The "Old Stonebreaker": James Gates Percival and the Lead Mines of Wisconsin

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The Mining History Association's 2013 annual conference is planned for Galena, Illinois, only a short distance from the final resting place of one of the strangest and most remarkable figures in American mining history. In a small, shady cemetery in the old mining town of Hazel Green, Wisconsin, a dignified granite monument marks the grave of James Gates Percival, a man described as "one of the most pure intellects that has ever worn the garb of humanity—whose departure is a loss alike to science and to poetry . . . the physician, poet, geographer, geologist, botanist, naturalist, philosopher, philologist, linguist—the truly universal genius!"[1] Who he was, and how he came to be there, is the focus of this brief sketch.

James Gates Percival was born on September 15, 1795, in Kensington County, Connecticut, the second of three sons of a village doctor. His elder brother was an artist; his younger one was institutionalized as insane.

As a child, Percival was solitary, deeply shy and introverted, but intelligent and well read. He had mastered spelling and reading by age five, and was a "thoughtful writer" at fourteen. His "boyish passion" was geology.[2] In 1815, he graduated first in his class from Yale at the age of twenty, having excelled in his scholarship, naturalist studies, and poetical compositions. He followed his father in the study of medicine, receiving his M.D. in 1820, although even then he suspected that he was not cut out to be a doctor. Throughout, he deeply wished to be a man of letters, specifically, a poet.

Percival strongly inclined toward a private life of cerebral ruminations. Much as he treasured the independence of solitary study and reflection, however, he grudgingly recognized that was no way to make a

decent living. He freely admitted that Yale's president, Timothy Dwight, had accurately read his character, warning upon his graduation, "Percival, you must engage in some active employment, or you are a ruined man."[3]

Odd Jobs

Thus, after a brief flirtation with the study of law, Percival returned to Kensington and set up a medical practice at his old homestead. It did not work out well. He was constantly distracted by his fascination with the natural world and languages, and by a relentless poetical muse. Ultimately, the matter seemed settled when a malignant fever swept the town and overwhelmed his abilities to cope with it. Out of seven children in one family under his care, five died, and five of his patients died in a single day. An agitated Percival abandoned his practice abruptly, telling a physician friend, "I could not bear to have people looking to me for relief and not being able to relieve them."[4]

Shortly thereafter—finding himself stranded and penniless in Charleston, South Carolina, after an unsuccessful botanical lecture tour—Percival once again opened a doctor's office. After only a few weeks there, however, he gave up medicine once and for all, finding his patients few and slow to settle their accounts. In disgust, he threw his ledger into a fireplace and remarked to a friend that "when a person is really sick, he will not send for a poet to cure him!"[5]

After several unsuccessful attempts to establish himself in the literary communities of New Haven and New York City, Percival accepted a professorship in chemistry at West Point in early 1824. But, after only a few months at his post, he concluded that

> I am no chemist. [It is true that] I have attended lectures and read some . . . [but] I am no chemist. . . . [W]ith the most innocent intentions, I have deceived the government. . . . My inclination and my ambition are all literary. . . . To tell you the truth I hate chemistry and . . . I have no notion of stifling myself with the stench and poison of a laboratory. . . . My life has been a series of disappointments and here comes the worst of all. I am no chemist. I never was one. I never wished to be one.[6]

Although never fully employed over the next several years, Percival occupied himself revising several foreign publications translated for American readers—publishing "hackwork," as one biographer termed it.[7] In 1827, he began correcting the proof sheets of Noah Webster's first unabridged dictionary, for which he was paid the munificent sum of eight dollars per day. Percival's command of thirteen languages and his broad scientific and technical vocabulary made him an excellent choice for the work, and he later claimed his labor of endless detail with the dictionary proofs gave him "more pleasure . . . than anything else I have done."[8]

In fact, however, repeated clashes between this compulsively persnickety editor and a far more pragmatic Webster ended the arrangement after the completion of only two letters of the alphabet. Their goals were irreconcilably different: Webster wished to get the dictionary to press; Percival stubbornly sought lexicographical certainty, no matter how long that took. Each man became thoroughly vexed with the other. Percival observed to a New Haven acquaintance, "I regret that I have ever engaged in the thing. . . . As I find it, I appear to be obligated to correct the blunders of ignorance. I feel like the living tied to the dead."[9]

Percival the Geologist

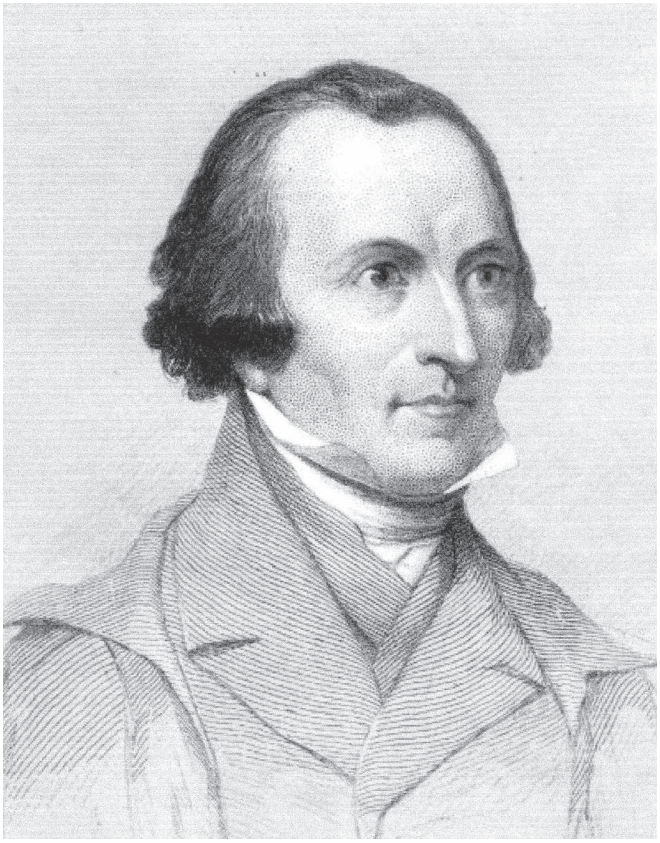
Despite Percival's repeated difficulties with his turbulent genius, pride, bouts with suicidal depression, and his poetical muse, his combination of broad intelligence and a keen naturalist's eye did not escape ongoing notice. In 1835, he

was appointed to make a survey of the geology of the state of Connecticut. His thoroughgoing work on that project involved covering five thousand miles and nearly every acre of ground in the state on foot. Thus began his professional engagements in geology, in which this complex man is said to have done his best and most enduring work.

Unfortunately, the Connecticut legislature—composed, as it was, of practical workingmen and farmers—expected only a cursory examination and a user-friendly report directed at little more than making the state's quarries and mines more productive and valuable. Few of the lawmakers had any knowledge of geology or were particularly interested in advancing science. Nor, apparently, did they realize that Percival was perhaps the least likely person to satisfactorily perform the work in such a superficial manner. Thus, the deadline for his report slipped repeatedly and the legislators grew restive. One called him a "literary loafer."[10]

Percival found this galling, but the fact was that, after nearly seven years on the job, his substantial accomplishments amounted to little more than accumulating a roomful of specimens and more than fifteen hundred pages of field notes. Another hard truth was that payment for the survey was not to be made until the report was completed and approved by the governor.

