

DAVIS COUNTY HISTORY

Guerrilla Raid Original Publication Date: October 12, 1924,
Bloomfield, Iowa

Three score years ago today, on Wednesday, October 12, 1864, about seven o'clock in the morning, a band of Twelve Guerrillas, supposed to be Confederate sympathizers, and from their demeanor, acts and words, Confederate Soldiers; donned in Federal Uniforms, started so far as our hearsay information is concerned, from a point about six miles East of Memphis, Missouri, traveling North and West until they crossed the Iowa and Missouri line into Van Buren County near Upton, a little village located south of Cantril, Iowa. They entered Davis County at or near the southeast corner of Section 1, Township 67, Range 12, Roscoe Township. The country they traversed in the southeastern part of the County was unfenced and open range save a few farm houses and feeding lots.

It happened the day before, Sylvester Hubbard had gone to Mt. Sterling on business and was returning home when about 8 o'clock the next morning he observed 10 or 12 men on horseback dressed in Federal uniform, just beyond Upton, a half or three-quarters of a mile away galloping westward. His first thought was to join them and find out the situation of our armies in the war. His speeding up did not seem to gain on them, but he happened to observe that 3 or 4 of them stopped near a farm lot and caught a loose horse, saddled it, and turned another loose, then galloped on to soon join the others. He kept his distance after that and did not try further to catch them. He next noticed they all stopped at John Brumley's. He waited until they left, for he suspicioned they were not Union soldiers but outlaws in disguise.

He was intending to stop on his way to see John, who had a broken leg. He entered the house and found they had been robbed. Mr. Brumley had seven copper pennies which they took, then searched the house and broke his musket. They saw a trunk which was locked and which belonged to a Miss. Downing, the school teacher at the Deal school, a sister of Mrs. Brumley, and demanded Mrs. Brumley to open it who said she could not, but they threatened to burst the trunk if she did not. She opened it and showed them it was full of women clothes. Took out the till which they searched. and she threw the clothes on the bed. The robbers got nothing, although Miss Downing had eighty dollars in the pocket book that she had placed between the clothing.

From John Brumley's they started north and a little west toward the Deal school house and arrived at the farm residence of Charlie Deals, near the school building. It was occupied by a renter by the name of Gustin. They robbed him of \$2.00 and broke his gun which they found in the residence, and then started west and a little south toward the residence of William Downing, a renter on the Bailey Gross farm which in later years was owned by Andrew Power. They robbed Downing of what money he had and took him prisoner.

From Downing's they went north and directly west to the residence of John Heckathier but obtained no money, Mr. Heckathier not being at home. The Captain wore a lady's hat and he asked Mrs. Heckathier if those people (Pointing to Thomas Miller's residence a few rods south) had any money, and she responded she did not know. The captain said we'll find out and he took one of his prisoners with him and went down to the house. Mrs. Miller was ironing and her husband was working in the field some distance from the house. It was between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning. The day was bright and clear and warm to about 70 degrees temperature.

The Captain came to the door and pushed his way in and seeing the brackets for the gun, asked, "Where is the gun?" Mrs. Miller said, "by what authority are you here making these demands?" And he said Lincoln's. She responded, "Puh." He asked again about the gun in such the way Mrs. Miller understood she must make reply which she did by saying, "We have no gun, didn't need it and traded it for a sleigh." He asked for their money and she said it's gone with the gun. He then said he would search the place and if he found any money he'd burn the house.

This excited the eldest daughter Amanda who rushed to the cradle, and seized the one year old, who afterwards became the wife of the writer of this history. Mrs. Miller told him if he got any money he'd have to hunt it up. Then she told the frightened daughter to put the baby back in the cradle for he is not going to burn the house. He opened the bureau drawers and found the money in the lower drawer, counted it, and said, "it's \$110.00", and Mrs. Miller responded, "it was", and attempted to seize it but he was too quick for her and turned away. Mrs. Miller told him, "We need that money and it will do you no good". He put the money in his pocket and looked her squarely in the face, and said nothing.

