Hiram Cockayne - Beginnings

By Jane Cockayne Weaver

Few people could remember a summer as hot and humid as the one that descended upon Ohio County, Virginia in 1810. For Sarah Cockayne, pregnant with her eighth child, the heat must have seemed unbearable. Sarah was nearing her fortieth year, and surely her age was making it more difficult to bear the children that had become routine. Finally on Tuesday, the fourteenth of August, the baby arrived, a little boy that Sarah, and her husband, Samuel, named Hiram Silas.

By the time Hiram was born, his forefathers had been in America for over a century. The first of Hiram's ancestors to come to America arrived in Talbot County on Maryland's Eastern Shore from Yorkshire, England. Like Hiram's father, this man called himself Samuel Cockayne. Samuel from Yorkshire was a lawyer, and he married into the prosperous Carter family soon after he arrived in Maryland. Before his death, Samuel established himself as a successful planter, attorney, and businessman. Subsequent generations of Cockayne men followed Samuel's lead—they married well, practiced law, farmed, and involved themselves in civic affairs.[1] When colonial Maryland joined the movement for independence from England, Cockayne men enlisted in the fight. [2] As the collection of colonies that became a nation coalesced, the Cockaynes would say that although their name was English, they were typically, proudly, and thoroughly American. Hiram could trace his descent to people who were fiercely independent, proud, hard-working, and accustomed to living by their wits. [3]

In about 1760, Hiram's paternal grandfather, also named Samuel Cockayne, married a woman named Mary Lowe. Samuel and Mary Lowe Cockayne would have at least four children: William (b1762), Carter (b1764), Elizabeth (b1766), and Samuel (b1768). Mary Lowe came from a family whose experience in America had been as long and rich as that of the Cockaynes and the Carters. Mary was the daughter of Henry Lowe of Talbot County, Maryland. The Lowe family had an active role in colonial America and considered themselves one of Maryland's first families. In addition to Hiram's grandmother, Mary, Henry Lowe had fathered Vincent, Elizabeth, Margaret, Sally, and Henry, Jr.[4] Mary's sister, Elizabeth, had married a man named John Harmoni and moved to the Amberson Valley in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. The Harmonis had prospered in Pennsylvania, and when the war ended in 1783, they continued to do well. On the contrary, life in postwar Maryland was difficult because the long conflict had left the local economy in shambles. Hiram's father and uncle, Samuel and Carter Cockayne, had come of age during the war, and they were young, ambitious men with few prospects. The brothers turned to the Harmonis for advice, and their Aunt Elizabeth encouraged her nephews to join her family in Pennsylvania. After some consideration, Samuel and Carter decided to cast their lot with the men and women moving west. They settled in the Amberson Valley in a home close to the Harmoni place. [5]

Carter remained a single man, but Samuel married Sarah, the woman who would become Hiram's mother. Compared to the abundance of information about the Cockayne men, there is a dearth of the same regarding Sarah Cockayne. Where Sarah was born and when, what her family name was, and where and when she met and married young Samuel are things that are lost to us. What is clear is that Sarah and Samuel began their family in Pennsylvania with the birth of their son and Hiram's oldest brother, William, in 1792.[6]

By about 1795 Samuel and Carter, with the family in tow, were on the move again, this time to Ohio County, Virginia. Americans looking for opportunity had long eyed western Virginia. The area was rich in timber and wildlife, and the soil produced well. The first settlers who ventured there encountered stiff resistance from the Indians, who were partial to keeping their ancient hunting grounds for themselves. But by 1795, the Indians had conceded their loss and withdrawn to the west. The Cockaynes were among the many families who began pouring into the region at this time. [7]

The first white settlers to come to western Virginia were ambivalent about slavery. But some pioneer families who owned slaves brought their human property with them. By some estimates, there were roughly 250 slaves in Ohio County in 1800. The Cockaynes of Maryland had been slaveholders at least as far back as the mid-1700s. But Samuel and Carter neither brought slaves with them from Maryland to Pennsylvania, nor were they slaveholders when they lived in western Virginia. In fact, indications are that Hiram's father was anti-slavery in his views. While traveling through Ohio on a business trip to Kentucky, Samuel witnessed the murder of a slave at the hands of his white owner. Samuel reported the murder to the authorities, a gesture that many whites of his time and place would have seen as extraordinary. Later, Samuel would acquire slaves through marriage, but the evidence suggests that he saw himself more as their guardian than their master.[8]

Samuel was ambitious and knew that with hard work and some luck he could make a name for himself in western Virginia. He bought land near present-day Moundsville, built a house of virgin walnut logs, enlarged it, and upgraded it as his finances allowed. As Samuel's family and fortune grew, people took to calling his home Valley Farm. In addition to farming, Samuel served as a constable, dabbled in business ventures, and ran an ordinary out of his home.[9] Carter worked alongside Samuel, trading his labor for a permanent place in the family but never marrying or establishing a home of his own. In addition to William, Samuel and Sarah's brood grew to include Elizabeth, Jane, Samuel Jr., Mary, Bennett, Vincent Lowe, and finally, Hiram. The household that existed when Hiram was born in 1810 included his parents, his uncle, a brother and sister in their late teens, two sisters between the ages of ten and fifteen, and three brothers who were nine, five, and three.[10] Working together, Hiram's parents and uncle had made their family name and reputation stand for something. They had become modestly wealthy, somewhat privileged, and could claim their place among western Virginia's leading families.

Despite the family's success, Ohio County, Virginia was still a hinterland compared to what people considered the more refined world of the east. Death was a constant as disease, hunger, accidents and childbirth took their toll. For a woman in her forties, pregnancy was risky, and Sarah Cockayne was nearing that age when Hiram was born. In July of 1814, just a month before Hiram's fourth birthday, Sarah witnessed the will of a friend, so we know she was alive at this point in time.[11] How much longer Sarah may have lived is open to speculation. What is clear is that by the time Hiram reached his tenth year, his mother was dead, and his father had remarried.

Death in a pioneer home upset a delicate balance because the role each family member played was critical to the survival of the whole. When a parent died, it was often necessary, and therefore common, for the surviving spouse to try to forge a new marriage quickly, and this became Hiram's father's goal. Martha Burbridge Price was a neighbor of the Cockaynes, and she had recently lost her husband, George Washington Price. Martha and George Price had come to Ohio County because George had family in the area, and he had taken a position supervising the building of the Wheeling Pike, part of the National Road. At the time George died, he and Martha had at least four children and several slaves. How the widow, Martha Price, and the widower, Samuel Cockayne, met and decided to marry is a mystery, but by the fall of 1820, they were husband and wife. Martha and her children moved into Samuel's Valley Farm home where the combined family—twenty-two people in all--included Samuel's brother, Carter, and Martha's slaves.[12] At the time Samuel married Martha, Hiram was ten years old and the youngest child in the household.

For a precocious adolescent such as Hiram, his home life had been anything but dull. Hiram's oldest brother, William, had married when Hiram was a toddler. As a child, Hiram watched as his sisters courted, married, and had children of their own.[13] Then, in 1822, two years after Hiram's father married Martha, an interesting thing happened. Hiram's brother, Samuel Jr., fell in love with one of Martha's daughters, Mary Price, and the two married. Then, another of Hiram's brothers, Bennett, began courting Sarah, another of Martha's daughters. Bennett and Sarah had plans to marry when Martha died suddenly. Certainly out of respect, Bennett and Sarah waited a year after Martha's death before marrying. Because Martha's slaves had been her family's property when she married the elder Samuel, they passed to the Price family when she died. Mary Price Cockayne was Martha's oldest child, and she inherited at least three of her mother's human property. Suddenly, Samuel Cockayne Sr. was no longer a slave holder, but his son, Samuel Cockayne Jr., had acquired that dubious status as a result of the death of his father's wife.[14] For Hiram, the flurry of marriages, combined with the death of his mother and stepmother, compounded by the changes in the lives of everyone he knew must have made his adolescence all the more poignant.

Hiram's father was once again a widower, and he again began courting a woman who had recently lost her husband. Her name was Hannah Arnette, and she was Samuel's junior by more than twenty years. By the time Hiram turned seventeen, Samuel and Hannah had married and produced a daughter, Margaret, the ninth and last of Samuel Cockayne's children. Hiram reached his majority, but he remained at Valley Farm

working for his father. Hiram's three older sisters were probably dead by the time Hiram approached his twenties. Of his brothers, William had a family of his own and was living in nearby Wheeling; Samuel Jr., was farming and raising a family near Moundsville; Bennett had a family and in addition to farming, was the postmaster and kept a general store. Vincent, who was just three years older than Hiram, enjoyed farming and had his eye on a career in business and banking. Hiram's father could look proudly upon his children, knowing that many of their accomplishments were the result of his own.

Hiram's upbringing had been filled with every emotion imaginable--joy, sorrow, gain, loss, success, and failure. But from all accounts, Valley Farm, where Hiram was born and grew to manhood, was something special. What had begun as a log house became a sprawling, well-appointed home—a place synonymous with activity, laughter, and albeit, work. One of Samuel's granddaughters may have best captured the warmth of the family and attachment to her grandfather's home, writing of her halcyon days spent at Valley Farm, where she fondly remembered "running up and down on a long porch." [15]

Hiram may have been content with his life just the way it was. He certainly seemed in no hurry to leave his father's home. But Hiram's life was about to change in ways he never could have imagined in his waking and working hours. Rather, the places he would go and the things he would do were the stuff that existed only in his dreams.

Hiram and Elizabeth

Sometime in the year 1835, Hiram Cockayne set his sights on the woman he would marry. Hiram had known Elizabeth Riggs for a number of years. But because Elizabeth was eight years Hiram's junior, it may have taken some maturing on Elizabeth's part before Hiram looked at her seriously. Elizabeth was the daughter of John Riggs whose family, like the Cockaynes, had been some of Ohio County's earliest settlers.[16] John Riggs was a well-respected citizen and farmer, and in addition to Elizabeth, he was the father of Samuel, Mary, Rebecca, Caroline, and Cynthia Riggs. On 10 February 1835, Elizabeth turned seventeen, and in August of that year, Hiram reached his twenty-fifth year. Before the end of 1835, Hiram's courtship of Elizabeth had resulted in their betrothal and marriage—a marriage that would last for more than thirty years and produce thirteen children.

Hiram and Elizabeth set up housekeeping on a farm close to both families of the young couple. Their first child was a boy who was born on 23 September 1836. They named their son John Edgar—John in honor of Elizabeth's father. Hiram and Elizabeth wasted no time producing another child, this time a little girl who was born in March of 1838. Hiram and Elizabeth chose the name Sarah Elizabeth for their first daughter, her first name in memory of Hiram's mother, and her second name for Elizabeth herself and for Hiram's sister, Elizabeth. Hiram and Elizabeth had every right to feel some satisfaction with their lives although as with most young couples, they were working hard to make ends meet. They had a place of their own and a thriving family. But while fortune may have been smiling upon Hiram and Elizabeth, a personal, bitter, and vicious war had erupted at Valley Farm between Hiram's father and his Uncle Carter.

