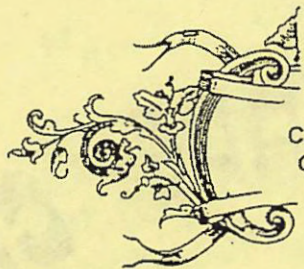


COLLAGE OF CAPE COUNTY

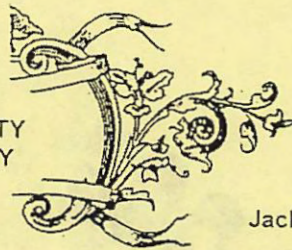


CAPE GIRARDEAU EXPORTS 1874

Item	Amount	Price	Value
flour	120,000 bbls	\$ 6.00	\$720,000
lime	38,000 bbls	1.15	43,000
bacon	300,000 lbs	.07	21,000
lard	50,000 lbs	.07	3,500
hogs, dressed	150,000 lbs	.05	7,500



CAPE GIRARDEAU COUNTY
GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY



P. O. Box 389

Jackson, MO 63755

Volume 24 Number 4

March 2005

The Cape Girardeau County Genealogical Society was organized in May 1970, a non-profit organization, its primary purpose is education in the field of genealogy. Membership is open to individuals upon payment of the annual dues of \$10, or a couple for \$15, per year, beginning in May. Life membership is available for a one-time payment of \$250. Web site: <http://www.rootsweb.com/~mocgcs/index.htm>

The CGCGS Library is located in the Genealogy Room at the Riverside Regional Library, 204 Union, Jackson, MO and is open during regular library hours. It is also open during regular meetings, which are held at the library bi-monthly in January, March, May, July, September, and November on the fourth Tuesday at 7:30 p.m., and during work meetings held in February, April, June, August, October, and December on the fourth Tuesday at 7 p.m.

CGCGS publishes this quarterly, *THE COLLAGE OF CAPE COUNTY*, in March, June, September, and December, sent free to members. All members are encouraged to submit articles for publication. Submissions on disk (Word Perfect 5.1, MS Word 6.0, or text files) or by email (text or rich text format) are encouraged, but not essential. Mail to Bill Eddleman, 1831 Ricardo Drive Cape Girardeau, MO 63701 (email: eddlmanw@sbcglobal.net).

TABLE OF CONTENTS

From the President	page 48
Narrative of Pvt. Albert J. Martin	page 49
Civil War Veterans from the <i>Confederate Veteran</i>	page 55
Michael Burtcher Letters	page 56
Slave Narratives: Harriet Lee, Lucy Davis	page 58
Obituaries: Clarissa P. Looney <i>nee</i> Nelson; Mrs. Morris Wagner (<i>nee</i> Cotter)	page 59
Queries	page 60

Cape Girardeau, Mo. Jan 1 1858

To Mr Geo Davis Guardian of Allen Sloan, minor

BOUGHT OF D. A. GLENN,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Clothing,

ETC., ETC.

NO. 1 NORTH MAIN STREET.

CASH HOUSE.

Cash Paid for Country Produce.

From the President

Dear Cape Girardeau County Genealogical Society Members,

I am very sad to report that one of our most active members, Betty Mills, passed away on February 7, 2005. Betty was invaluable to the Society, serving as Corresponding Secretary at her death, and having served for nearly 10 years as Librarian. In addition, she was the primary researcher who did paid research for the Society; prepared books on the Civil War and Naturalization Records for the Society; indexed a number of our publications; indexed *The Collage of Cape County*; and provided valued guidance for a number of aspects of the Society's business. Betty was also an Honorary Life Member. Betty donated much of her genealogical library and files to the Society, and Jean Adams and I packed the materials to move to the Archive Center, where we can sort through them and determine what will go in the library, and what can be offered to the membership for sale. We thank Betty's family for allowing us to access the materials, and for helping to sort through her library. The following note was sent to us after Betty's funeral:

"Thank you for the lovely arrangement sent for our Mother's service. We shall miss her tremendously and know you will also. The family of Betty Mills."

Very few attended our January meeting in which we discussed the possible library move from Riverside Regional Library to the Cape Girardeau County Archive Center. Thus, we decided to send a mail ballot giving the pros and cons of the move, and asking whether each of you favored moving, opposed moving, or chose to abstain. Of those who returned the ballot, 79 voted to move, 9 voted to stay at Riverside Library, and 14 abstained. This meant over 75% of those voting, and at least 55 % of the total membership favored the move. Those attending our March meeting decided to conduct the move after the May meeting, when a number of people would be able to help with the move. We hope to minimize the amount of time the library is not available, but I would recommend that those planning to visit the area and use the library call the Archive Center (573-204-2331). I am also happy to report that Ruth Moreland has agreed to become our Librarian. Ruth is a regular volunteer at the Archive Center, and is looking forward to working with the Archive Center staff with our library.

In anticipation of the move, we have also rented a post office box, because we have always received our mail at the Riverside Regional Library address. Thus, we now have a new address: P. O. Box 571, Jackson, Missouri 63755.

Finally, I received the following note from Notre Dame Regional High School on February 11. We voted late last year to donate a set of our books with Roman Catholic records to their family history section: "I want to thank the Cape Girardeau County Genealogical Society for the wonderful donation we received. The books are a very good asset to our collection. Thanks for thinking of us. The books will be put to good use. Joyce Seyer, Librarian"

Bill Eddleman

Narrative of Pvt. Albert J. Martin
Company C, 79th Enrolled Missouri Militia, Six Month Volunteers
Cyrus Peterson Papers, Missouri Historical Society Archives, St. Louis, Mo.
(Used with permission)

Aurora, Mo.
June 30th, 1905

This is to certify that I, Albert J. Martin was enrolled in Capt. John R. Cochran's Co. C in six months volunteer State Militia, on the 30th day of July 1864. I was ordered into active service on August 10th, 1864, and during the summer & fall season we did camp duty and also some scouting after bushwackers, murderers & horse thieves throughout the countys of south east Missouri, such as Bollinger Co. & Wayne & Butler & Madison Co., Mo. But nothing of importance occurred until late in the fall of 1864—Sept. 24th, 1864, as my Captain John R. Cochran was ordered by the commanding officer at Cape Girardeau, Mo., where we had been stationed a few days before on account of General Price's advance in to Mo. At that time our Capt. Was placed in command of 35 special men partly of our company & partly of Capt. Tacke's Co. We were now ordered to go to Jackson, Mo. as pickets to watch General Price's advance & report the same to the commander of Cape Girardeau.

Now I think that we were at Jackson 2 days doing picket duty, as there was also some other troops scouting around the country looking after Price's men as the telegraph lines were being cut, between Jackson & Fredricktown & Ironton, Mo. So on the afternoon of September 24th, 1864, these other troops was called back with the men of his own company, and Capt. Tacke was placed in command of his part of his own Co. Now as I and two other of Capt. Cochran's men was on picket post at the time, so our Capt. Told me we could remain there in Jackson until the next morning at 10 o'clock & then report at the headquarters at the Cape for further duty. But alas, the next morning we were matching the other course towards Ironton battlefield, etc.