The combination of ongoing pressure from the legislature and the imperative of near starvation ultimately compelled Percival to compile and submit a five hundred-page recital of purely factual findings from his laboriously gathered field data. His report was extraordinarily thorough and accurate, but so dryly presented that it was said that "[i]n its present form, it is safe to say, it has never found a single reader among the persons for whose benefit it was written." In his defense, however, the January 1843 issue of the *American Journal of Science* pointed out that the object of Percival's report was not "to please, or amuse, nor even to point out new sources of wealth."[11]



James Gates Percival in his prime, ca. 1831. (Wisconsin State Historical Society collection, WHi-45760.)

In the end, Percival's inflexible pride nearly rendered his entire effort naught. When Governor William Ellsworth graciously received his tardy report and promised to examine and pass upon it as soon as possible, Percival snatched it away, rolled it up and stormed out. He told friends that, despite his desperate need of money, he would rather go without compensation than endure the indignity of having his work reviewed by those unqualified to judge it. As usual, his friends spared him disaster. One, by a ruse, obtained a copy of the report and submitted it to the governor, who readily admitted his incompetence in geology and immediately approved it. Percival got his pay.[12]

Percival's work on the Connecticut survey attracted public attention to his geological expertise and resulted in additional assignments elsewhere.

He was called upon to examine mineral lands in southwest Missouri, iron mines in Nova Scotia, coal lands in New Brunswick, and the geology of Bass Island in Lake Erie.

Wrestling with the Muse

Percival's unflagging ambition, however, was to establish himself as a poet, and he applied himself to that end in a not-altogether-unsuccessful effort. His dozen or so published collections were broadly popular for a time, although they neither received the very highest acclaim nor were particularly remunerative. Nonetheless, "[i]f he did not rank with Bryant, Dana and Halleck, contemporaries, he surely was at the head of the secondary list of American poets."[13] Indeed, one of his odes was set to music and sung at Gettysburg in 1863, when Lincoln delivered his landmark address; another appeared in various editions of *McGuffey's Reader* until as late as 1920.

Still, Percival never felt confident of his literary reputation. He took criticism poorly, and was seemingly unable to revise a draft once it had been committed to paper. One can imagine his sensitive ego reeling had he lived to read critic James Russell Lowell's opinion that Percival's artistic success was limited because the public "did not want his poetry, simply because it was not, is not, and by no conceivable power of argument can be made, interesting."[14]

Percival ultimately gave up his poetic ambitions, never completely forgiving what he saw as a crass and unappreciative public. As he put it, "the public will not buy what does not please it . . . and if I cannot come down to the public, I must sit above them, cold and hungry."[15]

Percival became reclusive, moving into a small suite of dingy and sparsely furnished rooms on the second floor of a largely abandoned former hospital in New Haven. Being socially unskilled and twice a failure in love, Percival quickly took to his hermitage, retreating to solitary studies of language and nature, and to the books that were always his favored companions. By the time of his death, he had amassed a collection of some ten thousand volumes, one of the largest private libraries then in the United States. For the most part unemployed and reliant upon the charity of his few close friends, he necessarily lived frugally, on many occasions opting to purchase a book instead of food.

Percival tied his door closed with a knotted rope and never admitted visitors, trying instead to send them away with a "Boo!"—described by some as more of a "long drawn out . . . smothered groan." Discourse, if it occurred at all, took place outside in the hallway. On one occasion, when Henry Wadsworth Longfellow stopped by to visit, Percival reflexively greeted him at the door with the usual "Boo!" and declined to let his fellow poet enter. Upon recognizing his visitor, however, Percival led him downstairs where they conversed for a time in one of the lower rooms.[16] Percival was not so much misanthropic as painfully shy.

Ultimately, he came to realize that his life of privation and poverty was rendering him old before his time. Equally disturbing was the fact that he had been compelled to mortgage his treasured personal library just to meet his minimal living expenses.[17] Perhaps recalling President Dwight's admonition upon his graduation from Yale, Percival chose to avoid "ruin" by once again pursuing "some active employment."

The Upper Mississippi Valley Lead District

Such employment was possible, despite his quirky personality, because of Percival's unrivaled reputation as a geologist among mining entrepreneurs. His advice on mining iron and coal in Canada had proven very valuable. Thus, in 1853, F. E. Phelps, president of the American Mining Company, engaged Percival—for the spectacular sum of two thousand dollars—to evaluate the lead deposits of northwestern Illinois and southwestern Wisconsin, where the wealthy New York

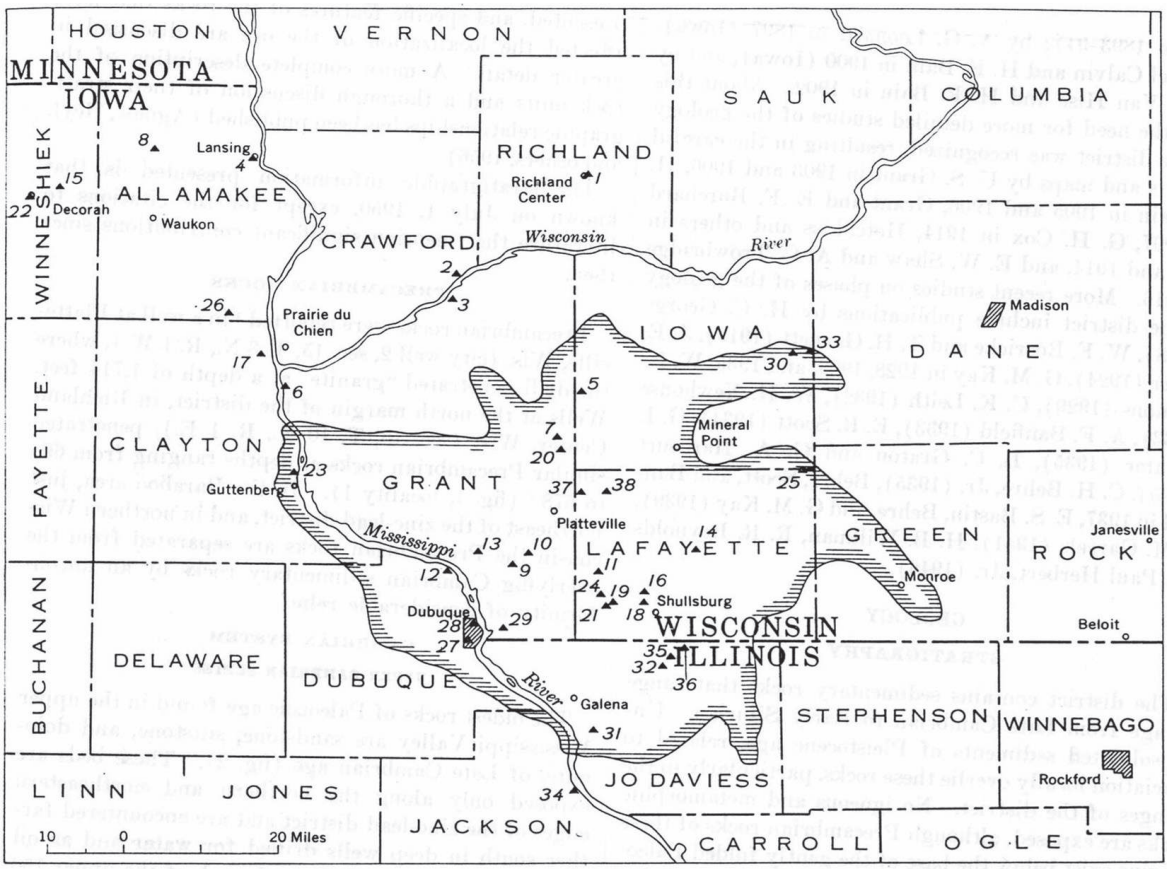
company had a new mine and held extensive mineral leases.[18]