Carter and Samuel Cockayne had been together all of their lives, first as small children and later as adult men. The brothers had maintained a close personal and business partnership despite Samuel's three marriages and nine children and despite Carter choosing to remain a bachelor. Carter never listed himself as the head of a household on any census, and he never established himself as an independent taxable. Carter seemed content to simply be a part of Samuel's family, and Samuel seemed content to have Carter as a permanent family fixture. Clearly Carter worked to earn his keep with Samuel's family. Carter may have been the brawn to Samuel's brains because Carter would later claim that he had physically labored for many years and that his labor had benefitted and enriched his brother.[17]

The trouble between Carter and Samuel had doubtless been brewing for several years, but in the spring of 1838, Carter's anger and frustration with Samuel reached a pinnacle, and Carter decided to move out of Samuel's home permanently. When this brouhaha erupted, Carter was seventy-four years old to Samuel's seventy years. The problem facing Carter was that Samuel had never paid Carter for his labor. Rather, Carter had lived with Samuel and his expenses had been paid from the family accounts. If Carter wanted to leave Samuel's home, he would need money. Carter later claimed that Samuel had promised a large enough sum of money to keep Carter living in comfort for the rest of his life, but in the end, Samuel

reneged. Samuel might have promised to pay Carter thinking that given enough time, Carter would relent, get over his anger, and give up on his demands for money. However, Carter was determined, and he persisted. Samuel's response was to stall for time.[18]

By the fall of 1838, Carter had enough, and he initiated a law suit against Samuel in the Circuit Court of Marshall County. Carter's suit claimed trespass against Samuel, meaning Samuel had inflicted a form of imprisonment upon Carter by withholding the funds Carter had earned and needed to leave Samuel's home. To add insult to injury, Carter asked the Sheriff to round up Samuel and hold him for safekeeping until the court could hear the suit. The exact instructions to the Sheriff were that if Samuel Cockayne were found within the Sheriff's "bailiwick," he was to secure Samuel and "him safely keep, so that you have his body before the judge of our circuit superior court of law." [19] The proud Samuel was most assuredly chagrined, but Carter had effectively brought his brother to heel. In October of 1838, Carter and Samuel reached an agreement that represented a compromise. Carter would give up his demands for money, and for his part, Samuel would pay for Carter's lodging and care for the rest of Carter's life. The agreement was finite and listed all the things Samuel would provide Carter including "good food, meat, lodging, and medical care and assistance."[20]

In the end, Samuel kept his promise to Carter, paying friends and neighbors to take care of his brother until Carter died twelve years later.[21] But Carter and Samuel had played out their dispute in front of the entire population of Marshall County, Virginia. Doubtless their argument fueled gossip, and people wondered what Carter and Samuel's parents would have thought about one of their children suing another, never mind the public spectacle they created in the process. Surely Carter and Samuel's parents would have seen their argument as regrettable, but they might have viewed Carter's method for settling their disagreement as more acceptable than it would seem at first glance. In fact, the Cockaynes routinely resolved differences in court, going so far as to use the legal system to register the mundane and monumental details of their lives and to give voice to their opinions. To say that the family was comfortable in court and enamored of legal processes is an understatement. In order to understand why the family relied so heavily on the courts, all anyone need do is look to the first Samuel Cockayne to call himself an American.

Samuel Cockayne from Yorkshire was an attorney, and his roots were deep in England of the seventeenth century. The English legal system was unrivaled as early as the thirteenth century and reached its zenith about the time Samuel migrated from England to Maryland. Samuel would have believed, as most Englishmen did, that the system of law he knew, practiced, and brought to America with him was the best the world had to offer. In Samuel's world, civilized men took their disagreements into court where common sense, evidence, and judiciousness determined who was right, who was wrong, and who was responsible for righting a wrong. Samuel was diligent about going to the courthouse and recording transactions relating to the day-to-day aspects of his family's life. Samuel may have been open to sealing a deal with a

handshake, but he wasted little time recording the details of his agreement at the courthouse. Samuel's descendants continued this tradition, and the court records of Maryland, Virginia, and Iowa are a rich repository of the family's business and personal dealings. Samuel from Yorkshire might have chided Carter and Samuel for failing to put their agreement in writing in the first place, but he would have accepted and supported Carter's method for resolving their dispute in the aftermath.[22]

Hiram and Elizabeth likely observed the dustup between Samuel and Carter with some embarrassment and frustration, but more pressing things were occupying their thoughts and time. Hiram and Elizabeth had a small farm, and they were holding their own. But they knew they would never prosper as their parents had done unless things changed. Based upon their ability to produce children, Hiram and Elizabeth could expect to have a large family, and they wondered how they would provide for themselves and their children as time went on. They could try to buy more land near their current farm, but land all around them had been developed and had grown expensive. They could try something other than farming, but farming was all either knew. About this time, Hiram began hearing people talk about America's newest territory--a place called Iowa--and he began seeing handbills that promoters circulated about opportunities there. At first Hiram just listened, but soon he was doing much more talking than listening about this place with a strange name.

European exploration of the land that would become Iowa began late in the seventeenth century with the Marquette and Joliet expedition. Word spread that the land had abundant lead deposits, fur-bearing animals, and soil so rich that a kernel of corn dropped in the ground practically sprouted overnight. In 1788 Julien Dubuque, a French Canadian, began mining lead in the town that would later bear his name. The mine and the town of Dubuque sat on the Mississippi River which provided an easy method of transportation to and from St. Louis. Naturally, Americans living east of the river turned a covetous eye on this land that abutted the nation's largest water highway. In 1805 Zebulon Pike explored the area under the direction of President Jefferson. Pike pointed out the places that would make good forts, including Ft. Madison. When Pike arrived at the spot on the river that would become Burlington, Iowa, he went to lengths to describe the cliffs above the river where various Indian tribes gathered flint for arrowheads, vast stands of trees for building, and prairies sufficient to house and feed multitudes. In 1809 the U.S. Army constructed an outpost at Ft. Madison, but a combined British and Indian force scattered the fifty troops garrisoned there and burned the fort to the ground during the War of 1812. [23]

For the next twenty years, American settlers tussled with the Indians over who would occupy the land. Then, under the provisions of the Black Hawk Treaty of 1833, the United States Government carved out the Territory of Iowa and established the terms of settlement. The government warned settlers away from the territory until the army could provide protection and the U.S. General Land Office could survey the area. But as always, eager pioneers were in the vanguard, and the area around Burlington was of particular interest to them. Ignoring the government's warnings, thirteen families built cabins in what is now

downtown Burlington. When the commander of the fort at Rock Island learned of this, he sent a detachment of troops under a young Lt. Jefferson Davis to drive out the squatters. By the end of 1833, settlers had pushed into the area again, named their town Burlington, and built cabins. This time, they stayed. By the spring of 1838, the Territory of Iowa had governing rules, a legislature, a capital city, and a territorial governor, one Robert Lucas who had been born in western Virginia. Although Lucas had moved to Ohio before coming to Iowa, western Virginians still claimed Lucas as one of their own. If fellow Virginian Robert Lucas found success in Iowa, men the likes of Hiram Cockayne might as well. Public land auctions began in Burlington as early as 1836, and doubtless Hiram heard about them. Broadsides advertising land for as little as $1.25 per acre hung from every pillar and post.[24]

Hiram was not alone in his interest in Iowa. Hiram's brother, Samuel, was considering going to Iowa too, and Samuel's motivation was similar to Hiram's. Both men had growing families and little enough land to support their children, let alone get ahead financially. In August of 1839, Hiram and Samuel decided to travel to Burlington, Iowa. They would have arrived in Burlington by the early fall. What the two men saw when they arrived was a collection of buildings and lean-tos populated by fewer than two thousand people. Hogs roamed freely in the streets and wallowed in the puddles that formed after a rain. Hiram and Samuel explored the area and saw potential in the place. They decided to purchase land in Flint River Township, an area situated about seven miles northwest of the boom town of Burlington. The land they chose was partially wooded, but in places it leveled out into small plains. Meandering through their land was Flint Creek. The area presented a desirable combination. But first, Hiram and Samuel would need to purchase their farms through one of the land auctions in Burlington.

The stories of Iowa's land auctions are the stuff of legend. Burlington and Dubuque were the only towns that had government land offices, and the title for all of eastern Iowa's land sales were transferred at these two points. Burlington took on something of a carnival atmosphere when the land agents conducted auctions. The land office itself was a one-story frame building which was situated on the southeast corner of Third and Columbia Streets. The town of less than 1500 people would double its size in the days before an auction. Speculators, farmers who had squatted on the land and hoped to buy the farms that they had developed, and newly arrived buyers milled around hoping for the best deal they could get.[25] There were reports of bloody fights, stories of people being tarred and feathered, and multiple murders during auction season. Hiram and Samuel attended an auction on 22 October 1839, and both men made purchases.[26] Over time, Hiram would increase his land holdings to 317 acres, and Samuel's smaller farm would be adjacent to Hiram's. Two years after their purchase, the land office issued both men certificates dated 01 December 1841, complete with the signature of then President John Tyler.[27]

Both men must have felt excitement mixed with anxiety as they made their way home to tell their wives what they had found and done in Burlington. Hiram might have felt the pressure to get moving keenly when on the first day of May in 1840 Elizabeth gave birth to their third child and second son. This baby they

named Samuel Riggs Cockayne, undoubtedly in honor of Hiram's father and perhaps Elizabeth's brother and with a nod to Elizabeth's family name. It is unclear whether the families left for Iowa in the fall of 1840 or if they waited until the spring of 1841. No matter the date in time, this was a gutsy decision and one which Hiram and Elizabeth undoubtedly viewed as irreversible.[28]

The easiest way to get from western Virginia to Iowa was by steamship. The two families packed what they could of their belongings in wagons, and teams took them to a place on the Ohio River where they boarded a steamer. They traveled to St. Louis where another steamship brought them to Burlington. Hiram and Elizabeth were saying good-bye to everything they had ever known. What the future held was anyone's guess, but the couple looked ahead with courage and excitement. [29]

Hiram and Elizabeth's land was on the edge of what was still a wilderness. Before man had arrived in what would become Flint River Township, buffalo herds had created paths when moving from place to place looking for food and water. The Indians later used these same paths, and when the first white settlers arrived, they widened the paths sufficiently to allow wagons to pass. Later, these paths became main roads. Hiram and Elizabeth's land abutted one of the paths that ran north and south through the township, and Indians still traveled this route regularly. Small groups of Indians would visit asking for food. Although the Indians were peaceful, roving wolf packs were otherwise and routinely attacked livestock and humans alike.[30]

The first job ahead of Hiram was the building of a rudimentary structure that would provide shelter for the winter. Because Hiram and Elizabeth's children were small, Hiram probably hired men to help him or relied on his brother's older boys. Hiram and Elizabeth had brought little with them aside from some personal items, but their land offered an abundance of timber. The evidence suggests that a log lean-to housed the family that first winter. In the spring, Hiram dug a root cellar—or what the settlers sometimes called a cave—adjacent to the lean-to. He dug a well about twenty feet from the lean-to and the root cellar. The next job was to construct outbuildings for the livestock, and Hiram dug an additional well near the barn to supply water for the animals. Within a year, the family began construction of a log structure a few feet south of where the lean-to stood. This cabin would become the family's permanent home, and Hiram would expand the cabin, floor it with puncheons, and build beds, tables and chairs.[31] A common trick for many settlers was to use the cabin door for a dining table. When it was time to eat, it was easy to remove the door from its hinges and re-hang it after the meal. Not only did the door perform two functions, but with space at a premium, the dining table was out of the way between meals.[32] The collection of buildings that Hiram and Elizabeth called home stood less than one-quarter of a mile from the road. To provide privacy and food, the couple began planting and nourishing an orchard that bordered the road and a garden that stood between the orchard and the house. [33] An abundance of work lay ahead of Hiram and Elizabeth, but in short order, they had the makings of a home. Doubtless, the young couple drew parallels between their

experience in this raw land and that of both of their fathers who had sought opportunity and weathered similar challenges on the frontier in western Virginia.

