



# Jones County

## Historical Review

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# Money problems in early pioneer days; cash was hard to come by

We realize that the early pioneer in Iowa was beset by many problems in getting himself and his family settled and established as a self-supporting unit in a new land, but one problem we have all but forgotten perhaps, was his need for Cash Money, and what to do to keep some cash on hand to meet obligations that could not be handled in any other way.

He was a new man in a new area where he had few acquaintances and no established credit rating. No banks or loan associations were within his reach until after the Civil War. However, there were men called Capitalists who drifted into Iowa communities, who were supplied with some cash, and who did a rather lucrative business financing small borrowers at 10, 12, or even more percent, the loans secured by tight mortgages of course.

Almost every community had one or two. Some few of them earned the uncomplimentary title of "Loan Shark", but most of them did a legal business, and were of real service to the pioneer, before regular banks were established after the Civil War. The loans made by these men were rather small judged by present day standards, since land at fifteen or twenty dollars per acre would only call for about \$3000 on a quarter section farm of 160 acres.

In 1900 my father bought a 180 acre farm in Wyoming township for \$25 per acre, kept it three years, and sold it for \$35 per acre. That was "big operating" for that time. This illustrates that the money lenders did not need any great supply of cash to set themselves up in business. A man with \$30,000 to loan could be holding mortgages on two or three sections of land.

One such man was John Cass who operated along the Jones-Jackson County line and lived out his days in Monmouth. He was called the 10 and 12 percent man and gave good service until local banks were organized soon after 1900.

Another was John McDonald of the

Center Junction area. Making loans was not his only business as he was a successful farmer and cattleman, but he served a real need in the community until banks were set up at Center Junction and Onslow. McDonald was so successful that he amassed quite a fortune for his time and left funds for the building of the John McDonald hospital at Monticello. Nobody ever called him a loan shark. He was just a sensible Scotchman with a yen for making money, and then using his money to earn more money.

### TRADE GOODS

Borrowing money at high rates of interest was not a popular thing to do, so our pioneer usually resorted to other means of getting "cash on hand" by his own efforts if possible.

To illustrate: - A Clark cousin in the Scotch Grove area had a cash problem. Before they left Pennsylvania for Iowa a relative had pressed a \$10 bill on his wife, remarking that the wife would surely need it in "that wild country to which they were going". The wife refused to take it at first but finally did accept it, telling the relative that she would pay it back as soon as she got rich in Iowa.

After several years on the 80 acre timber farm, the debt was not yet paid and the wife worried about it. They had a team of horses, a few cows, some hogs, a flock of chickens, a big garden, a store and grist mill near by where they traded farm products for needed groceries and other articles, but there was seldom any cash on hand. All the near neighbors were in the same situation. A man could not get a job that would bring in any cash. Farmers simply traded work to get things done.

Finally, about the time of the Civil War, Fuller's Steam Saw Mill was set up near the river in section 12 of Scotch Grove township and our poor husband left his own work of clearing timber, splitting rails to extend fenced area, and sought a job at the saw mill operation at 75 cents per day.

(Labor was plentiful and cheap)

At the end of three weeks, he asked for his pay and was told that he should take his pay in sawed oak lumber. Now, the lumber was something he needed on his farm, but such a deal was defeating his plan to get cash for his wife's debt to her relative. As he had no choice, he took the lumber, hauled it home, and piled it up to season. About a year later he was able to sell enough of it for cash and the happy man was at last able to hand his wife a ten dollar bill.

I tell this story, just to show that in those early pioneer days, CASH WAS HARD TO COME BY.

I have talked to several old farmers in Clay township who had come to Jones county before the Civil War. Their stories are very much the same. They had their farms and gardens, some livestock, plenty of fuel, food, clothing and shelter, but very little cash, and that was something they sorely needed. Taxes had to be paid in cash. Hired help, school teachers and preachers had to have cash to live. The problem was "how to get it".

### SELL PRODUCTS

William Eckler, who had settled in Clay township in 1850, told me a few stories about their problems. I had known him for several years before he passed away in 1913. He was a good farmer on a good farm, but before the railroads came, the only outlet for farm products was the team and wagon, and the nearest market was about 25 miles away at Dubuque. His main salable product was hogs and it was a strenuous task to get them to market, but it was done.

The hogs were home butchered in the winter, cut into halves or quarters and hung out of harm's way to freeze. Then on a good winter day they were loaded on a wagon like cordwood and hauled to Dubuque. It was necessary to leave home before daybreak so as to arrive at the market in time to get them unloaded and

# Products hauled to Dubuque for cash--

sold before dark.

Then the team was put up at a feed barn and the return trip made the next day. In good weather they could make two or three trips per week. It was strenuous work, but there was no other way to sell the hogs, and it brought in "CASH MONEY".

Wheat and corn was sometimes hauled to Dubuque also, and some could be sold to local mills, but the demand near home was limited.

When creameries were set up in the neighborhood, the man who was not too lazy to milk cows, could obtain monthly milk payments in cash and many farmers depended on the creameries for a summer cash income. Milk routes were set up and the farmer's night and morning milk was stored in milk cans and hauled away to the creamery early in a.m. I personally know of four creamery locations in Clay township in the early days.

## A HOP FARM

William Eckler experimented and made a success of a private cash crop venture. He raised hops and put up a special building on his farm for drying and handling them. When ready for market he hauled them to Dubuque, where he found a ready sale. Hops were used in the brewing of beer, and Dubuque was a beer town.

The early pioneer farmer, hard pressed for money was apt to ask himself, "What can I do to bring in some cash money?"

