Jones County Historical Review

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In Oxford Junction

A fishing trip turns to fisticuffs

by John C. Clark
Monmouth

The following story was told to me by one of the parties involved. I will refer to them only by their first names to avoid any embarrassment to any of their descendants who may still be in the area.

John, Jim, and Cooney, three young men of the Center Junction area, decided to spend a few days fishing in the Wapsi River. It was the month of August, the harvest and threshing was completed locally, and there was time for a little pleasure trip before fall work began.

Jim had a tight wagon box and a good canvas stack cover which could serve as a tent if it were tied to one side of the box, stretched across the top, and fastened to the ground several feet away on the other side.

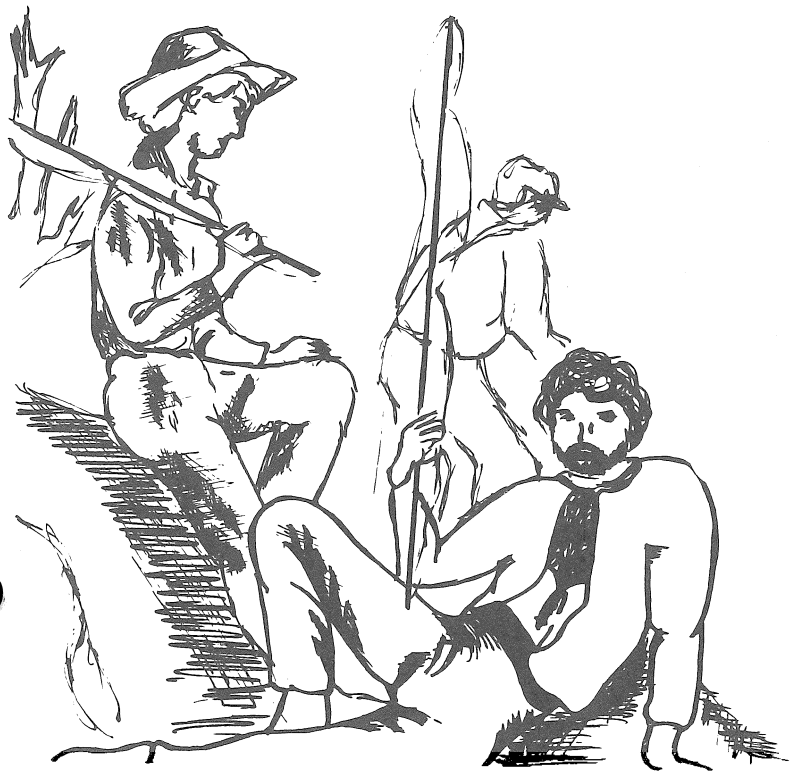
They needed the wagon box to hold their groceries, water jugs, some horse feed, fishing tackle, cooking utensils, blankets, some tools, an axe, a spade, a scythe and a hammer. The scythe was to cut grass to make their beds in the tent. And, of course, a spring seat on top of the box for the driver. They were quite well equipped for the three-day stay they had planned.

They took the road going straight south of the schoolhouse, southeast of Center Junction, which took them to a spot on the Wapsi just a few miles west of Oxford Junction.

Here they made arrangements to make camp and fish for the three-day period. They hoped to catch fish enough to keep them well fed.

First day

It took a large part of the first day to set up camp and get organized, take care of the horses, make preparations for cooking, and arrange the sleeping quarters, look for prospective places to fish and dig holes near the river bank to deposit their water jugs in the cool earth.



They had brought along a small seine made from gunnysacks to catch some small minnows to use for bait for larger fish. They also had the 'innerds' of a chicken to use for catfish bait. The report is that they had a catfish supper the first night.

Each took his turn in preparing the meals, and they had a grand time deciding who was the best cook. John was voted the best fisherman since he produced a few nice bass.

They had no butter to worry about, as they had honey, jam, and preserves to go with the several loaves of bread they had brought along in a clean grain sack.

Along with the water jugs in the cooling hole they had deposited a dozen bottles of beer. The plan was one bottle per day per man.

Coffee problem

They slept like logs in their fresh grass beds in the improvised tent. It was no trouble at all to have fish for breakfast each day. Coffee was a problem. None of the three had any success with making it, even though it was fresh ground each time in the old box coffee grinder. The coffee problem thus led to their substituting beer, with the result that the beer supply ran out sooner than they had planned.

On the morning of the fourth day, they decided to break camp and head for home. Further talk convinced them that since they were only a few miles from Oxford Junction, they should drive into that town for more beer, and they reasoned that they would have a better road home from Oxford to Wyoming to Center Junction.

After they had eaten all the fish and other food scraps that were left, they cleaned up the camp spot, pulled out for town and arrived at the Oxford Junction tavern about midday.

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'Shook them up roughly and slapped their faces'

(cont. from page 1)

Of course, they were in no shape to make a genteel appearance — unshaved, rumpled clothing, dirty from head to foot, about as unkept as it was possible to be after three days on a muddy river bank.

The boys had given little thought to their appearance. They bought a bottle of beer for each and sat down at a small table provided for customers.

The circus begins

In the saloon were a few young fellows, fairly well dressed for the time, who looked over the three fishermen with a great deal of amusement. They evidently thought they could have some fun with them, and their spokesman asked them how far back in the big timber they came from, if their mothers knew they were out, and if they had ever heard of a bath. The three fishermen then began to take notice, and the young fellows added a few more insulting jibes.

