



Jones County

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The muzzle loader gun had its day -- even in Jones county

In the Revolutionary War period the muzzle loader gun was called a flint-lock musket. The illustration below shows what it was like. Later when percussion caps came into use it was simply called a muzzle loader, and it was possessed by nearly every pioneer family.

The gun was not expensive, was cheaply made, but to the pioneer going into a new, wild country, it satisfied his need to possess some protection against wild animals or Indians, and on occasion could perhaps enable him to hunt safely to put some meat on his table. To him it was a prized possession. If he had any grandsons or great-grandsons, it is no doubt a prized possession still, all polished up in a gun case.

The gun was cumbersome to handle and loading it for action was a slow process requiring several minutes, but the pioneer settler always kept it loaded and ready for

any emergency. With all its drawbacks it was more than a match for the Indian bow and arrow and the Indian knew that. He would on occasion use his cunning to obtain one, if possible. An early Colonial law forbid the selling or trading of firearms to Indians, so if an Indian had a gun, he had to sneak around and steal it from a settler's home, along with the shot, powder and percussion caps necessary.

My story here pertains to Indians who had secured guns.

Confrontation With An Indian

In many pioneer families tales have come down through each generation of some exploit of note performed by some grandfather, "away back when" or perhaps "away back east".

One particular tale that I have heard told in more than one family is that of the grandfather who was out hunting in the big

woods with his muzzle loader musket when he suddenly became aware that he was being stalked by an Indian, who was also carrying a gun. Grandfather at once got behind a big tree and waited for the Indian to approach. The Indian also took up a position behind a tree several rods away.

Battle Positions

So there they stood at battle stations. The first one to show himself unwisely would be shot down. Each one would peep around the tree from time to time to check on the enemy and then quickly dodge back. This went on for some time and grandfather realized that something must be done to lure the Indian out.

He placed his hat on the muzzle of his gun, extended it a few inches, and then drew it back. He played this game for several minutes and then stuck it out further and left it there for the Indian to

\$5.65

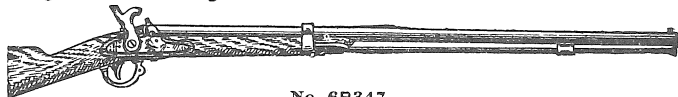
OUR SPECIAL \$5.65 DOUBLE BARREL MUZZLE LOADER.



No. 6R324 Has laminated steel finished barrels, filed patented breech, case hardened back action lock plates, fancy carved stock as shown in the cut, wood ramrod, German silver escutcheons, iron butt plate, blued mountings. The above cut is made from a photograph by our artist and we consider this the best value ever offered for the money. Made in 12 or 14-gauge, 32 or 34-inch barrels, 7½ to 8 pounds. Weight, packed for shipping, about 13 pounds. Our special price.....**\$5.65**

A CUT DOWN MUSKET FOR \$2.75.

We have secured a few more Cut Down Muskets, which we will close out at \$2.75 each. There are only a few of these guns left on the market, and when these are gone there will be no more, at any price. They are good shooters for general use.

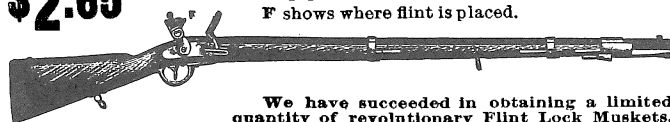


No. 6R347
No. 6R347 The above illustration shows the exact appearance of our Special \$2.75 Cut Down Musket, made from U. S. Springfield Musket Model, 1863. Altered to shotgun, front action lock, case hardened mountings and lock, blued barrel, steel rod. For quality of material, shooting qualities and durability, this gun is too well known to require any comment from us. Weight, packed for shipping, about 13 pounds. Price.....**\$2.75**

\$2.65

OUR REVOLUTIONARY FLINT LOCK MUSKET FOR ONLY \$2.65.

F shows where flint is placed.



We have succeeded in obtaining a limited quantity of revolutionary Flint Lock Muskets. These muskets have a 37-inch blued barrel, and weigh 9 pounds, fitted with three steel bands and a steel ramrod.

They have been cleaned and refinished. It has been supposed that there were no more of these flint lock muskets to be had, but our European buyer succeeded in finding a small lot of them in Belgium and has sent them on to us.

This Revolutionary Musket is not only a good antique relic, but it may also be used as a shotgun, by first loading the gun, then raising the hammer and placing some powder in the powder pan. The gun is then ready to shoot. When you pull the trigger, the flint ignites the powder by striking the pan cover and producing sparks.

Do not fail to place your order as early as possible, because the supply is limited and liable to become exhausted. When you have one of these flint lock muskets you can show your friends the kind of gun that our grandfathers and great grandfathers used to shoot before caps and cartridges were invented. All you need for shooting this musket is powder and shot. The gun does the rest.

No. 6R540 Our special price for this revolutionary flint lock musket, only.....**\$2.65**

Weight, packed ready for shipment, about 14 pounds.

NOTICE. On any goods not described or listed in this catalogue and bought for your convenience, we must ask cash in full with the order, the same as on our other merchandise, and they cannot be returned under any circumstances if made as ordered. We make no charge for boxing and packing guns. Some houses do.

SEND GOODS BY FREIGHT. We advise sending goods by freight as it is cheaper than by express. If you order a gun or a rifle, and you include enough needed goods from our big catalogue to make a shipment of 50 to 100 pounds, the entire shipment will be very near as cheap by freight as the gun alone would cost by express. When shipping 50 to 100 pounds or more by freight, it makes the freight on each item cost practically next to nothing.