In the timber area the pioneer could cut cord wood and fence posts and sell them out on the prairie where there was no timber. This could bring in a little cash but we did hear of the prairie farmer trading hay to the timber folk for wood and posts - no cash deal either way.

After the railroads came along many timber farmers were able to make and sell railroad ties for cash. The price was 43 cents each at the turn of the century. But the pioneers from 1840 to 1870 did not have this market.

Much trading and bartering was done without cash. It was a way of life in pioneer days.

In my time I recall an enterprising farm wife neighbor who wished to improve her poultry flock by obtaining good quality roosters from year to year. She had no cash so she went out and caught a 50 pound shoat, tied its feet together and placed it in the back of the farm spring wagon, drove to a not too distant farm and traded the pig for several well-bred roosters. Even the women folks learned to operate without cash in many ways.

With the coming of the railroads, livestock and grain went to market more easily and put cash in the pockets of farm-

## President's message

Dear Reader:

By the time this issue is in your hands, the Society should have completed its library building at the museum complex, and all of the library material moved from the central building. Much work will need be done to properly index and reference this material, and any of you wishing to help should contact the curator or one of the co-curators. The curator is Mrs. Harold (Agnes) Wilcox, Monticello.

Through the State Conservation Commission, with the help from the Monticello Conservation club, the Society obtained 100 honeysuckle and 50 red pines, which have been planted as border at the museum complex. Thanks to Bill Lange, George Burrichter, Ernie Recker, . . . these three helped me get them all planted just before our welcome rains came.

On the same day, Edwin and Lucille Freese, who live next to the compound, moved all of our antique machinery, which then enabled Ed to mow the grass and clean the area. Larry and Lois Behrends of Behrends Crushed Stone donated and hauled a large load of limestone, spreading it out in a 100 foot long by 12 foot wide bed. The machinery will now be moved back, and then enclosed and covered to protect it from the elements.

Harold Scherrer has been working on the library building, and we have received much assistance from Spahn and Rose Lumber. With the donations of roofing material from Barnhart Roofing of Monticello, electrical wire for inside wiring donated by Ford Electric of Anamosa, along with the cash donations from area businesses, we will get the job done.

We have been unable to open the museum on schedule (May 1) because the central building must be first emptied of much of its contents so people can tour. We are still in need of an old frame (small) country schoolhouse that can be moved to the complex. We have many of the furnishings for an old country school. We only lack an authentic building in which to put it.

We also need a small building in which to put all of the authentic railroad artifacts. The museum has most of the furnishings (including the old potbellied stove) with which to outfit an early day depot. Here again we lack a building. This need not be

ers and businessmen alike, and everybody prospered.

Some of the so-called capitalists continued to operate after the banks were established, but their days were numbered. And of course the 10 and 12 percent men had to reduce the charges to conform with the local bank competition.

John C. Clark

an authentic "depot", but should be a building that can easily be altered if necessary to resemble an old depot. Anyone knowing of buildings that can be had for moving to the museum, get in touch with us. It will help complete the village complex.

The Military Trail chapter of Questers, with members from the area, have offered to outfit "authentically" the log house found at the museum complex. As soon as some flooring work is finished in this building, they will turn to and complete the job. We welcome all such offers of help from groups such as the Questers, and hope that others will undertake to be responsible for a given project at the village complex.

The Society and Area officers at a meeting Wednesday evening, May 28, received some very exciting news. Complete details on this will be released at a future date. In closing the column for this issue let me remind you of the words of Christian Metz. "Behold the work of the Old -- Let your Heritage not be lost, but bequeath it as a memory, Treasure and Blessing -- Gather the lost and the hidden and preserve it for thy children."

C. L. Norlin, Pres.

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# Governor Kirkwood calls for Iowa quota; Sewall enlists

Editor's note: "The Farwell Biographies - 1751 to 1865, compiled and written by Luna Farwell Templeton, continues in Volume 6, Issue 2, of the Jones County Historical Review.

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The Farwell story continues with the battle of Shiloh in the spring of 1862 and the enlistment of Sewall Farwell in the Union Army in July.)

## SEWALL FARWELL ENLISTS

Three days after the recruiting offices were closed, in the spring of 1862, there was fought the battle of Shiloh -- that terrible battle of Shiloh, in which twenty five hundred Iowa men were killed, disabled, or missing. Three regiments were literally wiped out, and the bulk of these men became prisoners of war. The most of them were newly enlisted men, unused to fighting, and undisciplined . . .

From the east came the defeat of the Union arms in the second battle of Bull Run; of the Confederates' threat to invade Maryland, and capture Washington. The people of the North, for the first time, awoke to the fact that there was a long, hard struggle before them.

On the first day of June, Abraham Lincoln issued a call for three hundred thousand men, and shortly after for three hundred thousand more, to replace vacancies in old regiments . . . At this time bitter sectional feeling prevailed. The disloyal element clamored for peace. They declared that the war was a failure. These men said they were willing to fight for the Union, but not for the "niggers." Some of them belonged to a secret society, which was known as "The Knights of the Golden Circle," and it was estimated that they numbered forty thousand men. Governor Kirkwood was sure that they would resist a draft, if one had to be made, and he had made up his mind to act promptly in putting down any uprising.

He issued his call for the Iowa quota of troops on the ninth day of July. Little Mary Farwell was two years old on that day . . . To Sewall Farwell the time for decisive action had come, and during the next three weeks he rode on horseback over the thinly settled country, interviewing all the young men, who might be available to form a company.

