

Letter No 3. Direct your Letters to Sutter's Fort
Calif.
Independence May 12 1849.

My Dear Wife I have purposely
delayed writing to you until now so that I
might be enabled to inform you with some degree
of certainty of our progress & prospects; after starting
for this State we heard so many stories that I could
with no certainty make up my mind whether we should
succeed in getting farther than here & of course felt
unwilling to mail too many letters as we neared this
Town lest we might return before they did.
I am happy to say that I heard from you to day
Uncle Jesse & Brackett were gratified by their trip
in the same manner. I am glad to hear that you are
well. My health was never better than now.
you ask me to tell you what they ^{say} out here about the route
well those who have travelled it say we need borrow
no trouble about forage; that Millions of Buffaloes
have feasted on the vast prairies for ages and now
they have considerably diminished by reason of
the hunters &c. it is absurd to suppose that a few
thousand emigrants cannot cross. I have conversed
with Col. Gilpin a Gentleman who lives nearby
upon the subject and who has crossed to the
Pacific five times; and his testimony is as above
we all feel very much encouraged and every body
says there is not a Co in town better fitted out

than ours; we have bought 40 Mules & 6 horses and will have
two more ^{horses} by Monday; our mules average at \$52 each
we have also 4 waggons and perhaps may buy another;
one of our waggons left camp to day for the
plains 10 miles from here there to recruit us
before starting, we shall probably get underway
next Tuesday or Wednesday; as to your 2^d question viz.
How I like to ride a mule. I would say that I have
not ridden one enough to ~~say~~ ^{know} and do not expect
to at present as I have been appointed Teamster
and had the good luck to draw the best waggon
we have covered it to day in tall shape; the top
has two ^{of covering} thick ropes so that it will be first rate in
in rainy weather or very warm weather also to sleep
in, nights. as to 'camping' I never slept sounder in
my life - I always find myself in the morning or my
bed rather, flat as a Pan Cake as the darned thing
leaks just enough to land me on Terra Firma by morn-
ing - it saves the trouble of prepping out the wind to
who cares; it is excellent to keep off dampness.
We died on Salt Pork, Hard & Soft Bread, Beans, Rice,
Tea, Fluffy Pudding & Apple Sauce also smoked
pork and Ham. Being out in the Air we relish
these dainties very much. My money holds out
very well after buying several articles in Boston
and 'eating' myself on the road part of the time. I have
about \$15. on hand out of \$25. which I had on leaving
home. I have lost nothing except that Glazed Cake
which was worth but little

Uncle Jose, Gould and Nichols are talking in our tent
so I will defer writing more until morning

Sunday morning May 13. This is a glorious morning, and having
fed and curried my mules and bathed myself and washed
my clothes I can recommence writing to you Eliza I will number
this Letter 3. as I have sent you 2 before, the 2^d from Gaudus
Key. I wish you would adopt the same system, then we may know
if we receive every letter. We arrived here Friday P.M. May 4. Drove
our tent cooked and eat our supper & went to Grass, slept first rate, com-
menced the next day to get ready to move on; it being considerable of a
job & the season backward we shall not get fairly started before 15, or
16. the weather is now warm and the grass is growing finely. For two days
we - or some Mexicans that we engaged have been busily employed
breaking 10 mules; it was laughable to see the brutes perform
To harness them the Mexicans tied their forelegs together and threw
them down, the fellows then got on them, rung their ears (which like
a nigger skin is the tenderest part) by that time they were docile
enough to take the Yarnep. The animals in many respects resemble
a ~~sheep~~ sheep: they are very timid and when frightened will some-
times kick like thunder. They got 6 harnessed into a team when one
of the leaders feeling a little mulish jumped right straight over
the other one's back. A Che. fellow offered to bet the liquor that
he could ride an unbroken one he had bought; the bet was
taken - but he no sooner mounted the (fool) mule than he
landed on his hands & feet in a very undignified manner:
a roar of laughter from the spectators was his reward
After they are broken they are of the two most gentle than the Horse
I suppose by this time you have some idea of a Mule

we have formed a coalition with two other (small) Companies (one of which Edward Jackson of Kenton Cor. belongs to) The other from the consisting of only 4 persons one of which is Col. Boadish whom we have selected for our military commander. He belonged to the New Eng. Regiment and fought under Gen. Scott in the Mex. I think he is a first rate man for the office - by this union we have two Doctors and a man of military experience.

We found Samuel Nicholson here, his car will start the fore part of the week. There has been some sickness here principally among the itinerant preachers which is the case every where you know. Querc. is composed mostly of men who believe that God has laid down Laws that must be obeyed if we would enjoy health - & obeying those laws we are all in the possession of good health.