Now about dark the same day I was relieved from picket duty and went up to headquarters to report as also my two other comrades, Wm. Lymbaugh & Bradley Chrisswell were also relieved from Picket duty we went a fed our horses and eaten our supper & now my friend Bradley Chrisswell had taken me to supper to a friend of his in Jackson who told us to go down the hill at the bridge approach, go over the meadow & there get some hay for our horses to eat, as we already had some corn to feed them at first. So after we had our supper comrade Bradley Chrisswell & I went down the hill towards Marble Hill for this way and as we got to the bridge ready to go down to the little meadow, I heard a noise and looking around & saw a federal soldier with his hands up in the air. He was so badly frightened he could not fire off his pistol which he should have done as this was our order on such an occasion to give the alarm to the camps that the rebels was coming.

But he could scarcely move out of his tracks. But I called to him & asked him what the matter was with him and he blurted out in a smothered way that they were coming, meaning the rebels. Now I heard the roar of the horses feet coming around the little point of the hill that this scared picket was standing on and in a moment they came around the point with 4 abreast in full charge right at us on the bridge approach which was the leading street up to the Court house. Now I and friend Christwell being the first soldiers that came into view they began to shooting at us. So we turned around & ran up the hill to headquarters as was our orders to report & give the alarm. Now this charge was made by Col Jeffries with one thousand men. As they had the town well surrounded completely there was not much chance to escape from them. Well, I, and Christwell did some good running you bet, and we got to headquarters before them. Our headquarters was now at the telegraph office just about 400 feet west of the Court house going towards Cape Girardeau. Now I was going towards the headquarters office turning an angle. Just at Snookey Sadler's Shop & the

court house ½ way between these buildings I ran up to within about 5 ft. of one of Captain Tacke's men just facing me. At that moment he was shot near the navel, and he started to fall on me with a loud groan, I am shot. I caught him but as he could not stand up so I laid him down as easy as I could in the middle of the street, and as I did so, one of the rebels shouted out that he had killed one of the damned black yankees.

So I ran to my horse and caught the loop of my halter strap & pulled it loose ready to mount in the saddle. But alas, a big rebel charges on me with a large rifle and shot at me about 10 feet distance & shot the top out of my black hat & the ball cut into my scalp across the top of my head & knocked me down & my horse got away from me on account of my falling to the ground and rant to &—the rebels. I got up as soon as I could do so as the shot gave me a severe shock. But in a few moments I was at my right senses again. I put my hand on my head & felt a great ball of my hair coming off, as I wore long hair at the time & the pain in my head was greatly annoying me. But I did the best I could at that time. So as soon as I could do so I ran to the telegraph office where there was several of the comrades in there. By this time the rebels was running all around me and shooting at me and the other men. But we commenced shooting at the rebels as they charged passed us on after the other comrades that they could see. So we killed 2 of their horses & wounded one rebel lieutenant as he & his men passed us and I heard that he died before we got to Ironton, Mo. of his wounds, as he was carried with our squad of prisoners in a carriage until we reached near Ironton, Mo., & then he left us & we did not see him any more.

Now soon the rebels surrounded us in this office & shooting in at us from all sides of the windows and doors. So there was one Curtie—of Tacke's men came running in & begged us to quit shooting & give up the fight as we would all get killed. So we gave up the fight and I then took my gun & broke it up over the door facing & threw away all of my cartridges I had with me then as I was mad at the time.

Now after we gave up to the rebels they took us over to the Court House Square on the street just between Smokey Sadler's Shop & the Court House in the presence of commanding Col. Jeffers & Bill Grimsley & Jacen C. Hunter, all formerly of Dallas, Mo., now called Marble Hill, Mo., as I knew them well before the war began as citizens. Now as soon as Jeffers seen some of our boys & knew us he began a tirade of abuse against us & called us damned cowards and other bad names such as a low minded brute would use against a few helpless prisoners such as we were. I said Col. Jeffers you have not right to call us damned cowards. You haven't no ground to blow about your great bravery as you have a thousand men here and surrounded us with less than about 20 men left Capt. Tacke by Capt. Cochran. Now he did not like this but only cursed me for what I said.

Now at this time they brought up to our guard a few other boys they had captured and was a comrade of my Co. by the name of Wm. Lymbaugh, and he was badly scared on account of the way the rebels was abusing & cursing him, as he had in the early part of the war held on to the rebel side. They had a bad grudge against him & of course threatened to kill him for this—going over to the Black Yankees, as they called it.

Now of course Col. Jeffers had to show his great bravery as a rebel Col. Commanding the troops that captured the little band of 11 men out of the 20 men that was left by Capt. Cochran to Capt. Tacke's command. Now this was a big victory was it not, to blow about. Yes they captured 11 men and killed one man by the name of Fred Nale, a German boy of about 19 years old. Now comrade Lymbaugh was bemoaning his condition fearing that Jeffers would order him shot. So this incensed Col. Jeffers so much that he told him that if he did not stop his wailing he would kill him self with his pistol then & there, and Col. Jeffers was very abusive at this time.

Now I wish to state here that I knew very many of Col. Jeffers men as they was mostly made up & enlisted in to the rebel service in the south east counties of Mo. & I have associated with some of

them since the close of the war of the rebellion. I used to live near Dallas, Mo. now called Marble Hill, Mo. Now when we were taken prisoners they treated us very badly as they taken all of my clothing away from me & even wanted to take off my pants. But I told one Miles Richards that he could wear them the same as I was doing. So he got ashamed of his acts & let me alone then. Now there was three of the rebels who taken off my cavalry jacket & each wanted it badly for him self, so they had a real fight for the same until some of the officers came & stopped the fight.

Now after Col. Jeffers got his fill of abuse on us he ordered us all put in the Court House under strict guard. As we were going in the Court House myself & some of my comrades picked up our wounded comrade and carried him to the Court House yard & laid him near the door on a step of stone as we were ordered to do and he laid until he died at this night about 10 o'clock, before we were marched out of Jackson. We left Jackson about 11 o'clock at night and marched out about one mile from Jackson towards Ironton, Mo. & we was carefully guarded by the rebels as that they had made threats to kill some of us, so we were looking out for a chance to escape them. Now our march to Ironton was a painful one as I had to march in my bare feet, as the rebels had taken away my boots from me, also my socks & all other clothing, as my hat had been destroyed by that large caliber rifle shot. So the rebels taken it away from me to show the other rebels how closely that they had gotten me & made a good deal of sport out of it. So you can see what a horde [sic] condition I was in now without shoes & socks & no coat or vest on, only with shirt & pants was I left to march the weary way & what a hard time of it we had.

