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SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whittled Away Life in Camp - Furlough Experiences, Tireless Marches - Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

More Grant Stories. "Give us more Grant stories," writes an Illinois man.

Very well; here they are:

While at Shullsburg a few days ago, a town nearly as old as Chicago, and which at one time was the center of a vast lead mining interest, and from whose mines millions of dollars' worth of lead have been taken during the last sixty-five years, I fell in with several old residents, men who were born at or in the vicinity of the old town, now a trim, well built, nicely shaded, cleanly city of about two thousand inhabitants. One of them—A. A. Townsend—whose father located there in 1827, told about a visit he made to General Grant in 1880, a few weeks after his defeat in the national Republican convention which named James A. Garfield for President. I will let him tell the story.

"Knowing that Shullsburg was one of the points frequently visited by Grant when he was driving through southwestern Wisconsin selling leather for Grant & Perkins of Galena, it occurred to me that it would please the general to visit the town and be given an informal reception. So one day I hitched up my team and drove to Galena, twenty miles away, called on the general, introduced myself, told him I had been one of his soldiers and invited him to visit Shullsburg and give the people an opportunity to manifest their regard for him. The general was very sociable and seemed pleased over the invitation. He remembered Shullsburg and many of the people there, accepted the invitation and said it would afford him pleasure to visit the town and meet his old friends again. To clinch it he added: 'Yes, Mr. Townsend, you can say to your people that I will come.'

"The day was fixed upon and about noon on that day a carriage containing four gentlemen, one of whom was the general, drove into town. The news had gone broadcast and everybody for miles around was in the village to greet the ex-President, and thousands of them were given the pleasure of a handshake. His soldiers were here in great numbers.

"The teachers of the public schools arranged to have the general visit them, a thing he seemed very glad to do. The children sang and cheered and the general was called upon to speak to them. I do not remember much he said, but this I do remember. He said: 'Children, you can never be too grateful for the blessing of this country's matchless public school system. Make the best possible use of your time. I hope you will grow up to be good men and women and that you will always have a keen appreciation of the benefits of this our great government that cost Washington and his army so much to establish and that cost the people a great deal more to preserve during the recent war in which some of your neighbors and myself acted a part.'

"There were more cheers and spitting of hands and another song, and then the general mingled with the people on the streets and later went over to the home of George Wetherby, an early friend and one of his warm admirers, where there was another reception.

"It was a great day for Shullsburg, and I guess the old hero enjoyed it as well as we did.

"The party of four drove home that evening, Grant holding the lines. That was the last time I saw the general, the last visit he made to Shullsburg, and it was his first after the war.

"Men who had seen him when he was a traveling salesman who saw him that day said: 'He looks and acts like the same Grant.' It struck me that that was saying a good deal, in view of the fact that since they had seen him as a leather dealer he had become famous in a four years' war, ending with the greatest character connected with the war, Lincoln only excepted; considering that he had been President eight years and been around the world. He had seen many, many changes in those nineteen years. He had held the highest office his nation could confer. He had been honored by the heads and the peoples of many countries, and yet he was the same modest, retiring, sturdy gentleman."

Judge J. W. Blackstone is another native of Shullsburg. From him I learned a Grant story of another character. "There lived at Hazel Green a man named John Nagus, something of a character. He had a small business and need for more or less leather. When Captain Grant came around he bought stock of him on two or three occasions. It finally became necessary for the captain to say to John: 'I cannot let you have any more leather until you have paid for what has been furnished.' John promised and Grant, on each visit, called on him, but could never collect anything. At last Nagus became impatient about it. Finally Grant said to him: 'Mr. Nagus, the next time I come to Hazel Green I shall expect that you will settle this bill. Now, don't forget it.'

"A few weeks later the captain called at John's place and asked him if he was ready to pay that bill. He said that he was not, and that he did not know that he ever would be ready, and besides he had gotten tired of being hounded over that matter.

"Well, I have gotten tired, too," said Grant, "and I guess we will settle it right now." Whereupon he gave the Hazel Green man so luscious a kick that it lifted him off the ground, and then Grant quietly left the shop and drove away.

"Nagus was very careful not to say anything about the affair until after Grant became famous as a soldier and President. Then he frequently spoke of it in a rather boastful manner, saying that it was no ordinary thing for a man to be kicked by the general of an army and the President of the United States. Nagus left this part of the country long ago. I have heard that he is dead."