I see by your letter that you have the blues a little in your anxiety for my welfare. I think we had better not indulge such feelings. I confess I set the example, I do not worry about myself - then why should you for me - I do not discover in your letter any anxiety on your own account - then let us for the future look on the bright side of the subject and indulge no more in useless anxiety - it effects nothing and is almost ~~almost~~ universally the Bug Bear of the Imagination.

The reports of the Gold regions ^{are} all as encouraging as they were at N.Y. just imagine to yourself seeing me return with from \$10,000 to \$100,000. I suppose by this time I may congratulate you upon possessing a Family circle without me: for you know we use to say it required three to make a circle and Edward always confirmed it by saying 'Cio'.

I wish you would keep a sort of memorandum of kindnesses received. I shall write to Dr. David today requesting him to make great exertion to send you money when needful, you will of course inform ^{him} ~~when~~ ^{when that time} arrives. I do not wonder that Gen. Taylor was opposed to large Lotteries when on the Field. I am now writing at a low Box and am compelled to stoop to conquer. I offer this as an apology for not writing more to you now: and writing so little to others.

I wish you would preserve my letters, as they may be useful for future reference. Although we shall leave probably before your next letter arrives I expect to get it as one of our Co. will not start till about the 23, but will overtake us as he will have no baggage of importance: he is from Ohio. Louis & Uncle Lemmy will write to day. They are both up and dressed and go it like men at a day's work.

Thompson & Staples have just returned from buying horses they have brought two with them: they are very beautiful. I should like to send one home to Father we pay about \$50 for them a piece in Boston they would bring \$150. Respects to all
Yours truly George Winslow

NEBRASKA STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Letter #3---Direct your letters to
Sutters Fort, California.

Independence, May 12, 1849.

My dear Wife:-

I have purposely delayed writing to you until now so that I might be able to inform you with some degree of certainty of our progress and prospects. After starting for this state we heard so many stories that I could with no certainty make up my mind whether we should succeed in getting further than here, and of course felt unwilling to mail too many letters as we neared this town lest we should return before they did.

I am happy to say that I have heard from you to-day. Uncle Jesse and Brackett were gratified by their wives in the same mail. I am glad to hear that you are well. My health never was better than now.

You ask me to tell you what they say out here about the route. Well those who have travelled it say we need borrow no trouble about forage; that millions of buffaloes have feasted on the vast prairies for ages and now they have considerably diminished by reason of hunters etc., and it is absurd to think that a few thousand emigrants cannot cross. I have conversed with colonel Gilpin, a gentleman who lives near by, upon the subject, and he has crossed to the Pacific five times, and his testimony is as above. We all feel very much encouraged, and everybody says there is not a company in town better equipped than ours. We have bought forty mules and six horses and will have two more horses by Monday. Our mules average \$52.00 each. We have also four wagons and perhaps may buy another; one of our wagons left camp to-day for the plains ten miles from here, there to recruit up before starting. We shall probably get under way next Tuesday or Wednesday.

As to your second question, viz. how I like to ride a mule, I would way that I have not ridden one enough to know and do not expect to at present, as I have been appointed teamster and had the good luck to draw the best wagon. We have covered it to-day in tall shape; the top has two thicknesses of covering, so that it will be first rate in rainy or very warm weather, also to sleep in nights. As to camping, I never slept sounder in my life. I always find myself in the morning--or my bed rather--flat as a pan cake. As the darn thing leaks just enough to land me on terra firma by morning, it saves me the trouble of pressing out the wind, so who cares. It is excellent to keep off the dampness.

We diet on salt pork, hard and soft bread, beans, rice, tea, "Hasty Pudding" and apple sauce; also smoked pork and ham. Being out in the air we relish these dainties very much.

My money holds out very well. After buying several articles in Boston and eating on the road part of the time, I have about \$15.00 on hand out of \$25.00 which I had on leaving home. I have lost nothing except that glazed cap, which was worth but little.

Uncle Jesse, Gould and Nichols are talking in our tent, so I will defer writing more until morning.

Sunday morning, May 13.

This is a glorious morning and having fed and curried my mules and bathed myself and washed my clothes, I can recommence writing to you Eliza. I will number this letter #3 as I have sent you two before, the second from Sandusky. I wish that you would adopt the same system, then we may know if we receive every letter.

We arrived here Friday P. M., May 4th, pitched our tents, cooked and

ate our supper and went to grass; slept first rate. Commenced the next day to get ready to move on; it being considerable of a job and the season backward, we shall not get fairly started before the 15th or 16th. The weather is now warm and the grass is growing fast.