It took a long time to load this type of fire arm

see.

Finally the Indian took the hat for the man's head, stepped out in plain view and fired at the hat, and grandfather at once stepped out and finished off the Indian. This was a safe thing to do as he knew it would take the Indian several minutes to reload his muzzle loader.

Such events or encounters no doubt took place many times in many localities. And you can see that it became a favorite story to tell about some heroic ancestor. What has surprised me is the great similarity in the stories told by widely separated parties who were not related and were not acquainted. You could say that there is only one way to tell such a story.

Loading A Muzzle Loader

Loading a muzzle loader was a slow process: First, pour out a sufficient charge of powder into the palm of the hand, then tip the muzzle of the gun so you can pour it in. Then ram the wads down with the ram-rod. The ram-rod may be metal or wood.

Next, pour in a measure of shot, put in the wads of paper or felt and ram that down so it will stay put. At the breech of the barrel is a small priming hole tube which will fill with the powder being tamped down. The gun was ready to fire if a spark could be produced at the priming hole.

The old flintlock musket had the hammer with a piece of flint attached that would strike a piece of steel over the priming-pan and make the spark to ignite the powder. In windy or wet weather it was not a sure-fire operation. In the later models with a percussion cap over the priming hole, neither wind or rain would affect it much and this was a big improvement over the flint lock gun.

The time it took to load the muzzle loader could be a matter of life or death to the bearer. Now of course, such old guns are obsolete and the possessor of one has what he calls a valuable antique.

My father's old muzzle loader now stands in a gun case in my nephew's home and he states that he has been offered more than \$100 for it. A 1902 Sears-Roebuck catalog lists a similar gun at \$2.75 at that time. It was an antique that Sears had picked up for resale.

Before the turn of the century, the breech loading, fast action guns came in and spelled the doom of the muzzle loader. Imagine a muzzle loader man out hunting with a gang of breech loader fellows. He would get in one shot only. By the time he reloaded his old musket, the gang and the game would be a quarter mile over the hill. And it was not an unheard of thing for the faster gun boys to get big sport out of kidding the old fashioned muzzle loader guy.

My First Muzzle Loader Circus

My mother's youngest brother, William Reid, came over from Ireland in the mid 1890s. He had never handled or fired a gun, and was much interested in father's old muzzle loader. And of course, father agreed to let him fire it . . . Father put in an extra heavy charge of powder (an old trick) and prepared the gun.

They went out into the back yard, put a tin can on top of a post across the garden, and father explained to the green Irishman how to hold the gun. But of course, the poor man knew little about the recoil or kick of a gun and the necessity of having a firm hold on it with the butt of the gun firmly against his shoulder. He put his cheek down against the stock to line up the sights, and pulled the trigger.

The gun flew out of his hands, the hammer came back with the recoil, caught my uncle on the nose and the blood flew. Father was ready to laugh but he first had to see if the man was hurt badly, and to rescue the gun before the Irishman broke it over a post.

Father got him into the house and had him clean up with a pan of water and found there was not enough damage done to get alarmed about. Then father had to go out back of the woodhouse to finish his laugh, before he could again enter the house to face the scorn of my mother for having played such a dirty trick on her poor, green Irish brother.

After the circus, the tin can still sat on the post across the garden. I was about five years old at the time, and it was some years later before I caught the drift of the whole affair. And it was still later when my uncle, William Reid, got home from serving in the Spanish American War, and could laugh at himself over the muzzle loader gun incident. The tricks they played on each other in the army had mellowed his viewpoint of the ways employed to obtain a good laugh at the expense of some poor, innocent fellow man.

Father Was Incurable Buffoon

The above incident has indicated to you that father was something of an inventor of laugh situations. He grew up in the Center Junction area, in the timber, so to speak, where the country was new, 1860 to 1871. Whatever they had of entertainment, they had to make themselves.

In this situation they were "on their own". Some of the elders were apt to say "Civilization has not arrived here yet", but they regarded Scotch Grove as being ahead of them by 10 or 15 years.

Here there was no town, no railroad, no daily paper, no communication except by horseback "through the woods". At age 12 my father rode horseback to Madison Village four miles south on the Stage Coach road to pick up any mail. That Stage

Coach route was from Bellevue, to Andrew, to Maquoketa, to Wyoming, to Anamosa. No doubt once a week.

Going to church at Scotch Grove was going "away out on the slough grass prairie," and one just might have the excitement of seeing a bear wandering around in the slough grass.

In this situation, the younger generation had to amuse themselves as best they could, and some of that amusement was pretty boistrous - foot racing, horseracing, wrestling, boxing, country dances, box socials in rural schools - all home made stuff. Nobody ever got very far away from home. Rough as things were, they seldom got out of hand and the sheriff was seldom in the area. There were enough responsible parents to see that order was maintained. But the youngsters had plenty of good, clean fun.

You can see that in this situation, my father in growing up, earned the title of "incurable buffoon". He would do anything, within reason, for a good laugh. He became a good wrestler, dancer and boxer, and he could break in the wildest horses to do farm work.

Father's Onslow Stunt

On March 1, 1899, he moved from Madison township to the east side of Wyoming township and passed through Onslow on the way. He had his family loaded in a wagon box partly filled with hay, and the round oak heating stove, still with live bed of coals, had been picked up by several men and placed in the front end of the box. It was still warm and my mother with a young baby sat next to the stove. It supplied some heat on a cool March 1 day.

