



Jones County

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Farwell book presented to "Review" subscribers

Subscribers to the Jones County Historical Review have a rare opportunity to read a here-to-fore unpublished biographical book.

I will take this opportunity to explain how I came into possession of this writing, and the story behind the printing of the original copy.

In 1976 my wife and I purchased the large residence at 301 N. Chestnut street, Monticello, Iowa. Being aware of the historical background surrounding the original occupant, and also the historical aspect of the type architecture for this area, the acquisition of the property was for the purpose of restoring the structure and nominating it for inclusion in the National Historical Register.

Restoration is nearing completion, and after two years of submitting the necessary documents, it was accorded its place in the National Register of Historic Places. In the National Register it is known as "THE MAJOR S. S. FARWELL HOUSE".

PROMINENT CITIZEN

S. S. Farwell was an officer in the Civil War. Not a native of Monticello or the area, he had come here as a young man with his parents and other family members. A farm boy until he left for the Civil War, he returned and became locally prominent as an astute businessman and politician.

He numbered among his many associates and friends such men as Col. Shaw of Anamosa, General Sherman, General (later President) Grant, and many, many, others including Col. C. W. Gurney. He was instrumental in persuading Gurney to come to Monticello and start his nursery. Gurney did so, later moving to Cedar county, Nebr., then to

Yankton, S. D.

S. S. Farwell married before the war started and his wife and children, as the wives and children of millions of soldiers before and after him, waited patiently and fearfully for his safe return from battle.

One of the children was Luna, who after reaching young womanhood married Edward Templeton. She and her husband with the family later took up residence in her father's house, and after his death in 1909, the house was referred to for many years as the "Templeton House".

WRITES HISTORY

Luna Farwell Templeton was a most gracious and intellectual lady. She reared a fine family, was a devoted wife and mother, and was especially devoted to her father and the paternal ancestry.

The Farwells had kept detailed records on family and movements since about 1751, when, I believe, they came to this country, settling first in the upper New England States.

As a young girl, Luna undertook to put the family history (from old records and her first hand knowledge) into book form. It was a labor of love, and intended solely for the enjoyment and records of the family members.

If my information is correct, and I haven't forgotten what was told me, she first wrote the book in long hand, later typing it on an early Oliver typewriter, five times over, for she made five complete copies, which she had bound in leather, probably by a binder in Cedar Rapids. Again, if I recall correctly, these five copies were given to immediate family members.

(Ed note. I have deduced that she typed the copies on an early Oliver typewriter by the style of type. Oliver held patents of

improvement on typewriters, and there are perhaps a few local people who will remember him as the Reverend Mr. Oliver, pastor of St. Luke's Methodist church in Monticello).

ONE COPY REMAINS

While researching information on the Farwell house, I began corresponding with Henry Farwell Templeton, San Angelo, Texas. Henry is Luna's son, last of the family to be born in this house, and at an age nearing 80, clearly remembers his grandfather, Major S. S. Farwell.

In one of his letters to me, he mentioned the book, stating that as far as he knew it was the only copy remaining, the others probably lost during the past 75 odd years. Exhibiting his mother's graciousness, he offered (and did send) this remaining copy, which I had reproduced exactly as the original, before returning it to him.

With his permission to allow others to read it, we will begin running it in serial form with this issue, and if, you the readers, let us know you wish to see it completed, it will continue to the book's end.

As mentioned, the book takes the reader from the time the original Farwell migration to this country began in 1751, through the Civil War, and will contain many of the original letters S. S. Farwell as a Captain with the 31st Iowa, wrote to his wife and family. Many of these letters describe in detail the horrors of battle Farwell found himself and his company engaged in.

(Ed note. It was Farwell and his troops who hauled down the "Palmetto" (flag) flying over the Confederate capitol at Columbia, S. C. when the Confederacy fell. This flag was stored from that date until 1909 in an upstairs bedroom of the house at

Farwell book divided into 37 sections

301 N. Chestnut, when it was then presented to the State of Iowa by Major Farwell, and today can be seen enclosed in a glass case at the capitol building in Des Moines.)

The Farwell book closes with the Major's return to Jones county, and the tearful but happy reunion with his family.

We will include with this lead portion of the book, the entire contents listings, that you might better be aware of the entire contents.

C. L. "Gus" Norlin

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The Book Begins:

FARWELL BIOGRAPHIES 1751 to 1865

Containing Letters Written
by
MAJOR SEWALL S. FARWELL
During the Civil War
1862-1865

Compiled and Written
by

LUNA FARWELL TEMPLETON

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(Ed. note: The first three pages of the book are devoted to listing the contents. Since the page numbers have no meaning in this reproduction, listed are the topics in paragraph form.)

First Settlements in New Hampshire, The Spirit of 1776, Growth of the Country, Early Days in Ohio, The Move to Illinois, From Ohio to Iowa, Bowen's Prairie, Iowa in the Fifties.

