

# Some of the Everetts

BY FREMONT EVERETT PORTLAND, OREGON 1916 PRESS OF GLASS & PRUDHOMME CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

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I, Fremont Everett, being now in my sixty-first year and realizing that I probably know as much of the history of the Everett family as I ever shall know, and realizing further that no person of the many that could do a better job is likely to undertake it, and that the slight knowledge that we have of the doings of our fore-fathers will perish with my generation unless put on paper:

I therefore undertake at this time to put in a little book, such facts as I have been able to gather concerning our people, to the end that the Everetts of coming generations may know and take pride in the fact that their ancestors have had no insignificant part in the work that has built up this mighty nation.

If there exists anywhere a record of when the first Everett landed in America, I am ignorant of the fact.

But tradition says that very early in the settlement of New England, three Everett brothers came over together. This was probably very soon after the settlement of Boston, for at least one of the brothers settled near that place.

As early as about 1700, several families of Everetts were living at Dedham, not far from Boston.

It is much to be regretted that some account of the life of these early settlers has not been preserved, for the old stock were ever bold, hardy, adventurous men—born pioneers. Knowing their natures and the character of their descendants, of whom I am about to write, we may be sure that they were ever where danger lured and duty called. In this record of dry facts, I may not call much on my imagination or that of my readers, but of this am sure, that whenever Indian raids called for defense and punishment, those daredevil ancestors of ours were not in the rear. The first of these of which I have authentic record was William Everett, whom I designate as William Everett I. Of him I know nothing excepting that he married Mary Thorpe, that he was born in 1705, and that he was the father of Josiah Everett, the 1<sup>st</sup>. Josiah Everett, the 1<sup>st</sup>, son of William Everett, the 1<sup>st</sup>, was born October 19, 1733, probably at Dedham, Mass., and married

Jane Alexander. He died in 1814 at Dedham at the ripe age of eighty-one years. Of him I know nothing except that he was the father of Josiah Everett, the 2nd, who is the ancestral hero of our family.

Josiah Everett, the 2<sup>nd</sup>, son of Josiah Everett, the 1<sup>st</sup>, and his wife, nee Jane Alexander, was born at Dedham, Mass., in 1760, and died at New Portland, Somerset County, Maine, March 16, 1848, at the age of eighty-eight years. He was one of triplets and the names of the others were Alexander and Jane. All lived to grow up.

#### JOSIAH EVERETT SECOND

This man, Josiah Everett, the 2nd, was a most remarkable character. Judging from what we know of him, he must have been what we nowadays would call rather a "tough" boy. At any rate, he seems to have taken his fate and his life in his own hands at an age when most of our present day boys are in grammar school, for, at the age of fifteen, we find him in the battle of Lexington.

Volume V of *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution*, page 426, says:

*"Everet, Josiah (in many of the old records the final 't' is omitted), Dedham, private, Captain William Bullard's Company, of South Parish of Dedham, Col. Heath's Regiment, which marched on the alarm of April 19, 1775; service eight days."*

We have no connected history of his services, but I give herewith all the record that history gives of a private soldier, which, made at a time when records were scanty, gives but the barest skeleton of the service that he rendered his country in her hour of need.

These records are all taken from the *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution* above referred to:

*"Everett, Josiah, Dedham, private, Captain John Gay's Company, November 29, 1776.*

*"Everett, Josiah, private. Captain Lemuel May's Company, Col. McIntosh's Regiment; joined March 23, 1778; service 25 days at Roxbury lines.*

*"Everett, Josiah, Captain Robert Davis, June 5th, 1778; age 18, stature 5 ft. 6 in, dark hair and eyes.*

*Everett, Josiah, descriptive list of men raised in Suffolk County, in 1779 to serve in the Continental Army; Captain Battle's Company, age 19 years—stature 5 ft 7 1/2 inches; complexion dark; engaged for town of Dedham; delivered to Ensign Edward White; also list of men returned as received of Maj. Stephen Badlam, Supt. for Suffolk County, by Justin Ely, Commissioner, at Springfield, September 20, 1779.*

*"Everett, Josiah, Dedham, payroll for six months men, raised town of Dedham for service in the Continental Army during 1780.*

*"Marched July 17, 1780; discharged September 24, 1780; service 5 months and 14 days.*

*"Everett, Josiah, marine, State Ship Tarter , commanded by Captain John Cathcart; engaged May 18, 1782; service 6 months and 8 days; roll sworn at Boston.*

It will be seen from these records that this distinguished ancestor of ours commencing- with the very beginning of the Revolution, and when a mere child of fifteen, enlisted at least six times, and must have served practically through the whole war.

When he enlisted the first time he must have been far from having completed his growth, for three years later, when he enlisted for service under Captain Robert Davis, the time of his first recorded description, he was only 18 years old and 5 feet 6 inches in height; and September 20, 1779, fifteen months later, he is described as 19 years of age and 5 feet 7 ½ inches in height, showing a slow but steady growth in spite of the privations and hardships that he endured.

It is much to be regretted that so few incidents of his stirring and hazardous life have come down to us and that these are entirely without chronological order.

The shortness of the terms of service shows strikingly the ephemeral nature of the armies raised by the colonies for the defense of the Declared Independence. Without money and supplies to pay and feed the army, it could be held together but a brief time and then disbanded. But evidently Josiah loved the service, for he kept "jinin'."

He was with Washington during the terrible winter at Valley Forge, and at that time was vaccinated for smallpox. Some of our finicky friends put up a dolorous "howl" at being required to submit to the slight inconvenience caused by our modern vaccination. But in those days they were vaccinated from a real smallpox patient and had the actual disease, being first prepared for the ordeal by a course of dieting which reduced the suffering and danger to a minimum. Several times he was taken prisoner, but always managed to escape. At one time he was confined on a hulk or prison ship in either Boston or New York harbor. At that time he and all the other prisoners were being slowly starved to death, although a bunch of hogs on board owned by the captain and steward of the ship were being finely fattened on food that should have been given to the prisoners. More than that, the bread that was served out to them was wormy and rotten. One day an undersized insignificant man came aboard and desired to look over the ship and especially to see the pen of fine hogs. He was treated with scant courtesy, but was allowed to look about. After assuring himself of the condition of things on board, he suddenly faced the captain and,

throwing off the shabby old coat he wore, revealed himself as an Admiral in command of the British fleet. He roundly denounced the captain and steward for their dishonesty and cruelty and ordered them both to be put under arrest and took them away with him. It seems that some inkling of the treatment of the prisoners had reached the ears of this brave and high-minded commander, and to make sure that the information was correct, he came to the hulks disguised. The captain of the hulk, after proper punishment, was allowed to return to his post, but the steward, who seems to have been the most to blame, was never sent back. The prisoners were ordered to slaughter the nicely fattened hogs as they needed them, and for some time fed high on fresh pork.

