

Standard Form For Members of the Legislature

Name of Representative Miles, Justin Willard Senator _____

Represented Jackson County, Iowa

1. Birthday and place 18 June 1830 Canaan, Wayne County, Ohio

2. Marriage (s) date place

Sarah Jane Heckett 4 Feb 1856 Jackson County, Iowa

3. Significant events for example:

- A. Business In 1870 he sold the right-of-way through his land and joined with 11 others to assist the C.M. and St. Paul Railroad extend their road; station agent of the railroad 7 years
- B. Civic responsibilities Mason

C. Profession Banker; farmer; cattlemans; railroad station agent; buying stock and selling industry

4. Church membership Congregational

5. Sessions served 17th General Assembly 1878

6. Public Offices

A. Local founder and president of the Exchange Bank, Miles, Iowa; president of the First National Bank of Manchester, Iowa

B. State _____

C. National Member of the Agricultural Congress of the United States

7. Death 11 June 1922 Miles, Iowa; buried Miles, Iowa, Miles, Iowa

8. Children Hattie Idell (Mrs. John Sherwood); Pearl (died at age 3); Benjamin Heckett

9. Names of parents Justin and Harriett (Reis) Miles

10. Education _____

11. Degrees _____

12. Other applicable information _____

Republican

- In 1852 he came to Iowa with his brothers. They took out patents from the Government to obtain land. This land now surrounds Miles Iowa which bears their name.
- Before settling in Jackson County, Iowa he left Ohio to go to California and the Gold Rush.
- He sold the right of way on his land to the C. M. and St. Paul Railroad. When the station was built at Miles, he became the station agent for 8 years.
- When his wife died he moved to Manchester, Iowa
- Military service - Civil War - Company L, 2nd Iowa Cavalry

MILES REPORTER.

A SUB-HEADING TO THE SABULA GAZETTE

Chas. J. Denlek, Local Editor

PRINTED AT SABULA, JACKSON COUNTY, IOWA, JUNE 22, 1922

Give Fine Program.

The program and social given at the M. E. church last Thursday evening under the auspices of the Men's Bible class of the M. E. church proved to be a rare treat in every way. Invitations were sent out to all friends to be present at an entertainment and for ice cream and cake, which were served after the entertainment.

Those who attended enjoyed a very fine evenings program.

F. F. Herrick as president of the class made arrangements with a male quartette which belongs to the Rotary Club of Savanna and brought with them a long list of quartette selections which were greatly appreciated by all.

The quartette which was composed of Messrs. Robert Fuller, John Brearton, Paul Miles and Wm. Kauck were very able singers and they were also most liberal with their numbers. John Brearton who is a Carroll county Judge

was speaker of the evening and he brought a message that every one should have heard. He is an able speaker, spicy and up-to-date and has many good thoughts which seemed to fall in line with the opinions of his listeners as he was applauded time after time during his address. Robert Fuller was also prevailed upon for a short talk which was very interesting. The quartette were a bunch of jolly good-natured fellows who know what and how to

The social hour at the luncheon was also very much enjoyed and the Men's Class feel that they have accomplished a great deal and are very apt to invite their friends and neighbors again

HON. J. W. MILES

LAI D TO REST

Funeral Services Held from Congregational Church With Interment in Miles Cemetery. Rev. L. L. Lockard Officiated at Services and Delphic Chapter, Rose Croix, A. A. S. R. Masons of Clinton Conducting Burial Services at the Cemetery.

Hon. Justin Willard Miles was born in Wayne County, Ohio, on June 18, 1830, being a descendant of English stock, his great grandparents coming from the Mother Country in 1750 and settling in New England. In 1852 he came to Iowa with his brothers and they took out patents from the Government and had the honor of thus obtaining the land which now surrounds and is occupied by the little city which bears their name.

Just previous to settling in Iowa and Jackson county Hon. J. W. had made the trip with an emigrant train from his Ohio home to California where the gold fever was at its height and this trip through the wilds was always fresh in his memory whenever occasion called for relating any of his experiences of his younger days. On Feb. 4th, 1856 he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Jane Heckert, daughter of John and Saloma Heckert who was a native of his own Ohio town. To them were born three children: Hattie Idell (now Mrs. John Sherwood) Pearl, who died at the age of two years and Benjamin Franklin, now of Harrah, Oklahoma.

He was an extensive farmer and cattle raiser for many years and

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A good town is everybody's town every resident takes pride, one which is always ready to boost.

Improvement, betterment, prog only through a recognition of mutual responsibility.

Communities that practice buyin banking at home are invariably good. We believe Miles is such a community in which to live.

MILES SAVINGS
.....MILES.....
-IOWA-

STATEMENT OF CONDITIC

THE MILES SAVING

Organized under the laws of Iowa, located at Miles, Jackson. at the close of business on the 10th day

RESOURCES.

1. Loans and Discounts Bonds and Securities.....
2. Overdrafts.....
5. Banking House.....
6. Due from Banks and Bankers.....

LIABILITIES.

have accompanied a great many and are very apt to invite their friends and neighbors again
Picnic Fine Affair.

The telephone picnic last week proved to be a very fine affair for all concerned. It was a general picnic for all interested in telephone lines including the managers operators and patrons. It was a model day for a picnic and a great many took the day off and journeyed to the woods where the breeze was cool and the shade trees were very abundant. There were several good speeches and many of the ins and outs of the telephone industry were explained thoroughly and the patrons derived a great deal of benefit from the talks. There was a base ball game and other amusements to break the monotony and there were many expressions of delight and satisfaction from those who attended.

Miles is busy this week oiling her streets. It will be a bit greasy for a few days but this will soon be over with and the dust will be settled for all summer, a fact which will certainly heralded with much delight by all the business men to say nothing of the other residents who do not care to have dust blowing in their faces all the time. Charles All is chief fireman and has a steam engine heating the oil while it is being loaded into the wagon and this makes it soak into the ground much more rapidly.

Mrs. Susan Walker who was visiting with relatives and friends in this city and vicinity returned to Mt. Vernon last Saturday morning. Mrs. Walker used to live here and her many friends are always pleased to have her return for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Smith were out from Clinton last Sunday visiting with Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. McDonald.

Mrs. E. E. Menneke and Miss Roberta were down from Maquoketa last week visiting with relatives.

He was an excellent cattle raiser for many years and owned in this section and branched out to the stock buying and selling industry. He had the honor of being elected as a member of the Seventeenth General Assembly from Jackson county, gaining his position by an overwhelming majority. He was also made a member of the Agricultural Congress of the United States by Governor Sherman and represented Iowa at five consecutive sessions, being honored with the Chairmanship of the Iowa Delegation. In 1870 when the C. M. and St. Paul railroad was built through this city he sold them the right-of-way through his land and joined with eleven other men in going bonds to assist the Company in extending their road. After the station was built at Miles, Mr. Miles took charge of it and was agent for seven years. He was a good business man and a successful farmer and a great community man. He always had an eager ear to listen to those who came to him in trouble and never frowned upon any one who came to him for support if he deemed their cause a worthy one. When he lost his beloved wife and helpmate he gave up his home here and removed to Manchester, Iowa, where he made his home for the past several years only returning here on a few occasions on a visit or when business would call him.

A few weeks ago he was taken to a sanitarium at Savanna, Missouri, for treatments, but they failed to bring the desired results and his ailments together with his advanced age proved to be too much for him and he was obliged to give up the struggle.

