

APPENDIX to *Some of the Everetts*, written by Fremont Everett and published in 1916 in Portland, Oregon.

Jeremiah Shumway was born October 15th 1827, at Oxford, Mass. He was the fifth generation in direct descent from Peter Shumway, a French Huguenot who settled at Oxford about 1665, and from whom all the Shumways in the United States are descended. He was reared on the old Shumway farm with plenty of hard work as his principal education. He, however, managed to get enough of school education to enable him to become an excellent business man in his later years.

Jerry, as his friends always called him, learned the trade of carpenter and worked at it for a number of years. After he was well established as a carpenter, he married Mary Maria Paine, a lineal descendant of Roger Williams.

Thus were united two families, both of which were originally driven to the new world by religious persecution—the one from France—the other from England. No better blood could New England boast than that thus blended.

The marriage proved a happy one in spite of the struggles and hardships incident to the lives of a poor young couple, just starting in life. Jerry and his young wife, feeling that the new and rapidly developing west offered them better opportunities than did New England, decided to try their fortunes there.

Accordingly, in the spring of 1854, Jeremiah Shumway, in company with his wife's brothers, Duty and James Paine, his brother-in-law Charles Fenner Albee, and a friend, Dr. Batchelder [Alex Batchellor] started west to investigate the country. They traveled from Burrilville, Rhode Island, to Worcester, Mass., thence to Buffalo, N. Y., thence to Detroit and Chicago and finally to Freeport, Illinois, by railroad, over lines newly built and with equipment that would now be thought primitive indeed. Freeport to Galena by stage.

From Galena they took a Mississippi River steamboat to Lansing, Iowa. From Lansing to Portland Prairie, a distance of some twenty miles, they walked. Portland Prairie was a little plateau arising from among the Mississippi bluffs, and lying partly in Minnesota and partly in Iowa, being cut by the state boundary. It was a beautiful prairie, some six or eight square miles in area. Nature had cleared it of the magnificent oak and hickory timber that surrounded it on all sides, relieving the settlers to a very great extent of the task of "grubbing." The soil was magnificently fertile, the climate temperate.

Wild game was abundant, timber in seemingly inexhaustible quantities, within easy hauling distance.

The party of young men were pleased with the country, and, with the exception of Dr. Batchelder, entered into an agreement to settle there. This was in May, 1854.

Jeremiah bought land of John Edgar. Then Jeremiah, in company with Dr. Batchelder, who had decided not to settle there (which, however, he afterward did), went

back to Rhode Island for his wife and his sister Ruth who was married to James Paine.²

He, with his wife, child and sister, returned to Portland Prairie in June and took up the life of a pioneer, with its joys and sorrows, its defeats and its triumphs.

Then Charles F. Albee went back and brought out his family and the wife of Duty Paine.³ At this time a great stream of emigrants was pouring along the routes of travel from the east to what is now the middle west—Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota.

Cholera had been brought over from Europe, and these routes had become infected. Great numbers of the people who had started west, full of strength and hope, were stricken and they died with appalling quickness. A strong man, an active healthy woman or a growing child would be suddenly seized, perhaps on a wagon road; a steamboat or a railroad train; in a few hours death ensued.

Sometimes families were nearly wiped out. The new settlements on and about Portland Prairie suffered terribly with the scourge. Fortunately none of Jeremiah's immediate friends died of the disease; but he and his brother-in-law, both carpenters and having tools, were called upon to make coffins for their less fortunate neighbors. In some instances while they would be working on a coffin for one member of a family, word would come to them to make a coffin for another member of the same family.

For a time gloom and fear hung over all in the new settlement.

Other troubles came also to our people. They had put up a little cabin for a temporary home, and one day a tremendous wind swept down upon them and unroofed the cabin. Mrs. Shumway was sick in bed, but fortunately she was not injured. Her sister, Mrs. Albee⁴, who had recently arrived from the east, lost her trunk, which, by a freak of the storm was picked up and carried away. Much of her clothing was carried away and lost. After a time, their flood of troubles and misfortunes seemed to abate, and modest prosperity came to them. They raised good crops and enjoyed good health.

More of their friends came from the east and settled there with them. The neighborhood was known far and wide as the Rhode Island Settlement. They established schools—a church was organized; they were an intelligent and God fearing community, worthy of the grand New England ancestry from which they sprang.