Another time when a prisoner with several other Americans, he was confined at a seaport town temporarily, the British intending to send them to Halifax soon for safe keeping. An American, who was really a patriot but pretended to be a loyal Tory, invited all the band of prisoners to a dinner. At the meal he reviled them for their disloyalty to their king, and while really treating them with the utmost kindness, pretended to lecture them severely. Then he turned the conversation upon boats and began to boast of what a fine boat he had, casually mentioning the fact that it lay in the water a short distance from the house at which they were feasting.

"Why," said he, "that boat is a splendid boat; it would be perfectly safe to go to Boston in that boat." Now, Boston at that time was in the hands of Washington. Josiah's quick wit took the intended hint. He had no desire to go to Halifax to endure indefinite imprisonment without hope of escape. Tipping a wink to his comrades, he made a bolt for liberty, followed by at least a part of his fellow prisoners. How the guard was disposed of, tradition does not state, but Josiah and some others got clear and, seizing the boat of their generous host, as he had intended they should, they made their way to Boston and their own army. It is really hard in relating an incident like this to be confined to the few known facts. It could be elaborated into a mighty interesting story; and if one knew the details it would doubtless be interesting enough without elaboration. Imagine the dangers and the hardships of the trip in that open boat without provisions or arms.

As shown by the record above quoted, in the Spring of 1782 Josiah enlisted as a marine in the State ship *Tartar*, which was, of course, really a privateer. Here again is a chance for boundless story telling, if one only knew the story or could draw on his imagination, for the *Tartar* was true to her name and fought many fights and captured many prizes.

Only two authentic instances have come down to me and they are only the skeletons of stories that would delight the heart of Fenimore Cooper. Upon one occasion the *Tartar* encountered a well armed and strongly manned English vessel. Whether it was a small vessel of war or a strongly armed merchantman, I do not know. Our grandmother, Lucy Everett, nee Lucy Churchill, wife of Josiah Everett, the 3rd, told me the story and said that our hero, her father-in-law, told her the story himself, but either he did not tell her the character or name of the vessel or she failed to tell it to me; at any rate, the vessel was a strong one and after an exchange of cannon shots, it and the *Tartar* came into collision. They quickly grappled and a hand-to-hand battle of the most dreadful kind ensued. Our ancestor's personal acts in this scene of carnage he modestly failed to tell, but knowing his hot-blooded and adventurous nature, we may well believe that his pistol was as heated and his cutlass as bloody as any on those sanguinary ships. Said he, in telling grandmother of the fight, "So fierce was the fighting and so great the bloodshed that when the vessel rolled toward the side on which I stood, the deck was so deep in human blood that it was over my shoes."

The men of the *Tartar* finally won, and sailed away with their bloody prize.

Another time the *Tartar* captured a prize of immense value and the amount of prize money distributed on the occasion must have been very large. My father has told me the story, as he had been told it when a boy by his grandfather, our hero himself. Said he, "You know that when there was prize money to be divided, it was always sifted through a ladder and that which went through was taken by the officers; that which stuck to the rounds was divided among the men. But, even so, when the disbursing officer came to me, my share was more than I could hold in my hands. I took off my hat and he filled it brimming full of Spanish mill dollars."

We can infer that if a simple private in the marines received a sum that must have amounted to several hundred dollars as his share, the total booty must have been immense.

What a pity the old gentleman has left no record of any kind excepting these brief anecdotes. Of what interest would be the names of these and other prizes and a detailed account of the circumstances that led up to their capture.

Josiah Everett, the 2<sup>nd</sup>, after the close of the Revolutionary War, at a date of which I have no record<sup>1</sup>, married Rebecca Farrington and emigrated to the then unsettled State of Maine. He

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and his wife Rebecca became the parents of twelve children, namely John, Josiah, William, Samuel, Francis, Andrew, Rebecca, Betsy, Polly, Jane, and two daughters who died when young and whose names I do not know. In his later years he became very infirm in body, but his mind remained bright and clear to the last. I am under the impression that he became very religious, for my mother, who was at the time of his death a girl of fifteen or sixteen years, has told me that when she was a child she attended a religious service to which the venerable old hero came. He arrived in some sort of a wheeled vehicle, and what so impressed the incident on mother's young mind was that he was so decrepit that the men of the congregation took off the wheels of the carriage to enable him to alight. Undoubtedly the grand old man was to them all an object of veneration, both because of his great age and the great service he had rendered his country. His wife, Rebecca, died June 5th, 1842, and he survived her about six years. I think, but am not sure, that after the death of his wife, he made his home with his second son, Josiah Everett, the 3rd, until the time of his death in 1848.

I wish to call the attention of the descendants of this old hero, of whom we are all justly proud, to the fact that he and his immediate descendants of whom I shall write, together with their wives, were extremely long-lived. He and his wife, I might also add, left to their posterity not only a noble name, but a tendency to longevity and strong vitality, that is to any race, a mighty boon.

I say to the later generations of Everetts, if you have not health, energy and long life, it is because you have abused the constitution which your ancestors bequeathed you.

#### THE CHILDREN OF JOSIAH EVERETT, THE 2ND.

I am not attempting to write a complete history of the Everett family, or even of the descendants of our Revolutionary ancestor, for it would involve much expense and months or even years of patient investigation. I am simply writing down what I know of the line of which I am a branch, and incidentally what I have authentically heard of those who are not of my line. As before stated, Josiah the 2nd was the father of twelve children and I know little of any of them excepting Josiah the 3rd, my own grandfather, of whom I write fully in another chapter.

John Everett, the eldest son, I believe, lived and died in Maine. My impression is that his life was rather an uneventful one and that he lived to be very old. I know absolutely nothing of his descendants.

Josiah was my grandfather, and the second son. William, the third son, lived in Maine until quite an elderly man, but moved to Allamakee County, Iowa, about the year 1865 or 1866. I knew him well. He was a kindly and very religious old gentleman and often made excellent speeches at the religious meetings. At the time I knew him he was living with his second wife, whose name was Mary. Her maiden name I never knew. She was a dear old lady, an untiring worker. Uncle William, as I have always called him, (although he was my great-uncle), was in humble circumstances, financially, and Aunt Mary used to do spinning and weaving for the neighbors. She used to weave carpets and blankets for my mother and so faithfully and splendidly was her work done that I think there are still extant cotton and wool blankets that she wove for mother about fifty-five years ago. I used to go over there on errands for mother and liked to sit and watch her shuttle fly back and forth as she worked. Uncle William lived to be old, but I do not know the date of his death.