On the sixth day of August he wrote his brother, Marcus:

Dear Brother,

I have enlisted as a soldier, and I was sworn into service, with fifteen others, last Thursday. I believe it is my duty to go, under the circumstances. The situation is indeed appalling, and our prospects seem to be growing darker all of the time. The country demands the services of all her sons in such a crisis.

It is true that the business of the country must be carried on, and those who are extensively engaged in it must be their own judges as to what is their duty. As for me, I have nothing to offer but my personal services in the field, and although that may result in loss of health, or life itself, as it certainly does of home, and the little that I have gathered about me, I never expect to regret the course that I have taken . . . Linda will probably go to Oskaloosa to live while I am gone.

Jones County is called on to furnish one company now, and it will be necessary for us all to cooperate. I think, with hard work, that the company can be raised, but the leading Democrats are K. G. C's, and are quietly resisting the work. There are also indications that they are preparing to resist the draft. A leading republican tried to buy a revolver in Anamosa the other day, and found that they had all passed into the hands of these men . . .

In Jackson County, at Iron Hill, an attempt was made to hold a Union meeting last week, and the speaker was egged, one of the Union men severely beaten, and with his Union friends warned to leave the county within a week . . . These things make us realize that the crisis is upon us, and I am glad that I am going to meet it. Your brother,

S. S. Farwell.

Malinda realized that he must go. She knew that Sewall was not a man to be carried away by the excitement of the moment, nor attracted by the prospect of change, or adventure. He was simply convinced that it was his duty to fight for his country. He had to go to be true to himself.

But what of her? If she were only a man! But here she was, with little Mary . . . and it seemed to dreadful to be true, another helpless baby was coming in a few months to be cared for! . . . They were eating supper. Sewall had been gone all day, and she had not questioned him when he came in. Mary was a little chatterbox, and occupied the most of their attention during the meal. Sewall was very quiet. He said that he had eaten dinner at Blodgetts', rather late, so was not hundry.

Malinda watched his set face . . . She knew just what she was going to do, and just what she was going to say to him, when he told her. She had been told of women who fainted, or had a spell of hysterics at such a time, but she would be perfectly natural . . . and calm . . . Sewall would like that.

She knew that there was a self within her, filled with anguish, that would have to be suppressed, but she was sure that she could control it. Had she not had three years of New England training? She would say, very quietly, "Yes, Sewall, I know that you must go." . . . and then they would just go on and talk over their plans . . . that would be best, and just what Sewall would like. She knew he would be so grateful . . . But when, at last, he looked up, with his soul in his eyes, imploring her, and said, "Linda, I enlisted today," everything turned black. She found herself standing behind him . . . She must not let him see her face . . . Then that inner self mastered her. She heard it shamelessly sobbing, "What will become of me?"

In a moment she was in Sewall's arms, and little Mary was crying loudly, and tugging at her dress.

## THE RALLY AT CLARK'S GROVE

On the fourteenth of August, people from all parts of the county, held a meeting to do honor to their new company of soldiers. They met in a beautiful grove on high level land, that overlooked the river. At the foot of a steep incline, in a deep basin, bubbled a spring of ice cold water. It was an ideal picnic spot, and was used as a meeting place for camp meetings, and public celebrations for many years.

That day the people came on foot, on horseback, and in all kinds of conveyances. Out of the wagons, and buggies were unloaded great hampers of food, bundles containing babies, as young as two weeks, and there were children of all ages, young folks, fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles, grandfathers, and grandmothers. It was said that two thousand people were gathered there that day.

Their clothes were as varied as their modes of travel. The most of the women wore tight waisted dresses, with round necks, and flowing sleeves. Their full, ruffled skirts reached to the ground, and were ballooned out with crinoline, or wire hoop-skirts. They wore bonnets, trimmed with ribbon, and flowers, but many had sunbonnets, made of calico, or cotton prints, to match their dresses.

# Picnic and entertainment highlight rally in Clark's Grove--

Babies were swathed in flannel bands, pinning blankets, and much trimmed white dresses, two yards in length . . . Below their dresses little girls wore white pantalets, reaching to their shoe tops. The boys wore small, short jackets, and long trousers made of cotton stuff.

There were very few clean shaven faces among the men. The older men wore beards of various lengths, from side whiskers, and closely trimmed goatees, to the unhampered, luxuriant Santa Claus variety. The younger men aspired to military mustaches . . . Some of these people living miles away, had started by early daylight.

The boys and girls went shrieking, and romping, through the woods, or waded in the icy stream leading from the spring to the river. Some swings were hung in the trees, and the young girls, screaming hysterically, as they tried to keep their skirts from soaring over their heads, and still keep their hold on the side ropes, were sent flying through the air, by their soldier sweethearts.

A platform of rough boards had been built, and draped with bunting, and there were a few flags. Anamosa brought their band, and only one in the county. Wyoming had with them a male quartet, and some young men had been experimenting with drum and fife, so there was plenty of martial music.

The women visited, handed babies about, and watched the younger children to keep them from falling off the hillside. When the babies grew fretful, they made beds for them in the wagon boxes under the trees.

The men gathered in groups discussing the latest news from the war, and they also did some electioneering, as the officers for the new company were to be selected that night, and the choice of men who would have charge of their boys was a matter of grave concern to them.

A picnic dinner was served at noon, and quantities of food were unpacked from baskets. There were roasted young pigs, hams, chickens, baked beans, roasted potatoes, pies, cakes, doughnuts, and cookies. In the hot ashes of campfires, they roasted sweet corn, in their husks, and they fried potatoes, and made coffee. They also had lemonade, made with the ice cold water brought up from the spring.

