

## Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana

*William Wesley Woollen*  
*Edited by Donald F. Carmony*

William Wesley Woollen's *Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana* (Indianapolis, 1883) is a valuable and often used source concerning Indiana history from territorial days through the 1870's. Most of its sketches are biographical, but they include much commentary about political, economic, and cultural life. As indicated in the Preface, "no inconsiderable part" of the book was "derived from the author's own observation and recollection, and would pass away with him were it not committed to writing." One of the most interesting of Woollen's sketches is that on "Madison from 1844 to 1852." The author had been a resident of Madison in these years.

Madison was Indiana's leading city at the middle of the nineteenth century. Woollen's portrait describes its public buildings, churches, newspapers, lawyers, politicians, trade, and manufacturing plants in the city's heyday. Etched in this portrait are revealing comments about fugitive slaves, antislavery sentiment, treatment of the insane, the Mexican War, graded streets and paved sidewalks, Madison as a quasi-Southern city, and the like. Woollen's picture is incomplete concerning such items as the significance to Madison of the Ohio River, of the Ohio-Mississippi outlet, and Madison's primacy as a Hoosier railroad center. Perhaps these items were too obvious to his audience and readers to require emphasis. Woollen, however, perceptively recognized that Madison's decline, at least relative to other Indiana cities, was well advanced by the late 1870's.

A native of Maryland, Woollen was born in Dorchester County in 1828.<sup>1</sup> He arrived at Madison in 1844 and remained there until 1860. During these years he taught school, at-

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<sup>1</sup>For biographical material on Woollen see: Richard E. Banta (comp.), *Indiana Authors and Their Books, 1816-1916* (Crawfordsville, Ind., 1949), 349; *A Biographical History of Eminent and Self-Made Men of the State of Indiana . . .* (2 vols., Cincinnati, 1880), II, 243-44; clipping [Indianapolis News?], September 24, 1902, from George S. Cottman's scrapbook, Indiana State Library, VIII, 2.

tended Hanover College, studied law, served as both auditor and treasurer of Jefferson County, briefly edited a paper, acquired a nearby farm, and entered the banking business. During the Civil War he engaged in banking at Franklin, then he moved to Indianapolis in 1865. Although banking remained his principal business interest, he also participated in insurance. He apparently resided at Indianapolis until his death in 1902.

Woollen made varied contributions to the writing and editing of Indiana's history. His sketch on Madison, originally given as an address at Madison High School in 1879, was published as a booklet. According to Richard E. Banta, Woollen authored and edited *Representative Men of Indiana* (Indianapolis, 1880), but a copy of this item has not been located. Next came the *Sketches*, followed by his *William McKee Dunn, Brigadier General, U.S.A.* (New York, 1892). In 1900 the Indiana Historical Society published the *Executive Journal of the Indiana Territory, 1800-1816*, which Woollen edited along with Daniel Wait Howe and Jacob Piatt Dunn. This latter publication and the *Sketches* are his most important contributions to Indiana history.<sup>2</sup>

Woollen's sketch of Madison is here photographically reproduced. No attempt has been made to complete the names of persons mentioned or otherwise to explain or supplement the text, which is largely self-explanatory, as such editorial additions would destroy its flavor and flow.

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<sup>2</sup> *Madison from 1844 to 1852: A Lecture*. Although lacking place and date of publication, this item was probably published at Indianapolis, 1879. Banta, *Indiana Authors and Their Books*, 349; William Wesley Woollen, Daniel Wait Howe, and Jacob Piatt Dunn (eds.), *Executive Journal of the Indiana Territory, 1800-1816* (Indiana Historical Society Publications, Vol. III, No. 3; Indianapolis, 1900), 63-252.

## MADISON FROM 1844 TO 1852.\*

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### THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

I FIRST knew Madison in 1844. In October of that year I landed, one evening, at the city wharf, and put up for the night at a hostelry known as the Light House. It stood on the east side of Mulberry street extended, between Ohio street and low-water mark. It was a two-story brick and frame house of the ordinary style, and was the only building then in the city between Ohio street and the river, and it was the only one that ever stood within these bounds since I have known the city. It long since passed away, but its location and its appearance are indelibly written upon my memory.

At this time Madison was a well built city of 4000 or 5000 souls. Its streets were graded and its sidewalks paved much as they are to-day. The exception I now remember is High street, which then, east of Main street, was neither graded nor graveled. The principal hotels in the city at that time were the Madison Hotel and the Washington House. The former stood on the site of the Academy of Our Lady of the Angels, and was kept by George D. Fitzhugh, now of Indianapolis, and the latter, which was under the direction of Enoch D. Withers, still stands as a monument of hotel architecture of the olden time. The Court-house was a two-story brick building of modest pretensions, standing on the site of the present one. Southeast of the Court-house was the jail, an old, dingy building two stories high, fronting on an alley, with cells in either story, and rooms for the

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\* An address delivered at the High School building in Madison, on Thursday evening, March 13, 1879.