As we entered the business section of Onslow from the south, my father opened the stove door and threw in a few handfuls of damp hay which produced a nice cloud of smoke from the small section of pipe still in place. So we went down the main street of the town with the smoke rolling out. It was quite a novelty and all observers along the street got a good laugh out of it. I was six years old at the time and well remember the event. In 1917 I asked Mr. Mel Spenser of Onslow if he recalled the incident and he said, "Sure, I remember it. It was the talk of the town for weeks afterward."

John C. Clark



Farwell tells about steamer trip from Helena to Vicksburg

(Editor's note: "The Farwell Biographies - 1751-1865, compiled and written by Luna Farwell Templeton, continues in Volume 6, Issue 3, of the Jones County Historical Review.

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The Farwell story continues with a letter written by S.S. Farwell during the Civil War.)

A LETTER WRITTEN BY S. S. FARWELL TO HIS FAMILY

Arkansas Point, January 15
1863

I know that you all will be interested in the events with which I have been connected, and although the papers will give the most of the particulars, in much better shape than I can possibly give them, still there are some things that have interested me, and may interest you, which newspaper men will hardly mention. Generals will be applauded for things that should subject them to great censure; the army will be represented to be in a condition, and possess a feeling entirely false from the real facts in the case.

I want to begin my letter with an account of our movement from Helena, and our trip to Vicksburg, but I cannot drive the present far enough away not to give you an account of our present situation.

This is the fourth day of the fight. We are on board a steamer, bound for I know not where. It has been raining for twenty-four hours, and before light this morning, it commenced to snow, and it has been snowing all day. The men have wet feet, wet blankets and overcoats, and no place to dry them.

They are cold and miserable, and although the cabin is open to them, not one in twenty can get around the fire. This is hard for well men, but when I tell you that there are not fifteen men in a company that are really fit for duty, you can imagine what a state of things we are in at present.

We left Helena the twentieth of December, bound for Vicksburg. We found on the boat a Chicago battery, and found them to be a very agreeable class of men, although they have about the same feeling for other soldiers that I find eastern men have for the men of the west, until they have lived in the west themselves . . . Among these Chicago men were some newspaper correspondents.

I found the captain of the Chicago company to be quite unpopular with his

men, and various reasons were given. Some said that he was poor in drilling, and some that he was too strict about stealing; while others said that he was inclined to take things himself. I observed that he was attentive to the duties of his office, but that he did not mingle with the men, and did not seem to know who was doing his duty.

In the fight they went in just about as it was over, and fired some rapid, and well directed shots, which called forth the commendation of the Colonel, and the company will not ask their captain to resign, as they had determined to do before the fight.

When we started down the river from Helena, an order was issued that if any of the boats were fired on, the troops should land, and with an order from a brigadier, all buildings in the neighborhood should be burned . . . The next morning we saw large fires from the shore, and learned that one of the boats had been fired on, and a man had been killed. On every other boat there was a battery. In our company there were eighty boats, and about fifty thousand men.

The army was confident that we had enough strength to accomplish what they were after; the fall of Vicksburg. General Gorman had said, before leaving Helena, that he supposed General Banks was shelling Vicksburg, even then, and the movement of Grant led us to think that he would attack at the same time that we did, from the rear.

The second night we had hardly landed, when what has become to be the signal of the approach of the army, was seen all along the shore. This firing of buildings, and destruction of property, is the most demoralizing influence on men in the war. Such destruction, and looting, engenders eternal hatred against the perpetrators, and the Government, which makes such feeble efforts to prevent them.

All the way down the river there were no bluffs or hills, nothing but a monotonous level, with some farm houses in sight, and woods bare at this season of leaves . . . Christmas we were at Milliken's Bend. It is a pleasant point on the shore, and the planters, who had deserted their farms evidently were of the richest class. In spite of orders, some of the boys got through the lines, and brought into camp quantities of sweet potatoes, sugar, dried beef, molasses, and other eatables, which put all in good spirits.

That night we had one or two alarms, but as the time wore away without anything coming of them, the boys settled down to some real comfort on shore. In walking

about I observed that the ground was well cultivated, and the amount in corn was greater than all the other crops combined.

The cotton was ripe, but it was evident that the owners had no desire to pick it. I met some negroes, who had been brought in by some of the foraging parties, and they told me that the guards would not let them go back.

"Do you want to go back?" I asked.

They said that they had wives, and "chillen," and did not want to leave them. It seems that the negroes have a great fear of what might happen to them if they went with our army, and then ever should fall into the hands of their old masters again.

They said when our folks quit digging that canal, meaning the ditch by which Butler tried to turn the river away from Vicksburg, that they left the negroes behind them, and the owners came back and shot them, hung them, and killed them in various other ways, because they had worked for our army. So now, if they went with us, they feared that they might be left behind, and meet a like fate.

I asked them if they would like to be free, and they seemed to think that they would, but when asked, "Would the negroes fight for their freedom?" They answered, "I dunno, Massa; you see niggers is mighty timid folks."

I passed them through the lines, more than ever convinced that the negroes were not disposed to help in this war, and what was said about their knowledge of what was passing was humbug.

After the railroads in the vicinity of Milliken's Bend were destroyed, we started on. When we came to the mouth of the Yazoo, the boats turned up that stream, and we were ordered to take position on the deck, so as to return any fire, that might come from the shore. It was the first time that I felt impressed with any sense of danger.

We were but eight or ten miles from Vicksburg, and it was only reasonable to suppose that the enemy might try to intercept our advance, by firing from the canebreaks with concealed batteries, or with sharp shooters . . . This was Saturday, and about noon we came up with the rest of the fleet.

Because we were among the last to arrive, we were ordered to remain as a guard for the boats, while the rest of the fleet were sent to the field. In the morning we had heard the sound of cannon, and the rattle of musketry, telling that a battle had commenced.