When the feast was over, and all cleared away, they gathered in the children, and composed themselves for the program of the day. The band from Anamosa opened the exercises. Then came the military bands, who played everything they knew, from Yankee Doodle to the bitter end. The male quartet sang, and was encored again and again.

Many speeches were made, and then forty men took the oath to serve in the army for a term of three years . . . Some

of the older men, and women, fathers, and mothers of young sons, or young wives with children, felt the gravity of the scene, and were apprehensive, and sad, but to others it had been a day of glorious excitement, a breaking up of the monotony of their workaday lives.

That night, in a room on the second floor of the frame schoolhouse, in Monticello, the company met, and with locked doors, elected their officers . . . Sewall S. Farwell was elected captain, Rev. F. Amos, 1st lieutenant, James Dawson, 2nd lieutenant, and James Blodgett, orderly.

When the doors were opened the passage was blocked by men, who rolled into the room some barrels of fine apples. Marcus Farwell, feeling certain that Sewall would be elected captain of the company, had sent them out for a treat for the boys, and a surprise to Sewall. The heads of the barrels were knocked in, and the apples distributed amid cheers for the new captain.

It looked like a happy ending to a great day, but just then someone came running up the stairs with news that a well known Copperhead had made an insulting speech to a crowd of sympathizers in front of the schoolhouse, and proposed three cheers for Jeff Davis. Patriotism was at a white heat. There was a cry of, "Hang the rebels!" A rope appeared from some source, and the new soldiers rushed out into the street.

Sewall Farwell had feared that there might be some trouble before the day closed, but he did not dream that he would be called on to exercise his authority as Captain of the company so soon. But now he did everything in his power to quiet his men.

He was naturally of a quiet, retiring nature, and probably had never made a public speech in his life, but he was carried out of all thought of himself, and spoke with authority. He stood between them, and one of the men his soldiers had captured; they had a rope already around his neck. He told them that he was not armed, but while he lived, he would not let them disgrace themselves, and their company, by committing a rash, criminal act.

They had elected him their Captain, he now called on them to show their loyalty to him, by letting these traitors go, and dispersing quietly to their homes. His officers came to his support, but for a time it was doubtful how things would go. Then someone in the crowd yelled. "Three cheers for the Captain!" They were given with a will.

Then a Bible was produced, and all under suspicion of disloyalty were made to take the oath of allegiance to the Union. They disappeared very quickly, after that, and the crowd melted away. So the day ended with no tragic happening, to mar its memory.

## MALINDA FARWELL GOES TO OSKALOOSA

"It is now a week since you started on your lonesome journey," wrote Sewall Farwell to his wife, on the eighth of November, 1862. "I am anxious to hear from you, and know how you are getting along. Mr. Starr, who belongs to the Anamosa Company, told me he saw you in Dubuque on Wednesday, and that you could not get a boat until the next day. You must have had a lonesome time of it waiting so long."

Sewall did not feel comfortable about sending Malinda on that journey to Oskaloosa alone. It was indeed a journey, in 1862. There was a train to Farley, and a change from there to Dubuque. Then possibly a wait of days before one could get a boat for Burlington.

From Burlington one went by stage to Fairfield, where, fortunately, there lived some friends of the Nesbitt family. She must take a stage from there to Oskaloosa. It was a hard trip for a woman with a small child to take, and Malinda, at this time, was far from being strong and well. But Sewall could not have afforded the expense of going with her, even if he could have spared the time.

The home had been broken up quickly. The simple furniture had been taken down to the home farm, and stored in the attic. From what he realized from his grain, and a few things that were salable, Sewall had only enough ready money to pay Malinda's expenses to Oskaloosa, with a small margin left for his immediate needs. The most of the stock, and farm tools were absorbed by the home farm. "The loss of what little I have about me," became a fact on his leaving the farm.

During the last days the brunt of the work had fallen to Malinda. Some clothes had to be made for herself, and Mary, and Sewall's clothing must be left in good condition. So she sewed, and patched, and packed a box of household things to send to Oskaloosa, as she expected to rent rooms, or a small home there, as soon as she could find a place in which to live . . . She washed, and ironed, helped get the furniture off, and scrubbed the floors, and washed the windows, so the house might be spotlessly clean for a renter, and with all the confusion of moving, they had to eat, so there was cooking to do . . .

Sewall's time was much interrupted by the business of his company, and military drill. Everything but this business of war was of minor importance to him now. But Malinda was just in a condition to crave his attention and care, and she was like Martha, concerned about many things:

Would Father give Sewall a deed to the place before he went away? He had earned it surely, why did he not ask for it? Would Father pay him for the horses, and cows?

# Malinda goes to Oskaloosa; parting is difficult--

How could Sewall let everything go without making any demands? . . . She would be left with nothing, at his peoples' mercy, if anything should happen to Sewall. She must speak to him about it . . . but how could she, when she could not even bear to think of such a dreadful thing as the possibility of Sewall never coming back to her!

The train left Monticello at ten in the morning and unexpected interruptions happened on the day she went away. Just as they were ready to start from home, two men drove up, and Sewall talked to them until Malinda was sure that she would miss her train, and she grew fretfully nervous . . . The little wood burning engine was sending up sparks, and smoke, from its funnelshaped stack, when they drove up to the depot. She had just time to get on the train, and Sewall hurried to get her ticket, the obliging conductor waiting while he did so.

He had said good-by to her and Mary, and was standing on the platform waving his hand to them. She felt no emotion but resentment. How could he let her go so calmly? . . . He did not care for all the suffering that was before her! She must bear it alone, while he was free. His whole life was filled with the war. She could have no part in it.

