

Autobiography  
of  
Francis Torrey Townsend





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F. T. TOWNSEND,  
AT THE AGE OF 76, MARCH 5, 1905

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY**  
**OF**  
**FRANCIS TORREY TOWNSEND,**  
**AND**  
**GENEALOGY**  
**OF THE TOWNSENDS.**

**CUMMINGS THE PRINTER,**  
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# THE TOWNSENDS.

## CHAPTER I.

**W**HEN a small boy I remember hearing my teacher say to his oldest class in school: "Young men, your life is before you, now make your mark in the world."

This leads me to ask myself, "What kind of a mark have I made?" I fear that in writing my Autobiography the reader will see that the mark I have made is very dim, so much so that but few have seen it. The mark is made and cannot be changed. It is said that some men make renown by their wit, but I have failed for want of stock.

To begin with I think it best to go back and give my pedigree, by giving the Townsend Genealogy which I have secured during the past six or eight years. The Townsend families of England and America are of mixed stock of Saxon and Norman origin and of great antiquity in the county of Norfolk, England. Walter Atte Townsend, son of Sir Lodovic De Townsend, a Norman Nobleman whom Collins in his Peerage of England, puts it the head of this family, flourished soon after the Conquest.

The Townsends had a large tract of land granted them by William the Conquerer.

The above dates back to 1066 where the name originated from Latin names meaning Towns end. You find them named all along in England as holding high offices under the English Crown close to the Kings, such as belonging to the Privy Council, and officers in the English Army. Some were raised to the Peerage. Sir Charles Townsend was minister to George the Third and was one of England's most powerful orators. All through the History of England you find their names among the most prominent of the officials and literary men from 1066 to 1635 when three brothers came to America. Among them was my great, great, great grandfather, Thomas Townsend, whose family records follow.

Here is where our records commence in America at Lynn, Mass. The figure before names denote the number of the generation in America. b stands for births, m for marriage, and d for death.

#### 1. THOMAS TOWNSEND,

son of Henry, was b in Norfolk County, England, and moved to London, and from there to Lynn, Mass. in 1635, near to the Iron works. He was b Jan. 8, 1594, and d Dec. 22, 1677. Was m to Mary (probably a sister to Annie, wife of John Newgate, a merchant in Boston, as he was called brother-in-law.) She died Feb. 28, 1692.

They had the following named children: Thomas, b 1637; Samuel, b 1638; 2 John, b 1640; Andrew, b 1642; Elizabeth, b 1644. Some of their descendants remain in Lynn at this day, others were among the first settlers on Long Island.

In going back we find that Henry Townsend was the son of Thomas, who was the son of Sir Robert, who was the son of Sir Roger Townsend, and so on down to 1066.

In the number of generations given is, in the direct line of the branch that I belong to

## 2. JOHN TOWNSEND,

son of Thomas, was b in Lynn, Mass. in 1640; d Dec. 4, 1726. He m for his first wife Sarah Pearson, Mar. 27, 1668. She d July 9, 1689. Their children were George, who first m Rebecca Cowdry, 2nd m Elizabeth Crane: Sarah, b Sep. 4, 1673, m Stephen Weston: John, b Mar. 17, 1675, d Jan. 1757: Mary, b Sep. 2, 1677, d July 6, 1717: Hannah, b Feb. 11, 1680: Elizabeth, b Nov. 9, 1682, m Jonathan Nichols, Apr. 11, 1753: Noah, b Aug. 30, 1686, d Dec. 15, 1713: Ebenezer, d July 3, 1689. For second wife he married Mehitable Brown Apr. 23, 1690. She d July 1735. Their children: Thomas, b Oct. 7, 1692, d June 1, 1716: Mehitable, b Apr. 28, 1695, d 1695: Martha, b Aug. 14, 1697, d May 27, 1729.

3 Daniel, b Apr. 1, 1700, d Oct. 10, 1761. He m Lydia Sawyer Oct. 18, 1726. She d Apr. 30, 1749. They were m by Rev. Daniel Putnam of Reading, Mass. Their children: Lydia, b Aug. 24, 1728; John, b July 14, 1731; Mehitable, b June 10, 1734.

4 Thomas, b Aug. 23, 1736, d July 27, 1814; Daniel, b Dec. 26, 1738, killed at the battle of Lexington, Mass.

Apr. 19, 1775; Dorcas, b Sep. 18, 1741; Jacob, b May 6, 1744, d June 20, 1749; Martha, b Apr. 10, 1746, d June 18, 1749; Betsey, b Mar. 30, 1749.

#### 4. THOMAS TOWNSEND,

son of Daniel, b Aug. 23, 1736, d July 27, 1814. He m Susanna Green, she died Feb. 19, 1813. Their children: Thomas, b Aug. 2, 1763, d Aug. 19, 1783; Susanna, b June 8, 1765, m Elisha Bigelow, she d Mar. 10, 1845; Dorcas, b May 29, 1868, m Wm. Hayward, she d June 8, 1853; Mehitable, b Oct. 12, 1770, m Nicholas Brown, she d Aug. 12, 1819; Aaron, b May 16, 1773, d Apr. 17, 1846; Sarah, b Jan. 21, 1776, d Aug. 21, 1778; Anna, b June 8, 1778, d Oct. 14, 1865.

5 William, my father, b Sep. 8, 1780, d Dec. 19, 1865; Thomas, b Dec. 15, 1783, d Apr. 4, 1861. The church at Lynn, Mass. shows the dates of the baptism of the above family. Thomas, Senior, Aug. 29, 1736; Thomas, Jr., 1st, Nov. 6, 1763; Dorcas, June 5, 1768; Mehitable, Oct. 14, 1770; Aaron, May 23, 1773; Anna, June 14, 1778; Sarah, Mar. 17, 1776; William, Sep. 20, 1780; Thomas, Jr., 2nd, Dec. 21, 1783.

Aaron, son of Thomas Townsend, for first wife m Lydia Swain, by whom he had children as follows, and who they married: Almond, m Elvira Butler; Louisa, m Amasa Parker; James Swain, m Elvira White; Mary, m Wm. Smith, who raised a large family in Arkansas; Otis Aaron, m Lucia Cady; Caroline A., m Wm. White, in

Tennessee. After the death of her husband she m his brother. She sent one son into the Union Army, who is now living in Florida. Aaron Townsend for his second wife m Mrs. Mary Buck, for third wife he m Mrs. Betsey Stone.

Almond, son of Aaron Townsend, had the following named children; Charles, d at Rutland, Vt.; Eugene, d at Brattleboro, Vt.; James A. lives at Ottawa, Ill. at this writing, 1905, had four children, Mary, Myra, Charles, and Waldo, the latter is deceased; Henry H. lives at Ottawa, Ill., and has three daughters; George W. lives at Ottawa, Ill., has no children; Carrie, d at Bridgewater, Vt.; and John lives at the latter place and has one son, Frederick, who is married and has one son.

Anna, daughter of Thomas Townsend, m Wm. L. Hawkins, a great musician and school teacher, and held town offices of all kinds and was postmaster for many years at Reading, Vt. Their children were: Lewis, b June 23, 1798, d Apr. 29, 1875; Wm. A., b May 24, 1800; d July 7, 1869; Alfred, b Sep. 30, 1803, d Jan. 31, 1885; Isabella, b Feb. 23, 1806, d Sep. 14, 1825; Ferdinand, b Feb. 14, 1808, d Dec. 26, 1893; Horatio, b Mar. 3, 1810, d Mar. 31, 1815; Josiah Q., b Mar. 14, 1812, d June 18, 1882.

Carlos, son of Lewis Hawkins, is a noted musician and resides at Reading, Vt.; is a farmer, has a sawmill and manufactures rakes; is town clerk and has been for 15 years; his son, Don C., and grandson, Harland, are great musicians and the trio make quite a band by themselves.

Thomas, Jr., 2nd, son of Thomas Townsend, m Philinda Beckworth. Their children were Daniel, Ann, Lewis S. and Rufus. The latter's widow and daughter, Mrs. Abbie Chamberlain, and son, Stephen, reside at Woodstock, Vt. Thomas' children are all dead except Lewis S., who resides at Wilton Junction, Iowa, has one son, Henry, who is married and has two sons.

Simeon Gould was my great grandfather on my mother's side. He was b Aug. 17, 1733, d Jan. 15, 1827, and m Elizabeth Pike June 12, 1760. She was b Dec. 9, 1734, d Dec. 20, 1778. Their children were, Simeon Jr., b Apr. 17, 1761, d July 21, 1816; John, b Apr. 23, 1763; Sally, my grandmother, b Oct. 3, 1765, d Dec. 27, 1838; Betsey, b Jan. 15, 1768, d Feb. 5, 1847; Margaret, b June 18, 1770, d June 4, 1848; Ambrose, b Apr. 8, 1772, d Apr. 10, 1842; Polly, b July 28, 1774, d July 11, 1843.

Noah Bigelow, my grandfather, was b Feb. 7, 1759, d May 20, 1833. He m Sally Gould Feb. 25, 1788. She was b Oct. 3, 1765, d Dec. 27, 1838. Children as follows: Sally, b May 30, 1789, d Nov. 4, 1874, she m John Carey, he d Nov. 11, 1851; Betsey, b Dec. 8, 1791, d Oct. 2, 1863; Hannah Gould, my mother, b Aug. 25, 1794, d Feb. 26, 1884; Noah, Jr., b Jan. 28, 1797, d May 29, 1813; Laura, b Nov. 9, 1799, d Nov. 12, 1799; Sophia, b Apr. 25, 1801, d Oct. 19, 1853, she m Amasa Watkins, had no children; he was b June 13, 1793, d July 7, 1876. Hannah Gould, m Wm. Townsend, my father. Family record to be given later, as I wish to insert some of the

Genealogy of the ancestry of my first wife, also more of the Townsends in the early days with many church records, and Town Clerk's books.

Deacon Enos Stebbins, b 1741, d Apr. 12, 1798, m Miss Mary, (name and date not found.) They were grandparents of Charlotte Stebbins, whom I married for my first wife. Their children were as follows: Elanor, b May 16, 1764, d Aug. 8, 1770; Jonathan, b Nov. 1, 1765; Bulah, b Sep. 24, 1767, d Aug. 22, 1776; Chloe, b May 7, 1769; Byram, b Mar. 5, 1771; Brainerd, b Feb. 25, 1773, d Aug. 11, 1838; Bliss, b Jan. 20, 1775, d Aug. 19, 1776; Infant, b Aug. 24, 1776, d Sep. 8, 1776; Bliss, b Dec. 12, 1778; Elanor, b Dec. 24, 1779; Enos and Mary, b Aug. 1, 1781; Bula, b Dec. 23, 1783; Seth, b Oct. 25, 1785, d Mar. 27, 1869.

Seth Stebbins, son of Enos and Mary, b Oct. 25, 1785, at East Hartford, Conn., and moved to Vermont when about six years of age, d at Clay, Iowa, Mar. 27, 1869, m to Jemima Hutchinson, Dec. 1, 1814. She was daughter of Samuel and Hannah B. Hutchinson, b Apr. 15, 1788, d Sep. 10, 1862, at Clay, Iowa. Their children: Hannah A., b Apr. 27, 1817, d Jan. 24, 1843; Edward S., b Jan. 17, 1819, d Jan. 28, 1899; George H., b June 8, 1821, d June 16, 1863; Emily C., b June 12, 1823, d Apr. 8, 1860; Charlotte, b Apr. 22, 1825, d Apr. 1, 1874; Levi H., b Mar. 11, 1828, living in 1905 at College Springs Iowa; Horace, b June 2, 1830, d June 20, 1830; Mary, b July 14, 1832, d Oct. 14, 1846.

Edward S. m Harriett Goddard.  
 George H. m Caroline A. Knowlton, Dec. 13, 1848.  
 Emily C. m V. P. Townsend, Mar. 17, 1857.  
 Charlotte m Francis T. Townsend, Aug. 3, 1852.  
 Levi H. m Agnese Woodmancy, Mar. 11, 1857.

The Genealogy of the Hutchinsons has been traced in England from 1282 to 1636, from last date named to 1900 in this country. The first record of any Hutchinson was Brainard Hutchinson at Cowlam, England. Samuel Hutchinson, the 14th generation from Brainard, was b Sep. 6, 1757, at Windham, Conn., d Sep. 30, 1839, at Norwich, Vt., where he moved to in 1765. He m Hannah Burr, Aug. 16, 1779. She was b Mar. 5, 1760, d Nov. 11, 1826. They were the grandparents of Charlotte Stebbins on her mother's side, who was my first wife. Their children as follows: Sally, b July 14, 1780, d Oct. 27, 1860; Ira, b June 11, 1782, d Jan. 29, 1806; Levi, b Mar. 21, 1784, d July 15, 1797; Samuel, b Apr. 11, 1786, d Feb. 13, 1845; Jemima, b Apr. 15, 1788, d Sep. 10, 1862, she was the mother of my first wife, Charlotte Stebbins; Perley, b Apr. 31, 1790, d Apr. 24, 1872; Eunice, b Dec. 18, 1791, d May 4, 1880; Timothy, b Sep. 8, 1793, d Apr. 2, 1880; Betsey, b Feb. 11, 1795, d Nov. 26, 1867; Levi, b Oct. 28, 1797, d July, 1879; Elisha, b Jan. 14, 1800, d Jan. 22, 1800; Emma, b Feb. 15, 1801, d Mar. 13, 1843; Hannah, b June 21, 1804, d Oct. 29, 1824; Austin, b June 30, 1807, d Mar. 28, 1843.



## DANIEL TOWNSEND,

my great grandfather, was chosen Deacon of the Church at Lynn, Mass., Oct. 16, 1738. He was b Apr. 1, 1700, d Oct. 10, 1761, with bloody purgings and fever. His daughter, Lydia, m Charles Mason of Lynn, Mass. He was in the old French War, and d at Half Moon, north of Albany, N. Y., July 26, 1756. They had a daughter, Lydia, who m Deacon Nathaniel Pratt, June 10, 1773, and their daughter, Anna, m Luther Carleton, late of Reading, Vt., who left two children, Emma L and Levi W., who reside at Woodstock, Vt., at this date 1905.

The early church records of Lynn, Mass. show the following: Lydia Mason was taken into the church Oct. 3, 1756; Daniel Townsend, Jr. and his wife Zerviah were taken into the church June 30, 1771. He was killed at the battle of Lexington, Apr. 19, 1775. His widow d Oct. 19, 1775, in the 32nd year of her age. One of the early pastors of the church was Rev. Nathaniel Sparhawk, ordained in 1720. Daniel Townsend Senior's daughter Lydia was baptized Aug. 25, 1728 and Mehitable, June 30, 1734. My grandfather Thomas Townsend and wife were taken into the church Oct. 30, 1763. Born in Lynn, John and Daniel 3rd, sons of Daniel Jr., were baptized July 7, 1771, also his son Jacob Townsend was baptized Aug. 4, 1771, and Zerviah Aug. 29, 1773. Jacob Townsend m Nancy Cox, Dec. 19, 1815; Daniel 3rd m Betsey Hart Apr. 21, 1816.

The Town Clerk's books at Lynn, Mass., show as follows: Feb. 12, 1749, Deacon John Bancroft paid to Deacon

Daniel Townsend the sum of 10L. 2s. 6d. (this was probably old Tenor money, then at great discount) which the church voted to him upon the account of their being in debt to him for providing for the Lord's table.