Jeremiah Shumway and his noble wife were leaders in all that made for righteousness and intelligence. Children came to them rapidly— such children as might be expected from the son of a French Huguenot married to a daughter of the line of Roger Williams.

Children to be proud of. But the cloud of rebellion arose in the South. In the mind of Jeremiah Shumway duty seemed to point two ways. His country called: but to leave his young wife, in delicate health, with no money and five little children, was it his duty to go? Patriotism triumphed. For the very sake of those children, whom he worshiped,

² James Munro Paine married Ruth Elizabeth Ann Shumway about 1853

³ Duty Sayles Paine married Mary Gerry Cook in Nova Scotia on January 13, 1859

⁴ Sarah Paine married Charles Fenner Albee in Thompson, Ct. April 22, 1847

the country must be saved.

Having made the best provisions that his circumstances permitted for the comfort of his family, he entered the Union army in November, 1864, as a private, Company A, Fifth Minnesota Infantry.

On Thanksgiving day of 1864, he was at Fort Snelling, near St. Paul. Shortly after that he went to La Crosse, Wis., by stage, on his way to the front. While there he accidentally met one of his friends and neighbors. Franklin Everett, who, feeling the extreme hardship of Mr. Shumway being taken away from his family, told him that he knew of a single man who would be willing to go as a substitute for a reasonable sum, and offered to advance the money, which Shumway, at that time did not have. But having put his hand to the plow, he determined not to turn back and gratefully declined the friendly offer.

From La Crosse, he went by train to Chicago, thence to Cairo, Ill., thence to Nashville, Tenn. When the party of recruits, of whom Mr. Shumway was one, reached Nashville, a battle was imminent and no time was allowed them for drill.

Every man was needed for actual service. Mr. Shumway passed one night in sentry duty and then, on the third day after he reached the front went into the battle of Nashville. Of the company of new men who had come with Mr. Shumway as recruits for Company A, not one showed the white feather, although the battle was one of the mostly hotly contested actions of the war, as well as one of the most important in its results.

The 5th Minnesota took part in the grand charge that swept Hood's army into a wild retreat, which ended only with its utter disorganization.

The part of the battle line in which Company A was placed, was obliged to charge across an open corn field. This field was ankle deep in sticky mud and was constantly swept by the fire of the rebels, who were in a thick wood on the far edge of the field, and themselves, comparatively safe. Wading through the mud, a swift advance was not possible and many a brave fellow fell in the crossing. With Mr. Shumway in this charge were his friends and neighbors, Ellery Arnold, William Walker Everett (a grandson of the revolutionary hero, Josiah Everett 2nd) and Rufus Shumway, a younger brother of Jeremiah's. At last the terrible cornfield was crossed and the woods was reached. The enemy there were in confusion. Some of them were still fighting, some of them were surrendering and others were running away. Mr. Shumway saw a big confederate who was still fighting. The man was standing behind a tree deliberately loading and firing at our men. Jeremiah threw his gun to his shoulder and drew a bead on the broad grey back. Said Mr. Shumway (my father-in-law), in telling me about it many years afterward, "I was just as cool as if I had been in the woods at home shooting squirrels." "I had taken careful aim and was already pressing the trigger, when a union officer struck up my gun with his sword, crying out, don't shoot, they are surrendering, but that fellow was not surrendering; he just coolly walked off among the trees and escaped."

Probably it is well that the gun was struck up for Mr. Shumway was an experienced deer hunter and a dead shot. The death of the brave man in grey could in no

way have changed the results of the war and we may hope and dream that he lived to return to his loved ones, to whom he was, perhaps, as dear as is Jeremiah to his family. Still, it seems mighty tough, when you have been shot at by a hidden foe, himself in comparative security, for what seems like hours, that when you get in sight of that foe to be forbidden to take at least one crack at him. And so remarked father Shumway when telling me about it.

When the battle was over, Mr. Shumway heard that Rufus Shumway had been killed; but this proved untrue as Rufus escaped injury; but William Walker Everett had fallen in the terrible corn field with his cheek to the stock of his musket, in the act of firing. A bullet had pierced his brain, causing instant death.

After the battle of Nashville Mr. Shumway's regiment was among the troops that pursued and finally utterly destroyed Hood's army.