W. W. Woollen

Reproduced from William Wesley Woollen,  
*Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana* (Indianapolis, 1883).

jailer on the south. On the northeast corner of the Court-house lot was the Clerk's office, a squatty one-story brick house of two rooms, fronting on Main Cross street. At the northwest corner of the lot, on the corner of Main Cross and Main streets, stood a two-story building, having two rooms in the first story, and three in the second, with a platform on a level with the latter running the entire length from east to west. The platform was reached from both Main Cross and Main streets by wooden stairways, over which people passed to reach the offices above. The main room below was occupied by Bramwell & Phillips as a dry goods store, and the other was the office of Dr. Joseph H. D. Rogers whose presence is not yet denied you. The west room above was the Recorder's office, the center one the Auditor's office, and the east one the office of the County Treasurer. Around the Court-house lot was a brick wall four feet high, capped with stone. Such were the public buildings of Madison thirty-five years ago.

#### THE CHURCHES.

Saint Michael's Catholic church then stood, and the priest who ministered to the spiritual wants of the parish was Maurice de St. Palais, afterwards the distinguished Bishop of Vincennes. This prelate was succeeded by Father Dupontavice, who was known to you all. The Rev. Harvey Curtis was pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, the Rev. Mr. Leavenworth of the First Presbyterian church, and the Rev. E. D. Owen of the Baptist church on Vine street. The policy of the Methodist church is such that its clergy remain but a short time in charge of a particular congregation, but I remember the Rev. W. C. Smith and the Rev. Prescott as pastors of Wesley Chapel, and the Rev. John Keiger and the Rev. Dr. Daily as pastors of Third street church. Saint John's church was not then in existence. This church was an offshoot from Wesley Chapel. Among its leading members were the Taylors—Gamaliel, John H. and William M.—Caleb Schmidlapp and Charles W. Bassnett. The church building was erected in 1849 or 1850, near the site of the first Methodist church built in Madison. The Rev. John S. Bayliss was the first pastor of Saint John's.

Christ Episcopal church and the United Presbyterian church

were erected during this time. The former was built mainly by the exertions of Joseph M. Moore, then cashier of the Madison Branch Bank, and of its worthy rector, the Rev. Dr. Claxton. Dr. Claxton was a gentleman of acknowledged ability and was esteemed outside his parish as well as within it. He was, probably, the most popular minister in the city of his day.

The Reverend James Browne, pastor of the United Presbyterian church, was a man of earnest convictions and of deep piety. He was an active worker in the anti-slavery cause, and did much to create public sentiment among us in opposition to human slavery. He used to declaim against this abomination from the pulpit, and was ever ready to espouse the cause of the oppressed. It is to the labors of such men as Mr. Browne that the world is indebted for that public sentiment which eventually strangled this monster in his lair.

#### THE NEWSPAPERS.

At this time there were two weekly newspapers published in Madison, the *Banner* and the *Courier*. The first was edited by Daniel D. Jones, known as Davy Jones, and the latter by Rolla Doolittle. Mr. Jones was a dapper little gentleman, a Welshman by birth, and in his day the foremost newspaper writer in the State. His sentences were short and terse, and their meaning always apparent. He seldom wrote his editorials; he set them at the case and composed them as he handled the types. He was a genial, social man, delighting in fun and practical jokes. I was once at a social party at his house when a most ludicrous incident occurred. He kissed a young lady, who turned upon him as if to box his ears. His wife, a large, portly woman, was present, and to her Mr. Jones ran for protection. She was seated, and he cuddled by her side, sitting on the floor with his head under her arm, and looking into her face, his eyes sparkling with merriment, he said: "Mother, protect your boy." I need say nothing of Mr. Doolittle, the editor of the *Courier*, as he is of and with you at the present time.

William W. Crail, now, as then, of Louisville, Kentucky, bought a half interest in the *Banner*, and soon afterwards it was converted into a daily. On Mr. Jones's death, in 1851, his late interest in the paper was purchased by the Hon. John R.

Cravens, who, in March, 1851, sold it to William Wesley Woollen. Subsequent to this time Mr. Woollen bought Mr. Crail's interest, and in 1853 sold the *Banner* to General Milton Stapp, who soon afterwards disposed of it to Captain W. H. Keyt, in whose hands it died.