While Percival found the assignment intriguing and financially attractive, he struggled with the prospect of venturing west to work for an extended period on a mining frontier. He was loath to leave Connecticut, the spartan surroundings of his apartment, and the comfort of his books. Percival's own verse describes his repeated struggles to put aside purely intellectual pursuits for more practical and remunerative work:

> Now to my task:
> —be firm,—the work requires
> Cool reason, deep reflection,—and the glow
> Of heart, that pours itself in restless flow,
> Must sleep,
> and fancy quench her beaming fires,
> And all my longings, hopes, and wild desires
> Must seek their slumberous pillow
> and be still.[19]

Like Percival's life, mining in the Upper Mississippi Valley lead fields was then in flux. After the "boom" years of the 1820s and '30s, the bonanza was, to all appearances, over. The rich and easy-to-mine surface and shallow ore deposits had been largely depleted, and a substantial percentage of the mining population had been lured away by the recent gold excitement in California.

Initial mining methods in the region had been crude and inexpensive: two- and three-man crews quickly depleted shallow crevice deposits with little more than pick and shovel, hoisting the rich,



A generalized map of the principal mineralized area of the Upper Mississippi Valley Zinc-Lead District. (Allen V. Heyl, et al., The Geology of the Upper Mississippi Valley Zinc-Lead District, USGS Professional Paper 309 [USGPO: Washington, 1959], 7, Fig. 1.)

readily smelted galena ores by bucket and hand windlass. It was a type of mining that required no milling, little equipment, and almost no capital. But without a substantial infusion of funds and technology to pursue large but lower-grade deposits below the water table, the district was destined to become moribund.[20] Given appropriate assurances of ultimate success, businesses like the American Mining Company were prepared to make such investments.

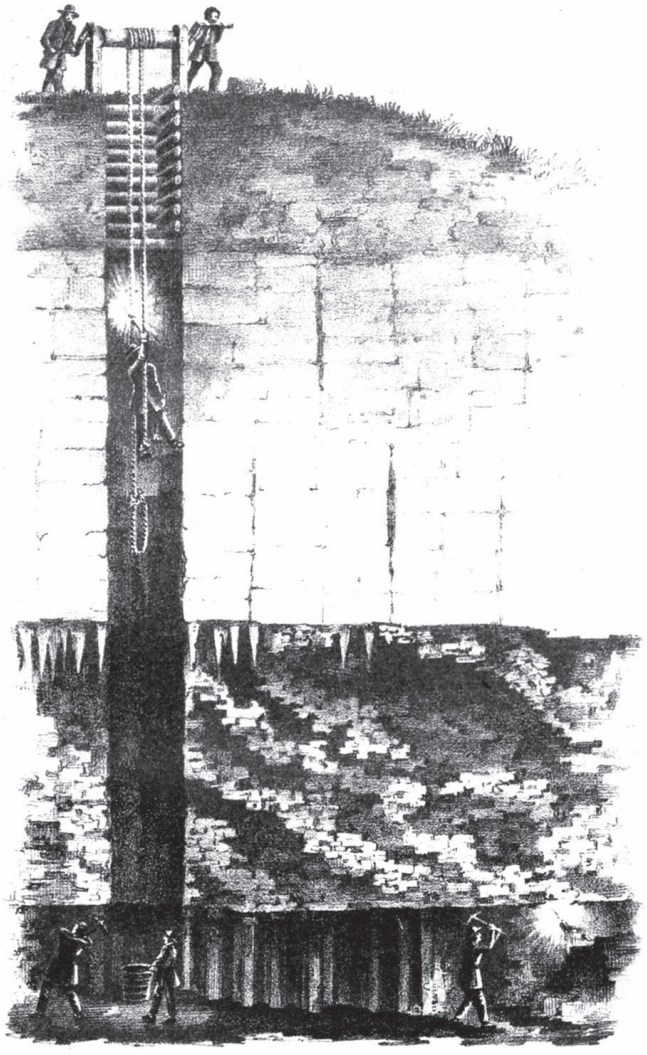
Percival traveled to Wisconsin in the company's employ, his luggage "consist[ing] of a geological hammer or two, a magnifying glass, a shabby wardrobe, a few books, a flute and an *escritoire*, a portfolio which became a desk when opened."[21] He took up modest lodgings at Fairplay, in the far-southwestern corner of the state, and immediately began examining scores of old, shallow diggings. By October 1853, he reported to management that he had entered and scrutinized some 120 mines.[22]

The miners Percival encountered seemed entirely comfortable with visits by this odd old man, perhaps because, with the sole exception of Old Gaelic, he was able to converse with them easily in their native tongues.[23] Percival said of the miners: "I have found [them] throughout civil and attentive, and retain of them a grateful remembrance."[24]

Endlessly fascinated by language, he was also amused by the jargon peculiar to the district. In a letter to a friend, he offered "a touch of the mining language: 'I was staked on a prospect, and after prospecting several days I struck a lead and raised a lot of bully mineral, but it was only a bunch in a chimney without any opening; so I petered out, and a sucker jumped me.'"[25]

As to his primary assignment, Percival reported success in his detailed examinations of Wisconsin's lead district. "I do think I am in the way of determining the system of arrangement in the mines, and I have had to do it with very little possible aid from former publica-

An artist's conception, remarkably accurate in its details, of a shallow lead mine typical of those operating throughout southwestern Wisconsin in the 1830s. (Joseph Schafer, The Wisconsin Lead Region *(Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin: 1932, opposite p. 96, reproduced from: David D. Owen, "Report of a Geological Exploration of Part of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois . . . 1839," U.S. 28th Congress, Senate Executive Document 407, 1844.)*



tions."[26] He undoubtedly meant G. W. Featherstonaugh's limited investigations in 1835 and David Dale Owen's far more detailed work of 1839. These were generally considered of limited use by miners, and without the incentive afforded by useful scientific information, entrepreneurs were reluctant to make additional capital investments in what many saw as a mined-out district.

Percival, however, was bullish. He concluded that valuable, even rich, mineral deposits extended several hundred feet below the horizons mined to date, a finding immediately acclaimed as "add[ing] at least a million dollars to the value of the region."[27] Of course, in that district, deeper also meant wetter. Thus, he also recommended that miners begin investing in whatever work and equipment was needed to drain their ground and continue digging downward.

