

AT REST IN PONCE.

A Marshfield Soldier Sleeps in Porto Rican Soil.

On Friday last the mail from Ponce, Porto Rico, arrived, bearing the sad news of the death of Private John Van Breda, of Company A, of Marshfield. He had been taken ill on board the transport La Duchesse, and when the company disembarked, he was left behind with the other sick. Later he was transferred to the hospital ship, which lay in the harbor. Typhoid fever was his ailment and, although everything was done for him that could be done under the circumstances, he passed away on August 1st.

Thus has passed away the fourth Marshfield boy who went away at the first call. Many will remember the light happy spirit in which Van Breda took up arms for the country of his adoption. His sunny nature caused many of his acts to appear frivolous, but in this there was a serious undercurrent that he did not allow to come to the surface. Although an American by adoption he was of Dutch birth. As an American he remembered the Maine, and as a Hollander he remembered Phillip II, Parma and the other bloody handed Spaniards who, 250 years ago, sorely tried his ancestors in the Netherlands. "If I get one Spaniard's scalp I don't care if I never get back," were his last words at the station as the train pulled away. Poor John, he could not even live to see the enemy humbled to the dust as he is today.

John Van Breda was well known in Marshfield. He came here about Jan. 1st, 1896, and for the time following that date up to his departure he worked at his trade of tailor, being employed by T. F. Roessler & Co. His home was in Grand Rapids, Mich., where his parents, a brother and a sister still reside. John was a favorite in the family and on the day that the news of his death arrived came an anxious letter from his people enquiring the whereabouts of the regiment and asking for news of John, from whom they had heard nothing in some weeks. Mr. Roessler informed them of his sad death, away from all friends and in a far off land.

John Van Breda was born in Holland, 28 years ago, but had been in this country most of his life. He was a good, faithful workman and well liked by his associates. He was doubtless the first Wisconsin soldier to lay down his life in Porto Rico.

Clipped By:



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