My grandfather, Thomas Townsend, was born in Lynn, Mass., in 1735. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and a participant in the battle of Lexington and Concord, Mass., on Apr. 19, 1775. In this battle two of his brothers were with him. Daniel was killed. There was a squad of minute men in a log house shooting at the British; they soon saw by the movement of the enemy that the house was to be surrounded; then they all retreated a short distance to the timber, except Daniel, who remained to make a few more shots: by the time he left the house the enemy were so near that they gave him a cross fire from two directions. Later when his body was found there were 40 ball holes in his clothes. Today shows the following inscription on his monument at Lynn, Mass. :

“ Lie, Valient Townsend, in the peaceful shades; we trust,  
 Immortal honors mingle with thy dust.  
 What though thy body struggled in its gore,  
 So did thy Saviour's body long before;  
 And as he raised His own by power divine  
 So the same power shall also quicken thine,  
 And in eternal glory mayest thou shine.”

## CHAPTER II.

## 5. WILLIAM TOWNSEND (MY FATHER.)

was the son of Thomas Townsend, was b Sep. 8, 1780, d Dec. 19, 1865. For his first wife he m Susannah Smith Jan. 8, 1806. She was b May 13, 1783, d Apr. 9, 1820. Their children as follows: Elmer, b Mar. 2, 1807, d Apr. 13, 1871; Orson, b May 6, 1808, d Aug. 24, 1865; Alfred b Jan. 13, 1810, d Mar. 10, 1871; Albert, b Jan. 13, 1810, d Apr. 24, 1845; Aurelia, b Sep. 30, 1811, d July 5, 1891; Susan, b Mar. 20, 1813, d Oct. 19, 1879; William Smith, b Oct. 16, 1814, d Sep. 9, 1864; Edwin, b Jan. 14, 1816, d July 24, 1816; Dennis, b May 8, 1817, d Feb. 21, 1874; Adin, b Apr. 16, 1819, d June 19, 1823.

5, William Townsend for his second wife m Hannah Gould Bigelow May 21, 1820.

Their children as follows: Eliza, b July 27, living in 1905 at Felchville, Vt.; Infant daughter, b Dec. 24, 1822; d Dec. 25, 1822; Frederick Van Alstyne b Apr. 9, 1824, d July 29, 1893; Isabella, b Feb. 26, 1827, d Apr. 2, 1895; Francis Torrey, b Mar. 5, 1829, now living at Clay, Iowa, 1905; Van Buren, b Jan. 4, 1831, d Oct. 30, 1898. Velette P., b Apr. 18, 1832, d Dec. 11, 1903; Marquis, Derelius, b Oct. 23, 1835, now living at Columbus, Ohio, 1905.

My father's children belong to the 6th generation in this country, and all born in Reading, Vt. I will now

give the family record of my brothers and sisters, but they are not all complete.

#### 6. ELMER TOWNSEND,

son of William, b Mar. 2, 1807, and d Apr. 13, 1871, at Boston, Mass., where he went when about 19 years of age. He was educated in the common district school of his youthful days. Soon after arriving in Boston he secured a position as clerk in a Mr. Forbush's wholesale boot, shoe and leather store. It was not long before he was promoted, for Mr. Forbush saw his worth, for he was honest, energetic, and capable. After business hours he would start out and drum up orders to hand into the house the next morning as a surprise to them. In course of time he became one of the firm, and not many years before he bought the whole interest in the business, and conducted it in his own name.

He was of an inventive mind, and by the assistance of an inventor that he hired they invented a sewing machine to sew leather with a waxed thread on which he secured a patent in this country, Germany, England, and France, also invented many other machines that are used in the shoe manufactory. He accumulated a large estate for those days. It was said that he was the best wholesale auctioneer in Boston. He married Wealthy Ann Beecher Nov. 21, 1833. She was b date unknown, d Dec. 21, 1878. Their children as follows: Elizabeth, date of birth unknown, d May 5, 1837; Elizabeth Mary, b Mar. 9, 1837, d young. Henry Elmer, b Dec. 29, 1841, d July 14, 1891; Helen Cordelia, b July 9, 1849, living in 1905; Benjamin Beecher, b Dec. 6, 1847, living in 1905.

7 Henry Elmer, son of Elmer Townsend, b Dec. 29, 1841, d July 14, 1891. He m Emilie W. Kaupe Apr. 11, 1867. She was b Mar, 10, 1846, in Crefeld Rheinish, Prussia and now lives at Boston, Mass. Their children as follows: Robert Elmer, b Feb. 7, 1868; Fritz Edward, b Aug. 15, 1869, d May 14, 1898; Lilian Henrietta, b June 17, 1873.

8 Robert Elmer, son of Henry E. Townsend, b Feb. 7, 1868, living in Boston, m Josephine Wheildon Apr. 16, 1891. She was born June 13, 1870. They have one son, Robert Elmer Jr. b Dec. 11, 1892.

8 Lilian Henrietta, daughter of Henry E. Townsend, b June 17, 1873, m Frederick Elmer Snow Apr. 11, 1896. Their children, twins, boy and girl, stillborn, Sep. 1896, William Townsend, b Sep. 19, 1897; Kitchel, b June 29, 1899.

7 Helen Cordelia, daughter of Elmer Townsend, b July 9, 1849, m Theodore Frelinghyson Breck Apr. 18, 1872. He was b July 29, 1844, d June 25, 1904. Their children: Helen Townsend, b Mar. 19, 1873; William Gilman, b June 12, 1875.

#### 6 ORSON TOWNSEND,

son of William, b May 6, 1808, d Aug. 24, 1865, m Harriett Maria Holt Dec. 3, 1837. She was b July 22, 1814, d Nov. 20, 1891. Their children: Helena died quite young; Susan Aurolia, b Jan. 15, 1843, d June 2, 1897;

Anna Harriett b Mar. 1, 1847, now living at Newton Center, Mass. She m J. R. Crandall, had three children only one of them living: Albert Orson, b Oct. 13, 1851, supposed to be dead; Nettie Clara, b July 17, 1854, d Feb. 8, 1880. In 1836 Orson bought father's farm in Reading, Vt., and spent the remainder of his days there.

#### 6 ALFRED TOWNSEND,

son of Wm. Townsend, b Jan. 13, 1810, d in Independence, Texas, Mar. 10, 1871. When about 18 years of age while learning the tailors' trade at Windsor, Vt., he had a severe sickness of pneumonia which caused the collapse of one lung which remained so all his life. He could not stand the cold winters of the north so he went to Mississippi in about 1843 or 4 and went into the mercantile business which he followed all his days. In his condition it is a wonder that he lived to the age he did. He m Nancy Cole Dec. 25, 1845. She was b Nov. 1, 1829, and d Feb. 11, 1905. Their children as follows: Jennie, b June 27, 1848; Albert Wm., b Sep. 20, 1850; Alice, b Dec. 15, 1852; Mildred Josephine, b Sep. 18, 1854. They are all living at this date 1905.

7 Jennie for her first husband m Capt. Perrin by whom she had one daughter, Edna Palmer, who has five daughters. Jennie m for her second husband Capt. Truslow, now living in New Orleans.

7 Albert Wm. m Frances Randolph, have two sons, Randolph and Albert Wm. Jr., all living in Austin, Texas.

7 Alice m W. J. Oliphant. Their children are Alfred, Lawrence, Jennie, and William. Their home is Austin, Texas. Mildred J. never has m.

## 6 ALBERT TOWNSEND,

son of Wm. Townsend, twin brother to Alfred, b Jan. 13, 1810, d at Carthage, Miss., Apr, 24, 1845. He m Mrs. Mary Ann Mason Nov. 1843. She was b  
 d 1873. Their children: Aurelia,  
 b Aug. 15, 1844, d Oct. 3, 1877; Susan Eliza, date of  
 b and d not known but suppose she died in infancy.

Aurelia m Dr. R. E. Jackson at Montgomery, La.,  
 Nov. 22, 1866. He was b Sep. 23, 1836, now living at  
 Colfax, La. in 1905. Their children: Mildred, b Oct. 1,  
 1867, m J. A. Williams; Albert S., b Oct. 2, 1868;  
 Elma M., b Nov. 19, 1869; Jennie P., b Nov. 28, 1873.

## 6 AURELIA TOWNSEND,

daughter of Wm. Townsend, b Sep. 30, 1811, d July  
 5, 1891, at Reading, Vt., m Rev. Horace Herrick Dec.  
 1, 1836. He was b May 11, 1807, d Jan. 31, 1891.  
 They had no children.

## 6 SUSAN TOWNSEND,

daughter of Wm. Townsend, b Mar. 20, 1813, d Oct. 19,  
 1879. She m Ezra Fay May 24, 1855. He was b Dec.  
 20, 1805, d Apr. 28, 1872. They had one daughter,  
 Minnie C., b Aug. 6, 1857. For many years she was a  
 successful school teacher. At the present time she is  
 librarian at the Reading Town Library and has been for  
 many years, and is a great worker in the temperance cause  
 and church and Sunday school work.

## 6 WM. SMITH TOWNSEND,

son of Wm. Townsend, b Oct. 16, 1814, d Sep. 9, 1864. For his first wife he m Charlotte Ried Apr. 12, 1843. She was b Dec. 7, 1813, d Sep. 1, 1844. They had one daughter, Zeona Charlotte, b Feb. 2, 1844, d Dec. 1, 1862. For his second wife he m Mrs. Martha L. (Perkins) Harrell Nov. 7, 1845. She was b Feb. 28, 1820, is now 1905 living at Blairstown, La. She had by her first husband a daughter, Margaret Louise Harrell, b Dec. 10, 1844, d Sep. 28, 1900. She m Lawrence Mahoney and had five sons.

By Wm. S. Townsend's second marriage they had the following named children: Luero William, b Oct. 4, 1846, d July 1, 1874; Delando Dennis, b Oct. 22, 1848, lives at Pride, La.; Larona Martha Ann, b Nov. 3, 1850, d June 22, 1902. She was twice married, to two brothers, the latter one was Thomas Drixier. She left ten children. Matura Appalona, b Nov. 16, 1852, m Thomas Eddards, and lives at Bluff Creek, La. They have five children: Wm. Oliver, Leroy, Mary Vannette, Cornelia, Dewitt. Oredas Eli, b June 26, 1855, now lives at Olive Branch, La., m Miss Janie Lewis. Their children as follows: Hallie, Annie, John, Correy, Henry, Joseph, Janie Lewis. Reece Araldus, b June 3, 1857, d Aug. 4, 1877. Levi Allen, b Nov. 12, 1859, now living at Slaughter, La., m Jan. 9, 1883 to Elmira A. Carpenter. His wife and one son are deceased, four children living, Ernest A., Oredas M., Leonard and Lula M. Siera Nevada, b Sep. 22, 1862, d May 10, 1895. She first m a Mr. Eddards, by whom she had one son, second, m Mr.



Lipscomb, they had one son. Wm. Smith Jr., b Feb. 26, 1865, lives at Blairstown, La., m Nettie Dearing, Nov. 28, 1890, they have the following named children: Allie P., Nathan R., John D., William O., Eugene D., and Mattie Siera. Delando Dennis m Mar. 24, 1875, Annie Richardson, they had children as follows, Maggie R. m E. D. Led, Lillie E. m Y. S. Bankston, Guy Darris, Mittie Iona, Murphy James, and Lorena.

Wm. Smith Townsend Sr. was a noted writing master in his early days, and later he taught singing schools through the northern part of eastern La., and was a prominent preacher in the Methodist churches and had wonderful success in winning souls to Christ. In 1855 there were converted under his preaching more than four hundred persons. When in the south in 1904 I inquired of an ex-slave if he ever knew a preacher by the name of Townsend, and he said, "Good Lord yes, I heard him preach a power of times. He was a mighty fine man, mighty fine man, Massa Townsend was."

He had a large farm in Livingston Parish.

## 6 DENNIS TOWNSEND,

son of Wm. Townsend, b May 8, 1817, d in Olita, California, Feb. 21, 1874. He m Lizzie Ray, May 3, 1849. She was b Nov. 3, 1828, in 1905 was living at Olita, California. His life was mostly spent in teaching in high schools and academies, and served as County Superintendent of Schools for many years, also a noted violinist. He was the inventor of the Folding Globe. Their children as follows: Juliet Ann, b Oct. 29, 1850, d Jan. 27,

1851; Mary Emma, b Nov. 27, 1857; Dennis Jr., b Aug. 3, 1861, both living in Olita, California in 1905.

7 Mary Emma, daughter of Dennis Townsend, m Mr. Love. Their children: Francis Elmer, b Jan. 14, 1878; Carrie Elizabeth and Synthia Maud, b July 13, 1879; Martha Ellen, b Jan. 14, 1881; Wm. Edward, b Jan. 12, 1882; Dennis, b Mar. 2, 1883; George, b Sep. 7, 1884; Margaret, b Sep. 23, 1886; Roy, b Jan. 8, 1890. The above family are all living at this date, 1905.

#### 6 FREDERICK VAN ALSTYNE TOWNSEND

son of Wm. Townsend, was b Apr. 9, 1824, d July 20, 1893. His early life was spent on a farm, until several years after his marriage, when he went to Springfield, Vt., and formed a partnership with his brother-in-law as the firm of Gillman & Townsend for the manufacturing of shoe last machines and any other oval shaped goods. They were very successful in business. On account of failing health he retired from the business two or three years before he died. He married Aurelia Royce Jan. 2, 1851. She was b Apr. 5, 1831, and is now in 1905 living at Springfield, Vt. Their children are:

7 Ervin Alstyne, b Dec. 25, 1851, and lives at Beloit, Wis., m Minnie E. Duquet Oct. 21, 1875. She was b Oct. 21, 1858. They have an adopted son who is m and has one child. They live on a farm in Iowa. Ervin A. is a mechanic.

7 Amasa Watkins, b Feb. 28, 1857, was a graduate of Dartmouth College and studied Law and went to Iowa where he was admitted to the Bar, and followed the pro-

fession for several years. He m Nellie Storrs Dec. 29, 1881. She was b Oct. 21, 1853. For many years they have resided on a farm in Lebanon, N. H. Their children are: 8 Ellice Storrs, b Aug. 1, 1883; Harry Storrs, b Apr. 2, 1886; Hugh, b Feb. 23, 1888; Philep Nelson, b Apr. 8, 1890.

Mary Aurelia, b May 7, 1868, m Bert Denny Bowen, Aug. 19, 1889. He was b Aug. 19, 1867. They live at Springfield, Vt., and in the grocery business and prosperous. They were both graduates of the St. Johnsbury Academy.

#### 6 ISABELLA TOWNSEND,

daughter of Wm. Townsend, b Feb. 26, 1827, d Apr. 2, 1895, at Mapleton, Kansas. She m Henry Waterman Sep. 17, 1850. He was born May 3, 1826, d Jan. 29, 1904, at Kansas City, Kans., and taken to Mapleton and interred by the side of his wife. Their children are: Charles H., b June 10, 1853; Myron A., b Oct. 28, 1855; Isabella A., b Feb. 14, 1857; Wm. R., b Apr. 6, 1860, d Dec. 7, 1890, at Oneal, Neb.; Carrie B., b Feb. 3, 1862; Frank C., b Mar. 30, 1865; Dennis E., b May 7, 1870.

7 Myron A. is Cashier at Kansas City, Kans. of a State Savings Bank, is living with his second wife, a sister of Rev. Charles Sheldon. They have one son and one son by his first wife.

7 Carrie B., m Sumner J. Rice. They live at Harvard, Neb. Their children are: Ernest, Edgar, Isabella, Norman, Eva, and Jessie Esther. Mr. Rice is engaged in the lumber business.

## 6 FRANCIS TORREY TOWNSEND,

the writer, son of Wm. Townsend, b Mar. 5, 1829, now living at Clay, Iowa. For first wife he m Charlotte Stebbins Aug. 3, 1852. For second wife he m Rosanna Heward May 18, 1875. For third wife m Melissa A. Braman Aug. 9, 1877.