Should this little book ever come into the hands of any of his descendants, I would be glad to hear from them.

Samuel Everett, the fourth son, was a man of much ability and energy. He was a farmer and a thrifty and enterprising one. While yet a comparatively young man, he left the hard old State of Maine and moved to the then new State of Wisconsin. Just when this move was made I do not know, but as he was well established as a prosperous farmer in 1851, he must have settled in his new home some time prior to that date. He was a most excellent man and enjoyed the respect of all who knew him. He made a mistake by marrying his own first cousin, a hazardous thing to do. His wife was an excellent woman, but she suffered most grievously, as did Uncle Samuel, on account of their joint mistake in marrying a blood relative. Their relations as husband and wife were pleasant, but their children were not of strong constitutions. While a large family was born to them, all their children died in infancy or childhood except three. Lucy, a daughter, grew up and married her cousin, Josiah Everett, the 4th, of whom more hereafter. But she was never strong and died before she was twenty-five years of age, leaving one child, Flora, who was brought up by her grandparents and who married Edward P. Griffin. Samuel, Jr., was a man of

fair constitution and lived to some sixty years. He died, leaving no sons, but he had two daughters, of whom I have lost track.

John, the other son, who survived to manhood, was a cripple, but a man of fine ability. He acquired an excellent education, studied medicine and became a physician of high standing. Of his posterity I know nothing.

Francis, the fifth son of Josiah, the 2nd, was a bold, hardy man, possessing much of the courage and spirit that made his father a fine soldier. He was a great hunter, ranging the great forests of Maine in search of big game. Although over military age when the Civil War broke out, his splendid health enabled him to pass for less than his true age and he entered the army and was killed. I wish I knew more of him, for he was a gallant man and his life would be exceedingly interesting. his posterity I shall speak later, for one of his sons fell in the front rank of the charging Union army at the battle of Nashville, with a rebel bullet through his brain.

#### JOSIAH EVERETT, THE THIRD.

Josiah Everett, the 3rd, was the second son of Josiah Everett, the 2nd, the military hero, and his wife Rebecca, nee Farrington. Josiah the 3<sup>rd</sup> was born May 23, 1797, in New Portland, Somerset County, Maine. He grew up in the country on a farm. The State of Maine was at that time a new country and his opportunities for education were most meagre. On December 25, Christmas day, he married Lucy Churchill, with whom he lived happily until his death in 1875, at the age of 78 years. She survived for 18 years, dying at the extreme age of 96 years. She was born February 2, 1801, and died in 1896.

This Josiah Everett, my grandfather, whom I well remember, possessed the military spirit that was so conspicuous in his father, the Revolutionary hero, although he never had the opportunity to engage in actual warfare. Born long after the close of the Revolution, he was too young to take part in the War of 1812, and when the great Civil War came he was more than sixty years of age, and, on account of rheumatism, was compelled to use crutches. He regretted most keenly that this was so, but used the training of his younger years to drill the young men of the neighborhood. I have, as a boy of five or six years, watched the patriotic old man hobbling about on crutches and giving words of command to the young militia-men as they marched and drilled

under his keen old eyes. I remember hearing him say, "If the Government will give me a commission, I can ride a horse and lead a regiment yet."

Born and raised in the hard life of a State of Maine farm, at a period when opportunities for education were most scanty, he in some way picked up enough of the elementary branches to enable him to do business properly, and this, with his strong common sense, kindly and generous nature, his intense devotion to his ideals of right, made him a leader in his community. His energy and industry made him well-to-do for that community and time.

His principal business was farming, but like the majority of the more enterprising of the State of Maine farmers of that period, he at various times carried on what might be called "side lines. "

During the long, severe New England winters, when there was nothing to do on the farm, most of these hardy and industrious men attempted to produce something that would bring a little cash when sold; for the farm products at that time and place did not bring in much ready money and were largely consumed at home.

Maine was practically altogether a land of forests, and the men naturally turned to the industry of getting out forest products, when the fierce Northern winter prevented the labors of agriculture. Maine at that time was rapidly becoming a shipbuilding state. Her splendid forests and numerous fine harbors gave her great advantages for this industry, so long as ships were built of wood. Ship knees, obtained by digging out and sawing up the roots of great trees along with a portion of the trunk, producing curves of the proper shape for the ship's side, were possessed of immense strength. They were greatly in demand and brought good prices.

Hoop poles, to go to the West Indies, for making rum and molasses barrels, were also produced in large quantities.

Whether grandfather engaged in either of these industries, I do not know, but he did operate a small sawmill a part of the time for many years. Later, the manufacture of starch from potatoes attracted much attention. Maine produces immense crops of fine potatoes and it is probable that at that time there was not much of a market for potatoes. However, Josiah the 3<sup>rd</sup>, with his usual energy and enterprise, built a starch factory. But nature stepped in and ruined the enterprise, for potato rot attacked the crop and it was impossible to secure the raw material at a price that would enable the manufacturer of starch to live at that business. Grandfather was

consequently obliged to abandon his most ambitious attempt at a manufacturing life. He suffered a very heavy loss. His sons, Josiah Everett the 4<sup>th</sup>, Andrew and Franklin, as well as his daughter Lucy, had moved to the Middle West (Wisconsin and Iowa) about 1855 and he followed them. First he went to Wisconsin, where he remained but a short time, then to Portland Prairie, Allamakee County, Iowa. His brother, Samuel Everett, and his son, Josiah, were at that time living at or near Hustisford, Wisconsin, and there grandfather sojourned for a few months. He was always a tremendous worker, and while in Wisconsin he took up some very laborious work. I have forgotten what it was, but think it was hewing square timbers. At any rate, he over-heated and over-worked himself. This brought on an attack of rheumatism, from which he never fully recovered. One of his limbs was drawn up at the knee and he never could straighten it. He walked on crutches for the remainder of his life. He was at that time only about 58 years of age and was strong and vigorous except for this affliction.