Now the first days march took us to near Fredricktown, Mo. when we camp'd for the night. We also stayed near a crossroad called Patton, Mo. where there was a spring of water. But the rebels did not let us have much water but hurried us on until we reached the place called Patton & they stopped a few minutes for a chat with some southern ladies who shamefully talked to us. One of the fine southern ladies came up to me & attempted to slap me in the face but I got away from her, but she came again at me and deliberately spat in my face saying you blue bellied little yankee take that and struck me in the face this time. I tried to resent this last insult, but the guards would not let me do so, as they made threats to shoot me if I did so.

Now the second day march we stopped in Fredricktown about one hour. We prisoners was stopped at near the present site of the Court House. Now so far we had nothing to eat yet and we asked the rebels to give us something to eat but they only laughed at us, and gave us nothing to eat. But finally I found ½ apple & I at this and saw it was not fit to eat.

But we soon took up the march again for Ironton, Mo. We marched this day near to the Shedends [Shut-ins] & camped in an old field. It had been raining some and the road was in terrible condition & my feet was awful sore & bleeding, as I had to march in my bare feet yet as comrades Lymbaugh, Christwell had got hold of an old pair of cast off shoes & was a little better fixed for the march than myself. Now we lay in our bed of mud this night, as we had nothing to cover with except the heavy rain that fell that night. Now soon after we went into camp this afternoon the rebels were moving about lively, as they said that Price's men had made the attack on the Union forces then that they were getting their cannon on Sheppers [Sheperd] Mountain so they could drive out our boys from the fort. So finally we hearedn [sic] the reports of the Cannon and some time after dark the rebels gave us the news that they had whipped our troops & had taken the forts held by our brave boys. But later I heard that our troops had evacuated the forts, and that the rebels had made three distinct charges on the forts, but was beaten back by our brave boys each time with a real loss to the rebels. I had heard this time that our main forces was only 800 men in all, and the rebels claimed to us that they had 25,000 men. I do not know how many men the rebels had in making the charges on the fort at this time. Now the next morning we few prisoners was marched into Ironton & stationed just beyond & in front of the fort where the rebels made the main charges on the forts and there we stayed all day long again, without a bite to eat.

Now in front of the fort was quite an open space and this was pretty well covered with all sorts of old guns & sabers & dead rebels who they was burying in the old fort ditch which we could see where we were located at the time. Soon after we stopped for the day. The rebels brought in quite a number of prisoners & some private citizens also and placed them with us under the same guards as was taken care of us. Now among this lot of prisoners was two officers. One was Captain Fred Dinger and the other was our brave & lamented Major Wilson. Now I talked a good deal with Major Wilson at this time. He had been shot on the side back of the head near the top of the head. Almost identical same place I was shot on my head. So we were attracted to one another, first on account of this similar circumstance. Major Wilson had his head tied up with a white handkerchief & the wound had bled a considerable.

Now Major Wilson was a fine looking man & a nice gentleman to talk to. I began to love him for his pleasant & kindly remarks to anyone who talked to him. He was also spoken of as a brave & good officer & kind to the men who served under him. As Major Wilson told me that himself and Captain Dinger was outside of the forts with the main skirmishers. He was wounded and captured as was also our Captain Fred Dinger. Now Major Wilson had also a very sore middle finger caused by his swinging his heavy pistol around his head to rally his men to action during the fighting.

Now I do not know who was in command of the Union forces at Ironton, Pilot Knob or Arcadia at this time. But I think that our troops did fairly well considering the small forces we had in comparison with that the forces of General Price's Army. As our troops killed & wounded a good many of the rebels at this battle.

Now as night came on and the rebels had buried their dead & taken care of their wounded they place us prisoners in one of the horse corrals where there was some barracks for the benefit of the—guards & troops. And here we were kept until the next morning about daylight. Now here they gave us the first thing to eat since we were captured at Jackson, Mo. on Sept. 24th, 1864. But this food was not fit to eat as it was all old spoiled shoulder meat and rotten sausage that had been thrown away by the merchants & could not be sold to anyone. Now here before starting from Ironton on our march towards Jefferson City. I begged a rebel officer to give me a pair of shoes & some clothing & a hat or cap. So he went out & bought me a pair of old shoes & a cap and a linear [lined] duster to wear. I looked like a southern preacher man and ready for the march again. Now this was a hard days march as we was strung out on the road toward Jefferson City with the soldiers closely packed on each side of us and crowding us so we could hardly march along. They made us run in a turkey trot most of the time and not scarcely give us time to take a drink of water on the way. Oh how we did suffer on that days march, as quite a number of our boys gave up that day & had to be hauled in wagons, and it was told that the guards shot several of them that could not walk fast enough for them.

Now we marched this day until about one o'clock at night before the rebels stopped to camp. Now here they gave us some flower with the bran still in it, but as we could not bake it as the rebels did not make us any fire or let us gather any wood, we could not eat the dirty stuff & of course we got awful hungry. Some times we would be lucky and [see] a piece of corn that some horse had left & so we would run for it. Some times we would find a cabbage leaf too, so we would eat this. Now the next morning by daylight we were called again for another hard days travel by the side of the rebel guards who was mostly very cruel to us, and would not show us any favors. But they instead would curse us and rush us on all they could do.

Now here I must state something that occurred to my own knowledge. As we were rushed so fast on this there was some who could not stand this strain and as our big Capt. Fred Dinger was a large & a fat man he was about given out walking any longer. I watched him give a signal to a rebel officer and they stopped & called Capt. Dinger to one side & talked in a low tone of voice to

him. They told the guard to take us on & they would take charge of Capt. Dinger which they did & treated him very nicely all the way through the march.

They gave him an ambulance to ride in and he told me afterwards that had he not been a Mason & an officer they would have killed him sure, but instead of this they treated him well. But poor old Major Wilson did not get such nice treatment, only abuses & curses and they watched him so closely so he could not get away from them, as they told him & us that they would kill him. Now as we came near Union town, Mo. the rebel command set for about one hour at a junction of some roads & here some of the rebel soldiers treated us badly, as they would deliberately ride their horses right over us and strike us with their sabers & guns. There was one Col. Christ [Crisp] who had charge of these prisoners this afternoon as he tried to protect us as much as he could do. But the rebels seemed that they did not care for him commanding them. I seen him pull out a pocket pistol & shoot into a squad of harassers to stop their cruel treatment of us.

So finally we marched on further and in a few miles we reached the little town of Union, Mo. where there was a few state troops stations and so the rebels charged into town, our troops fired on them and killed one of the rebels & wounded 2 others, as I seen the dead rebel lay in the road & was told of the 2 wounded rebels. Now we marched on this afternoon for about 15 or 20 miles further and camped for the night in an old field in the low ground of the field and here General Price had had his headquarters tent put up & we prisoners was enclosed in this chain guard camp of Prices.