Sewall Farwell Goes To Pella, Life On the Home Farm, The Coming of The War, The New Bonnet, Sewall S. Farwell Enlists, The Rally at Clark's Grove, Malinda Farwell Goes to Oskaloosa, Camp at Davenport.

Oskaloosa, On the Mississippi River, A March Into Mississippi, Position of the Army, Letter From the Arkansas Post, Winter of 1863, Malinda Farwell in Oskaloosa, Movement of Troops.

The March to Vicksburg, The Siege of Vicksburg, Next Move of Army, Chattanooga and Battle of Lookout Mountain, Winter of 1864, Condition in the North, Atlanta.

The March Through Georgia, From Savannah to Columbia, Fall of Columbia, Letters from Goldsboro, Raleigh and Richmond, The Grand Review, Ready to Go Home.

Pictures included, and listed in the table of contents, are of Zophar Farwell, Betsy Knight Farwell, Iowa in the 1950s, Malinda

Nesbitt Farwell, Sewall Farwell at Savannah, Palmetto Flag, Sewall Farwell at End of the War.

There are also two maps: Movements About Vicksburg and Map of Eastern March.

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FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Some five years after Captain John Smith left the Jamestown Colony of Virginia to return to England to be treated for injuries he had received from an explosion of gunpowder, he came back with two Plymouth Company's ships to North Virginia, and at this time explored the



ZOPHAR FARWELL

coast of America between Cape Cod and the mouth of the Penobscot, making a map of it, and giving the name of New England to this part of the country. In his explorations he entered the harbor at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, and "was delighted with its smooth and tranquil waters."

King Charles of England made the ownership of this land a matter of dispute for many years. He gave grants of the northeastern part of the country to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and a Captain Mason, who divided the territory, Mason taking the New Hampshire portion. He made some attempts at settlement along the northern coast, but these did not thrive, remaining for years simply small fishing ports.

After a time King Charles took this land away from Mason, and annexed it to the territory of Massachusetts, but afterwards changed his mind, and made it a royal province. This did not please the colonists

at all, for they were of Puritan stock, rebellious over any authority assumed by England. They made things so unpleasant for the first royal governor that he was glad to resign, and leave the country.

The land then passed into the hands of a man named Allen, but years after, this title was pronounced defective, and the Mason heirs were given the ownership of all the unoccupied lands in New Hampshire.

As it was to their advantage to have the country settled, they issued grants of land, sometimes to one man, but more often to a group of men, on certain conditions of settlement, and one of these, in the southern part of New Hampshire, was conveyed to a group of forty men, among whom was a certain Eleazar Farwell, of Marblehead, Massachusetts. This grant contained 25,600 acres. It was dated on May 10th, 1752, and signed by John Blanchard, the agent of the company.

The shares were drawn by lot on the fourth day of November, 1754. Each owner agreed to have within a certain limit of time three acres of his land cleared and fit for tillage, and the same number of acres every year for three years, and during this time was to erect a "comfortable dwelling house." As it was impossible, in most cases, to meet these conditions, the time was afterwards extended to a longer period of years.

It was stipulated that ten acres of this land were to be set aside for public uses, which included a church, and a school, and also a certain amount of land was set aside for the use of the "first settled Minister." All lands were subject to have roads laid out through them, but without charge for damages, and all white pine trees fit for his Majesty's navy should be reserved for this use.

Some of these lands changed hands in the next few years, so some of the original owners never took possession of their grants . . . Eleazar Farwell was one of these, but there were those of his name who did . . .

There is no record to show what transfer was made, but we do know that three brothers, John, Richard, and Abasalom Farwell, came to New Hampshire in 1771, and settled on this land. These young men were from Marblehead, Massachusetts, and it is quite possible that this Eleazar Farwell was the brother of Samuel Farwell, who lived there. These Farwells were seafaring men, and it is quite possible that Eleazar went back to England, either selling this land to his relatives, or giving it to them, for he could not have valued it very highly. Whatever the conditions, it seems quite certain that they were related to this Eleazar Farwell, who was one of a group of men who received this grant of land from the Mason Heirs.

Of the three brothers John was the

Farwell ancestors move from Massachusetts to New Hampshire

oldest, and Richard next. These two men had married sisters by the name of Prickett, in Marblehead, and no doubt there were children with them, when they started on their journey through the wilderness. They followed a road marked by blazed trees, which led from Boston to Montreal, crossing the Connecticut River near the Great Falls in New Hampshire, and turning south to the towns of Walpole, and Keene.

Their household goods were loaded on a two wheeled cart, drawn by oxen, the women and children riding on top of the load, when the road was not too rough. The men walked through the woods, carrying their guns . . . They may have driven a cow for milk, and had some dogs. At night they put up a tent for the women and children, cut boughs for their beds, built a big campfire, and cooked their meals.