Charlotte S. was b Apr. 22, 1825, d Apr. 1, 1874.

Rosanna H. was b July 12, 1829, d Feb. 2, 1877.

Melissa A. B., was b June 20, 1836, d Sep. 24, 1884.

The following children, all by first wife: 7 George Bigelow, b Oct. 31, 1854; Frank Stebbins, b Apr. 23, 1857; Hattie Eliza, b Oct. 9, 1860. George B. was b in Norwich, Vt.; Frank S. in Clay, Iowa; Hattie E. in Dutch Creek Township, Iowa.

7 George B. m Carrie E. Meacham Apr. 2, 1878. Their home is at River Forest, Ill. She was b July 15, 1858. Their children are: Vira Kate, b in Washington, Iowa, Mar. 13, 1879; Carl Randolph, b in Chicago, Apr. 5, 1886; Elmer Lewis, b in River Forest, Ill., Aug. 13, 1895. 8 Vira K. m George Rowe Morrell at River Forest, Ill., Oct. 22, 1903.

7 Frank S. m Lillian Jones Mar. 31, 1892. She was b Sep. 23, 1859. They reside at Coshocton, Ohio. He is manager of a large Lithographing Co., which business he has been engaged in for many years. Lillian Jones' father, G. T. Jones, was born in Wales and came to this country at ten years of age. Her mother was born in Stuben, Stuben Co., New York. Lillian was born in Trenton, Oneida Co., N. Y. Frank S. was born in Clay, Iowa. They have no children.

7 Hattie Eliza m Dudley A. Meacham Oct. 20, 1881. They live on my home farm in Clay, Iowa, and I make my home with them. He was b in Clay, Iowa, Apr. 21, 1855. Their children are: Bessie Kate, b Mar. 7, 1883; Frank Townsend, b Mar. 8, 1890; Floy Charlotte, b May 10, 1895.

Dudley A. Meacham for many years has been Postmaster here and R. R. Station and Express Agent, and runs a general store and the farm.

#### 6 VAN BUREN TOWNSEND,

son of Wm. Townsend, was b Jan. 4, 1831, d at Tampa, Florida, Oct. 30, 1898, m Anna Austin, Sep. 13, 1858. She was b May 15, 1841, in Scotland. Her parents were English. They had one child, Carlross Delando, b Dec. 3, 1873, at Worcester, Mass. He m Lizzie Florincia Bell. She was b Apr. 9, 1880. Their children are: Vera Bell, b Apr. 2, 1900; Hazel Austin, Jan. 21, 1903.

#### 6 VELETTE P. TOWNSEND,

son of Wm. Townsend, b Apr. 18, 1832, d Dec. 11, 1903, at Worcester, Mass. He m Emily C. Stebbins Mar. 17, 1857, for first wife. She was b June 12, 1823, d Apr. 8, 1860, in Clay Iowa. They had one child, Mary Isabell, b Dec. 18, 1857, who resides at Worcester, Mass., and is a successful manicure and chiropodist. For second wife he m Eliza Jane Hallett, Oct. 24, 1865. She was b May 2, 1835, now resides at Worcester, Mass., in 1905. For many years V. P. T. was in the employ of the Washburn & Moen Iron Works at Quinsigamond, and was Postmaster there for about 15 or 20 years.

## 6 MARQUIS DERELEUS TOWNSEND,

son of 5 Wm. Townsend, was a farmer until 1862 when he entered the Union Army where he remained until the close of the War of the Rebellion. After that up to about 1900 he was in the mercantile business in Conneant, Ohio. Since then and now holding a position in the Adjutant General's office at Columbus, Ohio. He was b Oct. 23, 1835. His first wife was Cordelia Hicks. They were m Sep. 15, 1858. She was b May 17, 1836, d Oct. 21, 1870. By this marriage they had one child, Carrie, b Apr, 13, 1862. She m D. Burt Phillips. They had two children: Robert Townsend, b Sep. 2, 1891; Carey Townsend, b May 1, 1899. Carrie d May 2, 1899. He m for his second wife, Mary A. Palmer Sep. 30, 1874. She was b Feb. 25, 1838, d Aug. 1, 1896. Their children were: Fanny Gould, b Jan. 7, 1878; Mildred, b Feb. 17, 1879, d May 18, 1886.

7 Fanny G., m Frederick G. Kelley, and live at Conneant, Ohio, where she was born. They have one child.

## CHAPTER III.

I am the son of William Townsend, who was born in Lynn, Mass., and of Revolutionary stock as heretofore related. He came with his father's family to Reading, Vermont, in 1790, when ten years of age where he spent the balance of his life save from 1836 to 1857, which he passed in Norwich. He was a very kind and benevolent man. Was ever so ready to grant a favor to his neighbors that his name was justly called "Accommodation." His many virtues, social qualities and musical talent, as he was a great violinist and fifer, gained him a large circle of friends whom he loved till the close of life.

My mother's name was Hannah Gould Bigelow. She was one of the best women that ever lived. She was very capable, of amiable disposition, and to know her was to love her. On her marriage she stepped into a large family of small children to take the place of a mother. Her even and loving ways soon won the hearts of them all. She had a large family of her own, and we all grew up as the children of one mother. Her step-children loved her as their own mother, and after leaving home they always wrote to her in reply to her loving letters, some of them told me they never delayed in answering such good letters as she used to write to them. They revered her name as long as they lived. She lived to be almost 90, and out-lived all of her step-children but one. I never saw her show the least anger in my life. She governed her household with love. Words cannot

express the admiration and love I have for her unselfish life. If there was ever a saint in this world she was one. Let that be as it may, she has now gone to her great reward.

Grandfather moved into the wilderness and built a log house and covered the roof with bark. Then came privations and hard work to clear the land of a heavy growth of timber to make a farm.

I was born in Reading, Windsor County, Vermont, March 5, 1829, about a mile from my grand parents' old home, in plain sight across a deep valley. This farm sloped to the north and my father's to the south; where in 1900 there were live apple trees that were set out in about 1815. When a small boy I gathered and ate apples from these trees.

One day when about six years old I went into the orchard with a younger brother where I saw some nice apples on a young tree which were so tempting that I secured a stone about as large as a goose egg and threw at the apples as I supposed, but my aim was bad for the stone struck a limb and bounded back and hit me square in the mouth cutting my lips and broke a corner off of one of my teeth; that ended apple eating that day. My brother said that was to pay me for disobeying my mother for she told me not to touch the apples. I wonder if the apple has been such a terrible thing ever since the days of Adam.

I was the 15th child in a family of 18 children where there were two mothers.



At the age of five years I began to attend school at what was called the Brown school house, nearly one and one-half miles from my home. In the winter time we had a horse and sleigh to ride in, but some days the snow would be drifted so bad that we had to remain at home.

At the close of the winter term of school in the spring of 1836 when I was seven years old, I spoke my first piece in public which was as follows, which I have never forgotten.

“ Among the deepest shades of night  
 Can there be one who sees my way,  
 Yes, God is like a shining light  
 That turns the darkness into day.  
 If I could find some cave unknown  
 Where human foot had never trod,  
 Yet there I should not be alone  
 For on every side there would be God.”

These truths made lasting impressions on my youthful mind.

This leads me to say, sow good seed in the spring-time of life.

In Dec. 1836, with my parents we moved to Norwich, Vt., where father bought a place containing four acres of land in the edge of the village on the south side of the Military University grounds. Here I attended the district school. The first few years our school room was not very comfortable; our desks were made of wide boards put up against the wall extending around the room with the front edge the lowest. For seats we had long wide slabs with legs to them. When we sat our faces towards the desk we had no support for our backs.

When we reversed our position we had the edge of a board for a support. If the reader thinks that would be comfortable, please try it a while. In summer time when not in school I was not allowed to run wild in the streets, but was kept busy at work on our four acres of land which father kept in a high state of cultivation.

At ten years of age I commenced to work out some, for a farmer at the edge of the village. E. S. Messenger was his name. I drove a span of horses harrowing in grain, etc., at  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents per day. I used to do light jobs in the village, and soon took contracts at sawing up cord wood by hand twice in two for fifty cents per cord.

During the summer of 1843 I worked on a farm as a general chore boy at three dollars per month for Captain Freeland of the U. S. Navy, he owning a farm adjoining the village. One day he came out into the hay field and wanted to pitch hay on to the cart, which he did very well, but when he undertook to drive the oxen to the next tumble, was a stumper. I had to take the whip and drive, and he said he could steer a ship better than he could a yoke of oxen. The winter following I lived with Farris Cummings and did chores for my board and attended school.

During the summer of 1844 I worked for E. S. Messenger on a farm for four dollars per month; and the next winter at Mr. Cummings' again and attended school.

The spring of 1845 my father sold his place in the village and went four miles into the country and bought a farm in the neighborhood called New Boston.

I remained at home until the spring of 1847, when I hired out to Daniel O. Gillette on the road called Christian street in Hartford, for six months doing farm work for ten dollars per month. The following winter I remained with him and did chores for my board and attended school. The next year 1848 I worked for him again, nine months for nine dollars per month.

When about thirteen years of age I experienced religion, but did not join the church until I was twenty, when I united with the North Norwich Congregational Church, generally called the Center Church. A few years later this church disbanded and united with the church at the village.

On Mar. 5, 1850, the day that I was twenty-one years of age I cast my first ballot printed on it "No License." I have been opposed to the rum traffic all my life. The first of April of this year I went to Worcester, Mass., and commenced work in the H. S. Washburn Quinsigamond wire mill for \$150 and board, for the first year, and the second year for \$200 and board. The third year I worked by the day, at \$1.50 per day and boarded myself.

In 1851 I wrote the following article and read at Worcester at the celebration of Fore Fathers' Day, as follows:

#### OUR PILGRIM FORE FATHERS.

As we look back two hundred and thirty years ago when that Christian band was persecuted and driven from one place to another in the old world because they were determined to serve God according to the dictates of their own consciences

without fearing what wicked men would do to them, for they feared God rather than man. Under these circumstances they formed themselves into a company with the determination to settle in the new world where they could worship their Maker, and there could be no one to molest nor make afraid. Two vessels were obtained, the Speedwell and the Mayflower, in which one hundred and twenty of their number were appointed to embark from an English port for America. They were destined to figure in the world's history as the celebrated Pilgrims of New England.

By the bad condition of the Speedwell and being delayed some time they finally abandoned her and a portion of the company who were discouraged at the evident dangers of the voyage were dismissed, reducing their number to one hundred and one including men, women and children. This company were all crowded into the Mayflower, which set sail from Plymouth, England, on the 6th of Sep. 1620, bearing the founders of New England across the pathless ocean which was lashed to fury at times by the mighty winds tossing their frail bark to and fro with its precious burden but it brought them safe to Plymouth Rock on the 20th of Dec., just as the gloomy winter was setting in.

What heart among the tenants of that vessel with Christian feelings could have indulged anticipations of the destiny before them. Where were the habitations to receive and shelter them, in those desolate and snow clad regions. Where were the hearths and the fires around which they were to cluster during the long and cold winter on which they were just entering. Where were the store houses from which their daily food was to be drawn, or where were their consecrated houses in which they were to hold public communion with their Maker.

It is not needful for me to make any recital, for you are all familiar with their history. There is no marvel that famine and disease made such desolation among them. It is rather a marvel that they were not all cut off, that any should have remained from whose loins a goodly nation has been born, to which we

can trace our own family lineage. We cannot fully realize the facts that are laid down in history, any more than we can realize what a person has to undergo seeking his fortune in the gold fields of California. There is so much apparent romance, so much extraordinary incident surpassing all other history, instead of realizing the truth as in other cases, we are actually bewildered and amazed.

Suppose this day there was to be exhibited in some of our halls a Panorama in great perfection of the landing of the company of the *Mayflower* in the cold month of Dec. 1620, each individual in the costume of that day all exhibiting their true condition; one bowed down with disease and fatigue; one kneeling on the frozen ground in the attitude of prayer; one with a complete picture of despair on his countenance; all shivering with cold.

We might admire the skill of the painter but even that presenting so much as possible the circumstances of this plighted band in contrast with the circumstances of the present day would not enable us to realize the scene as it should be.

The principles those noble pioneers possessed have extended all over our land from north to south and from east to west, and are shaking the foundations of the governments of the whole world.

In July, 1852 I went back to Norwich, Vt., to my old home on a visit and to be married, which event occurred Aug. 3; was married to Charlotte Stebbins. On returning to Worcester we commenced keeping house and to continue my work. We brought letters from the church at Norwich, Vt., and united with the Union Congregational Church in Worcester; Dr. Wm. Smalley was pastor at that time. In Dec., 1852 the Washburn Co., had me leave the wire mill and go out on the railroads in New England and buy wrought scrap iron for them to make over into wire.

Being away from home so much of the time we broke up housekeeping, and I took my wife back to Vermont and hired her boarded at her father's, where I made it my headquarters while I remained in this business.

In Sep., 1854 in company with L. H. Stebbins and F. H. Hutchinson we took a trip to Iowa to look at the country with the view of locating there. We went via Ogdensburg, N. Y., there we took a steamer going up the river St. Lawrence. The scenery was very fine in passing the famous Thousand Islands, where many people had fine homes and surrounded by beautiful parks or flower gardens which were just lovely. The next morning we landed at Lewiston on the Niagara River, where we took a stage for the Falls.

At that time they were building a Railroad between those points, in some places they were cutting forty feet deep in rock. While at the Falls we went down to the foot of the Falls on the American side. Words cannot describe the grandeur of the scene. From there we went by rail to Buffalo, where that evening we took a steamer for Monroe at the west end of Lake Erie.

There we took the cars the next P. M., and arrived at Adrian, Mich., at 7 P. M., and stayed with Francis Stebbins, a cousin of my wife, until the next noon when we left for Chicago and arrived there after dark. The next morning we looked around a while, found plenty of mud and small houses, think the largest was but three stories high.

At 9 A. M. we took a steamer for Milwaukee, Wis., arriving there at 2 P. M.

We walked out about three miles to Aaron Loveland's and James Stickney's, old Vermont neighbors, where we arrived on Saturday afternoon, and stayed with them over Sunday.

On Monday morning we took the cars for Janesville, Wis., arriving there in time for dinner; after which we took stage for Monroe, Wis.

It was not long before we came out on to the broad prairie which looked splendid, many farms improved all along the road. We arrived at Monroe at 10 P. M., and remained until morning, when we resumed our journey on the stage. The country was rolling with many scattering small trees, we reached Galena before sundown, this was in the great lead mining country.

The next morning we took stage again for Dubuque, Iowa, where we arrived about noon, and remained there until 4 P. M., when we took stage and rode all night and next day until just before sundown when we landed at Davenport. Here we had a good night's sleep after our long stage ride. The next day we went by stage to Muscatine. There were two four-horse coach loads of passengers. Davenport and Muscatine looked as if they were going to make nice towns.

The next morning we took stage for Washington, Iowa, where we arrived about 5 P. M. This being Saturday we disliked to remain over Sunday here, so we hired a man to carry us in his farm wagon over to Clay, 17 miles, for which we paid him \$5.00. We left Washington a little before sundown and arrived at A. B. Waterman's in Clay at midnight. On our way over we

passed through timber where people were hunting for a lost child with torches.

We remained here several days visiting and looking over the country. I bought eighty acres of prairie and ten of timber. The prairie was in Dutch Creek Township, Washington Co., and the ten of timber was in Keokuk Co. I paid \$400 for the whole. We went from here to Denmark in Lee Co., and visited the Burtons, old Vermonters. We thought that this was to be a good farming country, and it has proved to be so. Along the streams there was plenty of timber, which the northwestern part of the state has not.

