and added a steel buckle, and a touch of bright silk to the old trimmings . . . Sunday the new bonnet was noticed at church, by the young women of Bowen's Prairie. They thought it stylish. Miss Julia Farwell had a new bonnet, too.

They always called her "Miss Julia." She commanded respect: she was so dignified. But everybody liked Mrs. Sewall Farwell: she was so pretty, and so friendly!

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