Samuel F. and John I. Covington bought the *Courier* in 1848, or thereabout, and changed it to a daily. In 1849 they sold it to Mr. M. C. Garber, now its senior proprietor. Mr. Garber is the ranking newspaper publisher in the State, having been continuously engaged in the business for twenty-nine years and over.

In 1851 Milton Gregg and John G. Sering established the *Madison Daily Tribune*. After publishing the *Tribune* for a short time Mr. Sering withdrew from the firm, and Mr. Gregg removed the paper to New Albany, where it was published for several years under his direction.

In 1852 the *Daily Madisonian* was established by a company of Democratic politicians. Rolla Doolittle was its publisher, and Robert S. Sproule its editor. It lived during the Scott and Pierce campaign, and soon thereafter it yielded up the ghost.

A daily paper was published a week or so during this time by B. F. Foster and Ben. F. Reed, but its life was too short for it to be properly classed among the journals of Madison.

A Free-soil paper was established in 1848 to advocate the election of Van Buren and Adams. Its editor was Riley E. Stratton, who afterwards went to Oregon and became a leading jurist of that State.

With the exceptions of two religious weeklies—one a Baptist and the other a Universalist—these are all the newspapers published in Madison during the time covered by this address.

#### THE BAR.

At this time the bar of Madison was very able. Marshall the giant intellect of Indiana, was of it; so was the suave and polished Sullivan; the painstaking and prolix Stevens; Glass, vigorous in mind and body; the polite and affable Dunn; the brilliant and erratic Sheets; the scholarly King; the methodical Markley; the sarcastic Chapman; the studious and careful Troxell; the brusque Daily; the two Brights, the elder a law-

yer of much ability, and the younger, who gathered in the Senate chamber the laurels which would have been his had he continued at the bar. The two William Hendrickses, senior and junior, were of it—the elder an ex-Governor and an ex-Senator; the younger genial in disposition and with a heart ever responsive to distress:

“Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise.”

There were two Abram Hendrickses—John Abram and Abram W. There were the two Hillises—William C. and John S.; Oliver S. Pitcher, once a partner of the elder Bright; Hull, and Thom, and Crittenden, and Walker, and Shaw, and perhaps others whom I have forgotten. One whom I have not named I first knew as a wagon-maker in the neighboring town of Hanover. One-half the day he worked at his bench; the other half and well into the night he studied law. Weekly, under the summer's sun and through the winter's snow, he walked to Madison to recite his lessons, for he was too poor to pay for riding. In due time he stood his examination and was admitted to the bar. He came here and opened an office, but clients came not. Weekly board bills were to pay, clothing had to be bought, and other necessary expenses to be met, and how to do these things was the problem this courageous young man was to solve. More than once he consulted with me in regard to abandoning his profession and returning to his trade. I advised against it, and the advice was followed. After awhile “the tide which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune,” turned. He was elected City Attorney, then County Attorney, then a Senator, and now he is the honored Judge of your Circuit Court.\*

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.”

Many of those I have named have pleaded their last case and gone to judgment. Marshall sleeps near your city, mourned by a State, and he would be mourned by a nation had his theater of action been larger; Sullivan left you but yesterday, like a ripe sheaf garnered in the field; Stevens, overtaken

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\* Hon. J. Y. Allison.



in old age by poverty, his mind gave way, and he died at the Indiana Hospital for the Insane; Dunn fills an honorable place in the military service of the country; Glass was cut down in the prime of a vigorous manhood; Sheets died young, a victim of an unfortunate appetite; King is practicing his profession in Chicago; Markley is a prosperous merchant in the same city; Troxell lives in North-western Indiana, still engaged in the practice of the law; Daily, after representing Nebraska in the National Congress, died while yet a young man; the elder Bright is an invalid, and lives at the capital of the State, an honored citizen; and the younger Bright, after serving seventeen years as a Senator of the United States, died a few years ago in the Monumental City, and his remains now lie mouldering on the banks of the blue Patapsco. The two William Hendrickses died in your midst many years ago; John Abram Hendricks fell at Pea Ridge while leading his regiment against the enemy; Abram W. Hendricks is an eminent lawyer at Indianapolis; William C. Hillis lives in Northern Missouri, where he has filled several offices of honor and profit; Shaw is a retired merchant of Dayton, Ohio; John S. Hillis died in his youth, and was laid in the shade of the old homestead where he first saw the light of day; Walker lives among you; Pitcher is a thrifty business man in a sister State; Crittenden is practicing his profession at Washington City; Hull and Thom are dead and they were buried in your midst.

#### THE CIRCUIT JUDGES.

In this connection it is proper that I should say something of the Judges before whom these men practiced their profession. When I first knew Madison the Circuit Judge was Miles C. Eggleston. He was then in feeble health and well stricken in years. He was small in stature, a good lawyer, and although at times cross and petulant, he never forgot the dignity of his station.