Funeral services were held here on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. Rev. L. L. Lockkard of Anamosa, conducted the services and delivered a most befitting address. The choir furnished very beautiful selections. He being a 32nd degree Mason, the Masonic order of Delphic Chapter of Clinton took charge of the burial services at the cemetery where a large crowd

U. Furniture
 H. Due from banks and bankers, cash
 LIABILITIES

10. Capital stock
11. Surplus fund
12. Undivided profits (after deducting ex
16. Individual deposits subject to check
20. Time certificates of deposit
21. Savings deposits
27. Rediscounts

Total Liabilities
 STATE OF IOWA,)
 Jackson County,) ss.

We, C. A. Menneke, President, and J. Witzigman, cashier of the bank above referred to, in foregoing statement is full, true and correct to the best of our knowledge and belief, that the assets therein set forth are sufficient to pay the liabilities in its corporate capacity, and that no part of the assets have been advanced to said bank for the purpose of its assets.

(BANK SEAL.)
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence by C. A. Menneke, President, and J. R. Witzigman, cashier, this 19th day of _____, 19__.
 WM. F. SCHROEDER, Notary Public.
 Attested by Detlef Petersen, Hans Fried

was in attendance to pay their last respects to their departed brother.

Besides his immediate family, Mrs. John Sherwood and Benjamin F. Miles he is survived by one sister, Mrs. Martin Rigby of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, and one brother, Orson Miles, of Olin, Iowa.

Those in attendance from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. John Sherwood, of Boston, Mass., Benjamin F. Miles, of Harrah, Oklahoma, Mrs. Martin Rigby of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, Mrs. L. L. Dee of Mt. Vernon, and John McGewin of Manchester, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Kellogg, A. J. Cook and Rev. J. J. Kidder were in Maquoketa, Wednesday, attending the funeral of J. R. Buchner. Mr. Buchner has many friends in this city who will be grieved to learn of his death.

Miss Esther Christiansen is out from Sabula this week, visiting with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fogelia.

Don't forget Miles is going to celebrate. All arrangements are being made for a grand and glorious funeral.

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PORTRAIT AND
BIOGRAPHICAL

ALBUM

—OF—

JACKSON COUNTY, IOWA,

CONTAINING

Full Page Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Prominent
and Representative Citizens of the County,

TOGETHER WITH

PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF ALL THE GOVERNORS OF THE STATE, AND
OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

CHICAGO:

CHAPMAN BROTHERS,

1889. D



BIOGRAPHICAL.



THE HON. JUSTIN WIL-
LARD MILES is a promi-
nent banker and pioneer of
Jackson County, and he was
born in Canaan, Wayne Co.,
Ohio, June 18, 1830. He is a
descendent of English stock,
his great-grandparents coming
from the mother country about
1750 and settling in New En-
gland, where were born Timo-
thy, Abner, and Thomas. The
second son, Timothy, was the
grandfather of our subject, and
the three brothers above mentioned

were the virtual head of the Miles family, whose
descendents are now scattered throughout the
United States.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary
struggle J. W. Miles' grandfather, Timothy Miles,
then living in the wilds of Vermont, was taken
prisoner by a band of Indians, under the command
of a British officer. His house was burned and his
family turned into the woods without shelter, and
he himself was kept in close confinement for sev-
eral months before being liberated. His wife and
family, meanwhile, found refuge at the house of a
neighboring settler.

Soon after the return of Timothy Miles the three
brothers formed the project of fitting out a vessel,
and going over to France for arms and ammuni-
tion, and from there to cruise against the com-
merce of England. The enterprise seemed feasible,
as Abner, being a sea-captain, and understanding
navigation, was peculiarly fitted for such an under-
taking. A fine craft was secured, and a suitable
crew was enlisted. A number of wooden guns
were made, and painted to represent the genuine
article, but without a real gun on board, and trust-
ing to fortune and a clean pair of heels, they hoped
to reach France, where supplies could be obtained
in abundance.

After many adventures, when their object was
almost attained, they were captured by a British
man-of-war, and confined in the old Jersey prison-
ship, then lying at New York Harbor. Abner,
through the influence of the Masonic fraternity,
was soon released. Timothy and Thomas, how-
ever, remained prisoners for several months; then
they were exchanged, and afterward participated
in many of the battles of the war, and were present
at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army.
At the close of the war Timothy returned to Ran-
dolph, Vt. Abner settled in Massachusetts or Con-
necticut, while Thomas located in Pennsylvania,
near the lake shore, where many of his descendants



Yours Truly
J. W. Miles

now reside. Timothy afterward removed to Three Rivers in Canada, where he laid the foundation of that prosperous city. He became quite wealthy, and owned a large tract of land near that place. About the year 1818 he became financially involved as security in a mercantile venture of one Dan Moulton, his son-in-law. His fine estate was swept away, and he became bankrupt. He did not survive his misfortune, but, a few months later, passed away, and his wife soon followed him. He was the father of eight children, three sons and five daughters. They were named respectively: John, James and Justin, Marcia, Dolly, Lucia, Almira, and Theda.

Justin Miles, the father of Justin W. Miles, was twice married, his first wife being Miss Tabitha Haskins, of Canaan, Ohio. She bore him three children, one son and two daughters—James N., Elizabeth, and Mary. His second wife was Miss Harriet Rice, a native of Greensboro, Vt., who was a grand-daughter of Commodore Whipple, of the British Navy. She bore him six children, four sons and two daughters, Justin Willard being the eldest; Orson, the second son, was in the Australian mines from 1853 until 1872. He now lives in Cedar County, Iowa; Hiram Avery, the third son, owns a fine farm near Miles, and is engaged in farming. The youngest, Forest M., enlisted in the 24th Iowa Infantry, in the fall of 1862, and served during the war.

Forest participated in all the battles his regiment was engaged in, taking an active part in the battles of Morganza Bend, Balls' Bluff, Port Gibson, Champion Hills, capture of Jackson, Miss., and siege and capture of Vicksburg. He also accompanied his regiment and participated in all the battles of the Red River campaign, under Gen. Banks. At the battle of Cedar Creek, in the Shenandoah Valley, Va., he was severely wounded in the right foot, and for a time was in the hands of the enemy, but was recaptured the same day. He now resides on the old homestead at Miles, Iowa. The oldest daughter, Sarah, was married to A. J. Scofield, at Canaan, Ohio, who also enlisted in the 24th Iowa Infantry, and was killed at the battle of Champion Hills. She afterwards married John Deming, and now lives in Cedar County, Iowa. The youngest

daughter, Harriet Alma, married Capt. Martin Rigby, of Company 1, 24th Iowa Infantry, and also resides in Cedar County, Iowa.

Justin Miles was born in Randolph, Vt., in 1793, and in company with his two brothers, John and James, emigrated to Ohio in 1820, Justin settling in Canaan, Wayne County, and James in Guilford, Medina County. John soon after removed to Yankee Springs, Mich. In 1852 James removed to Jackson County, Iowa, and was soon afterward followed by Justin. At that time the land was mostly owned by the Government, and the Miles brothers had the honor of patenting the land where the beautiful little city of Miles now stands, and whence it derives its name.

Among the daughters of Timothy Miles were some very fine singers, especially Marcia, whose daughter, Caroline, was the mother of that very distinguished soldier, ex-Governor R. A. Alger, of Michigan. Gen. James N. Miles, of the regular army, the renowned Indian fighter, is a descendant of Abner Miles of Revolutionary fame. As a race they are peculiarly noted for their force of character, their unflinching adherence to what they believe to be right, and their strong regard for everything that is American.