From there we went to Fort Madison where we took a steam boat for Rock Island on our homeward trip.

From there we went all the way by rail to Vermont. This fall, Oct. 31, 1854, our son George was born. I continued with the Washburn Co. until July 1855, when on Aug. 10, I left Vermont for Iowa with my wife and babe in company with her father and mother Stebbins and her sister Emily and brother Levi, and my brother Veleete P. Townsend, starting out to make us new homes for ourselves in the far west.

We came by rail to Ogdensburg, N. Y.; from there to Toronto, Canada by boat; from there to Callingwood by rail; the latter place was a new port on the Georgian Bay. There we took a boat, the Keystone State, for Chicago. There were 600 passengers on the boat. It was said that this boat was the largest one on the lakes at that time.



We left Vermont on Monday morning and arrived at Chicago the next Sunday noon. We put up at the Briggs House and remained until the next morning when we took the train on the C. R. I. & P. R. R. for Rock Island, there we took a steamer for Muscatine on the Mississippi River at which place we remained over night.

The next morning, Tuesday, we took stage for Washington, Iowa, where we arrived at 5 P. M. and remained over night at the Iowa House kept by General Chipman.

In Washington at this time, there were nine stores and shops located around the Square that contained the Court house, a small two-story brick building with four office rooms on first floor, on second floor was one room for holding courts. The next morning, Aug. 19, we hired a man with two horses and an old hack, which they called stage, to take us over to Clay. While fording Skunk River on the way near Brighton, the team balked in the middle of the stream, when we called for help. In response a man with a farm wagon came to our relief and took us to dry land. The driver got on to the back of the balky horse and started him for the shore. It was quicksand where we stopped and the hack settled down so much that the bottom of our trunks were in the water but no damage done but to wet our clothing. We arrived at our destination at F. H. Hutchinson's in time for dinner. Mr. Hutchinson moved out here the fall before.

Soon after arriving at Clay, my brother, Velette, and myself secured a job to build a steam saw-mill and set the engine for R. S. Mills and Wm. Reed. Levi Stebbins bought a farm in Clay instead of improving his prairie in Dutch Creek.

In the spring of 1856 we went in company and bought some cows and went to making cheese.

The first and second winters here I worked in the timber getting out material for the improvements on my land in Dutch Creek Township, about twelve miles from Clay.

The winter of 1855 and 1856 was very cold, with deep snows. The early settlers here said they never saw so hard a winter before in Iowa. In the summer of 1856 I built a house in Franklin Township for Joseph Badger. On Apr. 23, 1857, my son, Frank S. was born, and during this year there were seven cousins born as follows: Frank S. Townsend, my son; Mary Isabell Townsend, her father was V. P. T.; Amasa W. Townsend, his father was F. V. A. T.; Emma Townsend, her father was Dennis T.; Rus Araldus Townsend, his father was Wm. S. T.; Minnie C. Fay, daughter of Susan T. Fay; Bell Waterman, daughter of Bell T. Waterman.

In March 1857 I was taken sick and not able to do anything until June, but built my house on my land in Dutch Creek, this summer, but was late in the season before getting into it, and then there was no plastering done. We had lived through the summer in a building 12 x 20 which I had built for a horse stable. One morning in December after we had moved into the house, it not yet being plastered, it was so cold that water in our tumblers and potato skins on the table froze while we were eating our breakfast. Such was pioneer life.

In this year 1857 came the great financial crisis, which made it very hard for us in many ways, for we had not got to where we had anything to turn off of our land—it was all outgo and no income. We had enough to eat, but very plain food, did not indulge in fine pastry and knickknacks. We had to contend with wet and dry seasons, and chintge bugs. One year they entirely destroyed our wheat, and did great damage to our corn. We looked forward to a brighter day coming.

In 1859 we were charter members in the organization of the Franklin Congregational Church. We held our meetings in the Nash school-house for eight years. That year I gave five acres of land to the church for a parsonage and church building site, and built the parsonage that year.

In 1860, Oct. 9, our daughter Hattie Eliza was born to us. We continued to work along the best we could to get out of debt for several years, with not much variation from year to year.

Oct. 23, 1864, I was drafted into the army. Was a member of Co. K. 13th Iowa Infantry. I went to Burlington to be examined and was accepted, and returned on a few days furlow to shape my business to leave my dear family, not knowing whether I would ever return or not. It was a terrible blow to my wife when we parted, and she never fully recovered from it.

On leaving home I went direct to the Polls and voted for President Lincoln for his second term, and then went to Clay and stayed with Levi Stebbins over night, and the next morning went to Fairfield in the rain on horse

back. There I took the cars for Burlington and reported for duty. We were sent by steamer to Davenport and went into camp where we remained about two weeks, when 200 of us were sent to the front.

We went via Chicago, Louisville, Ky. to Nashville where we remained two days in the Zolakoffer Barracks, an uncompleted hotel, which was confiscated as the owner was a General in the Confederate Army. There we were introduced to gray backs without number. Our next stop was at Chattanooga, Tenn., where we drew our arms and drilled a few days. We then went on as far as Tunnel Hill, Ga. where we remained over night and next A. M. spent in drilling. Here we received notice that General Sherman and his army had left Atlanta and we were to go no further. We returned to Chattanooga that P. M. on cars loaded with railroad iron, which was rather a hard seat, but better than marching. Here we remained a few days and drilled. Then we were sent back to Nashville to help defend the city from an attack by Gen. Hood as he was driving General Schofield's army that way. General Thomas formed his line near the city, and with Gen. Schofield's, threw up fortifications, from the river above the city to the river below, the city being in a bow of the river. Gen. Hood with his army came within sight and did the same a short distance up the mountain side, on advantageous ground. There we lay for two weeks looking at each other while Gen. Sherman was getting a good start for the sea, and further out of the way for Gen. Hood to attack him in the rear of his army.

On Dec. 15, 1864 Gen. Thomas' army, whom I was then with, marched out and attacked Gen. Hood's army in their strong hold. It was a hard fought battle, and at the close of the day on the 16th Gen. Hood's army was completely routed, this being the second day's fight. It rained all that night and most of the 17th when we were in pursuit of Hood's broken columns, until he crossed the Tennessee river. Gen. Hood lost about 15,000 men, in killed and prisoners, and about 80 pieces of artillery. By the time we arrived at the Tennessee river, where Gen. Hood crossed near Decatur, Ala., I was in a bad condition, and was sent to the Hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., Hospital No 2, where I arrived on Dec. 27. For a few days we suffered with the cold for the want of fuel to keep our hospital tents warm.

On Jan. 17, 1865 I received my first letter from home, but my wife had written me every week, but I was on the move so much that they failed to reach me. On that evening I started on a Hospital train for Nashville. That evening about ten o'clock near Stevenson's Junction we had a rear and a head on collision, but none were hurt, but the platforms were badly smashed but the cars remained on the track. We were delayed 36 hours for repairs. At 10 P. M. Jan. 19 we arrived at Nashville and were taken in an ambulance to Hospital No. 2, section 10 into large hospital tents with floors, up a foot from the ground and a good stove in each and plenty good wood to burn. I soon began to gain as we had such warm quarters and a plenty of good food.

On Feb. 15, I was appointed as medicine nurse for our section of ten tents. My business was to go with the Doctor through the tents and take the prescriptions and go to the Dispensary to get the medicine and deliver it to the nurses in each tent for them to deal out to the sick ones.

While in Nashville at this time I used to get a pass occasionally and go out to see the City. I visited the State House, which was built on the highest point in the city. Standing on the steps we could look on a level over the buildings in the city. I also visited the home of the late President Polk, who was buried in his door yard, but since his widow's death his remains have been removed to the cemetery and placed by the side of his wife.

## CHAPTER IV.

At the hospital at Nashville was where we received the sad news of the death of our President, Abraham Lincoln. On the day of his funeral we had appropriate exercises at Nashville, and I heard Governor Brownlow deliver an eulogy which was grand.

On May 31, I bid adieu to the hospital and started for my regiment which was at Washington, D. C., in Gen. Sherman's army. We went via Louisville, Ky., Indianapolis, Columbus, Ohio, Pittsburg, Pa., Harrisburg, Pa., Baltimore, Md., and arrived at Washington June 3, 1865. On passing through a tunnel three-fourths of a mile long on the summit of the Alleghany Mountains we came out on the east side where we had a magnificent view of the lower mountains, and soon passed around the famous horse-shoe bend.

While in Washington, on June 6th, with five others we secured a pass to go into the city, where we visited Capitol, Patent Office, Post-office Department, the Smithsonian Institute and the White House. They were all worth seeing. While in the White House we took some seats to rest a short time, when Allen Meacham (my mess mate, who was with me all the time I was in the service) went to sleep. In a few minutes, an attendant came along and woke him up and said "this is no place to sleep." As we passed out Mr. Meacham said, "Townsend, I have slept in the White House, and you can't say that."

On June 8th, we, with our regiment, left Washington, for the west over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, via Harper's Ferry and arrived at Parkersburg on the Ohio river at daylight June 10th. We remained there during the day and at 10 P. M. we went on board of the steamer, America, bound for Louisville, Ky., but the boat did not start until next morning. We passed Cincinnati about midnight. It was a very bright moonlight night. We arrived at Louisville, June 12th, at 4 P. M. where we left the boat and marched out from the city about one-half a mile and went into camp for the night. The next day we marched out into the country about four miles and went into permanent camp to wait for our turn to be sent home. We were camped on a nice dry ridge, with large scattering trees, which made a fine shade; there was no under brush.

Our whole Brigade which was made up of the 11th, 13th, 15th, and 16th Regiments Iowa Infantry, all secured water from a powerful spring coming out of a large crack in a rock in a small cave. The water was very cold and clear. I quit drinking coffee when I could get such good water to drink.

On July 4th, Gen. Sherman gave us a review and made us a short farewell address. We were mustered out July 21 but remained under the command of our officers until we could reach Iowa and be paid off and get our discharges.

On the P. M. of July 22nd, we broke camp and marched to Louisville and crossed the Ohio River at sundown, and went aboard of the cars at Jeffersonville,



Ind., which were common box cars with rough board seats next to the outside of the car and a double seat through the middle. We soon started toward home ; this mode of travel was better than marching, and an improvement over the way we had been traveling on box and flat cars with no seats except the car floors. The next day, the 23rd of July, at noon we arrived at Indianapolis where we changed cars and were restricted to one car for a company which made it so crowded that part of us were obliged to ride on top of the car, and I was one of them. I tied myself to the foot-board on top of the car and spread my blanket over me at night and went to sleep. Sometime in the night it began to rain, I then spread my gum blanket over me and again went to sleep.

We arrived at Chicago at daylight the morning of July 24th, and left there the same day in the evening and arrived at Davenport, Iowa, the morning of July 25th.

We remained at the Barracks until July 28th, when we were paid off and received our discharges, and were free men once more.

About dark of the same day we took the cars for Washington, Iowa, where we arrived about midnight, and went to a hotel and went to bed for the remainder of the night. After breakfast in the morning we found that our hotel bills had been paid by the people of Washington.

On this A. M. of July 29, I walked out to my home in Dutch Creek, about seven miles, where I arrived at

11 A. M. You may rest assured that I was happy to be with my family once more.

A great portion of the time while I was in the Army I was troubled with the chronic diarrhea, and on arriving at home it came on to me very bad again and continued nearly a year before I could get it stopped; was hardly able to walk about. Dr. Piper from Cherry Valley, Ohio, was visiting in the neighborhood the next summer and he cured me.

I worked along the best I could on my farm and was getting out of debt slowly.

In 1867 we built our new church building for the Franklin Church. I was Superintendent of the Sabbath School, and Chorister for about nine years, and was one of the building committee while building the church.

In the fall of 1869 I sold my farm, and in company with B. J. Barton and W. N. Stanley took a trip with a team across the state to Sioux City, and from there up into South Dakota, to look for land to make us new homes. We went as far as Yankton. Mr. Barton and Mr. Stanley located there, took up each a homestead, but I came home and finally bought the Maning Mills farm, of 105 acres, in Clay and moved here in Nov. 1869.

The next fall, 1870, my three children had the typhoid fever and came very near passing to the spirit world.

In 1871 I built the kitchen part of my new house. In 1873 I built the front part of the house. In March 1874 my son Frank was very sick with lung fever, and about the time he began to improve his mother was taken with pleurisy in both sides at the same time, and was a great

sufferer for several days when she passed away to her heavenly home, Apr. 1, 1874. She had been in very poor health for many years. We always lived in perfect harmony and unbounded love for each other. It was a great affliction to myself and to the children to lose their dear mother. God knew what was for the best and took her to Himself to be free from the trials and sufferings of this life.

In connection with my farm work I built my own house, besides doing much carpenter work for others when I could spare the time from my farm work. In the fall of 1874 I built a house for John Staats in Jefferson County.

On May 18th, 1875, I married Mrs. Rosanna Heward, widow of I. C. Heward of Tremont, Ill., Tagewell Co. Her father was Nathan Dillon, the first white man that settled in that County. His home was near an Indian village of several hundred Indians. After the county began to settle up some, the Governor appointed Mr. Dillon a Justice of the Peace, which office he held for many years. About six weeks after our marriage, Rosanna was taken hard sick and never seemed any better but was gradually failing. The Doctors here gave her up and advised me to take her to Keokuk, Iowa, to Dr. Hughes where we remained for nearly two months, but was failing all the time. Dr. Hughes finally gave her case up as incurable. It was her request to be buried by the side of her first husband in Illinois and she wished to go to her old home to see her relatives once more. I took her there where she continued to suffer

and waste away for several weeks, when she passed away Feb. 2nd, 1877, and was layed to rest in the Antioch Cemetery about three miles south of Tremont, Tagewell Co., Ill.

While I was away with my wife Mr. and Mrs. M. Wattles came and kept house and took care of the stock, etc.

In Apr. 1877, I took my daughter, Hattie, with me and went back to Vermont on a visit to the scenes of my early days. On the way we visited relatives at Ottawa, Ill., and Dowagiac, Mich., and brother Marquis and family at Conneaut, Ohio; also visited brother Velette and Buren at Worcester, Mass., with their families, and some old acquaintances.

From there we went to Vermont and spent most of the summer there with relatives, a larger portion with my mother and sisters, Eliza and Susan at Felchville, and brother Alstyne, at Springfield. I had been away from Vermont 23 years in Iowa.

While on this visit, I married on Aug. 9, Mrs. M. A. Braman, widow of James Braman, late of West Windsor, Vt.

About Aug. 20th, we started for our home in Iowa, and visited friends on the way. While from home that summer Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robinson lived in our house and farmed most of the land.

I continued farming and in 1880 I enlarged my barn by raising it and putting under it a basement for stables.

In Nov. 1881, my wife had a cancer removed from her breast which weighed about one and three-fourths

pounds, and as hard as a stone. In March 1882, the gland under her arm was as large as a hickory nut and we had it removed, also five small tumors that had grown on the spot where the large tumor had been taken off.

This year 1882, the railroad was built past my place. The last of Apr., 1883, in company with my wife, we went to Bridgewater, Vt., as she wished to see her mother and brother and sister once more, as it was evident that she could not recover. She continued to fail until she passed away Sept. 24, 1884. In Feb. 1884, my mother died at Felchville, Vt., at the ripe old age of 89 years and 6 months, and I was at her funeral. I remained in Vermont until December, when I started west visiting on the way. On arriving at Chicago, my son, Frank, and I went to New Orleans and attended the Exposition.