One of the mines Percival examined was the Aspen Grove–Newkirk, the remains of which can still be seen not far from Monroe, Wisconsin, in the easternmost part of the Upper Mississippi Valley lead district. Wealthy Philadelphian Matthew Newkirk opened the mine in late 1836 as a typical shallow lead diggings. Although the so-called "top run" galena had proven quite rich, Newkirk harbored a suspicion that even richer deposits lay deeper below. When Percival visited in 1853, his opinions proved entirely consistent with Newkirk's hunch, and inspired the latter to invest twenty thousand dollars to sink a deep shaft and install the pumping gear necessary to keep it and the new workings dry.[28]

Like Newkirk, the American Mining Company listened attentively to their geologist. Relying upon the strength of his opinions—particularly, as they noted, that "the prospect there promised a speedy return of any amount of money that might be judiciously expended"—the company invested thirty thousand dollars in building an engine house for pumping its Fairplay mine, a machine shop, a residence for its agent, a barn, and a number of other buildings. It hired fifty men—miners, engineers, and laborers—and promised to "quadruple" its stake, if necessary, "to 'prove' the ground."[29]

It seems remarkable now that eastern investors stood ready to gamble such high stakes on the largely opaque analysis of an odd and reclusive poet from Connecticut, but so it was. In a letter to a friend dated October 21, 1853, Percival wrote that "Mr. Phelps has written that he expected to employ me for a long time, from his satisfaction with my labors."[30]

Percival's heart clearly remained in Connecticut, however. In a letter written the following

1850 stock certificate of the American Mining Company. Note the signature of company president F. E. Phelps, lower right. (Courtesy of the author.)

The remains of the Aspen Grove–Newkirk mine engine house, near Monticello, Wisconsin, c. 1998. This structure, later de-roofed by a storm, is now decaying rapidly. (Photo by the author.)

month, he noted that "from illness and a few accidents in the mines I have perhaps escaped narrowly, but I trust I shall again see Connecticut."[31] Taking comfort in the prospect of ongoing employment and, perhaps for the first time in his life, solvency, Percival did return briefly to New Haven and arranged for the construction of a three-room home for his ultimate retirement there. Although he drew his own plans for the house, his small circle of local friends handled the details, purchasing a lot and contracting for the construction work.

The arrangement of the building was, like its architect, peculiar. "The design was a house of one story, with high walls, the front part of which was to be used for a library and study, and the rear for a sleeping apartment and bachelor's kitchen. The entrance was also in the rear. The front was broken by three narrow and high windows, to which heavy iron blinds were attached."[32] Nathaniel Parker Willis, a prominent New York author, poet, and editor of the time, described the place unflatteringly: "New Haven is a vast cathedral, with aisles for streets. [Percival's cottage] looks like a sarcophagus in [a] cathedral aisle."[33] Another acquaintance noted that the house "certainly resembled a monastic cell more than the residence of a human being."[34]

Percival stayed in New Haven long enough to witness the start of construction and to box his thousands of books at his former lodgings in anticipation of their ultimate move. He was, however, obliged to return to his duties in Wisconsin's lead fields. One observer reported:

> It was pitiful to see the old man, bent and feeble, walk up and down the street, and look affectionately upon his home, from which he was forced to be exiled by his imperative engagements in the West. In his younger days he would have broken

> those engagements without hesitation. [But t]here was now . . . absolute fidelity to his trust [and h]e wept like a child when he finally tore himself away, and set his face toward his duty.[35]

The Wisconsin Geological Survey

A new and intriguing opportunity had also arisen to draw him west once again. Percival reported to a friend: "I will state to you, in confidence, that a proposition has been made to me . . . from some of the leading men in [Wisconsin], to engage in a [geological] survey of the State [*sic*]."[36]

In March 1853, the state legislature enacted a law providing for a geologic survey of Wisconsin, authorizing an expenditure of $2,500 per year for four years to complete the task. Governor Leonard Farwell promptly appointed Edward Daniels, a bright young college professor and lecturer, as Wisconsin's first state geologist. Daniels spent six months in the field, and submitted the Wisconsin Geological Survey's first annual report in early 1854. This eighty-four-page document was devoted largely to the lead region of the southwest corner of the state, since one provision of the enabling act directed that priority be given to appraising that district.

Daniels' general conclusions were remarkably similar to those Percival had tendered to the American Mining Company: the mines, having "passed though the period of excitement," were in a transitional state—with near-surface deposits being largely worked out—and future mining would be forced to greater depths. Daniels also warned that, if the industry were to continue, more scientific data would have to be gathered. The legislature received Daniels' report favorably and, encouraged by his conclusion (like Percival's) that ore could be found in large quantities in deeper formations, recommended that the survey be continued.[37]

Although Daniels had pursued his new assignment with diligence and enthusiasm, it was widely known that his appointment was as much due to his political connections as his geological expertise. Further, industry did not then value youth as favorably as it does today. Thus, when Democrat William Barstow succeeded Governor Farwell, a Whig, in January 1854, mining interests began urging, over the legislature's objections, that Daniels be replaced by Percival. The seasoned Percival, they contended, would do work of much greater value to the state.[38]

When rumors of Daniels' replacement began to circulate, they awakened a great deal of political invective in the partisan press. Once Percival's prior work in the lead mines and his reputation as a distinguished geological scholar in other regions became more widely publicized, however, much of the public opposition subsided. No one dared question his abilities and attainments. Even Daniels praised Percival and publicly endorsed the change. Thus, in June 1854, Governor Barstow discharged Daniels and appointed Percival as his successor.

A relieved and determined Percival reported to friends: "My appointment and the removal of Mr. Daniels has been the occasion of some controversy in the papers, but I believe the general impression is in my favor. . . . I intend to proceed with my survey as if the tenure of my office was undisputed. . . . I have already laid out my work and have a full press of employment before me."[39]

Although he would earn less than the American Mining Company had paid him, Percival's state salary of from $1,200 to $1,500 per year was nonetheless as much as was paid in those times to top state officers and the judges on Wisconsin's courts. Also Percival, it seemed, was in it for more than money. He told a friend that "I am very desirous to have an opportunity of thoroughly exploring this lead region, and I think, from what I have already done, that I may lay down its arrangement with a good deal of precision, and to the benefit of the public."[40] One acquaintance later said: "He entered upon his new field of la-

bor in the mines with much zeal and pleasure, which seemed to increase with the prosecution of his researches. . . . His ardor and earnestness in the discharge of his duties were intense and hardly ever until the fading hours admonished him the day for toil was ended would he turn his steps homeward."[41]

Percival arranged for accommodations in both Madison and Hazel Green, the former in an unheated room and workspace above a wood storage shed in the rear of the state capitol building, the latter in the home of Henry D. York, a prominent local citizen and former state legislator. The geologist immediately set about his work in the field while the weather, as he put it, "could not be more pleasant."[42] The Platteville correspondent for *Mining Magazine* reported "the appearance among us of the State Geologist, Doctor Percival, who seems to be actively engaged in the discharge of the duties of his office. He arrived here a few days ago, and at once commenced an examination of the lead mines in this immediate vicinity. . . . [W]e have no doubt but the examination will prove satisfactory to all."[43]