Courtland Cushing succeeded Judge Eggleston upon the bench. He had respectable talents, was very dressy and quite a beau among the ladies. While serving as judge he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Ecuador. After serving out his term he entered the service of the Nicaragua Transit Company, and soon thereafter died on the Isthmus of Panama.

Alexander C. Downey, now, as then, a resident of Rising Sun, followed Judge Cushing as presiding judge of the Madison Circuit. Judge Downey is, or was at this time, an inveterate wag. I will relate two incidents which will show the truth of this :

In these days full beards were unknown, and a moustache was as rare as a disinterested friend. The Rev. Frederick T. Brown once apologized from his pulpit for wearing a full beard, and no other public man of the day had the temerity to offend in a similar manner. A young man noted as a wit, and who, since that time, has attracted much attention by reason of a rencounter which resulted in death, removed to Madison at this time. He had a red moustache which he cultured with the greatest care. He was often in the Court-house, and one day while he was there Judge Downey wrote the following order and handed it to the clerk :

“Ordered by the court, that the young man with the red moustache be taken into the custody of the sheriff and by him conducted to the nearest barber shop and there shaved within an inch of his life ; and may the Lord have mercy on his soul.”

On another occasion, when the term of the court was nearly ended and order was lax, Abram W. Hendricks and John S. Hillis lay down at full length within the bar of the court-room. Observing their posture, Judge Downey wrote the following order and passed it to the clerk :

“Ordered by the court, that Abram W. Hendricks and John S. Hillis, two members of this bar, be, and each of them hereby is, fined five dollars for contempt of court for lying at full length within the bar during the sitting of the court.” And on a line below the order, and in brackets, he added : “Which may be satisfied by bringing into court, at once, twelve good, ripe watermelons.” The dozen watermelons were soon in the Temple of Justice and the wrath of the Judge appeased.

#### JUDGES OF THE PROBATE COURT.

At this time William Hendricks, junior, was the Judge of the Jefferson Probate Court. This court was one of limited juris-

diction, its business being to settle the estates of deceased persons, and to care for their minor children. Judge Hendricks was one of the kindest men I ever knew. Of a genial nature, he had the esteem and love of all who knew him. I never heard him say an unkind word of any one, nor any one say an unkind word of him. He was one of those rare men whose province is to make happy every one they meet. I can recall the memory of no one with more pleasure than that of this good and modest man. In the language applied to another by one of the most gifted daughters of Indiana, "He was good enough to be a woman."

Williamson Dunn, of Hanover, succeeded Judge Hendricks. He was a man of marked character. He was a soldier of the war of 1812, and had served the State in many important positions. He was of unquestioned courage, and although an elder of the Presbyterian church, he never pleaded his religion in bar for not resenting an insult. In the year 1848 a meeting was held in the Court-house to put forward General Taylor for the presidency. It was the first meeting for that purpose held in the country, and as it was mainly inspired by Judge Dunn, it will be seen that he was the author of the movement that culminated in the election of old "Rough and Ready" to the presidency. The Judge offered a resolution nominating General Taylor and supported it in an earnest speech. Charles Woodward submitted an amendment, putting forward Tom Corwin, of Ohio, for Vice-President. This Judge Dunn opposed. He said that its adoption would militate against the interests of General Taylor. It will be remembered that Governor Corwin opposed the Mexican war. In a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, he said :

"If I were a Mexican I would tell you, 'Have you not room in your own country to bury your dead men? If you come into mine we will greet you with bloody hands, and welcome you to hospitable graves.'"

Referring to this speech Judge Dunn said that while he could cordially support its author for Vice-President, many friends of General Taylor would be driven from him if his name were

coupled with that of the man who had uttered such a sentiment. Mr. Woodward replied to him with some warmth, and during his speech said: "The gentleman admits that the nomination of Governor Corwin would be a good one, but says he is afraid to have it made." Slapping his breast with his hand as was his custom when speaking earnestly, he exclaimed, "Cowardice, sir, cowardice." Judge Dunn sprang to his feet, and approaching Mr. Woodward, said in a loud voice: "I am an old man, and never before was cowardice imputed to me. I ask the gentleman to take back his words. Will he do it?" Whether it was the sight of the judge's fist, or whether it was a sense of justice that caused Mr. Woodward to withdraw the offensive words, I know not, but I remember they were withdrawn.