Although Hiram and Elizabeth had their hands full with their new homestead, their family continued to grow. Before the end of 1841, Elizabeth was again expecting, and this would be the first of the couple's children to be an Iowan by birth. The baby arrived on 02 February 1842, and Hiram and Elizabeth chose the name Rebecca Jane for their second daughter and fourth child. Rebecca was named for Elizabeth's sister, Rebecca Riggs, and Hiram's sister, Jane Cockayne Hyder. Hiram and Elizabeth wasted little time producing another daughter. On 16 February 1844, Mary Cockayne was born. Both Hiram and Elizabeth had sisters named Mary, and this little girl likely inherited her name from her aunts on both sides of the family.[34]

As more people moved into the neighborhood, the settlers built a church and a school, which were situated on the southern tip of Hiram and Elizabeth's farm.[35] When the first death occurred, the families staked out a cemetery near the church. Because Hiram and his brother owned large tracts of land in the township, people took to calling the area the Cockayne District.[36] When referring to the church, people routinely called it the Cockayne Church; likewise people called the one-room schoolhouse the Cockayne School. Before long, a small settlement grew up around the church and school which included a general store and took the name Prairie Grove Village.[37]

Of the 317 acres Hiram and Elizabeth purchased, only about seventy-five acres were easily cultivated. Hiram's goal with the farm was threefold: he would clear additional land and put it to the plow, he would begin raising hogs in as large a number as the land could support, and he would sell some of his unimproved land to newcomers. His plan appeared to be success when in June of 1844 he sold about fifty unimproved acres of his original land purchase to Levi Wolverton, the nephew of a neighbor and another early settler, John Wolverton.[38]

Again Elizabeth was expecting, and on 30 October 1845, the couple's sixth child and fourth daughter, Caroline Ross Cockayne was born. Caroline was named for Elizabeth's sister, Caroline Riggs, and for Dr. William Ross, one of Burlington's founders, benefactors, and its first physician. The farm was taking shape, and Hiram was successfully cultivating wheat, corn, and oats in addition to the large garden that supplied the farm's kitchen. The livestock that supported the farm and the table consisted of oxen, horses, sheep, hogs, and milch and other cattle. Hiram and his sons would hunt small game, and as on any farm, the chicken coop was a source of eggs and the occasional hen for the pot. Sheep provided wool to sell, and Hiram usually had at least sixty head of hogs, some of which he sold to the hog man in Burlington each year.[39] Over time, the farm's sizeable orchard would produce bushels of apples that Elizabeth would store each fall in the root cellar. In the spring of 1846, just before planting time, Hiram sold another fifty acres of his land to Levi Wolverton, a man who had become a good friend. Hiram now had about two hundred acres, and his farm would remain at this size for the rest of his life.[40]

In 1848 Hiram and Elizabeth's seventh child and third son was born, a baby they named William Silas Cockayne. The couple chose the name of William in honor of Hiram's brother, and Silas was Hiram's middle name. At the time William arrived, John Edgar was twelve, Sarah was ten, Samuel was eight, Rebecca was six, Mary was four, and Caroline was three. John Edgar and Samuel were old enough to help Hiram in the fields and barnyard when they were out of school. Likewise, Sarah and Rebecca helped Elizabeth with her daily chores and with young Mary and Caroline. Despite the demands of the farm, Hiram and Elizabeth set high standards for their children. All were expected to attend school and do well. According to one of their children, Hiram and Elizabeth valued education so much that a child had little time for much of anything beyond his books and his farm work.[41] All of the Cockaynes were in church on Sunday, and the parents expected their children to honor their faith with an emphasis on abiding by the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule.[42] When it came to religion, Hiram and Elizabeth were Protestants; when it came to politics, Hiram was a Democrat.[43]

In March of 1850, Hiram's Uncle Carter died in Virginia.[44] It would have taken several months for a letter bearing the news to travel from western Virginia to Iowa. Carter's death might have given the couple pause, but they had little time to reflect considering the busy nature of their lives. Elizabeth and Hiram added to their family once more. On 01 June 1850 Elizabeth gave birth to another baby girl. For a time Elizabeth and Hiram had trouble settling upon a name, so they simply called the baby Girlie.[45] Later, the couple would name this child Lovie Irene. Perhaps Hiram and Elizabeth's delay in naming their baby combined with the whimsical nature of the child's name were an indication that things were not as they should have been. In any event, Lovie lived only nine months, dying on 14 March 1851.[46] Hiram and Elizabeth chose a family plot in the graveyard at Prairie Grove and buried Lovie there. Elizabeth was pregnant again within months of Lovie's death, and on 18 February 1852, she gave birth to her ninth child, a little boy she and Hiram named James Rudsin Cockayne.

The farm was doing well, and other than their loss of Lovie, Hiram and Elizabeth could count themselves fortunate because of their continued health and that of their children. By the summer of 1853, Elizabeth was again expecting. Although Elizabeth felt new life growing within her body, James was struggling. The planting season came and went, and as harvest time neared, it was clear James was losing his battle to live. James died on 04 September 1853, and now Hiram and Elizabeth carried a second child to the graveyard at Prairie Grove and lay James next to Lovie.[47] The baby that Elizabeth was carrying when she buried James arrived on 23 March 1854 and must have provided some consolation for the grief she felt over her recent loss. This baby was the couple's tenth child and fifth son and drew the name Hiram Joseph.[48] People took to calling Hiram Joseph by the nickname of Jasper, to avoid confusion between the father and son. A letter arrived in the fall of 1854 with the news that Hiram's father, Samuel, had died the previous June. Hiram and Elizabeth had been away from their Virginia families for fourteen years, and the news of Samuel's passing doubtless filled them with grief and a sense of nostalgia.

On 28 March 1856, Hiram and Elizabeth had another daughter to introduce to the family. This little girl they called Matilda Ann. Hiram was as busy as he had ever been. He had improved ten more acres, and because of his efforts, the farm had doubled in value in the past decade.[49] Hiram and Elizabeth built a second home on the northwest corner of their property, and their older children presumably lived in this home during parts of the year to help with the animals and the fields and to relieve crowding at the main house. The second home was much smaller than the main and lacked a well, so whoever stayed there had to carry whatever water the cistern failed to provide.[50]

John Wolverton and his family figured largely in the lives of Hiram and Elizabeth. John lived on a farm in Danville Township, close to the Cockayne place. John was a good friend, and his nephew, Levi, had been the purchaser of Hiram's undeveloped land in the early days. John had several strapping sons who would come to Levi's farm to help out from time to time. Because Levi was a neighbor to Hiram and Elizabeth, it was inevitable that the Wolverton boys and the Cockayne girls would strike up an acquaintance. It was predictable that something would come of the association, and something did when on 06 November 1856, Hiram and Elizabeth's oldest daughter, Sarah, married William Wolverton, one of John Wolverton's sons.[51] Hiram and Elizabeth now had one adult child married, while their youngest was only eight months old.

At the conclusion of each successful harvest, Hiram and Elizabeth would buy a few new things for their farm and home. Hiram added plows and planters to his farm equipment, and over time as the house expanded, the couple purchased stoves, bedsteads, bureaus, tables, and thirteen chairs—presumably enough chairs to accommodate everyone at dinner. As their home became more refined, Hiram and Elizabeth became the proud owners of things such as a clock, a looking glass, and nice bed linens. By the fall of 1858, Elizabeth was once again expecting. Although Elizabeth and Hiram had a child on the way, yet another was preparing to leave their home at the urging of another one of John Wolverton's sons. Their daughter, Rebecca, had become engaged to Alfred Wolverton, William's brother. The marriage of the two sisters, Sarah and Rebecca, to the brothers, William and Alfred, forever cemented the relationship between the Cockayne and Wolverton families. Rebecca and Alfred married at Hiram and Elizabeth's home on 29 December 1858, and the couple set out on their own.[52] The spring brought another season of planting and renewal, and on 15 May 1859, Elizabeth gave birth to the couple's twelfth child and sixth son, a baby she named Artus Buckus Cockayne.[53]

On 12 April 1861, the disagreement between Americans over the future of their country would erupt into a conflict that people labeled the American Civil War. The political wrangling that led to the hostilities must have caught the attention of Hiram. Hiram always claimed he was a Democrat, proudly counting himself a member of the party of Andrew Jackson. Like most Democrats of his time, Hiram held a strong belief in States Rights and in the sanctity of the Constitution. But Hiram's father, although a Southerner, had anti-slavery views, and Hiram appears to have inherited those notions. When war came, Hiram was too old to fight. But it is doubtful that he would have joined the stream of men mustering in all around him even if he

could have because he disapproved of ending slavery with arms. Hiram may have been anti-slavery, but he believed that if the Constitution acknowledged the institution, only a Constitutional Amendment could abolish it. Hiram's hope was that an amendment would do, peacefully, what it took a national bloodletting to accomplish. Hiram's views were noticeably different from those of his neighbors. Ultimately, some 75,000 Iowans volunteered for service during the war, proportionately more than from any other state, North or South. Yet when the call to arms came to his part of Iowa, Hiram had two sons who were eligible to enlist. Neither did. On the contrary, Hiram's brother and neighbor, Samuel, sent two of his sons and a grandson into the fracas.[54]

Despite the awful news of war in the east, Hiram and Elizabeth celebrated the marriage of their son, Samuel, to Mary Ann Mintling on 05 May 1861.[55] The Mintlings were a hard-working family who lived on a farm in neighboring Danville Township, and eventually one of Mary Ann's sisters would marry one of Hiram's nephews. Although Hiram and Elizabeth had suffered the deaths of two of their young children, they had yet to endure the loss of an older child. Mary Cockayne had been born in 1844, and from all appearances, she had a normal childhood and adolescence. But shortly after Samuel married, Mary either had an accident or became ill and died on 09 September 1861.[56] Now, Hiram and Elizabeth carried their third child to the graveyard at Prairie Grove and lay Mary next to Lovie and James. The gravestones that Hiram and Elizabeth had chosen for Lovie and James were smaller markers that were consistent with those most people would have chosen for a small child. But, the stone that marked Mary's grave was quite different. Mary's marker was a larger, more elaborate affair that reflected her age and the attachment that Hiram and Elizabeth must have felt to their dead seventeen-year-old daughter. About the time Mary died, Elizabeth gave birth to her last child, a girl she named Emily Alice and who everyone called Alice. At the time Alice was born, Hiram was fifty one, Elizabeth was forty three, and the couple still had a full house. John Edgar, who was twenty five, was living with his parents, in addition to Caroline, who was sixteen, William, who was thirteen, Jasper, who was seven, Matilda, who was five, and Artus, who was two.

Considering the full lives that Hiram and Elizabeth lived, they likely had little time or inclination to reflect on the decision they made to move from western Virginia to Iowa. If those thoughts did come to them during a quiet moment, they would have acknowledged that when they left their Virginia home, they knew they might never see their families again. Most pioneers faced the same dilemma, and in response, they were quick to form new bonds with people who were fellow settlers. In some cases, these new relationships became as strong as a familial one. At the time the Civil War began, Hiram and Elizabeth had been in Iowa for twenty years. Because their home was close to the church, school, and general store at Prairie Grove Village, they knew and were friends with most of their neighbors. Predictably over time, Hiram and Elizabeth came to regard some of their friends and neighbors as family. One such couple, William and Harriet Buxton Loughary, would be irrevocably linked to Hiram and Elizabeth.

Harriet Buxton and William Johnson Loughary had come to Burlington with their families, she from Virginia, and he from Illinois. Harriet and William had met in Burlington and married in June of 1848. William was a school teacher, and indications are that he taught at the school in the Cockayne District before accepting a position as a teacher in Burlington. After a time, William gave up teaching, and the couple took up farming in Danville Township on a place a stone's throw from Hiram and Elizabeth's homestead. [57]

In May of 1849, Harriet Loughary had given birth to her first child, a son she and William named Lewis Howard Loughary. William and Harriet's family continued to grow, but in March of 1853, Lewis died.[58] William and Harriet turned to Hiram and Elizabeth, asking if they could bury their first-born next to Lovie at Prairie Grove. The answer was yes. To the casual observer, it appeared that these were the graves of a little sister and brother. Within a few months Hiram and Elizabeth would lay James Rudsin next to the babies in the graveyard at Prairie Grove. Then, about the time Matilda was born to Elizabeth, Harriet had a little girl she named Ida May. Ida reached her fifth year, but on 18 January 1861, she died, and once again the Lougharys buried a child in the Cockayne plot. [59] The Lougharys chose a stone for Ida that matched the one Hiram and Elizabeth had chosen for Lovie. When Mary Cockayne died eight months after Ida, she joined the four children that now populated the plot at Prairie Grove.

