WASHINGTON, Pennsylvania, was a busy town in the summer of 1832. The steady flow of traffic on the National Pike, running east to Cumberland and Baltimore and west to Wheeling and Columbus, funneled through town a heavier than usual stream of pigs, sheep, horses, cows, horse-riding travelers and plain pedestrians, freight-hauling Conestoga wagons and passenger-jostling stagecoaches. Work was rushing for local blacksmiths in "little" Washington.

Nearby, a Welsh Quaker blacksmith took time out to welcome the arrival of a new son on June 21. Andrew Jackson Smith they called him—naturally, since President Jackson was the father's idol, and naturally, too, since the mother's uncle was Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky, self-asserted killer of Indian chieftain Tecumseh during the War of 1812, and destined in 1836 to be vice-presidential running-mate of Jackson's hand-picked successor, Martin Van Buren.

The Smith boy attended the local Quaker school for a time. But his most practical schooling came in his father's blacksmith shop where he spent much of his time. Here, he recalled many years later, "I helped my father . . . when I was so small I had to use a box to stand on to blow the bellows and strike for him." At the age of fifteen the boy was apprenticed to William Wiley, also a blacksmith. Chafed by the restraints of apprenticeship, young Andrew Jackson Smith stayed with Wiley for but one year "when my father came to collect my wages. I at that time bought my time from him, giving him $100.00. I went to Washington where I had Bill Montgomery a lawyer make out the papers."

Dr. Lindsey, now a professor of history in Los Angeles State College, is a former Pennsylvanian. His family's roots are deep in this western area of the state. He has published three books, the most recent appearing last fall under the title "Sunset Cox, Irrepressible Democrat." His articles and book reviews have appeared in historical journals and newspapers.—Ed.
What more exciting work for a teen-age boy in “little” Washington, crossroads of the National Pike and the road to Pittsburgh, than driving a wagon to Pittsburgh. The road to Pittsburgh led Andrew Jackson Smith into a career overflowing with adventures that would carry him west to the Mississippi valley, south as a Yankee soldier in the Civil War, and finally north to the green forests of Wisconsin. Many years later, at the age of ninety-four, he related the fascinating story of his experiences. This account, now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Ruth Smith Bate- man of Sarasota, Florida, by whose kind permission it is here printed, follows:

After I left Mr. Wiley I drove a six-horse team hauling supplies from Pittsburgh to Washington.¹ There were ten such teams on the road at that time. I had this job for about two years. After that I carried sheep² from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia,³ receiving a salary of $125.00 per year. I went through the big tunnel on the first passenger⁴ that went through it from Johnstown to Harrisburg. Harrisburg is on the Susquehanna River. Before the railroad was in, we carried sheep across the mountains. The cars were hauled up the hills with large engines.⁵ I think I was on this job for five or six years. I then drove a stage from Washington to Uniontown.⁶ Uniontown was four miles west of the Allegheny Mountains. I also drove from Washington to Jones Mills⁷ in the mountains. Stage

¹ The distance from Pittsburgh to Washington, Pennsylvania, is about twenty-six miles. The unidentified “supplies” may have included farm implements and general merchandise. Wayland F. Dunaway, A History of Pennsylvania (New York, 1935), pp. 670-673.
² The “sheep craze” that swept over western Pennsylvania and Ohio in the 1840’s produced large numbers of sheep, which were driven overland and sent by boat to Pittsburgh and thence eastward. Dunaway, Pennsylvania, pp. 633-634; Frederick J. Turner, The United States, 1830-1850, pp. 303-304.
³ If Smith drove the sheep from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, he probably used the old Forbes Road, now largely U.S. Route 30, more popularly known as the Lincoln Highway.
⁴ The first passenger train from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia passed over the line of the newly completed Pennsylvania Railroad in December, 1852. The most notable tunnel on the line lies in the mountains just west of Altoona. Dunaway, Pennsylvania, pp. 685-686.
⁵ Before the Pennsylvania Railroad was built, a complex transportation system of canals and short railroad lines traversed the 320 miles between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Just west of Hollidaysburg the Allegheny Portage Railroad hauled cars up a ten-mile stretch in the worst part of the mountains by a series of five inclined planes and stationary engines and let them down on the other side. Dunaway, Pennsylvania, pp. 681-682.
⁶ A distance of about thirty-six miles on the National Road.
⁷ Jones Mills is in the rugged, mountainous county of Westmoreland, just west of 3,000-foot Laurel Hill Mountain.
driving was a pretty strict business. You had to make the time if you had to kill every horse to do it. We had what they call a seventy-two mile round trip. Our stations were twelve miles apart. We had to make twelve miles every hour or in other words from station to station. This was very hard on horses and I can remember killing two or three horses on some trips. I also drove cattle and sheep across the mountains.