The Miles family was among the first to rally around the flag in defense of the Union during the late Civil War, and were among the most loyal supporters of Lincoln's administration. Coming from the old Whig stock, they are naturally Republican, and are of that radical mold that makes them strong partisans.

Our subject was elected a member of the Seventeenth General Assembly from Jackson County, Iowa, overcoming a large Democratic majority, and served his constituency in a very acceptable manner. He was made a member of the Agricultural Congress of the United States by Gov. Sherman. Representing his State in that body for five consecutive sessions, he was honored with the Chairmanship of the Iowa delegation.

Mr. Miles was married, Feb. 4, 1856, to Miss Sarah Jane Heckert, daughter of John and Saloma (Harsh) Heckert. Mrs. Miles is a native of the same town as her husband, and was born March 4, 1837. To them have been born three children,

namely: Mattie Idell; Pearl died, aged two years; and Benjamin Franklin. Those living are still single, and remain at home. Their daughter is an accomplished vocalist, and for the past seven years has been residing in Boston and New Bedford, Mass., the greater portion of each year.

When Mr. Miles began life here in Iowa he had but little money, and his success is largely due to his own indefatigable industry and application to various business enterprises, among which was farming, which he closely followed up to 1870. In that year, when the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad was built, he, with eleven others, went on a bond for \$15,000, to be paid when the road was completed to the town of Preston, the first town west of Miles, and the contract was carried out by both parties. After the station was located at Miles he took charge of it, and engaged in dealing in live stock and in the grain business. He was agent here for seven years, and in the grain and produce trade for twelve years, doing an extensive and lucrative business. During this time he still carried on his farming interests.

Few men in Iowa have had so extensive an acquaintance throughout the entire State as Mr. Miles. His fine conversational powers, combined with his genial, frank disposition, make him the center of attraction in every social circle. He has, for many years, taken great interest in Free Masonry, and has taken all the degrees, both ancient and modern, except the thirty-third degree. He is now quite extensively engaged in agricultural pursuits, and is the founder and President of the Exchange Bank of Miles, where he now resides.

We have asked J. W. Miles to write in his own language for our Jackson County ALBUM, the balance of his personal history.

I staid with my father on his extensive farm in Canaan during my minority. In March, 1852, I concluded to go to California across the plains. Capt. Durling, who had crossed the plains in 1850, had just returned and advertised to take another company across for \$125 per capita. He agreed to furnish every necessary equipment, but the company must do the work. The conveyances were to be hauled by ox teams. In a few days the neces-

sary number of applications was received, and on March 18 the company (100 men and five women) started from Wooster, Ohio, on a journey so full of varied and thrilling experiences, that it will ever be fresh in memory.

We went by rail to Wellsville, on the Ohio River. From here we took a steamer down the Ohio to its mouth, and up the Mississippi to St. Louis. At St. Louis Capt. Durling selected nine of us Canaan boys and ten others to cross the country with him to Independence, Mo., for the purpose of buying up the stock required. The balance of the company was sent direct to Independence by steamer, where they encamped until we arrived. We bought 130 head of cattle and fifteen horses. On the night before leaving St. Louis Capt. Durling's quick wit and self-command saved him from being held up and robbed while he had more than \$30,000 on his person. Late in the evening two men stopped him on the street, pushed him into an alley, and told him to disgorge if he wanted to live. He said to them in a very cool manner: "Who do you think I am?" They replied: "You are Capt. Durling, from Ohio, on your way across the plains." In the same cool manner he said again: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken; I am on the same business that you are. I know where Capt. Durling is, and if you fellows will join me, we shall do him up." They were completely disarmed, and so went with him. He soon met two policemen and handed the would-be robbers over to them, agreeing to appear against them the next morning. But when morning came we left the city early, and no doubt the thugs were turned loose again.

About April 1 we arrived at Independence with our stock, and in ten days were started on our trip. We crossed the Kansas River on a rope ferry about ten miles above its mouth, and had a very pleasant time through Kansas and into Nebraska, until we struck the Cotton Mound River. Here the cholera broke out during the first night in camp. A young man in tent No. 9 was taken about 9 o'clock and died before twelve. His brother next younger was taken soon after, and at 2 o'clock he was dead. Our mess, No. 8, buried them both in one long grave, wrapped only in their blankets. This was

our first sad experience. The train moved on at daybreak, thinking there might be something in the locality that had brought on the disease. It stuck to us, however, for ten days. During this time twelve died and as many others recovered. We Canaan boys seemed cholera proof. None of us were attacked by it.

Early in May we arrived at the Platte River, a few miles below Ft. Kearney. Here a little good fortune befell our mess. We had scarcely gone into camp when I noticed a covered wagon about a half-mile from us. On going over to visit it I found two men and two women, who had started from St. Louis with one wagon and three yoke of oxen, to make their way to the gold fields of California. One ox had died, they could not buy another to replace it, nor could they advance or go back without one. I told the men that if one of the women would cook for our mess during the remainder of the journey, I would persuade the Captain to take them into our train. This they heartily agreed to, and the bargain was soon made. So we had an excellent cook thereafter. The next day we crossed the Platte River at Kearney, and continued on the north side. Here we ran into the Pawnee Indians. They were on the war path that summer, and we had to look out for them. On the 15th of May we camped near a little stream, making, as usual, a corral of our wagons, to prevent the Indians from stampeding our stock. The twenty-six wagons made a corral large enough for all the cattle, but the horses were picketed outside and a guard placed over all. About 2 o'clock, a. m., some Indians crawled up the bed of the stream and scared the horses. They came rushing up to the wagons, snorting and pawing until they stampeded the cattle. The whole herd made a rush for the opposite side of the corral, went pell mell over one wagon, and reduced it to atoms. Not a wheel remained unbroken, yet strange as it may seem, not a hoof was hurt. In less time than it takes to read this, every critter had disappeared in the darkness, except six horses. This was hard luck, but it might have been worse had they all gone. At dawn Capt Durling, with five of us Canaan boys on the six remaining horses, were on their trail, well armed and determined. We overtook them

about ten miles from camp, driven by fifteen Indians. The Indians were not going to give up their prize without a struggle. They faced about to give us battle. It was open prairie, so we commenced shooting at long range. We soon had three of them down, and so were encouraged to go nearer. It was not long until two more were wounded, and a third fell dead. The rest fled, taking one of our horses with them. Capt. Durling gave chase, and was rapidly gaining on the enemy when the fellow dismounted at the river's edge and dove from sight. When he appeared at the opposite side the Captain shot him dead. Every animal was recovered, and our return to camp with them was the occasion of much rejoicing. This was our last attempt to form a corral of the wagons, but instead we placed a strong guard over the stock.

Shortly after this experience Charles Burdett, one of our Canaan boys, was taken with mountain fever, and after suffering severely for fifteen days he died, and we buried him at Ash Hollow. This was the first loss from our company, and we all felt it bitterly. I never saw such a homesick lot in my life. For my part, had the earth been mine, I believe I should have given it that morning to have been at home. It looked hard to leave the bones of our fellows to bleach on the plains.

In due time we arrived at Ft. Laramie. From here we soon struck the Sweetwater, a beautiful stream and a lovely country. This was the home of the Crow Indians. They were at peace, and we had no further trouble until we arrived at the Humboldt River.