A Platteville gentleman, John W. Evans, told me something about Grant I have never seen in print, and I guess it never has been given to the public.

At the time the captain went to work for Grant & Perkins, the Galena tanners and leather dealers, he was pretty badly run down at the heel. His St. Louis enterprises had utterly failed and he had no means of livelihood. It was then that his father, Jesse Grant, came to his rescue. He told Mr. Perkins to pay his son such a salary as he thought the firm could afford, but to let him have all that was necessary to properly care for his family, regardless of the salary. The salary was fixed at \$80 a month, but it was not enough to enable the captain and his family to make both ends meet, and extra sums were frequently paid and charged to the personal account of Jesse Grant, who paid them.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Surprise Party.

The Sixth Corps, encamped below Falmouth, got orders to move April 28, 1863. Donning our war paint and feathers we started for Franklin's Crossing at the Rappahannock. When near there we halted for the night, but were allowed no fires. During the evening an order was read to us detaching the Third Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps, consisting of the Eighteenth, Thirty-first and Thirty-second New York and Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, to lead the advance in the pontoons to surprise the Johnnies.

We had been over the same ground with Burnside the previous December, and knew the rebs would have things well fixed for our reception. However, the old Sixth never flinched from the work assigned it. We determined that so far as our brigade was concerned the surprise party should be a success. At daylight, with bayonets unfixed, muskets loaded, but not capped, everything fastened, to make no noise, we moved quietly down the river bank into the pontoons as they lay in the river. Fortunately a heavy fog concealed our movements from the rebs. After pushing off we found the pontoons too close together to use oars; some went ahead while others held back until we had room enough.

The river is rather deep at this point, and while crossing we did some solid thinking. We wondered if the Johnnies had let the dogs loose, and if the latter were cross; whether they had left wheelbarrows or stray baby carriages lying around for us to fall over, hurt our shins, and cause us to backslide; whether the refreshments would be cold, indigestible lead or cold huckleberry pudding, or if it would be oysters or saltwater on the half-shell. Would it be champagne, Virginia tangefoot, or aqua pura with a free bath included. We feared there might be some yahoos of a battery browning around to spoil the program by shipwrecking the whole outfit—a proceeding not to be desired, as a knapsack and haversack are not a suitable bathing costume.

Everything was so quiet we thought the Johnnies were not at home; that perhaps they had not paid rent and the landlord had fired them out. As our pontoon touched the bank there was a flash almost in our faces and a volley went over our heads, the balls striking some of the boys on the other side of the river. Capping our guns and fixing bayonets we rushed up the bank to introduce ourselves and demand an explanation.

Just then our boys on the other side opened fire, and we had to tumble down the bank to avoid being shot by them. We yelled to stop firing; that this was our people, but they paid no attention until we sent a man over.

Just then a chap with an overcoat on that looked as if it had done duty as a scarecrow or been on Burnside's mind march, and waving a rusty old saber, scrambled up the bank, saying: "Come on, boys!" We joined the procession and soon had possession of rifle pits and earthworks. All the Johnnies but two or three had gone. The chap alluded to above proved to be Brig. Gen. D. A. Russell, whom we had never seen before, as he had taken command only the night previous. We needed no further introduction, but concluded he was a "brick." Our loss was slight, and our surprise party a success; only some of the boys got a good ducking as they jumped, rolled or tumbled out of the pontoons into the water when the Johnnies fired on us.—J. Shaw, in National Tribune.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Sir Edwin Arnold on Corporal Punishment—New Dean of Women of Knox College—The End of Hazing Seems Near—Incompetent Principals.

The Teacher Taught.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the volume of autobiography which he has just published, tells the unique story of how, as master of the Birmingham grammar school, he was caned by one of the boys.

The class was engaged on Cicero. Some disorder occurred near the master's chair, and seizing the cane he "gave a nasty cut upon the top tempting back of one youth, who seemed to be the offender." "If you please, sir," said the boy, squirming, "I did nothing. It was Scudmore that kicked me in the stomach underneath the desk."

