Miss Frances Stewart Badger
with compliments of her father
A.F. Badger

November 1920
My father, Alpheus Camillus Badger, was born in Chelsea, New Hampshire, on July 31st, 1822. His father, Leonidas Virgil Badger, my grandfather, moved with his family first to Dover then to Portsmouth, subsequently to Boston, Massachusetts, where my father attended school until he was 15 years of age, when he was fitted for and planned to enter college. His health not being very robust at that time, at the earnest solicitation of his uncle, James C. Hutchins, he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and entered the bank of his uncle there, in which he remained until some years later when he became a partner of A. D. Hunt & Company in the banking business.

My father did not believe in slavery or that any one should own a human being. However, when he married my mother, Elvira Cecelia Sheridan, in Louisville on November 20th, 1850, the only household servants that could be had were colored slaves and as he did not want to own them, he commenced hiring them of their owners, but subsequently was compelled to purchase these household servants as their different owners were about to sell them on the block, until he owned some fifteen of them. When he decided to move with his family to Chicago he called all of these servants together and told them that they were free. They all commenced wringing their hands, jumping and crying, "Oh, Mr. Badger, don't leave us, don't leave us." He then said, "Well, I can take you to Chicago with me and give you your freedom there, but cannot keep you in the household as in Louisville, as the people in Chicago live differently and do not have separate buildings or separate quarters in their homes for negro servants."

Included among those which he brought with him were Nancy and Jim, who lived in our home until they died, Tim Cooper, who first acted as butler in our home, later as messenger in my father's bank, - many years later his son George acted as butler in our home on Calumet Avenue, - Old Isaac, Frank Gray and Louisa, his wife, with their five children, also several others who I do not now recall.

My father on August 8th, 1903, called at my office in the Marquette Building, Chicago, and presented to me bills of sale for Nancy, Jim, Louisa, and Phebe, which he said he wanted me to have in connection with some other papers which he gave me at that time. I was greatly surprised that he should do so, as he was in good health, and asked why he gave them to me, to which he replied that he wanted to give me these papers which sometime might be of great interest to me. I did not ask about the bills of sale for the other negroes, and presume he gave them to some of the other members of the family.

Alpheus Shreve Badger

Chicago November 1920
Know all men by these presents that I, A. B. Talbot
of Boyle County, Kentucky, have this day granted, bargained
and sold unto A. B. Badger of the City of Louisville
a Certain Negro woman slave named Sarah, for
and in consideration of the sum of Five Hundred
and twenty-five Dollars the receipt of which is here
acknowledge. I do hereby warrant and defend the title
of said slave unto the said Badger against the claims of
all and every person or persons, and that she is a slave
for life. No warranty is made of her health it being
understood by both parties contracting herein that she
is not regarded at this time as sound and healthy.
Given under my hand this 26th day of October 1852
A. B. Talbot.
NANCY.

Nancy took the name of Moore as she was employed in the home of my grandparents, John Joseph Sheridan and Martha Washington (Moore) Sheridan, before the marriage of my parents. When my mother and father were married they then hired Nancy of her owner, Captain Gray. Later Nancy was the nurse of my sister, my parents' first child. One day when my father came home to lunch he found my mother in tears. She said that Captain Gray had died, his estate was being closed, that Nancy to be sold the following day to go down the river, that the baby would not go to any one else and she did not know what to do, so my father was compelled to purchase his first slave.

He bought Nancy on February 26th, 1852, from A. G. Talbott into whose hands she had passed, for the sum of $525.00, as she was not warranted sound. Subsequent events, however, proved that Nancy was soundness and health itself. She became a woman of large and powerful stature, did the cooking, all of the washing and ironing for our family of eight, as well as the constant guests and relatives who lived in our house, including my uncle, Octavius F. Badger, for many years until he was married, my cousins, Mattie Sheridan and Mattie Faulds, for many years while they were being treated by Dr. Knapp for broken spines, my cousin, Thomas W. Shreve, while he attended Dr. Walter's school in Chicago, I. Harry Stanwood, my father's cousin, each summer my aunts and uncles from Louisville, Thomas T. Shreve and Aunt Belle with their three children, David P. Faulds and Aunt Virginia with their two children, with two or three nurses, as well as Katie Isaacs (Mrs. Horace Lunt), and others. I never knew of Nancy having a single moment of sickness or of any one else being called in to assist in the cooking, washing, or ironing for all those years when she did all of the work for this goodly number of people joyously and without complaint, which it would now take four or five servants to do. No one ever made hot rolls, sally lund, beaten biscuits, strawberry shortcake, or could cook large white fish equal to Nancy.