Now in the afternoon we were waiting at the junction of the road near Union town Mo. it seemed that several of the rebel generals met here, as General Jeff Thompson, also General Marmaduke were nice looking men & officers. But Kirby Smith did not appear such a man of notice as he had very bad sore eyes and did not have such a good countenance as the other Generals had. But of course the rebels was a lot of dirty ragged mongrel lot at best, as the most of these had their pants legs tore off at about the knees & their coat sleeves also torn off at the elbow & their hats mostly the tops torn and their dirty hair sticking out through the open top looking like hogs bristles more than humans hair.

Now here in General Price's camp outside of his chain guard there occurred something this evening that lowered my estimates of General Price as a man & commanding General of his troops. As the rebels claimed that they had 450 prisoners all told, us and Federal soldiers & private citizens they had taken along to make them join the rebel army. So then was one man a citizen who they had here had an old father of about 75 years old who followed his son into the Price Camp. He came up to Price's camp weeping and begging General Price to release his son and to let him go home with him. But not so with the great General Price. But what an answer did he make to this poor old man. He screamed out at him with a loud voice cursing him for coming after his son and he drew back his hand and struck this old man with his fist in his stomach nearly knocking him to the ground. Now this made us boys awfully angry, and I said to one of our guards to give me his gun, that I would shoot the old Brute right in his tracks. But the guard told me to be still or if Price heard it he would have me shot on the spot. But if I could have got hold of a gun at that time I would surely have shot Price then and there. And then Price did not release the old man's son until next morning when all the prisoners was paroled on some sort of humbuggerly which we soldiers did not respect at all.

Now the next morning early the rebels had us all called up in line claiming there was 450 of us state troops of different companies & commands. As I did not personally know a great many I can not give names of many of the commands the men belonged to. Now when we were called up in ranks there appeared now several of the rebels officers taken our names first for the said paroles to be given us and taken the oath not to take up arms against the rebels so called confederacy. Now after they had given us the so called oath on parole then there appeared Sol. Kitchens and Tim Reeves, old south east Mo. grillers, the worst type of class of Bushwackers. They both went

through our ranks asking us if we belonged to Capt. Hurbel's [Hummel], Montgomerys and Capt. Rice's men, and also of Capt. John R. Cochran's men of - Co. and also if we had been at the fight at Doniphan, Mo. some time previous to the Price raid. Also this Kitchens and Reeves treated us shamefully as they both would strike us with theirs in the breast and stomach if we did not answer to suit them. But we all lied to them as best we could as we knowed that they wanted to shoot us if they knew the truth of the matter.

Of course some of our poor boys was recognized by the various rebels in the commands & had been living in the same locality where the federal troops lived and so knew some of our men who had been living in the same locality where the federal troops lived and so knew some of our men who could not deny their names & circumstances connected with this battle here mentioned by the rebel officers. Reeves & Kitchens picked out 7 of our boys. One of them was brave & calm old Major Wilson and one was a man by the name of Gilbert of Co. K., Capt. Rice's Co. located at Fredricktown and the 3d man was one of my own company named Levey Lincoln. But when captured was scouting out at Patterson, Wayne County, Mo. where he was wounded in the thick part of the arm just as he threw his gun to shoot some of Price's men on vidette duty. He soon after was captured and he was placed with us at Ironton too. Now these 7 men was taken out over on the hill side not far from where Price's camp was perhaps some 150 or 200 yards as best I can recollect. I seen them taken away from us and I understand after words that they divided the prisoners into 3 squads that they took Levi Lincoln to himself with three men to kill him with their pistols drawn on him & he marching up the hill in front of the 3 rebels. But before they _____ themselves Lincoln turned them as only one of the rebels got to shoot at him at all. So he was shot lightly through the shoulder. But he got away from them and got to Franklin, Mo. where _____ and went to St. Louis, Mo. Now if it was reported to us at the time that all seven of the men were kill. As we seen them stop on the hill to shoot the men & seen the smoke of the fire of the guns & heard the shots also of course. We believed that they was all killed. But it seems this was a mistake at the time as we were hurried off by the rebel guards to get us outside of the picket line we could not get the correct report of how many was killed of the seven. But I have since heard that this young man Gilbert of Capt. Rice's Co. got away from them before they could shoot him. So there was only 5 out of the 7 was killed and Levi Lincoln is still living yet in old Bollinger Co., Mo. and Gilbert lived until 2 years ago in some parts of the state of Mo. Now we boys tried very hard to save Lyncoln's life. So had his hair cut off close to his head and changed his clothing as best he could. But when morning came the rebels was hunting for him as his parole was made out in a different name than his. We fooled them a little. But when the time came to go out of the picket line here were the eagle eyed rebels watching for him & calling his name. Now I told him not to answer them to his name. But after they called the third time, he answered the rebel I had begged him to keep still. But he said they will get me anyhow & so he walked with the rebels to be shot. Now after we got outside of the rebels line I've had a good deal of trouble with the rebel scouters, as we would meet many of this class of cut throats. They were thieves and murderers. They would draw their pistols on us and make us look in the barrels of them. Now this is not pleasant sport I tell you, and such drunken rebels. They did not care for a man's life than killing a bed bug. I thought one day that they would surely kill our comrade _____ Nations of Capt. Tacke's Co. I begged for him but the fellow turned on me & struck out at me with his pistol. But I dodged him so he missed me and he cursed me a little and let us off.

Now soon after this our comrades separated. Some of them said they would go by the way that we came from Ironton. But our squad said we would go by way of Union town and cut across the Mo. River at the little town of Washington, Mo. So we went anyway to Washington and then we got something to eat. As we were nearly starved by this time as the rebels gave us nothing to eat only what we could pick up along the road. A little came from the horses food. I could span my waist with one hand easily. Now when we got to Washington, Mo. on the river we got something to eat as the people treated us well. So after resting a few minutes we got a man to take us over the river and then we went down the river on the other side 5 miles to a little town and there stayed

for about 3 days then a boat came along & taken us a piece of the way and let us off again. So we walked to Franklin, Mo. on the railroad and there we met with General A. J. Smith's command who was following up Price's forces.

But we stayed overnight with some of the 2nd Mo artillery boys, as we knew some of them in this battery and the next day we got on the train for St. Louis and reaching there we were ordered to a small hotel for our first good meals since Sept. 24, 1864, at Jackson, Mo., before we were captured there. Now here in St. Louis we were kept for two weeks and sent over [to] our old camp at Cape Girardeau, Mo. So we reported to headquarters once again and my Captain told me to go home as I was taken sick after so much suffering & exposure to all kinds of bad weather & having no clothing to protect us from the weather.