#### THE ASSOCIATE JUDGES.

Previous to the adoption of the present constitution each county had two associate judges. These officials, usually denominated side judges, sat on either side of the presiding judge, and acted as guy-ropes to hold him level. As a rule they were neither Blackstones nor Mansfields, but were possessed of good common sense, an important requisite of the righteous judge. William M. Taylor and Robert Kinnear were the associate judges in Jefferson, and they were the last of their line. They went out of office with the old constitution, but their deeds live after them. Judge Taylor was a low, chunky man with a kindly face, was a saddler by trade and a gentleman by nature. He dressed neatly, wore a fob-chain with a large seal dangling at his side, and walked with a cane. Judge Kinnear was a farmer, and lived near Bryantsburgh. He was a large man with stooped shoulders and an ungainly walk. These judges sometimes, though rarely, held court in the absence of the presiding judge. When they did so the lawyers would call up their cases which had no merit and have them decided. I remember one case which was tried in the absence of Judge Cushing that caused much merriment at the time. It grew out of a horse trade, and Mr. Michael G. Bright was the defendant, and acted as his own attorney. It was of that class of suits which, under the old practice, was brought when the plaintiff was not the party in interest. Mr. Bright called the case, and, as attorney for the

plaintiff, ordered it dismissed. "Not so fast, Mr. Bright," said Mr. Marshall, rising to his feet. "I have something to say about that." He proceeded to state the case, and succeeded in satisfying the court that it should not be dismissed. The trial proceeded, and Mr. Bright made an ingenious speech in which he quoted much law, and when he sat down it seemed certain that his case was won. Mr. Marshall arose, and with unusual deliberation addressed the court. He said that as the case was a small one—the amount involved being but sixty dollars—he had given it but little thought; that Mr. Bright knew the law, and as he was attorney for the plaintiff, attorney for the defendant, and defendant, himself, he had no doubt thoroughly familiarized himself with the case; that, if what he had laid down to the court as law was the law, he was entitled to a finding in his favor; therefore, he moved the court that Mr. Bright be put upon his oath, and required to answer as to whether or not the law he had given the court was the law of the land. Turning to Mr. Bright, and pointing at him with his finger, he exclaimed: "Will you swear, Mr. Bright, will you swear, sir?" The effect was electrical. Mr. Bright would not swear, and Mr. Marshall won the case.

#### THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The County Commissioners in these days were Nathan Robinson, John E. Gale, John Kirk, John Smock and James W. Hinds. It was during the administration of the first three of these gentlemen that the present jail and jailer's residence were built. Before undertaking a work requiring so large an outlay of money they concluded to go on a tour of observation and examine the best models of such buildings they could find. Accordingly, accompanied by their architect, Monroe W. Lee, they went to Ohio to inspect the prisons of that State. They journeyed in a stage-coach—for in those days railroads were not so common as they are to-day—and one afternoon during the trip they had for a fellow-passenger a loquacious gentleman who made himself exceedingly agreeable to "the innocents abroad." When night drew her curtains over the earth and the bright eyes of the stranger could no longer light the stage-coach, the honorable gentlemen from Jefferson went to sleep. They

could not retire to the arms of Morpheus, for there was no couch to repose upon, so they contented themselves with sitting still and doing homage to the sleepy god by reverentially bowing their heads. "Some wee short hour ayant the twal" the coach stopped at a country town to permit the stranger to alight. Having touched *terra firma*, he sought his baggage in the dark, and as Captain Kirk sat sleeping, with his head nearly touching his knees, the stranger seized him by the nose. The clutch of the stranger awoke the Captain and brought him to his senses. He angrily demanded the cause of the assault. "Pardon me, sir," replied the stranger, "I thought I had hold of my carpet-sack."

#### THE COUNTY CLERK.

John H. Taylor was Clerk of the courts during the time of which I speak. He was a small mah, of light complexion, affable in manner and a fluent talker. Dr. Tefft, at that time editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, declared, in an article published in his magazine, that Mr. Taylor's house was the home of the prophets—referring to the fact that it was the uniform stopping-place of the Methodist clergy.

Mr. Taylor was a great lover of tobacco. He chewed it constantly when not asleep, and was never seen, in-doors or out-doors, at home or abroad, without his cheek being distended by an enormous quid of the narcotic plant. About this time Daguerrean artists first appeared in the West, and one of them came to Madison. There was a rush to his rooms for pictures, and among others was Mr. Taylor. He succeeded in securing a good likeness of himself, and took it home to show it to his family. Handing it to his wife he asked her how she liked it. "Better than the original," replied the good dame; "the tobacco is there but not the spittle."