The statement was true. Scudmore had demanded from his neighbor, quite illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure passage, and not being attended to had taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Having called the class up, Arnold said to the doubly wronged boy, who was still rubbing the place: "It is I who am most to blame for having dealt you an undeserved blow. Take that cane and give it back to me as hard as you got it." "No, sir," the lad answered, "I can't do that." The whole schoolroom was now listening, master and all. Arnold insisted: "Jones, you must obey me, and if you disobey I am sorry to say I shall make you write out that page of Cicero three times, staying to do it."

Whether it was desperation at this dreadful alternative or the sparkling eyes of his class fellows evidently longing to have the good luck themselves of "licking" a master that suddenly inspired Jones, I know not. What I do know is that he reached forth his hand, took the cane, and dealt me no sham stroke, but the severest and most telling cut over my shoulder. I had no idea that the ridiculous instrument could sting as it did—like a scorpion. "Rubbing the place" in my own turn, I managed to thank Jones for his obliging compliance and then said to him: "Break that detestable weapon across your knee and throw it out of the window. Never will we have anything to do with such methods here."

Sir Edwin Arnold adds that corporal punishment is, in his view, a cowardly and clumsy expedient, and that "the who can not teach without the stick had better get some other business."

Dean of Women.

Knox College has been most fortunate in securing Miss Katherine L. Courtright, of Chicago, to be its dean of women. In Miss Courtright the young women of Knox will have an ideal example of refined womanliness. Her kind and sympathetic disposition is linked with a rare grace and charm of manner. Furthermore, she is beautiful, with an expensive and attractive face. She never attended college, but since leaving the high school her private study has made her conversant with most college subjects, while her wide experience has given her more than a university course offers. During her seven years of residence in Chicago she has been very active in educational affairs. The first two years she taught in a private fashionable school for girls. But wishing to work on a broader scale, she established a private school of her own, in which studies from kindergarten to college preparatory were taught. Prior to going to Chicago Miss Courtright spent five years in Philadelphia as a teacher in the Wellesley preparatory school. After leaving her home in McConnellsville, Ohio, Miss Courtright had been in the kindergarten work a year in Lancaster, Ohio, and a year in Columbus, Ohio, before going to Philadelphia.



KATHERINE L. COURTRIGHT.

At West Point recently a cadet of the third class who was caught in the act of hazing a "plebe" was ordered into confinement for one year, stripped of all his privileges for the same period, including his three months' furlough for the summer, and commanded to do

guard duty every Saturday after the return of the other students in the fall. The sentence is said to be the most severe that was ever inflicted upon any hazer in the United States, but it will be sustained by public sentiment.

The chief reason why the authorities of American colleges have not been able to stop the fiendish custom of hazing was because of their lenient treatment of offenders. In many instances the latter had far exceeded in brutality the acts for which this West Point student is thus made to do penance, but the punishment was so light that it had no deterrent effect whatever and the "fun" still went on. Upon the theory that "boys will be boys" boys were allowed to become fiends and exercise their most brutal instincts to the suffering of their associates. Every proper feeling revolted at much of what they did, but still their conduct was condoned or the punishment made only nominal. Had the press of the country not taken up the subject it is probable that the custom would still flourish in all its brutality.

If the sentence of the West Point offender is carried out it will mark the end of hazing in that institution. Let other prominent institutions follow the example. If educational institutions tolerate rowdism and vandalism and thus lay the foundation for bad citizenship, and ignore the very object for which they have been established, it were better that their doors should be closed. A college ought to make young men better, not worse.

Data Is Wanted.

The Biographical Committee of the Emma Willard Association of Troy Female Seminary have undertaken the preparation of a biographical record of the 10,000 pupils of that school, from its founding by Mrs. Emma Willard in 1821 to the retirement of Mr. and Mrs. John N. Willard, in 1872. It is a colossal undertaking, which has occupied four years, and after this month no more data will be sought; yet the committee wish none to be omitted. At their annual banquet next October they hope to have cause for great rejoicing, trusting their success will enable them to bring most of the names from the mists of the past to the light of this end of the century. Friends or relatives who can give one item of information in regard to names are earnestly requested to do so without delay. Among the names yet untraced are the following:

- Elizabeth S. Adams, 1859, Chicago.
- Mary H. Bunks, 1857, Peru, Ill.
- Jane M. Bassett, 1869, Minneapolis.
- Sarah E. Bates, 1854, Chicago.
- Mary A. Boyd, 1847, Calumet, Wis.
- Cora Cheever, 1868, Ottawa, Ill.
- Katrine B. Cobb, 1859, Waukegan.
- Angie B. Conkey, 1859, Chicago.
- Mary H. Conick, Dubuque, Iowa.
- Margaret E. Dixon, 1869, Dixon, Ill.
- Susan L. Dodge, 1858, Shawano, Wis.
- Stella E. Earl, 1868, Chicago, Ill.
- Sarah M. Graham, 1859, Dixon, Ill.
- Harriet L. Grant, 1860, Chicago.
- Juliette E. Gridley, 1855, Bloomington, Ill.
- Anna S. Hackney, 1855, Aurora, Ill.
- Nancy R. Hall, 1851, Rochester, Wis.
- Adele Holbrook, 1852, Michigan City, Ind.
- Sarah S. Jones, 1862, Milwaukee.
- Caroline Lee, 1862, Davenport, Iowa.
- Anna C. Marsh, 1869, Chicago.
- Clara B. McClintock, Alton, Ill.
- Charlotte M. McKenzie, 1848, Palmyra, Wis.
- Isabella W. Merrill, 1867, Beloit, Wis.
- Catherine A. Ruttle, 1861, Chicago.
- Frances A. Sanford, 1861, Chicago.
- Anna P. Saunders, 1869, Columbus, Ark.
- Caroline B. Shaw, 1863, Cedar Falls, Iowa.
- Theresa Shuler, 1866, Dixon, Ill.
- Cornelia A. Thompson, 1867, Geneva, Wis.
- Margaret E. Wilson, 1869, Denver, Colo.
- Isabella Weston, 1861, Davenport, Ia.
- Sarah J. Waterman, 1865, Sycamore, Ill.

Any information with regard to these, or any other unreported pupils of the Troy Female Seminary will be gladly received by the Western secretary,

SARAH F. HOPKINS,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Incompetent Principals.

The most awful experiment is to put a girl, fresh from the high school on a cram examination, without a scintilla of the art of teaching, or a faint suspicion of it, in charge of fifty immortal souls; and next to that, even more awful if possible, to put a college graduate, chock full of conceit and of little else, at the head of a school. Thousands of schools are now in charge of principals who have not the faintest idea how to direct and teach teachers.—Col. F. W. Parker.

Aided a Composer.

A curious story is told of the manner in which the Rothschilds aided a famous composer. The latter was far from rich, and his principal income was derived from a snuffbox. And this is the way of it: The snuffbox was given to the composer by Baron James De Rothschild as a token of esteem. The impetuous man of music sold it twenty-four hours later for \$50 to the same jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician in the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler's. The traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition to the great satisfaction of the composer.



IS MRS. CLEVELAND'S PROPERTY

PRESIDENT Cleveland rides in Mrs. Cleveland's carriage at Gray Gables. His coachman is not his at all, but his better half's. From the handsome pair of bays, the carriage the coachman, down to the very harness, the entire outfit is hers. It is said that her ownership does not stop at the contents of the stable, but the entire estate is hers as well; but, if this is true, there is one thing in which the man of the house is permitted to assert his supremacy. The President pays the taxes. The assessors of the town of Bourne have Mr. Cleveland on their little list, and do not recognize his wife as a source of financial relief to the town treasury. The President is good enough for them. He accepts the decree of values of the Monument Neck estate and settles with the tax collector without a murmur each year.

Mrs. Cleveland's new pair are light bays, and much better matched than the pair she drove last summer. They are by no means small, but in good proportion to the two-seated, canopy-topped carryall to which they are nearly always attached. Mrs. Cleveland's horses' harness is black leather throughout and somewhat elaborate. It is silver mounted in a new pattern, and on the saddle pad in either side, on the blinders and on each rosette of the bridle are these three letters in a monogram: "F. F. C." Frances Folsom Cleveland, they stand for, and are the evidence that the equipage throughout is the personal property of the wife of the President. These initials are raised letters of polished silver of a peculiar, elongated, very English pattern.

Miss Lillie B. Pierce.