She was prominent in her society, the Daughters of the Union, a leader in her colored church, would have fought for any of us children quicker than she would for herself, had the respect of all of our neighbors. Was devoted to my mother and father as well as the rest of us, and in fact, did her life's work like the heroine which she was.

Nancy was in our home at 52 (later 2106) Calumet Avenue, one door from the corner of 21st Street, until the year 1888 when her fatal illness occurred in her own room on the second floor of the separate wing in our house which my father had arranged with a separate back hall. As her illness became more serious the doctors thought best that she be removed to Mercy Hospital on Calumet Avenue and 26th Street, which was done, where Nancy died a few days later. Her
funeral was attended by large numbers of her colored friends as well as some prominent white people, at which every mark of respect and esteem was extended to her memory.

I have always cherished the recollection of Nancy, now thirty-two years since her death, also her pride in and unvarying kindness to me has always been a most inspiring thought to me and is to this day.
I have further observed the importance of a model that the carefully organization of each part of the experiment may lead to the discovery of new facts and the development of new ideas. The principles illustrated in this experiment have been tested and found to be reliable and consistent.
Louisville June 1852

I have this day sold to A. B. Badger my negro man named Jim, a Mulatto, age about 29 years old, at and for the sum of Seven Hundred Dollars, for which he has executed to me his note payable in six months with interest from date and dated this day.

I warrant the title to said slave to said Badger, and covenant that he is a slave for life, but it is understood that I do not warrant his soundness of health, not knowing it, and that the said Badger take him without such warranty, and upon his own knowledge and judgment thereof.

Witness my hand.

W.W. Gardner

attty

S. D. Simpson
Jim Hix was a tall, (about six feet), erect, mulatto, who took Nancy's name of Moore when they were married. He was to be sold to go down the river. My father purchased him in June, 1852, from W. M. Gardner solely for the reason that he was Nancy's husband, for the sum of $700.00. Mr. Gardner told my father that Jim was a capable nigger, his only fault was his mouth, that he talked too much, and the only thing to do when he had one of these talking spells was to knock him down when for a week or two thereafter he would not do any more talking. My father never found it necessary to follow this recipe and there was never any trouble from Jim talking too much. He would do anything for any of us children in our play, for whom he had the greatest loyalty and pride.

Jim remained in our house until his death, which occurred in their room on the second floor about 1885. During all these years he never did the slightest work of any kind for our family, not even to cut the grass, wash the windows, dust rugs, or work of any nature. His daily routine, in addition to eating his meals with Nancy, was to take walks, when the weather was fine, play on his violin in their room, and to thoroughly enjoy his leisure. Occasionally when he wanted any money, he would go out and wait on the table at some banquet, in which capacity he was said to be wonderful. There was only one occasion when we knew of Jim doing any work. There had been a light snow. Nancy grabbed a broom, compelled him to take it, pushed him out of the kitchen door, and said, "There, you lazy nigger, sweep off those back stairs."

His sole standing in the community was as the husband of Nancy and in that capacity he had the respect of all. They had two sons who were fine strong young men that were sold down the river before my father bought Nancy and Jim. Thereafter they did not have any children.

As a small child I was very happy when Jim would take me in his long arms and swing me between his outstretched feet, which I never could get him to do long enough to thoroughly satisfy me.
OLD ISAAC.

Old Isaac lived in our house on Michigan Avenue, later on Wabash Avenue and Hubbard Court. His loyalty, affection, and veneration for my father was most pronounced. Of all the negro servants my father ever owned, he had a higher regard for Old Isaac than for any of the others.