I now walked out to old Bollinger, Mo. some 40 miles to my old home & to treat my self for the fever that set in on me. About one month I was sick and as I got better the Captain sent me an order to come back to camp & I reported for duty again. And from that time on I had some pretty duty to do the balance of my term of service until the next Feb. 1865 when we were released from state service.

But our Captain made up another company, and we elected our company officers again, but we were not called on to do more service for the state. But we were called to drill each month twice which we did until the war closed.

Now we did not get any pay for our services of the state until the fall of 1865. Sometime in October the state payed us in state scrip which was not worth more than 75 ct on the dollar. As this was all we could get at any store for good's in the state of Mo. So ended our military services in Mo's War of the Rebellion of 1861 to 1865.

With good wishes to both friends and our former enemys, I am ever Respectfully

Albert J. Martin

=====

CIVIL WAR VETERANS FROM CAPE GIRARDEAU COUNTY MENTIONED IN THE *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* MAGAZINE

John William Thornton
b. August 16, 1846, Charlotte Co., VA
d. September 1, 1914, aged 68, Cape Girardeau, MO
3rd Virginia Infantry
Confederate Veteran 22:521

Served under Gen. Price
Confederate Veteran 33:231

John Marshall Lewis
b. April 28, 1845, Cape Girardeau Co., MO
d. February 10, 1925, Bloomfield, Stoddard Co., MO

Charles Stewart Durning
b. March 10, 1830, Cape Girardeau Co., MO
d. January 13, 1913, aged 82; Van Alstyne, Grayson Co., TX
Served in Confederate Army
Confederate Veteran 21:133



MICHAEL BURTCHER LETTERS



Submitted by Margaret McClure

Editor's Note: These letters were written in the 1840s, and both concern a murder or shooting of an unknown person whose relationships are detailed in the letters. Should anyone know more details, please respond to Maggi McClure, maggi2@goodnet.com The letters are in poor shape, and some of the writing has been lost along the folds. Notes are hers.

[There isn't an envelope, The outside of the paper was used for the address and I can't make out the PO, between the writing and not being familiar with what their names would be doesn't help, as it is pretty clear. In looking at it again it was sent to and from Illinois, but it ended up in my grandfather's/mother's things in Texas and appears to have been sent on to St Louis.]

Jas.[?] Hayden, Esq[?]
L/Shreave Post
Ill

Hazel Green, Wis. Ty. [probably in Illinois]
April 21st 1845

Friend,

My dear Sir, I received your letter dated January 22, 1845 and was pleased to hear you was well. I [missing] writing to you long ago expected [missing] doing that I wanted to see your friend Lowry Robeson before I wrote to you. I wrote to you last fall that he had gone to your country and he did start from this place [missing] but when he got to St Louis his business so turned bad that he could not go and he returned to these diggings again. I did not get to see him since I got your letter until yesterday. We went to where he was digging [missing]g patch and I showed him your letter and had a long talk with him about things he told me. That he had like to have been [missing] searched by a pretended friend of yours who I have no doubt you will be surprised to hear of being your secret enemy. Lowry thinks from his manner [missing] last [missing] that there is no doubt of the fact. The man is [missing] Whiteside he is now [missing] with the pretence [missing]ing to see you as a friend. It is said he left Galena with three thousand five hundred Dollars in a can but I am before my story. I have not told you of the trap he set for Lowery Robinson. Whiteside was in the company with a man by the name of Samuel Love when he asked Lowry if he had received a letter from you and he told him that he had then Whiteside asked him to let him see the letter [end of first page] Robeson told him that he did not have the letter with him but would get it and show it to him next time that he saw him. Lowry said the next time that he saw him [missing] he had some fellows with him (up[?] outside) [missing] he did not like the looks of and among them was this man Love so Lowry did not show him the letter. Lowry says that sometime after he spoke of it to Tom Scales[?] and Scales told him it was a good thing that he did not show Whiteside the letter for he was not your friend.[missing] and Love is related to Dodge the man that you plugged, but Robeson did not no this til I told him of it yesterday then the plot was plain to him that they were in league and wanted to get the track of you. Lowery Robeson is keeping house with his sister and mining a big patch [of] diggings. he has given up the idea of going South. I have been mining at this place for three years---- and I think of remaining [missing] likewise given up the idea of going south. My dear friend to tell you the truth I have about made up my mind to marry and settle in these diggings but of this I will tell you [missing] another thing. The man that you plugged his name was John Dodge. He has a brother but I have not been able to find out his Christian name. Samuel Love [end of second page] is a brother-in-law to John Dodge and he lives some place in Apple River diggings. The way I found out about this man Sam Love [missing] a man at the place by the [missing]. My dear friend you must [missing] of [missing] this country very soon nor allow yourself to be decoyed back by any profession of friendship on the part of some pretending friend and I would further advise you to shift your quarters as quick as possible. My Dear friend I could say a good deal more but I must close for the

present. About directing your letters to your sup-osing friends [missing]. With you on the [missing] I think it would be very imprudent and likely to expose you. I remain your friend and well wisher.

S. A. R

P. S. Lowry Robeson send his best respects to you.

S. A. R.

[At the bottom of the letter (outside) in different handwriting is]

Michael Burtcher
of Saint Louis
Missouri

[This on the surface appears to be a letter written to a Hayden about his killing of John Dodge and although Margaret Hayden is Michael Burtcher's mother, why send it on to him, and why is it with his papers in 1901 when Sarah Ann Kegans Burtcher died? Then, the kicker was the letter below that Michael had written from Texas in 1847. I can put Michael positively in Texas by 1846 and suspect that he had been there longer, because he is assigned to a road crew in 1846.]

Red Point Smith Co, Texas
January 11, 1847

Mr Anderson

Sir, I have received your threatening communication by the person whom you wished to so desisley[?] to bear to me, in paticular that (the communication) that I had killed an old friend or murdered the same of yours in Missouri and to that charge, I answer this, it is a dammed willful and maliesous lie—instigated for no other purpose only to aid and assist Freeman through the community as an honest man. If you are determined to befriend Freeman I have no objections but don't tell them nasty stinking lies—do it honorably. If those statements of yours above were facts don't you think that people other then yourself would know something about the matter—be ashamed, and, come to see me, yourself and Freeman—but be sure and call at the fence before entering the yard for I have built this fence on purpose to keep such (damned) rascals and liars out side—which Freeman knows his self for he was here when I built it (the fence)—you can answer this if you see proper—I still remain

N.B.as for character if a respectable man should call on me I am ready and prepared at anytime to give a number + references more than yourself and freeman both.