#### THE SHERIFFS.

The sheriffs of Jefferson county during this time were William H. Phillips, Robert Right Rea, Henry Deputy, and Robert M. Smith. Mr. Phillips still lives among you, so it is unnecessary to speak of him, but I can not pass Messrs. Rea and Deputy without notice. They were both men of marked peculiarities of character and took active parts in the public affairs of their

day. Mr. Rea was a well built man of ordinary size, with a bald head and kindly face. He was unlettered but was unusually shrewd and cunning. He was a natural detective and a terror to absconding thieves and runaway cows. He was also feared by runaway slaves, for many a panting fugitive was arrested by him and returned to bondage. I never could satisfactorily account for this trait in his character, for he had a kind heart and was no slave to Mammon. It probably was the effect of his early education. Mr. Rea was easily teased and had no relish for a practical joke when he was the subject. Cool White, a negro minstrel, once offered a gold pen as a prize for the best conundrum. The offer brought a large audience to the entertainment, and among others present was Mr. Rea. When the exercises were ended White announced that the prize had been awarded to Captain Horace Hull for the following conundrum :

" Why is our sheriff like old Uncle Ned ?  
Because he has no hair on the top of his head."

Captain Hull walked to the platform amid shouts of laughter and cries of "bravo," to receive the prize. He returned with it down the aisle to where Mr. Rea was seated, and bowing, offered it to him. "Which, which," said the sheriff: "damn it, which?" Captain Hull kept the prize.

Henry Deputy was a large man, of dark complexion and with black hair and beard. He was affected in his voice and manners and very particular in his dress. He wore shirts with ruffled fronts and was seldom on the street with hands ungloved. He was long in the service of Sheriff Rea, first as clerk and barkeeper in the old hotel that stood on the south side of the public square, and afterwards as deputy sheriff. The late Dr. Cross used to tell a good story on Mr. Deputy. He said he was in the hotel one day when a Kentuckian entered, and addressing Mr. Deputy, said: "How is it that every time I come here Right Rea has a new barkeeper. What is your name, sir?" "My name, sar, is Deputy, sar." "Then, Mr. Deputy, sar, will you please, sar, hand me a cigar?" "With pleasure, sar," and he handed the Kentuckian a cigar, accompanied with a lighted match. "I tell the tale as it was told to me," and with

out vouching for its truth, but it is entirely consistent with Mr. Deputy's character and manners. If there was a Beau Brummell in Madison, it was he, and if he was not a Chesterfield it was for the want of ability rather than desire. While he was deputy sheriff he was the keeper of the jail and lived in the front rooms of the jail building. One night the prisoners made an effort to escape, and had almost succeeded before they were discovered. When Mr. Deputy reached the cell door and found them engaged in picking the wall, he called out in his blandest tones: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, desist from your operations, or I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of putting handcuffs upon you." The "gentlemen" desisted, but whether it was the polite and persuasive manner of the officer or the fear of handcuffs that stayed their hands, is not written in the chronicles of these days. Poor, Deputy! He afterwards became penniless, but his pride did not forsake him. I remember that on a cold day, several years after the time of which I am speaking, he came to me in the Court-house and asked for money to buy a load of wood. His clothes were seedy and threadbare, and as he sat in a chair before the fire, he drew the tail of his well worn overcoat over his knees to hide the rents in his clothing. It was the ruling passion, strong in death.

#### A PATRIOT.

At this time Joseph B. Stewart was a student in the law office of Marshall & Glass. He was six feet tall or over, and of gigantic frame; vain and pompous. He was loud of speech, and ever ready to talk in public. On the breaking out of the Mexican war a meeting was held in the Court-house to stimulate enlistments. It was addressed by General Milton Stapp and John Lyle King, and perhaps by others. Stewart was present, but was not called upon for a speech. After the meeting adjourned and the crowd were leaving the Court-house there were loud calls for Stewart. He mounted the wall which surrounded the public square and commenced to harangue the people. He eloquently descanted upon the glory to be won at the cannon's mouth and upon the beauty of the halls of Montezuma. He closed his speech about as follows: "Business prevents me, my fellow citizens, from drawing my sword in this glorious



cause. I would gladly unsheath it in my country's defense, but duty to others forbids. But there are some things I can and will do. Those of you who go to war and die in the service will not be forgotten by me. I will assist in settling your estates on the most reasonable terms. I will advise your widows of their legal rights, and see that your orphans are not defrauded of their patrimonies. These things I will do at a considerable reduction on regular rates for such services." Stewart is now, and for many years has been, one of the most noted and successful of Washington lobbyists. He has engineered several of the largest jobs ever put through the National Congress, and if the political morals of the country do not improve it is probable that he will engineer many more.

GENERAL MILTON STAPP.

One of the prominent men of these days was General Milton Stapp. He was a public spirited man, and was as brave as Julius Cæsar. He had filled many responsible offices, and had filled them well. He was vain of his talents and his honors; so much so that his vanity at times was very marked. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and he commanded the Madison brigade in the Irish war. On that occasion he, like

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,  
Went up a hill, and so came down agen."