I left Pennsylvania on April 7th and went to Ogle County, Illinois. I then left Illinois and went to Missouri, living in Monroe County when the war broke out. My wife, one child and myself lived on a small farm in Missouri. Before the war broke out, we met every Saturday at the James and Younger boys homes and practiced target shooting. I was what you could call an expert shot with a pistol. The James and Younger boys were not as people took them to be. Before the war they were fine fellows. I owned three forties of land, where I did some farming, mostly raising corn and feeding hogs. We also kept some cows. In those days milk was mostly used for cheese.

8 The year was probably 1858 or 1859.
9 Monroe is in the second tier of counties west of the Mississippi River. Its county seat is Paris, thirty-six miles southwest of Hannibal.
10 Smith here seems to give his imagination free rein. The James family lived in Clay County, Missouri, a few miles northeast of Kansas City, and the Youngers in Cass County, about forty miles southeast of Kansas City. Although not physically impossible, it is highly unlikely that Smith joined the James and Younger brothers for regular target practice on Saturdays since a round trip of 300 miles would have been involved. Federal Writers Project, Missouri (New York, 1941), pp. 500, 514.
11 There is no doubt of Smith's skill with the pistol. His assertion that he "could stack five bullets in the bull's eye at 15 to 40 yards" was corroborated by many witnesses later. Letter of his granddaughter, Mrs. Ruth Smith Bateman to the present writer, April 3, 1958.
12 Frank and Jesse James were sons of the Rev. Robert James, a Baptist minister in Clay County and a trustee of William Jewell College. The father died in the California gold rush. In 1857 his widow married Dr. Reuben Samuel. When the Civil War came to Missouri, 18-year-old Frank joined the Confederate forces under Sterling Price. A band of Federal soldiers hanged Dr. Samuel, manhandled Mrs. Samuel and whipped 15-year-old Jesse. Upon recovery, Jesse rode off to join Confederate guerrillas. Cole, Robert and James Younger were sons of Col. William H. Younger, a farmer and livery stable operator in Harrisonville, Missouri. Colonel Younger was a Unionist when the Civil War broke out. At a dance in 1862 17-year-old Younger helped his sister fend off the unwelcome advances of a Union officer. The following day the officer tried to arrest Cole as a spy, but Cole escaped and joined Charles Quantrill's marauding guerrilla force. Colonel William Younger, under suspicion as a Southern sympathizer, was shortly afterward waylaid, robbed and killed. Robertus Love, The Rise and Fall of Jesse James (New York, 1926), pp. 32-58.
When the war broke out notorious Bill Anderson,\(^\text{13}\) Sheriff of Monroe County, came to me with papers to sign to support Jackson Governor of Missouri.\(^\text{14}\) If I signed the papers I was considered a rebel soldier for the state of Missouri. When I refused to sign the papers, I was considered a Yankee. He came to the house several times and threatened to shoot me. The James, Younger and Ford\(^\text{15}\) boys had signed those papers and therefore were all rebel soldiers for the state of Missouri. Therefore our friendship ceased.

At night I laid out in the corner of a fence with a shot gun and two pistols and had my mind made up to shoot as many as I could before they got me.

Saturday night my stock failed to come home. I had two mules running with the stock that belonged to a man in Hannibal. While looking for my stock I met my neighbor Mr. Fields, and asked him if he saw my stock. He said there was no use looking for them, Quantrill's\(^\text{16}\) men drove them off. This gang was composed of the James, Younger and Ford boys.