For some days, we--or some Mexicans whom we engaged--having busily engaged breaking ten mules. It was enjoyable to see the brutes perform. To harness them the Mexicans tied their four legs together and threw them down. The fellows then got on them, and wrung their ears--which, like a nigger's skin, is the tenderest part. By that time they were docile enough to take the harness. The animals in many respects resemble sheep; they are very timid and when frightened will kick like thunder. They got six harnessed into a team, when one of the leaders, feeling a little mulish, jumped right straight over the other ones back. One fellow offered to bet the liquor that he could ride an unbroken one he had bought; the bet was taken, but he no sooner mounted the mule---fool---than he landed on his hands and feet in a very undignified manner. A roar of laughter from the spectators was his reward. After they are broken they are of the two more gentle than a horse. I suppose by this time that you have some idea of a mule.

We have formed a coalition with two other small companies--one of which Edward Jackson of Newton Cor. belongs to--the other from Maine. consisting of only four persons, one of whom is Colonel Bodfish, whom we have selected for our military commander. He belongs to the New England regiment and fought under General Scott in Mexico. I think he is a first rate man for the office. By this union we have two doctors and a man of military experience.

We found Samuel Nicholson here; his company will start the fore part

of the week. There has been some sickness here, principally among the intemperate, which is the case everywhere you know. Our company is composed mostly of men who believe that God has laid down laws which must be obeyed if we would enjoy health, and obeying those laws we are all in possession of good health.

I see by your letter that you have the blues a little in your anxiety for my welfare. I think we had better not indulge such feelings. I confess that I had set the example, I do not worry about myself, then why should you for me. I do not discover in your letter any anxiety on your own account, then let us for the future look on the bright side of the subject and indulge no more in useless anxiety. It effects nothing and is almost universally the bug bear of the imagination.

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I suppose that by this time I may congratulate you upon possessing a family circle without me, for you know we used to say that it required three to make a circle and Edward always confirmed it by saying "No". I wish you would keep a sort of memorandum of kindnesses received.

I shall write to brother David to-day, requesting him to make great exertion to send you money when needful and you will of course inform him when that time arrives.

I do not wonder that General Taylor was opposed to the writing of long letters when on the Field. I am now writing at a low box and am compelled to stoop to conquer. I offer this as an apology for not writing more to you now and writing so little to the others. I wish that you would preserve my letters, as they may be useful for future reference.

Although we shall leave before your next letter arrives, I expect to get it as one of our company will not start until about the 23rd, but will overtake us, as he will have no baggage of importance; he is from Ohio. Lord and Uncle Jesse will write to-day. They are up and dressed and go at it like men at a days work.

Hough and Staples have just returned from buying horses. They have brought two with them, which are very beautiful. I would like to send one home to Father. We pay about \$50.00 apiece for them. In Boston they would bring \$150.00.

Respects to all,

George Winslow.

we concluded to go on giving him as comfortable a bed as possible in one of our large waggon and I took charge of the wagon & drove it all the time that he rode - that he might receive all the attention that our circumstances would allow - Evening he continued about the same - Saturday we travelled part of the day Doctor thought him improving. Sunday we moved a short distance to water and camped remained till Monday 10 o'clock A.M. George appeared much improved - we started on our journey he stood the ride much better than on the previous day we felt quite in our wigs. ~~ill~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ he was visibly improving. Tuesday we started at 6 o'clock A.M. George continued improving the day was pleasant till the afternoon & George continued in good spirits. At 5 o'clock P.M. there came up a most violent shower such as one you perhaps never saw, there is nothing on these plains to break the wind and it sweeps on most furiously the lightning is truly terrific & when accompanied with wind hail & rain as in this case it is truly sublime. To this storm I attributed George's death. I was however aware of its violence & guarded him as thoroughly as possible with our ~~valuable~~ ~~blue~~ ~~hats~~ ~~from~~ ~~all~~ ~~dangerous~~ that might come through our covered wagons. George did not appear worse. Wednesday morning George remains about the same. Travelled most of the day. 3 o'clock George appeared worse. I sent immediately for the Doctor who was behind. Camped as soon as we could get to water. George did not appear better. Uncle Jesse watched the first part of the

night, but George growing worse Uncle Jesse called Stapler & myself & we remained with him till he died. Thursday morning George was very sick & much wandering - did not know us only at intervals - seemed to fail very fast - continued to sink very fast - 9 o'clock - George is dead - his body lays here in the tent. but his spirit has fled - Our company feel deeply this solemn providence. I never attended so solemn funeral - here we were on these plains hundreds of miles from any civilized being - and to leave one of our number was most trying. The exercises at the funeral consisted in reading the scriptures and prayer. He closed the scene - we erected grave stones on which we inscribed "George Winslow Newton Mays age 25 - 1849" my dear Clarissa you will sympathize deeply with Eliza in her affliction. What a pity ^{that} such a young family should be broken up. I hope that it may never be thus with us. George remarked several times during his sickness that he had always had a poor spirit of human nature but that he had received during his sickness more sympathy and attention than he supposed a member could receive. I am sure that I have no particular word from him sent to Eliza or his Brother and Mother or from him left none. It was not because he did not think of home but because he thought he might get better - then at the last attack he was too sick to say anything. He used to say to me frequently "Good if you are taken sick you will think more of your folks at home than yourself. I don't care anything about myself but my wife and my children they are dependent on me." I had every reason to know

(Copy)

NEBRASKA STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Fort Kearney, June 17, 1849.