They were probably not in danger of Indian attacks, for the French and Indian wars were over, the Indians had moved north, and west, and from that time, they never seriously threatened this part of the country. It was a long, long trail, at that time, through dense woods, with dangerous streams to cross, through good weather and bad, possibly some falling sick by the way; but they were young, filled with hope and courage . . . No doubt they laughed, and sang, and rallied one another, for the journey, with all its hardships, must have been to them a great adventure.

How long they were on the way, or if they had relatives or friends in the settlement, when they reached it, we do not know, but whatever the circumstances, we may be sure they were received with the whole-hearted hospitality of those pioneer days. It is recorded that in the spring of 1771 these brothers had built their homes within the township.

The land at this time was covered with dense woods, with small patches cleared, where the first log homes stood. It was one of rocky hills. In the narrow valleys were springs, cascading brooks, and small lakes, or ponds, on whose banks grew the long coarse wild grass, which the settlers cut for hay. Near the homes of the Farwell brothers, one of the rocky hills rose to the dignity of a small mountain, and on a clear day from its top one could look across miles of this rough wooded country, and catch the gleam of a silver thread, in the sunlight, marking the shore line of the Atlantic Ocean.

John, Richard, and Absalom attended the first "Town Meeting" which was held in February, 1772, where steps were taken to establish by survey the different lines of the land. A Highway Surveyor was appointed, and a tax levied for laying out roads.

Another meeting was held in April, and the town voted to erect a meeting house.

Twenty pounds sterling were voted for that purpose. Ten acres of land were to be cleared, and the church built as near the center of the township as was possible. During the summer four acres of this ground were cleared, and in the fall the people gathered there, the men raising the timbers of the building. It was finished the next year. It was fifty feet long, by twenty wide. It had eight windows, and a heavy beam ran through the center. This answered the double purpose of keeping the building from spreading, and dividing the men from the women worshipers. Here, Mr. Treadway, "the first settled minister," came to preach two long sermons on Sunday, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon, and they were of puritanical vigor, and rigor. The



BETSY KNIGHT FARWELL

congregation did not go home, but brought their dinners, and ate and gossiped in the interval. Richard Farwell used to bring a great pot of baked beans, which he carried slung over his shoulder on a pole, and at noon he would insist on sharing this with the whole congregation.

The town was at first called Parkersville, after a man by the name of Parker, who owned a large tract of this land, but afterwards this man became unpopular among the settlers, and the name was changed to Nelson, which is still its name.

Although at various times money was voted in the town meetings for a school, meeting house, and highways, there was little real money in the country, and in the earlier years even the supplies of food were often low. Sometimes the people were reduced to living on boiled rye, and although game was plentiful, in hunting they had to be saving of their powder and lead. But no doubt Yankee ingenuity helped, for the men and boys could trap

and fish, and they probably always had enough to eat.

They often had to grind the grain by hand, for they had to go long distances, either on horseback, or more often on foot to mill. At night, a man tramping alone through the woods, might well fear. Bears, wolves, and wildcats were plentiful, and dangerous to meet, especially if one had a load of fresh meat on a handsled, or strapped on his back.

The clothing in these early days was made from the homespun cloth, made in the homes from the wool of the sheep they had raised. They also made outer garments from the skins of animals, and they wore socks and stockings of heavy woolen yarn. They had little to sell, or even trade, the one marketable product was salts, made by boiling the ashes of the stumps of trees from the clearings. This powder could be sold for money, or exchanged for goods . . . The Farwell men, in addition to making salts, made oars, and handspikes, which they had learned to make in Marblehead, by the sea. They carried these to Walpole, or Keene, some ten or fifteen miles away, and there is a legend still told, that they always divided with their neighbors the provisions they brought back with them.

Tales of the prodigious strength of some of these pioneers have been handed down through the years. One of these men started for Keene one winter morning with a load of salts on a handsled. The snow was deep on the trail, but it was covered with a thick crust of ice, on which he could travel very well. But when he started for home this crust had melted, as it had turned warmer during the day. He had a load on his sled of two iron kettles, in which to boil maple sap, weighing eighty pounds apiece, sixty pounds of salt pork, and some other supplies. The sled broke through the deep drifts of snow, and he was quite discouraged. Finally, he buried the sled, and one of the kettles in the snow, at the foot of a marked tree, and taking the other kettle, filled with supplies under one arm, and the sixty pounds of pork under the other, he marched on home, reaching it in safety before morning.

THE SPIRIT OF 1776

In 1774 the people of New England were beginning to be excited over the treatment of the colonies by England, and a Tory, loyal to the mother country, was unpopular in this little settlement of Nelson. There was one, a Mr. Bachelard, a man of prominence at this time, owning two thousand acres of land, a comfortable home, and a beamed barn, who was looked upon with suspicion, although up to this date he had been a hospitable neighbor, and leader. At the time of the Boston Tea Party, he went to Canada, and brought

The three Farwell brothers fight in Revolutionary War

back tea and rum, which he sold at a good profit. He was at that time a major in the militia of the province.