After dinner one day I started to walk around the cornfield and to fix the plow and take off the bull tongue, which means the cutting part on the plow. I saw my neighbor coming toward me. His name was John Jeffers, and he said, "You are my prisoner;" and I asked, "By what rights do you take me prisoner?" He said, "I have joined Quantrill's men and they have sent me after you." I then hit him with the bull tongue, knocking him down and also taking his gun and breaking it. I had laid my pistol on the bureau in the house before going to the cornfield; otherwise I would have

\(^{13}\) "Bloody Bill" Anderson fought for a time with Quantrill's raiders and then led an awesome gang of his own to spread terror and death among Missouri Unionists and federal soldiers. Jay Monaghan, *Civil War on the Western Border*, 1854-1865 (Boston. 1955). pp. 254-274. 316-323.

\(^{14}\) Claiborne F. Jackson took office as Governor of Missouri on December 30, 1860. When President Abraham Lincoln’s call for volunteers arrived in April, 1861, Jackson refused to respond, tried at first to insure Missouri's neutrality and moved to cooperate with the Confederacy.

\(^{15}\) The Ford boys were Robert and Charles Ford, Confederate guerrillas during the Civil War, who afterwards became members of the Jesse James gang of bandits. In 1882 Bob Ford, visiting Jesse James in St. Joseph, Missouri, became "the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard (Jesse’s assumed name)" in order to collect the reward offered by the state of Missouri and several railroads that had been victims of James gang robberies. Love, *Jesse James*, pp. 340-351.

\(^{16}\) William Clarke Quantrill, alias Charles Hunt, had been a ne'er-do-well and horse thief on the Kansas-Missouri border before 1861. When war broke, he became a Confederate guerrilla fighter, attracted many bushwhacking desperados, sacked Lawrence, Kansas, raided Union supply depots and killed Union supporters. Monaghan, *Civil War on Border*, pp. 122, 168-172, 251-254.
shot Jeffers. I returned to the house and did not say a word to my wife about what happened in the cornfield. A few moments later I looked across the prairie and Hopkins was coming toward our house. My wife got him dinner. After that I said to Hopkins, "What will you charge me to take my wife and child to Hannibal?" He said, "I dare not do it, they will kill me." I said, "Hopkins, I have $40, and I will give you this if you will take my wife and child to Hannibal." He said, "All right, I will take a chance but will not go by road. We will have to go through the woods."

One of the mules that was running with the stock came back home. I saddled and bridled the mule and started for Hannibal. I did not travel by the roads, only hitting them here and there. When I came onto the road, I met my neighbor Lyde Sparks. When I saw him coming I took out my pistol, cocked it and laid it on the saddle. He asked me where I was going. I said I was going to Hannibal after hogs. He said, "You better go back." I said, "I guess not, I know my business." "Well," he said, "I will soon have enough men to bring you back." He rode on and I started off. I could have shot him but it would only have made things worse, for his horse would have went home. Along in the night—perhaps about eleven or twelve o'clock—I had no way of telling, I heard them coming. I rode off in the brush about a hundred yards or so. I stood there and held the mule's nose so he could not call his mate. I did not know how many there were but I judged about fifteen.

After they had gone by I started out behind them. They kept on going until they came to what we called the Toll Gate. They found that I had not passed, so they went back to the other road thinking that I had taken that road to Saverton, instead of Hannibal. Anyhow they found that I had not taken that road and I heard them coming back. I drove into a barnyard where the barns were of an L shape and I stayed there until they had passed. As they passed I heard them say, "We will have that damned Yankee yet," but they had to go back about a mile to get to the plank road to take them to Saverton. When they found that U did not take the plank road, they took the old Paris road. There two roads came together about a quarter of a mile apart and as they saw me,

---

17 Hannibal, Mark Twain's home town on the Mississippi River, is located about forty miles northeast of Smith's farm in Monroe County.
18 Saverton is a few miles downstream from Hannibal on the Mississippi River.
they started to shoot, and the soldiers guarding the bridge drove them back.