My very beloved wife:-

It has thus far been a pleasure for me to write to you from the fact that I have had nothing to write that you would not with pleasure peruse, but, my dear wife, the scene has changed and this letter will bear to you intelligence of the most unwelcome character, and most painful for me to write, which will wring your hearts with anguish and sorrow.

George is dead---what more shall I write---what can I write---but unpleasant as the news may be you will be anxious to have the particulars.

About the 27th of May he was taken with diarrhoea, which lasted several days and which visibly wore on him. He was taken the day we crossed the Kansas River. He however partially recovered but on the following Thursday he ate some pudding for dinner, which hurt him, and about three o'clock in the afternoon he was taken much worse, vomiting and purging and also cramping. Here we stopped. He continued to grow worse and became very sick. Dr. Lope, Uncle Jesse, Mr. Staples and myself watched with him during the night; about three o'clock in the morning we thought him dying. I told him of the fact and spoke to him of home; asked him if he did not wish to send some word to Eliza and Father and Mother and others. He did not leave any---seemed very sick. Wednesday morning he appeared a little better and continued so during the day. We remained camped during the day and until Friday morning he continued to improve, so much so that he wanted to start on, and the road being smooth, we concluded to go on, giving him as comfortable a bed as possible in one of the large wagons, and I took charge of the

wagon and drove it all of the time that he rode, so that he might receive all of the attention that our circumstances would allow. During the evening he continued about the same. Saturday we traveled part of the day. Doctor thought him improving. Sunday we moved a short distance to water and camped; remained till Monday, 10 o'clock A. M., and George appeared much improved. We started on our journey. He stood the ride much better than on the previous day and we felt quite encouraged. All saw that he was visibly improving. Tuesday we started at 6 o'clock A. M. and George continued to improve. The day was pleasant till the afternoon and George continued in good spirits. At 5 o'clock P. M. there came up a violent shower; such a one you perhaps never saw. There is nothing on the plains to break the wind and it sweeps on most furiously. The lightening is truly terrific, and when accompanied with rain, hail and wind, as in this case, it is truly sublime. To this storm I attribute George's death. I was, however, aware of its violence and guarded him as thoroughly as possible with our rubber blankets from all dampness that might come through our covered wagon. George did not appear worse. Wednesday morning he appeared about the same; traveled most of the day. 3 o'clock he began to grow worse. I sent immediately for the doctor who was behind and camped as soon as we could get to water, but George did not appear to grow better. Uncle Jesse watched the first part of the night, but George growing worse, Uncle Jesse called Staples and myself and we remained with him till he died. Thursday morning George was very sick and much wandering; did not know us except at intervals; seemed to fail very fast; 9 o'clock, George is dead. His body lies here in the tent, but his spirit has fled. Our company feel deeply this solemn providence.

I never attended so solemn a funeral. Here we are on the plains hundreds of miles from any civilized being, and to leave one of our number was most trying.

The exercises at the funeral consisted in reading the scriptures and prayer; this closed the scene. We erected gravestones on which we inscribed "George Winslow, Newton, Mass., Aged 25, 1849."

My dear Clarissa, you will sympathize deeply with Eliza in her affliction. What a pity that such a young family should be broken up. I hope that it may never be thus with us. George remarked several times during his sickness that he had ~~always~~ had a poor opinion of human nature, but that he received, during his sickness, more sympathy and attention than he supposed a member could receive. I am sorry that I have no particular word from him to send to Eliza or his father and mother or to you. He left none. It was not because he did not think of home, but because he thought he might get better; then at the last attack he was too sick to say anything. He used to say to me frequently, "Lord, if you are taken sick, you will think more of your folks at home than you do of yourself. I don't care anything about myself, but my wife and my children; they are dependent upon me." I had every reason to know that he thought much of his home and his folks, though he said but little. I was with him most of the time during his sickness, all of the time days; and most of the time nights. We did not leave him from the time he was taken sick till his death without a watch, and here let me say that he seemed to sink away as though he were going to sleep and died without a struggle. We shall take care of all of his things.

It is most time for us to start, and I must close this letter and leave it. I have not as yet said anything to you, but I cannot say much now; but I can assure you in the first place that I am well. I hope you are also well. Don't let the children forget papa.