Miss Lillie Pierce, who read the declaration of independence at the opening of the national silver convention, is one of the ablest and most charming of the young women in St. Louis who have devoted themselves to education. St. Louis prides itself upon the number and the quality of its female professors of education, and Miss Pierce occupies a place in the forefront of that profession. Her great power of declamation began to show itself when she was a mere tot. At the tender age of 6 she electrified her teacher by declaiming, with marvelous force and expression, Mr. Eddy's great oration on the decline and fall of the North Amer-



MISS PIERCE.

lean Indian. When she had reached the grammar grade her recitation of Rienzi's address to the Romans and of Marco Bozzaris' death were famed throughout the city. As she grew older Miss Pierce set her wing to higher flights and heavier performances, and successfully coped with Spartacus' outburst concerning his intention of making Rome howl and other gems of tragic import. It is said that her reading of the declaration of independence is a stirring effort. Her voice is remarkable for its volume, and her attitudes are said to be art itself. Miss Pierce is pretty, cultured, and might have made a success upon the stage had her ambition led her that way.

Chances of Marriage Spoiled.

A mother who has brought up both boys and girls is strongly opposed to the higher education for her gentler offspring. She says that a girl usually does not get out of college until she is 22 or 23, and "by that time her chances of marriage are sensibly diminished." But there are a great many who hold that a girl's chance of happiness is really increased by a college education. On the other hand, a girl is flung into society, immature and half-educated, with no future before her except in matrimony, and her ignorance of the world is such that she is likely to make a match which will prove unfortunate. On the other hand, the college girl has learned how to extract pleasure from books and pictures; and she can earn her own living and does not depend upon the chance of some man offering her a home. In fact, she is not so prone

to take the first chance that offers, and while it is probable that "a girl's chance of matrimony is sensibly diminished by a higher education," it by no means follows that the higher education diminishes her chance of happiness.

Mrs. Thomas C. Platt.

While everybody knows something of Thomas C. Platt, the great Republican boss of New York, little is generally known of his wife, and yet Mrs. Platt is hardly less interesting than the boss himself and is the virtual power behind the throne. She takes an active and intelligent interest in the affairs that interest her husband and is well posted on the politics of the State and nation. Her husband's triumphs have



MRS. THOMAS C. PLATT.

been hers and his disappointments have been harder on her than on him.

In appearance Mrs. Platt is tall, with dark hair, tinged with gray, and dark eyes that look at one with a very direct, penetrating glance. Her features are small and exceedingly well formed and her manner is cordial and dignified. One of Mrs. Platt's greatest charms is her voice, which is exceedingly rich and musical. She dresses with taste, inclining now to grays and blacks, with much fine lace. She is thoroughly feminine in dress and manner. Mrs. Platt is now anxious that her husband should abandon politics, fearing that the strain is greater than he can continue to bear.

Cultivate Ease and Repose.

"In your own person you must live up to what the social world asks," says Ruth Ashmore, in an article addressed to young girls in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Achieve the stillness of form that is the great charm of the English woman. Learn to be quiet of body, do not jerk, do not wriggle, do not move from chair to chair, do not restlessly pick up first one and then another of the trifles on the table and toy with them, do not bite your lips, do not set your jaws as if you were going to fight a battle, do not tap your foot, and do not show, by moving your hands backward and forward, that the enemy of good form, restlessness, is controlling you. Then, when you talk, avoid all those little smart speeches that seem to you so clever, but which are very apt to be coined at the expense of somebody else."

The Irish Joan of Arc.

Her remarkable beauty no less than her sweet womanliness and patriotic fervor has made Miss Maud Gonne a successful worker in the cause of Irish freedom. She is called the Joan of Arc of Irish politics. The daughter of the late Col. Gonne, who was Irish by birth but anti-Irish in sentiment, she was reared in a circle which was strongly opposed to home rule for the green isle. Her father was attached to the vice regal court, and here she was the reigning belle. But when, upon the death of her parent, she declared her sympathy for the Irish people she was



MISS MAUD GONNE.

frowned upon and had to seek new friends. Then came a determination to work publicly for her countrymen. She went on the platform as a political speaker and toured England for the Liberal party in the last elections. She has also lectured in France and Belgium.

One feature by which the very latent made gown may be recognized is by its high structure, or girde, of black satin ribbon, accompanied by a short belt.