In 1864, William and Harriet made the decision to join the wagon trains that were heading to Oregon. Once in Oregon, Harriet became a leading figure in the woman's suffrage movement and gained more than a little celebrity. Harriet had kept a journal of her trip to Oregon, and her journal became an important part of the literature of the pioneer movement, with an emphasis on a woman's experience during the crossing. Undoubtedly before leaving Iowa, the Lougharys visited the final resting place of their two lost children at Prairie Grove. William and Harriet could take comfort that the graves of their little ones were in good hands. Hiram and Elizabeth tended the graves of the Loughary children and repaired them over the years just as they did the graves of their own children. The five graves remain clustered together to this day, the vestiges of a grief that lasted a lifetime and a friendship that was boundless.[60]

The Civil War raged for four years after Mary's death, Samuel's marriage, and Alice's birth. The war created an increased need for the things Hiram's farm produced, so he might have expected to profit from the demand. Strangely, though, Hiram had begun borrowing money at an alarming rate, going so far as to mortgage the farm, a move that Elizabeth acknowledged and accepted. Later, Hiram continued to borrow money from neighbors and men he knew in town, but Elizabeth was ignorant of most of these loans.[61] Certainly, there are plausible explanations for Hiram and Elizabeth's financial problems—a poor harvest, bad weather, or pestilence. One cause that seems likely, though, is that Hiram and Elizabeth had lost their hogs to the cholera. Hog cholera was a menace to Midwest farmers throughout the second half of the nineteenth century and remained so until the disease was eradicated in the mid-twentieth century. Highly contagious and capable of wiping out entire hog farms, the disease moved with cruel determination, leaving many farmers to abandon their farms and look for a home and work in town. In Hiram's case, he

may have borrowed money to replenish his hog pens and to continue his livestock and farming operation. Whatever the cause, the result was that by the end of the war, Hiram had stumbled into a quagmire of debt from which he would never emerge.[62]

On 18 April 1865, nine days after Lee surrendered his Army of Northern Virginia to Grant at Appomattox Courthouse in Virginia, Caroline Ross Cockayne married George W. Riffel. At the time of their marriage, George was thirty, and Caroline was nineteen. George's parents had brought young George and his siblings to Burlington from Ohio in 1849. The family epitomized those hearty pioneers who valued "industry and economy." After their marriage, George and Caroline took up farming on a rented farm in Yellow Springs Township before buying a place of their own in Franklin Township. George and his family were Catholics, and Caroline converted. For the remainder of their lives, George and Caroline would be faithful communicants of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Dodgeville. [63]

During the courtship leading to George and Caroline's wedding, John Edgar, Hiram and Elizabeth's oldest son, met one of George's sisters. John Edgar was thirty by then and handsome, with a head of dark, curly hair and a fine physique. The lady who caught John's eye was named Catherine, and the Riffels and the Cockaynes encouraged an expansion of the alliance between the families. John and Catherine needed little encouragement, marrying on 26 February 1867 and moving to a farm of their own in Franklin Township.[64] Just as Caroline Cockayne had converted to Catholicism when she married George Riffel, John Edgar did likewise when he married Catherine. Maybe John Edgar waited so long to pick a bride because he wanted to be sure his marriage would last. From all appearances, he had little reason for concern. The Riffels turned out to be solid marriage partners. The marriage of George and Caroline would last forty-five years, and that of John Edgar and Catherine would last close to fifty years.

Despite the joy that John Edgar's marriage brought, Hiram must have felt a dark cloud hovering over his head as the time approached that payment on his mortgage was due. If Hiram defaulted, the lien holder was determined to foreclose. Adding to his concerns, Hiram's health had begun to fail, and out of desperation, Hiram turned to his family in West Virginia.[65] In the fall of 1867, Hiram's brother, Ben, traveled from his home in Glen Dale, West Virginia to Burlington. Before the visit ended and he returned home, Ben had agreed to pay off the mortgage on Hiram's farm and assume the debt himself. Hiram would repay Ben as soon as possible, and such was Ben's expectation. Hiram had narrowly escaped foreclosure on the farm that he had developed for over twenty-five years, but he still faced his debt to Ben and repayment of the loans he had floated all over town.[66]

Hiram assuredly greeted the year of 1868 with dread. He knew by now that he had no way to raise the money he needed to repay the loans that were coming due. Hiram had used his farm and his family's home as security, and he doubtless was panic stricken. Adding to the pressure was the fact that Elizabeth remained ignorant of many of the debts Hiram had incurred. In February of 1868, Hiram's health worsened dramatically. As the days wore on, Elizabeth could see that Hiram had little chance of

improving. Although Elizabeth never spoke of a diagnosis, chances are Hiram suffered a damaging and extensive stroke or was the victim of a form of dementia that left him unable to do much of anything for himself. He lingered throughout the summer of 1868 and into the spring of 1869 in this condition. Elizabeth would later say that throughout this ordeal, Hiram, ". . . did not know any of his family . . .", and she, ". . . had to wait on him like a child."[67] Finally, on 18 August 1869, Hiram died. He had turned fifty-nine just four days earlier. Elizabeth buried Hiram at Prairie Grove Cemetery, next to their three children and the two Loughary children. Elizabeth ordered a stone to mark Hiram's grave. Over time, Lovie's little stone leaned towards Hiram's larger one and finally came to lightly rest against it. If an observer let the imagination take over, it looked as though Lovie was resting her head on Hiram's shoulder.

Elizabeth – Alone

Elizabeth may have felt some relief at Hiram's passing because nursing him for so long had taken a tremendous toll on her. On the day she buried Hiram, Elizabeth cut her hand badly while doing her chores. The subsequent infection almost killed her.[68] But, Elizabeth had little time to focus on herself, and she could ill afford the luxury of grief. Harvest season was approaching, and Elizabeth was gaining a painful realization of the mounting debt she faced. At the time of Hiram's death, Elizabeth was fifty years old. At home with Elizabeth were William, who was twenty-one, Jasper, who was fifteen, Matilda, who was thirteen, Artus, who was ten, and Alice, who was eight. Everyone worked. Uncharacteristically for a man who paid close attention to the details of business, Hiram had died intestate. So Elizabeth asked John Edgar to help her file the appropriate papers at the courthouse in Burlington to begin the process of settling Hiram's estate. As the notes began rolling in, with the farm as security against the debts, Elizabeth knew she had to raise money to satisfy the loans or risk losing everything, including her family's reputation.

Hiram's brother, Ben, held the paper on the largest lien against Elizabeth's farm. She worried incessantly about how to repay Ben. Ben had made it clear to Hiram that the loan was short-term. Elizabeth wrote to Ben asking about the terms of the loan, and Ben responded saying that as long as the loan was repaid quickly, the terms would be favorable. Ben went on to warn Elizabeth that he was ill, and he could do little to influence his heirs in the matter if he died before Elizabeth could repay him.[69] Elizabeth's hogs represented her best cash asset and the quickest way to take care of her debt to Ben. But before she could bring her hogs to market in Burlington, the hog cholera struck, possibly for a second time, and obliterated her herd.[70] Until Elizabeth could repopulate her hog pens, the only proceeds from the farm would come from the fields, leaving her hard-pressed to feed her family let alone repay her debts.

On 15 February 1871, William Silas married Mary Kelly, and the couple decided to try farming on their own, eventually moving to western Iowa.[71] It is impossible to know if William left home despite Elizabeth's objections, or if William's leaving was beneficial because it meant Elizabeth had one less mouth to feed. In any event, Elizabeth's shrinking household now consisted of Jasper, Matilda, Artus, and Alice. Elizabeth

grew as accustomed to working in the fields as any man, and she relied on Jasper and Artus to help her. Matilda and Alice helped outside when they could and took responsibility for the garden and house. From time to time, Elizabeth was able to scrape together enough money to pay off a few of the debts that Hiram had contracted, sometimes the money came from a good year on the farm, but sometimes Elizabeth resorted to selling some of her prized possessions. However, the large debt she owed to Ben still loomed.

By 1874, Ben, joined now by his brother, Vincent, decided they could wait no longer for their money, and the brothers filed a suit for foreclosure against Elizabeth's farm. The Circuit Court of Des Moines County heard the suit and asked both parties if they were open to arbitration. They were. After all was said and done, Ben and Vincent received an award of fifty acres of "good tillable land from the southern portion of the northwest quarter of Section 7."[72] As part of the deal and to relieve Ben and Vincent of the burden of selling the land themselves, Hiram and Elizabeth's old neighbor, Levi Wolverton, agreed to purchase the land for $2931.00, satisfying Ben and Vincent and clearing Elizabeth of the debt.[73] With this debt now satisfied, Elizabeth could focus on some of the smaller loans that still remained and tormented her days and her nights. Elizabeth was determined; she would clear the liens against her farm, and more importantly, she would clear her good name.

The next few years brought substantial changes for Elizabeth. Jasper married and moved to Audubon County in western Iowa, close to where William Silas and his family were living. This left Matilda, Artus, and Alice with their mother. Artus was the only male on the farm, but Artus was a workhorse of a man who could handle the field work and the livestock that the family owned. Then, on 21 October 1874 Matilda married Samuel Tucker, the son of a farmer who lived in Franklin Township. The young couple moved to their own farm in that township after their marriage.[74]

Now Elizabeth had only Artus and Alice at home, but between the three of them, they kept the farm going. In good years, they made progress on the debts that remained as liens against the farm. Sometime in 1882, Alice began seeing a young man named Sym Beere, the son of Charles and Ann Beere, who lived in Franklin Township on a farm next to that of Caroline and George Riffle. Sym's experience growing up had been similar to Alice's. Sym's father had died in 1869, leaving his mother to manage a large family and a farm. In April of 1883, Alice gave birth to a daughter, but the child was likely born out of wedlock. Clearly Alice believed that Sym was the father of her child, and Alice was determined to hold Sym responsible. In October of 1883, and with her six-month old daughter as evidence, Alice sued Sym for damages.[75] It is difficult to know if the lawsuit brought Sym to the altar or if he simply decided to do the right thing, but eventually Sym acknowledged Alice and the baby, and the couple married and moved to a farm in Franklin Township.

At the same time Alice was experiencing her difficulties, Artus was determined to marry, start a family, and develop a farm of his own. Artus had begun courting Wilhelmina (Minna) Schnittger, the daughter of German immigrants who owned a farm in Franklin Township. Minna's father, Frederick, had been in the

United States only a few years when the Civil War began. Despite his newcomer status, Frederick volunteered his service, was captured by the Confederate Army, and spent seven months as a prisoner of war. Minna's mother had kept their family going during Frederick's absence, and Elizabeth saw in the Schnittger family the resolve she herself had learned to muster during difficult times. On 01 January 1885, Artus and Minna married, and the couple moved in with Minna's parents.[76] Artus and Minna intended to stay with the Schnittgers only until Artus could secure a rental agreement on a farm he could, in his own way, call his own.

Certainly the idea of selling the farm had been forming for some time, but now, with all of her children married and gone, Elizabeth had every reason to seek a buyer for the place that had been her home for over forty years. The proceeds from the farm were to be divided between Elizabeth and her ten children.[77] Finally, in May of 1885, Elizabeth finalized the transaction for the sale of her farm. Elizabeth must have felt a combination of relief and sadness at leaving this place that had embodied all of her hopes and dreams and had been witness to so much of her family's life. The bundle of papers that pertain to the sale of Elizabeth's farm is still in the Des Moines County Courthouse in Burlington. There is nothing remarkable about those papers except for one document. That document states that Elizabeth was free to sell her farm because she had cleared every lien that had ever existed against her property. The discharging of the debt had taken sixteen years and countless hours of worry and work, but Elizabeth and her children had done it. This one piece of paper, more than anything, speaks volumes about Elizabeth's character, her resilience, and her ability to face adversity with courage, dignity, and determination. [78]

With so many of her children living close to her, conventional wisdom would have had Elizabeth moving into the home of one of her daughters. But Elizabeth was never one to follow convention, and her pioneering spirit seems to have remained intact. Elizabeth decided that once her farm sold, she would make the trip to western Iowa, to Cass County. She would live with Jasper, who had recently divorced, and she would be close to William and his family. At the age of sixty-seven, Elizabeth was starting over, in a new place that still had the feel of a raw frontier.

Elizabeth stayed in Cass County for almost ten years. Then, she returned to Des Moines County, stayed briefly with Artus and his family, and finally moved to the home of George and Caroline Riffel. Maybe Cass County had ceased to have the frontier feel that Elizabeth seemed to relish. In any case, Elizabeth had come home. At home with the Riffels, Elizabeth reigned as the elder-stateswoman of the family.[79] Elizabeth had stories to tell to any grandchild willing to listen. There were the early days in western Virginia, her courtship and marriage to Hiram, her travels to a wild frontier called Iowa, her forty years bringing a family and farm to life, the sadness of her losses, and the immeasurable joys she experienced. More than anything, Elizabeth admonished her grandchildren to be kind, do the right thing, work hard, and never bring shame to the family name. This was the way she had tried to live; this was her credo.

By the summer of 1898, Elizabeth's heart was failing. In the late fall and with the bulk of the harvest over, the family gathered to say their good-byes to the woman who had held them together. On 16 November 1898 and at the advanced age of eighty, Elizabeth died. Her children buried her next to Hiram at Prairie Grove within sight of the home and farm both had loved and worked tirelessly to develop. In relief on Elizabeth's stone is the depiction of a man's hand reaching out to grasp a woman's smaller, more delicate, hand. To those who like religious symbolism, perhaps the man's hand was meant to represent God, reaching out to Elizabeth to guide her home. To those who like romantic symbolism, perhaps it was Hiram's hand that was reaching out to bring Elizabeth to his side. To those who are pragmatists, perhaps Hiram was offering his hand in gratitude, reaching out to thank Elizabeth for protecting their family and their reputation and for finishing the work they had begun together. In the end, perhaps it was all of those things.