Michael Burtcher
of Missouri
St Genivieve
and Co.
Residence, St. Louis
Mo. for the Last 20 or 15 yrs

M. Burtcher

[I have a pretty good data base on the Haydens but don't find anything that could match this. However, I'm aware that there are some of the Haydens in IL particularly in the Kaskaskia area that I don't have. I think they are more of Webb's children, so there is a connection to the Cape Girardeau area. Michael Burtcher's mother was Margaret Hayden, his grandparents were Dr. Belemus Hayden and his great-grandfather was William B. Hayden. I believe he was a Dr. also. You have to watch the records because they are both actually William B. Belemus usually used just Belemus. William B. (elder) died cutting wheat in Cape Girardeau, in his 96th year, although there is some dispute on this. Belemus Hayden was married to Hannah Ramsey, whose father was John, and the much disputed Margaret Barker, in spite of what Rebecca said it appears to me that she was Margaret Alexander West Crockett, and others have a couple of names for her. So, the Haydens/Ramseys and Simpsons were fairly prominent in the Cape area in the early 1800s, his aunt was a daughter of Jeremiah Simpson.]

SLAVE NARRATIVES: HARRIET LEE

Mah mammy tole me ah wuz jes fo' year ole wen de war end, so ah don' 'member much 'bout fo' de war. Ole Massa wuz Buckner Caldwell an' ole Missus, we a'ways call Miss Coon, dat de only name ah knows huh by, jes Miss Coon. He war a fine ole man but she war a hard one. Ah wuz name aftuh youn Missie Harriet.

De white folks had a fine house, a very lawge house standin' high up on a bluff 'bout a mile an' three quarterhs fum Cumbuhlain' Rivuh. Dat wuz in Smith County, Tennessee.

Ah don' rightly 'member 'bout how many slaves dey had, but dere war sev'ral cabins whut us cullud folks live in.

Mah mammy and daddy wuz Sarah an' Bob Tadwell. Mammy wuz raised in Vuhginyuh an' when she wuz sixteen yeah ole she wuz put on de block an' sold in Nashville.

Mah mammy wuz a seamstress. She nevuh work in de fiel', an' she don' know nuthin' 'bout cookin', but she do fine sewin'. When dey put her on de block dey has some o' huh work dar tuh show what fine sewin' she kin do. Yuh know all de sewin' war done by han' an mah mammy'd sew sometime till huh finguh nearly drop off. She saw de fines' frocks an' she make all dem fine tuck bosom shurts fo' de men.

One time a man come an' wanna buy mammy an' me. Miss Coon wuz gonna sell us unbeknownst to ole Massa. Ole Massa wouldn' sell none o' his people, but Miss Coon always try to put things ovuh on him an' he couldn't do nuthin' 'bout it but go git drunk. Ole Miss Coon put de price on us a way up high—cause mammy sech a fine seamstress an' ah wuz always a buxom chile, nevuh sick or nuthin'. But he say dat too much an' he go on home. Aftuh while wen dey so much talk 'bout freein' de niggers Miss Coon sent out word dat she come way down on de price but he sent back word dat he got az much sense az she got.

We lef' thar when we 'us free. My mammy always got work a sewin'. Ah stayed wuth 'us white woman fifteen year.

Yessum de Ku Kuxes cum aroun' right smaht. De woman ah stayed with wouldn' 'low no foolishness roun' her place an' dey nevuh bothuh huh none, but dey beat up some o' de neighbors. One ole man dey beat till he die.

LUCY DAVIS

In dem ole days we lived down near Hickman, Kaintucky. We belonged to Masta' Joe Mott and Missus Mary Mott. Den dey was young Massa' James Andrew an' young Massa' Joe, an' dey wuz Missie Ophelia an' Missie Mary Rebecca.

Dey had a nice big house, white wid big porches an' big locust trees aroun' in de yard. Dey only had us one famly o' slaves but dey wuz a good many er us.

My Daddy wuz Henry Litener and my mammy wuz Rosanna Litener. My daddy belonged to Woodson Morris. He wuz a cousin of Massa Joe Mott an' lived a few miles away. He wuz allus allowed to visit us over Saturday night an' Sunday. Mammy done de cookin' at de big house an' Massa Joe allus said dey warn't nobody cud cook like Rose—dat's what he call her.

We lived in a three-room log house an' we allus had plenty good eatin'. Hams, puddinear all year round chickens, an' sweet'taters an' possums too.

Cain't tell 'bout no good times in dem days cause dey warn't none. We didn have no church but Ole Missus Mary usta carry mammy along to her church—rindin' behind on her hoss. I guess dey wuz mos'ly right good to us all. The chillern wouldn' never let nobody whup me 'cause we all played togedder. But Ole Massa usta whup mammy when he'd git mad.

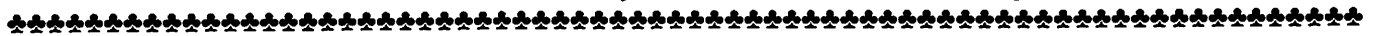
When de war came Ole Massa didden go but he war a reg'lar ole seeshesh! Young James Andrew went off to war an' ole Missus usta grieve for him. We ain't never seed no fightin' 'round our place but we could hear de big guns over at Columbus. When de sojerswas 'round de neighborhood dey'd allus have my playin' 'round de front gate so I cud tell 'em when dey's comin' up de road. Den dey goes an' hides 'fore de sojers gits dar. Dey all skeer'd o' de sojers. I's skeerd too but dey say sojers won't bother little black gal. De sojers jes' came in an' ransack de house—dey finds somethin' to eat an' dey looks for money. Dey wants money, but dey don' find none. Den dey wants ter know whar's my folks—but I tells 'em I don't know. Dey jes left an' didden say whar dey wuz goin'.

When de war wuz over Ole Massa Joe came in an' he say, "Rose, you all ain't slaves no mo'—you is all free as I is." Den you should a heard my mammy shout! You never heard sich shoutin' in all yo' bahn days. An' Ole Missus she jointed in de shoutin' too. She war glad 'cause now James Andrew would be comin' home.

Old Missus Delia Reed, dat wuz Old Massa's sister, she wuz good 'bout lookin' attter us when we's aillin' but iffen we's sick day'd git de doctor. Dey wuz jes' as dutiful to us as to dere white folks.

Dey usta talk—"bout hoodoos an' castin' spells an' sech like—but I guess dey warn't much to it er dey'd a cast spells on some o' de mean Massas when dey beat um up. Still iffen dey had, mabby dey'd a beat um up worsor or mabby killed 'em.

Davis, Lucy, 319 South Frederick Street, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.



Obituaries: Clarissa P. Looney *nee* Nelson

Missouri Cash-Book, May 11, 1899

LOONEY.—Clarissa P. Looney, nee Nelson, was born in Burk county, North Carolina, September 16, 1829, died in Cape Girardeau county, Mo., April 22, 1899. Sister Looney's parents emigrated to Tennessee when she was a small girl, and there she grew to womanhood and was united in marriage to Edwin W. Looney September 20, 1849. They came to Southeast Missouri about the beginning of the war between the states and located permanently in the south-west corner of Cape Girardeau county about 1863, in which neighborhood Clarissa Looney's home had been till she died.