Mrs. Miller described him as to his appearance, which she says is as fresh in her mind today as it was sixty years ago, as follows: Moderately tall and straight, had a beautiful face, fair complexion, light brown hair and light blue eyes. He wore a lady's hat with moderately broad rim on which was placed blue ribbons that streamed down his back. Had on blue uniform with sword at his side. As he turned and left the house Mrs. Miller went with him, walking by his side, reminding him of what he'd have to suffer for doing what he had, but he did not (utter) a word.

From Miller's the Captain and his captive went back past Heckathier's, thence north to Chris Wagler's where they got nothing but broke his gun and passed on north to the place where the Pleasant Knoll school house now stands, then went directly west to the residence of Henry Blough's where they obtained a purse of 25 copper pennies and some silver coin belonging to a little boy. The boy objected and the Captain drew his revolver and made him give him his pocket book.

Just before they arrived at Henry Blough's, Martin Kays, the father of our well known George Kays, had passed north going to Pulaski, driving a team hitched to a wagon in which he was gathering up eggs over the country. On observing their conduct at Blough's, he suspicioned they were outlaws, and he took from his vest pocket the roll of money he had and pushed it down in a box of oats that he used in packing the eggs that he had purchased. He had not gone but a short distance when he observed 2 or 3 men approaching him on horseback. They came up and looked at his horses, ordering him to stop. The leader ordered some of his men to get down and take the harness off of one of the horses to which Mr. Kays did not make reply. The man threw the harness on the ground and took the horse and placed the saddle on it that he had on the horse that he was riding, during which time the leader demanded of Mr. Kays his pocketbook which Mr. Kays presented without apparent hesitation.

The pocketbook contained a small amount of change and the leader responded that he had spent the most of his money, to which Mr. Kays assented. The three men returned to Blough's and joined the rest of the gang. The jaded horse that was left by the outlaw was taken by Mr. Kays, harnessed and hitched to his wagon instead of the one that had been taken from him. He had not gone very far when he found out that he had been cheated in the trade but reconciled himself with the thought that that was the

way it always went in a one sided deal. Yet, never for a moment entertained the idea of trying to make the fellow trade back.

He hurriedly drove on to Pulaski and reported his experience with the Guerrillas and immediately the citizens began to prepare for defense. Every man, woman, and child that could handle a gun got themselves in order for battle. I am much indebted to John F. Scarborough, who was a boy about 9 years of age, for the details of the preparation. He said the older men loaded guns for all of the boys and the women who all evinced the determination of defending their village to the last ditch.

As these Home Patriots stood arrayed
Dauntless, anxious, unafraid,
Seemed giant in the strife;
Well knew, in answering to the call
"He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life."

Mr. Scarbrough well remembers the little military cap his brother who was a soldier in the army gave him, and said he wore that on the eve of battle as he anticipated would soon take place. While they were at Blough's three of the gang went down to William Power's, a wealthy farmer living just south of Blough's a short distance. Mr. Power had two older sons, Albert and Wallace. Albert was then in the army and Wallace was home on leave of absence on account of sickness.

Mr. Power and his son Wallace saw the three men ride up to their front gate and when Wallace saw them dressed in blue uniform

went out to the road. The captain ordered Wallace to take off his pants, and Mr. Power, seeing this, turned away from going to them, when one of the men ordered him to halt, but Mr. Power did not, and on reaching the protection of a large corn shock he threw his pocketbook into it and started hastily down over the hill. The outlaw fired at him but missed.

Mrs. Power inquired of them who they were and by what authority they came there, and they told her they were Union soldiers but she assured them that Union soldiers did not act that way. They then told them they were rebel bushwhackers and proposed to kill the young man Wallace unless his father was brought back. She sent a younger son to the father who then came back. They took Mr. Power's gun and broke it and ordered him and his son to both mount the same horse without saddle or blanket. They then started in pursuit of the others who had gone on from Blough's westward. They got no money from Power.