Epilogue

Hiram and Elizabeth's children carried the legacy of their parents with them. Of their ten children who lived to adulthood, four lived out their lives a few miles from the old homestead; two moved to California, one to Kansas, one to Texas, one to Missouri, and one to western Iowa before returning home to Des Moines County. Most lived long lives; all knew the value of hard work. Each carried parts of Hiram and Elizabeth with them, and all of their lives reflect, in one way or another, their parents' pioneering spirit and strength of character.

John Edgar Cockayne: Hiram and Elizabeth's oldest son had always been a family mainstay. After he married Catherine, John Edgar moved his growing family to a farm in Franklin Township in Des Moines County. Later, John Edgar and Catherine moved to a farm in Washington Township, also in Des Moines County. Despite being ten miles or so from his mother, John Edgar remained a source of support for Elizabeth after Hiram's death, and he acted as a surrogate father for his younger siblings. In particular, John Edgar's brother, Artus, had a strong tie to him and one of Artus's grandsons was named for John Edgar.

John Edgar and Catherine were the parents of Anna, Edwin, Alfred, Charles, Nettie, Harvey, Joseph, and Claude. By 1900, John Edgar had moved his family to Centerville Township, Neosho County, Kansas where he continued to farm. By 1910, the family moved again, this time to Walnut Township, Crawford County, Kansas, and, again, John Edgar continued farming. John Edgar died at his home on 05 December 1916 in his eightieth year. He is buried at St. Patrick's Catholic Cemetery. Catherine lived until 22 September 1928 and lies next to John Edgar at St. Patrick's.[80]

Sarah Elizabeth Cockayne Wolverton: After Sarah married William Wolverton, the couple moved to a farm in Danville Township, Des Moines County, a few miles from Hiram and Elizabeth's home. Sarah never found childbearing as effortless as her mother had. Shortly after her marriage Sarah was expecting, but she lost that baby in the spring of 1858. The couple buried their baby at Prairie Grove Cemetery in the Wolverton plot. In September of 1859, Sarah gave birth to a little girl she named Clara. Clara died in December of 1860, and the couple buried their second child at Prairie Grove.

In 1863, Sarah had a daughter she named Elizabeth in honor of her mother. Sarah called the child Lizzie, probably to distinguish her from her grandmother. Lizzie must have seemed a miracle to her parents because she was healthy. In January of 1867, Sarah gave birth to twins who did not live long enough for their parents to name them. By December of 1867, Sarah had given birth to a little boy she named Frankie, but Frankie only lived until 14 August 1869, dying four days before his grandfather, Hiram Cockayne. By 1870, Sarah and William had given up on farming and moved into Burlington where William worked as a carpenter. Lizzie grew to adulthood, and on 28 June 1883 she married a man named Albert Phillips. But Lizzie died on 27 December 1889, leaving Sarah and William childless.

The couple lived out their final years in Port Arthur, Texas, where William worked building homes for the oil workers who were flocking to the area, and Sarah occasionally rented a room in their home to a boarder. Both shaved years off of their ages, probably because seeming younger helped William continue to work. On 18 September 1910, William died, and on 21 December 1915, Sarah died at the age of seventy-seven.[81]

Samuel Riggs Cockayne: After their marriage, Samuel and Mary Ann moved to Burlington where Samuel found work with the railroad. By 1875, Samuel and Mary Ann had moved to Yarmouth, a town in Washington Township northwest of Burlington, and again, Samuel found work with the railroad. Samuel and Mary Ann would have eight children. Three died as infants. By 1892, Samuel and Mary Ann had moved their family to Winfield in Henry County, a distance of about twenty-five miles northwest of Burlington.

In Winfield, the family settled into a tidy home on Center Street, a short distance from the train depot where Samuel worked. Their five remaining children grew to adulthood, but sadly all three of their grown daughters—Sarah Elizabeth, Carrie, and Lelia Grace--died while still young women. Of the two sons that survived, Arthur married and moved his family first to Oskaloosa and later to Mason City, where he established himself as a barber. Clarence married and remained with his family in Winfield, where he worked as a carpenter.

By the end of 1910, Samuel, who was now seventy, had retired from the railroad, but he still worked for farmers in the area whenever someone could use an extra hand. On 29 November of that year, Samuel had taken a job shucking corn on the farm of J.W. Anderson, about a mile east of town. It was a Tuesday,

and the weather had turned cold. Mr. Anderson was working on another section of the farm, and when the day ended Mr. Anderson went looking for Samuel. He found Samuel's wagon filled with about twenty bushels of corn, but the team was wandering alone in the field. Samuel's coat lay on the wagon seat. Alarmed, Mr. Anderson drove to town and asked for help. A group of men formed to search for Samuel. They found him lying "between two corn rows with his mitten and husking peg on one hand and an ear of corn in the other hand, showing that he had dropped dead without a struggle and had probably lain there from 10 o'clock until after dark that evening." Samuel's funeral was held the following Thursday at the Presbyterian Church in Winfield, and he is buried in the center section of Winfield Scott Cemetery.

Mary Ann continued to live in Winfield in her home, and Clarence built a home one block away from her on Center Street. Then, on 20 May 1922, Clarence fell from the roof of a home where he was working into a cellar well. He died instantly. Now, Mary Ann had only Arthur remaining of the eight children she had borne. Mary Ann lived less than a year after Clarence died. She died on 03 March 1923 and is buried next to Samuel.[82]

Rebecca Jane Cockayne Wolverton: Of all of Hiram and Elizabeth's children, Rebecca may have led the most colorful life. Hiram and Elizabeth always called Rebecca by her middle name, and over time they called her Jennie, which was a nickname for the name Jane. Jennie married Alfred Wolverton in December of 1858, and the couple immediately set out for California. Alfred was about fourteen years older than Jennie, and he had made the trip to the west coast at least once before returning to Iowa and marrying Jennie. At the time of their marriage, Jennie was sixteen. Alfred's plan was to establish a dairy farm near Eureka, California and sell his milk, butter, and meat to the miners who had struck gold in Weaverville, Trinity County.

In those days, overland travelers coming from Burlington, Iowa joined a small wagon train which would then join a larger wagon train on the Oregon Trail. So, Jennie and Alfred traveled with other wagons from Burlington to New London to Mt Pleasant to Ottumwa to Indianola to Winterset through Cass County and on to Council Buffs, which was the jumping off point for the Oregon Trail. They continued on the Oregon Trail, with a large train of wagons, crossing Nebraska and ending up at Scottsbluff. From Scottsbluff, they headed to Ft. Laramie in Wyoming and across South Pass. At this point, Jennie and Alfred joined a smaller wagon train which cut south and west from the Oregon Trail on a route that travelers called the California Trail. By the end of the summer of 1859, Jennie and Alfred had arrived in Hydesville, California, a settlement which was growing and situated about five miles southeast of Fortuna and twenty-five miles southeast of Eureka.

Alfred and Jennie immediately purchased a farm in Hydesville, where Alfred set up his dairy operations. In April of 1860, Jennie gave birth to the couple's first child, a boy they named John after Alfred's father. Jennie was just eighteen, a first-time mother, and living in a land she could have imagined only in her wildest dreams. Alfred's brother, Milton, had also moved to California and was living with the family. Alfred

became active in local politics, and his business as a dairy farmer thrived, just as he had expected. The miners in Weaverville had a great demand for the things Alfred's farm produced, and they were willing to pay top dollar to get those commodities. Jennie was pregnant again in no time, and her next child was a little girl, born in July of 1862. Alfred and Jennie named their daughter Elizabeth Jane—Elizabeth for Jennie's mother, Elizabeth Riggs Cockayne, and Jane for Jennie herself although little Elizabeth quickly drew the nickname, Lizzie. In 1864, Jennie had another little boy that she named Frederick William, followed by a son born in 1867 named George Alfred. Alfred and Jennie adopted an Indian boy named James Buchanan, although young James usually went by the name of Indian Jim. Indian Jim went to school and church with the Wolverton children and blended into the family in a way that may have been unusual for the time. Alfred and Jennie continued to prosper, in part, because the Civil War in the east had sent dissenters and others to California in large numbers. As the population grew, Alfred and Jennie's profits grew. Theirs became one of the leading families of the area. In fact, one of the valleys in Hydesville bears the name Wolverton Gulch, in honor of Alfred and Jennie Wolverton.

In 1867, shortly after George Alfred was born, things began to change drastically for Alfred and Jennie and their family. Certainly, Jennie wrote home to her parents regularly, but it is doubtful that she mentioned some of the things that began happening about this time. Alfred and Jennie had done well enough financially to afford a domestic—someone who helped with the children and the housework. Jennie was an excellent dressmaker, a skill she had learned from her mother. Because Jennie had help with the children and housework, she decided to take up fine dressmaking. This likely started more as a hobby and a way to get away from the farm, and possibly from Alfred.

In pursuit of her calling as a dressmaker, Jennie began to travel from her home in Hydesville to Eureka to help wealthy women design dresses, which Jennie and her domestic helper would make. Of course, there were follow up fittings and many reasons for Jennie to be out and about. Jennie routinely took the stage to go from Hydesville to Eureka. The stage line was called the Miller, Sweasey, and Bullard Overland Stage. The company bore the names of its owners: James Miller, Thomas Sweasey, and Sewel Bullard. This stage carried passengers and mail back and forth between Eureka and Ukiah and was an essential means of travel until the railroad ran the stage line out of business.

Jennie became familiar with all of the stage drivers, and she became especially familiar with Tom Sweasey, one of the owners. Sweasey came from an English family, and in addition to having an ownership position in the stage line, he owned a hotel in Hydesville and had business interests in Eureka and as far north as Alaska. In the spring of 1870, Jennie and Tom's familiarity turned into a full-blown affair, and it took little time for the gossip to spread about their relationship. Soon, the news reached Alfred, who confronted Jennie. Jennie denied any type of inappropriateness with any man and claimed she only casually knew Tom Sweasey. Tom was a married man, so all of this was problematic for him, too. Initially, Alfred believed Jennie, but as the evidence mounted against her, Alfred's ego suffered greatly.

Late in 1870, Alfred physically threw Jennie out of their house and off their farm. Jennie took refuge in Eureka with friends.

Jennie decided to file suit against Alfred, asking for a divorce, property, and the couple's four children. However Jennie and Tom continued to see one another, and by this time, their affair was public knowledge. Jennie's decision to throw the first punch in her divorce was a calculation to knock Alfred off balance and convince a judge that Jennie was not only innocent, but she was the harmed party. Jennie went to great lengths to plead her case in the Eureka newspapers, publishing article after eloquent article claiming her innocence. In the meantime, Alfred and Jennie's daughter, Lizzie, had made her way to Eureka where she was living with Jennie, while the boys, John, Frederick, and George, remained with Alfred on the farm in Hydesville.

In February of 1871, the Wolverton divorce case came to trial in Eureka. It was a sensation. When people received their daily newspaper, the first thing they read was the trial report. The trial lasted for days and included testimony from various witnesses including Indian Jim who reluctantly admitted he had stabled Tom Sweasey's horse on numerous occasions when Tom visited Jennie on the farm while Alfred was at political meetings. Alfred testified that Jennie's behavior had mortified him and insisted his wife was a woman of, "bad habits and bad moral character." Alfred accused Jennie of being, "notorious", "lascivious", and "the common talk of the town." Alfred claimed Jennie had bedded men in addition to Tom Sweasey although Alfred never produced any names or testimony to support his claims. At the end of February, the judge in the case ruled, and the outcome was a disaster for Jennie. Predictably, Jennie had charmed the judge, and the man hated the decision he had to make, but the law dictated.

Because women had compromised legal rights in 1871, even in progressive California, Alfred won a judgment of adultery against Jennie. Jennie lost her share in the couple's property and all four of her children. Jennie should have expected a ruling such as the one she received because this was the practice of the times in cases such as hers. However, Jennie took to the newspapers again, railing against the unfairness of the law towards women and denying everything Alfred had proven during the trial. Interestingly, Alfred and Jennie's daughter, Lizzie, continued to live in Eureka with Jennie, despite the court having awarded custody of Lizzie to Alfred.