All of her family had preceded her to the future world except one daughter. Her life was singularly beautiful, a life of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, ever trusting in Jesus. She served well her generation and left the world better because she had lived in it.

Sister Looney had been a member of the M. E. church, south, for more than fifty years and was ever ready to do her part in every good work. She will be greatly missed by the church at Rum Branch, where she was one of the charter members. She will be missed by the community where she had so often ministered with her hands to the sick and needy.

Sister Looney was ripe for heaven. Her long walk with God had prepared her soul for a happy exit from this troublesome world. She rests in peace. We would lay a flower on her grave and say good-bye.

S. C. BIFFLE

Mrs. Morris Wagner (*nee* Cotter)

Jackson Cash-Book, March 17, 1932

Cumby, Texas

March 12, 1932

Editor, Cash-Book

We received notice this week, that Mrs. Morris Wagner of near Neely's Landing, had died on the afternoon of the 3rd inst., and was surprised that the Cash-Book, which came this morning contained no account of her demise. It is possible we may have overlooked the notice of her death, but am inclined to feel that it was omitted.

The writer has known Mrs. Wagner as long as he can remember. Her maiden name was Eva Cotter, being a daughter of Edward Cotter, who for many years was in the mercantile business at Neely's and who died at his home, a short distance south of the "Dug Hill," one mile south of the landing, March 3, 1875.

The father of Mrs. Wagner was a native of Ireland and was educated for a Catholic priest, but having ideas of his own, he left home and country and came to the United States and some time in the late 40's or early 50's landed from a steamboat at Neely's Landing. He was sick at that time and Jacob Neely who was at that time in business there, took him to his home, where he was cared for by the Neely family and when he recovered his health, being well educated, he taught school for some time, when he laid court to and married Miss Letitia Neely, the daughter of Jacob Neely.

It is our understanding that he worked in the store of Mr. Neely and when the man Neely sold out to a man by the name of Thomas Whitelaw (father of Robert H. Whitelaw of Cape Girardeau), built a storehouse of his own

and began business in his own name. This store house building is, we think, still being used as a business house by Huntsinger & Hines. It was moved from its original location, fronting the river bank, in 18[8]3 or 1884 and was occupied by Litzelfelner Bros. for many years. This old building, if still in use, has been in service for nearly 75 years.

Mrs. Wagner was born in Neely's some time about 1855 to 1857. When my father died, February 8, 1873, she, Miss Bettie Woods and Miss Bettie Hines (daughter of Edwin Hines and sister to Mrs. Huntsinger of Neely's), sat up with his corpse the night after he died. Miss Woods was at that time, acting as private school teacher in Mr. Cotter's family and Miss Hines was teaching school that winter at the old Sheppard school house, one mile west of the river.

If our memory is correct we attended school with Mrs. Wagner, at what was then known as the "Mound School house" on the Jackson road, near where Elam W. Harris, at that time lived. This school was taught by our aunt, Amanda Harris, in the summer of 1869, and of all those who attended this school, we can now only recall a very few in the land of the living. We think that Walter Trickey of Oak Ridge was one; Mrs. Jim McLaughlin (if living) was another—her maiden name was Ellen Watkins; Mrs. Wm. Shelton (nee Missouri Hughes) we think was one and we also think that Mrs. Wagner's sister, Mary was one. (We cannot think of Mary's married name). Possibly Walter Sams may have also been one.

Mrs. Wagner probably knew more about the past history of the vicinity of Neely's Landing than any one else. As a young lady, she was attractive and of a modest, retiring nature. She was possessed of good physique and was always stout and strong. She was taught by her mother to do all kinds of housework and was a splendid good cook. She inherited her father's habits of industry and frugality and we know, made an ideal helpmate. Having been one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, citizens of the country in which she had lived and having been a member of a family very prominent in the early settlement of Cape county, we felt it meet and proper that these few lines be written to her memory.

In a letter from her son, we understand her body was laid to rest in the Lutheran cemetery at Egypt Mills, of which church she had been a communicant for some years.

She is survived by her husband, her son, Wilson; one brother, Pierce, who we think lives in California; and three sisters, Carrie, of California; Mrs. S. P. Bray and her sister, Mary, of near Neely's Landing.

To the sorrowing members of her family and relatives, we extend our most sincere sympathies.

Very truly,

R. W. HARRIS.

(The Cash-Book thanks Mr. Harris for the above contribution and apologizes for not getting the notice of the death in the paper on time.)

QUERIES ??? QUERIES ??? QUERIES ??? QUERIES ???

QUERIES are FREE to members of the Cape Girardeau County Genealogical Society, and should be sent to: Bill Eddleman, 1831 Ricardo Drive, Cape Girardeau, MO 63701. (email: weddlema@biology.semo.edu). Please include mailing address if submitting by email.

FOWLER

There was an F. L. FOWLER in Jackson, MO, Cape Girardeau Co. in 1900. He was 69 years old. Is there any chance that he ran a business there called Friend's Corner or a business near there at a place called Friend's Corner? **Ralph Keiffer, PO Bos 1325, Macclenny, FL 32063-1325.**

CRITES, DRUM

Peter CRITES m. Mary FULBRIGHT abt. 1790. Davault CRITES was b. 1795. Looking for siblings of Davault and the parents of Peter CRITES. **Dale Duchenne, 19052 SR 23, St. John, WA 99171. 509-648-3651. E-mail: dddcef@stjohncable.com**

QUERY, SIDES

Mira Kate, Nancy, Mag Emma and Mary, all daughters of Tom Calvin QUERY and Sarah Melissa "Missy" SIDES of Shawnee Township, Cape Girardeau Co. Who did they marry? They were sisters to my grandpa Sam QUERY, and his brothers were Homer, Rufus "Byrne", and Curt (Oscar Curtis). **Lyleth Winther, 13900 SE Hwy 212 #87, Clackamas, OR 97015. E-mail: lylaw@pacifier.com**