General Stapp was Mayor of Madison, and never did the city have a better one. He often arrested offenders on the street and, unaided, marched them to jail. On one occasion he had a difference with a prominent citizen which led to angry words. He pronounced the man a liar and a scoundrel to his face. The prominent citizen retorted: "You dare not repeat those words." General Stapp went to the door of the office he was in and called to several gentlemen who were near. In their presence he said: "I have called you gentlemen to witness that I here pronounce Mr. —— a liar and a scoundrel." The insult was not resented. General Stapp was president of the convention held at Charlestown, in 1849, that nominated William McKee Dunn for Congress. I well remember the speech he made on taking the chair. He complained of his neglect by the Whig

party, and declared himself entitled to more consideration than he had received. He said he had recently returned from Washington where he went to get an office from General Taylor, but his application was refused. He declared that he experienced great difficulty in getting an interview with Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State, while others who had done nothing for the party were admitted without trouble. Continuing in this strain for awhile, he said: "When I first met Mr. Clayton, he inquired who I was. I told him I was General Stapp, of Indiana. He said he had never heard of me before. 'What, sir,' said I, 'never heard of Milton Stapp, and you the Secretary of State of the United States?'" The General had supposed his fame was national, not provincial.

McKINLEY, NEWBERRY AND MURRAY.

Three noted men in these days were McKinley, Newberry and Murray. They were demented but harmless. McKinley believed he owned the major part of the city. His possessions also included lands in foreign countries, and sometimes he thought himself the governing power of at least one European monarchy. At times he would saw a load of wood, or perform other manual labor, but usually he was upon the street discoursing upon his riches. Sometimes he would disappear and be gone for awhile, but he would soon return and repeat "his thrice told tale." He was about as well known at Indianapolis as at Madison, and I have seen him more than once in that city and at Franklin with a crowd about him listening to his wondrous stories. He once became very angry with me because I told him that he and Murray (who also claimed to own the city) should settle the question of title before he disposed of some property he was trying to sell. He said Murray was "nothing but a damned old Yankee, and had no sense no how."

Newberry was a very different man. He approached you as stealthily as a cat, and would be bending over you and whispering in your ear before you were aware of his presence. He talked in a low voice, and his words were generally incoherent and sometimes meaningless. He always had a short gun strapped to his back, and his appearance was anything but inviting. He harmed no one, but the wonder is that he did not. His whis-

pered words, his wild look and the gun upon his back always inspired me with terror, and made me watch him like a hawk. In his young days he was a prosperous man of business, and he became insane by trying to solve an impossible problem.

Murray was the worst man of the three, if not the greatest lunatic. He was given to liquor, and was terribly abusive when in his cups. At such times he would walk the streets, and "swear like the army in Flanders." He was particularly abusive of Moody Park, the Mayor of the city, who had often sent him to jail for drunkenness. He believed he was owner of all the property in the city by virtue of a judgment he had recovered for one million of dollars for false imprisonment. This hallucination ever possessed him. Whether drunk or sober he thought himself the lord proprietor of Madison, and her citizens his tenants. He threatened suits of ejectment against those in possession, and was often exceedingly abusive in his notices to quit. The only way to manage him was by force, and it was frequently employed. He was often committed to jail, and there compelled to remain for months. At that time the Mayor's office was in the row of buildings on Main Cross street known as the buzzard roost, and the jail was immediately south of and back of it. Every morning Murray would be at the window of his cell when the Mayor opened his office. So soon as he saw that official he would commence to curse and abuse him. On these occasions it was his custom to sing a doggerel song, running thus:

"When first King Moody began to reign, began to reign,  
He bought a peck of buckwheat bran, of buckwheat bran,"

and so on for quantity.

#### CAPTAIN DAVID WHITE.

No man in his day more deeply impressed himself upon Madison than David White. He came here in 1846 from Pennsylvania, where he had been engaged in the wool trade. He was about six feet tall, with rather less than the average flesh for one of his height, had stooped shoulders, and walked with his head well forward and his eyes upon the ground. His life was one of vicissitudes. He was rich to-day and poor to-morrow.

He failed in business in Pennsylvania, in Madison, in Iowa and, I believe, in St. Louis. But failure with him was but a stimulus to new exertions. Most men sink under adversity; not so he. If he touched the bottom it was to reach a foundation for a rebound. He went down under one wave and sprang in triumph upon the top of the next. His energy never gave way and his industry never tired. He was a leader in every public enterprise of his day. Madison is mainly indebted to him for her gas works, for her marine railway, and for the establishment of one of her insurance companies. He labored hard to connect her with the world by a net-work of railroads, but in this effort he failed. He saw the trade which had been hers directed to other cities, and the sight made him sad. He left us and went elsewhere, but so long as the great enterprises he inaugurated remain he will not be forgotten. It was eminently proper that his mortal remains should be brought here and consigned to rest among a people for whom he had done so much.