We are getting along very well and are determined if possible to go through. I hope that you will not give yourself much anxiety about us in regard to sickness. I think we have passed through the most of it. All of our party are well.

I must now close, hoping that when I arrive in California I shall receive a letter from you. As to your getting along in my absence, do as you think best.

Very affectionately yours,

Brackett Lord.

Written by Brackett Lord to his wife telling her of the death of George Winslow, who was her brother. I have the original letters written on foolscap paper, they are folded and sealed with wax, no envelope was used.

Mrs. H. O. Winslow,
114 Liberty St.,
Meriden,
Conn.

July 15th, 1911.

711 Taylor St., San Francisco, Cal.

March 11, 1891.

Rev. Mr. S. Goldsmith,
Fairbury, Neb.

Dear Sir:

Your very kind letter of the 25th ult. was duly received, for which you will please accept the thanks of my wife as well as myself.

You are correct in the statement that this is the grave and headstone of our deceased brother, George Winslow, of Newton, Mass., who died June 8th, age 25. He started to California in a company of twenty-five picked young men from Boston and vicinity. I was one of the company. Our organization was known as the Boston and Newton Joint Stock Company. We left Boston April 16, 1849, went direct to Independence, Mo. where we camped three weeks, buying animals, wagons, and supplies for the trip which we made in six months, arriving in Sacramento, September 26th.

We had the usual experience in getting started with unbroken mules and horses, with the greenest set of men to handle them that ever left the East for California. Pluck they had plenty of, which overcame every obstacle in the start.

As you are a resident of Nebraska, I need not describe to you those wind and rain storms, which we encountered when they were at their height. Just at this time the cholera broke out among the Emigrants, which swept away whole parties in twenty-four hours.

Our outfit was of the very best so we felt safe and comfortable, but to our dismay several of the party were taken with it, myself included.

George Winslow was a man of fine physique, great strength and health, but was the first to succumb^u to this dreaded disease. Everything was done for him that was possible, both by our physician, Dr. D. J. Locke, and each man trying to do his part.

After a few days he rallied with every hope of his recovery and but for a very cold storm from which he took cold we felt that he might get well, but at the best a relapse in cholera is a hard thing to fight. Death came suddenly striking everyone with horror, feeling that more would follow. We were still in camp on his account, giving him every attention and respect that he would have had in his own home.

The funeral was conducted with the greatest solemnity and saddest of hearts. Mr. A. C. Sweetser of Boston made the prayer and B. Burt of Freetown, Mass. read the scripture. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, tears rolled down the cheeks of those strong men like children. All stood around to witness the last acts with the most intense interest.

The stone had been brought from a deposit of sand stone about two miles away, Uncle Jesse Winslow taking it upon himself, with the aid of others, to cut the letters in the stone with such tools as he could find. These preparations detained us three days, not three hours as a correspondent stated in a Boston paper.

The stone was about three to four feet long, eighteen inches wide, six inches thick. The grave was dug unusually deep. You describe perfectly the locality of the grave and it is as fresh in my mind as the day we went and left it behind. Two miles east of the Little Blue River, I have always supposed would bring it into Kansas, but upon looking it up, having the town of Fairbury to guide me, I find my mistake.

You ask for the names of the company, and I give them to you herewith, but what particular business they have followed I do not know. Many of them have filled places of honor and trust, some have become wealthy, traveling and enjoying life. We know of six who have passed away and I presume there are more that I am not aware of.

Names of the members of the Boston and Newton
Joint Stock Association, who left for
California, April 16, 1849.

From Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

Jesse Winslow, Miner for two years.

Benjamin Burt, Merchant.

David J. Staples, Pres. Fireman's Fund Ins. Co.

J. F. Staples, Dealer in cattle.

Bracket Lord, Trader.

George Winslow, Died in Neb. June 8, 1849.

Robert Coffey, Rancher.

Daniel E. Easterbrook, Capitalist.

M. J. Ayer, Carpenter.

Wm. H. Nichols, Laborer.

Charles Gould, returned East '49.

From Boston and vicinity.

A. C. Sweetser, Real Estate.

* D. J. Locke, Physician & Speculator.

* George Thompson, Cook.

W. C. Felch, Insurance.

J. St. Clair Wilson.

Lewis Whittier.

H. B. Christ.

Harry Noyes.

Mr. Evans, Mr. Osborn, Mr. Wight.

Mr. Hough, Mr. McGoath, Mr. Loring.

* Deceased.

Thanking you for the interest you have taken in bringing
to light a doubt we have always regretted, I am

Yours very respectfully,

--Signed--D. J. Staples.

Note by Mrs. Henry O. Winslow.