Suddenly the three unkept men jumped to their feet, grabbed three of their tormentors, shook them up roughly and slapped their faces hard. John then told them that they had exceeded the rules of hospitality and that if they didn't shut up and mind their own business they would get more than slapped faces.

Then he asked them if they wanted anything further. One of them added a few words of insult and the fishermen made for them, but they hurriedly ran to the rear of the room and were very quiet for a while.

The three fishermen went back to their table and their beer. The barkeeper, through this skirmish, had a wide grin on his face and made no move to interfere. He evidently was enjoying the lesson given the young fellows who hung around his place.

The young fellows stayed in the rear, talking among themselves. Finally, their spokesman advanced a few steps and said to the men at the table, "You fellows think you are pretty darn smart, don't you? We've got a man here in Oxford Junction who can lick all three of you."

"Is that so?" said John. "Well, why don't you just trot him out so we can take a look at him?"

"By gawd we just might do that."

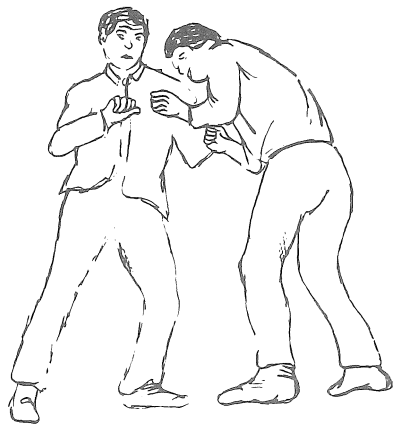
"Sure," said John, "go get him if you feel bad enough to do it."

Mincemeat

One of his cronies spoke up, "You'll be sorry if we do get him. He'll make mincemeat out of you three."

"Go get him," said John. "No use standing there making threats."

They conferred some more and finally one said, "We will just do it — we'll go hunt him up and bring him in. Then we'll see who talks big. Just wait a little while and we'll get him."



The three fishermen finished their beer and wondered what was coming. Jim told the other two that maybe they had put in too big an order. "Aw," Cooney said, "we've heard plenty of big talk before. Just hang around for the circus."

The big Irishman

After several minutes the boys returned with a big fellow who looked as Irish as they come. He was a six-footer and looked to weigh well over 200 pounds. The boy's spokesman said "Here he is. See if you want to tackle him." The Irishman said nothing and just looked the three rough characters over.

John and Cooney sized him up and decided that John was more his size and build and he should take him on at least first.

John went up to the fellow and said, "How do you do, sir. Shall we shake hands?" The Irishman extended his hand and grinned, but said nothing. John then stepped back and announced, "The sparring match is on".

The two then danced around each other, sizing their opponent up. Cooney was watching the barkeep to see if there was any objection. The barkeep still had his grin. It took a minute or two before any contact was made and then only lightly.

John found the guy was quite expert in defending himself. They traded a few jabs, but no harm was done. The Irishman simply stood his ground and circled as John circled around him. He did not try to carry the fight to his opponent, just defended himself.

John tried to slip in a few telling punches but was unable to make anything count. John was doing all the traveling in carrying the fight to the big man, but accomplishing little. Finally he turned to Cooney and said, "Aw hell, Cooney. I'm getting tired. You take him."

Cooney had been watching the ma[illegible] style of defense and had an idea that migh[illegible] work. He jumped to his feet, threw down his hat and danced forward on his toes, his right hand cocked for a blow.

As soon as he was within reach, the Irishman started a right swing, but Cooney sidestepped and delivered a hard left to the butt of the man's ear and jaw and he went down. Cooney stood waiting for him to rise, but it seemed he was down and out.

He called to the barkeep, suggesting that he get the boys to hold his head up and give him a shot of whisky, and perhaps that would bring him around. The barkeep was no longer grinning as the boys carried their home champion toward the back room.

Then Cooney spoke to the barkeep, "Now, I'm very sorry this turned out this way. You know yourself we did not start this thing. Your smart alecks back there caused the whole affair, but once started, we had to finish it. And I'm sorry I had to hit that guy. He seemed like a fine fellow."

The barkeep answered, "Yes, I know who is to blame, but I'm sorry it had to happen in my place of business."

Cooney then returned to his friends at the table. Almost at once the front door opened and in came a tall slim guy with a tin star on his chest. He advanced to the table and said, "I'm the town marshal here and I have orders to place you men in arrest."

"What for?" John asked.

"For fighting in the saloon."

"Why, we have not been fighting," said John. "We have just been visiting and sparring a little."

"Makes no difference how you figure it. The mayor orders me to arrest you and bring you up before him."

"You've got a mayor in this town?" said John.

"Darned right and he's a darned good mayor, and he don't allow things like you have been doing here."

Cooney broke in. "John, maybe we should go see this wonderful mayor."

The mayor

All three got up and went outside where the marshal got between Cooney and John and attempted to take their arms. John winked at Cooney and they each grabbed the marshal by his wrist and shoulder and carried him down off the sidewalk into the street and advanced to the place where the mayor waited.

Sometimes the marshal's feet were off the ground as they half-carried him alor[illegible] The mayor stood on the sidewalk, abou[illegible] foot above the street level.

The marshal blurted out, "Mr. Mayor! I have arrested these fellows and brung them up before you, like you said."

"Well," said the mayor, "It looked to me

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'The mayor's face got redder and redder'

(cont. from page 2)

ke they BRUNG you instead."