Percival's immediate task, as he later described it, was "to make a preliminary reconnoisance [*sic*] of the entire [lead] district, so as to enable me to present, in my first Report [*sic*], a general view of the arrangement, both as exhibited on the surface and in the interior. In previous examinations of the same kind, I had found the great advantage of such general views, in preparing for a more just appreciation of particular facts and of their mutual relations."[44]

Percival became well known on sight in his wanderings throughout the lead region. An acquaintance, Col. E. A. Calkins, later described him thus: "He was [by] then far past his prime. He walked with his head bent, his eyes cast downward, and with slow and uncertain step. Those of our citizens who saw him will not soon forget his aspect of poverty, almost of squalor—his tattered grey coat, his patched pants—the repairs of his own hands—and his weather-beaten glazed cap, with earpieces of sheepskin, the wooly side in."[45] That cap he reportedly wore year-round, regardless of temperature. And, because this gentle and retiring man always had a geologist's rock hammer in hand, he became known throughout the district as the "old stonebreaker"—"half in characterization, half in deep affection."[46]

By contrast, while working on his report in Madison, Percival was almost invisible. Horace Rublee, editor of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, frequently saw Percival at the state capital, and observed that "[h]e seemed to withdraw himself as much as possible from all intercourse with his fellow men, and to surrender himself wholly to intellectual pursuits. During the winter he spent in [Madison], he scarcely formed an acquaintance, and hardly one in fifty . . . citizens knew him by sight."[47]

Indeed, Percival preferred working alone. While the state survey provided for a field assistant for the more toilsome of his duties, he only grudgingly accepted such help after Governor Barstow, who was alarmed by a recent hold-up and murder of a traveler and concerned for Percival's safety, insisted on the arrangement. For some undocumented reason, however, the appointed assistant could not accompany Percival at the designated time, and sent his seventeen-year-old son in his place.

That pairing lasted barely two weeks. Percival made a special trip to Madison to complain, "I cannot continue any longer with that young man, indeed I cannot." When asked why, the visibly agitated state geologist said, "Sir, he annoys me excessively. He whistles, he throws stones at birds, and he speaks to people with whom we meet on the road."[48] When told that the assistant would be dismissed and that he could proceed alone if he preferred to do so, a very much relieved Percival offered what were described as "warm" thanks.[49]

Percival, now contentedly working by himself, wrapped up his painstaking field work in the lead district before winter weather set in. "I have visited during this season all considerable diggings,"

he reported, "from the South line of the State [*sic*] to a line drawn east to west north of Cassville, Beetown, Potosi, Platteville, Mineral Point, Yellowstone and Exeter, and from the Mississippi to the east part of Green County. Some of the least important diggings within these limits may have escaped my notice, but I have endeavored to make such an examination of those I have visited, as my limited time would allow."[50]

Percival's Report

Percival thereupon returned to Madison to begin writing his first report, taking with him no field notes or memoranda of any kind to assist his recollection of thousands of observed details. He apparently wrote the resulting 111-page report, published in 1855, entirely from memory, a feat of recall later hailed as one "seldom . . . surpassed."[51]

All the while, however, the political stew surrounding his appointment and the dismissal of Daniels was still simmering briskly in the legislature. The judiciary committee, in particular, had strongly favored Daniels and continued to agitate for his reappointment. This deeply troubled Percival, who wrote to a New Haven friend, "I am satisfied now that my acceptance was unfortunate, and am sincerely desirous to withdraw and return to New Haven if I can do so safely and with credit."[52]

More to the point, Percival was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with his dealings with the state. He was paid only sporadically, as the meager state treasury would allow, and the spartan workplace provided for him in Madison was barely adequate. "No accommodation is provided for me here," he fumed, "nor can I, in the state of uncertainty in which I am kept, incur extra expense at my own risk, particularly in a place where everything is so dear as here. The arrangements in relation to my appointment are not what I expected nor in accordance with the letter of the law. . . . My report has been prepared under great disadvantages from want of accommodation." He went on to predict that, "this state of things might involve me this coming year in no little difficulty."[53]

Rigorous field work was also taking a toll on this increasingly frail sixty-year-old. Said Percival, "at my age and with my health, if I could be settled in New Haven in regular literary pursuits, I could be much more usefully employed than in carrying on so hazardous an undertaking . . . as this survey." But Percival well knew the risks of quitting outright. In a letter to New Haven, he admitted that "it may be difficult for me to withdraw with safety and credit by resigning. I must get out my report first and then act as I can best judge."[54]

The mining industry received Percival's 1855 *Annual Report on the Geological Survey of the State of Wisconsin* appreciatively because his findings were "encouraging and . . . serve[d] to counteract the very disparaging views [of the lead region expressed in] Whitney[']s *Metallic Wealth of the United States* (1854)] . . . and . . . [by] some others" because Percival had "honestly formed very different and much more favorable opinions." Because of this, Percival noted, "the gentlemen connected with the mining interest whom I lately met with express[ed] their desire that I should continue the survey." But that encouragement little tempered Percival's overall pessimism. He went on to say that "were [I] acting for [the mining industry] alone I might get on without difficulty, but my present position, if I continue, will doubtless be taken advantage of [only] to further the interests of [partisan politics]."[55]

Nonetheless, by the time Percival's much-delayed first report finally left the printer in the spring of 1855, he was already venturing back into the field. Despite gnawing uncertainty, he announced that "I shall continue my survey to the best advantage I can through this season." His expanded efforts included inspections of the iron mines of central Wisconsin, and the Lake Superior copper and iron deposits in the far northwest corner of the state. In good weather and bad, he eventually visited thirty-eight of the state's fifty counties.[56] Ultimately, however, he returned to

Hazel Green to complete his examination of the lead district.

Meanwhile, his 1855 report was receiving less-than-stellar reviews. Although it was a far more practical document than his dryly factual recitation of Connecticut's geology, it was still criticized as "prosy" and overly detailed in its descriptions of geologic formations. And, because it provided little guidance on the ultimate question of where and how to look for mineral deposits, "both miners and legislators were dissatisfied."[57] In his younger, feistier years, Percival responded to a similar critique from a disgruntled Connecticut citizen by offering to refund to the malcontent a pro-rata share of the state's geological tax—amounting to about two cents—out of his own pocket. The man reportedly did not take the money, but did take the hint.[58] But now, a weary and depressed Percival bore this latest criticism largely in silence.

It is worth noting, however, that Percival's report did correctly predict the zinc boom that would ultimately resuscitate and re-define the entire Upper-Mississippi Valley mineral district. He observed that

> the ores of zinc, although very abundant . . . have never yet been turned to any account. There can be no doubt that they must be hereafter sources of profit. . . . As soon as an easy connection is formed between the deposits and the coal beds of Illinois by means of railroads, it may be reasonably expected that these ores will become objects of importance. . . . Either the fuel might be taken to the ore, or the ore to the fuel, as should be found most advantageous . . . and, thus, with American skill and enterprise, a new mining interest would be created.[59]

And so it was a decade later.