During this pursuit, Mr. Shumway, unaccustomed to the climate and the privations and hardships, was taken sick. The army was proceeding by forced marches and he was unable, in spite of his utmost exertions, to keep up with the troops. The Captain of his company ordered him to stop where he was and follow up when he could; for all wagons and ambulances were full to overflowing and there was no chance to ride.

He was left at a house, and the Captain told the people of the house that he held them responsible for Mr. Shumway's safety. But as the latter remarked, when he told me the story, that amounted to nothing for the Captain was marching rapidly away and in all probability would never pass that way again. The Captain also relieved him of his gun and other accoutrements, telling him to follow along as soon as he felt able. As I remember, he did not stop at all, but followed up as fast as his feeble strength would permit.

But how desperate and forlorn was his situation. Alone and sick in an enemy's country—an enemy who were enraged by the defeat of their army and by the triumphant passage of the Union army through their locality. It would seem that his death was almost certain; but the people of the South, though in the wrong, were a brave chivalrous people, neither cruel or murderous. And in his lonely tramp of several days, Mr. Shumway met nothing but kindness at their hands.

One night, sick, hungry and weary, almost unto death, he crept to the door of a little shack in the woods. The people were poor with a poverty that the people of the North have no conception of, and fear of the Union army had driven the men out into the woods. But the poor, half clothed and half starved women in the shanty showed the sick stranger who wore the hated blue, every kindness in their power. They gave him of such food as they had and told him he might sleep on the floor before the fireplace. He lay down and in his exhausted condition, soon fell asleep. He was awakened by a little confusion in the house and realized that several men had entered. That they were men who would look upon him as an enemy, he had no doubt. But he was weak, almost to helplessness and unarmed. What could he do? Nothing. So, as he told me, "I just lay still and went to sleep again," and when I awoke in the morning

there was no one there but the women.”

He arose from his hard, but warm and dry resting place, somewhat better of his illness and, after thanking and rewarding as best he could his kind hostesses, resumed his effort to overtake the army.

Gradually he recovered his strength and after living in this precarious way for several days, succeeded in rejoining the regiment and resumed his duties. The breaking up of Hood's army was, by this time completed, or nearly so, and the Union troops went into winter quarters at Eastport, Alabama, a town on the Tennessee River. In the month of February they broke camp at Eastport and went down the river to New Orleans, where they again went into camp. From there they moved, in the month of March, to Mobile, Alabama. There the regiment took part in the battle of Mobile and the taking of Spanish Fort, and perhaps of Fort Blakely; but of the latter I am not sure. At the capture of Spanish Fort, Jeremiah and his friend Ellery Arnold had a close call. While they were waiting the formation of the lines for the final assault on the fort, their company was under heavy fire and was ordered to lie down that the men might be less exposed.

It was raining and Shumway and Arnold lay down together and drew a blanket over the two of them to keep off at least a part of the moisture.

As they lay there, Shumway felt the blanket twitch and Arnold groaned. Are you hit, asked Jerry? "Yes," said Ellery, "I think my leg is smashed to bits." They proceeded to examine the injured limb and found that the missile that had hit it was a small, spent cannon ball, and that the leg was not crushed but only bruised and numbed. Probably, had the ball not been a spent one they would both have been either killed or maimed for life.

As it was, Mr. Shumway was uninjured and Arnold was able, with help, to hobble off the field. When the operations about Mobile were successfully finished, the army started to move to Montgomery, Alabama, where they expected another battle. On April 2, 1865, while on this march, there came suddenly to the ears of Jeremiah and his comrades, the sound of heavy firing. It was not expected that they would get in touch with the enemy for some days, and they were all much surprised. They all stopped to listen in great astonishment. Nearer and nearer rolled the line of fire, coming swiftly from the vanguard down the column of marching men.

Some said: "We have run afoul of the enemy and they are licking us for the fight is coming this way fast."

Nearer and nearer, louder and louder came the steady roll of musketry.

The men gripped their guns and awaited orders in tense anxiety, glancing at each other in perplexity and bewilderment.

Then—mingled with the musketry they heard wild cheering.

Not the cries of beaten, fleeing men, but the mighty, exultant Hurrahs of patriots whose cause is won.

Nearer and nearer came the crashing volleys; nearer and nearer roared the exultant cheers. THEN—down the marching column—spurring his foaming horse to

top speed—came an officer, wild with delight, swinging his hat and shouting: LEE'S SURRENDERED, LEE'S SURRENDERED.