Old Isaac worked around the place, took care of the cow, and his whole thought in life was the well being of my father, mother, and us children.

On one Sunday morning, while my mother and father were at church a fire occurred in our Wabash Avenue house while I was an infant. The servants took all of us children out to one of the neighbors (Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McVicker). Later the plaster fell from the ceiling into the crib from which I had been taken, the fire being between the floors.

During the excitement, while the firemen were all over the house with their hose, Old Isaac thought he should remove the cow from the stable to a safer place, and while so doing in Hubbard Court with the cow he dropped dead. My father never ceased to extoll the wonderful character of Old Isaac.
Received Louisville June 11, 1850 of
A.C. Badger Seven Hundred Dollars
This sum being my full payment for
three persons I have sold him viz.
A yellow woman about thirty five
years old named Louisa and her two
female Children one about five or six
years old named Sarah Francis, the other
about two or three years of age named Susan
Maria, the title for all of whom I hereby
warrant to said Badger also that they
are sound and slaves for life
$700—

Mrs. Gardner
FRANK & LOUISA.

Frank and Louisa Gray with their children were purchased by my father for the use of his parents, my grandfather and grandmother in their family, who moved from Louisville to Chicago bringing these slaves with them, shortly after my father came with his family, in 1861.

Frank, Louisa, and their five children were given their freedom upon arriving in Chicago, and my father bought and presented to them a plot of ground near the road which is now South Ashland Avenue. There they lived for many years where they raised and marketed vegetables and produce, educated their children and became prosperous.

My father's sister, my Aunt Ella, kept in touch with them, but we gradually lost track of them, although their descendants are no doubt now well to do.

Louisa was purchased on January 11th, 1850, from William Garvin, with two of her daughters, for the sum of $700.00.

My father did not give me the bill of sale for Frank.
FRANK & LOUISE

Frank and Louise went with their children were

bought the house for their own use. My parents, my niece-

letter and grandparent in their family, and were given

1000 dollars of Chicago printing shares easter with their,

after my letter came with the family in 1887.

Frank, Louise, and their five children were given

their freedom when arriving in Chicago and my notice point

and breeziness to open a place of growing near to any which in

down South America. There they lived for many years.

were their teacher and governesses, and became children.

My teacher, Peter, was my friend. I keep to town

with them. But we never saw the best part of them before

their governorate are no longer you well to go.

Louise was purchased on January 11th, 1880. From

William Grady, with two of his grandchildren. For the sum of

$1000.00

My letter did not give me the full of these for

Frank.
KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That I, Samuel Masters, do, for and in consideration of the sum of five hundred Dollars, to me in hand paid by A. C. Badger, have bargained and sold to him a Negro woman named Phoebe, and for in fact of the color black, of about thirty-five years of age, and of black complexion. And I covenant to warrant and forever defend the title to said Negro against myself and my heirs, and against the claim or claims of all persons whatever. And I said Negro to be sound in both body and mind. And finally, I warrant said Negro to be a slave for life, and the title to the same free from all incumbrance.

As witness my hand and seal this the 16th day of July 1840

[Signature]

J. Masters, Deed Notary
PHEBE.

Phebe and her infant son were purchased by my father on July 16th, 1850, from Saml. Mepick, for the sum of $500.00.

I have no knowledge as to them and presume that Phebe was purchased for the use of my grandparents, as about this time my father brought my grandfather's family, consisting of his father, Leonidas Virgil Badger, his step-mother, Mary Stanwood Badger, who was a sister of his own mother, Ann Stanwood Badger, who died before my father came west, his sisters, Lyceinia and Ella, and his brothers, Octavius and Horace, from Boston and established them in a home of their own in Louisville.
Improvement to your honor for any property in the town of July 1860. From your model for us to.

A piece of pouring to the same and process. Your house was built by the contractors. The structure of the town's original design, and this house by the city of.

From the farmer, I found my estate and will note the property, carefully. And if I have no better place to a place of
OUR PETS.

My mother and father entered into the activities and development of their children thoroughly in every way, in our hospitality to our friends, education, work and play, they were fully in accord with us. They made every effort to have their home the most attractive place for their children, with the result that we enjoyed being at home and having our playmates come to our house more than we did to go elsewhere.