On Dec. 30, at 4 P. M. we started on a steamer down the river to its mouth, 110 miles below the city, at Port Eads, where he built the Jetties to clear the mouth of the river for deep navigation; we arrived there at 4 A. M., the 31st. We started back at 8 A. M. It was like a lovely spring morning.

On our return trip we had a fine view of the country which was very low, not but a few feet above the river. This was a great rice and sugar cane country, and we saw large orange orchards as we got further up the river. We stopped a short time at a large sugar factory to give the passengers a chance to visit it. There were 80 of us. There we saw immense rollers grinding cane, and then boiling the juice down to sugar. That P. M. it

turned very cold in an instant, most of us were up on the hurricane deck, and such haste to get their overcoats on, and to get down into the cabin, was amusing to see.

We landed that evening at New Orleans and Frank and I remained on the boat over night, and in the morning, Jan. 1st, 1885, when we went into the city there was ice in the gutters beside the streets.

While in the city we visited a niece of mine, Mrs. Jennie Truslow, my brother Alfred's daughter. This was her second marriage; she had one daughter, Edna, by her first husband. She was with her.

We visited the U. S. Mint and saw them coining silver. The Exposition was good and well worth attending.

On our return trip to Chicago our sleeper was full, two in every berth, and a nice class of people. We all had our lunch baskets and the parties furnished us with tea and coffee, so we fared nicely; we were all through passengers.

On returning to Chicago I remained at son George's about six weeks, taking in the sights.

On leaving there I stopped at Ottawa, Ill., and visited three families of cousins, and arrived at home in early spring.

As my farm was rented I went to my daughter's, Mrs. D. A. Meacham, who were living on Levi Stebbin's farm, and remained there through the summer, and put in some of my time selling steam cookers for family food.

In the fall they moved to my home where I made them a home and they one for me.

In the summer of 1886, I visited sister Bell Waterman at Minneola, Holt Co., Neb., remaining there two weeks. This was a fine country to look at, but a poor farming country, for there was too much sand and gravel. After the sod was rooted and cropped two or three years there was not hardly enough left to sod over again. Most of that country was abandoned within a few years, and now is a poor cattle range.

From there I went to Centerville, South Dakota, and visited B. J. Barton and family.

The fall of 1886, I started a general merchandise store on a small scale. I did this so as to have something to take up my mind, as I was not able to do farm work. Trade was quite good, and very pleasant for me.

In 1888 I made a general visit back to New England, visiting friends on the way going and coming.

Memorial day at Clay, Iowa, May, 1889. The good people of Clay believe in the religious character of Memorial Day and held their decoration services at the church on Sunday, May 30. The services were largely attended and very impressive.

Mrs. Hopkins of the W. C. T. U., read the Memorial letter addressed to the old soldiers, which was responded to by myself as follows:

## RESPONSE.

“Ladies of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union: We thank you for this greeting, and we are glad that we were loyal to our country and had the privilege to fight under the stars and stripes to preserve the unity of the Nation; and every true patriot rejoices that we live under the best government in the world, and there is not a Nation but what respects our flag, wherever it may float on the breeze.

While we have the honor of belonging to the host that went forth at our country’s call, we claim that there is great honor to another class. You may ask who are they? I answer that some of them are here today, and may be seen at any such gathering as this anywhere in our most beloved land. They were wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of our brave defenders; they showed great patriotism by being willing to place their loved ones on our country’s altar, passing through great privations and hardships, feeling that they might never see their dear ones again. God only knows how many thousands there were that never did; and today many know not of their final resting place. What is this but heroism, kind mothers, wives and sisters.

Today another war is raging which you are engaged in. It is the war against King Alcohol, under the white banner of total abstinence. We love our homes and comrades, and we will join with you to drive this soul and body destroyer from our land. During the past twenty years our ranks have been greatly thinned by our comrades passing over to the other shore, and it shows clearly that twenty years from now there will be but few of us left on this side of the shores of time.

Teach the children that our liberties were bought with the price of blood, and always to honor and defend the Flag of Our Country, and above all things else to touch



not, taste not that which intoxicates, and obey God and keep his commands.

We thank you most heartily for the floral offering you have prepared to place on the graves of our fallen comrades.

Children and friends: when you place these flowers on these individual graves, feel that you are doing it in honor to all that died to save our country.

When we go forth to our homes from this sacred place, let us offer up a silent prayer that the day may soon come when men shall beat their swords into plow shares and their spears into pruning hooks, and nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

## CHAPTER V.

In the summer of 1890 I took a trip to New England and while there I attended the National Encampment of the G. A. R.'s held at Boston. While there at the Encampment I stopped with my nephew, Henry E. Townsend. During the Encampment the Government had the following named war vessels anchored in the harbor: The Boston, Atlanta, Yorktown, Dolphin, Petrel, Vesuvius, Cushing, and the Kearsarge. The latter I had the pleasure of going on board and saw the guns that were used in sinking the Confederate Cruiser "Alabama."

In 1890, 1892, 1894, 1895, and 1896 I made a general visit East. Was away from home from six weeks to three months each. I went about the same rounds that I have heretofore given.

In 1898 on my trip to New England I went via Washington City and remained there several days, visiting the public buildings. I called on our Senator Gear as Congress was in session, also on Representative Clark from our district, and through him I secured the appointment of Dudley A. Meacham as Postmaster at Clay, Iowa. One P. M. I visited the gallery in the Senate Chamber, and then at the House of Representatives. A great change had taken place in the city since I was there in 1865, as a soldier eating hard tack. Most of the streets I found paved and street cars running over the city. The new Congressional Library building was just magnificent, the nicest of any thing of the kind that I ever saw.

In 1900, on another journey East I visited my son Frank at Coshocton, Ohio, and from there to Conneaut, and stayed a few days with brother Marquis, and then we went in company on to Worcester, Mass., and visited with brother Velette and family a few days, when we three brothers went to Vermont, our native state, and met sister Eliza at her home at Felchville. She had never married. She and our niece, Minnie C. Fay, live together. We four are the only ones left of our large family.

While there we had a family reunion.

The following is the account of the reunion which I had published in the Vermont Standard, published at Woodstock.

“The Townsend reunion at the home of Miss Eliza Townsend and niece, Minnie C. Fay, at Felchville, Vt., was a very unusual and pleasant gathering. The large family of the late Wm. Townsend have all passed away from the cares of this life except four who are all together at the old home. They had not all been together before for thirty-nine years but had seen each other. Their names, ages and residences are given below. This being in 1900, Miss Eliza Townsend, Felchville, Vt., nearly 79 years; F. T. Townsend, Clay, Iowa, 71 years; V. P. Townsend, Worcester, Mass., 68 years; M. D. Townsend Conneaut, Ohio, 64 years. The following Townsends, relatives and friends, are those that met with them June 21, Mrs. Aurelia Townsend, Springfield, Vt., sister-in-law; Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Bowen, Springfield, Vt., nephew and niece; Mrs. M. J. Archer, Salem, Mass., cousin; Stephen Townsend, wife and two children and sister, Woodstock, Vt., cousins; Miss Minnie C. Fay, Felchville, Vt., niece; Mrs. Esther Hewlett, Felchville; Miss Brooks, Salem, Mass.; and Mrs. Margaret Jenkins, Somerville, Mass., friends.

One day last week the three brothers and sister drove to the north part of the town and took their dinner with them, eating it while sitting upon the stone steps of the house where they were all born. Miss Minnie C. Fay, their niece, accompanied them.

The old house was taken down many years ago, and a poplar tree about 18 inches in diameter has grown up where the front entry was situated."

This year 1900 on my return West, I attended the National G. A. R. Encampment at Chicago. I was not able to march in the parade. I remained at George's a week or so to make out my visit.

Soon after arriving at home I went to Keokuk and attended our Brigade Association meeting, which was very pleasant to meet so many of our comrades.

In June 1901, I visited my son Frank and wife at Coshocton, Ohio, to recruit up after a three months sickness through the previous winter. I was there seven weeks. From that day to this I have never regained my former health.

I gave brother Marquis at Columbus, Ohio, a short visit, going and returning. He was visitors' attendant at the State House, but now has a position in the Adjutant General's Office with better pay.

I came home much improved in health.

After a few days at home I went to Kansas City, and visited Myron Waterman, my sister Bell's son. He was cashier of the State Savings Bank. I remained there about ten days, called on other friends. One day I went to Leavenworth on trolley cars and visited the soldiers' home and the army grounds at the Fort, and

the U. S. Prison, and returned the same day to Myron's. I stayed one night with Preston Woodmancy, an old acquaintance from Iowa. Sep. 24, in the morning, I left for Mapleton, Kansas, where I arrived at 8 P. M., two hours behind time. Brother Henry Waterman met me at the train. He was my late sister Bell's husband; he was married again. I remained with them until Oct. 3rd.

I did not like Kansas as well as Iowa—too many stones and poor water.

On my return trip, I stopped off at Albia, Iowa, and went West on the C. B. & Q. R. R. to College Springs, Page Co., Iowa, and visited my brother-in-law, Levi Stebbins, remaining with them ten days. College Springs is built on very rolling ground, and streets one hundred feet wide. It is a good farming country out from the town. They have a very prosperous College there.

On my return I stopped at Chariton, a few hours and called on Edd Brown, a shoe dealer there, an old acquaintance of mine. From there I went to Indianola; arrived there at 6.15 P. M., Oct. 15th. Mr. Stanley, an old neighbor of mine, met me at the train. Mrs. Barton, Mr. Stanley's sister, was there: she was at one time a near neighbor of mine; she had buried her husband the year before. I remained with them until the 18th and had a very pleasant visit. From there I went via Des Moines to Newton, where I visited with Rev. R. F. Lavender, one of our former pastors. I left there Oct. 21st, and arrived at home at 1.15 P. M. On this trip to Kansas I traveled 1244 miles by rail.

On Jan. 20th, 1902, the Congregational Church at Clay, voted to build a new church building, and I was made one of the building Committees, and they chose me as their secretary, and general superintendent of its construction,—that was to watch that everything was done according to contract. I made the floor, or ground plan of the church, and suggested how the general plan of the rest should be built, but we employed an architect to finish up the plans and make specifications.

We raised in cash \$3,644 and donated work in teaming, drawing stone, sand, lime and lumber, and digging out for basement and foundation, which was worth \$350, making the total cost about \$4,000. I wrote and called on people abroad and received \$690, counted in the above sum. The people called me a professional beggar. During the year my whole time was devoted to this work of building the church.

Every cent of our subscription was paid in, and we had the church dedicated Oct. 16, entirely free from debt and \$1.31 left in the hands of our Treasurer, which was turned into the contingent fund.

During the year I wrote 392 letters.

The last of September I was taken down sick with dysentery, and confined to my bed for eight days, but improved so that I attended the dedication. We have the finest country church in the state of Iowa, so said Secretary Douglas of the Iowa Home Missionary Society.

I am a member of the Crocker's, Iowa, Brigade Association. We have our meetings once in two years ;

are held two days. I have attended a part of them, as follows : Davenport, 1887 ; Des Moines, 1891 ; Ottumwa, 1894. We made it three years between our meetings at Des Moines and Ottumwa on account of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, next at Marshalltown 1896, Jefferson 1898, Keokuk 1900. I have attended the G. A. R. National Encampment at Boston 1890, St. Paul 1897, Chicago 1900, and one State Encampment at Marshalltown 1897.

During the winter of 1902-'03 my health was very poor, and feeling the effect of age, it seems as though sooner than I ought to. In the course of my life I have traveled in thirty-one states of the Union and three different routes through Canada. I have traveled on all of our large Lakes except Lake Superior. I have traveled several hundred miles on the Mississippi, Ohio, St. Lawrence and Red Rivers.

In all of my travels I have seen a great variety of country, some beautiful country for farming, and some that was not much account only to hold the world together. Mountain scenery is splendid to feast the eye on, but poor for farming.

Following is a few lines that I wrote and sent to Dr. and Mrs. R. N. Hall many years ago on the death of their only daughter, in Chicago. Mrs. Hall is a sister of Mrs. George B. Townsend. Mr. and Mrs. Hall were raised in Clay, Iowa, where they have hosts of relatives and friends.

“ Birdie dear, thou art at rest ;  
 Never more to meet us here,  
 Jesus, Our Saviour knowest best,  
 But we shed a sympathizing tear.

Father and Mother thy hand we take,  
 And the Brothers we do the same ;  
 And say we know thy loss is great ;  
 For Succor trust in Jesus' name.”

## A PARODY,

## "THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK,"

Which we got up for an advertisement for our store  
in 1887.

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
When all had fled but he,  
And shouting to the fleeing crowd  
Townsend's bargains go and see.

As he heard the roaring sound,  
As it burned beneath the floor,  
He said ; "See prices at Townsend's now  
Or you'll regret it ever more."

As the flames came leaping thro'  
The cracks beneath his feet,  
He shouted still the louder,  
"Townsend's prices can't be beat."

As the fire came creeping on,  
There stood the gallant lad ;  
And told of bargains he had got  
At Townsend's with his dad.

He shouts ! "Their nails, bolts and screws  
With coffee, sugar, spices and tea,  
Prints, gingham, muslins, boots and shoes  
Young and old don't fail to see."

And though the heat was intense,  
The boy seemed to shiver ;  
For fear you might the bargains miss,  
He jumped into the river

Clay, Iowa is the place,  
F. T. Townsend & Co. are the men,  
That will sell you goods as cheap  
As other dealers can.



The two years previous to my first marriage I boarded in the family of E. S. Stebbins and their little daughter Mary, was with me much of the time. She was a lively child and full of fun and quite original in her sayings, in such a way that we used to call her Topsy. After she had grown up and was married and lived in Dowagiac, Mich., I visited her in 1877 in company with my daughter Hattie, on our way to Vermont and she requested me to write in her Album, in which I wrote as follows :

Mary my ever loving niece,  
 When you in childish, mirthful glee,  
 With me in happiness and peace,  
 Have often had a laughing spree.

When you in joyous, youthful sport,  
 Did often in the garden go,  
 Where I was busy at my work,  
 Your tuneful notes did sweetly flow.

But now to womanhood you have come,  
 Your Topsy freaks they say are past,  
 And thoughtful too you now have grown,  
 But still I fear you're living fast.

And now dear Mary do be wise,  
 And to the Saviour give your heart,  
 That he may fit it for the skies,  
 When you this fleeting life depart.

On June 23, 1903, I left home in Clay, Iowa, for a three months' visit in New England and other places on the road. I went direct through to Worcester, Mass., on account of my brother Vellette being very sick, but on my arrival there I found him more comfortable.

After remaining there a week I went to Vermont and visited my sister Eliza (who was 82 years of age) and Minnie C. Fay as they live together, and many other relatives and friends, and had a very pleasant time.

The weather was very cool for summer. Aug. 5th, I went back to Worcester from Vermont. While in Worcester I went to Boston and visited a nephew, Robert Elmer Townsend, and remained with him over night. While there I went to the New England Historical Genealogical Society rooms to find further records of the Townsends which I have placed in the fore part of this book. I found direct lineage back to 1066.

After spending two days in Boston I returned to Worcester over the new Electric road, which was a very pleasant trip; could see more of the country than we could on the steam road. Brother Velette was at times quite comfortable but was gradually failing; was as patient as a lamb, never complained. He had suffered so long, that he longed to go and be at rest. He was a noble man and made hosts of friends. He passed away the following December. When he went it was a great loss to his family, and to the church. He lived an honest, true Christian life, and has gone to his reward. By his request he was cremated.

I left Worcester, Aug. 14th, and at noon of the 15th I arrived at Coshocton, Ohio, to visit son Frank and wife. I remained there until Aug. 24th, when I went to Columbus to make brother Marquis and wife a visit.