But I am going ahead too fast and must return to his younger days. Grandfather was intensely patriotic and public-spirited and took an active part in civic affairs. Had it not been that he was exceedingly diffident he might have filled public positions of importance, for he was able, quick-witted and popular. But his shyness before a crowd was so great that he was utterly unable to speak in public, and at that period oratory was much more highly valued than it is at this time. As a leader of local politics, it often became his duty to introduce public speakers, yet it was always difficult for him to face an audience for the brief time necessary for doing so. In private argument he was keen, incisive, lucid and convincing. His wit was quick and amusing and, at times, brutally crushing. In those days the corner grocery store was the place where the great problems before the growing nation were discussed, thought out and, at times, fought out. The corner grocery store was in those days what might be called the progenitor of the modern saloon, which we are now struggling to eliminate. But the grocery was by no means the place of evil that the saloon has become. Liquor was sold as freely as molasses; in fact, they both had the same origin, namely, the sugar cane of Jamaica, for the liquor was usually Jamaica rum. It was exceedingly cheap and at many groceries it was the custom to treat each customer who made a purchase to a "dram" of rum. It was also customary for the grocer, when serving the rum, to break an egg in it, on the principle, I suppose, of the saloon free lunch. I have heard my father tell a true story of an incident that occurred in their old corner grocery when he was a boy and which

greatly amused a group of loafers who witnessed it. Money was scarce in those days and much of the trade was by barter. A man came into the grocery with an egg in his hand and said to the grocer, "I want to trade this egg for a darning needle." "All right," said the grocer, and took the egg and handed over the darning needle."But," said the customer, "ain't ye goin' t' give me my dram?" "Oh, yes," said the grocer, and he broke the egg into the glass of rum. The customer drank his dram and departed with his darning needle, his dram and his egg.

This, too, is much like the modern saloon, where the proprietor often finds himself in the position of setting out a ten-cent lunch to a five-cent customer. I am digressing much from a family history, but as nobody is to be asked to pay for this book and no one will be obliged to read it, I am going to make it to suit myself, as it probably will not suit anybody else.

But to return to my subject. As before stated, grandfather was active in local politics. He was by birth and training an ardent Whig and was one of the first so-called Abolitionists. He threw himself heart and soul into the cause of freeing the slaves. I often think that in the mind of grandfather, and to some extent in that of my father, was the belief that the blacker the slave and the more degrading his bondage, the whiter his soul. While on the other hand, the slave owner, no matter how kindly or humane, was to them blacker than the devils in hell. It is necessary for reformers to be extremists, and grandfather was, in his little field, the same kind of a leader as were Owen Lovejoy and old Ossawatimée John Brown in their larger way. All were fearless and ready, if need be, to die for the cause. A few Abolitionists in and about New Portland were greatly outnumbered by rabid pro-slavery men, strong Democrats. At the grocery many and hot were the impromptu debates, and there Josiah shone. Could he have forgotten himself before an audience as he did in those fiery neighborhood arguments, he might have rivaled his famous cousin, Edward Everett, as an orator. His merciless wit was not always of the delicate kind. In one of these grocery sessions, a rampant pro-slavery man concluded a fierce denunciation of Abolition by saying, "Why, if the niggers were freed I should expect to find a nigger in the company of my wife." Grandfather had listened good-naturedly to the furious outburst and his eyes twinkled with delight at the wide opening that the speaker had left for his return thrust. "Well, Ike," he said, with lazy good-nature, "No one would blame her for wanting the company of a decent man once in her life." The crowd, though mostly against grandfather in

belief, roared at the hit, and the victim, remembering that Josiah the 3rd was as strong as a bull, quick as a cat and afraid of no man, did not see fit to be insulted.

Josiah Everett the 3rd was all through the prime of his life a member of the state militia, and arose through long and faithful service to be a colonel. His commissions as colonel and major are still in existence. His old cocked hat and his colonel's sword, a beautiful weapon, which should now be the property of some Maine historical society, were the playthings of us grand-children and were destroyed and lost.

He also served for many years as a local magistrate, but he was too modest to assert his claim to any lucrative office, and so his service to the public, both civil and military, were a financial loss rather than a profit.

He resided on Portland Prairie in Allamakee County, Iowa, from about 1856 until 1866 or 1867, and his post-office was Dorchester. At this time or for a part of it, eleven families of Everetts lived in one neighborhood on Portland Prairie. They were Josiah Everett, the 3rd, William Everett, the 3<sup>rd</sup>; his brother; Josiah Everett, the 4th, Andrew Everett, Franklin Everett, Benaiah Everett and Seth Everett, sons of Josiah Everett, the 3<sup>rd</sup>; William Sylvester Everett, Francis Everett, Andrew Everett, the 2nd, and Charles Everett, these last four being sons of William Everett, the 3rd.

There also lived in the community the two daughters of Josiah the 3rd, Mrs. Orra Pease and Mrs. Lucy J. Harvey. But the West called, and the Everetts were pioneers by instinct. The pleasant family settlement began to break in 1866, and Josiah Everett, the 3rd, went with his son Seth to Tama County, Iowa, where he died and where he now lies buried. Of the family of Josiah Everett, the 3rd, his daughter, Mrs. Pease, continued to reside in Portland Prairie until, in extreme old age, she went to South Dakota, where she died. Mrs. Harvey went to California, where in the town of Whittier she now resides. Josiah the 4th, Andrew, Benaiah W. and Franklin all went to Lyons, Nebraska, in the years 1866, 1867 and 1868. There, after many prosperous years, Josiah the 4th died about 1886. Andrew died about 1913, and Franklin and Benaiah W. are still living at this date (1916). As above stated, Seth, the youngest child of Josiah Everett, the 3rd, went with his father to Tama County, Iowa, where he died in his early manhood at an age of not more than 25 years. He died of typhoid fever about 1869, leaving one son, who grew to manhood. I have lost all trace of him.

The children of Josiah Everett, the 3rd, and his wife, Lucy Churchill, were:

*Orra Everett, married Hosea Pease, born January 29, 1823.*

*Josiah Everett, 4th (died in infancy), born November 17, 1824.*

*Josiah Everett, 5th, born March 25, 1827.*

*Andrew Everett, born March 18, 1829.*

*Franklin Everett, born December 12, 1831.*

*Benjamin Everett (died in early childhood), born May 5, 1834.*

*Lucy Jane Everett, married Charles W. Harvey; born May 22, 1836.*

*Benaiah Everett, born August 22, 1839.*

*Seth Everett, born June 3, 1842.*

I shall now take up briefly the descendants of Josiah Everett, the 3rd, in the order of their ages, and in so doing will perhaps repeat statements that appear in other parts of this little history.