When the British, on the nineteenth day of April, 1775, marched out of Boston, and attacked the patriots of Lexington, and Concord, horsemen galloped in every direction, bearing the news from neighbor to neighbor throughout the colonies. Before noon the next day the news had reached this little settlement in New Hampshire. The whole number of inhabitants in the township was 173, and of this number 83 were girls and women. 50 were boys, under sixteen years of age. There were 34 men between the ages of sixteen and fifty . . . the whole number of guns fit for use was 23. Before noon the next day 27 men were marching toward the scene of action. Major Bacheldar was not with them. He had started that morning for Keene, making the excuse that he wanted to assure himself that the news

was correct. He finally followed the company, but the men were suspicious of his sincerity, and his influence was gone. The men from Nelson had no chance to fight, however, for more had gathered than could be used, and there was a shortage of arms, so taking the advice of those in command, they marched back home again to put in their crops.

In that same month, the Committee of Safety of the Province of New Hampshire sent to all the townships a document to sign, that tested their loyalty. This is a copy of the resolutions signed at a town meeting at Nelson:

"In consequence of the resolutions of the Hon. Continental Congress, and to show our determination to join our American Brothers in defending the Lives, Liberties, and properties of the United Colonies, We the subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will to the utmost in our power, at Risque of our lives

and fortunes, with Arms oppose the Hostile Proceedings of the British Fleet and Armies against the United American COLONIES."

The Farwell brothers were among the first signers. Absalom's name being the second on the list, John's the seventh, and Richard's, the ninth. Thirty eight signed, but the Tory Bacheldar's name was not among them. He finally went over to the British, leaving his family in New Hampshire. In the battle of Bennington, Richard Farwell said that he saw him plainly in the British ranks, and took as good aim at him as he ever had at a black duck. Bacheldar was severely wounded in this battle, and was sent to Canada to a British hospital. After the war, his lands in Nelson were confiscated, and true to his role of villian in the play, he came to a sad end, in exile, and poverty.

In this battle of Bennington, General Stark had defeated the British, and taken seven hundred prisoners. Thinking that the battle was over, the men had scattered about the field, and were getting their dinners, when the British were reinforced, and suddenly attacked them. Stark rallied his men, and they fought bravely, but the British were overpowering them, when Warner came up with five hundred Vermonters, fresh for the fight, and with this help, he again routed the British army.

The Farwell brothers were in the midst of this battle. At one time, Richard, "who knew no fear," was standing in the open exposed to the murderous fire of the enemy. Absalom, seeing him, called, "Brother Richard, get behind a tree, they'll shoot your daylight out!" But Richard continued to coolly load his gun and fire, without paying the slightest attention to the warning . . . These Farwells were so prominent on account of their size and bravery, that General Stark once said if he had a regiment of such men, he could drive the British into the Atlantic . . . After this battle of Bennington, it is not known in just what other battles they fought. The story goes, that John, and Absalom were both captured by the British, and that Absalom was a prisoner in England at the time when the war ended, but he returned to this country, and some of his descendants went to Maine . . . John and Richard lived on their grants for the rest of their days . . . Richard owned a big colonial home, built on a hill, which overlooked the town of Nelson. This home was still standing, and in possession of the Farwell family in 1900, but it was burned in the night, a short time after, and everything in it was destroyed.

There is a record of the baptism of four of his sons, in the meeting house at Nelson, by the fiery parson, Gad Newell, on November 6th, 1796. This minister did not weigh much more than a hundred pounds,

(Continued on page 5)

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Uncle Billy's wife had goal in life: plastered and lath 2-story house

The following story was handed down to me by my father, Calhoun Clark, son of David Clark, who came to Scotch Grove township, Jones county, Iowa, in 1858. His brother, William Clark, had come from Pennsylvania in mid 1850s and was already established on an 80-acre timber farm in section 23 of Scotch Grove township, just on the border between the timber and the Mineral creek slough grass and swamp area.

Uncle Billy had his log house up and the place pretty well enclosed with rail fences when my grandfather, David Clark, arrived in 1858. His house was about 20 by 30 feet, with three rooms on the first floor and a big attic space overhead with floor.

In this attic space, he established David Clark, with wife and two children, to live until they could locate and build for themselves. And it was here in this upper room that my father, about two and half years old, became vividly aware of Uncle Billy's wife, his Aunt Ellen.

As it happened, the young boy was hungry and pestering his mother for

something to eat. He first asked for a piece of bread with butter on it. His mother told him that they had no butter. So he asked for a piece of bread with Yam (jam) on it, and was told that they had no jam. After a while he came with a third request, "I want a piece of bread with nocky (nothing) on it."