The marshal said nothing, but was trying to disengage himself from Cooney and John. Angrily the mayor told the two to take hands off the man, and then went into a tirade about their behavior and the ruction back there in the saloon. He asked them what in hell they meant by causing trouble in his town.

John, acting as spokesman, very politely recounted the whole affair from their arrival in town and up to the present moment, saying that they did not come to town to make trouble.

The Mayor's face got redder and redder as the story was told and he was becoming more angry by the moment. In an angry tone of voice he began, "It looks to me like you have had free range so far, but now, by gawd, you are up against the mayor and you'll find I do not put up with such behavior in my town."

He advanced to the edge of the sidewalk and stood about three feet from the men, and went into a spiel that was fully as insulting as the boys' in the tavern had been.

Cooney broke in with, "Mr. Mayor, your language and untrue accusations are fightin' words in the place I come from."

ea The Mayor exploded, "I don't give a damn . . ."

Cooney's fist shot out and struck him in the chest just above his big pot belly.

"Uh, uh, uh." The mayor grabbed at his chest and went down on hands and knees, and with more clutching and wheezing, rolled over on his back. Cooney suggested to the bystanders that they should get him in and take care of him. Then he turned around and said, "Now, where's that tinhorn marshal."

A door was heard to slam a short distance away and John remarked that the marshal was no doubt hunting safer territory.

In the meantime a crowd had gathered and was watching the whole proceedings, but nobody came near the three men.

Pelted

John turned to Jim and asked him to bring up the wagon and they would pull out for home. The wagon soon arrived and the two men climbed in, and they turned the corner to get on the Wyoming road.

Then suddenly they were being pelted with clods, pebbles, bottles and cans from the gutter — anything that was loose to throw. Cooney and John found themselves busy fending the missles and started catching some and firing them back. This proceeded for about a block and some venturesome guys came close enough to get their hands on the edge of the wagon box, and got their knuckles skinned for their trouble.

Then someone in the gang shouted the word "fight."

"Whoa Jim, whoa, somebody out there wants to fight." Cooney and John jumped to the street and asked, "Where is the guy who wants to fight?" They advanced a few steps and the whole gang of about 20 turned and ran pell-mell back down the street toward town.

"How are you going to fight if you are running away," the men called to them. There was no answer and no one moved, so the two men climbed aboard and they started on north.

Things were quiet for a spell, and then in the next block a man came down from the sidewalk and hailed them. "What do you roughnecks mean by causing all this trouble in town?" Jim stopped the team and John asked the man what he wanted.

"Why, I'm a deacon in this church down here and I can get a dozen men to help me put you fellows where you belong."

John and Cooney jumped to the ground and the men began a hasty retreat, but the boys grabbed him, one on each side, lifted him by trousers and shoulder, carried him up across the walk and dropped him over a picket fence into a lady's garden. There, he scrambled to his feet, made a bee line across the garden and disappeared around the corner of the house.

"Well," said John, "I guess that takes care of the deacon."

With that done, they again climbed aboard and proceeded out of town without further ado. They were all quiet for a time, no doubt thinking over the day's events and what consequences, if any, would come up.

One question

Finally John said, "Cooney, I want to ask you just one question. You know I worked around that Irishman for several minutes and I could not get in one telling blow. The man was very good on defense. Now, how in hell did you just run up to him, land one good punch, and put him down and out?"

"Why John, I used one of the first rules of boxing, deception and footwork. You saw me go in with my right hand cocked to make him think a right hand blow was coming. When he started his own right hander, I side stepped, pivoted, and planted a hard left to the butt of his right ear and jaw, and he went down."

"Well, I'll be damned," said John. "And I thought I knew a little something about boxing."

"Why John, when we get home you remind me of it and I'll give you a few boxing lessons."

"Naw you don't," said John. "You'd no doubt teach me like you taught that big Irishman, and I don't want any of that."

It was dark when they arrived home and they held a little conference before they parted. They decided to lie low for awhile, say nothing about the Oxford affair to anyone, but tell all about the fishing trip.

John was a kidder. "Just think, you outlaws! You are guilty on five counts at least — slapping the young fellows around at the bar, knocking out their local champ, man-handling the marshal, striking the mayor, and tossing a deacon over a fence. Any one of those offenses would mean a $100 fine and 30 days in jail."

"Aw hell," said Cooney. "I wouldn't settle for less than six months in jail. I'm a bachelor and six months with free board and room would get me through next winter in good shape."

John said, "Drive on Jim. Let's get out of here before he gets violent."

Two days passed and nothing happended, so they began to breathe easier. After two weeks, a Center Junction party was in Oxford Junction and brought them this report: The Mayor had tried to send the marshal with two or three deputized helpers to Center Junction and bring the culprits in.

The marshal had flatly refused and told the mayor it was a job for the county sheriff.

The Mayor was not going to advertise the fact that he couldn't keep order in his town. He theorized: The men did not start the trouble in the first place, little harm was done, nobody was hurt much. Our town pride suffered a little, and perhaps we needed to learn that we should treat strangers in town a little more respectfully, and the whole matter was dropped.

. . . "the big Irishman was still alive and lived on his farm northwest of town."

Now, some may question the authenticity of this story as I did at age 15. About 1907, I had occasion to question John's sister about the story and she stated that it was just as John had told it to her. And she admonished me not to grow up and pull any stunts like that, as of course I didn't.