#### ORRA EVERETT

Orra Everett was the eldest child of Josiah Everett, the 3rd, and was born in New Portland, Maine, as were all his children. She married Hosea Pease while still in Maine, but in about 1855 or 1856 they moved to Portland Prairie, Minnesota, Caledonia being the county seat, and there they resided until the death of Mr. Pease, the date of which I do not know.<sup>2</sup> After his death, Aunt Orra went to South Dakota, where she died. Her children were Charles, Esther, Orra A, and Lucy. Charles married his second cousin, Ellen Everett, eldest daughter of Francis Everett, who was the son of William Everett, the 2nd, as before described. Ellen was related to the writer on her mother's side, her mother being Sarah Spencer, a sister of my mother, so that she was first cousin to me on her mother's side and second cousin on her father's side. Charles Pease and his wife, Ellen, reared a large family and I think that the rule that the marriage of cousins is fatal to the health and strength of their children did not hold good in their case, as I used to hear good reports of these children.

Esther Pease married Frank Healy, one of the best men I ever knew. They lived on Portland Prairie for many years and then went to Lake County, South Dakota, where they both passed away a few years since.

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<sup>2</sup> Dec 101894

Orra A., while yet single, went to South Dakota and married there, but I never knew her husband. <sup>3</sup>

Lucy died, unmarried, while yet young.

#### JOSIAH EVERETT 4<sup>TH</sup>

Josiah Everett, the 4th, was really Josiah Everett, the 5th, for there had been a brother before him named Josiah, but he died in infancy and the same name was given to the next born. As he had no history, I have left him out of the count.

I have already given a pretty full account of Uncle Josiah, and will only say here that he was a man of most generous and liberal character, full of the milk of human kindness. His children were Flora, whom we have mentioned before as being the child of his first wife and who married Edward P. Griffin; Eugene, who now lives in Lyons, Nebraska; Edgar, whose residence is unknown to me; Sumner, who died several years since in Kansas; Warren, now living in Lyons, Nebraska; Albert, who was killed by the caving in of a cellar in which he was at work; and Elmer, who went to Colorado some years since.

#### ANDREW EVERETT.

Andrew Everett was one of those men whom everybody likes to have for a neighbor. He was kindly, a great worker and attended to his own affairs. He was a money-making farmer and became wealthy as farmers go. He left his birth-place in New Portland Maine, when a mere boy of eighteen or nineteen years, and in company with William Sylvester Everett, his cousin, went to the pineries of Wisconsin. There he worked in sawmills and in making shingles. At that time, shingles were not sawn as they are now, but were made by hand, and he became very expert and rapid in making them. I think he put in two or three years there in the woods, dividing his time between sawmilling and shingle making. I believe also that at times he went out of the woods for short periods and worked for the farmers. He was very quiet and gentlemanly at all times, but had a high temper and tremendous courage and determination when aroused. At one time he worked faithfully for a mill man and had quite a sum due him. All the mill owners were more or less

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<sup>3</sup> She marries William F Curby – they apparently divorces, and she had no children..

short of money and slow in paying, but this one was a little worse than the average. Finally some creditors came and were going to take possession of the lumber that Uncle Andrew's labor had helped to produce and leave him unpaid. Then came to the surface the spirit of his grandfather, the Revolutionary hero. He got his rifle and said to the people who were about to take possession, "If you attempt to take this lumber without paying me for my work, some one will get hurt." He was a mere boy, but they saw he was in deadly earnest and they paid him off. Another anecdote will further illustrate his character. He was working in haying for a well-to-do farmer, who was exceedingly parsimonious. Now, in those days haying was all done by human labor. The grass was all mown with scythes and raked with hand rakes. It was the hardest kind of work. The men who toiled in the blazing summer sun bathed in perspiration for ten or eleven hours per day, expended a vast amount of energy if they were good and faithful workers, and Uncle Andrew was one of the best. Men of that kind, doing such work as this, if they stand up to it, must have plenty of good nourishing food. When the men were called in to their dinner on the first day that Uncle Ahn, as we always called him, worked for this man, the table was spread with a few thin slices of bread and a little butter, without meat or any of the heavy nourishing foods with which most farmers load their tables during the season of heavy labor. The most conspicuous dish on this particular table was a lot of lettuce and other garden relishes, excellent in themselves, but about as good as so much hay to the man whose system has been exhausted by swinging a scythe for six hours in the hot sun. Uncle Ahn glanced over the table and then quietly remarked, "I didn't come to Wisconsin to eat grass." He then, just as quietly, left the place.

About the year 1850 he and William Sylvester Everett went to Portland Prairie, Allamakee County, Iowa, where they were the first members of that Everett colony hereinbefore described

While in Wisconsin, however, he met and married Sarah Peck. Aunt Sarah was a worthy wife of a worthy husband and the marriage was the nearest to a perfect one that I have ever seen. Most of my life was spent in intimate friendship with the family, and it was always a great treat to me to be allowed to go to Uncle Ahn's. I was there a great deal in my boyhood days and I never heard an unpleasant word between this model couple. They lived together, I think, more than sixty years. Their children were Frank Marion , born about 1851; Sarah Isabel, born about 1854; Andrew Irving, born about 1858; Arthur W., born about 1863, and Theresa, born about 1868. With the exception of Frank, all of these children are now living and I intend to send each

of them a copy of this book with my love, and if I have misstated the ages of any of them, they cannot scalp me, for like most of the male Everetts, I am as bald as a door knob. I will tell them more about themselves pretty soon, but I have not finished about Uncle Ahn yet. He was a splendid horseman and dearly loved a good horse. When I was a small boy and we joined farms with him on Portland Prairie, he kept a fine Morgan stallion, sometimes two of them, and he had some good brood mares of the same stock. One of these mares, which he named Nanse, was the mother of a larger number of fine Morgan colts than any other mare that I ever knew. Every one of her foals was a good one and under Uncle Ahn's good management and careful training", each young horse grew up to be kind and docile, true as steel, and yet full of that zeal and fire that made the Morgan strain famous.

Uncle Ahn was the soul of honor and would not sell any man a horse that was not right without telling the purchaser of the fault. The result was that while he held his horses high, he never lacked purchasers. His reputation and the reputation of his horses sold them at any price he asked. And they were really worth the prices.

In the spring of 1867, I think in May, Uncle Ahn and family left Portland Prairie and followed Uncle Josiah to Burt County, Nebraska. I was a boy eleven years old, but I distinctly remember the morning they started, for I went to see them off. They traveled by "prairie schooner," driving their livestock. When I got down there that morning everything was in an uproar. They were just getting the cattle and the colts started out on the road. Frank, then a boy of sixteen or seventeen, wild with the excitement of the occasion, was mounted on a fiery young Morgan horse, resplendent in brand new saddle and housings, and was dashing about cracking a huge blacksnake whip and shouting at the cattle. How I admired and envied him, with the small boy's worship of the big boy. Frank was a good rider and it was fine to see him sitting his horse so firmly, as it leaped about and occasionally stood on its hind legs and pawed the air.