July 4 was celebrated at Independence Rock, and on the 15th of the same month we crossed the Rockies by the South Pass. There was still snow in some of the ravines. The roads were excellent from this on to the Green River, which river we crossed on a ferry to Ft. Bridges. Here I was taken with mountain fever, and by the time we reached Salt Lake I was a mere skeleton, and could move about only by the help of a cane.

On our first night in the valley we camped six miles from the city, which, as it lay at our feet, looked most inviting and cheerful after so long a tramp across the barren desert. There was a trad-

ing post near camp, kept by a fellow who made it his business to catch all emigrants when they first entered the valley, as they were likely to have more money then than when they left. Two of us boys went into his store to get something I could eat. After buying a few vegetables I sat down to rest. When my companion thought I had rested long enough he said: "Miles let's go." The storekeeper said: "Did you speak to me?" My friend replied: "No, I spoke to my companion here." "Well," said he, "that is my name." I had noticed along the route to Salt Lake City several advertisements painted on huge rocks, signed, "Miles Bros., Pioneers for the Mormons," and this young man proved to be one of them. I had a short talk with him and found him to be my own cousin. His grandfather, whose name was Thomas Miles, settled in Pennsylvania after the Revolutionary War. He was a brother of Timothy Miles, my grandfather. This young Miles was about my age. He had two brothers, one sister and a widowed mother. The father had died near Akron, Ohio, on his way to join the Mormons, then located at Nauvoo, Ill. The other members of the family had been with the Mormons ever since. He took me home with him the next morning, and I remained with the family for two weeks. Under their kind treatment and good care I recovered rapidly. They were all single at that time, and were non-believers in polygamy. My cousin showed me all the interesting features of the city, and introduced me to Brigham Young and Orson Pratt. I called on these men almost daily after that until we left the City. They all urged me to become a Mormon and remain with them. Brigham offered me a commission in his army, under my cousin, who was captain; but I had started for California, and nothing but death could stop me. We were there, however, on July 24, the anniversary of their arrival at Salt Lake. They had an immense celebration, equal to our Fourth of July. One might have thought, judging by the speeches of their leaders, that they owned and ruled—yes, and ever would—the whole earth and most of heaven. Our company had no cause for complaint, however, for they treated us all very nicely. We left them the latter part of July, feeling greatly

refreshed and much more jubilant than when we entered the valley.

The first night in camp after leaving the Mormon city we missed one of our men, (Walcot, who was a Methodist preacher.) He had been converted to the Mormon faith, and they made him an Elder. I heard of him but a few years since. He is still with them.

Leaving this interesting spot in the thread of our story, let us hasten on. In a few days we reached the Humboldt River, and traveled its entire length, until it was swallowed up in the desert, at a place called Humboldt Sink. The Humboldt Indians occupied this whole region. They had been very hostile ever since the Mormons entered the valley, and the scalp of many a Saint, as well as Gentile, adorned their wigwams. At a place called Stony Point, they gave emigrants more trouble than at any other one place. When our train arrived in this vicinity we camped in a big bend of the river, where the feed was good for the stock. Both banks of the river were thickly overgrown with willows from ten to fifteen feet high. There was no other shrubbery in the whole Humboldt Valley, which is six miles in width, and bounded on either side by high mountains. Capt. Durling arranged the guards this night, and nothing unusual happened. The picket next the river reported that he saw Indians on the opposite bank just after day light. After breakfast Capt. Durling told me to mount my pony, follow a path leading through the willows below camp, ford the stream, and learn what I could concerning the redskins. I asked Harrington, a chum of mine, to go with me. He mounted the pony behind me, and we were soon on the opposite bank of the stream. Emerging from the willows and looking toward the bluff we saw a dozen or fifteen Indians, about a half-mile distant, coming toward us. We slipped back into the willows to watch their movements. They seemed to be making for the very path we were in. As they approached near to us we discovered that they had with them two white men, prisoners. We hurriedly decided to lay low until they were within thirty yards of us, then to empty our rifles and revolvers at them so rapidly as to impress them of greater numbers, believing that

what we did not kill or wound would run, leaving us the prisoners. But our scheme failed, for while they were yet fifty or sixty yards distant they turned abruptly to our right, crossed the river fifteen rods below us, and disappeared in the willows. We put back to camp and reported what we had seen. It was then about ten o'clock, but as we had planned to remain there that day, the Captain took fifty-five men, leaving the rest to guard the camp, and crossed the river again where we had crossed. We soon found the Indian trail, and following it were led back across a portion of the river on to an island. Continuing on our trail through the willows we suddenly came upon an Indian village of more than fifty wigwams. The occupants, bucks, squaws, and paposes, all fled into the bushes on the opposite side of the island. We did not fire at them, but thought "if they will but go, they can not go too quick nor too far."

On entering the chief's wigwam we found the two prisoners tied to the center pole, and they were two happy men when we cut their fetters and set them free. They were from Kentucky, and had left their train to shoot some ducks they had seen light in a little lake. When they were far enough from their fellows these Indians had pounced upon them from the long grass, and had captured them. They were doomed to burn at the stake on the very evening we rescued them.

Some of the men set fire to several of the wigwams, and in no time the whole village was in a blaze. When the red men saw the smoke of their burning city they raised the war whoop and charged through the willows. Our Captain took in the situation in a second, and instantly arranged his men within ten paces of the brush. When the Indians appeared we gave them a volley that sent them suddenly back behind their fortress. The old chief could not get them to charge again, although he tried for thirty minutes. Capt. Durling was quite anxious to know what was on the other side of the bushes, so an old veteran of the Mexican War, who was in the company, volunteered to crawl through and report. In about ten minutes he returned with a bad arrow wound over his eye. The Captain then asked me to stand in my saddle and report what I could see. This I did. The Indians

were huddled together in an opening of the brush they did not see me. There was one not more than forty yards distant with a rifle in his hand, standing by a large American horse. I drew a bead on him, but my gun missed fire. He heard the snap and returned the compliment almost instantly. His ball struck my saddle but did no further damage. By this time I had a new cap on my gun, so fired again. I saw both Indian and horse fall to the ground. The same bullet had killed them both. I regretted the death of the horse very much, for he would have been worth \$300 in California. The Indians now made a rush past our left flank for the river. As they passed the only opening we fired upon them, killing several and wounding others. This ended the battle. The Indians lost more than thirty in killed and wounded, while but two of our men were hit at all.

Brigham Young soon heard of our victory and dispatched a courier after us with his sincere thanks and a pretty flag, which we kept flying from our lead-wagon until we arrived in California.

These same Indians, however, were eager for revenge, and they harassed our track for more than two weeks, pouncing upon any of us whenever we chanced away from camp alone.

The fourth evening after the battle of Stony Point one of our horses strayed a half-mile from camp. The Captain sent me and a mess-mate of mine to bring him in. We thought of no danger, and so went out unarmed. My companion rode the horse while I trudged behind. As we passed a covert of bushes on the bank of the river a treacherous redskin, from his concealment, fired an arrow at me, which cut completely through my clothing across my chest, inflicting a slight wound as it whizzed by. I assure you no grass grew under my feet from there to camp.