Then he was gone. She had not even waved at him. If she could only have cried, and clung to him a moment . . . but now she believed that she never would cry again.

She gave the conductor her ticket, and untied Mary's bonnet. The train rattled over the river bridge; they were in the woods, back of the home place. Soon they would come to the road . . . here it was . . . And Father and Mother, and Mary Kohute were standing by the railroad track waving to her. Mother had walked all that way through the heat. She knew she had been crying . . . They really cared! She called to them frantically, and held little Mary up to the window . . . They were gone, and Malinda was weeping.

## CAMP AT DAVENPORT

Sewall Farwell's company was ordered to Camp Herron, at Davenport. They went by train to Dubuque, where they had their first experience in marching through the streets, lined with cheering people . . . Sewall wrote, "I believe that we made a creditable appearance."

The next day they had another experience, which would later become familiar to them many times, and that was the unavoidable delay in moving troops. The trip down the river should have taken but a few hours, but the river was low, and the boat too heavily loaded. They moved slowly and carefully, but in spite of this they were fast on a sandbar for two hours, and it was quite dark when they landed at

Davenport in a pouring rain, and were marched through deep mud for a mile along the river to the camp.

Here they were met by the soldiers with "rousing cheers." The Anamosa boys, who had arrived a few days before, cooked supper for them, and made things as cheerful as they could, but the night was a hard one, for they were not provided with bedding, and "had no straw to sleep on."

The next day they spent in getting things fixed up in their quarters. They had no idea when they would be mustered into service, or when they would get any arms or uniforms.

It was soon evident that the Government could not supply their needs, and a committee of six men from each company at Camp Herron was appointed to go to their homes and solicit bedding. They returned within a week, with a bountiful supply. Mrs. Allen, of Bowen's Prairie, sent "a fine warm quilt" for the Captain's special use, which he gratefully accepted, "as the boys were all well supplied." He would use it, unless someone needed it more than he did.

Lalon had ordered his captain's uniform, and when it came he was much pleased with it. He ate in the open, at the common table, for he wished to know his men. He wrote Marcus, "I never eat a meal without being asked all sorts of questions. The men seem to think that I should know about everything that is happening in the army, and the world."

There was a great deal of noise, and confusion, for these men were unused to army discipline. He had so many orders to issue, and so much to do for the comfort of his men, that it did not leave him much time to study works on military tactics, which study he was taking very seriously . . . He developed a sore throat, and he concluded that he had never talked enough in his life, and the unusual exercise of giving commands in a loud voice strained the muscles.

Dear Linda:-

I am still without any word from you. I was in hopes that I would get a letter before leaving home, but was disappointed. Does Mary still talk of me? Does she call "Uppa ready, Papa?" I hope that she will not forget me before I see her again, and I hope that you will give me a full account of your journey, and its incidents, also the state of things at Oskaloosa. Affectionately, S. S. Farwell.

## OSKALOOSA

The Nesbitt family had been broken up shortly after Malinda married. Mary and Maggie had gone to church one Sunday evening, and on coming home had found their mother lying unconscious on her bed. She has suffered a stroke of apoplexy, and she lived only a few hours.

Shortly after this had happened, Maggie,

and the young man she was to marry, met a tragic death. They were riding in an open carriage, and attempted to ford a stream they were quite familiar with, but at this time was out of its banks on account of a spring flood. In spite of the efforts of the people along the shore, who made frantic efforts to save them, they were drowned . . . This left only Mary and the boys. The boys left home to do for themselves, and Mary went to live with her sister Kate. It was to this home that Malinda now was going.

She had not seen this older sister for some years. When the Nesbitt family left Ohio, Kate was a widow, with two children. Her young husband had died of tuberculosis, and she was living with his people. Later she married a Scotchman, by the name of Caven, who was a civil engineer, and they had come west. They were now living in Oskaloosa, which was a town of several thousand people.

Probably due to the change of diet, and drinking water, Mary was taken sick on the boat trip to Burlington. Fortunately, there had been a doctor on board, who knew what to do for her, but with the care, and anxiety, by the time they reached Fairfield, Malinda was ill. She was met here by friends she had known in Pella, and she remained a week in their home before she was able to travel. She had been too sick at first to write to Sewall, and this accounted for the delay in hearing from her.

When her sister Kate had learned that Sewall was likely to enlist, she had written at once, and offered Malinda a home. Sewall had wanted her to stay with his home people, but when she had refused to do this, he agreed to let her go if she would rent rooms, or a small house, where she could have a home of her own, for then she could be quite independent, and yet be near her sisters.

Mary Nesbitt was now a girl of eighteen, attending a small college in Oskaloosa. Alice, and Eli, Kate's older children, were well grown. Nat Caven was three years old, and George, a year and a half younger. Mr. Caven was a gruff, taciturn man, possessing an abnormally kind heart. From the moment he took her hand in greeting, Malinda knew that she would always have a trusty friend in need.

The sisters had much to say to each other, and Kate would not let Malinda even suggest looking for a place for herself, for the present. She was too worn and weak, she must stay with them until she was rested, and stronger.

Nine people in one small house! How could they be stowed away, even at night, or live together in the daytime amicably? Our modern apartments have specialized in space-saving furniture, but their ideas have been plagiarized. There was the trundle bed, a small affair on castors,

# Caven family open hearts and home to Malinda and little Mary--

which could be shoved out of sight, under a big bed, in the daytime, but at night pulled out, and two babies tucked away in it. Then there was a little nest up under the peak of the roof, the walls ceiled with heavy paper, that was a cozy place for a boy, sunk deep in a feather bed in cold weather.

