

#316. Oneida St. Milwaukee,
Dec 8th 1879.

A. W. George, Esq.

My dear Sir:

Absence from town has prevented the undersigned from responding more promptly to the kindly greetings expressed in your letter of the 24th ultimo;

Please find enclosed Gen Hardee's Report of the battle of Pomryle, and prepare yourself for slaughter again, in cold - ink^(?)
Doubtless you will find the doc interesting; the paper fell into my hands along with the U.S. Signal flag that waved over the Rebel Capitol at Richmond on the day of the surrender; The flag I gave, as a trophy, to Post 2. Grand Army of the Republic. Phila (of which Post I am a member) and is the only representative of the U.S. Sig Corps

2.
among all the tattered and torn insignif-
icant of Union and Rebellion suspended
ed in our elegant and spacious Hall

I know you will forgive
me when I tell you that a junior
member of a publishing house, here,
suggested to me the idea of intro-
ducing "Lays and Shuttles" to the public
library. The firm had ordered a
number of the books and the young
man thought (erroneously no doubt)
that it would a ^{case} wholesale inquiry
for the work? However, "Haskell
that Uncle Tom!" for fear of
official business out of town pre-
vented me from executing a clumsy
attempt to give the author a left
handed business boost; I ought
to state that a long professional
routine life under Uncle Sam, has
knocked all my business ideas
into "Pi", that is to say, financially;
You know ^{how} that is? . . .

3.
You ask me what I think of "A Fool
Errand"? Well, sir. I can truly say
that your last work is a most sublime
peroration: the truest as well as the
most conclusive exposure of the Southern
Question in our land today!

I have lived 12 yrs in Florida and North
Carolina, and without setting down
ought in real or real with Tanty for all,
I must confess, you have got better run-
er to the quick, than any writer I
know of the vexed question; In
the language of an old "Uncle Tom" in
Carolina, I must exclaim, "Ho! God!
Gammee it's de Gospel Grape"! no
wonder the "Lord made enemies; but them
a terrible experience on the body politic
must needs require a severe and caustic
probing?"

You will find enclosed a few
newspaper slips complimentary and otherwise.
The senseless animadversions by the
"Chicago Times" may be easily accounted

for by its early history as a "Copperhead" organ; and in the light of 30 years of American history it has only been till recently that certain newspaper managers have profited by the maxim that, - "Ink is a caustic which sometimes turns the fingers of those who make use of it".

In tracing the "Folk's daily experience" I was forcibly reminded of my own troubles while in Carolina, for notwithstanding that my official duties as well as my inclinations rather led me away from political conflicts, I came in for my share of Curbstone and newspaper abuse, because I dared to denounce in an official report to the Department, the said pirates along the coast who plundered the bodies of the "Honor" dead of tributes and even clothing.

For this I was publicly "scalped" by Hon. Octavius Coke, Solicitor General et al at Cunituck Court House, while the Hon. Jesse J. Yeates eclipsed this honor

- after a fox step of attack by reading before the House of Reps at Washington, a series of Resolutions denouncing me and my report as slanderous and maliciously false.

Of course a good deal of this was for political subsouit, but I subsequently got men with the quito, including friend Yeates,

"No fought, he toiled, he slandered and he won,
By lies successful, and by lies undone,
For tho' he backs in high imperial favor,
And stands unshaken like a godly tower,
His doom is written out, since its denied
Success like his can never long succeed. ||

And so after the election which succeeded this snail buckling business, the "Major" was requested to take a front seat in the rear, ^{when he will remain} unless a Dem Government's certificate of election given to the "Other feller" be overriden, given to the

The incident brought out in "Folk's Em" relating to the visit south of a certain "Nico" man reminds me that Hon Henry

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Wilson (whose memory I cherish for his several acts of kindness done me) started off on a sort of conciliatory tour in that direction once? Just prior to his death I met the Vice President in New York, and the poor old man seemed almost heart-broken at the thought that the Government was fast passing into the hands of those who had brought its overthrow through a bloody revolution; Doubtless Mr Wilson's disappointment was shared by others of his colleagues and collaborators in regard to the strange turn political affairs had taken.

Believe me, my friend, your book will not fail to leave its impress on the minds of thinking men and women, - those who have the welfare of the Country - the whole Country) honestly at heart.

The plan of Southern Autonomy as delineated in your work, was doubtless the only true, just and effective solution of the Southern problem, but it was not

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expedient and whether any incoming Administration will take the initiative of a new departure remains to be seen. The Exodus on the one hand and the political complexion of the recent elections on the other may, possibly, result in the creation of an "independent" branch of Democracy at the South - still a "Trigger will be a trigger" during our natural lives, at least.

There is a new book just out entitled "A True Republic", by Albert Stickney, - Forgers publishers; I haven't seen the work but I presume it's first class, as Stickney is a capital writer on political economy, I quite enjoyed his articles written some time ago.

Like yourself I regretted leaving Old "Yan, Petch and Turfentine" for whilst I made some enemies. I also earned a few staunch friends, some of whom were ex-Confeds, who stood by me during my mud flinging battles, and altho' we did not see things political through the

the same kind of a dark glass, nevertheless
a true friendship stood the test. in fact
whenever the roll is called I generally speak
over on the side of the minority, - can't
help it. I trust you will pardon
this rambling epistle, but confession
is good at certain times, and
if I have spoken too much of my
own affairs in Carolina, you must
change a part of it to my hearty appre-
ciation of "A Fools Errand".

It is to be hoped that your days may be
long in the land as an educator and moulder
of Public Opinion, a benefactor to your
race, and after that, may Heaven's
choicest blessings rest on you and yours.

is the sincere prayer of

Your Friend
Walter Hutton.