I want to say something here about Frank Marion Everett. He was one of the best of boys and young men, and though he was cut off before he had a chance to enter fairly upon the career of a man, yet he lived long enough to demonstrate that his character was one that the later generations of our family may well emulate. He was honest to the core. He was kindly and pleasant to all. He was a tireless worker and the most loyal and unselfish friend I ever knew. I

was almost five years younger than he and very small for my age, but it happened that there was no other boy in the neighborhood of Frank's age and he made me his chum.

Frank was a little slower in his mental development than his age would indicate, so that, notwithstanding the difference between our size and age, we were very companionable. We were usually in the same classes at school, and were always together whenever it was possible. Frank did not do, as most big boys and girls do, abandon the young chum when a boy of his own age came along. Often when some boy of his own age would come to visit him and they would plan some boyish excursion, Frank would say, "Let's go over to Montie," and I would be taken along. Then, too, he was always my champion. I think I must have been a mean little cub with a fiery temper, for I often got in trouble at school with bigger boys than myself. When I began to get the worst of it in many of my school brawls, I would yell "Frank!" and he would come bounding to my rescue. I loved him well, and it was a great grief to me when he passed to the beyond. Our family followed Uncle Ahn's to Nebraska in 1868 and Frank and I resumed our friendship.

In the Fall of 1872 Frank, his sister Isabel and I went to Lincoln, Nebraska, and entered the Nebraska State University. It has become a great institution, but it was very small then. Lincoln was a new and growing town, called into being by the fiat of the Nebraska Legislature. There was no valid reason for locating it at that place, instead of any other place. Father and Uncle Ahn, anxious to educate their children, went to Lincoln, bought a lot and built a comfortable house, in which we were to live. We were to keep house, boarding ourselves. We started bravely, but were all desperately homesick. As I look back on the few months we stayed there, I think we all worked excessively hard and learned nothing. I know, for myself, that I was entirely obsessed with the desire to go home to such an extent that I was at all times in a kind of a daze. Our instructors must have considered me very stupid. Typhoid fever broke out in the town. One day Isabel was taken sick and in a few days was delirious. We telegraphed home for help and two or three days later I was taken sick, but was not delirious. Frank, poor fellow, did all he could for both of us, and kind neighbors who were utter strangers came to our relief. Isabel, in her delirium, was so violent that she at times had to be restrained by force from leaving her bed and rushing out into the streets. One day she sprang to a window which was open for air and was about to climb through it, when she was seized by a kind neighbor who was watching with us and forced back into her bed. The poor girl was highly indignant and told the lady that she heard

Artie, her little brother, calling to her and must go to him. And when forced back into her bed, she said in accents of deepest scorn, "I hope when I am dead you won't put me into a box two feet square." Poor girl, her sufferings were terrible. But soon Father, Uncle Ahn and Aunt Sarah all came, and good nursing and the comfort of their presence soon put us on the road to recovery. As soon as they arrived they sent poor exhausted Frank home to rest, but he, too, had become infected with the terrible disease and had a run of fever after getting home. As soon as Isabel and I were fairly on the road to recovery, but before we were able to stand, we were put in a covered wagon and taken to the homes for which we longed. And so ended our university course.

A year or so later Frank went in swimming in the Logan Creek with a friend. He started to swim across the stream, which was in flood. His friend, standing on the bank, heard him cry out and saw him throw up his hands and go down. He never rose again in life

Isabel, Andrew's second child, already referred to, was a girl of great energy and ability. After our return from Lincoln, she began teaching school and was a successful and popular teacher. However, at that time on the frontier attractive young women were too scarce and bachelor homesteaders too numerous for a lady teacher to stay long at the work. At this time I remember my mother and myself joking Libbie Hart, a young lady who was living with us, about her matrimonial prospects, and we counted up twenty-three marriageable young men in the community, as against two marriageable young women. So Belle, as we always called her, gave up her school and married Benjamin S. Rusco, a splendid young man who, after faithful and efficient service in the war of the rebellion, had taken a homestead near Uncle Ahn's. They have lived long together, have amassed a comfortable fortune and have reared and educated a family of boys, each and every one of whom have "made good."

Andrew Irving Everett is a very successful man, but he and I have for many years lived so far apart that I can only say that he stands high in the estimation of the community where he lives.

Arthur W. Everett, third son of Andrew Everett, is a man of very unusual ability. He is not a money-maker, but in other respects he is brilliant. As a boy in school he always excelled. He is a mechanical genius and in the handling of machinery seems to possess by intuition a skill that most people acquire only by years of experience. But his greatest talent is as a writer. For years he has been employed by a great Japanese corporation as an engineer. For months at a time he is

buried in the interior of Japan and neither sees a white face nor hears an English word. His letters from that country rival the works of the great traveler and writer, Carpenter. I hear that he is preparing to write a book on Japan. I predict for the work a great success.

Theresa Everett, youngest child of Andrew Everett, while yet very young, married James Sayles Paine. They have succeeded well in life and have reared a family of children of whom any parents would have a right to be proud.

### FRANKLIN EVERETT

Franklin Everett, fourth child of Josiah Everett, the 3rd, my father, I write much of, because I know much of his life and I want my children and their descendants to remember him.

He has lived long and is still living. He has done much and is still doing. He is a father of whom I am proud and I feel I have a right to be so. Born on the old rocky farm on which Josiah the 3rd lived so long, in New Portland, Maine, he was brought up on the hardest kind of hard work. When he was a boy and a young man, his father was still clearing land and building stone walls on the old place and the boys all worked at it. I have heard him say that a hundred times a day in the work of removing stones and log's he would lift so hard that he would see stars as though he had been struck on the head. Such work either kills a boy or develops him into a man of great strength, and all of grandfather's sons were men of great strength. Andrew and Franklin were so nearly of an age that they were very equally matched. Andrew, or as I always like to call him, Uncle Ahn, was exceedingly quick and active and a great wrestler. I have heard father say that as they grew up to be men he could not stand up, even for a minute, before Uncle Ahn in a "square holt" collar and elbow wrestle. At a rough and tumble catch-as-catch-can scuffle they were equally matched, and in a dead lift he was slightly stronger than Ahn. As before stated, Andrew left home while yet very young and went to the Wisconsin pineries, and a year or two later Franklin joined him there.