An acquaintance, a Mr. Edward Hunter, foresaw a quickly growing demand for zinc in Europe and tried unsuccessfully to tempt Percival into a speculative venture, knowing that the doctor could, as Hunter put it, "probably tell where there was a mine or two." Percival reportedly smiled, shook his head, and told Hunter that what Hunter was looking for "is nothing but Black Jack, as the miners call it . . . and there are many shiploads of it lying at the mouth of the mines." Lacking a ready means to turn the rich zinc ores to profit, miners had been discarding it on their waste dumps for decades.[60]

Percival's Decline

Wrapping up his 1855 fieldwork, Percival reported to Governor Barstow that during his two seasons in the district he had "examine[d] the interior of more than two hundred different mines, of varied extent from the smallest to the greatest."[61] Percival also announced his intent to write his 1856 report not in Madison, but in the rather hardscrabble but less politically charged surroundings of Hazel Green. A hotly contested gubernatorial election remained undecided pending a canvass. Although Percival had received assurances that his position was secure regardless of the outcome, the Daniels episode and the possibility Barstow's ouster, which did occur later that year, nagged him with worry.

Accommodations in Hazel Green were also far less costly than in the capital city, not an insignificant matter to one so infrequently paid. Percival's concerns about money were amplified by his pressing need to pay off a number of delinquencies in New Haven, obligations he had undertaken before accepting employment by the slow-paying state of Wisconsin.

Under these stresses, and while preparing his 1856 report, Percival's health began to fail. On March 10, he reported to Governor Barstow that "my health is very bad, nor am I able to attend to my report, nor can I promise when I shall be able to prepare it. In such an uncertain state of my health you will do what in your judgment is most

proper for the future interest of the survey."[62]

Alarmed by this news, the governor insisted that Percival leave the mining camp and come to Madison, where his health could be more closely watched. Percival reluctantly complied. Shortly after arriving, however, he received word that the gentleman in whose care he had left his favorite horse had fallen ill. Percival insisted on returning immediately to Hazel Green to attend to the horse, abjectly refusing offers to provide "all kinds of care and attention for the animal, in case he would bring him to Madison and remain there himself." Percival reportedly "seemed . . . in great haste, and would not do more than shake hands and say good by[e]."[63]

The return trip further strained his health. Upon arriving in Hazel Green, Percival sought out local physician Dr. J. L. Jenckes, a well-educated Brown University man. Jenckes took his fellow doctor into his home for observation and treatment but, unable to discover any marked indications of an organic disorder, had difficulty forming a satisfactory diagnosis. At worst, Percival seemed to be suffering from dyspepsia and constipation. All that Percival could add was the simple, unscientific observation "I am worn out." Nonetheless, Jenckes reported that Percival "expressed from the first a firm conviction that he should not recover, and this conviction no efforts on the part of his friends availed to remove."[64]

During the last few weeks of April 1856, Percival took little or no nourishment because, as Jenckes noted, "it caused him much gastric distress." As the sun rose on Friday, May 2, an emaciated Percival, aged sixty, died quietly in the east upstairs room of the Jenckes home. He was buried the following Sunday in the Hazel Green village cemetery plot where he lies today. According to Jenckes, Percival told him "I wish to be buried here, and let my remains be undisturbed."[65]

Percival's unfinished 1856 report was published and included a brief obituary reprinted from the *American Journal of Science*.[66] His extensive library, awaiting his return to Connecticut, was auctioned off to satisfy his debts in the East. His newly built but unattractive New Haven cottage, apparently unsalable, was razed.

Percival Post Mortem

Recriminations and finger pointing began almost at once in Madison. Dr. Jenckes, acting as executor, claimed that the state owed Percival $1,160 at the time of his death. Although the legislature ultimately appropriated $1,635 for the estate, it also appointed a joint committee to investigate and, rather self-servingly, to "do justice and honor to the state." That committee expressed regret that Percival had supposedly died embittered and believing that he had been defrauded by the government. However, it also apportioned the blame between former Governor Barstow, whom the committee cast as the villain in the affair, and Percival himself, who the committee believed had "suffered in silence" instead of making his wants and needs better known to the lawmakers.[67]

The following legislature, politically reconstituted and not willing to let such conclusions stand, appointed a "select committee" to reinvestigate the matter. The majority ultimately excused Barstow's performance, concluding that Percival's bitterness had been directed against Daniels' supporters and that the geologist bore no ill will against the former governor. The select committee also announced that "during [Percival's] last sickness everything was done that human skill could device [*sic*]. Every comfort was provided, and his every wish anticipated and gratified. He was surrounded by those who had learned to appreciate the society of a man from whose lips fell thoughts clothed with the drapery of virtue, wisdom and innocence."[68]

Clearly, that was little more than self-congratulatory claptrap typical of politicians. In truth, Percival's sole companions in his final days were Dr. Jenckes and a few local friends, who, as it turned out, could do precious little for the dying man. And for all of the legislature's grand hyper-

bole, Percival's grave remained entirely unmarked until many years later, when a group of Connecticut citizens and Yale graduates contributed by subscription to erect over it the substantial granite monument which remains today. Engraved in its stone are the words:

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL
. . . EMINENT AS A POET
RARELY ACCOMPLISHED AS A LINGUIST
LEARNED AND ACUTE IN SCIENCE
A MAN WITHOUT GUILE

And that is the end of this story. At least it would be, but for one very odd footnote arising from a brief news article which appeared in the April 16, 1869, edition of Illinois' *Galena Daily Gazette*:

Percival.

The brother of Percival, the poet, is confined in the Middletown insane asylum, and looks even more crazy than the poet did. He is 71 years of age, and though his face is very idiotic, he is said to be quite smart. He believes that his life will be taken to get a great sum of money that he has.—*New York Sun.*

It will be remembered that the poet whose remains are interred near Hazel Green, Wis., during the last hours of his life was affected in a similiar manner. He had been bitten by a small dog that he imagined to be mad. He could not be prevailed upon to touch water. The dog was not mad. The poet seemed to be a victim to a terrible hallucination. He could not be convinced that the dog was not mad, and finally died suffering all the agonies of hydrophobia.

James Gates Percival's grave marker, Hazel Green, WI. (Photo by the Author.)

This was rather sensational reportage for the *Daily Gazette*, a newspaper not known for tabloid journalism. Was there any basis for this rather outlandish post-mortem?[69]

Castello Holford's *History of Grant County, Wisconsin*, published in 1900, not only repeats the story, but provides additional detail. Holford reported that Dr. Jenckes suspected Percival was a hypochondriac, and took pains to keep his medical journals away from his live-in patient. One day, however, Percival got hold of a medical quarterly and there read a report on a case of hydrophobia. Several weeks previously, he had been bitten by a small dog. Although no one seemed to think the dog infected, Percival, after reading the report, began to imagine feeling symptoms of the disease. According to Holford, "from that time until he died he refused to take liquid for fear it would throw him into convulsions. His mind could not

be disabused of this delusion, and in a few days he died, it is thought more from dread and want of water than from disease."[70]

Strange indeed. Jenckes' records and correspondence contain nothing to corroborate this story. In fact, the doctor expressly noted that the only thing Percival would consume in his final days was coffee, and that in large quantities.[71] But a contemporary news account, appearing in the *Galena Daily Advertiser* the day after Percival's death, contained the perhaps understated observation that "his disease was no doubt heightened by a most sensitive fancy."[72] We will probably never know the ultimate truth regarding the circumstances of Percival's demise, but in addition to these strange footnotes, a number of things suggest that his death was fully as unusual as his life.