Further proof: In 1918 two Oxford Junction men were in my company in the U.S. Army, namely, George Stewart and Joe Lenfelt. I questioned them and both knew the story and said they were still telling it around town with a great deal of amusement and that the big Irishman was still alive and lived on his farm northwest of town.

I had heard the story many times since I was 10 years old, and I now feel it can be told without offending anyone.

But, it did happen in Jones County, about 100 years ago.

Anamosa to observe 125th anniversary

Anamosa will celebrate its 125th birthday on July 25 and 26, 1981. The Chamber of Commerce is planning the event, which will include a breakfast Saturday morning, followed by a parade commencing at 11 a.m.

A bluegrass band will perform downtown in the afternoon, and there will be a barbecue supper at 6 p.m. A dance will follow from 8 p.m. to midnight.

There will be a tractor pull Sunday afternoon, and water fights sponsored by the fire department. A fireworks display will begin at dusk at the high school site. Antiques of all kinds will be on display in the store and office windows in downtown Anamosa.

"She was really a handsome girl. She wore ornamented leggings and moccasins, and her whole appearance was that of a well-dressed Indian belle."

Anamosa was incorporated as a town in 1856, and as a city in 1872. Col. W. T. Shaw was the first mayor. Anamosa held its first election as an organized town on the first Monday of April, 1856.

City's name

The name of the present county seat of Jones County was suggested by Edmund Booth. The place was first named Dartmouth, then Lexington, and afterward Anamosa. It is believed to be the only city in the United States to have this unique name.

The name has a somewhat romantic origin, and is derived from a simple incident in its early history. This incident occurred in the house of G. H. Ford about 1842, and is thus related by Edmund Booth, who happended to be present:

"One day, three Indians came in. At a glance, it was seen that they were not of the common, skin-dressed, half wild and dirty class. They were a man, woman and daughter, and all wore a look of intelligence quite different from the generally dull aspect of their race.

"The man and woman were dressed mostly in the costume of white people, with some Indian mixed; but the girl, bright and pleasant-faced, and apparently about 8 or 10 years old, was wholly in Indian dress. The girl was dressed as became the daughter of a chief. She was really a handsome girl. She wore ornamented leggings and moccasins, and her whole appearance was that of a well-dressed Indian belle.

"It was evident that these Indians were, as we said, not of the common order, and this fact excited more interest in us, and Mr. and Mrs. Ford, no other persons being present, than was usually the case at that day, when the sight of native sons and daughters of the wild frontier was a common occurrence.

"The three were entirely free from the dull, wary watchfulness of their kind, and, though somewhat reserved at first, were possessed of an easy dignity. They readily became cheerful, and, but for their light red color, would be taken for well-bred white people. They were from Wisconsin and on their way West.

"We inquired their names. The father's was Nasinus. The name of the mother was a longer one and has escaped our memory. The name of the daughter was Anamosa — pronounced, by the mother, AN-A-MO-SAH, as is the usual way, and corresponds to the Indian pronunciation of Sar-a-to-gah, the Saratoga of New York. When we asked the mother the name of her daughter, the latter laughed the pleasant, half-bashful laugh of a young girl, showing she understood the question, but did not speak.

"The interview was decidedly agreeable all around. After more than an hour spent in conversation, having taken dinner, they departed on the military road westward, leaving a pleasant impression behind them.

"It occurred to us that the names of the father and daughter were suitable for new towns — in fact, infinitely preferable to repeating Washington and various others for the hundredth time. We later found out the word Anamosa signified White Fawn, and the probability of such being the case is natural enough, when we consider the

(cont. on page 5)

The Romance of Ana-Mo-Sah

From some far place, along this silver stream,
There came a maiden, lovely as a fawn,
And where she went those ones could only dream
Who saw her leave their doorway after dawn.

Her step was silent as the river mist —
She walked where weeping Wapsie walked before
Above the crags to keep her midnight tryst
And meet brace Pinicon along the shore.

A fair white fawn; a lovely river soul —
The proud blood of her father's in her veins:
Chaste as new moons which rode above the knoll
Before the equinox had sent its rains.

A friend to stars! a sister to the sky —
Her lips had greeted swans and bayou things;
She knew the birch; the swift hawk, veering by —
She loved the evening song the wood thrush sings.

Oh, fair White Fawn; what secret did you know?
What distant river cavern made your home?
You blest our hills; our river down below —
You spoke your benediction to the loam.

Oh, lithe White Fawn; the mystic spell you gave
Has wakened men and cheered them at their toil;
May giant white oaks bend above your grave,
With spreading timber ferns to shade the soil.

And may the harebells, when the drifts have run,
Be blooming in the valley where you lie;
May the first rays of Springtime's new sun
Send down their gentle strokings from the sky!

May these strong soils, who took your name to keep,
Be ready with the song the builder sings:
Oh, rest, White Fawn; sleep the dreamless sleep
But may your spirit ride on eagle wings!

by Jay G. Sigmund
Submitted by Josephine Russell

The fall of Columbia, S.C., is detailed; Farwell book continues

Editor's note: "The Farwell Biographies — 1751 to 1865" continues in Volume 7, Issue 2 of the Jones County Historical Review.

FALL OF COLUMBIA

Fayetteville, North Carolina,
March 14, 1865

My Dear Wife,

I am truly rejoiced to have an opportunity to write to you again, after another protracted absence from communications.