September 1, 1851, Franklin Everett, then not quite twenty years of age, left the old New Portland home and traveled by stage to Hollowell, Maine, thence by steamer to Boston, thence by a newly constructed railroad to Albany, N.Y. At that time there was but one car in a passenger train, and that very little different from a stage coach. At Albany he crossed the river on a ferry

and again traveled by rail to Buffalo. There he took a steamer around through the Great Lakes to Milwaukee. From there he walked to Hustisford, where lived his uncle, Samuel Everett, above mentioned. After a short visit at his uncle's, he went on into the pinery, as the great woods of Wisconsin were then called. He walked all the way there. The distance was long, but he was active and had no mind to spend money for any means of conveyance. He crossed the Wisconsin River in a rowboat and finally joined Andrew and William Sylvester Everett in the woods, where they had already worked winters for some three years. The method was to make rafts of timber and lumber and pile shingles on the raft and run the whole down the river to the Mississippi and down that to some river town and sell the whole thing. Ahn and Bill were experts at the work, and Franklin could not make shingles as fast as they, so he sat up nights and made enough shingles to keep even with them in quantity. All the winter of 1851-52, he with Ahn and Bill made shingles by hand, for shingle mills and sawn shingles were unknown.

Government timber was considered worthless at that time and any one was at liberty to cut as much as he pleased. All the shingles a man could make out of it were his own, representing nothing but his own labor. So the young men all worked hard and made lots of shingles.

But when Spring came, no one had any lumber to drive, so that there were no rafts on which shingles could be shipped. They were forced to leave their Winter's cut of shingles in the woods until such time as rafts should be moving. He, however, went with Ahn and Bill to Rock Island, Ill. He took a steamer back to Galena, from which point he walked back to the pinery. He had expected that some rafts would be ready to go down the river on the "June rise," but there was no June rise; and he walked back to Uncle Sam's place at Hustisford, Dodge County, Wisconsin.

Through the remainder of the Summer of 1852 he worked for Uncle Sam for \$15.00 per month and mowed with a scythe all the hay for a hundred head of cattle. In the Fall he went back to the pinery and put in the winter making shingles and hewing square timbers. Much of the time he lived there all alone and his food was flour stirred up in water with a little salt and cooked as pancakes. In spite of hard work and hard fare, he was well and became heavier than he ever had been. In the Spring he made his hewed timbers up into rafts, on which he piled all his shingles and floated it down to the Mississippi to Hannibal, Mo., selling shingles as he could to the people in the towns along the river. At Hannibal he sold his raft in the Spring of 1853. While there he got

his first personal glimpse of the slavery he had always hated from hearsay, for there he heard one man inquiring of another about a runaway "nigger." He received about \$400 in gold for his timbers and shingles, which was quite a good deal of money in those times. There was no opportunity to get a bank draft as one would do now, and he found his little fortune quite a burden, as he walked so much of the way on his return. He again took a steamer as far as Galena, from which point he walked to Portland Prairie, Allamakee County, Iowa, where Ahn and Bill had settled on Government land. They lacked a part of the money to settle with the Government for the land and he loaned them what they needed, thus beginning a business which he has largely kept up all his life—money lending. He then walked back to Lansing, Iowa, on the Mississippi, where he hailed a lumber raft and rode to Prairie du Chiene. From there he walked to Milwaukee and took a steerage passage on a steamer to Buffalo. He was saving every cent he could in order to get started and he lived on one meal a day on this trip. He observed all along great improvements in transportation during the two years he had been away. He reached Boston July 4, 1853, and on that evening saw the first fireworks he had ever seen. During his absence a railroad had been built from Boston to Biddeford, Maine, and he traveled over it to that point. At that time his sister Lucy was working in a cotton factory and she met him at Biddeford. He and Aunt Lucy traveled by stage from that place to Farmington. There he left her and walked to the old home, where he took grandfather's team and went back for her.

Franklin remained in the old home during the remainder of July, helping his father and uncle in haying, and August 14, 1853, he was united in marriage to Clara Spencer, daughter of James and Martha Spencer, to whom he had been engaged for some time. A week later, August 21, 1853, he and his wife started for the West to make a home in the new country. His father took the young couple to Hollowell, Maine. From there they went to Boston by boat, Boston to Buffalo by railroad, Detroit by steamer, railroad again to Chicago, Chicago to Milwaukee by steamer. By this time a new railroad had been built from Milwaukee to Watertown, Wis. At Watertown they hired a man with a spring wagon to take them and their little trunk to Juneau. It was five miles from Juneau to Uncle Sam's place, and Clara insisted on walking with her husband that distance, and so they arrived safely at their first stopping place in the great West. At Uncle Sam's, Franklin worked through the Fall and Winter at 50 cents a day and his wife taught a little school in the chamber of Uncle Sam's house at 75 cents per week and worked mornings and

evenings for her board. In the Spring of 1854 they bought a yoke of little stag oxen and the wheels for a two-wheel cart. These wheels I saw years afterward. They were made entirely of wood with felloes heavy enough so that steel tires were not needed. On these wheels Franklin built a frame and body for the cart. On March 10, 1854, Franklin and Clara Everett put all their earthly possessions into that little cart, yoked it to their little stags and started for Allamakee County, Iowa. They drove first to Prairie du Chiene, and it took them ten days to reach that point. They crossed the Mississippi at McGregor and went up through a pass in the Mississippi River bluffs across Clayton County, Iowa, following the dim wagon trails of that new and sparsely settled region over its broad prairies. On April 1, 1854, they reached the little cabin on Portland Prairie where Andrew Everett lived.

It is something of a coincidence that just fourteen years later on the same day of the month they landed at Burt County, Nebraska, where the greater part of their lives was destined to be spent. With his characteristic energy, Franklin at once went to work to build a log cabin. Although the land taken up by him was prairie, the country about was largely covered with fine forests of oak and hickory. He hewed small logs for the walls. The roof boards were split out of straight grained logs and were called "shakes." The shingles were made by hand out of oak. He got a few sawed boards from somewhere for the floor for a part of the cabin; for the remainder, the ground served. In this rude cabin, Franklin and Clara Everett lived happily for years, and in it were born the writer and his brother Walter. Franklin and his wife were frugal and intensely industrious. They prospered, and in about ten years the old log cabin was abandoned for a comfortable frame house. That house would now be considered a rough and cheap affair; but in that time and at that place it was considered the height of luxury, especially the little parlor, which they furnished with an old-fashioned hair-cloth set.

But the log house was always the place of interest to us boys, and for years we used it as a play house. It was our fort, and many a hot fight had we defending it against hostile Indians, with which our imagination peopled the plum brush thicket which grew about the place.