We had to stay, as ordered, and I found myself feeling the keenest disap-

The battle rages at Vicksburg with great loss of lives--

pointment, because we were not permitted to go with the rest of the army. I realized that it was just as honorable to stay, and guard the fleet, and that we were doing as great a service as the others, but I only record my feelings to show how lightly men hold their lives in the face of danger, and how eager they are to rush into it.

The battle continued all that day, and started at dawn . . . Men were coming in, and we heard of regiments who had charged the enemy's works, being cut to pieces, and forced back. It was said that many of the officers had been killed, and we were soon apprehensive over the result.

About four o'clock, the order came for us to leave the boats, and march immediately to the front. We were scattered everywhere, doing picket and guard duty, and by the time we were gathered together it was nearly night. When we finally started, it was not long until we commenced to meet stragglers from the front. They told how regiments had charged up the heights of Vicksburg, and been repulsed with great slaughter. They did not know the fate of their comrades . . . "You are going up strong, but you will not come back," they said.

Officers met us, and told us that it was certain death to lead men into the rebel's rifle pits . . . that our generals were made to think that batteries could be taken by assault, in such a place.

It was dark now, and we could go no farther, so within range of the cannon shells, we were ordered to sleep on our arms, without fires. We had no tents or blankets, and a steady rain poured down all that night.

Lieutenant Crane, of the Ninth Regiment, came to tell us that they were to make the charge the next day, and we were to support them. They had almost been annihilated at one time in making a charge that morning. We learned that there were many men wounded, lying out under the rebel's guns, who no doubt could have been saved, if we could have gone to them . . . Every few moments the rebels sent a shell screaming over us, and we commenced to wonder why we were given over to such misery and destruction.

Surely wisdom seemed to have departed from our leaders, when they could lead the army into such an impossible situation, only slaughtering their men, without weakening the enemy.

Morning came, at last, and those in control of the army seemed to have come to the conclusion that it was useless to resume a charge with wet, dispirited soldiers. Perhaps they had about decided that they were trying to take Vicksburg the wrong way, anyway, we were ordered back to the woods to build fires, and dry our clothes. That night we lay down in front of the campfires and slept very

soundly, although many caught cold, from not having any blankets.

Wednesday there was no movement, but a flag was sent to the rebels, and we were allowed to bring in our dead, to a certain line. In the afternoon I went and looked on those who had been brought in. At least three fourths of them had been shot through the head. They had been robbed of their clothing, and in some cases, even the stockings had been stripped from them . . . Most of the faces were calm and peaceful.

As I looked on these fine young men, I could not help but ask myself: "Have we hit on the right way to settle this difficulty? After all these lives have been wasted, and thousands of others, will the sacrifice be in vain?" . . . It may be that the time will come when the great machines of warfare will become so destructive to life and property that war of a necessity will cease, and a really enlightened age shall relegate war to the barbarous past. But we are living in the miserable present.

Wednesday night we were ordered to move again, this time with our guns reversed, to keep the moon from shining on the barrels. The retreat was toward the boats, and all felt a sense of relief when they found the point of attack was to be changed.

During the battle the boats had passed up the Yazoo River to the bluffs, where the rebel batteries were placed. They had been repulsed, with considerable damage.

When we were on the boats again a new program was announced: At four in the morning the gunboats were to start up the river . . . As soon as we were discovered by the enemy the gunboats were to open fire, and run by the batteries. Our boats were to land, and we were to disembark, under fire.

With unloaded guns, and fixed bayonets, the twenty regiments were to form into columns, and as fast as formed, were to charge up the heights. If any faltered, those behind were to bayonet them on the spot. We were assured that the ground was firm, but it was not known if it was full of rifle pits . . . It was planned to do this under cover of darkness, just after the moon had gone down.

When this plan became known, some of the pilots refused to guide their boats, and they were placed under guard in their pilot houses, with orders that they should be shot if they refused to do their duty. Then a thick fog settled down over the river, shutting out everything from sight, and this plan had to be given up for this time, at least.

New Year's Day passed with this prospect in view for the night. Some of the men were sick with terror, and really had to give up. I somehow did not feel alarmed. The thing looked so impossible to me, I felt that there could only be a feeble effort made to carry it out.

How could gunboats escort transports loaded with troops, where it had been proved impossible for them to go themselves? And how could twenty regiments, some two hundred companies, march off of these boats, and form into columns, under the guns of the enemy, on unknown ground, and charge up those almost perpendicular heights without being almost utterly destroyed? During the day McClernand arrived, and ordered the retreat, which under the circumstances, was all that could be done.

This ended the attempt to take Vicksburg, from the Yazoo River. The army felt disheartened . . . The water from the river was very foul, and that, with the exposure, had seriously effected the health of the men. At least one third of them were not fit for duty, and everywhere we stopped, we left behind us hundreds of new made graves. We are now on our way back again, and hope, with the co-operation of Banks, that our next attempt will be more successful.

S. S. Farwell.

Arkansas Post, January
1863

The trip up the river was a slow one, on account of having to stop often to cut wood, and carry it on board of the boats. The Ninth of January we turned into the White River, and then through the cutoff into the Arkansas, and up to within a few miles of Arkansas Post . . . During the day one of the company died. William Campbell, a bright, good-hearted boy of twenty years. We buried him on the right bank of the river.

On the Tenth, we were landed, and marched back through the swamp for some miles, when it was discovered that we were on the wrong road. We then marched back again. I supposed that there would be no fight, as we outnumbered the Post so greatly, so as I was not feeling well, I went back to the boat, expecting to spend the night there.