We arrived at this place last night, and as the boats run up the Cape Fear River to this point, we hope today, or to-morrow to get a mail . . . It has been a long period since we have heard from home, than it was on the Savannah trip, but I hope that our friends have not had as much anxiety for our safety, as they did at that time.

We have inflicted a fearful punishment on South Carolina for having organized the rebellion . . . The 31st Iowa was the advance regiment into Columbia, the capital of the state, and we had three men wounded in the fight for the place, but it was our flag that waved over the State House, and I never saw such rejoicing in the army before.

We have had a great deal of bad weather, and our course has been impeded by high water, and bad roads, more than by the enemy.

The mail goes out immediately, and I will write more particulars, as soon as the opportunity occurs . . . I am well, and have been during the trip. I sincerely hope you and the children have had good health during the winter. It hardly seems possible that almost three months have gone by since I last heard from you. Kiss the children for me, and tell Mary Papa is very glad to have a chance to write once more.

Affectionately yours,
S. S. Farwell.

Camp Near Goldsboro, N. C.

My Dear Wife,

I wrote a few lines to you while near Fayetteville, and supposed I would have an opportunity again to write before leaving that place, but we were ordered forward, and did not even get our mail we were so anxious to receive. I hope that you have received some word from us by this time, as I know that your anxiety to hear must be great. It is now three months since I heard from you. What great changes may have occurred during that time! But I will not speculate, and can only hope that you have passed the winter in health, and comfort.

We left Beaufort on the 27th of January, destined, as we supposed, to make a campaign against Charleston. Our course soon proved to be northeast, and we marched day after day into the interior of the state. We destroyed thirty miles of the Branchville and Augusta Railroad, and on the 11th of February we reached the Edisto River. Here we met with resistance, but flanked out the enemy, and four companies of men, who crossed on a raft frightened away a whole brigade of Hood's army, which had just arrived.

On the 14th we reached a point within ten miles of Columbia. Our pickets were scarcely out before they were attacked by the enemy, and from there on, the cavalry contested every foot of the way.

At Congress Creek we found a force protected by breastworks. Our regiment was sent around, with the Fourth Iowa, as skirmishers, for it was necessary to flank them out . . . We saw four generals: Sherman, Thomas, Logan, and Wood in consultation, and it looked as though there was some hard work to be done . . . Soon the bugle sounded, "Forward," and to the front we went. The 4th Iowa plunging into the stream, which the rebels relied on to protect their flank. They waded in icy water to their waists, and came out to the rear of the enemy, and opened fire. The latter quickly retreated, thus saving the rest of the brigade from so icy a bath.

The rebels then tried to burn the bridge across the Congaree River, but it was soon repaired, and we were soon opposite the town on high ground, overlooking the city, with artillery planted so it could be shelled, at our mercy.

Columbia is located on high, swelling grounds, and the churches, depots, hospitals, and splendid homes, surrounded by evergreen trees, made a lovely picture. The new granite state house, not yet completed, was most conspicuous.

I can conceive of nothing more terrible than our appearance presented to the citizens of Columbia, as we stood on the hill, only a mile distant, drawn up in battle array, overlooking the city.

No effort was made to place a pontoon bridge across the river, on account of its width, but towards evening we moved up the stream, where the Saluda, and Broad Rivers unite with the Congagee. On this road we passed Camp Sorgum, where 1600 Union officers had been confined. They had been without shelter, and had protected themselves from storms and cold by burrowing into the earth, covering the holes with branches of trees, and throwing dirt on top. The stakes that marked the "Dead Line," to step beyond which was certain death, were still

(cont. on page 6)

Anamosa to observe—

(cont. from page 4)

Indian custom of naming persons from individual objects."

—From the History of Jones County, Iowa, 1879.
Submitted by Josephine Russell

Editor's note:

I cannot help but add a footnote to Jo Russell's story and the excerpt from the 1879 History of Jones County as related by Edmund Booth on the name ANAMOSA.

My wife and I moved to Jones County in 1946. In 1948 my wife's grandfather, Mr. Ed Bergin from Blackduck, Minn., spent a few weeks with us in the fall of that year.

Mr. Bergin had spent his entire life from young manhood until into his 80s in the northernmost parts of Minnesota and Wisconsin as a cook for one of the largest lumber camps. I believe he personally knew almost every citizen of Indian extraction in that part of the country.

Out for a Sunday drive while he was visiting, we entered Anamosa from Monticello, and the sign ANAMOSA was prominently displayed at the city limits edge. Now, Mr. Bergin had never been here before, had not idea such a city existed, but when he saw the sign he commented, "AH-NA-MO-SAY, Whey that's a Chippewa Indian Word, meaning LITTLE WHITE FAWN," and a name quite commonly given to Indian children at birth."

Maria Ford was my great-great-grandmother. She grew up and married Israel Fisher (of Fisherville on the Buffalo) moved to Webster City where they constructed and ran mills on the Boone River. Maria (Ford) Fisher and her husband are buried at Webster City in Graceland Cemetery. My mother was a Fisher.

C. L. "Gus" Norlin

'A defenseless place of old men, women, children'

(cont. from page 5)

standing. Graves of officers who had approached this line too close, maybe without intention of breaking rules, were pointed out to us. As the soldiers looked on this scene of suffering, and murder, one might feel certain that the fate of Columbia was decided.

The crossing of the river was made that night, and the next morning, as the defenders of the place were driven before the advance of the soldiers, the cry came, "The white flag is coming!" and a carriage, bearing two large white flags, was seen coming from the city.