They next arrived at David Baughman's, got no money but ate some apples, broke his gun and went down to Perry Brown's and broke his gun. They happened to overtake James Brown, formerly of Company B, 30th Iowa Infantry, and ordered him to "fall in" which he did. From Perry Brown's they went near the home of William Millsap's, but they did not stop until they reached the house of Mr. Reese, took his gun, broke it and robbed him of \$26.00 and then went to Daniel Swartzendruber's and robbed him of \$15.00, \$5.00 of which belonged to Mr. Millsap whom they had passed without disturbing him at his home.

Their movements were rapid as their horses could go in a body, and every man henceforth that they met they would take as a prisoner which swelled their number and people seeing them dashing over the unfenced prairies thought the entire number were Guerrillas and various reports of the number in the gang

were made. The Fair was going on at Bloomfield and a great many of the citizens had gone to it and no help could be obtained to pursue the outlaws except from the people that were in Bloomfield about 15 or 16 miles away.

From Reese's they pursued a direct line to Jacob King's where they stopped and robbed him of \$165.00, two watches and several pieces of jewelry. They asked him if he had any good horses and he said he did but they did not stop long, for it seemed they had gotten the impression they were pursued. Some of the boys and older men of Roscoe Township gathered together some drums at Gleason's and began to beat them and raised a military noise which perhaps had much to do in increasing their speed to get out of the country.

From Jacob King's they hurried toward Jeremiah Miller's where they robbed him of \$12.00 and broke his gun. It appears that David Gibson was making molasses near Miller's and saw them and believing them to be bushwhackers mounted a horse and hastened to Bloomfield to report and was probably the first to bring the news out of the neighborhood where the raiders had been. He reported at least 20, but of course had counted the prisoners. Their number was constantly increasing by the additional prisoners, and others who saw them reported an increased number. One courier reported 150 strong.

The news reached the fair ground and the Fair immediately disbanded. The arsenal was opened, arms and ammunition distributed, companies were formed in line of battle, horses were taken from carriages and wagons without reference to the owners and mounted by armed men. Couriers were coming in with fresh and startling news of the conduct of the raiders, telling of the murder along the trail. An attack was anticipated soon to be made on Bloomfield and preparations were made to defend the town

and every man, woman and child realized that there was a common danger approaching.

In the midst of all this confusion, above the din of the noise, a voice was heard calling for Col. J. B. Weaver, late of the 2nd Iowa Infantry, to lead a militia in pursuit, and as the universal shout went up in approval, Weaver took command and immediately set about to organize his forces to capture or kill the ruffians. Col. Weaver called to his assistance Col. Trimble and they started in pursuit late in the afternoon, leaving the defense of Bloomfield under the command of Col. S. A. Moore, who called to his assistance Captain Gray, Captain Minge and several returned soldiers who had fought at Donnelson, Shiloh, Pea Ridge, Vicksburg and other engagements in the war. When the trail of the raiders was reached by Gen. Weaver and his brave supporters, they halted not until they had followed it to the end at a point where Captain Bence was killed, about 6 miles east of where Coatsville is now located, about 15 miles southwest of Bloomfield.

We have been tracing the raiders from house to house until they reached Jeremiah Miller's in Grove Township, where the first courier departed for Bloomfield to spread the news, and will now revert to that point to follow them on. From Miller's they hurried to the house of Mr. Rogers, but finding Isaac Smith there they robbed him of \$40.00 and held a few moments conversation with their Captain whereupon they formed all the prisoners in line, feeling they were a burden to their steady progress, and asked them all to join their company in order that they might be more effective in their search for booty.