I had not had supper, when I received word that my regiment was ordered to march. I found my men about a mile from the place . . . The gunboats were now cannonading the fort, and the guns at the fort were replying. We marched, as best we could, through the mud, and brush, stopping at intervals to let our guides find the way.

We were tired, wet, and hungry, but so we kept on marching . . . About two in the next morning we came upon a deserted rebel camp. We were ordered to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, without fires. I had no blankets, but the boys kindly provided for me, and I got a little sleep.

In the morning, to our delight, we found a good lot of chickens in coops, which had been left behind, and there was plenty of

Deserted rebel camp provides food for soldiers

corn meal. We had a royal breakfast, which had most a cheering effect on the boys. This camp had been a large one, and had most comfortable quarters for soldiers. There were cabins, with doors and windows, each heated by a fireplace. This seemed a strange contrast to the way we had been living since we left St. Louis.

At nine, we were ordered into line, and we marched out into the open, in plain sight of the enemy's breastworks. They opened fire with their cannon. The balls went high, and we were ordered to lie down, and we were pretty lively about obeying the order. We lay on the ground two hours, then we were ordered to advance into the timber, and take a position immediately behind the 3rd Missouri.

As soon as we started they shelled us again, but the men kept in order, and we were soon in position. Here we remained about an hour, when an aide came to tell the Colonel that three divisions were to charge the batteries, and we were to support them with unfixed bayonets, and caps taken from our guns. When we started to advance, we were to cheer loudly, and that was to be the signal for the gunboats to cease firing. In the meantime we were to go forward as far as possible.

We found the ground quite level, but a rush had been cut, and piled up to impede our progress. We kept in order, as much as possible, dropping to the ground, whenever a halt was made. I noticed that trees and stumps were very popular for shelter, and the seasoned soldiers, most honored for their bravery, were the first to seek them.

The Colonel and another officer were posted behind a big tree when it was struck by a ball, which sent shattered branches, and splinters of wood, all about them. Fear got the better of some of the officers, and they had to be reprimanded for setting a bad example before their men . . . or rather behind them. Some were absent in the boats, really sick, but some feigning sickness, who were no doubt as able to be in the fight, as many in the ranks.

I noticed that some of these were the men who had boasted the loudest of their bravery in what they had done in the past. With our men this was the first time they really had been under fire.

The order came to charge, and the men sprang forward with cheers, and the usual war cries. When they reached the open ground, the rebels poured a murderous cross fire into their ranks from the right . . . The men staggered, and fell to the ground. Then someone called loudly that the order was to retreat. Those in front sprang to their feet, turned about, and came dashing back upon us.

Then Colonel Smyth dashed forward, and called on the men to rally, I instantly called a halt, and with all my energy tried to get the men back to their places. One of

the color bearers was shot down, and another refused to leave the shelter of a tree. The Colonel seized one flag, and the Adjutant the other, and our company, to their honor, rallied about them.

The order was given to fire, and that seemed to have an excellent effect on the spirits of the men . . . All regained their senses, and went to work in earnest. One of the men was knocked down by a spent ball; two were wounded so they had to be carried from the field, and several were able to leave without help.

About six feet back of us was a ravine, where part of the regiment had taken refuge. We were now ordered to fall back to its shelter to reform. This was done in good order, the stragglers, from both companies, falling into their places. We were then sent across a small creek, and our company was sent out as skirmishers, to pick off rebel sharpshooters. About five in the evening we heard the cry, "They have raised the white flag!"

It was really so. Of course then we cheered, and cut up many agreeable antics.

You have read about the condition of the fort, and the number of prisoners taken, so I need not write of these things. We are now again bound for Vicksburg. The rebels tell us, with perfect confidence, that we cannot take it. If we rush through mud, and swamps, as we did before, we certainly cannot do it. If we settle down for a siege, the water, and climate will make fearful havoc among us. Good management will take Vicksburg, and with what has now been learned, I hope we may have it.

There is one thing I want to say: I think our company, and regiment, behaved very well under the circumstances. Some were hard to rally after the 3rd Missouri broke through them, but it could hardly have been otherwise. Had we bolted, as that regiment did, we would have been disgraced for life, but I find that old regiments can do with impunity what would brand a new one with cowardice.

The soldiers who have been in the service since the war commenced, I find, are just as afraid of shot as those who have never been in a battle before . . . It was the husbands, and fathers, who enlisted in this last call, and they are being subjected to harder service, than has ever before been performed by the army.

S. S. Farwell

DURING THE WINTER OF 1863

After the capture of Arkansas Post, the men were taken down the river, a trip of about a hundred miles, and disembarked four miles from Vicksburg. General Grant arrived on the 26th of January, and took charge of the troops in person. As commander of the Army of the Tennessee he ranked McClernand, who now reluctantly

took his place as a division commander.

The real work of the campaign against Vicksburg now was on. Grant's purpose was to gain a footing on the high ground on the east side of the river, but the winter of '63 was one of heavy rains, and high water. It was difficult to find enough land above the water on the west side of the river for camping grounds for so large a force of men.

No land movement was possible until the water subsided, so the roads could become passable . . . This great body of troops must not be idle; they must have work to do, for the sake of their own physical and mental welfare. . . Unless there was some show of activity the malcontents of the North would point to this expensively-maintained, idle army to strengthen their bitter denunciations of the management of the war.

So Grant employed these men in widening, and deepening a canal, which had been started the year before, and also dredging out other waterways, which might prove navigable for ships to pass down the river out of the reach of the batteries on the bluffs.