A few days later two of our party, Capt. Robinson and a boy by the name of Webb, thought the train moved too slow for them, so they filled their knapsacks and declared they would take it afoot the rest of the way. The first night out they suppered by the roadside, and after dark sought the shelter of some sage bushes about forty rods distant, for the night. About 12 o'clock five In-

dians pounced upon them, disarmed them as they (the Indians) supposed, bound their hands with rawhide, and thus made them prisoners. They immediately started northward, but had not gone far when two of the Indians who were mounted rode away, leaving the other three to bring the prisoners. The Captain worked vigorously at his fetters in the darkness, and was soon rewarded in the satisfaction that he could slip one hand out whenever a favorable opportunity offered itself. Presently they ascended a little hill, at the right of which ran a little stream. Two of the Indians went down to drink. When they were at the foot of the hill Robinson unloosed his hands, drew a revolver from his boot leg, and placing it within six inches of the Indian's body, sent him howling into Eternity. The other two rushed back to the summit, but as they drew near he fired again, wounding another of the trio. The third fled for his life, and they saw him no more. Robinson then took a bowie knife from the dead Indian's belt, cut the boy's bonds asunder, and sent him to settle with the wounded Indian. He said the lad would have made mince meat of him, had he not called him away. They made their way back to the trail about daylight, found another train, and induced them to wait until we came up. This was the last attempt by any one to walk on ahead of the train.

We arrived one evening a few days later at the Humboldt Sink, and being in a dreary desert without food or water for the stock, we pushed on, traveling thirty miles that night, along what was called Trunkey route. We arrived about dawn at Boiling Springs. These Springs can be heard several miles away. The water is a little brackish, and comes up boiling hot. One can make very good tea or coffee from it, and cattle will drink it after it is cooled.

One day later we arrived at the Trunkey River, forded it, and camped on the opposite side. This was the first stream since we left the Platte that was not impregnated with alkali; and coming upon it right out of the desert we thought it the most beautiful stream in the world. Water, wood, and grass being abundant, we remained here several days, to improve ourselves and our stock.

Another week's travel brought us to the place

where Lawson and his ill-fated company perished the previous winter. Their ghastly skeletons, picked clean by the wolves and vultures, were strewn about the old camp in reckless profusion. It was the most hideous sight I had ever witnessed. This was near the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The ascent of these mountains was so gradual that we scarcely realized it, but the descent on the opposite side was so abrupt that we were compelled at times to lower our wagons by means of long ropes. This was the hardest and most tedious part of our journey.

On September 18, just six months from the day we left home, we arrived at Gibsonville. Here we Canaan boys decided to stop to try our fortunes. In a short time we had staked out claims, built us a log cabin, and were washing out gold. Eight of us labored and bunked together. Snow began to fall late in October, and at one time during the winter of 1852-53 it lay twenty feet deep. There was nothing done in the mines after this for a long time. Everybody was kept busy shoveling out his cabin, and procuring wood for fuel.

Gibsonville is at the foot of Pilot Knob. About 300 mines were located here. January 1 we all started out to beat a path to the Rabbit Creek house, a distance of eleven miles, where we could get provisions. Gibsonville had run out of about everything except whiskey, and none of us could live long on that alone. We left camp at Gibsonville early in the morning, single file, the head man wallowing waist deep or deeper in the snow until exhausted, then he would fall out and the next man would continue a little farther in the same manner. When 300 men had traversed the same path it was quite passable. We made five miles the first day, and all but one returned home at night, though some were late getting back. We started out early on the following morning to complete our work, but had not gone more than a mile when we picked up our lost companion, evidently chilled to death, although it had not frozen a particle. He probably sat down to rest, and being fatigued fell asleep, never to wake again. On the second day we completed our road to the Rabbit Creek house, and each man carried back what provisions he could. Two of our mess went down

every week thereafter until the first of May, when a train of Mexican pack mules came up with supplies.

Nothing of grave importance happened during the summer until September. At this time was found missing a man by the name of Slater, who kept a trading post about three miles below our camp. His ranche was still run by his cook, a young man who came with Slater from Portland, Me. When miners went there to trade, and inquired for Slater, the cook would always tell them he had gone below to buy goods. People became suspicious after a while, and sent a man below to inquire about him, but no one had seen him. For some time two sailors had been stopping with the cook, and one Sunday when two of the miners went down to trade these sailors offered them \$5 to cut down a large pine tree, instructing them particularly that it must be felled in a certain place. The miners did the work and received their pay, but on the way back to camp they began to think it strange that the tree must be put in just such a position. They related their experience to our mess, and we too thought it strange. After talking the matter over, I was appointed a committee to go over to Shaskey, where there was a vigilance committee, and have them investigate the matter. I found the boy captain, as he was called, and he, with one other, came to Gibsonville the next day. They hired two men to saw the log into cuts and roll it away. Then they began to dig along beneath its bed, and soon found a soft place. After digging but one foot they found, in a sitting position, the object of their search, with his head split open, apparently with an ax, and a rope around his neck. The rope passed under his knees, then over his neck again, drawing his knees up to his chin, and was tied in a sailor's knot. The sailors had left the ranche some time before, so the Captain put the cook under arrest, and went over to Nelson Creek, where he found the sailors, and brought them back to Gibsonville. They were taken to Slater's ranche the next day and tried for murder before a jury of miners. Some one had told the cook if he would turn State's evidence and tell what he knew about the murder they would let him go; accordingly, he was made first witness.

His testimony was as follows: "These sailors have been at the ranche a great deal. One day when Slater was out they asked me how much money he had in the house. I told them \$16,000, besides his stock of goods. They then proposed to make way with him and share the 'boodle', but I was to have no part in the murder, except to go up the road and watch that no one should come upon them. They offered me \$6,000 and the store, they to take \$5,000 apiece and leave the country. I agreed to this, and the program was carried out as planned.' The sailors showed no fear, but declared their innocence to the very end. The jurors brought in a verdict of guilty, and all three were hanged until they were dead. The cook was hanged first, and broke down so completely that he could not stand alone while the rope was being thrown over the limb. The other two died "game."

We continued our mining with fair success for some time, and were working two set of men, one by night and one by day. I worked with the night crew. We had drifted into the mountain by one main tunnel about 100 feet, and had run several drifts to the right and left, becoming very careless about timbering overhead to prevent the top of the drift from flaking off. On the 20th of May, 1854, while I was at work as usual, a large quantity of gravel fell upon me, and buried me to the depth of three or four feet. Three other men were working near, and they came immediately to my rescue. The gravel being loose, they soon shoveled me out, though more dead than alive. I was carried to our log cabin, and for more than a month suffered so much that death would have been a great relief. No bones were broken, but every muscle and fiber had been squeezed until it was as tender and sensitive as naked nerve. While I was confined to my bed we had another sensation that caused us to send again for the boy Captain. Our Gibsonville butcher, who was accustomed to go down the valley every week for stock, started out the 1st of May with \$700 in his pocket. His body was found three days later, not more than a mile from town. Five fatal wounds showed that he had made a gallant fight for his life.

Two gamblers who staid at Gibsonville were suspicioned. One of them had been seen on the same

day that our butcher left town, with his hand tied up in the butcher's handkerchief. He claimed to have cut his hand while grinding his bowie knife, but when the boy Captain and his partner came into town the gamblers suddenly left. The Captain followed their trail, but was surprised and fired at by the gamblers about three miles from town. They missed him, however, and he returned their shots, killing one and forcing the other to surrender. The criminals were brought back to Gibsonville, and the living one confessed the murder. He was hanged to a tree, with apparent indifference to his fate.

This Boy Captain is well known by many Jackson County people. He is now, and has been for several years, a conductor on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, between Chicago and Marion. Charles Shepherd is the Boy Captain of one of California's earlier day vigilance committees.