As my brother Sheridan, brother Hunt, and myself grew old enough, we had in turn a billiard table, which was always available for ourselves and friends, in which my father joined with us and taught us to play billiards. When we formed a military company of 100 boys, the armory was in the basement of our house, including the drum corps. We were permitted to have innumerable pets.
THE GOATS.

My father frequently went to New York City in his banking business, John J. Cisco & Company being his New York correspondent. He always took my mother with him on these trips and in most cases took me. It took two days and two nights to go from Chicago to New York on the fastest train. The Pullman cars were lighted by three candles instead of lamps or electric lights. We generally stopped at the Saint Nicholas Hotel, which was then the finest hotel in New York.

While my father was in the Wall Street district, my mother would take me to Central Park where there were numerous teams of goats that could be hired, and would let me drive a pair of goats for long periods, apparently enjoying seeing my happiness as much as I did to drive the goats.

When I asked her if I could have a pair of goats to drive in Chicago she arranged with Dr. William F. Thoms, a noted physician in his day, and a relative of my uncle, David P. Faulds. Dr. Thoms purchased a fine team of Brazilian goats, brown and white in color, medium size horns, short hair, except on their flanks, thoroughly well broken, a most excellent driving team, of good height and odorless.

It was a great day for me when these goats arrived in two crates by express. Then mother purchased a fine wagon and harness, and I drove them for years, generally accompanied by one of my friends and neighbors, Arthur Meeker, Manning Logan, Malcolm Gunn, Fred Aldrich, John Alling, Howard and Ted Shaw, Albert, Oscar, and Edmund Lehmann, et al. Occasionally with Oliver Nelson who owned the Fassett goats, being a smaller team, without horns, which made a good lead team, we would have a four in hand and drive all over Chicago, always attracting the greatest attention.

When the epizootic occurred, Mr. Alex. Barclay, a family friend, asked me if I could take his trunk from 24th Street and Calumet Avenue to the 22d Street Michigan Central Depot, which I did, and for which he paid me 50c. There was not a horse or express wagon to be had in Chicago at that time, although some oxen were available.

When the goats became old, my mother presented them to the Rev. Mr. Wrenn, who had a farm at Highland Park where he kept Jersey cows. One day, while eating out of a trough with the cows, the collar around the neck of one of the goats got over a cow's horn, which frightened the cow, she raised her head and dragged the goat around until it was strangled. The other goat died of a happy old age.
ROLLO.

Rollo and Carlo, brothers, two beautiful Newfoundland puppies were purchased in October, 1869, the month my brother Hunt was born, when we were living at 319 W. Washington Street, while our Calumet Avenue house was being built, by Jake, the porter in my father's bank, at the request of my mother. Rollo was for brother Sheridan; Carlo was for me.

When these dogs were sent to the veterinarian, Carlo was reported to have died, but Rollo returned safely and was one of the family for many years, until he died one night during a severe thunder and lightning storm, about twelve years of age, in the back yard of our Calumet Avenue house.

Rollo grew to be a magnificent large dog, perfectly black without a white hair. Although a Newfoundland, he was expert in catching and killing rats. Was as gentle and kind with us children and our playmates as a lamb, and was never known to snap at any of us. The only thing he was afraid of was lightning.