The next three years were busy ones for Alfred and Jennie. Alfred decided to sell his farm and move away from the scene of so much humiliation. He began to make preparations to move to Albany, Oregon, buy another farm, and take up his dairy business there. Meanwhile, Jennie began working for a friend who ran a boarding house in Eureka. Lizzie stayed with Jennie and went to school in Eureka. Then, in early February of 1874, three full years after the divorce, Alfred sold his farm and was prepared to move his children to Albany, Oregon. He asked for, and the court granted, an order allowing Alfred to take physical custody of Lizzie.

Alfred delivered his court order to the sheriff, a man named Edward Buckley, and Sheriff Buckley told Jennie that she had to surrender Lizzie to Alfred. Lizzie was eleven by now and deeply attached to Jennie. Nevertheless, Sheriff Buckley arranged to have Jennie bring Lizzie to a hotel in town, and Alfred met the sheriff, Jennie, and Lizzie there. Although Jennie had explained to Lizzie that the law had stipulated that the girl must go with her father, Lizzie resisted and begged to stay with Jennie. At this point, Sheriff Buckley left the hotel because he was too emotionally shaken to stay.

Alfred took Lizzie by the arm and escorted her to his buggy waiting outside the hotel. Lizzie began to wail at this time, loudly saying she was staying with her mother. Jennie followed Alfred and Lizzie into the street where the buggy was waiting. A crowd gathered. As Alfred was trying to get Lizzie into the buggy, Lizzie appealed to the crowd to help her, and several men stepped forward to see what they could do. At that point, Jennie said she would go along to try to soothe Lizzie, and when Jennie tried to enter the buggy, Alfred struck Jennie on the head, and Jennie staggered into the street. Now, the bystanders were ready to jump Alfred and physically take Lizzie from the buggy, but Alfred drew his pistol and fired into the air. In short order Alfred got his buggy going and raced out of town with Lizzie, leaving a group of angry bystanders and a dazed Jennie.

The aftermath of this public brawl was as sensational as the Wolverton divorce had been. Sheriff Buckley arrested Alfred and threw him in jail for a few days. After cooling off, Alfred admitted he had let his temper get the better of him, and he said he regretted his actions. Every day for about a week subsequent to this mess, someone who had witnessed the scene wrote an article elaborating upon the incident. Most of the articles were in support of Jennie. The sheriff even wrote an article describing his feelings of sympathy for Jennie and Lizzie and giving his account of what happened. Naturally, Jennie took to the newspaper, calling Alfred a “beast and a brute.” Alfred’s attorneys wrote in his defense, blaming the sheriff for not controlling the scene. When the dust settled, Alfred maintained custody of the couple’s four children. Alfred wasted little time. He and his children left for Albany, Oregon shortly after Alfred gained his release from jail.

Jennie grieved deeply for her children. Jennie decided to leave Eureka and return to Hydesville, where she had friends. Jennie established a dress-making shop in town and made dresses for the local women, as she had done before all the trouble started. Jennie’s relationship with Tom Sweasey cooled, probably because the affair and the publicity had threatened Sweasey’s marriage. Before long, Sweasey left for Alaska to attend to business interests there. When Sweasey returned from Alaska, he bought a livery stable in Hydesville and worked to rehabilitate his reputation, which had suffered because of his affair with Jennie. Indian Jim stayed in Hydesville and took jobs as a laborer. There is little evidence that Jennie stayed in touch with her children. She may not have known exactly where they had gone, and she may have stayed in Hydesville hoping they would try to contact her there. Jennie went about five years without hearing from her children, writing that only her faith got her through this difficult time.

Hiram, Jennie's father, was dead by the time the Wolverton divorce came to the public's attention. Jennie was likely grateful she had nothing to explain to her father, but Elizabeth was another matter. Elizabeth doubtless believed she had raised Jennie to act in a more respectable way than this. Surely the story of the Wolverton divorce reached Elizabeth through Sarah and William Wolverton and other interested parties in and around Burlington. No letters exist between Jennie and Elizabeth, but they would make interesting reading if they were extant.

Milton Wolverton, Alfred's brother, stayed in California, living with his sister in a home in Hydesville. In August of 1880, Milton told his sister he was going out to pick blackberries. He took his shot gun with him. When he failed to return, a search party formed. They found Milton dead of a gunshot wound he had inflicted upon himself. Milton is buried in Hydesville. In the same year Milton died, Indian Jim decided to move to Ukiah because he had the offer of work there. The following year, Jennie's oldest son, John, made his way back to Hydesville, where he found his mother. It is easy to imagine how joyous their reunion must have been and how glad Jennie was that she stayed in Hydesville—the first place her children would look for her. John convinced Jennie that they should move to Ukiah because work was plentiful there, and they would be living near or with Indian Jim. By 1882, John and Jennie had relocated to Ukiah, where John worked for the railroad, as did Indian Jim. Jennie opened a dress shop on Main Street in Ukiah and began importing "fine toilet articles" from Paris, which she sold to the local women with assurances that the products would, "beautify and preserve" the complexion. Ukiah was something of a boom town in the mid-1880s, and Jennie found it easy to sell her dresses and cosmetics. Jennie became a well-respected and popular woman in Ukiah, and the newspaper is full of comments about her social engagements and activities.

Meanwhile in Oregon, Lizzie, Frederick, and George were reaching adulthood. Lizzie married and began raising a large family of her own in Oregon. Frederick followed suit, working as a teamster and moving to eastern Washington and on to Montana. As soon as George was eighteen, he joined Jennie, John, and Indian Jim in Ukiah, but he stayed only briefly. George was interested in becoming a bar and billiard parlor owner, and he subsequently opened multiple bars and billiard parlors in Bakersfield, Fresno, and El Centro, California. Indications are George drank heavily and would occasionally return to his mother's home to dry out.

The Miller, Sweasey, and Bullard Stage Line had been long out of business, and Jennie had no contact with Tom Sweasey. But James Miller had lived in Hydesville for a time in the late 1870s and had relocated to Ukiah in the early 1880s. Like Tom Sweasey, James Miller was an Englishman. James still drove stages for other companies, and James and Jennie continued or revived their friendship in Ukiah. It is impossible to know the exact nature of Jennie and James's relationship over the years. Had Jennie had a relationship with James Miller at the same time she knew Tom Sweasey, as Alfred had charged? Perhaps she did. What is certain is that in 1894, James and Jennie married, thus formalizing their relationship.

Jennie now went by the name Jennie Wolverton Miller, probably keeping the name Wolverton in the event Lizzie or Frederick came looking for her. James and Jennie lived a seemingly peaceful life in Ukiah. James had never been married before he married Jennie, and he seemed to have enjoyed his role as a stepfather to John, George, and Indian Jim. John left Ukiah and moved to the State of Washington in roughly 1900. John never married. James and Jennie would receive the occasional visit from George, and Indian Jim lived either with them or close to them for the rest of their lives. Lizzie never made contact with Jennie. Lizzie's descendants say that Lizzie never spoke of her mother or the horrible street scene in Eureka, so it is a fair assumption that Lizzie was content to keep her life separate from Jennie's. Alfred had likely done a good job poisoning the well with Lizzie about Jennie. Frederick, too, never appears to have made contact with his mother.

Alfred died on 10 October 1907 and is buried in the Masonic Cemetery in Albany, Oregon. Alfred never remarried. James Miller died about this same time in Ukiah and is buried in the Russian River Cemetery in Ukiah. George began to suffer the effects of his alcoholism in 1913 and came home to Jennie to die. Jennie buried George in the plot with James Miller in the Russian River Cemetery. George had never married, so when he died, he left all of his bars and billiard parlors to Jennie. Jennie sold these properties and lived the rest of her life on the proceeds. Jennie lived until 19 April 1918. When Jennie Wolverton Miller died, her friends in Ukiah mourned her and spoke well of her. Jennie lies between James Miller and George Wolverton in the Russian River Cemetery in Ukiah. Jennie's son, John, died on 06 November 1922 in Washington State. Lizzie passed on 09 February 1935, and Frederick on 21 December 1939. Indian Jim was still alive in 1920 but disappears from the records after that. Once Jennie died, Indian Jim likely and sadly became another Indian whose death caused little notice. [83]

Caroline Ross Cockayne Riffel: If Jennie's life represented the adventuresome nature of the family, Caroline's life represented the steady nature of the family. After Caroline married George Riffel, the two devoted their lives to their family and farm. They settled on a farm in Franklin Township in Des Moines County and worked tirelessly improving the land. George and Caroline were thrifty, and they eventually doubled the size of their original farm by buying land from their neighbors as finances allowed. When Elizabeth lost her hogs to the cholera after Hiram's death, George kindly loaned Elizabeth money to keep her family going until she could recover. George was proud of his association with the Democratic Party, insisting that he gave "loyal support to his party without seeking office as a reward for his fealty." George and Caroline had four children: John, George, Nora, and William. John moved to Burlington and became a traveling salesman for the Weinrich Pickle Company; George and William took up farming, and Nora remained unmarried. When Elizabeth returned from Cass County and needed a home, George and Caroline opened theirs to her. Elizabeth stayed with the Riffels until she died. George died on 22 May 1912. Caroline buried George at St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery in Dodgeville. Caroline stayed on her farm for a number of years and eventually moved into town. Nora took care of her mother until Caroline's death on 26 October 1926, just four days short of Caroline's eighty-first birthday. Caroline lies next to George at

St. Mary's. Their gravestone gives the dates of their birth and death, but there is little else that describes the steadiness and constancy of their lives, except the notation next to Caroline's name that simply says in reference to George, "His Wife."[84]

William Silas Cockayne: William always went by the name of Silas although like the other men in his family, he primarily went by his initials, and people knew him as W.S. Cockayne. After Silas married Mary Kelly, the couple moved to Henry County for a time before deciding to try farming in western Iowa, eventually settling in Benton Township in Cass County. They were the parents of Ida, Michael, Edward, and Harry. Although Silas seemed to be doing well with his farming, he decided to move back to the Burlington area in about 1895. Instead of farming, Silas took work as a carpenter in town. Michael learned the trade of cigar making, and Ida took work as a seamstress. Eddie and Harry went to school, and Mary kept house.

On 16 July 1893, fourteen-year-old Eddie was playing with some neighborhood friends. The boys had found a gun and were attempting to use it for target practice. The gun accidentally discharged, striking Eddie in the throat. He died within ten minutes and before help could arrive. Silas and Mary buried Eddie at St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery in Dodgeville, Des Moines County, Iowa. Life resumed for the family, and people regarded Silas and Mary Cockayne and their children as hardworking and upstanding people. Over the following five years, Silas struggled with his health. Finally, his heart failed him on 26 July 1898. Silas lies beside Eddie at St Mary's Catholic Cemetery. Now, only Mary, Ida, Michael, and Harry remained.

On 03 January 1900, Ida agreed to do some work for a local woman who had ordered a special dress. The client sent her son in a buggy to fetch Ida. The trip started well, but something frightened the horses and they bolted. Ida fell from the buggy, and the fall broke her neck and killed her immediately. Now Mary, Michael, and Harry lay Ida beside Silas and Eddie at St. Mary's. Mary was understandably inconsolable.