Colonel Stone advanced to meet it, and an old man alighted, and announced that he was the Mayor of the city, and had come to surrender a defenseless place of old men, women, and children, into our hands. Colonel Stone accepted the surrender, and taking the flag of our regiment, he unfolded it to the breeze on the top of the carriage, over the head of the rebel mayor, then formed his brigade, our 31st Iowa in advance, and started to occupy this nest-egg of the rebellion.

When we entered the city crowds of negroes surrounded us, shouting, "Glory, glory, we are free now!" One young girl so white, she could hardly be suspected of having colored blood, caught Colonel Jenkins by the arm, and cried, "Yesterday I was a slave, today I am free! all are free now!"

During this time we were moving on, and at last our flag was unfurled over the state house, where the first convention had met to dissolve the Union.

While the excitement was at its height, General Sherman, accompanied by the two generals, Howard, and Logan, entered the city. Our brigade received them with rousing cheers. General Sherman acknowledged this by raising his hat, and riding along the line, with uncovered head . . . He had never looked so grand, so much the hero, and conqueror, as he did that day, as he rode through the streets of Columbia.

Nearly two thousand Union officers had been confined here within two days of our entering the city. In removing them some had escaped. As soon as they found we occupied the town, they came out of their hiding places, and their joy exceeded anything I ever witnessed. When they told of the horrible sufferings they had gone through, they instilled a hatred of war into us, we had never felt before.

Soon after dark an alarm of fire was given, and flames were seen to be springing up in the outskirts of the city. The wind was blowing a gale, and in less time than takes to write it the fire had obtained such headway it was impossible to check it. Two additional brigades were called out, and the three generals, Sherman, Thomas, and Logan appeared on the streets, to inspire the soldiers to work, by their presence, but it was of no avail. No human power could save the city. The fire raged through a length of nearly a mile and a half, and a width of three quarters of a mile. In the morning only smouldering ashes, toppling walls, and blackened chimneys, told where a beautiful city once had stood.

S. S. Farwell.

Sherman on leaving the desolated city of Columbia, left provisions, among which were five hundred head of cattle, to tide it over until future arrangements for its supplies . . . After leaving Columbia, the army marched north to Chesaw, contending still with rains, swollen streams, and bad roads. A great many negroes followed them from Columbia. They had a hard time walking through the rain and mud. They were clothed in rags, barefooted, the most of the women carrying babies, with little children running at their sides . . . Sewall Farwell wrote: "It makes me sad to think of the fate that must befall many of these poor little things before they can be placed in a position where they can help themselves."

From Fayetteville to Goldsboro, the march had to be made with great caution. Sherman was not sure of the strength of the army, now under the command of Johnson, that was gathering to oppose him. There was some fighting at different points along the way, the last engagement amounting to a real battle, but the enemy was repulsed, and Sherman's troops reached Goldsboro on the 23rd of March.

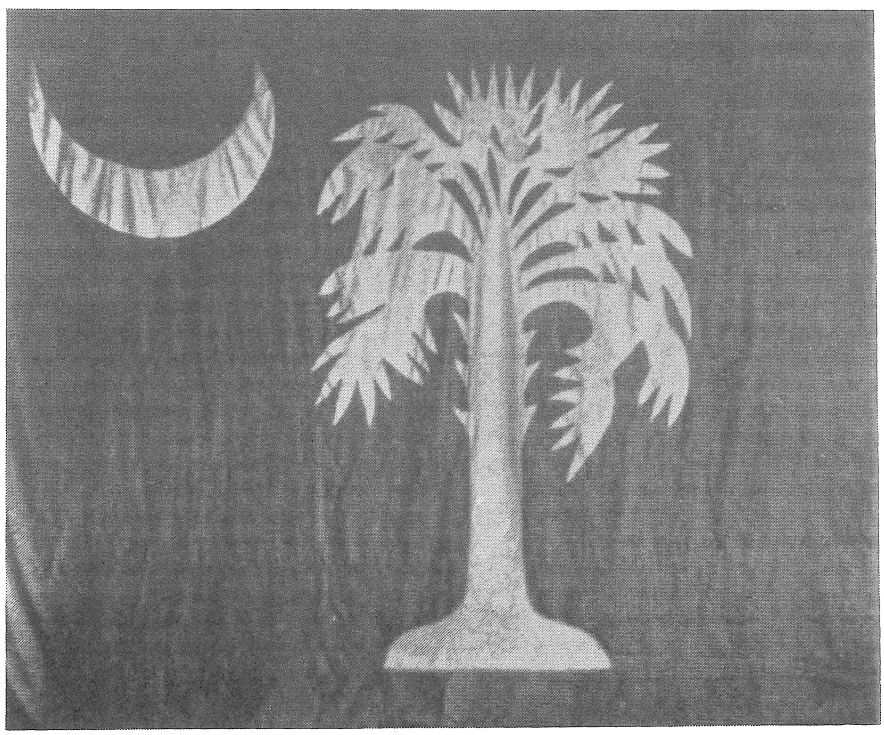
It was the longest march probably ever made in a civilized country. The distance from Savannah had been four hundred and twenty five miles. This march had been made under conditions of the utmost difficulty. Roads, weather, natural conditions of the country, offered almost insurmountable obstacles to be overcome, and they had arrived at Goldsboro with the army in good physical health, and their teams in almost as fine condition, as when they had left Savannah.