Many beggars, both men and women, used to come to the kitchen door with baskets on their arms, to get "cold vittles," some disguised as cripples. When Rollo saw one of them coming he would keep out of their sight, lying on the ground with his head between his paws, until they approached the kitchen stairs then he would pounce on them like a lion. We have seen some of the greatest sprinting out of our side yard next to the house of Mr. L. Z. Leiter, as he would chase them out of the yard, but he never was known to bite them. In one case a supposed cripple threw away his crutch, basket, and ran like a deer, going so fast he could not stop until he got across the street.
In a book which my mother gave to me, there was a
story about a pony. I read her if she would get up a
pony. She said she would have to think about it, and without
saying a word, she put a fine Arabian pony's head over the top
of the fence. That is the way my father bought a pony for his
daughter. The pony was Nick, a fine pony to look at, being round and smooth, about twelve hands high, dark
brown in color, with a fine mane and tail, sound as a bullet,
with some Indian pony blood in him; did not know what it was
to get tired or to get out of wind, but did not have a very
good disposition. Sometimes he was inclined to balk. My
father bought me a long lariat whip. When necessary I
would give Nick a clip when he would always kick higher than
any chorus girl, but I managed to keep on his back, had good
exercise and with Horatio Stone, Jack Lyon, Ben Lamb, and
other boy friends who had ponies, we rode all over the city.
When I was about 14 years of age, Nick was sold to a farmer.
The sea offers much beyond its physical beauty and the thrill of diving. It is a source of inspiration for countless authors, artists, and poets. The vastness of the ocean and its depth can evoke a sense of wonder and awe in all who encounter it. The sea is a reminder of the power and majesty of nature, and it has been a subject of fascination for centuries. Whether you are a seasoned diver or a casual observer, the beauty of the sea is truly awe-inspiring.

The sea is not just a place for adventure, but also a source of sustenance. Many cultures have relied on the sea for their livelihood, whether it be through fishing, trade, or transportation. The sea is a vast and complex ecosystem, teeming with life in all its forms. From the tiniest plankton to the largest whales, the sea is home to an incredible diversity of life.

Despite its beauty and complexity, the sea faces many challenges. Climate change, pollution, overfishing, and other human activities are all threats to the health of the ocean. It is up to all of us to work towards a future where the sea is a resource that is protected and preserved for generations to come.
JACKO.

In a book which my mother read to us, there was a story about a monkey. I asked her if she would get us a monkey. She said she would think about it, and without telling me that she had done so wrote to Dr. Thoms in New York City who obtained a fine African monkey brought over by some of the sailors among whom he gave his professional services without charge when necessary.

One cold winter day in February a Pullman porter named Aleck, whom we knew, came to the front door of our Calumet Avenue house with a large bundle wrapped in blankets, in which was a cage containing Jacko. We were all delighted with him.

My mother had a belt made to put around his waist and during severe winter weather we kept him tied with a strap where he could be near a hot air register to keep warm.

Jacko was a wonder. He could jump on a door knob with his four feet and by twisting his body open the door. He was very fond of all of the family except my brother Hunt of whom he was very jealous, and would fly into a violent rage when he saw my mother or father petting my brother Hunt.

In the summer time he would climb up the outside of the stone front of our house to the cornish above the third story and around under the eaves in a most miraculous manner, filling his pouches with spiders, which would last him as a great delicacy for some days. He would take a spider at a time out of his mouth with his fingers and eat them with as much relish as a lady does a bonbon.

When we drove through the parks in the afternoon, mother would have one of his highly colored dresses put on him and he would sit on the box with the coachman.

Among his pranks would be to take shoes from one room to the other when he had a chance.

One time when the entire family were at the seashore except himself, my father went to see Mrs. Locke, who was very fond of pets, wife of Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, our rector in Grace Church, and asked her if she would accept Jacko as a present. Dr. Locke said, "Adele, you will have to choose between me and the monkey." Mrs. Locke said, "All right, Doctor. I will take three days to think about it." But she accepted Jacko who was duly delivered to her during our absence, and when we returned home he was only a memory.
POLLY.

My grandmother, Martha Washington Sheridan, had a parrot for many years, who was a fine conversationalist, although very much pro secession in his speech. He would whistle then say, "Here, Trip! Here, Trip." in a way that would call any dog.

One day in Louisville during the war (my grandmother lived in Louisville until her death) while a squad of Union soldiers were passing the house, he cried out, "Three cheers for Jeff Davis. Three cheers for Jeff Davis." The soldiers rushed up to the front steps, rang the door bell, told the maid they would shoot that rebel. My grandmother put a blanket over Polly's cage, hid him in a dark closet, where he would keep still. The soldiers searched the house but could not find the man who had cheered for Jeff Davis. My grandmother did not tell them it was a parrot, or they would have killed him, so Polly's life was saved.