A vast amount of work was done, the men working in relays, such as cutting and clearing out of the dense undergrowth in marshes; felling large trees, and removing heavy water-soaked timber. Levees were out, and attempts made to change the course of the river.

Grant had no confidence in the success of these undertakings, but he stood ready to take advantage of them, should they prove successful, in any way, and all of the time he was hunting a suitable point to ferry his troops across the river, below Vicksburg, when the time came that he could move them.

There was a great deal of sickness among the men that winter. On the boats the sanitary conditions had been bad, and they had no water to drink but the impure water of the river, in consequence diarrhea, typhoid, and malarial fevers took a heavy toll of life, and there were cases of lung troubles, measles, and smallpox . . . The northern papers published the calamity side, and told of heart-rending cases of sickness, and death.

Grant was accused of being dissipated, idle, indiffernet, and incompetent. A clamor was raised for his removal. McClellan, Fremont, Hunter, and McClernand were all in turn suggested as his successor. In the meantime, Grant went silently on with his plans.

He could not control all conditions, but the sick and wounded were given the best care possible. The soldiers were furnished with good food, and he became convinced, that those able for service were really gaining in strength and health by the out of door labor, in spite of the exposure to wet,

Sickness ravages army camps during the winter

and cold.

Sewall Farwell's letters, at this time, pictures the depressing conditions, from a captain's viewpoint, who deeply feels the depletion of his company by sickness, and the sufferings of his men.

On arriving at Young's Point he wrote: - "The army is at work on a canal, or ditch, Butler commenced last summer, widening it, and raising its banks. Our regiment, just now, is making roads. The canal may be a success, as far as getting boats through it, but that it will ever wash out, so as to make a new channel for this mighty river, I am not sanguine enough to believe. . . . The health of the men is deplorable, not more than fifty men in our regiment are reported for duty, and many of them are not strong and hearty.

I feel that I have done all that I could for my men, and have had to accept the fate of those who have died with a sad heart . . . It is not easy to fill the place of a captain to a company . . . to fill it properly. The military duties take up almost all of one's time.

If a man is sick, he wants to see the captain, and although I have always tried to visit my sick, and have been told that I have done so more than most officers, I know that often a sick man has wondered why I did not come more often.

This siege of Vicksburg, however it terminates, will always be remembered with sadness . . . The sickness, suffering, and death, we have witnessed, will never be forgotten, as long as we live. . . We have not received any pay yet, and we are destitute for money. There is plenty to eat, and the well can get along, the sick, however, need little delicacies, which can only be obtained with money."

He writes that a trader, from the North, had brought into the camp some fresh butter, eggs, vegetables, and cheese, and as the men had not money, he had pledged himself for one hundred dollars, to buy the things that would do the most good. Eggs sold for fifty cents a dozen, an unheard of price before the war.

He rejoiced over President Lincoln's Proclamation. There was some discontent in the army due to it, and some desertions, but he felt that the most of the men approved of it. However, he said that more discontent was caused by the Government not being prompt in paying the soldiers, than from any other cause . . . "Men cannot be expected to be satisfied, and do their duty cheerfully, when they know their families are suffering at home."

He writes to Malinda: - "I wish that you would write me particulars about your wants, and how you are getting along. If you are short of money, write to Marcus,

and he will send you enough, until I can get some to you . . . I suppose, from what you write, that you are attending the Child's Meetings, and I am so glad of it. Give my respects to him, and to his wife, also to your folks.

I hope that Eli carries up your coal, and brings you water. You must encourage him to help you by giving him things he wants, and needs. I would like to see you and the babies, so much, but as Charlie used to say, 'It will do no good to talk about that.'"

In March he wrote: - "I am sorry that my letters do not get through promptly. Marcus writes that he had not heard from me for a long time, and I have written often . . . I received a package from him today, containing some dried beef, a pound of tea, some spices, a pound of chocolate, and some medicines. If I should be sick, they would be of great use to me.

I notice that you say it is reported that there is a great deal of vice, and immorality here. It is not true. I venture to say there is more corruption in the towns in the north, at this time, than there is in this great body of men. I think the hardships the army has gone through, face to face with mortal sickness, and death, have sobered the men, and at that we are largely without religious leaders. We have not a chaplain in our brigade."

In a letter to his father: - "I am sorry that you have to work so hard, and hope that you can manage hereafter to have more help. Snadhouse should be a good renter for my farm. I would like to have my grape vines, and fruit preserved, if possible.

Now that the oats, and cattle have sold at good prices, and you have no debts, take things more easily. Mrs. Brown will be good help in the house, and be a comfort to Mother, while Julia is in Chicago. . . . We are now moved to higher ground, the weather is warmer, the sick have been taken on boats to Memphis to be cared for, and there is a more cheerful feeling among the men."

S. S. Farwell

IN OSKALOOSA

Malinda Farwell now had her rooms in the Caven house, where she kept house for herself. She wrote that she was comfortable, and the children were well. As she grew strong, after the birth of her baby, whom she named Luna, she became actively engaged in the work, and social life, of the Baptist church, whose minister, and family, were old acquaintances.

At home, in so large a family, there was always someone, in whose care, she could leave the baby, who proved to be a normal, contented child. Often taking Mary with

her, she taught in the Sunday school, and helped in the work of the socials and suppers . . . She became a member of the Sanitary Society, and worked with many others in preparing lint and bandages for the wounded soldiers. Soon she was recognized as one of the leading, capable women of the town.

