

protecting the northwestern frontier of Iowa from the incursions of the Indians. It is difficult to realize that our State, only forty years ago, was compelled to raise a military force, and place it within formidable stockades, to protect the lives of its citizens! All of the events of which he gives the reader so clear an account transpired scarcely longer since than the life-time of a generation—certainly within the recollection of thousands of persons now living. It is a marvellous transition from wide untenanted prairies to cultivated farms and smiling towns and villages, with peace and safety throughout our borders. This article is valuable not only as being the faithful report of an eye-witness, but as embodying all the important official reports concerning the Northern Border Brigade. Up to this time information relative to this military occupation of northwestern Iowa has not been accessible, but the present publication will result in placing it in our public libraries. Our illustrations include a fine steel portrait of Capt. Ingham, with half-tones of several of the officers and cuts of three important stockades.

NATIONAL HATREDS.

One who has lived over seventy years lately mentioned that he had known the existence and the passing away of many hatreds which at times filled the minds of the people. Away back in the thirties, and long before, most Yankees abhorred the name or sight of an Englishman. At that time there were still a dozen or more white-haired Revolutionary soldiers within his own county, and soldiers of the war of 1812 were in some regions almost as plenty as those of the civil war around us now. Our hatred of those "Britishers" was simply intense. We impugned their courage, having no doubt whatever that one American was a match for half a dozen of them. We indulged even a bitterer hatred of the "Tories"—now euphoniously called "Loyalists of the Amer-

ican Revolution"—comparing them to Judas Iscariot and other unsavory characters. In our common life no meaner thing could be said of a man than that he was a "Tory." But in the later forties we went to war with Mexico, and "all of a sudden" we stopped abusing John Bull and poured out our objurgations upon "the greasers." We captured Santa Anna's wooden leg and made much of it. Perambulating circuses presented caricatures of a battle with the Mexicans, in which we invariably put "the greasers" to flight, to the great delight of the applauding audiences. We whipped the Mexicans in every battle. At last we "hoisted the stars and stripes over the halls of the Montezumas," and dictated peace on our own terms, getting a lot of territory for the purpose of making more slave states. We indulged in all kinds of left-handed compliments at the expense of the poor Mexicans and kept it up for more than a decade. We had whipped them in a succession of hard fought battles and reduced them to a pitiable condition—and why shouldn't we brag about it? Things progressed in this way till the outbreak of the civil war, and—we apparently quit hating the Mexicans—but how we did hate the rebels! Nothing we could say was half severe enough. This feeling intensified as the four years' war went on to its close. And we continued to hate them during a long reign of peace. "The bloody shirt" seemed to wave everywhere—even in Iowa! Men ran for office, borne on to their triumphs over a tide of calumny. We had candidates on the stump for governors and members of congress whose only "claim" for election seemed to rest upon the intensity with which they hated the rebels. Members of congress would abuse the rebel brigadiers without stint. Of course, the rebel brigadier would hurl back the epithets, though the twain might possibly go out arm in arm together for liquid refreshments, to laugh over the rencounter at leisure. Northern members of congress in reconstruction days would vote for the admission of rebel states, and then go upon the stump at home to thresh over the old:

straw of the rebellion—and so get back to Washington. This would hardly seem to be logical, but it is the simple truth. “We must make treason odious”, and so on and so forth. But when President McKinley so happily put his stamp of disapprobation upon all this sort of thing it ceased. His retention of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee at Havana, his prompt appointment of rebel brigadiers in the U. S. volunteer service, and his acceptance of volunteers from all over the south, made this hatred of Dixie as much out of date as events that happened before the flood. When these events were initiated “the bloody shirt” was furled never to wave again. “Young America” has no use for that threadbare garment. Our heartiest plaudits were freely bestowed upon Generals Fitzhugh Lee and Joseph Wheeler, and our soldiers were glad to be led by them into battle. Peace—genuine peace—had come to the whole country so far as its two lately opposing sections were concerned. Some day we shall doubtless contemplate the Filipinos under far different circumstances from those of the present time. It is devoutly to be hoped, and not at all improbable, that we may yet come to think of them in a general way as well as we do of Englishmen, Tories, Mexicans, or rebels in our own country, for the whirligig of time brings to pass many strange things.

SOME OF OUR FLAGS.

The Historical Department is in possession of three American flags the associations clustering around which make them more than ordinarily interesting and valuable. In the order in which they were received their history is as follows:

The first is one that was known in the old Fourth Iowa Infantry, in the civil war, as “Gen. Williamson’s Flag.” It was made by the women of Des Moines, and presented to Adjutant J. A. Williamson as he was leaving home to join the regiment with which he was so long and so honorably

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