Mary's brothers and one of her sisters had left Iowa and made good homesteading, working as bankers, and running a hardware business in Oklahoma. Mary decided she and her sons should join them. Initially, Mary, Michael and Harry lived with Mary's brother in Waureka, but soon they moved to Enid where Michael found work as a cigar maker and Harry worked as a salesman. On 30 September 1924, Michael died. Mary and Harry buried Michael in the Catholic Calvary Cemetery in Enid. Mary and Harry continued living in Enid where Mary kept house and Harry worked. Then on 12 October 1934 Harry died of a stroke. Mary had lost her husband and all of her children. What happened to Mary is a mystery. She may have gone to live with family, but there is no record of her death or burial in any of the places where her family lived. She may have outlived all of her siblings, so there was no one to record her passing. [85]

Hiram Joseph Cockayne (Jasper): Hiram Joseph had been nicknamed Jasper from an early age, to distinguish him from his father. By all accounts, Jasper was a thin, lively, hard-working man with a shock of blond hair that distinguished him from some of his brunette siblings. Jasper moved to Audubon County in

western Iowa. Jasper invited and relished the difficult labor associated with breaking the land to the plow. After living in Audubon County for a time, Jasper moved to Cass County. He married a local woman named Sarah Lambert. Jasper and Sarah divorced, and for a time, Elizabeth lived with Jasper. When Elizabeth moved back to Des Moines County and in with the Riffels, Jasper hired himself out as a laborer to a farmer in Washington Township. In time, Jasper remarried a woman named Elizabeth, and the couple relocated to Van Horn Township, Carroll County, Missouri where they farmed. On 21 March 1916, Elizabeth died. Jasper remained a widower for a little over two years. Then, Jasper remarried, and again, he chose a woman named Elizabeth. But this time, his wife's former married name had been Elizabeth Riggs, which must have been eerie considering that was the maiden name of Jasper's mother, Elizabeth Riggs Cockayne. Jasper and his new wife relocated to Ridge Township in Carroll County, and here they remained until Jasper died on 01 January 1930 at the age of seventy-five. Jasper, the last of Hiram and Elizabeth's children to pass away, is buried at Rock Branch Cemetery in Ridge Township, Carroll County, Missouri.[86]

Matilda Ann Cockayne Tucker: After Matilda married Samuel Tucker, the couple took up farming in Franklin Township. They were parents to Edward, William, Rolla, and Harry. By 1900, the family had moved to a farm in Yellow Springs Township. Matilda died on 16 July 1901 at the age of forty-five. Samuel Tucker lived until 13 January 1908. Matilda and Samuel are buried at the Old Stone Church Cemetery in Franklin Township, Des Moines County. Matilda's stone lists her name as "Matildy Ann." [87]

Artus Buckus Cockayne: After Artus married Minna, the couple lived for a time with Minna's parents. On 21 February 1886, Minna gave birth to a son the couple named Artus Walter. Minna lived only eleven days after her baby was born, dying on 04 March 1886. Minna's parents wanted to bury her in their family plot at Salem Lutheran Cemetery in Franklin Township, and Artus agreed. Despite the loss of Minna, Artus was determined to strike out on his own, and he arranged to rent a farm in Washington Township, near the town of Yarmouth, Iowa. To help Artus with the baby and the farm, Minna's sister, Caroline, came to stay. Over time, Artus and Caroline decided they could make a marriage work, and on 28 December 1887, they married. On 09 August 1889, the couple had a son they named Rolla Herman, and on 05 December 1895, they completed their family with the birth of a daughter they named Rosa Lillie. Artus was a frugal man who considered debt the root of all evil, undoubtedly because he had witnessed his mother's struggle with debt. By 1900 Artus had saved enough money to buy a farm of his own. He purchased 160 acres of land in section eleven, Scott Township, Henry County, a short distance northeast of the town of Winfield and about twenty-five miles northwest of the old homestead where he had been born. Artus made improvements to his farm, and in time, he saved enough money to buy additional acreage. On 03 February 1925, Caroline died at home. Artus buried her in the Winfield Scott Cemetery. Artus could no longer carry on his farming as he had when Caroline was alive, and he moved into the home of his daughter where he died on 09 August 1929. Artus's funeral was held at the Presbyterian Church in Winfield, and his children lay him next to Caroline at the Winfield Scott Cemetery. He was seventy.[88]

Emily Alice Cockayne Beere: Alice and Sym Beere decided to move west after their marriage, and they first settled in Nebraska. They found Nebraska unsatisfactory and decided to make the overland trip to California. Sym had been raised on a farm to parents who had immigrated from England and Scotland. But Sym had little interest in farming, preferring to earn his living as a carpenter. The Beeres settled in Sutter County, California, near Yuba City. Sym set about providing for his growing family, and the couple appears to have enjoyed a secure and stable home. Sym and Alice were the parents of Iva, Myrtle, Ray, Annie, Earl, Leland, Valetta, and one infant that died unnamed. On 01 January 1918, Sym died. Alice continued to live with her children until her death on 25 November 1928, in her seventy-seventh year. Both are buried in the Sutter Cemetery, also known as the South Butte Cemetery.[89]

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[1] Robert W. Barnes, *British Roots of Maryland Families* (Baltimore: Genealogical Publication Company, 1999), 123-124; Henry C. Peden, Jr. and F. Edward Wright, *Colonial Families of the Eastern Shore of Maryland* (Lewes, DE: Roots Publishing, 2005), 7:84-87.

[2] Maryland State Archives, *Journal and Correspondence of the Council of Maryland*, (Annapolis, MD) April 1, 1778 through October 26, 1779, 21:25 and 1781-1784, 48:431.

[3]The following sources have numerous references to the descendants of Samuel and Anne Carter Cockayne: Clerk of the Circuit Court, *Land Records of Talbot County, Maryland*, *1662-1850* (Annapolis, MD*)*; Archives of Talbot County, Maryland, *Book of Wills* (Easton, MD), Books 1-6; Maryland State Archives, *Maryland Marriage Records* (Annapolis, MD),1700-1799; Maryland State Archives, *Maryland Colonial Wills* (Annapolis, MD), Books 22-30; Maryland State Archives, *Inventories of the Prerogative Court of Maryland*, 1719-1772 (Annapolis, MD).

[4] Maryland State Archives, *Maryland Colonial Wills* (Annapolis, MD), Book 29.

[5] Harry E. Forman, *Conococheague Headwaters of Amberson Valley* (Franklin County, PA, 1968), 78; *United States Census of 1790*, Franklin County, PA, 284-285. Elizabeth Lowe Harmoni's brother, Vincent Lowe, died while visiting his sister in Franklin County, PA. Elizabeth buried Vincent on her farm. Elizabeth's husband, John Harmoni, was away fighting with the Continental Army at the time of Vincent's death.

[6] *United States Census of 1790*, Franklin County, PA, 284; it is possible that one of Samuel and Sarah's daughters was born before William. The headcount for the household in 1790, two years before William's birth, was two white men and two white females. This would account for Samuel, Carter, Sarah, and perhaps a female child. The other possibility is that there was another adult female in the household. Mary Lowe Cockayne, Samuel's mother, or Sarah Cockayne's mother may have been living in the home.

[7] Scott Powell, *History of Marshall County from Forest to Field* (Moundsville, WV, 1925), 7-13.

[8] Henry Robert Burke, *"Tragedy on the Muskingum,"* http://www.lindapages.com/marshall/tomfam.htm (accessed March 03, 2011) and cited with Mr. Burke's permission. Maryland records are full of examples of Cockayne family members who freed their slaves.

[9] *Ohio County Court Order Book Five*, Ohio County, Virginia, page 297; *Ohio County Court Order Books*, Ohio County, Virginia, 1819-1834; Powell, *History of Marshall County*, 108-117.

[10] *United States Census of 1810*, Elizabethtown, Ohio County, VA, 18

[11] Ohio County, VA, *Record of Wills,* (Marshall County, WV), Book 2, page 85. The will of Abel Vanscyoc dated July 13, 1814.

[12] *United States Census of 1820*, Elizabethtown, Ohio County, VA, 474; For information on George Washington and Martha Burbridge Price, see obituary of Hilda Jane Kirby, http://www.lindapages.com/marshall/obitk.htm (accessed March 15, 2011)

[13] Hiram's sister, Jane, married John Hyder and his sister, Elizabeth, married Van Caldwell. See http://www.cockaynefarm.com/genealogy/d1.htm. Hiram's sister, Mary, married Alexander Devere on April 10, 1823. See http://www.lindapages.com/marshall/mar1836d.txt.

[14] *United States Census of 1830*, Elizabethtown, Ohio County, VA, 205

[15] Florence McFarland Hunsaker to Alcinda McMechen, January 30, 1921, Cockayne Farm Collection, Glen Dale,WV.

[16] Many family trees list James Riggs as the father of Elizabeth, but when Hiram's son, Artus, gave the information for his biography, he stated that his grandfather was "John Riggs of the Old Dominion." See Artus B. Cockayne, *Biographical Review of Henry County, Iowa* (Chicago: Hobart Publishing Company, 1906), 42-44. For information on the Riggs family, see http://www.lindapages.com/marshall/riggs_rr.txt.

[17] *Proceedings of the Circuit Court of Marshall County*, Marshall County, West Virginia, August 1838 through October 1838. Marshall County, Virginia was formed from a portion of Ohio County, Virginia in 1835.

[18] Ibid.

[19] Ibid.

[20] Ibid.
[21] See receipts for care and boarding of Carter Cockayne, Cockayne Farm Collection, Glen Dale, WV.
[22] Researcher Edmund Grose counted at least 48 court cases involving the Cockayne Family in the court records for Marshall County, West Virginia between about 1800 and 1900. Edmund Grose, email message to author, 21 October 2009. The Cockaynes are equally represented in the court records for Talbot County, Maryland and provide a good source of information about the family. Likewise, the court records of Des Moines County, Iowa have many references to the family.
[23] Virgil J. Vogel, *Iowa Place Names of Indian Origin* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1983), 22-28; Carl A. Merry, *The Historic Period* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1959), 49-57.
[24] Helen Turner McKim, *Burlington on the Mississippi 1833-1983* (Burlington: Burlington Sesquicentennial Press, 2005) 1-9.
[25] Robert Hanson, *Around Burlington: the Good, the Bad, and the Bold* (Burlington: Craftsman Press, 2004) 2-3.
[26] *Des Moines County Land Records,* Book 120, Page 349, 22 October 1839. Many thanks to Des Moines County Researcher Gary Johnson for this information.
[27] Certificate of Register of the Land Office, Certificate Numbers 3678 and 3682, General Land Office of the United States of America, 01 December 1841. Hiram purchased the SW quarter and the east half of the northwest quarter of section six and the east half of the northwest quarter of section seven in Flint River Township, Des Moines County, Iowa.
[28] Researchers have disagreed over the year the family left Virginia for Iowa. Some estimates have them coming to Iowa as early as 1833. But, Samuel Riggs Cockayne was born in 1840 in Virginia, the family was on the 1840 Census while still living in Virginia, and Rebecca Jane was born in Iowa in the spring of 1842. It is impossible to tell which date is correct regarding the travel of the families. Much would have depended on the type of crop Hiram and Samuel had in the fields. "If they had oats or wheat in the field, they could have traveled in the fall of 1840. If they had corn in the field, they would likely have waited until the spring of 1841 to make the trip." Gary Johnson, Researcher, Des Moines County, Iowa.
[29] Artus Cockayne described the method of travel his parents used when they came to Iowa in the *Biographical Review of Henry County*, 42-44.
[30] Lou Bickford and Janet Brandt, Transcribers, *History of Des Moines County, Iowa* (Chicago: Western Historical Company, 1879), 376-384.
[31]Thanks to Ron, Delores, and Leah Stigge for kindly allowing the author to tour the original farm site, 07 October 2011. Remnants of the lean-to, wells, outbuildings, and root cellar are visible today.
[32] Bickford and Brandt, *History of Des Moines County, Iowa*, 376-384.
[33]See Historic Map Works, Flint River Township, Des Moines County, Iowa 1873. This map shows the location of the orchard and the house.
[34] Mary's middle initial was "D", but no record exists to indicate what name the "D" represented. So for the purposes of this paper, she goes by Mary.
[35] See Historic Map Works, Flint River Township, Des Moines County, Iowa 1873. This map is helpful in determining where Hiram and Elizabeth's property was relative to the village.
[36] *Biographical Review of Des Moines County, Iowa: containing biographical and genealogical sketches of many of the prominent citizens of to-day and also of the past* (Chicago: Hobart Publishing Company, 1905), 682.
[37] Prairie Grove Village today consists of the abandoned general store, the stone school, and the graveyard. The graveyard is in excellent condition and still in use. To reach the settlement, go west from Burlington on Hwy 34, exit X40, and drive north about five miles. Hiram and Elizabeth's farm was due north from the graveyard.
[38] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Land Deeds,* Book 7:99, Hiram Cockayne to Levi Wolverton, 10 June 1844.
[39] *United States Federal Non-Population Schedules, 1850-1880*, Productions of Agriculture, 133; *United States IRS Tax Assessment List,* 1850-1860.
[40] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Land Deeds*, Book 8:381, Hiram Cockayne to Levi Wolverton, 10 April 1846.
[41] Artus B. Cockayne, *Biographical Review of Henry County, Iowa, 45-46.*
[42] Artus Cockayne's grandson, Lorain Cockayne, remembered Artus telling him that Hiram and Elizabeth drilled the importance of the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule into their children. Artus said that if he or one of his siblings behaved badly, the offender would have to give an accounting to his parents of how his behavior had violated a specific Commandment or a Rule.
[43] *Biographical Review of Des Moines County*, 457-458.
[44] *United States Federal Census Mortality Schedules Index.* Carter was 87 years old when he died of old age.
[45] At first glance, the name on the census appears to be Greeley. Linda Cunningham Fluharty accurately suggested that the baby was going by the name Girley, and this is the name the census taker noted. Lovie was born in June, and by September, Hiram and Elizabeth still called her Girley. They may have waited until March, when the baby died, to finally name her.
[46] *Registry of Burials*, Prairie Grove Cemetery, Des Moines County, Iowa
[47] Ibid.
[48] Hiram Joseph's date of birth comes from his death certificate. State of Missouri, *Digital Heritage Collection*, Death Certificate of Hiram J. Cockayne