The prisoners all declined save one by the name of Lewis, that they had taken just before they left Missouri, and he was at once clothed in Federal uniform, taking the garments that were owned

by Wallace Power and compelled said Power to draw off his boots and socks and give them to the new recruit, but it was afterwards reported that Lewis did not prove to be a satisfactory henchman but deserted at the first opportunity and went home.

After clothing the new recruit the Captain made a short speech, asking each prisoner if he was satisfied, to which he received an answer in the affirmative, until he came to William Power, who hesitated, but his son Wallace who had been schooled in the cruelties of war and knowing what result would follow, told his father to tell them he was, which he did. The Captain then extorted from each a pledge that they would never join the Federal army which was responded to by some audibly that they would not and others remained silent. The Captain then dismissed all except Wallace Power of Company D 45 Iowa, and James Brown of Company B 30th Iowa and the new recruit that they had brought from Missouri by the name of Lewis.

From Rogers' they hurried to the house of James Paris, took a horse from the plow, searched his house and robbed him of a revolver and watch. They picked up a gun belonging to Mr. Paris' father who was quite old, and raising it to break it Mrs. Paris prevailed upon the Captain to spare the gun, as it belonged to a very old man who used it for hunting purposes to amuse himself in old age. They spared the gun.

From Paris' they dashed off to the house of William Sterritt's and refused to take what money he had, because it proved to be but 60 cents. Three or four went to a nearby cabin and came back playing an accordion, as one of their number seemed apt in that line. From the house of William Sterritt's they rode to the home of L. D. Hotchkiss, but failing to find any money they helped themselves to all they could get a hold of in the kitchen, broke his gun and hurried off to the residence of Frank French's who was

not at home, but they compelled his little son, with pistols pointed at him, to show them to the different apartments of the house, as they searched for money but they failed to find any money, but broke his gun, and discovering a military overcoat, a dress coat, a pair uniform pants and some women shorts they took them and departed to the house of Morris McCracken. His son, a member of Co. G, 45th Iowa, was at home, and seeing a uniform hanging up in the house, asked him if he had been a soldier, and he told them that that belonged to his brother who was at the Fair. They then robbed the father and son of \$80.00, broke their musket and left immediately for the house of Mr. Haney.

On arrival at Mr. Haney's they demanded the old man's money and he told them he had none. They made a hurried search through the house, tearing pillow cases and clothing that they took from the bureau, breaking keepsakes and doing other injury to the household belongings, found no money, then immediately left for the house of Thomas Hardy which seems to have been the farthest point north they reached in their raid, it being 40 degrees and 41 ½ minutes North latitude, as best we can determine by the map. They got no money at the home of Thomas Hardy, although there was \$800.00 lying in the folds of an old day book which they threw on the floor. Their failure to get money at Thomas Hardy's seemed to agitate the Captain more than any other event that took place on their journey.

They left the home of Thomas Hardy and went south about 200 yards where they met Mr. Hardy riding on a load of wood, accompanied by his hired hand. The Captain seemed to know to whom he was talking and said to Mr. Hardy, "How old are your horses?" to which he replied, "5 years". In a very firm tone the Captain addressed him, saying, "Get out and unhitch them, I want them," to which Mr. Hardy replied, in equal earnestness, "I want

them, too, you don't intend to take them without paying me for them?"

The Captain replied, "Oh yes, I'll pay you for them," on which he immediately drew his revolver and fired. The shot took effect near the right eye and the wounded man fell off the wagon apparently lifeless. He soon arose, and placing his hand over the wound from which the blood gushed out between his fingers, and exclaimed, "God have mercy, God have mercy," and sank to the ground. The Captain dismounted, drew a small pistol from his belt, took deliberate aim and fired at Mr. Hardy, but the shot not having the desired effect, the Captain muttered a curse upon the gun and drew a "Colt's Navy" and fired again which mercilessly tore through the brain of the wounded man, leaving him limp and motionless on the ground.