Oh, no; they were not crowded! The house was as capable of expanding, as was Kate Caven's motherly heart, or Uncle Caven's unbounded hospitality. . . . It was good to be there, among people who loved her, to whom she belonged, but in spite of this, when Malinda learned that Sewall was still in Davenport she was filled with an almost unbearable desire to see him. Then came a letter that aroused all the jealousy of her loving passionate nature:

Last Thursday I received a letter from Lalou urging me to go to Chicago, to meet him there, and have a visit with Mother, and the rest of the family. At first I scoffed at the idea, but as I was quite unwell, and thought I might get something to help me, I decided to go.

I went Friday night, and arrived in Chicago Saturday morning. Lalou met me, and I had a very pleasant visit. Marcus and Lalou presented me with a very fine sword, pistol, sash, and belt. . . . also with a large heavy blanket, within rubber, a magnificent present, indeed. Mother had made me three flannel shirts, very fine ones, which she gave to me. Altogether my friends have done a great deal for me. Mother sent her love to you and Mary, and was very sorry that you had been sick. I hope Mary's homesickness will not continue, and that you will have a pleasant home, when you get it fixed up.

Mother has not been well, but is better now. The Chicago baby has weak eyes, so much so that Lucia has to keep it in a darkened room. I fear it will never be a robust boy. . . . We are not organized as a regiment yet, and there is much dissatisfaction in consequence. I hope it will be done this week, and then the most of the men are anxious to have a furlough to go home, and I hope that it may be so that they can have it.

If it is so that I can, I will try to go to see you next week, but do not rely on it too much. I could not have gone to Chicago, had I not been unwell, and then I had to travel at night, and was gone only one week day. I am much better now, and think that I shall be as well as usual in a few days. . . . I am anxious to hear from you often. Yours affectionately, S. S. Farwell.

If Malinda could have reasoned calmly, as Sewall had done, but she could only feel. . . . He had been able to leave his men, and he had chosen to go to his own people, instead of her! That his time was limited; that he could go to Chicago so much more easily; that besides the longing to see his

mother and brothers, he needed medical help, and also wanted to talk over business matters with his older brother Marcus, especially in regard to her own protection, while he should be away, for he knew this brother could be depended on to see that she did not suffer.

There were many reasons for his going, and if Sewall could only have talked with her; if he could only have been able to express his solicitude, and love for her, more freely in his letters. . . . but with him away, she could not see any of these reasons.

Then the bitterness of his gratitude to them, when she could do so little for him! Why should he be grateful to these brothers, so prosperous, when he was so self-sacrificing? It might be that Marcus was tied. He was older; he had a big business to manage, and a demanding, helpless wife. . . . But Lalou! He was young; with no dependents; now coining money with the inflated prices brought about by the war; fairly worshiped by his family, on account of the gifts, and favors he showered on them. . . . and now, even Sewall praising his generosity! Poor Malinda, so passionately loyal, and so helpless!

She was not well. She had not been since her sickness on her way to Oskaloosa. Then, one day, she was taken violently ill. Her condition was so serious, that Sewall was sent for. But although he came as quickly, as army regulations, and slow means of travel would let him, he found that one had arrived before him. On Wednesday evening, October 15th, 1862, a baby girl had prematurely forced her presence, surely not needed, into a war-stricken world, and become the tenth member of the Caven household.

## ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

The company was made a part of the 31st Iowa, and on going back from Oskaloosa to Camp, Sewall found the men, who had been absent on furloughs, were back, and after a few days of preparation, and tiresome delays, the soldiers were loaded on a steamer called "Sucker State," and started down the river.

There were one hundred passengers aboard, and nine hundred soldiers, besides a great deal of luggage, and freight. . . . It rained and snowed, some of the boys took cold, and Sewall gave up his stateroom, and slept below, on the lower deck, with his men. He found that even the officers could not carry a trunk, so he sent his small leather one, that Marcus had given him, back to Monticello. It contained some good tea, and wine, which he regretted giving up, more on account of its being of use in sickness, than for himself.

In St. Louis they met with a loyal reception from the people on the streets, and they rested there a few days in the barracks built by General Fulton. They left many men there, sick with the measles, and they were loaded on the steamer, Continental. Sewall wrote, after being ten days on the boat:

Dear Brother Marcus:

You will be surprised to learn that we are not yet at our journey's end. We did not get away from Cairo until Wednesday night, having spent the most of the time on sandbars. When we left that place we hoped that our troubles with low water were over.

It being after dark, we could not see the settlements at Belmont, and could only get the outline of the bluffs of Columbus. . . . On Thursday, we came to a sandbar that could not be crossed without lightening the boat. Accordingly, the soldiers and cattle were taken ashore, and the boatmen tried to find a channel. They did not find one, and when night came, we had to march back again.

We were below Island No. 10, which we had passed in the morning. It is quite deserted now, as the water has washed away the most of the fortifications. On the shore opposite, soldiers were encamped, and along the shore were many cannon balls, which I suppose came from where "Lincom's gunboats lay," up on the river.

We were now in the country of our enemies, and it was necessary to take precaution against surprise by guerrillas. There had been a surprise at Point Pleasant, and they had sacked the town the week before. That night fifty men were asked to volunteer to be placed on guard on shore. Twenty of my company volunteered, and I decided to go with them. I took my sword and pistol and blankets.