TO THE RESCUE

Uncle Billy's wife, downstairs, had heard the whole story and as she had just baked a pan of biscuits, she cut one open, buttered it, and standing on a chair, thrust it up through the stove pipe hole in the ceiling. (It was summer and the pipe had been taken down.) She said not a word, but the boy ran and claimed his prize. At his age, the incident would scarcely be remembered long, but the story was told and retold so many times that he was never allowed to forget it, and my father told it as long as he lived. (1937)

Uncle Billy's wife had been born and raised in a good "lath and plastered" house back in New Bedford, Pa., and it

was a great trial to her to live in a pioneer log house.

She was of small size, and the house duties and chores she had to do were wearying in the extreme -- with tub of water and homemade wash board, scrubbing the rough oak floor, where mud was tracked in, cleaning the corners of a room daily of spiders and their webs, and many more duties of the pioneer wife.

Her floor was a problem. It had to be scrubbed with mop and water, and then while drying, the wide boards would warp and bulge up or down according to the grain of the wood. Then Uncle Billy would have to get his big wooden "roughing plane", get down on his knees and try to smooth the rough, uneven places. It was an endless job, and his wife wanted a smooth, spotless floor on which table and chairs would sit solidly on four legs. Whitewashed log walls kept flaking off, and the chinks between the logs had to be watched for openings that let in snow, or rain, or insects.

(Continued on page 6)

Farwell book--

(From page 4)

but he had a voice like a trumpet, and the way he used to storm from the high pulpit, threatening his neighbors, whom he doubtless loved, with hell fire and damnation, was more amusing than alarming . . . Absalom, the son of Richard, was not baptized at this time. He was one of the older children, for he was married in the year 1800 to Rebecca Lovejoy, and a son, they named Zophar, was born to them in the spring of 1802.

As a boy, Absalom must have remembered the excitement and rejoicing in the little town, when a messenger, possibly the postman, galloped into the place, shouting the news that Cornwallis, the great British general, had surrendered to Washington, with all his army, at Yorktown. There had been a great gathering of the people, cheers for Washington, a big bonfire on the common, and prayers of thanksgiving in the meeting house . . . He was not old enough to vote for Washington, as the first president of the United States, but his father, Richard, voted for him, and he always loved to hear his father and uncles talk of their early days of pioneering, of General Stark, and their adventures in the Revolutionary War.

(To be continued)



ALL THAT STANDS here now is the old windmill. This picture of Johanna Westphalen Berger was taken in 1932 on the homeplace 1½ miles east of Onslow, section 30, Madison township. Johanna came to Jones county in 1881 at age 16. Photo submitted by Harvey Johnson of Dunlap, Ia.

Puts skill to use to make finery for church, travel to Missouri

(From page 5)

WANTED HOUSE

All in all, it was just more than a "civilized woman" could stand forever, and it was not surprising that she began nagging Uncle Billy to build a real "lath and plastered" house. He agreed that she was having a hard time, but so was he in clearing and fencing fields for crops, and enclosing pens and pasture for livestock. To obtain money for a new house was something else, and he did not like going in debt to money lenders who charged 10 to 15 percent interest, which was a common interest at that time.

While the Civil War was on, things were at a standstill, and he kept telling his wife that once the war was over, things would be easier, and they might think about a new house.

But when the war was over in 1865, there was a rush of new settlers from the east, all looking for good Iowa land. Land that sold for \$7.50 per acre before the war now doubled in price and Uncle Billy could sell his 80-acre farm for \$15 per acre.

SUGGESTED MOVE

His wife had been corresponding with friends in Tarkio, in northwest Missouri, and they had reported that farms were available in that area with good "lath and plastered" houses on them. Boat loads of good lumber came up the Missouri river from St. Louis and was very reasonably priced. Furthermore, log buildings were only used for hogs and cattle. So again, the pressure was put on Uncle Billy to sell out for \$1200 and head for northwest Missouri. Uncle Billy hated to consider it. His

President's message

Dear Reader:

In the last issue of the Review an appeal was made for your encouragement and advice. You responded beautifully -- THANKS!!

The first quarterly meeting of the 1980 year will be held at the courthouse in Anamosa Jan. 13, 7:30 p.m. or, if we are in a bad weather spell (blizzard, ice, or very extreme cold), the meeting will be postponed until the following Sunday, Jan. 20.

Don't forget your many friends or relatives at Christmas. A subscription to the review and a membership makes a year-long gift to remember. A subscription by itself is still only \$4.50, a membership by itself is only \$2.00, or a combined membership and subscription is only \$5.50.

We will notify the person receiving this gift, but we should have your gift subscriptions and memberships in our hands by Dec. 15. A coupon found in this issue

brother, three sisters, and two sets of his cousins were in and around the Scotch Grove area, and his half dozen small children would not be easy to move in a covered wagon over 300 miles, over questionable roads and in uncertain weather. But at last he gave in and they made plans to make the move in 1867. He had a good team of horses and the same wagon and wagon box that had brought them to Iowa on an 800-mile trek more than 10 years before. All the wagon box would need was new bows, a new canvas top, and it would get them 300 miles further west.