The men, however, were much in need of clothing, and hungry to hear from their families and friends. They were pleased over the address made to them by their General:

"I thank the army, and assure it that our Government, and people, honor it for this new display of the physical, and moral qualities, which reflect honor on the whole nation . . . You shall have rest, and all the supplies that can be brought from the rich granaries, and rich storehouses of our magnificent country, before embarking on new, and untried, dangers."

"Could you have seen the boys, as they crowded around their General, listening to the words of their chief, many of them barefooted, with their feet chapped, and swollen, their clothes all ragged, and torn by the long marches through swamps and brush, you would not have wondered at the

(cont. on page 7)



Palmetto Flag

THE PALMETTO flag was captured by soldiers of the 31st Iowa Infantry from the capitol at Columbia, S.C., Feb. 17, 1865.

The President, Grant, Sherman meet on boat—

(cont. from page 6)

shouts of satisfaction, with which this was received. But we are all right now, and the memory of this campaign, of the day we entered Columbia, in particular, will ever be among the brightest recollections of our army life."

Sewall S. Farwell.
(From Goldsboro)

General Sherman now desired, above all things, to have a personal interview with his friend, and chief, General Grant. While his troops were taking a well earned rest at Goldsboro , he left them, under the command of General Schofield, and in two days had made the trip by railroad and boat to City Point, where Grant and his staff and family were living in a group of huts on the James River.

Grant, Sherman, Admiral Porter, and some of the chief army officers, were taken out to the steamboat, Queen, on which, at this time, were President and Mrs. Lincoln.

Lincoln was somewhat uneasy over Sherman being away from his troops at Goldsboro , but Sherman assured him that they were in no danger, and that Schofield was equal to any emergency which might arise.

These leaders talked over the present condition of military affairs, and the course of action best to follow at the close of the war. Sherman was impressed with the kindly nature of Lincoln, his deep sympathy with the afflictions of his people, in both the North and the South . . . His earnest desire seemed to be to end the war speedily, without more bloodshed.

The punishment of the political leaders was distasteful to him. He would gladly see them escape from the country they had disowned. He wanted to restore all the men, from both sections to their homes. He seemed the embodiment of his own words, "With charity towards all, with malice towards none." . . . Sherman wrote of him: "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other."

Both Grant and Sherman were in accord with him, but they both thought that another bloody battle must be fought before peace could be accomplished.

Grant said but little, but at this time he was maturing his plans for the capture of Lee's army. He wished to do this, if possible, with the Army of the Potomac; after their long struggle, and many defeats, he felt they deserved this victory, but he had a fear that Lee might abandon Richmond, slip out of his grasp, and join Johnson in North Carolina, thus prolonging the war. So Sherman went back to Goldsboro , expecting to move with his army, on the 10th of April, to cooperate with General Grant in cutting Lee off entirely from supplies, so that he might be faced with starvation within his lines.

Sherman reached Goldsboro on the 29th of March, and on the 30th, Grant had started his movement against Lee, which ended with the surrender of the Army of Virginia at Appomatox, on the day before Sherman had agreed to move. His plans were changed by this surrender, and it created a furor of rejoicing among his men. He felt now that Johnson would not oppose him, and that he only had to push on to Raleigh to obtain his surrender.

Farwell at end of Civil War

April 8, 1865

My Dear Wife,

We are all rejoicing over the great news from General Grant, and anxious to hear further particulars. From the brief dispatches, the victory seems to be a complete one, the power and prestige of Lee's army completely broken . . . It is glorious! I cannot yet realize that the rebellion is crushed, and the Union saved, but it must be so, and from this time forward, no one will dare to say that the four years of war have proved a failure.

Later:

We marched into Raleigh about noon on the 14th of April, just at the time the old flag was again hoisted over Fort Sumter . . . General Sherman was seated on his horse in the State House Square, and we passed in review in front of him. Raleigh is a beautiful city, having few equals for situation, or surroundings, among the cities I have seen.

A strict guard was out upon everything, as soon as the troops entered the place, and nothing has been disturbed by the soldiers.

I believe a good feeling pervades between both soldiers, and citizens. Two of the papers here are advocating a return to the old Union; and submission to the constitution. I meet with no one who does not feel that the war is substantially over, and soon the soldiers of both armies may return to their homes. All are anxious to go, and many set the date of the 4th of July as the time we will be home again.

Later:

These are eventful days. On the 14th we entered Raleigh, just at the hour General Anderson raised the flag over Fort Sumter . . . That evening President Lincoln was assassinated, and the country shrouded in mourning. Nothing has ever created such grief in the country before. Many declared that they were ready to fight on for five more years to avenge his death.

Before this news came, General Johnson had sent in a flag of truce, and for several days negotiations were kept up between himself and Sherman . . . On the 19th, General Sherman gave notice to the troops that an arrangement had been entered into between him, and General Johnson, which, if ratified by the Government, would bring peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

We went into camp confidently believing that our days of marching and fighting were over, and that in a short time we could start for home . . . Imagine our disappointment, when we learned that President Johnson refused to ratify this treaty proposed, and the army would move on the enemy once more.

I do not know what the terms were, but am sure that the honor of the country was perfectly safe in the hands of W. T. Sherman, and any agreement he would make, would surely satisfy the people.

I do not think there will be any more fighting to speak of, but there may be some long, hot marches. It is hard to think that we may have to serve the rest of our term in this way.