In two months from the date of my injury in the mine I was able to move about a little by the aid of crutches. I then sold my interest in the mine and decided to return to Ohio. The boys carried me to the nearest stage line, a distance of twelve miles, and I started for San Francisco, arriving there much better than when I left the mines. June 30 we started from San Francisco on the steamship "Oregon," and had a very pleasant fourteen-days journey to Panama. Here we procured horses or mules to cross the Isthmus to Chagres. Just before arriving at this place one of the passengers, getting a little behind his comrades, was waylaid and robbed by some natives. He was left for dead, but another company coming over soon after found him, and brought him along to Chagres. When we left the next morning he was still alive. From Chagres we had a journey of twenty-five miles down the river in open skiffs, then took the cars to Aspinwall. After waiting two days for a steamer to New York, we took passage on the "Georgia," and were in New York in eight days. On the "Georgia" I made the acquaintance of six sickly looking men, who said they were all that was left of seventy-five who came from New York to the Isthmus sixty days before, to work on the railroad then building from Aspinwall to Panama. In New York I left my old clothing all in a bath

house, took a bath, a shave, and a shampooing, donned a new suit, and was thus for the first time in more than two years entirely without that company that sticketh closer than a brother.

I arrived at Canaan, Wayne Co., Ohio, my home and birth place, about Aug. 1, 1854, much improved in health and quite able to walk. In two months I was entirely well. The following October I received a letter from my uncle, who had moved to Jackson County, Iowa, in 1852. He stated that cattle brought a good price in Iowa that fall. During the summer of 1854, Northern Ohio had suffered from a severe drouth, so that everybody was short of feed, and cattle were cheap. My brother, J. N. Miles, and I, concluded to buy up a drove and take them to Iowa. Accordingly, we bought 130 head, and when we had them ready to drive, they had not cost us more than \$10 a head. In Eastern Illinois we bought twenty-five more, and when we reached Iowa in early December, our herd numbered 155 head. We crossed the Mississippi River at Lyons and staid with Elijah Buell. The weather was still as pleasant as early autumn. They told us at Lyons that Iowa was an Indian name and signified: "This is the place." We thought it rightly named. December 9 we sold our stock at public auction, and realized \$32 a head for the drove. I liked the country so well that I bought the fifty acres on which my buildings now stand, selecting that particular piece especially to secure the water running through it. It pleased me so much that I decided at once to make this my future home.

About the middle of January, 1855, I returned to Ohio, and in the spring following learned that my father had signed a note for \$2,000 with one Zuner, a merchant who had just failed. It was evident that my father must pay the note, if something was not speedily done to relieve him. I hastened to see Mr. Zuner, and was not long in persuading him that he had better make some provision for paying the claim. He had sent his brother with twenty horses to Walnut Grove just before he failed, and he gave me a bill of sale of these horses. With this I followed at once, arriving at the Grove on the very day the horses did. They were turned over to me, and within two weeks

I disposed of all but one. This one I kept to ride to Jackson County, Iowa, the distance being only about eighty miles.

The next day I rode to a small town just below Rock Island and put up for the night. Next morning I reached Rock Island about 8 o'clock, to take the ferry across to Davenport. While seated on my horse waiting for the boat to come over, a stranger approached me, looked at the horse very critically, and said to me: "Stranger, I think I know this horse." He spoke so impolitely that I retorted: "I presume so, as you look to me like a very knowing fellow." Just at this moment the ferry boat landed and this man went aboard ahead of me, and engaged in a low conversation with the Captain. I soon became convinced that they were talking about my horse. Immediately on landing at the wharf in Davenport my attentive friend disappeared. I had not ridden but a few blocks up Main street, when he, with the Scott County Sheriff, stopped me. The Sheriff showed me a telegram from Kankakee, Ill., showing that parties there had had a horse stolen, and that my horse answered the description. I then explained the history of my horse, how I came by him, and where I was going. The Sheriff said he knew a man in Rock Island who was acquainted with the stolen horse, and if I would go back with him he would pay me for my time and my expenses if the horse proved to be my property. Thinking this to be an easy way out of an unpleasant position, I readily consented. When we arrived on the other side I found the Sheriff of Rock Island County and thirty policemen, backed by a mob of at least 200, ready with open arms to receive me. I then (but alas, too late) saw through the whole scheme. Sheriff Leonard, of Scott County, handed me over to the Rock Island Sheriff, and he, surrounded by thirty policemen, took me off the boat. The mob yelled: "Hang the horse thief," and attempted to force through the guards, but after several were knocked down by the officers' "billeys," they were induced to stand back. We soon arrived at the jail, and I was ushered into the protection of its walls just in time to escape the fury of the mob. As soon as I was within the jail I felt greatly relieved, although I had made up my mind that should the mob succeed in breaking

through the police I should put spurs to my powerful animal, draw my revolver and make my way to the open prairie if possible.

When first locked in the jail the jailer seemed quite friendly, but at noon when he brought my dinner he seemed radically changed. I asked him what was the matter. He told me frankly that he had become convinced that I was the avowed leader of a gang of horse thieves and desperadoes. I asked what made him think so, and he told me there was another fellow in the jail who had been arrested for stealing horses, and had said he did not see me when I entered, although I passed right by his cell. But he had described the leader of his gang that had aroused that whole section of country by stealing so many horses, and he said I answered the description to a T. Well, I remember saying: "This beats hell." Then I asked him if he would send me a lawyer. He said he would. I also asked him if he was acquainted with the Master of the Masonic Lodge in the city. He said he knew him, and told me his name, but refused to carry the note. But I secured the delivery by bribing one of the guards.

The lawyer soon came and said he would get me out for \$10, and it would be all right, as the mob had dispersed. He then left me, and I never saw him again, though I waited a day to find him and get his scalp, after I was released. But when he learned that I was out of jail and on the war path, he left town for a few days.

The next morning the Master of the Masonic Lodge came to see me. He heard my story, and believed me innocent. He and his friend offered to give bail for me, but the Sheriff was so sure he had his man that he would not let me go on bail. He then offered to pay four policemen to guard me in the city until the matter could be settled. This also they positively refused. After this the Master sent me meals from his own table three times a day, until I was released. I was confined altogether three days and three nights. The third morning the Master brought Judge Knock to me. He was one of the most influential men in Rock Island County, and after hearing my complete history, he advised me to stay right where I was until the owner of the stolen horse arrived, stating that he

had been heard from, and that he would be there as early as possible. The Judge charged me \$25 for this consoling advice.

In due time the man arrived, and to the disappointment of the whole posse, informed them that they had the wrong horse, so nothing could be done but to release me. I came out of that cell on the 10th of May, and the world had never seemed so bright to me. Everything looked cheerful and encouraging. The earth, the sun, and even the people. Some, who three days before were going to hang me to a lamp post, shook hands and congratulated me on my escape.

I inquired for my ten-dollar lawyer, but when I found he was gone I went down to see when the ferry-boat would cross. I found that it was too late to get over that day, and while chatting with the Captain of the boat he showed me where he lived. That very night his house was robbed, and I was the inevitable subject of another suspicion. But after leaving the ferry I had gone to a hotel, and having lost so much sleep during previous nights, I retired at 9 o'clock. The Sheriff, with the Captain, put in an appearance in the morning before I was up. But the proprietor of the hotel assured them they were after the wrong man again, as I had gone to my room before 9 o'clock, and had not since been out. He convinced them that it would have been impossible for me to get out and back again without being seen, for they had a night watch. I told the Sheriff next morning I should bring suit against him for false imprisonment. He said I ought not, for had it not been for him the ferry Captain would have insisted on my second arrest. I then concluded to sell my horse and take passage on the first boat up the river. This I did, finding a buyer at \$150. I then crossed to Davenport again, and consulted Judge Grant concerning the advisability of bringing suit for false imprisonment. He advised me not to do so, stating that under the present excitement we could find no jury that would give us damages.