You will see from the date of the letter that it was
written (the original one) twenty years ago. David Staples
the writer is dead, and I doubt if any one of of the Company
are living.

NEBRASKA STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Dear Mrs. Steele:

This mornings mail brought me your welcome letter and I was very glad to know that you were interested in the copy I sent you. written by Uncle David Staples to Mr. Goldsmith.

I have received today some family letters which were written in 1849 which I will have copied and sent both to you and Mr. Hansen. You need not return them as we are keeping copies of everything we can get. The one letter I am going to send you, written by George Winslow himself. The last one written by him to his wife will be quite interesting, the way he refers to his family circle. touched me-he refered to it in such a modest way. You see my husband was born after he went away, and I have been told how anxious he was about leaving her. He was young only 25 to have a family, but had accumulated enough money to lend to his Brother David to help him in gaining a College Course, besides putting several hundred in the Company, enroute for the California gold fields. You see that much will interest you about early days if you are at all familiar with old New England people and their style of writing letters.

We are very anxious to have that grave kept in a state of preservation, but of course it puzzles us here so far away to know just what could be done about it. We have received two very fine letters from Mr. Hansen, and from his letters know he must be a very fine man. He seemed very much interested, and Mrs. Winslow is going to write him asking him what he would advise in the matter or what he would recommend. I would like to tell you right here something of the family and ancestors of George Winslow so if this place should ever become historic, you would know you were honoring one who was worthy of honor. He was a descendant of Kenelm Winslow, brother of Edward Winslow one of the founders of the Puritan Colonies. He came

to America on the return of the May Flower. George Winslow's grandfather Shadrach Winslow, graduated from Yale College as M. D. in 1771 during the Rev. War. He fitted up an American privateer in which he sailed as surgeon, was taken a prisoner and detained off ^{the} coast of Spain, and afterward was a prisoner on board the old ^{or} Jasey Prison ship in Wallabout Bay, Brooklyn N. Y. I have plenty of proof I could furnish anyone who might become interested in this lonely grave, that they were bestowing honor upon one where honor was due. My reason for referring to this is that if Fairbury people should become interested for historical reasons they would like to know something of the man whose grave they are honoring.

This letter I commenced just before leaving for our summer camp, but did not have time to finish, so I hope you will excuse all imperfections in writing etc. I am sure you did us a great favor in placing us in the hands of Mr. George Hansen, for he seems very much interested, and we have just received too interesting letters from him, asking for all possible information we can gain. He sent a clipping from a Fairbury paper giving the account of our meeting at Washington, D. C., and the David Staples letter. If possible could you, ~~or~~ have you a copy of it you could send me. It was cut from the paper and he wishes to return it. He also speaks of the Sec. of your State Historical Society seeing the item and had written to have him find out all he can, and let him know. Mr. Hansen also stated that he might be able to stop over in ^{my} ~~Menden~~ before his return to Fairbury. We hope he will be able too as it is so much better to be able to talk over any arrangements that might be made later. You need ~~not~~ return these ~~copies~~ as I have more. ~~I was very much interested to know that your husband was a Grand Army man. I lost a father and a brother in the Civil War, and a brother and a brother-in-law returned. I can remember some of the sadness that came to us then.~~

The heat has been something terrible here, but is much more comfortable today. There has been some deaths from it, but I think the worst is over.

Hoping this will find you well, and thanking you for your kind letters, I am very sincerely your friend,

Mrs. H. O. Winslow

114 Liberty St.,

Meriden, Conn.

July 15th, 1911.

Hackensack, N. J.

June 20 -11.

Dear Friend Mrs. Steele:

Your letter of the 9th rec'd. enclosing your copy of letter written to Mr. Goldsmith by D. J. Staples, the comrade of Geo. ~~W.~~ Winslow in 1849, and you may be sure that every line of it was of the greatest interest to me. It gives us all the information we could possibly expect relating to the mysterious, but fortunately not nameless grave, along the old Oregon trail in our country.

The next mail brought me, also, a copy of the Staples letter, and a letter from Mr. Henry O. Winslow in answer to one I commenced in Fairbury and finished and mailed from here. From his letter I learned, further, that Mr. Goldsmith wrote to the Boston Herald in regard to this gravestone; that David J. Staples is an uncle of Henry O. and that Geo. Winslow left two sons, ~~Henry~~ Henry O. and Geo E. of Waltham Mass.

Mr. H. O. Winslow has written his brother and sent him my letter and when he hears from him, will write me further in the matter telling me their wishes in regard to the preservation of the grave.

We had a delightful trip across the country- no more oppressive heat after crossing the Nebraska line, and none since.

We are becoming convinced that the human family should imitate the birds in their migrations, making our stopping places only where we do not suffer from heat or from cold, and where food can be raised without continual fear of drouth. This will certainly be possible, sometime, because we are beginning to fly.