POSSESSED SKILL

Uncle Billy and family attended the Scotch Grove church about two miles west of their home in section 23, and here is another side of "Uncle Billy's Wife". She was small in size and neat as a pin. When she went to church, she wanted to be the most presentable woman there. She would save her butter and egg money to buy clothes for herself and children, and did her own sewing by hand. And the hat she wore was a prized possession, trimmed and decorated in the latest fashion by her own skillful hands.

After the Civil War, she had obtained in Monticello, a piece of goods, not silk, but satiny in appearance, and made herself a very becoming outfit, which she wore to church on Sunday. With a hat to match she really "knocked their eyes out" when she appeared in public. Uncle Billy went along with her whims, but diplomatically said nothing. He was glad she had something to enliven the drab existence of pioneer

gives further details, and if you do not want to destroy your issue, just write us on a slip of paper.

BE SURE YOU PRINT CLEARLY, THE EXACT NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS WITH ZIP CODE OF THE PERSON RECEIVING YOUR GIFT. Also print your name and address. Make checks payable to THE JONES COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

We need you at our meetings. Remember, the Jones County Historical Society belongs to ALL of the people of Jones county. It is not necessary for you to be a paid up member to participate or come to meetings. The membership fee is to help the Society with expenses incurred, and it is our only source of income for many of the expenses.

I am very pleased at the number of persons attending the meetings and being active in the decisions that are made. Any time an organization can boast an attendance of from 35 to 50 people consistently at its meetings, it means superb interest in that organization. Keep it up!!

C. L. "Gus" Norlin, Pres.

living. But there were some of the Clark who got a great deal of amusement out of her fanciful behavior. Her women friends, however, envied her and marvelled at her skill.

BEGINS JOURNEY

So in the fall of 1867, when the covered wagon was loaded and ready to leave for northwest Missouri, Uncle Billy's wife donned her best finery, climbed on the spring seat in left front, and had Uncle Billy stop at each neighbor, and bid them all goodbye. Proceeding south and west, they reached the farm home of David Clark in section 4 of Madison township, where they spent the first night on the road. My father, Calhoun Clark, was nearly 11 at that time and well remembered the event.

As soon as they were out beyond the range of their acquaintances, Uncle Billy pulled off into a patch of timber, and his wife exchanged her finery for her work clothes, and stored her fine clothes in a box for safe transport. Then, approaching Tarkio, Mo., the ritual of her clothes was reversed and she rode triumphantly into her friend's home in her best dress and hat.

All this was reported later by Uncle Billy, after they had located in the Tarkio area. And later still, he had more to add to his wife's story. The farm he had bought with his \$1200, had a one-story house that was indeed a "lath and plastered" one, as she had wanted. But it was not long until she wanted a second story built on as they needed more room for a growing family.

ADDS TO HOUSE

Uncle Billy did not argue this time for he knew something must be done. Since good lumber was available and he could do most of the work himself, he proceeded with the job, got the studs in place, the roof on, and had it about sided, when along came one of those Missouri twisters which took the new roof off and made a mess of the whole thing. It was a most discouraging event and his wife was in tears. After studying the matter a little, Uncle Billy said to her, "Woman, it looks like the Lord wants you to have a one-story house". He set in and salvaged what lumber he could from the wreckage, added two rooms to the one-story structure, and got it roofed over before the next winter set in.

Aunt Ellen had to be content with the arrangements for they had reached the limits of available money and reasonable credit. It was only after they had retired from the farm and moved to town, that Uncle Billy's wife got her two-storied "lath and plastered" house.

Both passed away at Maitland, Mo. in the late 1890s.

John C. Clark
Monmouth, Ia.

The Trail Grows Dim

Writes letters to 3rd wife, Becca, from Union camps

Jones County Historical Society
Dear Society:

Have been tracing family background for the past two years, and now experience some problems with one line due to the early death of my great-grandfather, Thomas Lamey, who served in the Civil War and died quite young.

Is there by chance anyone you know who would be working on the same family tree, or have any information on the following:

Lamey, Bridget (Troy) bn. 1801 Ireland, died 2-20-1886, buried Holy Trinity cemetery, Baldwin, Jackson county.

Lamey, Michael bn. 1817 Ireland, died 5-24-1893, buried same as Bridget.

Lamey, Thomas, bn. Ireland, died 2-15-1892 at his farm in Wyoming township. Buried same location as Bridget and Michael.

Who is the John Lamey referred to in 1879 History of Jones County, pages 492 and 495?

Bridget (Burke) Lamey Foote, dau. of John and Ellen (Connelly) Burke, bn. Bloomington, Illinois, 12-25-1854, married Thomas Lamey in 1871. After his death married G. P. Foote. She died 2-8-1915 at Anamosa, where she had moved two years prior to her death. She is buried at Holy Trinity cemetery, Baldwin.