That night I took a boat for Sabula, and the next day visited my friends in Van Buren. I returned to Ohio again the last of May, but came to Iowa again in the fall for the purpose of making myself a home.

In the meantime I had become acquainted with a pretty girl, whom I had prevailed upon, by making fair promises, to become my wife as soon as I had a home in which to put her. The result is well known.

What I have done since then is too familiar to the people of Jackson County, into whose hands this book will chiefly fall, to bear repeating. My record is better known and more fairly judged than I, or anyone else, can tell it or judge it in a few brief lines,

Respectfully,

J. W. MILES.

MILTON S. BOWLING. The homestead recognized as part of the Bowling estate comprises a well-regulated farm, under a high state of cultivation, with a large frame dwelling, a good barn, and the usual out-buildings and machinery required for the successful prosecution of agriculture. The farm is largely devoted to live-stock—the raising, buying, feeding, and selling of cattle.

The subject of this notice is the offspring of a good family, being the son of Franklin Bowling and the grandson of James Bowling; the latter a native of Stafford County, Va., where he married Miss Elizabeth Batley, who was born in the same State. They continued to live there until after the birth of their three eldest children. Thence they removed to Fairfield County, Ohio, where eight more children were added to the family circle, and where the grandparents spent their last days. Grandfather Bowling did good service as a soldier in the War of 1812.

Franklin Bowling, the father of our subject, was the eldest child of his parents, and was born in Virginia in 1800. He emigrated to Iowa about 1841, settling first in the vicinity of what is now Iowa City, but later removed to Dubuque. He was married in Farmers' Creek Township, Oct. 2, 1848, to Miss Sarah J., daughter of William and Elizabeth (Buckley) Binns. The mother of our subject was born in Lincolnshire, England. Her parents emigrated to Canada when she was a mere child, and lived there until their death. They

Biographies and Portraits

...OF THE....

Progressive Men of Iowa

Volume 11

Leaders in Business, Politics and the Professions

TOGETHER WITH THE
BEGINNINGS OF

A Western Commonwealth

....BY....

Benjamin F. Shambaugh, Ph. D.

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second edition. In 1888 he engaged in a discussion with Rev. J. D. Whitehead, *Christadelphian*, in Boston, Massachusetts. Later he held a discussion at Lee's Summit, Missouri, with Rev. D. B. Ray, D. D., of the Baptist Church, St. Louis, and in 1889 with Mr. D. R. Dungan, at the time professor of Theology in Drake University and later president of Bethany College, Nebraska.

Mr. Kelley is one of the projectors and promoters of Graceland College, located at Lamoni, Iowa. This is a non-sectarian school in all its departments and features, and so guaranteed to be in its articles of incorporation, notwithstanding the fact that it is under the fostering care of the church. Religion, as such, is not taught in the school, and the professors religiously have membership with different denominations, or are not members of any church. He was elected a member of the board of trustees and directors at the beginning of the institution and filled these positions until April 20, 1900, when he resigned both places.

Politically, Mr. Kelley is a republican, having cast his first vote for General Grant for President and his last for William McKinley. In 1873 he was elected on the anti-monopolist ticket for superintendent of schools, and in 1875 was a candidate on an independent ticket in Mills County against Hon. John Y. Stone for Representative, but was defeated in the election by 125 votes. He is a protectionist and bimetalist in sentiment and voted for McKinley believing that was the preferable way to attain both objects.

On the 21st of December, 1876, he was married to Miss Cassie Bishop, daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Mary Bishop, Malvern, Iowa, and from this union they have a family of eight children, ranging in age from twenty-two down to three years, and named as follows: Winifred Bishop, born November 30, 1877; he was a soldier in Co. M, 50th Regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry, during Spanish-American war; now law student Iowa State University; Edmund L., Jr., born March 25, 1880; Richard Carlyle, born September 30, 1882; Laura Belle, born September 20, 1884; Jeannette Vivian, born July 23, 1887; Joseph Stanley, born February 4, 1890; David Emlin, born October 16, 1893, and Ruth Alix, born December 8,

1896. Miss Bishop was born in Monroe County, Iowa, and reared in Monroe and Mills Counties. Her father's family were from Danbury, Connecticut; he was a corporal in an Indiana company in the Mexican war and slightly wounded at the battle of Buena Vista. Her mother, formerly Miss Mary J. Humeston, was born in Indiana and was in that state married to Mr. Bishop. Mr. Bishop is a thorough stockman and owns an extensive ranch, stocked with cattle and horses, at Bailey, Cherry County, Nebraska.

On the 9th of April, 1897, Bishop Kelley was called to the position of Counselor to the President of the church of which he is a member, and has filled this position since, in connection with his duties as Presiding Bishop of the society.

MILES, JUSTIAN WILLIARD, was a prominent banker and pioneer of Jackson County until 1897, when he moved to Manchester, Delaware County. He was born in Wayne County, Ohio, June 18th, 1830, and is a descendant of English stock. His great grandparents came from the mother country about 1750, and settled in New England, where were born Timothy Abner and Thomas. The second son, Timothy, was the grandfather of our Mr. Miles, and was virtually the head of the Miles family, whose descendants are now scattered throughout the United States. At the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, J. W. Miles' grandfather, Timothy Miles, then living in the wilds of Vermont, was taken prisoner by a band of Indians under the command of a British officer. His house was burned and his family turned into the woods without shelter, and he himself was kept in close confinement for several months before being liberated. His wife and family, meanwhile, found refuge at the house of a neighboring settler. Soon after the return of Timothy Miles, the three brothers formed a project for fitting out a vessel and going over to France for arms and ammunition, and from there cruise against the commerce of England. The enterprise seemed feasible, and Abner, being a sea captain and understanding navigation, was well fitted for



such an undertaking. A fine craft was secured and a suitable crew enlisted, and a number of wooden guns were made and painted to represent the genuine article, but without a real gun on board, and trusting to fortune and a clean pair of heels, they hoped to reach France, where supplies could be obtained in abundance. After many encounters, when their object was almost obtained, they were captured by a British man-of-war and confined in the old Jersey prison-ship, then lying in New York harbor. Abner, through the influence of the Masonic fraternity, was soon released. Timothy and Thomas, however, remained prisoners for several months. They were then exchanged and afterwards participated in many battles of the war, and were present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army. At the close of the war, Timothy returned to Randolph, Vermont. Abner settled in Massachusetts or Connecticut, while Thomas located in Pennsylvania near the lake shore, where many of his descendants now reside. Timothy afterwards moved to Three Rivers in Canada, where he laid the foundation of that prosperous city. He became wealthy and an owner of a large tract of land near that place. About the year 1818 he became