Percival was prone to episodes of nearly bottomless depression; "fits of blue devils," he called them.[73] That state of gloom shadowed his already rather cadaverous countenance and, according to scholar Herbert F. Smith, led Percival's acquaintance Edgar Allen Poe to model the tragic and ill-fated Roderick in his 1839 short story *The Fall of the House of Usher* after the man Smith described as "the American poet, lexicographer, geologist, and neurotic." Smith went on to note that, "indeed, if Poe's story is a burlesque of Percival, our principal criticism must be that the fictional madman is but a pale—or perhaps subtle—imitation of the real Percival."[74]

In fact, Percival contemplated suicide several times. Once he unsuccessfully attempted to overdose with opium, and on another occasion he purchased a pistol which he ultimately found insufficient courage to use.[75] He had profound difficulty dealing with criticism and, despite achieving considerable success and acclaim, lived in constant dread of failure. Did Percival's deep-seated quirks, in league with his difficulties in Wisconsin, conspire to bring about his death?

Although one biographer has said that Percival "considered these three years in Wisconsin as the happiest period of his life,"[76] his appointment as state geologist seemed to hang from a thin political thread throughout. He was not paid on a regular basis and had substantial outstanding debt in the East. Perhaps for those reasons he was beginning to despair of his fondly held hope of returning to a quiet life of scholarly solitude in New Haven. The work in Wisconsin was hard, and his age and infirmities were catching up with him. Perhaps most distressing, his 1855 report had been judged abstruse and unhelpful by miner and legislator alike.

In the wake of one of Percival's earlier self-destructive episodes, he penned his most famous poem, entitled "Suicide." In reads in part:

> Ah! who can bear the self-abhorring thought
> Of time, chance, talent wasted –
> who can think
> Of friendship, love, fame, science,
> gone to nought
> And not in hopeless desperation sink.
>
> Behind are summits, lofty, pure and bright
> Where blow the life-reviving gales of heav'n;
> Below expand the jaws of deepes' night,
> And there he falls, by pow'r resistless driven.[77]

Whew! While certainly not the stuff of greeting cards, perhaps this helps illuminate a dark corner of the brilliant man's mind.

Did Percival despair in those late spring days of 1856 and simply will himself to die? Some clearly thought so. The April 9, 1875, edition of the *Galena Daily Gazette* noted that "possessed, as he was, of a delicate and sensitive organization, he was unfitted for the struggles of the world, and, experiencing pain in the rooted selfishness of humanity, a deep and brooding melancholy drove him to an untimely end."[78] The irony of Percival's unhappiness was observed before his death in the August 9, 1854, edition of the *St. Paul Daily Pioneer*: "Strange! That one so gifted, so well qualified to adorn the social circle[,] so pure from the vices of the world, and so unassuming, should

allow a morbid feeling to take possession of his bosom."[79]

While it may be awkward to end on this rather odd and somber note, there is really no way to avoid it. In essence, it is just another noteworthy chapter in a story filled with unusual twists and associations—a tale of one of the strangest and most remarkable figures in American mining history. Those MHA members who come to the lead mines of Wisconsin may wish to take a few moments to visit that shady Hazel Green cemetery and pay their respects to the "Old Stonebreaker."

> Long as the dark green pines shall wave,
> O'er breezy plain or towering steep,
> The Pilgrim oft shall seek thy grave,
> And o'er the shrine of genius weep.[80]

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Notes:

1. "James G. Percival," *New Englander and Yale Review* 17, no. 66 (1859): 401.
2. Fred L. Holmes, *Badger Saints and Sinners* (Milwaukee: E. M. Hale & Co., 1939), 125.
3. Julius H. Ward, *Life and Letters of James Gates Percival* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1866), 39.
4. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 54; Herbert Thoms, M.D., "James Gates Percival (M.D. Yale 1820): Physician, Poet, Geologist," *Bulletin of the Society of Medical History of Chicago, Il* (Apr. 1921): 222.
5. Thoms, "James Gates Percival," 223.
6. Thoms, "James Gates Percival," 224-5.
7. Henry R. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters of James Gates Percival, Poet and Geologist, 1795-1856* (Gainesville: University of Florida Press, 1959), xiii.
8. Frederick Hull Cogswell, *James Gates Percival and His Friends* (New Haven: Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor, 1902), 25.
9. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 285-7, 413, 475.
10. The insolent lawmaker was, in fact, Noah Webster's son-in-law. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, xviii.
11. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 415, 381. Even the eminent Professor James D. Dana, while asserting that "in my opinion, no one in the country has done better work in geology or work of greater value to science," conceded that the Connecticut report was "certainly the most unpoetical of [Percival's] works." Ward, *Life and Letters*, 418.
12. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 379; Cogswell, *Percival and His Friends*, 28; "James G. Percival," 413; Thoms, "James Gates Percival," 226-7.
13. O. D. Brandenburg, "James Gates Percival, Sleeping at Hazel Green," *Madison (WI) Democrat*, 15 Aug. 1920.
14. James Russell Lowell, *My Study Windows* (New York: Houghton, Mifflin, 1887), 180.
15. James Gates Percival, *Poetical Works of James Gates Percival*, v. 1 (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1863), xivii.
16. Cogswell, *Percival and His Friends*, 27.
17. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 476-7.
18. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, xix; C. W. Butterfield, *History of Grant County, Wisconsin* (Chicago: Western Historical Company, 1881), 579.
19. Percival, *Poetical Works*, 80.
20. Edward Daniels, *First Annual Report of the Geological Survey of the State of Wisconsin* (Madison: David Atwood, 1854), 36-8.
21. Vera Williams, "Poet and Hazel Green," *Dubuque (IA) Telegraph-Herald*, 1 May 1960.
22. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 483. "Percival was lodging for the time at one of the early-built hotels in Fairplay in which the sleeping apartments were partitioned with boards with a narrow hall extending the entire length of the building. In those days the boarders, mostly miners, were not governed by any rules of custom for time of repose, but were in the habit of wending their way up the stair-case and along the dark hall at all hours of the night. The noise was quite annoying to the Doctor. Wishing in some way to enter his protest against such disorder and confusion, he took a

pencil and slip of paper from his pocket, and, while waiting for breakfast, wrote a caustic poem in Greek, which, during the day he read to two or three of his friends, also its translation in English. While not very severe on the landlord, the house and boarders were neatly 'done up.'" Butterfield, *History of Grant County* (1881), 742.