Ellen (Connelly) Burke, Hartnet. Bn. 1828 Ireland. Married John Burke. Had three children, John, Margaret and Bridget. Lived Wyoming Twp., died 8-3-1903, buried also at Baldwin.

Burke, John. Died 2-19-1861 at age 35. Buried at St. Patrick's cemetery, Garryowen.

Also, John Burke, last information was a child who may have died between the 1870 and 1880 census, or may have grown to manhood and moved away after taking job on the railroad. Some of the Lameys did move west with the railroads, and my mother, along with my aunt, Mrs. Cyril O'Hara, think this is a possibility. I will appreciate any help or advice anyone may give me.

Very truly yours,
Mr. Barney Wm. Peterson
A-1-A T.V., Inc.
5530 Lincoln Ave.
Cypress, Calif. 90630

(Ed. note: Records indicate descendants number among the Crowleys, Kehoes, Edwardses, Hogans, Gavins.

Jones County Historical Society
I am wondering if you have in your library any information on my ancestor, BARNHART WAGGONER, SR. who died in Jones county, Iowa Feb. 7, 1863, or on

(Editor's note: In Vol. 5, Issue 2 of "The Jones County Historical Review", we started a story about Grandpa Tate as told by his granddaughter, Esther Gray of Anamosa. The story concludes in this issue with letters that Grandpa Tate wrote while serving with the Union Army during the Civil War.)

His first wife was a half-blood Indian maiden - I never knew her name (might have been "Minni H.?!"). A hundred or more years ago the Indiana woods were full of Indians, many second generation white unions.

When his first love died, her baby lived (I only jot this down because it has a sequence to show us that fathers and sons had "generation-gaps" away back then. The son, my half-uncle Wright, was 16 when Gramp enlisted, telling Wright "to take care of 'Becca and little Ella'".

Well, he had only been in the Army three or four months when Rebecca wrote him that Wright had run away and enlisted. He had lied about his age, and was a big, strapping six-footer or more; naturally volunteering no information about his Dad or his "solemn obligation".

So Grandpa had to ask for a leave, and pulling all the strings he could to get it, go hunt Wright up. When he finally did locate him, it took more "strings" and all the Irish charm he could turn on. With the picture he must have painted of the little family back home, so destitute without the "strong right arm" of the 16-year-old stepson to lean on, he got him discharged and sent home.

I told you he must have had a little leprechaun on his shoulder to have managed that! But he did - I saw Uncle Wright's Honorable Discharge papers, years later, when I was a visiting teenager myself in his home, and I can still hear his hearty chuckle over being so valuable to Uncle Sam that he was rewarded for his "service-career" with a pension for the

two of his sons, Anthony Waggoner and Barnhart Waggoner, Jr.

Also I am wondering if you have any books that you loan out through inter-library loan or old newspapers on microfilm that you loan out. If so, I will have my local library contact you relative to same.

(ed) If any of our readers have information on the above people please contact:

Mrs. Betty Ulin Zuliani
16172 Woodstock Lane
Huntington Beach, Calif. 92647

rest of his life.

And his widow received it after he was gone for the rest of her life - and they both lived to a ripe old age. This is just to remind us that we have had "The Pentagon" with us for a long time!

The little wife No. 2, of which we have no record except that she was buried with her dead baby in her arms, always aroused my sympathy - poor little "Ann" - onymous! He must have loved her, too.

But being not only a romantic, he had a practical side (the little son, who needed and now would have the step-mother "Becca" to care for him). She became wife No. 3 to Grandpa, endowing him with all "the fruits of endearing passion", she would bless him with, both before and after the war.

He must have loved her very much, too. In one of the letters in The Exhibit, he wrote, "If I could take you in my arms this night, I would give Rome!" I must confess it wouldn't have been much of a gift. He called it a God-forsaken hole, and prayed "God help us all"!

I may sound a little irreverent (the "Irish" in me, no doubt), but I have an idea that when Grandpa was "on his last encampment" that as long as he couldn't lie between all his "beloveds", he must have requested "that they lean me a little toward 'Becca'"!

LEGEND

Alfred Dorton Tate; Color-Sgt. Co. A., 59th Indiana Regiment; Civil War.

His daughter married Henry J. Van-Slyke, of Jones county, Iowa.

His grandchildren all lived in Jones county. Living ones are: Esther Gray, Anamosa; Lettie Murray, Mechanicsville; Mary Eiben, Central City.

The letters were all written from Rome, Ga., to his wife, Rebecca, in Worthington, Ind., during his stay in the Field Hospital in Rome, about 30 miles northwest of Atlanta.

He was an orderly, or aide, to the surgeon-in-charge of the hospital for 18 months, leaving there with his unit to join General Sherman's army in the famous "March to the Sea".