Columbus is a large and beautiful city doing an immense business and is growing. Most of the State Institutions are located in and around the city.

On the morning of Aug. 27th, I left here for Dowagiac, Mich., and arrived there at 7:30 P. M. We passed through a beautiful farming country most all the way, and through many large towns. Here I visited Mrs. Kate Wing and her sister, Mrs. Mary McMaster, nieces of mine.

I went to Chicago Aug. 31, and stopped with son George and family until Sept. 7th, when I went to Ottawa, Ill., and visited with several cousins there until Sept. 12, when I left for home, and arrived there at 9:30 P. M. same day. Myra Townsend, a niece of mine, from Ottawa, Ill., came home with me for a week's visit.

On Sept. 15 and 16, we had at our church a meeting of the Association of the Congregational Churches of south-eastern Iowa. We had a good meeting, with able speakers which was very instructive. There were present nine ministers from abroad.

## CHAPTER VI.

In searching for the Townsend Genealogy it came to my mind that as my grandfather, Thomas Townsend, was in the battle of Lexington, I had a desire to know certain whether he continued in the army through the war of the Revolution. Therefore I wrote to the Record and Pension office War Department to find out. Their reply was that he was as late as Apr. 1777, but they could find no record of his discharge, probably because part of the records were destroyed by fire in 1812. Daniel Townsend, a brother of my grandfather, was killed at the battle of Lexington, as heretofore stated.

There was another Daniel Townsend with them in the army, who died July 23, 1777, supposed to be a cousin of my grandfather.

Thomas, Daniel, John and David were quite common names among the Townsends in this country as well as in England.

On Oct. 12, 1903, I went to Des Moines to attend the Anti-Saloon League Convention, as a delegate from our church. There was a large and interesting meeting with 380 delegates enrolled, the largest of any Iowa Temperance Convention, for many years. Great addresses by National Superintendent H. H. Russell, Rev. B. A. Baker, State Supt. of Ohio, and other noted speakers.

The Convention continued two days. After its close I went to Indianola to visit old friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Stanley ; I remained there two days, and from there

on my way home I stopped at Newton over night with Rev. R. F. Lavender and family, a former pastor of ours. I arrived at home the 17th.

On Oct. 28, I wrote the following article which was published in the Brighton News the week before our State Election which was Nov. 3, 1903:

### THE LIQUOR SALOON.

Kind reader, let us reason together. Without preface I will come right to the point. Why do we have the cursed saloon in Iowa? Because the iron heel of the Monster has been on the leaders of the political parties, and the voters have not had moral courage enough to remonstrate against it.

Who destroys the reason of his fellow men? The saloon keeper. Who takes money from the drunkard that should go to buy bread for his family? The saloon keeper. Who is filling our alms-houses with paupers? The saloon keeper. Who is filling our jails and prisons with criminals? The saloon keeper. Who causes more murders than the saloon keeper? No one. Who is making our court expenses so very great? The saloon keeper. What is the greatest question to day? Some say one thing, and another says something else; but I claim that the Liquor traffic is the most important of anything now before the public.

Kind readers, stop and think what a curse the saloon is to our grand state of Iowa. Look at the many thousand voters in the state and think how they are led by the nose by twelve hundred saloon keepers who dominate the two leading parties in the state. Oh! shame, shame, to let such Demons govern our state. Let us as sane men, irrespective of party, elect and send to our legislature such men as will pledge themselves to do all in their power to close every saloon in Iowa. If

the mulct law was fully enforced it would close every saloon for they are violating that law.

Mayors of our large cities are violating their oath of office every day by not enforcing the laws. What cowards there have been in the parties, not daring to put a word in their platforms about the saloon.

The man that will vote for a license is guilty with the saloon keeper.

Look down deep in your heart and vote as your conscience dictates.

Take the tempter away from your weak neighbor, and help him to become a sober man.

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Jan. 18, 1904. Another year has dawned upon us, how fast time passes, days come and go, carrying us on so much nearer to the end of our earthly career. It should admonish us so to live that we may be prepared to go when we are called to lay down our earthly life for the spiritual. In looking over my past life I regret very much that I had not done more to have helped others to arise above the sins of the world and that I myself had not lived a more devoted follower of my Divine Master.

During the past year my health has been very good for one of my age. I have been greatly blessed.

There has been joy, also sadness by the departure of brother Velette to the better land. We cannot ask to have him back here to suffer any more.

Tomorrow, Jan. 19, I have planned to start on a visiting journey to Louisiana and Texas among my many relatives, the widows of brothers Alfred and William and their many children and grandchildren.

I have made the trip and arrived at home June 4, 1904, from my southern journey. Was absent from home four and one-half months, and kept in my usual health all the time.

The following letters describing my journey south were published in the "Brighton News:"

(Letter No. 1)

Olive Branch, La.

Dear News:

On Jan. 19, 1904, I left my home on the morning Express which was one and one-half hours late, and kept losing time all the way to Peoria, Ill., which made it too late for me to take the 2 P. M. train on the Illinois Central as I had intended.

It was growing warmer when I left home and before night the snow was almost gone. After getting a few miles from Skunk River (which we crossed about fifteen miles from home) we came into a fine farming country which extended most of the way to Peoria. We passed through many very flourishing towns. We left Peoria at 6:50 P. M. and arrived at Matoon at 10:30, where I remained until morning.

From Matoon to Carbondale was a very flat country. Before reaching the latter place I could see that the soil was poorer and but little corn was raised, but we found many large apple and peach orchards which looked fine. After passing Carbondale we struck a rough country and very rocky and came into a valley with quite a stream, along the course of which were many high perpendicular ledges. In this valley there were many flourishing towns and many coal mines.

For several miles before reaching Cairo we were in a rolling prairie country. As we entered the suburbs of Cairo we passed under the end of the high bridge that crosses the Ohio river, going into the city about a mile we stopped for dinner. On starting we went on down the river but up grade on a circle bearing to the right for a few miles until we reached the elevation at the end of the approach on the Illinois end of the bridge. The approaches of iron and steel and the main bridge are a little over four miles long. When building they sunk thirteen caissons eighty feet below the bed of the river and filled them with concrete where the stone piers were placed which were fifty-three feet above the highest water known. It took two years to build it, and it cost four million dollars. A part of Cairo has been filled in and raised above high water mark. At this place some were planting potatoes.

(Southern Letter No 2)

Olive Branch, La., Feb. 8, 1904.

After crossing the Ohio River at Cairo we passed through the low lands covered with timber for many miles, with an occasional clearing with a cabin. We were gradually leaving the Mississippi River to the west of us and were getting into a better farming country with cotton as their principal crop.

We changed cars at Fulton, Ky., where the road comes in from Louisville; here one division going direct south for New Orleans, the other, the river division, which we took via Memphis.

From Fulton to Memphis is a rolling country which looked quite prosperous, but the buildings began to show



the want of northern enterprise, or it was because they did not need as good buildings in this warmer climate.

The negro quarters were small and of a cheap kind, about 16 feet square, with a porch in front (which they call gallery), and a lean-to on the back side. That describes the average of the negro quarters in general in the south, but reaching Louisiana you seldom see a glass window in their houses. They have openings with board shutters; when they want light they open the door or shutters.

From Fulton to Memphis they were grading for double track which necessitated running very slow at times. We arrived at Memphis at 7:30 P.M., where I remained over night, and next morning we took a daylight train for Vicksburg.

This is through the great deltas and cotton belt of Mississippi. This whole country was all under water a few years ago, when many lives were lost and much property destroyed. The soil through this delta is very rich. They have plenty of timber.

There is but very little corn raised—it is cotton, cotton, as far as you can see to the right and to the left.

The price of cotton is now higher than at any time since the war. Speculators are not making all the money on the high price. Those that still hold cotton now get 15 cts. per lb. Throughout Mississippi, there was only about half a crop, on account of the severe dry weather—that is one cause for the high priced cotton.

At all the stations in Mississippi, there was always a large crowd standing about with about one white man to every eight or ten negroes. This leaves me at Vicksburg.

(Southern Letter No. 3)

Olive Branch, La., Feb. 15, 1904.

Before taking up the chain of my journey from Vicksburg, I wish to say that as you may look at the R. R. Guide you will see that the stations are very near together, some only one mile apart and a large portion not more than three or four, especially on the river division called the Miss. & Yazoo Valley Ry. The reason is that most of the large planters have a cotton gin and press, and have a general store to supply their hired help and renters. They will get a Post Office established and have themselves appointed P. M. and then the R. R. Co. will make a flag station, generally nothing but a platform, using the planter's store for a depot. You will pass many of these stations before you come to what you would call a town.

I regret that I cannot give you a description of Vicksburg, for while I was there they were having a regular downpour of rain. I was told that our Government had a fine cemetery a little north of the city.

After leaving the city we began to bear away from the river into a rolling country with lots of timber, interspersed with plantations.

I left the main line at Ethal, La., and went on a short branch of eight miles to Clinton. We passed through a very poor country for farming, a large portion of it being rough and covered with small pine trees; the soil has a reddish cast. North and east of Clinton are large tracks of heavy pine timber; there they have large steam saw mills and one at Clinton, and here they have a large cotton seed oil mill and do a very large business. The oil meal is sold for stock food and for fertilizing their soil.

Clinton is an old town, the court house being built in 1819. The railroad was built in here from Port Hudson in an early day, among the first built in the country.

When the Valley R. R. was built about twenty years ago they bought this road and retained that portion from Ethal to Clinton as a branch, and abandoned that to Port Hudson as the river had changed its course and Port Hudson was no longer a boat landing, but built a road to Bayou Sara above Port Hudson.

I came from Clinton to this place (Olive Branch) in a private conveyance, a distance of ten miles to where I am now stopping. If there was no timber you would call this a slightly rolling prairie. Timber and farm land I should judge were about equal. I have been several miles east of here into the great pine timber belt of mostly hard pine.

In this vicinity there is more pine than all other kinds put together. They have several kinds of oak, beech, gum, cypress, magnolia, cedar and ash. It is about as uncertain to raise peaches here as it is in Iowa, for they get started in February and quite often they have a cold spell in March which kills them ; often they are as large as hickory nuts ; they are now in bloom Feb. 8, which is too early for them to do well. The principal crop here is cotton, but they have to use fertilizers in order to get a fair crop. Timothy, clover and blue grass do not do well here. They have crab and Bermuda grass but it makes poor meadow or pasture. They put up but little hay, just enough for their work team ; let their other stock rough it, and they show it. Their cattle are a mixed stock of scrub, or native and Jerseys. Horses and mules look as if a little more grain would help them. They try to raise corn enough for their work teams and three or four hogs ; they still buy lots of meat from the north.

You hear of the "sunny south;" sometimes it is, and sometimes it is not. To day it is sunny and I am writing on a south porch and plenty warm.

I will tell a little about my first week's experience here, the last week in January. The kitchen and dining room are in a separate building from the main house, connected with a porch. They are cheaply made, some like our northern summer kitchens. A few mornings during that week, I wore my overcoat while eating my breakfast, in order to keep warm, at the same time the women had on their shawls and something on their heads; they eat there the year round with no fire. How is that for the "sunny south?" In my next I will try and tell of the people both black and white.

## CHAPTER VII.

(Southern Letter No. 4)

Olive Branch, La., Feb. 22, 1904.

The white man in the south has learned to work since the war, as he has no slaves to do it for him. As a general thing they have not the energy that a northern man has, probably on account of the debilitating effect of the climate. They have good schools, and when their children are through the common school, those having money enough send them to higher schools in the large towns.

There is a great difference here among the people the same as in the north. Those who were called poor white trash fifty years ago, are the same to day, and all they care for is to get enough to keep the soul and body together live in an old shack of a house and have a little truck patch, have more dogs than hogs, and spend most of their time fishing and hunting: they are ignorant, cannot read or write, and care nothing about educating their children.

Many of the large plantations have been divided up into one and two hundred acre farms, and owned by the better class of whites, and occasionally by a black man, and what they cannot cultivate they rent to the negro, build a cheap house for him to live in, and work for a share of the crop, which is cotton. The planter as a general rule furnishes team and tools to work with.

I had the pleasure of meeting a southern lady who knowing that I was a northern man, commenced telling me about war times and some of her experiences. She said that she and her husband owned several slaves and she was brought up in idleness, not having to do as

much as to comb her own hair or make up a bed, and knew nothing about cooking. One morning soon after the slaves learned that they were free, they were not to be found, and she was in a fix, what to do for breakfast. The fact stared them in the face that they would have to go hungry or get it themselves; the husband thought that he could fry some meat as he had seen the slaves do it, and would try his hand at making coffee. For biscuit, between them they stirred up some flour with many ingredients, which when eaten, she would not undertake to tell how long it would take for it to digest. They persevered and finally got so they could get a good meal. Some of the time they were surrounded by the Confederates and some times by Yanks, but said the Confederates were the worse to steal, as they were shorter of rations. At times they boarded Union officers, who paid them well in greenbacks. Her husband was a Methodist minister, and in poor health, so he escaped having to enter the army, but was chaplain for a while when the army was in camp near their home. This part of the state was fought over several times, first held by one army and then by the other. She said she was glad the war terminated as it did, but she thought that they should have been paid for the "niggers." Their clothes began to wear out and they could not buy new ones, so they were in a fix again. She and her mother made cotton rolls with hand cards and spun them into yarn and wove it into cloth on an old hand loom; sometimes they mixed a little home grown wool with the cotton.

It was nip and tuck for a long time after the war, and people here told me that they are only now just getting over the effects of it. No one but themselves know how much they suffered. The farm houses as a general thing are built cheap and very plain and unpainted, and heated by fire places, and mostly ceiled with hard pine; the dining room and kitchen are in a separate building,

merely boarded up and down with battens, with a porch between the buildings, and no way to heat the dining room. I have seen some houses with no ceiling inside and some of the battens gone. Such places are not fit to live in, even in this climate, for they have some hard freezes.

Now a word about the negro. There is about three or four blacks to one white man. As a general rule the black man is of little account. It is very difficult to hire one by the day or by the month; they want to be their own boss, like a white man, as he is a free man. During the winter they do but little. During the summer they will raise a piece of cotton on the shares; they get one-half. It generally takes a good share if not all of that to pay for the supplies the planter has let him have while he was raising the crop. If the crops are destroyed by any cause the planter loses the rent of the land, and all he has furnished the negro, for he has nothing. I see negroes here every day who are eating up their next summer crop before it is planted. What would an Iowa man think to be obliged to rent to such people.

A darkey the other day when asked to work for a white man, said it was most too cold to work, and it was eight degrees above freezing, but he finally went, but had his ears tied up.

Once in a while you find one that owns a horse or a mule, and some last fall, owing to the high price of cotton, had something left out of their last year's work, but instead of keeping it to live on they must rush off to town and buy a top buggy, and eat up their next year's crop before they get it. Some will run in debt for one if they can, and give security on next summer's crop. They are for having a good time today and let tomorrow take care of itself.

It is estimated that about one in forty or fifty have saved enough to own their farms and farm implements and some live stock, with size of farm from 40 to 200 acres. The white man and the colored man work side by side on the farm, and also in the trades in the towns and all draw the same wages. In the country you see but very few mixed blood, they are very black, but in the towns you see them of all shades from very black down to a shade that is difficult to trace any negro blood.