The Captain, stooping down, thrust his hand in Mr. Hardy's pockets and found about \$400.00 in money which he took and remounted his horse and turning to the one who had accompanied Mr. Hardy, told him to unhitch the horses, which he did, but they did not take them.

During the time the Captain was dealing with Mr. Hardy, 3 or 4 of his party, seeing a man coming toward them with a team and wagon, they went down to meet him and robbed him of about \$500.00 in money which they put in a cartridge box, and smiling, looked at him, and said, "Have you got any cigars?" The man who was from Missouri and whose name we have not been able to learn, shook his head. The man told him that the Captain will soon be here and that he must do whatever the Captain told him and do it quickly. The Captain came up and being informed that they had gotten all the money the man had, told to unhitch his horses, at which order the man started to obey, but the Captain asked him if they paced, and he told them they did not, upon which the

Captain says, "I don't want them," but ordered the man to take off that halter and the man inquired which one. "The one on the bay horse." He did it quickly and handed it to the Captain. The Captain received it and told him to hitch up his horses again and drive up to the house and take care of a dead man and not to leave there until morning.

They then went to the house of Ebenezer Small (a soldier of Co. A. 3rd Iowa Cavalry) which was a half mile south, and Mr. Small, who was at the barn, seeing them coming, and thinking they were Federal soldiers, went up to his gate to see them. The Captain rode up and asked him a few questions, which it seemed no one heard distinctly, and without the slightest warning, drew his revolver and shot him in the face. The Captain again shot him in the breast, and as Mr. Small fell to the ground, shot him again in the neck. The Captain dismounted and thrust his hands in the pockets of the dead soldier and obtained what money he had. Then he stooped down and pinned to the coat of Mr. Small a slip of paper bearing this inscription. "Killed in retaliation for David Plunket who was murdered by Federal soldiers near Glasgow, Mo. By order of James Jackson, Lieutenant Commanding, Oct. 12. 1864."

They then pursued their course south for about half a mile and directly west until they arrived at the home of Captain P. H. Bence of 30th Iowa Infantry, who was home on a furlough at the little town of Springville where he lived. The Guerilla Chief called the Captain to him and asked him what regiment he belonged to and he was told the 30th Iowa, whereupon the Guerilla Chief ordered him to take off his uniform, which he was then wearing, upon which Captain Bence, being much surprised, said, "What does this mean, aren't you union soldiers?" whereupon the Guerilla Chief informed him that they were not, and that as he was a soldier he was going to kill him, whereupon Captain Bence coolly

responded, "I see that I am within your power and request you to not kill me here in the presence of my family," upon which the Guerilla Chief put his revolver away and said he wanted what money he had and Captain Bence gave him \$800.00 which was all the money he had except \$50.00 which he had given his wife in the morning.

The Guerilla Chief then went into the house, telling one of his men to see that Captain Bence make a change of clothing. The Guerilla Chief then said to Mrs. Bence, "Have you got any money?" and she hesitated to answer, when at the same time Captain Bence, coming into the room, spoke to his wife, telling her to get the money he gave her in the morning, for him. Mrs. Bence went and got the \$50.00 and handed it to the Guerilla Chief who asked her if that was all the money she had and she told him it was.

He told her he would search the house and if he found any more money he would burn it, whereupon he went to the bed that stood near by and turned down the pillow but found nothing, and immediately returned to his horse. During his absence the other men of the party had summoned as prisoners William Hill, David Sanderson, Andrew Tannehill and Joseph Hill. The Guerilla Chief demanded what money Joseph Hill had and made him turn his pockets which revealed that he had nothing but a pocket knife, whereupon the Captain ordered him to throw it away, which he did, upon which the Chief said to his other men, "Hadn't I better shoot him because he didn't throw it farther away?" but receiving no response the Guerilla Chief turned and took 3 or 4 horses that were tied near and ordered the prisoners mounted.