When getting into Hannibal, I went to Hopkins home, arriving there around evening. His home was about three miles out of Hannibal. Hopkins did not get in with my wife and child until about evening. We stayed at Hopkins house for nearly three weeks. Leaving Hopkins place we moved to Barry, Illinois, Pike County. After there a few weeks I became sick with the fever and was laid up for about eight months. At the time I enlisted, we had two children, Davis being born just previous. I enlisted at Barry in Company D-99th Illinois. We were sent to Benton Barracks, St. Louis, from there to Rolley, Missouri. From there to Salem, Missouri, and then to Hartsville, Missouri. Near Hartsville is where we lost our first man. We were travelling at night and we were going to reinforce some forces at Springfield. They opened fire and killed Clark Beebe, a man from our battalion. We fought all day behind a big rail fence. We followed them clear through to the Ozark Mountains to a place called West Plain near the Arkansas River. We lost our whole mule team on this trip. From West Plain we marched back to the Mississippi River, took steam boats to Ste. Genevieve for Vicksburg. We marched around Vicksburg and came out away below Grand Bluff. We did not do any fighting there, for it was all done by gun boats.

First of May at Port Gibson we fought from three in the morning until evening. This is where I downed my first man. I did not know this until after the war.

19 Barry lies eighteen miles east of Hannibal.
20 Rolla, Phelps County seat, 112 miles southwest of St. Louis, was in 1861 the railhead of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway and a large base for Union military operations in southern Missouri. The Federals here built Fort Wyman and a cantonment for 20,000 troops. Monaghan, Civil War on Border, pp. 150-182. Federal Writers Project, Missouri, p. 469.
21 Salem, thirty-one miles southeast of Rolla, is the Dent County seat.
22 Hartville lies fifty miles east of Springfield in hilly Wright County. Smith does not give details, but he was probably in this early in 1862 and shortly afterward joined General Samuel R. Curtis' forces in occupying strategic Springfield. Monaghan, Civil War on Border, pp. 228-233.
23 West Plains, Howell County seat about seventy-five miles southeast of Hartville, changed hands frequently between Union and Confederate forces.
24 Smith means the Arkansas state line, not the "Arkansas River."
25 Ste. Genevieve is about seventy miles downstream from St. Louis.
26 Smith means Grand Gulf on the Mississippi River south of Vicksburg.
27 The Port Gibson engagement, fought on May 1, 1863 was the first in a series of battles during General Ulysses S. Grant's campaign south and east of Vicksburg. Earl S. Miers, The Web of Victory (New York, 1955), pp. 152-160.
This man had a rich uncle living there and we started a tobacco store and he was talking about being shot and they said that was Smith, a man living about three miles in the country, and he came out to see me and made sure that I was the right man. He asked a great many questions and was finally convinced that I was the man that had shot him. We were great friends thereafter.

I will mention just a few places where we fought: Fourteen Mile Creek—Raymond—Jackson—Champion Hill. Last mentioned was hardest battle fought west [sic] of the Mississippi River. Closed lines on Vicksburg. We fought at Vicksburg for forty-seven days. They surrendered on the Fourth of July [1863]. We captured thirty-seven thousand men, a great many cannons and loads of ammunition. After Vicksburg surrendered we went back to Jackson and fought another battle. From Jackson we went to New Orleans across the Gulf of Mexico. Went up the Rio Grande to Brownsville. Brownsville is in Texas. From Rio Grande River we went back to Matagorda Island. From there back to New Orleans. From New Orleans up the Mississippi up to White River, the Arkansas River and the Red River to Duvals Bluffs. Went up to Memphis and divided companies guarding the railroads. Our boys were great for playing marbles, some having their guns with them and some did not. Price's men run in on them, captured two of them and taking them to their camp and killed them. We followed them but found that they had abandoned their camp and also found two graves. From Memphis back to New Orleans. From New Orleans back to Mobile Bay. We went up to the head of the Bay to Spanish Fort and captured the Fort. We had a hard battle. This was the greatest bombardment I ever heard or saw. You could feel the ground shake under your feet twelve miles from the fighting line. From there