23. "Poet and First State Geologist," *Grant County News* (Platteville, WI), 1 Feb. 1918.
24. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 488.
25. Butterfield, *History of Grant County* (1881), 579-80.
26. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 482; Donald E. Simison, "James Gates Percival: The Old Stonebreaker" (Wisconsin State Historical Society Archive: Unpublished manuscript, 15 Sep. 1995), 6.
27. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 481.
28. John G. Gregory, *Southwestern Wisconsin: A History of Old Crawford County* (Chicago: S. J. Clarke Publishing Co., 1932), 399. In the end, it is doubtful that Newkirk's investment was repaid, as the mine proved very wet and pumping costs were high. In addition, the flour milling business that was to share both the power and expense of the mine's large steam engine never installed its flouring equipment. Newkirk—already battered by financial reversals in the wake of the Civil War—became embroiled in drawn-out and costly litigation with a former mine manager that ultimately resulted in the sale of the property. It was never again mined to any extent, and the boilers were removed soon after the sale for use in a foundry and planing mill in nearby Monroe, WI. Gregory, *Southwestern Wisconsin*, 400-1.
29. "Journal of Silver and Lead Mining Operations: Operations of the American Mining Company in Wisconsin," *Mining Magazine* 2 (1854): 691.
30. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, 57.
31. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 486.
32. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 489.
33. Henry E. Legler, *James Gates Percival: An Anecdotal Sketch and a Biography* (Milwaukee: The Mequon Club, 1901), 44.
34. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 489.
35. Cogswell, *Percival and His Friends*, 29. "He had learned to value anew his books and the repose among his friends, and it was hard to summon the courage to go away at his age and leave them for an uncertain length of time. [But, i]t was plainly evident, to those who loved him best, that he must engage in such an employment or be unwillingly dependent upon the kindness of others. They urged him hard to go, so much so, that he even suspected their motives, and with one most intimate friend he was actually offended because of his seeming unkindness in urging him to leave his home." Ward, *Life and Letters*, 491.
36. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 484.
37. Daniels, *First Annual Report*, 43; M. E. Ostrom, "History of the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey: Part 1," in: Arthur A. Socolow (ed.), *The State Geological Surveys: A History* (Grand Forks, ND: Association of American State Geologists, 1988), 8.
38. "Dr. Percival is a man whose scientific and professional reputation is genuine and current. His favorable opinion upon the subject of our mineral resources is itself money in our pockets. Moneyed men have that confidence in the result of his investigation that they will invest thousands of capital on the mere strength of that alone. He is a man of venerable years, whose complete and extensive acquaintance with science and whose fame as a practical geologist should be his security from attacks." *Madison (WI) Weekly Argus*, 13 Feb. 1855.
39. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, 61.
40. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 488.
41. Castello N. Holford, *History of Grant County Wisconsin* (Lancaster: Teller Print, 1900), 47.
42. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, 61.
43. "Journal of Silver and Lead Mining Operations: Mining in Wisconsin," *Mining Magazine* 3 (1854): 439.
44. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 492-3.
45. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 491-2; Legler, *Anecdotal Sketch*, 32. Another description attributed to Calkins: "In his dress he was eccentric. Those who but casually met him might have mistaken him for some old farmer, in low circumstances, and correspondingly clad. His usual suit was of "Hard Times," and [that] often the worse for wear." "The late Dr. Percival," *Galena (IL) Daily Advertiser*, 10 May 1856.
46. Holmes, *Badger Saints and Sinners*, 130-31.
47. Legler, *Anecdotal Sketch*, 33.
48. Legler, *Anecdotal Sketch*, 17.
49. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 493; 504-5.
50. James G. Percival, *Annual Report on the Geological Survey of the State of Wisconsin* (Madison: Beriah Brown, 1855), 4; Butterfield, *History of Grant County*, 580.
51. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 500; Butterfield, *History of Grant County* (1881), 580. Percival's assistant in the survey of Connecticut, Professor Charles U. Shepard, once asked him about his nearly photographic memory. "During the year following the survey, when we had frequent occasion to compare recollections, I observed that no circumstance of our labors was shadowy or incomplete in his memory. He could . . . recall every road and path that we had followed, every field and ledge that we had examined, particularize the day of the week on which we had dined or supped at such a tavern, and mention the name of the landlord. I asked him how he was able to remember such minutiae. He replied, that it was his custom, on going to bed, to call up, in the darkness and stillness, all the incidents of the day's experience, in their proper order, and cause them to move before him like a diorama through a spiritual morning, noon, and evening. 'It has often appeared to me,' he said, 'that in this purely mental process I see objects more

distinctly than I behold them in the reality.'" Ward, *Life and Letters*, 401.
52. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, 62.
53. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, 63.
54. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, 63.
55. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, 62-3.
56. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, 65, xx, 66.
57. Ostrom, "History of the Wisconsin Geological Survey," 10.
58. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 390-1.
59. Percival, *Annual Report*, 97-8. In fairness, Daniels (*First Annual Report*, 50-5) had reached similar conclusions earlier, but Percival's prediction (*Annual Report* (1855), 98)—which even went so far as to forecast that LaSalle, Illinois, would be a locus of such activities—proved uncannily accurate in its details. Matthiesen and Hegeler ultimately established their pioneering zinc smelter at LaSalle, and New Jersey Zinc later located an enormous plant in the neighboring community of DePue, IL.
60. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 506-7. "Very large quantities [of zinc ore] have been accumulated in the rubbish and piled away in the openings, and could be supplied at little expense of labor; probably large quantities yet remain undisturbed." James G. Percival, *Annual Report of the Geological Survey of the State of Wisconsin* (Madison: Calkins and Proudfit, 1856), 62.
61. Percival, *Annual Report* (1856), 19-20; Ward, *Life and Letters*, 495.
62. Warfel, *Uncollected Letters*, 67.
63. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 505-6. "He had a deep affection for this mount which had safely carried him on so many long journeys over devious trails and up dangerous hillsides to . . . mine sites. No neglect would be tolerated." Holmes, *Badger Saints and Sinners*, 134.
64. Percival, *Poetical Works*, xxxii-iii.
65. Ward, *Life and Letters,* 514.
66. Percival, *Annual Report* (1856), 1.
67. James A. Lake, *Law and Mineral Wealth: The Legal Profile of the Wisconsin Mining Industry* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1962), 130-1.
68. Lake, *Law and Mineral Wealth*, 132.
69. "Percival," *Galena (IL) Daily Gazette*, 16 Apr. 1869.
70. Holford, *History of Grant County* (1900), 100.
71. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 514.
72. "Death of Dr. James G. Percival," *Galena (IL) Daily Advertiser*, 3 May 1856.
73. Ward, *Life and Letters*, 106.
74. Herbert F. Smith, "Marginalia," *Poe Studies* VI, no. 2 (1973): 49.
75. Cogswell, *Percival and His Friends*, 13.
76. Percival, *Poetical Works*, xxxi.
77. James Gates Percival, *Poems* (New Haven: Maltby and Co., 1821), 170.
78. "The Grave of James Gates Percival," *Galena Daily Gazette*, 9 Apr. 1875.
79. "The Poet Percival," *St. Paul (MN) Daily Pioneer,* 9 Aug. 1854.
80. William H. Pearson, "James Gates Percival," *Wisconsin Magazine of History* VIII, no. 2 (1924): 135 (which includes: "A Lament for Percival," *New York Evening Post*, 1856).