Captain Bence and David Sanderson were placed on the same horse and the band of desperados pursued their way westward until they came to the house of Frank Dabney about 2 miles and a

half distant. They saw Mr. Dabney and ordered him to halt, but he did not, and passed quickly into the house, tossing his pocketbook up in the loft, went out at the back door and disappeared. They could not find him but took his horses. They got no money at Dabney's but hurried directly west toward the old Union church house a couple of miles away. Just before they reached the church they met William Losey who was carrying a rifle.

Mr. Losey was going to his mother's-in-law to get her to stay with his wife while he went down to Springville and Savannah to give the alarm and get the militia to go in pursuit of the outlaws of which he had just been informed. The Captain of the Guerilla band asked Mr. Losey if he had heard of any rebels in the country, to which he responded that he had and was going to get the militia to pursue after them. The Captain told him, "We are the rebels and you fall in." They took his gun and broke it and Mr. Losey fell in after they had robbed him of \$64.00.

They passed on west beyond the church about a mile and then went rapidly south to the house of Lieut. William Niblick of Co. D, 3rd Iowa Cavalry, from whom they took a saber, uniform and \$30.00 in money. The Captain asked him if he didn't think he ought to kill him to which Mr. Niblick replied, "No, for I have only done my duty to my country". Why his life was spared we cannot say.

The sun was now sinking in the west and twilight approaching as the band of outlaws pursued their course into Missouri. The Guerilla Chief seemed to be absorbed in thought as they galloped along the unfenced road, apparently mediating of what should next be done. He doubtless was thinking of the request that Captain Bence made of him at his home and of his assent to the granting of it, whereupon it appeared that decision had flashed

upon his solitary counsel and immediately he reined his horse and assumed the rear of the band of outlaws and prisoners.

He rode quietly up from the rear until he arrived beside the horse on which Captain Bence and David Sanderson were riding, began to whistle and immediately drew his revolver, placing it near the head of Captain Bence and fired. Captain Bence and Sanderson, who were both riding the same horse, fell to the ground at the crack of the pistol. Sanderson lay on the ground as if dead and Captain Bence rose up on his elbows, upon which the Guerilla Chief took deliberate aim and fired another shot into the dying man's brain.

The Company had then stopped at a place about 2 miles east of where Coatsville is now located. The Captain, after firing a second shot, said to Mr. Sanderson. "Get up, you're not shot, and go home. And if you look around I'll shoot you." Mr. Sanderson arose and started down the road in a run, expecting every moment to be shot, but his life was spared. The Captain stooped down and pinned a little slip of paper to the coat of Captain Bence which states, "Killed in retaliation for David Plunket, who was murdered by Federal soldiers near Glasgow, Mo. By order of James Jackson, Lieutenant Commanding. Oct. 12, 1864.

As the outlaws stood around the lifeless form of Captain Bence they held a counsel of what should now be done with the rest of the prisoners, and after extorting from them a pledge that they would not enter the Union Army and would not divulge anything that they had seen or heard until they had reached Springville, they were dismissed and the outlaws mounted their horses and soon disappeared in the darkness as they rode away in the timbered country toward Lancaster, Missouri.

David Sanderson relates an incident in this raid which he often told with apparent regret that his suggestion was not carried out. He said they were galloping along at a very rapid rate down a road that was bordered by a deep ravine, the slope to which was covered with thick timber. He said he spoke to Captain Bence and suggested that they jump off of the horse and make their escape down the hill, but that Captain Bence told him that he understood these fellows and knew they were watching for an opportunity of that kind and never at any time had they been a horse length from them and that he would not die in an attempted flight from his captors.

Thus ends our history of the raid by the Guerrillas in the southern part of Davis County which shocked, terrorized and robbed several of its citizens, bringing as it were, the terrors of war into this community, which was so far situated from the seat of the fratricidal strife and which will go down in history as being the farthest point North that the Southern Confederacy reached in advancing beyond the Mason and Dixon line.