On shore half of the men stood guard, while half slept on their arms. The excitable men were nervous, and saw red lights, and blue ones, burning on the hilltops; boats crossing the river below us, and heard the boom of guns afar off. As I heard nothing, I lay down with my men, with a lieutenant, who snored loudly, on one side of me, and a lieutenant-colonel, who was nervous, and could not sleep a wink, on the other side.

I shared my blankets with them, and slept as well as the novelty of the situation would permit. . . . About four o'clock the guard came running in, and we all sprang to arms to charge an enemy, when an old cow became visible in the half darkness, and we returned to the boat without the loss of a man.

We had to leave the boat the next day, and march along the shore, while the boat

# Farwell lands at Helena after long march and boat trip--

tried to find a new channel. We kept near the boat, so we might be protected against guerrillas. We had spend the night on shore, being joined by an Illinois regiment.

The next day ten men were brought in, and not appearing to be loyal, were held as prisoners. It was found that they were patrolled southern soldiers going home to Memphis, so they were let go on their way, but a short distance from camp one was shot through the shoulder . . . No one knew positively who did it, but it was supposed to be an Illinois man. It was a cowardly thing to do.

There is a gunboat standing by us, to help in case of trouble, but at this stage of low water, they are quite helpless to ply up and down the river. Many boats drawing less water than ours, have passed us with Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois men on board . . . The West has turned out her strength, and I hope she has not been depopulated to have it wasted, as so much has been up to this time.

Your brother,  
S. S. Farwell.

Twelve days of trying to get over sandbars, the troops marching on shore in the daytime, often sleeping there at night, and they were finally landed at Helena.

They camped in a wood that reminded Sewall of the trees in Ohio. The weather was good, and it was well that it was so, for their tents were small, and poor. There had been one death in the regiment, and many were ailing. In a company they found there, who had left Monticello, sometime before, but fifty-eight were left out of a hundred men. Sewall wrote, "Mother Earth invigorates some men who come in contact with her, but some she claims for her own."

He supposed they might be in Helena until the river was higher. That was well, for it would give them a chance to drill. Even the Colonel had never attempted to command his regiment. In observing the men in charge of the army, Sewall concluded that "officers should learn that the man who sees that his men are supplied with blankets, good guns, full rations of food, as good as possible places to sleep, and marches them to quarters at reasonable hours, if it can be done, is a good officer, although he may have hardly enough education to transact ordinary business." . . . That he added to these requirements, in his case, giving up his own bed to a sick man, and caring for the comfort of his men in every way possible, he did not write about.

He is shocked with the evidence of devastation about him . . . "If the South can only be conquered by laying waste their country, and if peace cannot be at-

tained before all slavery is abolished by force, he sees a desperate struggle before them.

The North will win, eventually, but at an awful cost . . . The North now was strong enough to give the South a generous peace, if they would only yield. But he has no hopes of this. Before being in battle he is sickened with the horrors of war.

Seated in the woods in front of his tent, using his satchel as a table, his thoughts turn toward home . . . He writes Julia:

"I have not heard from you for a long time. Linda wanted you to find a name for the baby. I think it is going to be a good sort of a baby, and if you can help it to a good name, it will be under obligations to you all of its life.

Is Mother home from Chicago yet? Did she tell you that she attended a theater there? Is the threshing done? How much grain was there? Is the corn husked, and what was done with my share? Who dug my potatoes? Potatoes should bring a good price now. The strawberry plants should be covered with straw."

To Malinda he wrote: "I fully approve of your renting the ell part of the Caven home, as soon as it is finished, and am glad to know that you can keep house by yourself. Kate is so unselfish, I know that she would always look after you, but you must have as much help as you can get.

Have Eli bring in your fuel and fix your fires. If you do not pay him wages, get him a pair of new boots, or some things that he would like. I am glad that the baby is growing so pretty. I have no name to suggest as yet. Mary must not forget me, and must be a good girl.

## A MARCH INTO MISSISSIPPI

About two weeks later he was sent into Mississippi with an expedition, under General Hovey, to destroy some railroad bridges.

My Dear Wife:

We were in General Hovey's expedition to Coldwater, and were gone eleven days. We marched twenty-five miles the first day, and loaded as we were, it was a hard march. On the second day we marched twenty miles, and camped at the mouth of the Coldwater.

We remained there while the cavalry went on and tore up three bridges, and destroyed the telegraph line. They could have gone on to Grenada, but it was supposed that the enemy was in force at that place, and that it was not safe for us to advance . . . We could hear the guns, as there was some skirmishing, and twice we were called into line of battle, expecting to fight.

The officers were pleased with the promptness of the men, and I believe they would have fought well, had they been

called on to do so. We remained until Friday morning. It had rained for twenty-four hours, and we had a muddy march back. There were forty of our company who went on this expedition, and the rest were glad to see us come back in safety.

I have just read President Lincoln's message carefully, and I believe that he is determined that peace shall be restored to this country, if any effort of his can bring it about . . . But that trip into Mississippi has opened my eyes, and understanding of things very much, and I confess that I have returned a sadder, and wiser man.

The ideas that prevail in the North of

exhausting the resources of the South are all folly. The part through which we passed had been called on, no doubt, to furnish a great deal for the southern army, but it had never before been visited by the Union forces.

We found plenty of cattle, and hogs, and mules, but few horses. There was corn in the fields and cribs in great quantities. We passed some splendid cotton fields, some picked, and going to waste, but some stored in sheds.

The ground seems to bring forth a crop without the labor necessary in the North. The corn was the tallest I ever saw, but had not the yield of the prairies.