Index – March 2005 Collage

- A**
ADAMS
 Jean, 48
ANDERSON
 Mr., 57
- B**
BARKER
 Margaret, 57
BIFFLE
 S. C., 59
BRAY
 Mrs. S. P., 60
BURTCHEER
 Michael, 56-57
 Sarah Ann Kegans, 57
- C**
CALDWELL
 Buckner, 58
COCHRAN
 Capt. John R., 49-50,
 54
COTTER
 Edward, 59
 Eva, 59
 Letitia, 59
 Mary, 60
 Pierce, 60
CRISP
 Col., 53
CRISSWELL
 Bradley, 49
CRISTWELL
 Bradley, 49, 51
CRITES
 Davault, 60
 Mary, 60
 Peter, 60
CROCKETT
 Margaret Alexander
 West, 57
CURTIE
 ___, 50
- D**
DAVIS
 Lucy, 58-59
DINGER
 Capt. Fred, 52-53
DODGE
 John, 56
DUCHENNE
 Dale, 60
DURNING
 Charles Stewart, 55
- E**
EDDLEMAN
 Bill, 48
- F**
FOWLER
 F. L., 60
FREEMAN
 ___, 57
FULBRIGHT
 Mary, 60
- G**
GILBERT
 ___, 54
GRIMSLEY
 Bill, 50
- H**
HARRIS
 Amanda, 60
 Elam W., 60
 R. W., 60
HAYDEN
 Dr. Belemus, 57
 Jas.[?], 56
 Margaret, 57
 Webb, 57
 William B., 57
HINES
 Bettie, 60
 Edwin, 60
HUGHES
 Missouri, 60
HUMMEL
 Capt., 54
HUNTER
 Jacen C., 50
HUNTSINGER
 Mrs., 60
- J**
JEFFERS
 Col., 50-51
- K**
KEIFFER
 Ralph, 60
KITCHENS
 Sol., 53-54
- L**
LEE
 Harriet, 58
LEWIS
 John Marshall, 55
LINCOLN
 Levi, 54
LITENER
 Henry, 58
 Rosanna, 58-59
LOONEY
 Clarissa P., 59
 Edwin W., 59
LOVE
 Samuel, 56
LYMBAUGH
 Wm., 49-51
- M**
MARMADUKE
 Gen., 53
MARTIN
 Albert J., 49-55
McCLURE
 Maggi, 56
 Margaret, 56
McLAUGHLIN
 Mrs. Jim, 60
MILLS
 Betty, 48
MONTGOMERY
 ___, 54
MORELAND
 Ruth, 48
MORRIS
 Woodson, 58
MOTT
 James Andrew, 58-59
 Joe Jr., 58
 Joe, 58-59
 Mary Rebecca, 58
 Mary, 58
 Ophelia, 58
- N**
NALE
 Fred, 50
NATIONS
 ___, 54
NEELY
 Jacob, 59
 Letitia, 59
NELSON
 Clarissa P., 59
- P**
PETERSON
 Cyrus, 49
PRICE
 General, 49, 52-55
- Q**
QUERY
 Homer, 60
 Mag Emma, 60
 Mary, 60
 Mira Kate, 60
 Oscar Curtis "Curt", 60
 Rufus "Byrne", 60
 Sam, 60
 Sarah Melissa "Missy",
 60
 Tom Calvin, 60
- R**
RAMSEY
 Hannah, 57
 John, 57
REED
 Delia, 59
- REEVES**
 Tim, 53-54
RICE
 Capt., 54
RICHARDS
 Miles, 51
ROBESON
 Lowery (Lowry), 56
- S**
SADLER
 Snookey, 49
SAMS
 Walter, 60
SCALES
 Tom, 56
SEYER
 Joyce, 48
SHELTON
 Mrs. Wm., 60
SIDES
 Sarah Melissa "Missy",
 60
SIMPSON
 Jeremiah, 57
SMITH
 Gen. A. J., 55
SMITH
 Kirby, 53
- T**
TACKE
 Capt., 49-50, 54
TADWELL
 Bob, 58
 Sarah, 58
THOMPSON
 Gen. Jeff, 53
THORNTON
 John William, 55
TRICKEY
 Walter, 60
- W**
WAGNER
 Eva, 59
 Mrs. Morris, 59
 Wilson, 60
WATKINS
 Ellen, 60
WHITELAW
 Robert H., 59
 Thomas, 59
WHITESIDE
 ___, 56
WILSON
 Major, 52-54
WINTHER
 Lyleth, 60
WOODS
 Bettie, 60

-Books for Research Using Land Records -- Cape Girardeau Co. Genealogical Society-

Deed Abstracts of Cape Girardeau County, Missouri - Deed Books A/B-F **\$35**
 (1798-1826) by Bill Eddleman and Jane Randol Jackson. (210 pages, 33 page every name and location indices, 9 page introduction, 3 land plats, 6 maps, every name and location indices).

Deed Abstracts of Cape Girardeau County, Missouri Deed Books G-I (1826-1838) **\$20**
 by Bill Eddleman (129 pages, every name, slave, and location indices, 8 page introduction, 3 maps)

Deed Abstracts of Cape Girardeau Co., Books J-L, 1838-1846 . (170 pages, 36 page every name, slave, and location indices, 9 page introduction, 1 land plat, 3 maps). **\$25**

Purchasers of Government Lands in Cape Girardeau County - Compiled and transcribed **\$20**
 by Bill Eddleman from U. S. Bureau of Land Management records, Cape Girardeau Co. Tract Book, Swamp Land Patents, and School Land Sales. (120 pages, every name index).

Deed Abstracts of Stoddard County, Missouri - Deed Books A-C, 1835-1852 **\$20**
 by Bill Eddleman (64 pages, 11 page every name, slave and location indices, 8 page introduction, 6 maps)

Original Land Patentees Series - Compiled by Bill Eddleman from U. S. Bureau of Land Management records. Names, land parcel locations, certificate and file numbers, dates of patents, maps. Includes every name index.

Bollinger Co. - 115 pages.	\$17
Madison Co. - 80 pages	\$17
Stoddard Co. - 62 pages.	\$10
Wayne Co. - 125 pages.	\$17

We pay postage and some quantities are limited. Please include SASE when writing if you need further details about any book, or for a brochure with a complete list of publications. A complete list of publications may requested for a SASE, and can also be viewed on our web site: <http://www.rootsweb.com/~mocgcgs/pubs.htm> Mail order from: Cape Girardeau County Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 571, Jackson, MO 63755. May also be purchased at the Cape Girardeau County Archive Center in Jackson, MO.

Cape Girardeau County Genealogical Society's Research Books, Microfilm, and all research aids are housed at the Cape Girardeau County Archive Center, 112 East Washington, Jackson, MO 63755. The Library is closed on Sunday and Monday, and open 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Tuesday and Wednesday, 9 a.m.-7 p.m. on Thursday, 9 a.m.-4:30 p.m. on Friday, and 9 a.m.-2 p.m. on Saturday. MEETINGS are held at Riverside Regional Library at 7:30 p.m. the Fourth Tuesday of Jan., March, May, July, Sept., and Nov. *COLLAGE* quarterly is sent free to members in March, June, Sept., and Dec.

-----MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION-----

MAIL TO: Cape Girardeau Co. Genealogical Society, Jane R. Jackson, Membership, P.O. Box 571, Jackson, MO 63755. DUES: Individual \$10.00 Couple \$15.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ PHONE () _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

EMAIL ADDRESS _____

Researching Surnames _____

DUES ARE DUE IN MAY

CAPE GIRARDEAU CO. GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P. O. BOX 571
JACKSON, MO 63755

NON PROF ORG
US POSTAGE PAID
CAPE GIRARDEAU MO
PERMIT NO 178

Address Service Requested