In my research concerning the Morgan Raid in Ohio I find that the people of that State have been interested to the extent that they have marked a trail of that daring Guerilla Morgan, with permanent markers so that the rising generation may follow it with certainty and know without conjecture the territory o'er which Morgan lead his unfortunate adherents.

I am much indebted to Joseph Ford, a citizen of Davis County, for the first hand information concerning the Morgan Raid as it ended near his former home when he was a young lad of four years and remembers distinctly the affair, or has been told so often he thinks he does, and was kind enough to visit a few days ago and obtain full first hand information concerning the same.

Sometime ago Ex-Governor Carroll, a former resident of Davis County, suggested that the trail of these raiders be marked with permanent monuments so that the citizens of Davis County or any other person could locate the course they took through the county, and the writer thinking it was a timely suggestion, when the Legion boys solicited suggestions of some commendable project for them to undertake that would be of interest to the county and the people, the writer suggested the marking of this trail, but it seems as though it was lost amid a multitude of other suggestions equally important, and now the writer suggests to the historical society that it may take steps to mark the trail with permanent monuments so that it can be easily discerned.

I have made extensive inquiry as to the course they took and have endeavored to mark out on the plat their exact course and submit the same to the historical society with this report. It will be noticeable that their course cannot be followed by the roads as now located and traveled, for as the country was then sparsely settled, much of the territory over which they traveled was open and unfenced.

History of any country is important to the extent that it reveals the struggles of its inhabitants in the making. Davis County was once in years long past a territory unoccupied by civilized man and of its condition at that time the anxious student is desirous of knowing, and he can look only to the record of the past to learn and is interested in the events that followed which brings his knowledge to its present day existence wherein he is to learn of the joy felt by the pioneers at the outset of their undertaking and of the vicissitudes they met in trying to accomplish the desire of their hearts.

We say joy at the undertaking, for we realize that no man can enter upon any great and important undertaking without a joyful

thought of the accomplishment of his aims. Although the task may be arduous and disappointments and sorrows may beset his way, yet when the goal is reached the imaginary joy that he had at the outset has become real indeed.

It is said, that the heart can't realize joy,

Until caught and crushed by a grief:

It is said, that the body can never know health,

Until sickness has come, then relief.

FURTHER GUERRILLA HISTORY

(By D. H. Payne)

In November, 1864, my first year in College, I visited in Bloomfield during the fall vacation for two weeks. Davis County looked somewhat warlike to me at the time. There was an old log jail near the northeast corner of the square and it held 7 Guerrilla prisoners at the time. The Home Guard Company guarded the jail day and night, four men on duty at a time, anticipating a rescue party any minute. I stood guard two nights, taking the place of one of the boys. During the two weeks of this seat of war several more arrests were made and trials going on almost every day in the Military Court. Col. Weaver had charge of these prosecutions. On one of the prisoners was found a love song which was taken from him and at the time given to me. I have preserved it all these years and you may be interested in reading it. It corroborates Shakespeare's saying, "The course of true love never runs smooth."

SONG BALLAD — LADY BEAUTY BRIDE

Once I courted a lady beauty bride, And she was my own heart's
delight.

I courted her for love and her love I did obtain,

Do you think she had any reason that she might complain?

Then to her father I went for to know

If his daughter and I together might go.

He locked her in a room and he kept her so severe

I thought that I never would get sight of my dear.

Then to the wars I resolved for to go,

To see whether I'd forget my true love or no.

And when I got there with my arms a shining bright,

I thought of my true love, my own heart's delight.

Postscript:

The above article was transcribed by John V. McMillin II on April
18, 1998 from the original story contained in the publication,
Pioneer History of Davis County, pages 134-143, compiled and
Published by the Federated Women's Clubs of the County
1924-1927.

The original BOOK is on file at the State Historical Library, Iowa
City, Iowa

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Printed and Published by THE BLOOMFIELD DEMOCRAT