An instant's pause to grasp the glad tidings, and then to each shoulder leaped the ready musket to peal the last shot as a salute to the peace that was in sight. Then, those mighty men of valor, who were not warriors but men of peace who were fighting to end war and to save their country, dropped their muskets, threw their hats in air and cheered in an ecstasy of exultation and joy. Strong, reserved men who seldom showed emotion clasped each other, in arms and shed tears—such tears as only such men can shed. So came the news of peace to the 5th Minnesota and to Jeremiah Shumway. The great war of brother against brother was at an end, and visions of a speedy return to home and loved ones arose in the minds of each soldier. How swiftly that thought took Mr. Shumway back to his devoted wife and five little tots, on far away Portland Prairie, we may well guess. But there was yet much to be done before these devoted fathers, husbands; brothers and sons could return to the loved families that so longed to greet them.

The great war was over. Rebellion was crushed but the South was without a government. There was no force except the United States Army to protect life and property. Civil law, there was none. Many Southern people applied to the Commanding General for guards, for the country was full of disbanded soldiers and freed negroes. Many men were detailed for this duty, and Mr. Shumway was placed in charge of a fine plantation, the owner, a fine old Southern gentleman, looking to him for protection and also for control of the large number of freed negroes that remained on the plantation, and to whom the planter paid wages. These freed men looked upon the tall, quiet man in blue uniform as the representation of the Lincoln government that had made them free. And they gave him loyal obedience without a question. Indeed, no man could have been better adapted for the position for he was a natural commander of men. The planter placed at his disposal a riding mule and a negro servant, and treated him with marked courtesy. For a considerable time he remained there, treated as an honored guest with nothing to do but ride about the country and represent the authority of Uncle Sam on the plantation.

One day he was riding to town. The lonely road wound through the pine woods. Suddenly he saw two horsemen following him and their actions were suspicious. He was unarmed, and the action of the men was rather alarming to a man alone in the woods. However, there was nothing that he could do but to continue on his way, which he did. The men rode up and passed him and after getting a considerable distance ahead, stopped and apparently waited for him. Then, after waiting for a short time, they apparently changed their minds, for they rode on and he saw them no more. What was their thought or idea, we can never know. But to an unarmed man in an enemy's country their actions were at least nerve racking. The planter was much pleased with Mr. Shumway and offered strong inducements for him to stay permanently with the plantation. But Jeremiah was a thoroughly Northern man. A yankee of the purest type; and he yearned for his little farm in Minnesota.

As soon as he could secure his honorable discharge he hastened home. Having discharged his full duty to his country, he settled down to the labors of his farm and the care of his much loved family.

His farm was but eighty acres and his family was rather large; also Jeremiah Shumway and his noble, I might say angelic wife (for she was the sweetest Christian character that I ever encountered), were hospitable to the extreme; and some of the orphaned children of Mr. Shumway's dead sister usually lived with them. The Shumway home was always the special stopping place and secondary home of the Methodist circuit riders who served the struggling little pioneer church.

With all this it is easy to know that there was never any surplus money in the Shumway exchequer. But there was always comfort and plenty and a degree of happiness with which few homes are blessed.

Necessity and natural ability made a business man as well as a farmer of Mr. Shumway. He dealt in live stock and took a mail contract from the Government. His friends used to say of him: "Jerry makes more money off the farm than he does on it."

In 1882, he went to Lyons, Nebraska, where many of his old friends, of pioneer days had preceded him years before, and where his sons Herbert and Edmund were already in business.

In Lyons, he went into the lumber business, in partnership with his son-in-law, Fremont Everett. Although he was then past his fiftieth year, and the business was entirely new to him, yet he made a success of it from the very start. Everett was practicing law, and Mr. Shumway had the full management of the business. Trade was good and he doubled the working capital with his profits the first year.

From that time to the present he has been one of the prominent business figures in Lyons. For thirty-four years he has done business with the people of Burt County and now in his extreme old age he is still among them, loved and trusted by all with whom he comes in contact.

His sainted wife long since passed to glory and he without fear awaits his call to join her. I want to say to my children and grand children, also to their posterity, if you would be worthy of such ancestry as Jeremiah Shumway and Mary Maria Shumway, nee Paine, you must indeed live WELL