It was a fortunate thing for her that she was not left, as were so many soldiers' wives, on an isolated prairie farm, trying to eke out an existence for herself, and children. In Oskaloosa she was surrounded by relatives, and friends, she was provided with money for her needs, and although at times she suffered the keenest anxiety for Sewall's safety, her life was filled with congenial work, and pleasure . . . much more than it had been at any time since her marriage.

In this atmosphere, she grew, and developed mentally, and in social graces. It was a time when people were alert, and had common interests. It was a time of much conversation, and inter-changing of opinions, of a widening of one's horizon . . . Sewall Farwell, in the army, as a leader of a group of men, from all parts of the country, on equal terms. This matured him, and gave him confidence in his own powers of mind, and judgment. It was a time of education for them both.

Malinda's interests in life inspired her letters to him. They were filled with a friendly gossip, and happenings of everyday living. They were eagerly read by Sewall, and there is no doubt that their correspondence, at this time, strengthened the bond of affection between them. . . . Sewall wanted a picture of the baby. He had one of little Mary, but Luna was now about six months old, and he wanted to know what she looked like, so Malinda took her one day to have her picture taken.

She was dressed in a little blue frock, her unusually long reddish, light hair parted in the middle of her head, and brushed down smoothly over her ears. But the baby was so afraid of the strange man and his machine, especially when he attempted to stick an iron prong against her head, that she would have nothing of it . . . Malinda had not intended to have her picture taken at this time, she was not "dressed for it," but she had to, if she got any picture at all.

So Malinda, stern, and determined, held a protesting baby, who in her struggle had kicked off one stocking, and had shrunk back into her mother's arms, as far as her plump little body would permit.

"I have just received your letter, with the likeness, and was very glad to get it. The baby looks very nice, indeed. She must be a splendid baby, by her looks. I have shown her likeness to a good many, and it

Pleased with photo of baby he hasn't seen

makes everyone laugh to see her, she looks so sweet, and comical. Your likeness would be good, if you did not look so sad. I should think from your looks that you had been to a funeral. You must not be downhearted and despondent, and wear your life away with worrying about things that cannot be helped . . .

This may be a sad situation, but not nearly as bad as it might be. Cheer up, and take off that mournful countenance, and put on one of radiant hope and contentment.

I think that I shall send this likeness to Mother. I may be moved soon, and might lose it."

April First he wrote her that he had received marching orders. He wrote his brother, Marcus:

"The drums are beating, and the whole division is marching, we know not where. I am glad that I am able to go with my company . . . I have sent you two hundred dollars, and have left sixty dollars with Lieutenant Amos, and in case of mishap, I shall expect you, who have been so kind, good, and generous, to do your best with my affairs."

The effects of lead poisoning were well known nearly 100 years ago, as attested by this news article in the Jones County Times of 1887.

"Two young ladies, daughters of William Reilly, are in critical condition from poisoning from the use of a face powder known as 'Snowflake'. The use of their fingers and arms were lost and violent pains in limbs and stomach followed. The first symptoms (sic) were noticed 5 years ago, but neither knew what it was.

"For the last few days Kate who was once portly, but who is now a mere skeleton, began having spasms every half hour, and she is in a critical condition. Local physicians say it is doubtful if she ever recovers, and should she live she will never be healthy again, as white lead from the powder is in her system."

The Trail Grows Dim

Jones County Hist. Soc.
Historical Review

For family history I need information on the following people, and will appreciate hearing from anyone that might be able to help.

SAMUEL BEEKS: Came to Linn county about 1832-1834. He served in the Black Hawk war. He later moved to Dubuque county, then to Jones county, where he died in 1867 near Worthington, Iowa.

WILLIAM BEEKS: Resided in Dubuque county for five years before coming to Jones county in 1850. He resided in Cass township in 1860 and served in the Civil War. In 1878 he was residing in Canton, Jones county.

CHRISTOPHER C. BEEKS: Was born April 11, 1852 in Jones county. He married **LAURA A. CALKINS** in 1874 in Jones county. They resided in Jones county until the late 1800s, after which they moved to Dickinson county, Iowa.

FRANKLIN BEEKS. Born in Canton, Jones county, Iowa Sept. 17, 1978.

This is my line down through my grandfather. I have not been able to find any information on Franklin's birth or that of Christopher's. I have also been unable to locate information to prove Christopher's marriage date.

Any information will be appreciated and I will re-imburse those answering.

Sincerely
Mrs. Judy BEEKS Lasheff
515 Willow Road
Wauconda, Ill. 60084

The following inquiry has been referred to the Jones County Historical Review by the Monticello Express:

Dear Sirs:

This inquiry is about an Orpha Maria Garlinghouse, born 22nd August 1877, Sand Springs, Delaware county, Iowa, and whose obituary appeared in your paper (Express) on 16th December, 1930. She died at the Ray LeClere home near Hopkinton, Iowa.

Orpha was my aunt (maternal) and I understand she worked as a correspondent for the Express. I'm trying to make connections for genealogical purposes, between Orpha's father, Darius Hill and a Benjamin Garlinghouse, born 1761 in England, died 1850 and buried at Honeaye, Ontario county, New York.

So many records were destroyed by the British at that time. An old letter to my mother, Jessie Mabel (Garlinghouse) written by a Violet Alters of Honeaye, N.Y., states that a Samuel Garlinghouse appears to be the son of Benjamin and father of Darius, but I haven't been able to locate any proof. Samuel married an Anne Morehouse, but his place of birth and death are unknown.

I know Darius and Jennie were buried in Sand Springs cemetery, but they said they have no information.

I believe Darius married Jennie at Manchester, but most records of marriage licenses give only the wife's parentage.