The law of this state is that a man, white or black, to be entitled to vote must be able to read or write or to own three hundred dollars' worth of property. If he has that amount of property and cannot read or write he can have some one to fill out his ticket for him. Many of the whites are deprived the privilege of voting as well as the black man. They have separate schools for blacks and whites, also churches; but occasionally you find a church with a few seats in one corner for the negro. Most of the R. R. Stations have separate waiting rooms for the two races, and a Jim Crow car for the negro. As a mass they do not want social equality; they rather be by themselves. I was told that at a negro sociable not far from where I was, that some white ladies went, but had not been there very long before one of those high headed negro women came along near them and made the remark that, she wished that the white women would leave the house, for the colored ladies could not stand their odor. A man with only about one-fourth negro blood thinks he is as good as a white man; but he has to be classed with the black man. I have seen one mulatto who will have nothing to do with the negro, more than a white man does.



This race problem is a great question. I have talked with many Ex. Confederate soldiers that fought for four years who said that they are glad that the war terminated as it did. One of them said he entered the army when sixteen years of age contrary to his father's will, who voted against secession ; but he was carried away by his companions, not realizing anything what he was going to fight for. Since he became of age he has been a Republican in National issues ; but for Louisiana laws he has been a Democrat as he did not want the ignorant black or white man to make the laws. He said "that the God of Heaven decreed before the war that this country should not be divided, and that the slave should be made free, and it was done, notwithstanding I fought four years against it." This man said that President McKinley was the best President we ever had, and that he was a Roosevelt man all through.

One day an old ex-slave woman said to me, "Mr. Townsend I don't see what de good Lord freed de nigger for, for dare is lots more murder among de niggers now dan dare was before de war, den da had something to do instead of laying around and studying up debilment and murdering one a nudder as da do today, but de Lord knowed best bout it. Dese are no count niggers dat heb growed up since de War."

## CHAPTER VIII.

(Southern Letter No. 5)

Austin, Texas, March 21st.

I left Olive Branch, La., for the railroad to resume my journey south, it still being in the cotton country, until we reached Baton Rouge, the Capital of the state, which was situated on high ground next to the Mississippi River with a fine state house, with no dome but towers like some English castle.

After passing Baton Rouge we came into the sugar and rice country. The rice fields are flooded by the use of large pumping works that pump water from the Mississippi river in large pipes over the levees. The sugar plantations are drained by open ditches once in about ten rods, the water flowing back to the cypress swamps and from there into Lake Ponchartrain, which also receives the drainage from New Orleans. The outlet of the lake into the gulf is east of New Orleans, where small boats and sailing vessels come up into the lake and enter the city by a canal made for the purpose. All large coasting and ocean vessels have to come up the Mississippi river. River traffic is falling off on account of so many railroads being built near the river. Ocean traffic is increasing.

The sugar plantations look fine; the rows of cane I should think were from one to two miles long. The help all live in a village adjoining the headquarters and sugar mills. At some places I counted from forty to sixty houses, all made alike and painted white or white-washed which made it look very inviting. As it had rained a day or two before I came through, the teams could not

be used in the fields and were loose in two or three acre fields ; in some I counted as high as one hundred mules. At many places I saw from forty to fifty men and women hoeing cane, which was about a foot high. At some places the boss or driver rode a horse, the same as old slavery days.

At Lutchter, I visited a mammoth steam sawmill, where they saw upwards of 200,000 feet of lumber in a day of twenty-four hours, as they run night and day. They used band saws large enough for the largest logs. One man operating a lever that controls a machine which will roll a log onto the carriage in three or four seconds, and men riding on the carriage fastens it in an instant, and it moves towards the saw and the slab is off in an incredible short time. As soon as the carriage runs back, the same machine that loaded the log turns it with flat side down, or against the standards in less time than you can write Jack Robin. Over one-half of this lumber is cypress.

When arriving in New Orleans I found that the city had improved wonderfully since I was there nineteen years ago. Where there was a large vacant place between the city and the Exposition buildings, is now all built up with fine residences. Where the Exposition buildings were, is now Audibon Park. A year or two after the Exposition the owner of the plantation donated to the city about 500 acres of land for the park. The Agricultural hall was preserved and enlarged and is now filled with plants, tropical shrubs and trees, which makes a fine place to visit. The street car service is very fine. All lines center on Canal St. where you can change for any part of the city. Canal St. is about three or four times as wide as streets in general are. The south end of it is at the steamboat landing. Sewers are being

built and to connect to large cisterns and the contents will be pumped into Lake Ponchartrain. I remained in the city eleven days visiting relatives and taking in the sights of the city.

I left the city Saturday Apr. 2, on steamer Electra bound for Shreveport, La. Capt. Charles Truslow president of Steamboat Co. gave me free passage. Capt. Truslow married a niece of mine. Passing up the Mississippi river we entered the Red river which is very crooked. At places we could see the banks of the river in another place about a quarter of a mile from us, and these bends would be from five to ten miles around to the place we had seen. The first one hundred miles the banks were covered with timber, but we began to see occasionally some farm houses with a small clearing. About where these settlements are is where the levees begin and extend up the river for about one hundred and fifty miles, then comes higher banks which the water never gets over.

The country is very rich and level and they raise about double the amount of cotton on these lands without the use of fertilizer that they do on the uplands east of the Mississippi river where I spent two months.

I rode in the pilot house most of the day time, so as to get a good view of the country. The pilots pointed out to me places where the Confederates had forts built to prevent Gen. Banks' gun-boats going up the river and at Alexandria where Banks had built coffer-dams on each side of the river to increase the depth of water in the center over the rapids, so that he could get his boats down the river on his retreat. At Colfax, Grant Co., we went up on Cane river forty miles to the head of navigation when we turned about, this being the only place where it was wide enough to turn in. We had two barges lashed, one on each side of the boat. About

two miles below this point they began to load these barges with cotton seed, and stopped at five places to complete the load which amounted to 280 tons, and in 3677 sacks. Returning to Red river at Colfax they left one barge for New Orleans to be taken upon their return trip. We then started up stream and reached Lake End the next A. M. where there was a large cotton-seed oil mill where they unloaded the other barge and left it there.

After leaving the barges we made faster speed as we went up the river to Shreveport where we landed Saturday morning, Apr. 9th. This ended my boat ride of 750 miles.

Shreveport is a prosperous city, it being a great railroad center, and lays on high rolling ground, and has fine street car service.

I remained here about three hours when I took a train for Austin, Texas, arriving there next morning at 4 o'clock.

(Southern Letter No. 6)

At home June 10th, 1904.

After arriving at home June 4th a few more words about my southern journey perhaps may not be out of place. The country from Shreveport, La., to Austin, Texas, was quite rough and much small timber. Most people here are turning their attention to fruit culture such as apples and peaches. The further you get into Texas the better you find the land. Austin, the capital, is a beautiful city laying high and dry on the bank of the Colorado river of Texas. It is very rolling and is all underlaid with rock and much of it is in sight and where covered, the dirt is from six inches to three or four feet deep. It has the name of being a healthy city; it ought to be if good drainage would make it so. It is not much of a manufacturing place but a fine residential place; here are many beautiful residences, and being so hilly it is very picturesque.

They have fine schools, not to be surpassed in any place. The State University is located here on a high piece of ground which makes it very pleasant, and it is very flourishing. The negro has the same advantage as the white man but in separate schools. There are two deaf and dumb Institutes here which I visited. The one for the whites is situated on the Bluff on the south side of the river where it can be seen from most any point in the city. It is surrounded with a beautiful park and play grounds. While I was there the Superintendent of the colored Institute, a colored man, died suddenly of heart disease and on the day of his funeral the Governor ordered all the offices in the State House closed out of respect to this man, and he and many state officers attended the funeral. The next week he appointed another colored man to take his place. This shows that a good honest educated negro is respected by the southern whites.

It is very strange that so many of them have no ambition for an education, just eat, drink and be merry today and let tomorrow take care of itself.

The state Insane Asylum is situated in the north-west part of the city, consists of several large buildings and located in a beautiful park. I had the pleasure of riding around the building and through the beautiful drives. Several times while I was there, passing the grounds, I saw the inmates out for exercise and they marched four by four in good military style with their attendants along each side to keep them in order. I was surprised to see that they kept so good a line. There were several hundred of them.

The State Capitol building is built of Texas granite which was shipped in on the cars for about twenty miles. It is a very large and beautiful building. It took two years to build it, and no trouble with the workmen during that time and every thing was done to contract.

It was built by a Chicago Company and they took wild land in Texas for pay at fifty cents per acre. The company caused railroads to be built through their land, which advanced in price and they made a fortune by it.

Texas is four and three-fourths times larger than the state of Iowa.

While I was in Austin there was a negro captured in the city for an attempted assault, and murder of a young lady out in the country about eighteen miles; he cut her throat from ear to ear with a razor, he was frightened away by the approach of a team which stopped; the driver on seeing the lady's horse loose, hitched his horse and rushed into the bushes and found the lady as stated, who had her hands tied behind her and was gagged. The negro left his hat, coat and grip containing some clothing and his barber tools. In a short time there was three or four hundred men in search for him, but could not be found as the timber had a perfect thicket of under brush. They intended to burn him if caught, which he probably stood in fear of, and escaped to the city where he was caught. Immediately after he was safe in jail the Governor called out three companies of Infantry, one of Cavalry and one of Artillery. Before night their army tents were pitched on the Capitol grounds across the street from the jail and planted their Artillery. The Infantry cleared the streets around the block that contained the court house and jail. It looked like war times. The howling mob from the country concluded to let the law take its course. He was captured on Wednesday A. M. and that P. M. the Judge notified the Grand Jury to convene on Thursday A. M. and they found a bill against him, and on Friday he had his trial and was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and received his sentence and was hung the next Monday. If all courts would hasten such cases there would be less lynching in the country.

Soon after leaving Austin on my way north, we came out on a beautiful prairie which extended to the state line on the Red River, where we crossed into the Indian Territory, the southern part being poor land. It was rough and stony, but there was some beautiful country in spots up through this territory and much the same up through Oklahoma and Kansas.

On our way up we crossed the Canadian river which I judged to be about one-fourth of a mile wide and no water in sight except a very few spots of a few feet square. The water runs through the sand except when they have heavy rains. The country near the river was sandy and we could see drifts of sand along by the fences, which reminded me of the snow drifts in the north.

I came up over the Santa Fe R. R. from near Austin to Kansas City. On the way we passed through many flourishing towns. Kansas City is very hilly except the part beside the Kaw river, the part that was drowned out in 1903.

From there I went to Harvard, Neb. about 80 miles west of Lincoln. It is in a beautiful country, and the improvements indicated prosperity. I remained here with relatives ten days.

From there I came back over the C. B. & Q. and stopped at College Springs in Page Co., Iowa, for a ten days' visit with Brother Levi Stebbins and wife. This town is on very rolling ground and laid out on a large scale, with two acre lots, and streets one hundred feet wide. The college here is small but quite flourishing.

From the latter place I came home via Fairfield and arrived at home June 4th, 1904. I had been gone from home four and one-half months, and on this trip I traveled 4000 miles, costing me \$88.04. On this journey I kept in my usual health but very lame and have been for many years.



**CHAPTER IX.**

## Journey East.

On July 27, 1904, at 1 P. M. I left home for a visiting trip to the East, and arrived at Columbus, Ohio, at 11:35 A. M., the 28th where brother Marquis met me at the train, and we went to his home and visited until Aug. 1st when I went to Coshocton, Ohio, to visit son Frank and wife. On Aug. 13th, brother Marquis came up in the P. M. to spend Sunday with us. We had a very pleasant interview; he returned to Columbus Sunday evening.

One day while here I took a ride with Dr. Marshall in his automobile; rode 19 miles in one hour. I enjoyed it very much. Last year Frank bought a fine residence with a very large lot and in his front yard he has an elm tree which spans seventy-five feet, which makes a splendid shade and it is a beautiful tree, and is admired by everyone that sees it.

On Aug. 18, I left Coshocton at 9:30 A. M. for Worcester, Mass., and arrived there at 9:45 A. M. the 19th. While remaining here I visited sister Eliza J., and niece Mary, at brother Velette's old home, and at C. K. Stebbins and family, a nephew of mine, and at his sister's home, Mrs. Anna Rice, also at Sam Austin's, an old friend of mine.

I left Worcester at 11:45 A. M. Aug. 24, for Springfield, Vt., where I arrived at 4 P. M. at Aurelia Townsend's, a sister-in-law, brother Alstyne's widow. While there I visited her daughter, Mrs. Mary Bowen, and her husband; also cousin Charles Keyes and wife, and Charles Forbush.

Aug. 26 at 1 P. M. I took the stage for Felchville, where I arrived at 4:45 P. M., at my old home where resides sister Eliza and niece Minnie C. Fay. I found sister better than I had expected, as she had been sick. She was quite frail; she was about a month past her 83rd birthday.

Aug. 29th I went to Norwich where I had lived from the time I was eight years old until I was twenty-one. While there I made a short visit with five of my relatives and nine old school-mates. The village there is a very quiet place and a very pleasant one; everything in the village is kept up in fine order, which makes it attractive. It is situated one mile from Dartmouth College at Hanover, N. H., on the east side of the Connecticut river. The railroad up the river is on the Vermont side. One of my old school teachers, she that was Miss Olive Wright, now Mrs. Baxter Newton, is still living and must be upwards of ninety years of age.

I went from Norwich Aug. 31, to Woodstock and stopped at Stephen Townsend's until Sept. 2nd when I went to Bridgewater and visited my brother-in-laws, M. C. Cowdry and J. Y. Briggs, and cousin, John Townsend and family.

Sept. 5, I went to Pomfret and visited Mrs. L. B. Burnham, a stepdaughter, and her daughter, Mrs. Eda Bushway and family.

Sept. 7, I returned to Woodstock to finish my visit with cousin Stephen Townsend and to visit cousin Levi Carlton and family.

Sept. 10 Stephen took me with his team to Felchville and on the way we stopped with cousin Carlos Hawkins for dinner, arriving at Felchville at 2 P. M.

On Sept. 15th, brother Marquis and wife arrived, which brought together at the old home all there is left of our large family, only three of us, namely, Eliza, Marquis and myself. We remained here together until Sept. 19, when Marquis and wife and myself left for Springfield, Vt.; Marquis and wife only stopped there for dinner and then went to Worcester, Mass.

I remained here until Sept. 21, when I went to Worcester and arrived there at 5 P. M. While here on Sept. 30, U. S. Senator Hoar died and was buried on Oct. 3. That evening after the funeral I left Worcester and next morning I was at Buffalo, N. Y., where I had to remain one and one-half hours when we took train on Michigan Central R. R. for Niagara Falls where they stopped five minutes to give the passengers a fine view of the Falls from the Canada side which was grand.

I arrived at Dowagiac, Mich., at 7:10 P. M. Oct. 4th, to visit Kate Wing and daughter and grandson, also Dr. McMaster and family. Mrs. McMaster and her sister, Mrs. Kate Wing, are nieces of mine.

Oct. 8 at 9 A. M., I left Dowagiac for Chicago, where I arrived at noon, and at son George's at 2:45 at River Forrest. I remained there until Oct. 18 and while there visited other friends in the city.

On Oct. 18 at 10 A. M., I left Chicago and arrived at Ottawa, Ill., at 12, noon. I remained here eight days with the following families, all cousins, James A. Townsend is brother-in-law as well as cousin; Charles Townsend, George W. Townsend, Henry Townsend and Thomas Bragg. They are all farmers and nicely situated.

Oct. 26, I left Ottawa for Wilton Junction, Iowa, where cousin Lewis S. Townsend was at the train and took me out to his home eight miles in the country north-west from town. In going we passed over quite rolling prairie all improved with good farm houses. We had a royal good visit, not having seen each other for many years. He and his wife, and son Henry, wife and two children all live together. Henry had a phonograph which made us lots of fine music which I enjoyed very much.