Polly would stand on the stick in his cage, move his body up and down and sing, "Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la." Then repeat the same as Mr. Murisoio sang when he taught the little girls in the family their dancing lessons.

Would stand in the bottom of his cage with his head down between the wires and say, "Scratch Polly's head. Poor Polly. Poor Polly." but would only let those he approved of scratch his head. Any one that he did not like who tried to do so he would give a sharp, severe bite.

My grandmother could do anything with him when he was in or out of his cage.

He had many sayings like, "Polly wants a cracker," "Polly wants a hot cup of coffee," etc.

When my grandmother died in Louisville, my mother brought Polly to our Calumet Avenue house where he lived until 1891, being over seventy-five years old at the time of his death.
OTHER PETS.

When in the Washington Street house, we had pigeons for whom my uncle Joe, my mother's brother, Joseph Brinsley Sheridan, had a fine pigeon house made for us, which Jim was bringing home from uncle Joe's store on Lake Street, on a wheel barrow. An Irish policeman told Jim to go in the street. Jim said that he was A. C. Badger's nigger and would keep on the sidewalk. Then there was a fight. The policeman, with the aid of two or three other officers, beat Jim so badly over the head with their clubs, they had to take him to a hospital. It was two or three weeks before Jim came back fully repaired. In the meantime the police delivered the pigeon coop to us.

We had a Rocky Mountain goat, which my sister Ada drove in a two wheeled cart, as well as large number of miscellaneous dogs, at one time as many as twelve, an aquarium with gold fish and turtles, a squirrel in a cage with revolving wheels, etc.

In the Calumet Avenue house in addition to the carriage team, Billie and Norman, we had a fine saddle horse named Charlie, and Nick the pony, a sheep Lucy which we drove in a two wheel cart, as well as chickens, several large cases of white mice, rabbits, and guinea pigs. My mother for herself had eight or ten French Canish poodles, as well as a large family of canary birds, about fifty in different cages, which she raised from one pair.
The source of information regarding my position.

I received the offer of the job at the University of Chicago to teach a course in government after having a year in New York City. I had been invited by the government because I was familiar with the field of government and the University of Chicago. I accepted the offer as a part of my duties as a professor. This was the beginning of my association with the University of Chicago.

I was fortunate to have an opportunity to work at the University of Chicago. I was allowed to teach a course in government and to carry out research in government. I was also able to participate in various activities and to work closely with other faculty members. I was happy to be part of a dynamic and progressive institution.

However, I was not to stay long at this position.

In order to stay long, I had to acquire a new position in a different field of government. This position was offered by the government to me in Chicago again.

I accepted the offer to teach a course in government and to work closely with other faculty members. I was happy to be part of a dynamic and progressive institution.

Ref: October 60.
This letter of introduction written by Abraham Lincoln on October 4th, 1861, was intended by the President to be used by my father, A. C. Badger, whom he wanted to move to New York City to handle the Government monies after the Rebellion was over. My father was until shortly before this time a partner of A. D. Hunt & Company of Louisville, Kentucky, and prior to the war had extensive banking connections throughout the South. It was part of Mr. Lincoln's plan of reconstruction to have southern bankers aid in refinancing the rebellious states when the war should be over, believing that they could re-establish confidence and minimize the friction which afterwards so crushed these states during President Johnson's administration. My father was particularly fitted for this task as he was a New Englander by birth but had great sympathy for the south having married a South Carolinian and lived many years in Kentucky.

However, he decided not to accept this commission, as in this very year he had established a most successful banking business in Chicago and with a large family of young children thought it unwise to embark in another venture.

This letter was presented to me by my father, Mr. Alpheus Camillus Badger, on August 8th, 1903, in my office in the Marquette Building, Chicago, and has now been presented by me to my son, Mr. Shreve Cowles Badger.

Alpheus Shreve Badger.

Chicago, October 25th, 1920.
Washington, D.C. Oct 4, 1861

To whom it may concern,

This will introduce Mr. A. L. Badger formerly of Louisville, Kentucky. He is a reliable and most worthy gentleman, and as such I commend him to all with whom he may meet.

A. Lincoln