Will appreciate any information or replies.

Thank You
Mary Rau
2218A S. 32nd St.
Milwaukee, Wis. 53215

Come join the fun at "Edinburgh Day" Sunday, Sept. 21, 1980

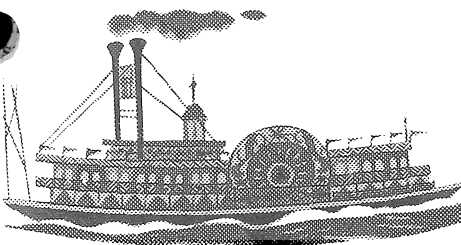
1:30

Jones County Historical Society
Village and Museum

- Old-fashioned ice cream social
- Games and contests with prizes
- Entertainment • Exhibits

Admission: \$1.00

14 years and under admitted free



So long to one of our hardworking members

By the time this issue reaches its destination, the Jones County Historical Society will be minus one of its harder working members.

Betty Wagner, editor of the Monticello Express, pulled stakes for a warmer climate, on Sept. 15. After having been actively associated with the Express for the past 20 years, and a very active member of most of the area civic organizations, and just a downright darn good citizen and member of the community, it goes without saying, "She's really gonna be missed."

It may come as a surprise to many of the Historical Society members that Betty was one of the Society's harder working members. The Jones County Historical Review has been an excellent publication because of her.

All I ever did was see that Betty received the material to be put into story form. She took it from there, captioning the pictures, heading the story paragraphs, etc. and, believe me, while most of us readers take for granted it is an easy job to set up a story, making sure of correct grammar, spelling, etc., I'd rather churn goats milk into butter using a leather pouch on a hot day, than have to do this part of a journalist's job.

Betty came here in 1960. Her home state is Missouri, and her hometown, Higginville. Now she leaves, going to Houston, Texas, and so the Society's printed history will record that she passed this way, and the entire community was much enriched because she decided to call this place home for those years.

Betty was a charter member of the Jones County Historical Society, never failing to renew her membership and even her subscription to the "Review".

Like any good member who leaves the area, "We're going to miss her". Thanks, Betty, and good luck.

--C. L. "Gus" Norlin, president
Jones County Historical Society

President's message

Edinburgh Day promises fun for all ages

Dear Reader:

Hopefully, this issue will be in your hands before Sept. 21, 1980. That's the day set aside as "Edinburgh Days" at the Society Village and Museum. The public is invited.

Games and contests will be held for young and old, such as a spelling bee, an old-fashioned "Jacks" contest, a later-day frisbee contest, and horseshoe contest. Prizes will be given in all categories.

Admission will be at the gate and will be \$1 per person over the age of 14. A commemorative badge, noting the date and "Edinburgh Days" will be given out with each paid admission. The badges will immediately become collectors items. They are limited in number.

There will be refreshments on the grounds, consisting of an old-fashioned ice cream social with pie, cake, cookies and a choice of drink. The gates will open at 12 noon and the program will start at 1:30 p.m.

There will be entertainment on stage with music provided by the "Old Timers", a square dance exhibition, and an entertaining skit put on by Ron Ketelsen and Bob Furino.

From somewhere down the road will come "Ma Zumbach" and her mule team, and this is enough to make you lay down and kick your heels on the ground, while you hold your sides in to keep them from splitting.

There will be a leather (harness)stitching exhibition on one of the museum's old pieces of equipment. This exhibition will be by Bob George of Anamosa.

A special invitation is being extended to the "senior citizens" of the area, and

especially to those residing in any of the senior homes.

The library is finished and is very attractive. Some members of the Society spent all Sunday afternoon, Aug. 24, in moving the library material, books, pictures, etc., from the main building to the newly finished library. At this writing all that remains is to get this material sorted, cataloged and indexed. We've named the library the "Little Gallery".

The grounds have been manicured. The 100 honeysuckle plants that were set out this spring came through the heat with a loss of only three. The red pine, some 50 of them, fared almost as well, with the loss running about nine or ten. In a few short years, these plantings will make a beautiful border around the complex.

Many large groups and families had meetings and reunions at the museum complex this season. Our "Open on Sunday P.M.s" schedule this year was erratic, due to the fact the main building was so loaded with material it was all but impossible to have tours.

Now with the moving finished and the work almost done this fall, we will be in great shape to be fully prepared for "Edinburgh Days" and next summer's tourist season.

My deep appreciation to all who help and encourage the Society in this worthwhile endeavor of preserving our heritage for generations past, present and the future.

Sincerely,
C. L. "Gus" Norlin, Pres.

NOTICED in the Volume 5, Issue 12 of the Jones County Times (November 10, 1887), L. T. Alexander, editor:

"There were ten arrivals and departures going north, south, east and west on the railroad time table. Four of these were passenger and the balance freight. They arrived and departed from the Monticello depot all during the p.m. except one passenger at 10:55 a.m., which was going to Farley and Dubuque.

The following was taken from the November 3, 1887 issue of the Jones County Times:

"Knowing ones are beginning to predict that the coming winter in Iowa will be one long to be remembered, that a temperature of 40 degrees below zero will be a common occurrence before spring, and that the railroads will be frequently blockaded for weeks at a time." (Editor's note: Weather records (few remember) indicate that the winter of 1887-88 was one of the worst in the state's experience. That was the year of the "killer" blizzard.)

"The scientific lectures delivered by Prof. Witherall at Kinsella Hall last week though not largely attended, were very interesting and instructive."

Jones County Historical Review
Monticello, Iowa 52310

Anamosa Public Library
100 E. 1st. St.
Anamosa, Ia.

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