We passed great cypress swamps, with trees so thick it would be impossible to drive a team through them, and so straight, and tall, as to constantly call forth our wonder and admiration . . . Also we saw canebrakes, with the cane all covered with leaves, and so thick that a man could not be seen in them thirty feet away. We took a few prisoners, and we felt the force of the statement they made, that if driven from the field, and open country, they would take to the canebrakes, and fight until the last man was gone.

I had always considered such a statement idle boasting, but coming from prisoners, dirty and ragged, serving almost without pay, and living without any of the comforts of life, I must confess they had a significance I had never comprehended. I never understood the bitter hatred an invading army must always be remembered by the inhabitants of a country.

About seven miles from the river we came to a large plantation, with a big house, and negro quarters . . . When we came in sight of it a large number of soldiers broke from the ranks, and entered the house, and carried out the household furniture, and everything they could lay their hands on. Then they took the butts of their rifles, and smashed in the windows.

As I came up with my men, a colonel commanding our division ordered me to take a squad of men, and clear the house of soldiers. I took my company, and had

# Doesn't like the destruction--

them fix bayonets. They went at the work with a will, and drove them out, but found that they had set fire to the house in four different places. One fire was in a bed, and another in a large amount of cotton. By the greatest exertion we succeeded in getting the fires out of the rooms, although at times it seemed that we must abandon the undertaking.

We found the house had been richly furnished. . . A fine piano was in the room where the cotton was fired, and I do not think it was injured, but chairs and mirrors were smashed, also the choicest books, of which there were a large number, were torn to pieces or destroyed entirely. . . Men hung around to the last determined to burn the house down. . . We finally got them away, and marched on, and I thought I had had a practical illustration of what it meant to destroy Rebel property, and make their country a barren waste.

When we overtook the main body of the army, I was subjected to much censure, many charging me with guarding Rebel property, even officers declared that they would resign, before they would do such a thing.

I defended myself quietly, with such arguments as would be naturally used -- namely; We did not know that the owner was a rebel, and even if he was, it was contrary to the usages of civilized warfare to burn, and destroy, private property. If we did this we were putting ourselves on a level with the most barbarous tribes of savages. . . The next day the soldiers set fire to some cotton gins, with thousands of dollars of cotton in them, and this, with the buildings, and valuable machinery were all destroyed.

After we reached Coldwater, General Hovey sent for the officers, and lectured them soundly about the conduct of the men, and themselves. He said that this march had been a disgrace to the army. He said if Europe knew that we were conducting the war in this manner, she would interfere immediately, and rather than lead an army that conducted itself in this outrageous manner, that he would resign his commission, and go home. . . After this it was amusing to see how completely some of the officers who had condemned me changed their opinions. They wanted me to understand, that they had agreed with me from the first.

In this march, a large amount of provisions, such as cattle, hogs, and corn were taken for the maintenance of the army by the Government. . .

Yours affectionately,  
S. S. Farwell.

(To be continued)



Jones Co. Iowa Hist. Soc.  
Records Section  
Gentlemen:

I am preparing a history of the Territory of Nevada for the period 1861 to 1864, and am interested in obtaining any available information about George I. Lammon.

Records indicate that Mr. Lammon was the second United States Marshal in the State of Nevada. Born in New York in 1834, he published the Nevada Democrat in Nevada City, Calif., from 1857-1859.

In 1888 his mother and father were aged 85 and 86 and living in Monticello, Iowa. Although I do not know their names, I am hopeful that you may be able to identify them and tell me what happened to them or give me any information or background concerning them which may come to light.

Sincerely yours,  
Russell W. McDonald  
Trustee, Nevada Historical Soc.  
3170 West Plumb Lane  
Reno, Nevada 89502

Ed. Note: I find a Clara A. and a John H. buried in Monticello Oakwood, but can find no other information. Anyone having information on the Lammons please contact the above, or the Jones County Historical Society.)

Jones Co. Hist. Soc.  
Gentlemen:

I recently placed a query in the Carolina-Delaware-Scribe, and yesterday I received a letter from a Mr. John Lawrence from Columbia, S. C. He sent me your address.

I'm working on the Farwell family history. Mr. Lawrence said that recent issues of your Society's publication carried accounts of the Farwell family. Could I

obtain copies of this publication. What was the year the first Farwells came to Jones county, Iowa?

Our family came to New England in 1739-41 and settled in Mass. and New Hampshire. In 1842 a Silas Farwell settled in Schuyler county, Ill. Silas was my husband's great grandfather. I would appreciate very much getting any information on the Farwell family.

Sincerely  
Mrs. Hubert W. Farwell  
Plymouth, Ill. 62367

Ed. note: From the "Farwell Book" currently being run in the "Review," Mrs. Hubert Farwell was able to trace the family and get a very complete rundown on those whom she sought. She also inquired about a family named "Drake" that may have lived in the Jones county area during the 1850s to 1870. Anyone know or recognize the name?

## ED. NOTE:

Some time ago the Jones County Historical Society acquired through a housecleaning of old books and manuscripts, a large number of "Iowa College" (today Grinnell college) publications under two different publication titles. All dated from before the turn of the century.

While they were interesting, they had no real historical value to the Jones County Historical Society, so I took it upon myself to contact the Grinnell college archivist, Anne Kintner through college president, Mr. Drake.

It turned out they were of much historical value to Grinnell college. I quote from a letter received from William Deminoff, director of college relations.

"We have received the box of Iowa College Publications which you kindly sent to us. May I say that we deeply appreciate your thoughtfulness in doing so. All of the publications have historical merit and have been deposited in the Grinnell college archives. Should you find any other material dealing specifically with Iowa college, we will appreciate having it."

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