We all spent yesterday ^{in N.Y.} ~~out of~~ the city, and I am glad to say Mrs. H. is none the worse to day, for her dissipation. She has not been as well as we hoped she would be, but I **think** she is improving, and I know she is much happier to be relieved from the care of her home, and to be with Gerty.

She sends her love.

Yours truly,

G. W. Hansen.

THE HARBINE BANK OF FAIRBURY

ORGANIZED 1873

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
 GEO. W. HANSEN, PRESIDENT
 L. W. ELDRIDGE, VICE PRESIDENT
 L. M. NELSON, CASHIER
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 H. F. HOLE

CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00

SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$35,000.00

Hackensack N.J.
FAIRBURY, NEBRASKA

July 20/11

Summit & Lookout

*Mr C. S. Paine, Secy
 Lincoln Mo.*

My dear Mr Paine:

*I have your letter notifying me of my appointment
 on Committee in Monumental State line, Oregon Trail.
 I accept the appointment and will, with great pleasure, do any
 work I may be able to assist the Committee and make its work
 successful.*

*I am obtaining much additional
 information about Geo Winslow who was buried 1849 Jefferson Co
 along Oregon trail. I have copy of letter he wrote his wife from
 Independence Mo May 12. 1849, just before starting on his last journey.
 A copy of a letter dated Kearney June 17. 1849 written by Brackett
 Lord, a brother in law of Winslow, - to the family in Mass, giving full
 account of his sickness, death and burial. I have also learned
 that Geo Winslow was a direct descendant of the*

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FAIRBURY, NEBRASKA

Edward Winslow family, the Governor of Plymouth Colony Mass. His grandfather was Shadrack Winslow graduate of Yale College 1771, who fitted out an American Privateer in which he sailed as Surgeon, was taken prisoner, and detained on the Coast of Spain until exchanged. It occurs to me that it would be well to obtain all the additional information possible, and from it compile such as would be interesting on the occasion of setting the marker, and for preservation in the archives of the State Historical Society. The Winslows have the original letters I have referred to. I have had considerable correspondence with them, and they have decided to let the State mark the grave, instead of removing the body to Conn. as they at first considered doing. Yours truly G. W. Hansen

(1) Winebrow Family Records - copied from
from Winebrow Memorial Vol. I
Kneelun Winebrow^B

Of Kempsey + Dontrich. Worcestershire England -
died in 1607. in the parish of St-Andrews -
Worcester, England - m -
Catherine -

His estate were "Clerkenleaf" and Newports
Place - His will, which was dated 14 Apr.
1607, was proved 9 Nov. of the same year, and
is still to be seen in Worcester, Eng.

He left a Widow - and sons Richard and
Edward^a who married Eleanor Pelham - dau of
sir Herbert Pelham of Dontrich -

Edward^a son of Kneelun^B and Catherine born 17 Oct.
1560 died 1631 - married (second) at St-Brides Church
London 4th 1594 - Magdalene Ollyver - as the name
is still seen upon the Parish Register -

Children of Edward^a and Magdalene Ollyver were
Richard^I - Edward^I - John^I - Eleanor^I - Josiah^I -
Gilbert^I - Elizabeth^I - Magdalene^I - Kneelun^I -

Edward^I born Oct. 18th 1595 - Dontrich England
died 8th of May 1655 - married 1st - Leyden 16th May
1618 - Elizabeth Barker - married (2^d) 12th May 1621
Susannah (Fuller) White, came to America in
the Mayflower - was Gov. of Plymouth Colony -

Gilbert¹ came to his⁽²⁾ England on the Mayflower
with his brother Edward -
returned to England, where he died -

Feb 1620

John¹ (brother of Edward¹) came in the Fortune
to America - in 1621 (1621) and was married at New
Plymouth 12th Sept. Oct. 1624 to Mary Chilton -
they remained in Plymouth until 1636 - when
they removed to Boston Mass

Josiah¹ born 11 Feb 1615-6 - d. 1 Dec. 1674 Marsh-
field Mass. - m. - 1636, Margueret Bourne;
d. Oct. 1683 at M.

Josiah Winslow¹ was Gov. Winslow's youngest
brother. and his assistant in many matters
It is thought that he and his brother Kinslow¹
came to America on one of the return voyages of the
Mayflower.