When they first settled in the old log house, the country still abounded in game, and I have heard mother say that she had counted as many as forty deer running past the house in a single band.

As related in another chapter of this record, this home was sold in the Fall of 1867, and on March 13, 1868, Franklin and Clara Everett made the second great move of their lives.

The children of Franklin Everett and Clara Everett were:

*Fremont Everett, born December 16, 1855.*

*Walter Everett, born April 12, 1857.*

*Edward Burton Everett, born January 13, 1865.*

*Clara Ethel Everett, born November 8, 1870.*

All these are still living at this writing.

### LUCY J. HARVEY, NEE EVERETT.

Lucy J. Everett was the fifth child and second daughter of Josiah Everett, the 3rd. She was and is, for she is one of the most admirable women I have ever known. Her dignified yet unassuming manner, her low and gentle voice, perfectly modulated and distinct, her fine figure and graceful carriage, her air of ease and confidence, free from the least hint of boldness, marked her at all times and places as one of nature's gentlewomen. On her mother's side she was a scion of the noble English house of Churchill, and had she been born of the direct line of the family, daughter of an earl or a duke, right gracefully would she have filled the place. But born the daughter of a poor New England farmer, who in her young days scrubbed, cooked, spun and wove and then worked in a cotton factory, she was none the less, and all unconsciously to herself, the finest product of our highest civilization, a pure-bred, high-class, Anglo Saxon lady, guided and directed by that acme of all moral forces, a New England conscience of the nineteenth century. She married Charles W. Harvey, a remarkable man, whose work and achievements in his long and busy life would make a most interesting volume. In their early married life they lived on a farm in the Everett settlement on Portland Prairie. Later they moved to Waterloo, Iowa. After living there for a few years they went to Los Angeles, then to Whittier, California, where Uncle Charles died and where Aunt Lucy still lives. Their children were but two, both girls, and of these one died in infancy. The other, Emma L. Harvey, grew up a bright and highly popular girl, the very idol of her father and mother, and a great favorite with all who knew her. She married

Frank Elder and became the mother of three children—Arlie, Dudley and Grace. All of them were very bright and Arlie possessed an ability that amounted to genius. But Providence, that sometimes seems to us poor mortals harsh and stern, had decreed that neither of these boys should live to fully develop the talents which they undoubtedly possessed. Arlie, while yet a mere youth in years, became night editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, one of the greatest papers of the Pacific Coast, and was murdered along with twenty other persons when the Labor Unions blew up the Time's building, because the *Times* consistently opposed their unreasonable demands.

Not very long after Arlie's death, an automobile in which Dudley was riding, together with Mr. George I. Ham, a noted Mexican banker, went through an open bridge and both men were killed.

BENAIAH W. EVERETT.

Benaiah W. Everett, sixth child and fourth son of Josiah Everett, is frequently referred to in other parts of this book. He is a man of strongly marked individuality and very superior ability. While often concealing his real kindness of heart under an assumed gruffness, he always was one of the first to come forward when any of his neighbors were sick or in trouble. He had a dry and genial humor that I always enjoyed when in his company. I think he inherited in a great measure the spirit of his grandfather, the Revolutionary hero. His courage and fighting spirit is well illustrated by the incident of his putting to flight the followers of George W. Carver, which I relate elsewhere. He married Elisa Grout, a young woman of splendid intellect and as great culture as was then obtainable in our new Western country. She was my first teacher and, as I think, the first teacher that ever opened a school in the old Everett settlement on Portland Prairie. The children were all small and I suppose it was really more of a kindergarten than anything else. I can remember that when any of us little ones were sleepy, she would put a shawl or something of the kind under the head of the weary tot and put it to sleep.

That was easily done, for our seats were mere benches running around the walls of the schoolhouse, and there was plenty of room for us to lie at full length. Anyway, we all loved Aunt Elise, though she was just married to Uncle Ben and had not been our aunt long. As I remember, every child in the room was a niece or nephew of hers by marriage.

The children of Benaiah Everett and his wife Elise were John Everett, Enos Everett, Nellie Everett, May Everett, Ruth Everett and Edith Everett.

Enos left home when a young man, and I have met him but once in about thirty years. I know very little of him.

Nellie died many years ago in Denver, Colorado.

May, after being for a number of years a very successful teacher, married James M. Styles, a successful young merchant of Lyons, Nebraska. The death of Mr. Styles a few years since left her with several young children and a large business on her hands. She arose to the occasion grandly and so far as one can see is carrying on the business just as successfully as did her late husband.

Ruth was for years one of the best teachers ever employed in the schools of Burt County, and was finally employed in the Government school for Indians on the Omaha and Winnebago reservation. Here she met and married Captain Paul Beck, now famous as one of the most expert and daring aviators in the United States Army.

But Ruth is a genius. While employed on the reservation she seems to have imbibed the very spirit of Indian life; to have grasped the mode of thought and the viewpoint of the Aborigines, as it existed before it was vitiated by contact with the whites. Her book, "The Little Buffalo Robe," opens up to its readers an insight into the spiritual and thought life of the Indian and shows that he possesses an intellect and imagination far superior to that ordinarily ascribed to him. I understand she is work upon another book and I believe her works will make her famous.

John studied law, and is now County Judge in South Dakota, with a very promising career before him.

Edith, the youngest, is happily married to a splendid young man and is entirely devoted to her husband and home. It seems to me that I may truthfully say of her, "She is a successful wife."

SETH EVERETT.

Seth Everett, the youngest child of Josiah Everett, the 3rd, came from Maine with his parents while a mere boy and lived with them on Portland Prairie until he was about twenty years of age. At that time he married Pattie Denison, for, like all the Everetts, he married very young.

Not long after his marriage came the breaking up of the Everett colony on Portland Prairie and he and his parents moved to Tama County, Iowa, where they bought land and settled. Seth was an energetic young fellow and prospered in his new home, but he was fated to be one of the few Everetts who have died young. He was taken with typhoid fever in 1868 or 1869 and soon passed to the beyond. He left one son, but I do not know where he is or whether he is living. Aunt Pattie afterward married Melvin Lovejoy, a cousin of her first husband. I have lost all trace of them.

I have brought all the descendants of Josiah Everett, the 3rd, down to the present generation and will leave the further history of the family to be written by some one who comes after me.

I incorporate with this history a description and account of the experiences of my own parents in their removal from Iowa to Nebraska and some of the incidents of pioneer life, which may give the coming generations a clearer idea of conditions in the days when Eastern Nebraska was being transformed from a desert into a garden.