---

28 Unfortunately Smith does not specify where "there" was.
29 Severe fighting occurred at all these places during Grant's drive against Vicksburg from the east. Miers, Web of Victory, pp. 163-231.
31 The Red River expedition of some 30,000 soldiers, also led by Banks, from March to May, 1864, was one of the massive Union failures of the war. Harrington, Banks, pp. 151-162.
32 Smith must have been part of the expedition of Admiral David G. Farragut in Mobile Bay in August, 1864.
33 The Old Spanish Fort commanded the northeast corner of Mobile Bay. Its ruins are still visible today. Federal Writers Project, Alabama (New York, 1941), p. 386.
we went to Spring Hill\textsuperscript{14} and camped. From there we went to Dukesville.\textsuperscript{35} From Dukesville we started back home, down the Mississippi.\textsuperscript{36} There we were mustered out and sent to Springfield, Illinois. There we were paid and discharged. From the time I left home to the day I returned I was gone three years and twelve days. There were a few little fights which we had that were of account. All during the war we were supposed to have fought in twenty different battles. The only scars I received during the war was a graze on the cheek and a graze on the leg. I had my gun shot out of my hand but that did not matter, there were many [guns] that were not in use. There were 1400 men in our battallion and out of the 1400 I am the only one living [in 1926].

I was at one time a rider, that is, one that rode wild horses and before the war I worked for awhile on a ranch. We would ride one or two of these wild horses a day.

After the war I travelled with a herd of ponies that we were selling. We travelled through Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota. Also Illinois and Wisconsin. We were eighteen months on this trip. The last we sold was in Black Jack\textsuperscript{37} in the lead mining country in Wisconsin.

We had with us a greaser that was a rider. A greaser is one that is half negro and half Mexican. At Mineral Point [Wisconsin] there was a dispute as to who was the best rider. In our herd we had what they called a herder, or in other words a stallion. There was $10 put up for the best rider. The greaser lassoed the herder and I lassoed a little old Spanish mare for the greaser. Don't think she ever had a string on her and I would just as soon have met a bear. The greaser lost his balance the first jump and could not get back, although the greaser was considered a very good rider. I rode the herder. The street was steep and stony and he bucked all the way and I lost my hat about half way. On the way back while the herder was doing his best to buck me off I reached down and picked up my hat. I had no trouble in winning the $10.

\textsuperscript{34} Spring Hill, a few miles west of Mobile, was occupied by Union forces, although Mobile itself held out until the end of the war.
\textsuperscript{35} Modern maps reveal no town named Dukesville, which may have been a soldiers' nickname for a town on the Mississippi.
\textsuperscript{36} Smith obviously means "up the Mississippi."
\textsuperscript{37} Black Jack, a few miles west of Mineral Point in southwestern Iowa County, was for many years an important mining community. Its twentieth-century name is Mifflin. Louis A. Copeland, "The Cornish Settlements in Southwest Wisconsin," \textit{Wisconsin Historical Collections}, XIV (1898), 301-334; Federal Writers Project, \textit{Wisconsin} (New York, 1941), pp. 46, 424-425.
I came to Marinette in 1871 before the Peshtigo Fire. I took up a homestead and lived there about twelve years. After leaving the farm I went south for a couple of years. Mrs. Smith died in 1881. In 1884 I married again. I then bought nine forties of timber land at Twin Creeks where I started a sawmill. After that I cruised for different Lumber Companies. I was still cruising when I was 84 years of age [1916]. I am now retired and live in our cottage at Bagley, Wisconsin, on the banks of the Peshtigo River.

Andrew Jackson Smith was thirty-nine when he first went to Marinette County. During the last fifty-seven years of his life he became a widely-known and well-loved figure in the area. His granddaughter later recalled: “For years he headed the Fourth of July parade in Marinette, dressed in an Uncle Sam suit and stepping right along with head held high. He had a wonderful sense of humor... an appropriate anecdote for every situation.” An impressive “Uncle Sam” he must have been with his fine head of white hair and white chin whiskers. In December, 1928, two years after the above reminiscences were recorded, he died at his home in Bagley Junction, Wisconsin. In his own life spanning virtually the century between Andrew Jackson and Herbert Hoover, Andrew Jackson Smith had personally experienced much of Uncle Sam’s own history.

38 The great Peshtigo fire of 1871 ravaged the countryside through six counties, wiped out entire villages, destroyed $5,000,000 worth of property and killed over 1,000 persons, 600 of them in Peshtigo itself. Federal Writers Project, Wisconsin, pp. 21, 322.
39 Bagley Junction was in 1926 a hamlet of three families, located sixteen miles west of Marinette, Wisconsin.
40 Letter from Ruth Smith Bateman to the present writer, April 3, 1958.