Grant rode through our camp accompanied by Meade, and other generals of lesser note . . . Grant looks older than he did at Vicksburg, and careworn. What a mighty burden he has had to bear, and how manfully he has borne it! The soldiers cheered him lustily, as he passed.

We have beautiful weather now, and this is truly a delightful climate . . . The soil is much better than in some parts of the South that we have passed through. Here is raised an abundance of fruit, there is good water power, and in the woods every needful variety of timber . . . Farms within a few miles of Raleigh sold for six, or seven dollars an acre before the war, and they can probably be bought for much less, when peace is declared . . . The city looks as if it would be a delightful place in which to live. The streets are wide and well shaded, and the yards have beautiful shrubs, and grass . . . S. S. Farwell.

Through the kindly offices of General

(cont. on page 8)

Bicentennial committee to donate painting

In 1976, the Anamosa Bicentennial Committee commissioned Martelle painter Shirley Shotwell to do an oil painting of the Indian maiden Ana-mo-sah.

The committee held an auction and raised $200, which was placed on savings until such time as the painting would be completed.

The Committee has now received the painting from Shirley, who has now married and moved to Florida. The Bicentennial Committee plans to present the painting to the City of Anamosa at a ceremony during the celebration of Anamosa's 125th anniversary July 25 and 26, 1981.

The Bicentennial Committee officers were: Josephine Russell, chairman; Kay Dougherty, vice chairman; Joan Marlin, secretary; Earl Beisell, treasurer. Anna Parham was named chairman of the special project to commission the painting.

Submitted by Josephine Russell

The trail grows dim

Dear Editor:

I need some help in tracing ancestors. Hope someone in the readership of the Review can help.

Is there a listing of graves at Scotch Grove? My great-grandmother was Polly Louisa Smith. She married George W. Darrow.

Her parents were John G. Smith, who was born Nov. 18, 1812, and died, March 17, 1881. Her mother was Eunice (----) Smith, born Oct. 3, 1823, and died March 26, 1904.

There were other brothers and sisters, among them Martha, Frank, and Ella M. Frank was born Sept. 1, 1845, and died Sept. 22, 1926. Ella was born Jan. 8, 1854, and died Feb. 2, 1930.

There are no dates on Martha. Great-grandmother Louisa was born in New York, Cattaraugus County. At the age of 9 they moved to Bowens Prairie, and two years later moved to Cass Township, Jones County, Iowa.

I would like more information on these people, especially my great-great-grandfather, John G. Smith.

Sincerely,
Louise Roberg
R. 2, Box 97
Cresco, Iowa 52136

President's message

Dear Member-Subscriber:

This message will be short, but full of good news. We have finally acquired through the generosity of the Immaculate Conception Parish of Castle Grove, the OLD SUTTON SCHOOL, also affectionately known as the CLAY CENTER SCHOOL.

Immaculate Conception Church was left this property by the late James T. McDonald, who was a grandson of the early Clay Township settlers "McManus." The McManus's had originally set aside this ground upon which the schoolhouse stood, and had even gone into the timber and helped hew the logs to build its frame back in the 1860s.

The building is still framed with these logs, and only some cosmetic exterior and interior changes have been made. It is one of — if not the OLDEST — frame country school in eastern Iowa.

It was rapidly approaching the point of demolition when acquired by the Historical Society. It will be moved to the Society's Pioneer Village complex, renovated as is necessary, and will then resemble the same structure known and loved by so many generations of children who attended the "Little One Room Country School."

It will be necessary that the Society appeal to those hundreds who attended the "Sutton" School for help in raising the money necessary to have it moved and restored. It must be moved very soon, but we can't get it moved until we can pay the movers, and pay for the new foundation material necessary.

The total of these expenditures is conservatively estimated at $4,000. To each contributor of $25 or more, we will enter their name upon a plaque, to be mounted inside the building after its renovation. We also will be looking for old school pictures, or any artifact from the "Old Sutton School."

If not enough money can be raised on a voluntary basis, we will attempt to have a direct mail fund drive (although these incur a lot of expense) and if we are not successful in this, then we will just have to abandon the idea of saving the building.

The next issue of THE JONES COUNTY HISTORICAL REVIEW will have the exciting story of a pioneer wife and mother from Wayne Township, and her near fatal trip to Dubuque driving a team of oxen.

Don't miss it!!

Sincerely,
C. L. "Gus" Norlin

Farwell book—

(cont. from page 7)

Grant, Sherman's differences with the Government over the terms of General Johnson's surrender were adjusted. If President Lincoln had lived there never would have been the least trouble in the matter.

Indeed they had been inspired by Sherman's interview with Lincoln, when he had talked proposed peace terms over with Lincoln and Grant, on the Steamer Queen, but a short time before . . . But after the assassination of Lincoln a panic of fear took possession of such men as Stanton, and President Johnson, while Halleck, who had no liking for Grant, or Sherman, was glad of any opportunity to humiliate Sherman at this time.

Sherman resented the treatment intensely, and on the day of the Grand Review, at Washington, publicly refused to take the proffered hand of Stanton.

President Johnson afterwards disclaimed to Sherman, any intention of interference, but he was a weak man, easily influenced.

From Raleigh the army moved on to Richmond, and from there to Alexandria, to take part in the final Grand Review of the troops at Washington. They were in a camp on the south side of the Potomac, and on the night of the 23rd of May they moved over and bivouacked not far from the Capitol, so as to be ready to start in the great parade the next day.

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