financially involved as security in a mercantile adventure of one Dan Moulton, his son-in-law. His fine estate was swept away and he became bankrupt. He did not survive his misfortune, but in a few months he passed away, and his wife soon followed him. He was the father of eight children, three sons and five daughters. They were named John, James and Justian; Marcia, Dollie, Lucia, Celmira and Theda. Justian Miles, the father of J. W. Miles, was married twice, his first wife being Miss Tabitha Haskins, of Cannan, Ohio. She bore him three children, one son and two daughters, James N., Ellen and Mary. His second wife was Miss Harriet Rice, a native of Green, Vermont, who was a granddaughter of Commodore Whipple, of the British navy. She bore him six children, four sons and two daughters, Justian Williard being the eldest. Orson, the second son, was in the Australian mines from 1853 until 1872. He now lives in Cedar County, Iowa. Hiram Abner, the third son, owns a fine farm near Miles, Iowa. The youngest, Forrest M., enlisted in the Twenty-fourth Iowa infantry in the fall of 1862 and served during the war. Forrest participated in all the battles his regiment was engaged in, taking active part in the battles of Morgarza Bend, Ball's Bluff, Port Gibson, Champion Hills, capture of Jackson, Mississippi, and seige and capture of Vicksburg. He also accompanied his regiment and participated in all the battles of the Red River campaign under Gen. Banks. At the battle of Cedar Creek, in the Shenandoah Valley, he was severely wounded in the right foot, and for a time was in the hands of the enemy, but was recaptured the same day. He now resides on the old homestead at Miles. The eldest daughter, Senia, was married to A. J. Scofield at Cannan, Ohio, who was enlisted in the Twenty-fourth Iowa infantry and was killed in the battle of Champion Hills. She afterwards married John Deming, and now lives near Rhodes, Iowa. Justian Miles was born at Randolph, Vermont, 1793, and in company with his brothers John and James emigrated to Ohio, in 1820. Justian settled in Cannan, Wayne County, James in Guilford, Medina County. John soon after moved to Yankee Springs, Michigan, and in 1852 James moved to Jack-

son County, Iowa, and was soon followed by Justian. At that time the land was mostly owned by the government, and the Miles brothers had the honor of patenting the land where the beautiful little town of Miles now stands and whence it derives its name. Among the daughters of Timothy Miles were some very fine singers, especially Martina, whose daughter was the mother of that distinguished man, ex-Gov. Russell A. Alger, of Michigan. General Nelson A. Miles, of the regular army, the noted Indian fighter, is a descendant of Abner Miles of Revolutionary fame. As a race, they are noted for their force of character, their unselfish adherence to what they believe to be right, and their strong regard for everything that is American.

The Miles family was among the first to rally around the flag in defense of the union during the late Civil war, and among the most loyal supporters of Lincoln's administration. Coming from Whig stock, they are naturally republicans, and are very radical. J. W. Miles was elected a member of the Seventeenth General Assembly from Jackson County, Iowa, overcoming a large democratic majority and he served his constituency in a very acceptable manner. He was made a member of the agricultural congress by Governor Sherman, and represented his state in this body for five consecutive sessions. He was honored with the chairmanship of the Iowa delegation. Mr. Miles was married February 4th, 1856, to Miss Sarah Jane Heckett, daughter of John and Salome Harsh Heckett. Mrs. Miles was a native of the same town and her husband was born March 4th, 1837. To them were born three children, viz., Hattie Itell; Pearl died, age two years; and Benjamin Forrest. The daughter is an accomplished woman and resided for several years in Boston and New Bedford. The two sons are engaged in banking business at Manchester, Iowa.

When Mr. Miles began living here in Iowa he had but little money, and his success is largely due to his industry and application to the various business enterprises, among which is farming, which he closely followed up till 1870. In that year, the C., M. & St. P. R. R. was built, when he, with eleven others, went on a bond for \$15,000

to be paid when the road was completed to the town of Preston. This was the first town west of Miles, and the contract was carried out by both parties. After the station was located at Miles, he took charge of it, and engaged in dealing in live stock and in the grain business. He was agent here for seven years, and in the grain and produce business for thirteen years, doing an extensive and lucrative business. During this time he still carried on his farm interests. Mr. Miles is noted for his conversational powers, which, combined with his frank disposition, make him prominent and active in social gatherings. He has for several years taken great interest in Free Masonry, and has taken all the degrees, both ancient and modern, except the 33d degree. He was founder and president of the Exchange Bank at Miles for twenty years, but in 1897, at the death of his wife, he disposed of most of his interests at and around Miles and moved to Manchester, Iowa, where he now resides, and is president of the First National Bank of that city.

MERRY, CAPTAIN JOHN F., of Dubuque. Probably no man in Iowa has done as much by his own personal effort to colonize and populate the south and west as has Captain John F. Merry, assistant general passenger agent of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, for many years a resident of Manchester, now of Dubuque. He was born in Peninsula, Summit County, Ohio, March 24, 1844. His ancestors were natives of New York, who emigrated to Ohio in an early day. The father at the time of his death was a prosperous farmer in Oneida township, Delaware County, Iowa. He led an upright and honorable life and his death was a personal bereavement to the community in which he lived. The mother's maiden name was Pamela Trowbridge. She was a woman of rare ability, but thoroughly domestic in her nature and habits.

John F. Merry came to Iowa with his parents in a covered wagon from Geauga County, Ohio, in 1856, settling in Delaware County. The father had little else than the contents of the covered wagon and the team hitched to it at the time he landed in Iowa, but he secured a farm eight miles north of

Individual Record

FamilySearch™ Ancestral File v4.19

Justin Willard MILES (AFN: RH1D-W7)
Sex: M

[Pedigree](#)
[Family](#)

Event(s)

Birth: 18 Jun 1830
Canaan, Wayne Co., Ohio
Death: Jun 1922
Miles, Jackson Co., Iowa

Parents

Father: [Justin MILES \(AFN: RH16-G5\)](#)
Mother: [Harriet RICE \(AFN: RH15-W8\)](#)

[Family](#)

Marriage(s)

Spouse: [Sarah Jane HACKERT \(AFN: RH1D-XD\)](#)
Marriage: 4 Feb 1856

[Family](#)

Submitter(s)

[Details](#)

About Ancestral File

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You searched for **Justin W. Miles** in **Iowa**

1860 United States Federal Census

Name: Justin W Miles
Age in 1860: 30
Birth Year: abt 1830
Birthplace: Ohio
Home in 1860: Van Buren, Jackson, Iowa
Gender: Male
Post Office: Van Buren
Value of real estate: [View image](#)

Household Members:	Name	Age
	Justin W Miles	30
	Sarah J Miles	23
	Albert Skinner	10
	Amer Crannell	24

Source Citation: Year: 1860; Census Place: Van Buren, Jackson, Iowa; Roll: M653_326; Page: 255; Image: 255; Family History Library Film: 803326.

Source Information:


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Original data: 1860 U.S. census, population schedule. NARA microfilm publication M653, 1,438 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d.

Description:

This database is an index to individuals enumerated in the 1860 United States Federal Census, the Eighth Census of the United States. Census takers recorded many details including each person's name, age as of the census day, sex, color; birthplace, occupation of males over age fifteen, and more. No relationships were shown between members of a household. Additionally, the names of those listed on the population schedule are linked to actual images of the 1860 Federal Census. [Learn more...](#)

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Birth: Jun. 10, 1830
Death: Jun. 11, 1922

Quarter Master, Co. L, 2nd Iowa Cavalry.

Burial:
[Miles Cemetery](#)
Miles
Jackson County
Iowa, USA

Created by: [Thomas Henning](#)
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- [Thomas Henning](#)
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