On Nov. 1st, I left Wilton for Washington, Iowa, stopped on the way at Muscatine, and while there I called on Warrell Eells, a son of one of our former pastors.

I arrived at Washington at 6 P. M. and stayed with Wm. Beamer over night. The next A. M., Nov. 2, I was examined for an increase of pension. At a later date I received notice that it was rejected. In the P.M. I came over to Brighton, and came up home at 9:30 P.M. after being absent three months and one week. On this journey I had traveled about 3,000 miles and my traveling expenses were \$80.

Since arriving at home last November, not being able to work, on account of the infirmities of old age, such as rheumatism, etc. I have spent most of the time writing and reading. My correspondence is very large. During 1903 I wrote 392 letters, and in 1904, I wrote 306. I write to friends in fourteen states.

The months of January and February 1905 have been very cold for Iowa. There were eighteen days that the mercury was from zero down to thirty-one below. I do not remember seeing but two or three winters since I came to Iowa 49 years ago, as severe as the past winter.

We have had about eighteen inches of snow and a few days of what we call a blizzard which drifted the snow very bad, which blocked the railroad trains for several days.

March 8th being the 60th marriage anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robinson I wrote the following lines and dedicated them to the aged couple. They have been my near neighbors since 1869.

Three score years have past  
 Since you the marriage vow did take,  
 Through summer heat, and winter blast,  
 You have traveled towards the Golden Gate.

Changes great have taken place,  
 While you have walked together  
 Down life's journey's race,  
 With love and affection, that none can sever.

Time has changed your locks from black to gray,  
 Your once elastic step, now is slow,  
 With care and labor from day to day  
 As down life's river you go.

God has blessed you in the main,  
 By giving you lands and cattle on a thousand hills,  
 Sons and daughters who are an honor to your name,  
 Grand and great grandchildren to fill the bill.

As you approach your four score years,  
 May your hearts be filled with grace,  
 With triumphant hope, and no tears,  
 But ever with a smiling face.

May the remainder of your life in all  
 Be bright and serene,  
 Free from care and toil,  
 Until you pass to Heavenly scenes.

Following is an article I wrote and it was published in the Vermont Standard, at Woodstock, Vt., and in The Clarion at Richland, Iowa.

### THE ORIGIN OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

In attempting to trace back one of the greatest enterprises of modern times it is not enough to claim for its originator that he tried experiments relative to steam navigation; but in order to justly give any man the credit of first putting in motion the forces causing or bringing about those great results, it must be shown that his experiments contained the essential elements of that grand culmination, the origin of which we seek to establish.

John Fitch claimed to have made numerous discoveries in regard to steam navigation, but he never accomplished anything practical.

When Fitch died he left some sealed papers which he wished to remain sealed for thirty years. At the end of that time they were opened and found to contain Fitch's statement that he invented the first steamboat. If he had it would have been known at that time.

If we should ask the school children and teachers of the present day, "Who invented the first steamboat?" they probably would say, "Robert Fulton." This is a great mistake in History. We will admit that he built the first steamboat on the Hudson River.

The honor belongs to Capt. Samuel Morey of Fairlee, Vt., who was the first man to apply steam power to navigation. Capt. Morey first built a stern wheel boat, which he ran on the Connecticut river and on Fairlee pond.

After this he took a model of the boat to New York and while there Fulton and Livingston saw it.

Soon after Morey returned home Fulton went to Fairlee, and Morey showed him all of his plans. Before Fulton left he entered into a contract with Morey that he

would give him \$100,000 if he would build him a small boat with wheels on the side. After completing the job Morey took it to Fulton at New York and was greatly surprised to find that Fulton and Livingston had a boat well under way after the plan of what Morey had shown him. They repudiated the contract, and Morey never tried to collect the money, but went home almost broken-hearted. On arriving there he told a nephew of his that "The cusses have stolen my invention."

Morey was a very modest and quiet man, but a great inventor on other lines for that early day. He died in Fairlee, Vt., in 1842. We claim that he invented the mode of applying steam power to boat navigation. Much more could be said on this subject, but we leave it for the reader to make his own conclusions; but give honor to whom it belongs.

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In 1877 when on a visit to my old home in Felchville, Vt., I wrote the following lines in Minnie C. Fay's album as she wished some of my composition:

In the garden of the West,  
 Twenty-three years I there have toiled,  
 Now with you I take a rest,  
 Freed from the care of prairie soil.

In Vermont a while I roam,  
 From house to house my friends to see,  
 With headquarters at your home,  
 Well shaded by the maple trees.

The babbling brook goes gurgling on,  
 And never stops for you nor me,  
 So sands of time, with setting sun,  
 Will waft us to the heavenly sea.



## CHAPTER X.

Extracts from my diary that I kept while in the army in 1864 and 1865. This and several articles that follow should of been inserted before now but were overlooked. They are of but little account on the whole.

TO COMRADE C. A. ROSA, Apr. 1865.

When we met four months ago,  
This war was raging fast,  
But now with peace you can go  
To meet your love at last.

As you now are free from war,  
Oh! hasten to her side,  
And fulfill the promised vow,  
And take her for your bride.

May this world be fair and bright,  
For you and that dear one,  
Whose sad heart did swell at night  
When she said, "will he come?"

Brother soldier now we part,  
With fellowship and love,  
Let us with the pure in heart,  
Meet in that world above.

Written at Chattanooga, Tenn., in Hospital No.  
2, Jan 1865.

I am a soldier far from home,  
In the tent with sick do lay,  
And my thoughts do often roam  
To a bright and happy day.

In this Hospital I feel,  
Though at times we cold do get,  
That kind care we all receive,  
Which is all we can expect.

Kind physicians we have here  
That examine us each day,  
Pills will never do I fear,  
While in the cold we have to stay.

Uncle Sam good food provides,  
For the sick he daily makes,  
But some mean and greedy hides  
Slip it slyly down their necks.

To God I lift my prayer  
That this cruel war may end,  
So we may rich at home can fare  
With our wives our days to spend.

Lines to my family, Hospital No. 2, Nashville,  
Tenn., Jan. 28, 1865.

In my home I see you all  
Reading from God's Holy Book,  
To obey your Saviour's call,  
With a bright and happy look.

Then you bow in prayer so sweet,  
 Little ones can join in thought,  
 And very quiet they should keep,  
 As in childhood you've been taught.

My dear wife I pray for you,  
 Though many miles we are apart,  
 That Our Saviour may renew  
 The love for Him, in our hearts.

Now dear George my oldest boy,  
 Do not forget that you should try,  
 In youthful days full of joy,  
 To fit your heart for the sky.

Oh, to Jesus give your heart,  
 That your life may joyous be,  
 And from truth ne'er depart,  
 With pure mirth and childish glee.

Frank, my darling little son,  
 Tis from you I hope to hear,  
 That your work is all well done,  
 To obey your Mother dear.

Now while you are very young  
 Many verses you should learn,  
 That your life be well begun  
 And to Jesus you will turn.

Next comes Hattie darling one,  
 Who makes cakes and apple pies  
 And bakes them 'til they are done  
 And then hides them from the flies.

Your eyes are bright when you say  
 To papa I wish to send,  
 Pies and cakes so sweet today,  
 As he no money has to spend.

With broom in hand you sweep,  
 To keep the room slick and clean,  
 So at night you quiet sleep  
 When on mamma you do lean.

Last comes Kittie, plump as ever,  
 By the clock she loves to stay.  
 But at night she should never  
 In the house be allowed to stay.

As the thoughts of home do rise  
 In my heart from time to time,  
 I ought to close my eyes  
 Instead of making rhymes.

One and all do happy be,  
 In your quiet little home,  
 As you often think of me  
 While a soldier as I roam.

Nashville, Tenn., Hospital No. 2, Feb. 1865

With heavy heart I left my home,  
 And in the army I have come,  
 My duty to perform alone,  
 While I hear the fife and drum.

Since I bade my wife adieu  
 And three small children bade good bye,  
 I many hardships have been through,  
 But my support comes from on high.

With poor health I've traveled on,  
 But growing weak from day to day,  
 I've marched on through mud and storm  
 Then in a car I sick did lay.

From near Decatur I was sent  
With many more, with feeble health,  
Back to the hospital with tents  
In Chattanooga poor as death.

Three weary weeks we there did stay,  
Dosed with pills and powders too,  
But no fire we had night or day  
Rations half they said must do.

And now at Nashville we have come,  
Where in good quarters we can stay,  
With a good stove which is not dumb  
When filled with wood at break of day.

Plenty of food we here do find,  
And in good shape it comes for us,  
And at the very stated time  
We all march in without a rush.

Such clockwork I like to see  
Which is managed by the one in charge,  
And carried out by those set free,  
From this fearful war at large.

Kind Doctor J. from day to day  
Watches the progress we do make,  
And oft I hope and often pray  
We soon at home can comfort take.

Lines from Memoranda pages in the back part of my army diary book.

I was drafted into the army Oct. 24, 1864. Was examined and excepted Nov. 1st, at Burlington, Iowa. I procured leave of absence to go home and remain until Nov. 8th, when I left home and family trusting in God that he would bring me safely home at the close of the year that I was to serve in the army. It was a rainy day when I left, but the sun shone beyond the clouds.

Nov. 15th. The few days that have passed since I left home have passed with the reflection of home and the quiet hour of prayer with my family. I have been surrounded with bustle and commotion of a camp life filled with all kinds of vice which the human heart is filled with, still I have enjoyed the presence of my Saviour, and feel that he is my support and strength at all times, and that he never will leave nor forsake me if I but trust in His Word. I find many among the mixed multitude that I can join with in prayer and worship and religious conversation, which is a help to each other.

Mar. 23, 1865. Joy and gladness fills the christian's heart as he travels on in this world if he only lives near to God, and this is the only way to be a true christian. It does me good to hear some of my comrades tell what our Saviour has done for them. Last Sabbath evening three of us in our hospital tent agreed to commence having prayers every evening before going to bed and to take turns reading a chapter from the Bible and offering up a prayer, which is a great privilege and I trust will be a blessing to us all, and I pray that it may be a benefit to the ungodly.

I trust that the separation from my family will be a spiritual blessing to us all.

In Camp near Louisville, Ky., July 1865.

THE AGE OF SIN.

It is astonishing how vile the human heart can get, and I see it more and more, it makes me tremble to hear the name of God taken in vain as much as I do. It seems as though a large share of our regiment try to see who could talk the worst, they cannot utter a sentence without an oath, and many are addicted to gambling with cards for money or liquor, which is very demoralizing.

## CHAPTER XI.

## EVILS OF LICENSE.

The following letter I wrote Feb. 16, 1903, and was published in Vermont Standard at Woodstock, Vt., Feb. 26.

Dear Standard:

I learn that on the 3rd of March there is to be a great battle fought at the polls in Vermont between the demon strong drink on the one hand and its opponent on the other. I am a native of Windsor county and on my twenty-first birthday March 5, 1850, I went to the polls in Norwich and cast my first ballot, printed on it, "No License," and I have always thrown my influence that way ever since.

Though being absent for more than fifty years, it grieves me to think that the fair state of Vermont that I have always been proud of was going to take a backward step by establishing the saloon, to cause untold suffering and poverty and fill your houses with paupers, which it is bound to do, making taxes very much higher. Here is an illustration that came under my own eye in Norwich in 1848 and 1849, (before you had the prohibitory law). At that time there were about thirty-two paupers at the town farm, and strong drink was the cause that sent them all there except three or four. Woe be to him who will vote to give the devil (the saloon keeper) license to sell liquid fire to a man that will make him sick, tired, lame and lazy, cross and crazy, and destroy both soul and body. Such voters are as guilty as the saloon keeper. It is all bosh for a man to say that there will be less liquor drank with the saloon than has been with the prohibitory law. Common sense teaches a man better and I do not believe that men who say it believe a word of it themselves.



What a disgrace it would be to your beautiful village to have saloons and liquor bars in your hotels to drive the better class of summer boarders to other places.

If the prohibitory law is not enforced, make such laws that will compel the officers of the law to enforce it or go to jail. Several years ago before our mulct law, a mayor in one of our large river towns after taking his oath of office said he was opposed to the prohibitory law but he had taken his oath to enforce the laws of Iowa and "by the Eternals I am going to do it," and he closed every saloon and kept them closed for two years, the term of his office. This shows that men in office can enforce the law if they have a mind to.

Think, kind reader, of the untold suffering of innocent women and children on account of the saloon, and go to the polls and protect them by voting "No License."

April, 1905.

#### CHANGES TIME HAS WROUGHT.

As I look back over the short space of time that I have lived I can see great changes in most everything.

I can remember seeing my father load his large box sleigh with produce such as butter, dressed pork, tallow, beans, wheat, etc. enough for a two-horse load, then he would start for Boston, a distance of about 125 miles, generally in company with some of his neighbors, and before reaching Boston there would be a large caravan of them. They would exchange their loads for family supplies. It was a great day for the prosperity of the hotel keepers on the road.

Today all such business is done on a different, and larger scale by the Railroads and merchants. The railroads form a perfect network all over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the large Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

I can remember when it was called way out west to Buffalo, N. Y., and it took emigrants from two to three weeks to make the journey there from my home in Vermont, with their teams. In those early days while we lived in Norwich we were on the stage route from Boston via Montpelier to Montreal. They used six horses on their coaches, passing each way every day except Sunday. It took several days to make the journey; now by rail it is made in about twelve hours, in great comfort, like being at home in your parlor.

It is wonderful to think of the Telephone invention, you can sit in your chair at home and talk with people all over the country, and when acquainted they can distinguish each other's voices; it is marvelous to think of. I have seen wonderful inventions in labor saving machinery of many kinds. Just compare one thing on the farm, of cutting grain with the old hand sickle, (which I have used many a day,) and the grain harvester and binder of today.

Compare the first Locomotive with moguls of today. Without naming other great inventions, we will call the last one hundred years the age of progression. Look at scores of beautiful cities scattered over the west and the south where forty or fifty years ago there was nothing but Indians and Jack Rabbits, or sage brush. Then millions of acres of prairie land were like the desert, which today are covered with golden grain.

The great central west is the garden of the world, nothing to compare like it anywhere on the face of the globe.

In our government domain we have all climates from perpetual winter to perpetual summer, and we have the the best government to live under that there is in the world.

## TO THE READER.

Those of you who have taken the time to peruse the foregoing pages I hope have not done it with a critic's eye, but will pass my imperfections by. Have charity for I am past seventy-six years of age, and not capable to perform what I have undertaken to do in this work.

I have made no display, but have written in very brief and plain language.

Please receive it from *plain simple me*; not from an educated author.

I hope my Townsend relatives will prize the Genealogy of the Townsends. If they do I will feel well paid for my labor.

Let us spend the remainder of our days doing all the good we can.

F. T. TOWNSEND.

May 3, 1905.

#### ERRATA.

Page 3, 4th line from bottom "puts it" should read, puts at.

Page 13, line 17, "July 29" should read July 20.

Page 18, line 16, "Drixier" should be Drihier.

Page 19, line 22, "Olita" should be Oleta.

Page 20, line 2 "Olita" should read Oleta.

Page 22, lines 17 and 20, "Vira," should read Vera.

Page 36, line 16, "Rus Araldus" should be Reece Araldus.

Page 6, the date of Thomas Townsend's marriage, omitted,  
was November 19, 1762.

Page 45, line 15 and page 46, line 3, "Tagewell Co."  
should read Tazewell Co.

Page 48, line 18, "parties," should be Porters.

Page 49, line 7, "rooted," should read rotted.



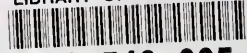








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