

Moses Jared – b. 10 April 1794, Bedford Co., VA, son of William and Elizabeth (Raulston) Jared, md Malinda Byrne 3 May 1818, in Putnam Co., TN. Malinda was a daughter of William and Rhoda (England) Byrne, born 8 August 1800 at Kingston, Roane County, TN. They settled in the 16th Judicial District near the town of Buffalo Valley in the hills of Putnam Co., Lecil Nichols now farms on their old land grant. He is a great grandson of Moses and Malinda. From Putnam County family records in the Nashville Public Library we find this account:

“Cedar Bluff Farm is on Big Indian Creek, Putnam County, located three miles east of Buffalo Valley, TN. Five generations have been raised on this farm.”

Moses Jared died at the age of thirty-three years and left the 27 year old Malinda to provide for their four children alone. She lived a widow for fifty-four years, managed her farm and her affairs and raised her children well. They married into the best families of the county and when I visited Tennessee in 1951 and inquired where to find some of the descendants, I was told along with the directions, “You will be proud of them.”

Malinda (Byrne) Jared – The grandchildren who remember Malinda Jared in their very early years, remember they had to be very quiet when visiting Aunt Besty Ann’s family with whom “Granny” lived. They tip-toed about and played with strained hushes for even slight noise made her nervous. The story is told that while sitting on her porch in the cool of an early summer evening she calmly announced:



“Jefferson Boyd just came home. I can hear him.”
Jefferson Boyd was her son-in-law and lived a mile away.

In her younger days Malinda was more vigorous. War increased the burden of her widowhood. Hair-raising Civil War stories come from the hills and the homes of our people in Tennessee for they were in a valley that was divided in their loyalties and emotions.

War between the States was declared and instructions were received for the young men of the community to go to Carthage to enlist. A jolly group of friends, neighbors, and relatives rode their horses to Carthage. The day was fine, their youthful anticipation of adventure was at its peak. A spirit of holiday camaraderie prevailed and the trip down the river was a lot of fun. In Carthage

the enlisting officers of both North and South were present. Their scouts immediately infiltrated the group bringing as many as each could to swell his own ranks. Two groups of tired lads rode home that night, a tragically divided people.

Malinda Byrne Jared had a family to protect and feed. When the "Damnedyankees" came to her plantation to drive off the livestock to use against her people, she ran from her house to face them and save her stock. First, she persuaded, then she "Bemeaned" them. She called them "horse thieves, blackhearted, overbearing skunks and foolish ones" to treat a poor widow so. Finally they left "Old Black Fanny" to her.

Her son-in-law, David Nichols was running the farm, and he and his boys made the crop that year with the sold help of "Old Black Fanny".

Grandchildren of Malinda who grew up hearing the wartime stories repeated in the fireside circles of their youth, confess they were adult before they knew "Damned Yankees" were two words.

However quiet the playing children had to be in Malinda's old age, she maintained a popularity among them as attested by the many letters preserved among her descendants. All refer to her with great love and respect. We have one letter written by Malinda herself to her daughter Rhoda. It is dated in 1880, just twenty-eight years after this oldest daughter had bid a final farewell, and with her husband and children taken the Mormon trail to Utah.

Rhoda, Dear daughter,

I was glad to hear from you all. It was a pleasure to me to receive a present from one that had been absent so long. I had my likeness taken for the first time last week. I will send you one also a few lines for a keepsake. To head your list of grandchildren, I want you and Frances to visit us this fall. I don't think you would be grudge me the visit. Alexander Byrne is in on a visit. He said he would noon mee any place. They say I look better than my likeness.

Our country has improved very much in a few years. It would be a pleasure to you to see your friends doing so well and sharing so much friendship.

You can't expect a good letter from me when I have been confined to my bed half my time for nine years and suffered so much with my head. I went to see Polly last week. She was tolerable pert. I had not seen her before in six months. Houston has got back. I hope you will get my letter. I can't write long at a time, it hurts my head. I have not been able to go to meeting and hear only one sermon in nine years.

Malinda Jared, Your dear Mother

When Malinda died at her home on Indian Creek, TN – 1 December 1881, her grandson, Rev. John H. Nichols wrote the following account of her passing. It is preserved in the Scrapbook of Ida Nichols Duke of Nashville, TN.

In her last sickness, unable to turn herself in bed, she requested that I should pray in her room. With all the family assembled in the room the prayer ended, she said to me in a feeble voice, "John, our Savior gave Peter power to walk on the water. Do you think He will give me strength to walk if I ask for it? I want to walk into the yard and look at the stars once more before I die."

"Yes, grandmother. He is not a respecter of persons and if you trust Him for strength He will give it."

In a full voice she said, "Yes, Bless His Holy name, he will," and springing up she turned her feet out of the bed and called for her slippers. They were brought and help was offered her, but she said, "Don't put your hands on me, God is supporting me."

Unassisted she walked into the yard with a firm step, looked at the stars, walked to and fro praising God for some minutes then into her room, lay down on her bed and was utterly helpless in one moment.

She recognized the presence of the angels that night. Indeed we all realized that God was with us in great power. She soon reached the end of life's journey on this side and quietly, peacefully passed over with an escort of angels. The Book of Jared by Eleanor M. Hall – pgs. 27– 29