Before the departure of Edward² Winslow
from New England, he had made a settlement
of a valuable tract of land in Marshfield Mass. -
to which he gave the name of Carver's. probably
from an ancient castle of that name ^{in Eng.} and it is
here where his brother made their home
with him upon their arrival in New England
Josiah¹ and Kinslow¹ it is believed by some, to
have arrived at Plymouth in 1627 - but were
there before 1633 -

Heuelum Wemel¹ brother of Edward¹ Gov. of Plymouth
Colony. was the son of Edward² of Dorchester Eng.
was born at Dorchester Eng. 29th day of April
1599 - he was at Plymouth New England before
1633 - and married Eleanor Adams, widow of
John Adams of Plymouth - like his brother he
was distinguished for his sagacity, and good sense,
and had good executive, and business qual-
ities - he was a considerable owner of lands in
Plymouth. in 1640. He was drawn to Plymouth,
by the bonds of sympathy which held him to
his brothers, Edwards and John, and to the Pil-
grims as representing a cause - he died when
on a visit to Salem Mass. and was buried there
Sept-13th 1672 - at the age of seventy-three.

He was admitted freeman, 1 Jan. 1632-3 - In
1640 - he was chosen Surveyor in the Town of Plymouth.
but neglecting his duty, is fined ten shillings.
He removed to Marshfield Mass. - about 1641
having previously received a grant of land
at that place called Greens Harbor. He
was one of the twenty-five original proprietors
of Acamut (Acushnet) Mass. - purchased from
the Indians 2 April 1659 - and received the 24th
lot, a portion which is still owned, and occupied
in 1873 - by Barnaby Wemel, his gr. gr. gr. grand
son to whom by his wife it has descended through

successive generations of more than two hundred years - (4)

Henrich² Kneelun¹ Edward^a -
Kneelun² son of Kneelun¹ and - Eleanor Adams Kneelun
was born at Plymouth Mass, abt: 1635 = d 11 Nov, 1715 -
at Hornich Mass, in the 79 year of his age. He early
sailed to Cape Cod. and settled at in that part
of Yarmouth, which was afterwards incorporated
with Hornich - now Bourne Mass in 1678 he was
elected as "Col. Kneelun" in the list of freemen
of Yarmouth. he was also called "Planter" and
"German" in sundry deeds - and in a purchase
of large tracts of wild land, especially in what
is now the town of Rochester, in which several
of his children afterwards dwelt. In 1679 he was
engaged with the "thirty partners" in such
a purchase. Among other purchases he secured
a great "water privilege" which has been of ad-
vantage to his descendants - even to the present
time (I think this is where Mr. Hansen made
the error.) Kneelun² Kneelun¹ according to records
made the following purchase of land -

From Mansfield Conn. records we find
that Kneelun² Kneelun¹ of Hornich Bour-
stable Co. Mass - bought of George Demion,
of Hingham Conn. one thousand acres of
land in Windham in that part of the town
which afterwards became Mansfield Conn.

(Continued)

(5th)

Mansfield Conn, 11 March 1700 for which he paid
£80. On the 7th of October 1700 - he gives this land to
his son Samuel. Like his Father he seems to have
incurred the displeasure of the General Court; for
under date of 3 Oct: 1662 - It is recorded that Ken-
elm Wanielw, junr, for riding a journey on the
Lord's day, although he pleaded some disappoint-
ment: enforcing their statutes - is fined ten
shillings. He must not, however, be regarded
as a stiffer at religion, or as negligent in the
observance of its forms. For on three occasions he
went to Scituate, some sixty miles distant - that
his children might not remain unbaptized
he brought to the 2nd church in Scituate Mass
for baptism - Kenelm in 1668 - Josiah³ 1670 - Thomas
1672 - about a year before his death 4 Oct 1714 he
was chosen with five others - "to seat persons" or
place them, where they shall sit - in the meet-
ing house. He and many of his family are buried
in the the Wanielw burying ground in Dennis
Mass. - The monument is of hard slate is the
oldest in the yard, and was brought from
England. I would like very much to copy
this over but time will not permit and
sincerely hope you may get the desired in-
formation. We L. O. Wanielw
114 Liberty St -
Mendon Conn

Reveler Havelor^B & Doitwick and Kempsey England.

Edward Knielwa " " " " " who was the Father of the

five sons who came to America with the Pilgrims — their names were as
 follows: —

Gilbert -1

Edward!

Lohn 1

Special

Kenelm¹ - Kenelm² Josiah³ James⁴ Shadrach⁵ Eleazer Robins⁶ George⁷ who died
in the old Oregon Trail - in 1849 - and was buried near Fairbury Nebraska.
My husband Henry C. son of George - is 8th generation from the first Kenelm
Mr. Alfred North

Mr Albert Watkins

This morning I received a letter from Mr Hansen &

I have scribbled off more
 than you will need - to place the line of descendants from our English
 Ancestors - correctly in your mind - and the land purchase spoken of
 in Mr. Hansen's paper was situated in Mansfield Conn (not Marchfield
Conn) but the home of the Pilgrim brothers, was at Marchfield Mass -
 (there is not a Marchfield in Conn)