[49] *United States IRS Tax Assessment List*, 1860-1915
[50] See *Historic Map Works*, Flint River Township, Des Moines County, Iowa, 1873. The map shows a second home on the property. Ron Stigge remembered the place where the second home once stood and indicated there was no well at that site.
[51] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Marriages*, Book 4:127, William Wolverton to Sarah Cockayne, 06 November 1856. Marriage performed by Robert McGiugan.
[52] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Marriage Certificates*, Box Z129
[53] Artus's birth date is evident in many documents, but he gave it himself in the *Biographical Review of Henry County*, 45-46.
[54] Samuel Cockayne, Hiram's brother, changed the spelling of his last name to Cocayne after he arrived in Iowa. Samuel had three sons who joined the fight on the Union side during the Civil War: Samuel Jr., William, and Henry Clay. Samuel Jr. and William returned home safely, but Henry Clay died in the battle at Allatoona, GA on 05 October 1864. There is room for doubt that Henry Clay Cocayne was one of Samuel's children because Henry never appeared on any census with the rest of the family. But Henry Clay had his will drawn up before he left for the war, and he appointed Elijah Ping, the husband of one of Samuel and Mary's daughters, as the guardian of his property. The appointment of his probable brother-in-law and the deleted "k" in the spelling of his name are the best indications that Henry was the son of Samuel and Mary Price Cocayne.
[55] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Marriage Certificates*, Box 13.
[56] The *Registry of Burials* for Prairie Grove Cemetery, Des Moines County, Iowa, lists Mary's death date as 09 April 1861 and her age as "6 months, 21 days." Over the years, Mary's marker had broken in half, fallen over, and sunk into the ground where it remained covered by about six inches of soil. In 2011, the buried part of Mary's marker was recovered and the broken pieces put back together. The marker revealed that Mary was 17 years, 6 months, and 21 days old when she died on 09 September 1861.
[57] For biographical information on the Lougharys, see Kenneth L. Holmes, ed., *Covered Wagon Women: Diaries and Letters from the Western Trails, 1862-1865* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1989), 8:115-162.
[58] *Registry of Burials*, Prairie Grove Cemetery, Des Moines County, Iowa.
[59] Ibid.
[60] See Holmes, *Covered Wagon Women.* William had family in Oregon, and he and Harriet knew many from Burlington who had made the trip, including some of John Wolverton's children.
[61] Des Moines County, Iowa. See list of debts related to Administrator's Petition and Bond for Hiram Cockayne Estate, Will Box H-116. See also Elizabeth Cockayne to Ben Cockayne, 18 February 1870, Cockayne Farm Collection, Glen Dale, WV.
[62] See *Burlington Hawkeye*, 1860-1878 for articles describing the devastating effects of Hog Cholera on the local economy. Go to http://www.ars.usda.gov/is/timeline/cholera.htm?pf=1 for a scientific explanation of this disease and its impact on Iowa farmers.
[63] *Biographical Review of Des Moines County*, 457-458. The beautiful and stately St. Mary's Catholic Church still stands in Dodgeville, Iowa.
[64] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Marriage Certificates*, Box 13.
[65]Hiram and Elizabeth came from the part of western Virginia that remained in the Union. West Virginia applied for statehood in 1863, separating the western part of Virginia from the Old Dominion.
[66] Elizabeth Cockayne to Ben Cockayne, 18 February 1870. Elizabeth tells Ben that Hiram "took worse" after Ben's visit in the fall of 1867, implying that Hiram's health was failing well before Ben visited. This might account, in part, for Ben's willingness to lend Hiram the money he needed to avoid foreclosure.
[67]Ibid. The cause of Hiram's death was "paralysis" according to the *United States Federal Census, Mortality Schedules, 1850-1885*, Flint River Township, Des Moines County, Iowa.
[68] Elizabeth Cockayne to Ben Cockayne, 18 February 1870.
[69] See Ben Cockayne to Elizabeth Cockayne, 25 October 1872, Cockayne Farm Collection, Glen Dale, WV.
[70] Robert Grimes to Ben Cockayne, 03 April 1871, Cockayne Farm Collection, Glen Dale, WV.
[71] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Marriage Certificates*, Box 13.
[72] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Circuit Court Record Book 3*, pages 207, 238, and 496.
[73] This would be the equivalent of roughly $60,000.00 today.
[74] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Marriage Certificates*, Box 10.
[75] *Burlington Hawkeye*, October 1883.
[76] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Marriage Certificates*, Box 13.
[77] For some reason, Matilda and Samuel Tucker were missing from the list of heirs. The couple filed suit to establish their right to a share of the estate.
[78] Des Moines County, Iowa, *Wills*, Box H-116, Certificate issued to Elizabeth Cockayne acknowledging all debts were paid.
[79] Artus B. Cockayne, *Biographical Review of Henry County,Iowa,* 45-46.
[80] *United States Census of 1900,* Centerville Township, Neosho County, Kansas; *United States Census of 1910*, Walnut Township, Crawford County, Kansas; The Cockayne plot is in Row 10 at St. Patrick's Catholic Cemetery in Walnut Township, Crawford County, Kansas.

[81] *Registry of Burials*, Prairie Grove Cemetery, Des Moines County, Iowa; *United States Census of 1870*, Burlington City, Des Moines County, Iowa; *Iowa State Census of 1885*, Burlington City, Des Moines County, Iowa; *Des Moines County Death Records*, Des Moines County, Iowa; *United States Census of 1900 and 1910,* Precinct 2, Port Arthur City, Jefferson County, Texas; *Texas Death Records*, Jefferson County, Texas.

[82] *United States Census of 1870 and 1880*, Des Moines County, Iowa; Obituary of Samuel R. Cockayne, *Winfield Beacon*, 01 December 1910; Obituary of Mary Cockayne, *Winfield Beacon*, 10 March 1923; Obituary of Clarence Cockayne, *Winfield Beacon*, 30 May 1922; *Burial Records*, Winfield Scott Cemetery, Henry County, Iowa; The home of Samuel and Mary Ann and that of Clarence still stand in Winfield. Samuel's home is on Center Street between Maple and Chestnut on the south side of the street. Clarence's home is on the southwest corner of Center Street and Chestnut. Delbert Cockayne, who was one of Arthur's grandsons, became a welterweight of some celebrity.

[83] *United States Census of 1860, 1870, and 1880*, Eel River Township, Humboldt County California; *California State Archives*, 8th District Court Files, 1850-1879, Wolverton Divorce Transcripts; *Humboldt Times*, Eureka, California; *Ukiah Daily Journal*; Ukiah, California; *Ukiah Republican Press*, Ukiah, California; *Ukiah Dispatch Democrat*, Ukiah, California; *Registry of Burials*, Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah, California*; Registry of Burials*, Hydesville Cemetery, Hydesville, California; *Registry of Burials*, Albany Masonic Cemetery, Linn County, Oregon. Alfred's father, John Wolverton, had groused in his will, written in 1850, that Alfred had run off to the west coast. The old man had sent Milton to fetch Alfred, and clearly Alfred returned home long enough to court and marry Jennie. Then, Alfred, Jennie, and Milton headed west again. In the end, three of John Wolverton's sons and one of his daughters relocated to California and Oregon and never returned to Iowa.

[84] *Biographical Review of Des Moines County, Iowa 457-458 ; Biographical Review of Henry County, Iowa; Registry of Burials*, St Mary's Catholic Cemetery, Dodgeville, Des Moines County, Iowa.

[85] *Iowa State Census of 1885*, Cass County, Iowa; *City Directory*, Burlington, Iowa, 1895-1900; *Burlington Hawkeye*, Burlington Iowa, 1896-1900;*St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery Burial Records*, Dodgeville, IA; *United States Federal Census 1900-1930,* Garfield County, OK; *Calvary Catholic Cemetery Burial Records*, Enid, OK; Mary's sister, Elizabeth, had married James McGraw in Burlington, IA. The McGraws were the first homesteaders to build a cabin in Waureka, OK. Mary's brothers, Thaddeus and Edward Kelly, ran a successful hardware store in Waureka. They had business interests in Enid, which might explain why Mary and her sons chose to live in Enid.

[86] *Iowa State Census of 1895*, Pymosa, Cass County, Iowa; *City Directory*, Audubon County, Iowa, 1892; State of Missouri, *Digital Heritage Collection*, Death Certificates for Lizzie Cockayne and Hiram Cockayne.

[87] *United States Census of 1880*, Franklin Township, Des Moines County, Iowa; *United States Census of 1900*, Yellow Springs Township, Des Moines County, Iowa; *Registry of Burials*, Old Stone Church Cemetery, Franklin Township, Des Moines County, Iowa.

[88]Artus B. Cockayne, *Biographical Review of Henry County, Iowa*, 45-46; *Registry of Burials*, Salem Lutheran Cemetery, Franklin Township, Des Moines County, Iowa; *Death Records*, Henry County, Iowa; *Registry of Burials*, Winfield Scott Cemetery, Henry County, Iowa.

[89] *United States Census of 1900 and 1910*, South Butte Precinct, Sutter County, California; *Registry of Burials*, Sutter Cemetery/South Butte Cemetery, Sutter County, California, section 1, lot 3. Sutter Cemetery is located on the north edge of the town of Sutter.

Children of Hiram and Elizabeth Riggs Cockayne

(In order of birth)

John Edgar (1836)
Sarah Elizabeth (1838)
Samuel Riggs (1840)
Rebecca Jane (1842)
Mary (1844)
Caroline Ross (1845)
William Silas (1848)
Lovie Irene (1850)
James Rudsin (1852)
Hiram Joseph (1854)
Matilda Ann (1856)

Artus Buckus (1859)
Emily Alice (1861)

***Author's Note: Hiram and Elizabeth were far from celebrities. They did not achieve high office or become famous. Rather, they were ordinary Americans who sought to improve their lives by moving west and sacrificing much. They were optimistic and forward-looking—they had to be. Otherwise, they would have never ventured far from western Virginia. In our world of high-tech gadgets and machines that do everything for us, it is difficult to imagine their experiences. But isn't that why their story is instructive? Most Americans derive from people whose lives mirrored Hiram and Elizabeth's, and we would do well to remember the values, determination, and spirit that forged us, individually and collectively.

Artus Cockayne was my great-grandfather. One of his sons, Rolly, was my grandfather, and Rolly's son, Lorain, was my father. When my father was three, his mother died. Rolly was so grief-stricken that he was unable to care for his son. So, Rolly took my father to Artus and asked him to look after the boy. Artus and Caroline raised their grandson until my dad was twelve.

I was my father's constant companion, so my dad and I spent hours talking about the values he thought were important. My dad said he learned many of the things he believed from Artus, who told my dad that these were the same things Hiram and Elizabeth had taught him. Without realizing it until later, I had heard some of Hiram and Elizabeth's teachings, although time and faulty memory have doubtless clouded things. That said, I have relied on my research to explain much about Hiram and Elizabeth because it was important to me to understand their experience as it unfolded. I wanted to avoid reading their story backward with the advantage of knowing how things ended. I found their lives full of the values they espoused. The importance of working hard is there, as is the notion of doing the right thing, honoring the family name, and always striving to improve. Artus despised debt, and he passed his hatred of it along to my dad, which stands in opposition to Hiram's headlong dive into indebtedness. But Hiram's experience became the lesson, and learning from failure was another family tradition. The journey has been memorable, and I thank Hiram and Elizabeth for letting me eavesdrop on them.

Additionally, I say thank you to my husband, Jim, for foregoing warm meals so I could pursue this curious hobby of mine. As this story took form, Jim's willingness to tramp through graveyards and farmyards alike with me was invaluable. JCW, 30 October 2011, Revised 07 December 2011, 14 June 2013, and 05 April 2014.