TATE LETTERS

August 24, 1864

Roam (sic) Georgia

Dear Wife it is with pleasure I take pen in hand to inform you I am well at this time and hope these lines will find you well. I am still at the hospitle I received a letter from Sue and was sorry to hear Dick was taken prisner I hope he will come out rite

Learns medicine and practices it while working in camp hospital

soon. The letters had bin rote in June. I havent heard from James since I have bin here. I have rote to him but haven't had no answer as yet.

Well Becky I don't now what to say to you I am trying to do the best I can down in dixie. I have entered into a new bizness I can't tell how I shall come out. I have gone in as student in the hospital I have to put up the prescriptions and superintend everything in general. I don't no how I will get along with the bisness it is a respon- sible place to fill the Doctor says he can put me thru all rite. I think I can go rite ahead a giving medicine and if I prove successfull I think it will bild me rite up.

(august 30) Well Becky I am going to try to rite a few lines to you I am so busy I can't rite a great deal as soon as I comence to rite some one will come in and want some medicine and I have to quit riting and wate on them. I have bin doing the business for some days and get a long very well so far. I have a fine chance to study medison and not only study but practice two. Every day I can learn more here in one month than I could at home in one year.

We have some one hundred and fifty pations in our hospital to tend to that give us a good deal of practice. Well becky when I come home I shall practice medicon some place or other. I don't intend to work anymore that is playd out with me. I can make a lving so much faster I never new I could till I got in the hospital. If I can manag to stay in it till the war is over then I will be all rite for a new life in this world. So live in hope if you again despair.

(same letter page next date, September 1, 1864) Dear Becky. I feel grateful to almighty God that it is as well with me as it is. That I am blest with the best of helth and the presents of mind and have the privileges though our privileges are very limited in the army but still thair is one thing, the same bad rains in Roam that rains in Bloomington. Man may change the destiney of a nation but bad is un- changed and will even be he is the same bad now and for ever.

Then let us put our trust in him and ever look to him for his blesings and if we put our trust -- in such a one we have a shure hope but we must trust him in faith bleving that he will ever reward those that do his will and lay hold of his promises and that is the way we get hold of his promises by doing his will. Then let us ingage to do the work of the savior even looking forward to Jesus the author and finisher of our

faith.

It can't hurt us to do the will of God I am shure we cant loose anything but I think we can gane a grate prise eternal life and a seat in heven, there to injoy the blesings of God and the eternal hapiness of heven for ever. O to think of the exchange of this world of truble sin and sorow for that blessed world of peace an hapiness and eternal joy.

O how thankful we should be that Christ died to bring about this grate change and how good we should be to one that has done so mutch for us that we mite through his preshes blood and suffering be intitled to this gate privilege. Let us ever bear this in mind and be faithful to the end. I will close by askin God to watch over us and our little famley until death. My Dear, rite soon to your able servant. D. Tate.

(separate sheet of paper) September 9, 1864

Well Becky I stopt riting from the fact the road was torn up but I think the cars (evident he refers to railroad, ed.) can run again. Well thair hasent nothing of importince ocured since I comenst tonite. I am still student of this hospital. (same sheet of letter paper) Sept. 14, 1864

Becky I shouldn't wonder if you would think strange of my taking so many spell a riting one letter. I am still well. I want to hear from you so bad I don't no what to do. I haven't hear from you for so long. I wish I could see you and talk to you. I am a geting a long very well and stand firm in the estimation of the people in Roam (Rome, Georgia, ed.).

The sick is a doing well hear. We haven't lost but one man for more than a month and that was today. I often go round the wards and perscribe for the sick. I am a learning very fast the years of medication. I think I can stay in a hospital the balance of my time it is a grate school to study

medicon in. I have books to read all the time and constant practice all the time. Well I hope to get home some time and then set out for myself. ---- then set out for myself.

I never could have confidence in my self till I was put to work. Thair is nothing like a tried faith is one of the best things in the world. Well Dear thair has been good news since I heard from you. Sherman has give the rebels a death blow and I think the war will close by spring if not sooner. I would go my hat on that.

Sherman says he will rest one month and then he will start and wont stop till the rebilion is put down and I think he will be as good as his word. I long to see the time when I can be free again and return to the land of God and thair dwell in peace for this is one of the most God foresaken land I ever saw in my life. God help it.

I shall close for the nite is going spent. want you to rite soon and often. Som thinks we will go to Atlanta soon but I can't ell anything about it. Give my love to all the friends if thair lonely in that country. Reserve a large portion yourself. If I could take you in my arms this night I would give Roam.

I learn since I have comenst tonite that a paymaster has come to town to night to pay us. I think we will be paid off soon and then you may look for money. Rebeca I shall have to bid you fair well. I will rite soon agane. So fair well. Kiss little Ela for me and don't forget your old friend.

Alfred D. Tate to
Rebeca M. Tate

(ed note) the letter was sent to Mrs. Rebeca M. Tate, White Hall, Indiana, with the envelope hand cancelled Sept. 18, 1864 at Nashville, Tenn.

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Monticello, Iowa 52310

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