WILLIAM G. WHARTON.

William G. Wharton was a prominent man at the time of which I speak. In stature he was tall and straight. His physique was splendid. In earlier days he had been both a major of militia and a justice of the peace. Apropos to this: Some years previous to this time he was in New York, and meeting General Stapp at the Astor House he was prevailed upon to call upon General Scott. Major Wharton was not given to running after great men, nor to crowding himself anywhere uninvited; therefore, it was with reluctance that he consented to call upon the hero of Lundy's Lane. But the persistency of General Stapp prevailed, and the two went to the rooms of General Scott. General Stapp approached the great captain and said: "General Scott, allow me to present my friend, Major Wharton." "I am happy to know you, Major," said the General; "to what part of the service do you belong?" "I am an officer by brevet," said the Major; "I am from the great West where every man is a major or (bowing to Stapp) a general." Major Wharton used to tell this story with great gusto.

At this time, deeds signed by married women, to be valid had

to be acknowledged by the wives, separate and apart from and without the hearing of their husbands. Major Wharton was a notary public, as also was William McKee Dunn. The latter took the acknowledgment of a deed from Wharton and his wife and inadvertently signed the Major's name to the certificate instead of his own. Judge Billy Hendricks saw this deed in the Recorder's office and determined to have some fun out of the mistake. Observing Wharton on the street he called him to the office. "How is it, Major," said the Judge, "that you certify under your oath of office that you have examined your wife separate and apart from and without the hearing of her husband?" "What do you mean?" asked the Major. "I mean," answered the Judge, "that you have done this thing, and here is the evidence of it." With that he proceeded to read as follows:

"STATE OF INDIANA,  
COUNTY OF JEFFERSON, } ss:

"Before me, the undersigned, a notary public within and for said county, this day personally came William G. Wharton and Eliza Wharton, his wife, the grantors in the foregoing deed, and acknowledged the signing and sealing of the same to be their voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein named. And the said Eliza Wharton, wife of the said William G. Wharton, being by me examined separate and apart from and without the hearing of her said husband, declared that she signed and sealed the same of her own free will and accord, and without any fear of or compulsion from her said husband.

(Signed) "W. G. WHARTON, Notary Public."

"Go and get Newberry's gun and strap it on my back," said the astonished Major.

Major Wharton was a devoted Mason. He was a Methodist, but he placed his lodge above his church. One day he came into the office of the Firemen and Mechanics Insurance Company and applied to the late Caleb T. Lodge, then president of the company, for a permit to smoke meat in his warehouse, on which that company had written a policy. There was a controversy about the rate to be charged, when Wharton petulantly

said: "I'll have nothing to do with your company; all insurance companies are swindling concerns." "I am surprised, 'Squire," said Mr. Lodge, "that a good Methodist, like yourself, should belong to a swindling concern." (Mr. Wharton was a stockholder in the company.) "Don't quote Methodism to me," responded the 'Squire; "the other day I wanted some shingles and went to the yard of Mr. ———, a brother Methodist, to buy them. I selected the shingles I wanted and ordered them sent to my house. Those received were not those I bought, but were greatly inferior. Had I bought the shingles of old man Todd—a hell-bound sinner—I should have received what I bargained for. He is a good Mason, and show me a good Mason and I'll show you a good man."

REV. GAMALIEL TAYLOR.

Gamaliel Taylor, familiarly called "Uncle Gam," was known to every one in the city. His form was lithe and erect, although his locks were white and deep furrows were in his face. He was both a minister of the gospel and a minister of justice. On Sunday he dispensed gospel truths with a pure hand, and during the week he dispensed justice with an even one. He united in wedlock young men and maidens, and when death came he preached the funerals of the fathers and mothers. Gold and silver he had none, but he was passing rich in the love of all who knew him. His memory, like sweet incense, perfumes this hall as I speak, and if the spirits of the blest are permitted to leave their heavenly abode that of the old patriarch, so dear to us all, is hovering o'er us now.

MADISON'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MEXICAN WAR.

In May, 1846, war was declared between the United States and Mexico. The war feeling at Madison ran high. Two companies of soldiers were formed and organized at once. The first was the Washington Guards, commanded by William Ford, who had for several years been the captain of an independent military company. His lieutenants were Samuel G. Cowden, J. P. A. M. Channey and John M. Lord. The second company, the Madison Rifles, was commanded by Thomas L. Sullivan, who had for lieutenants Horace Hull, John Har-

rington and Americus O. Hough. War not having been anticipated by the Federal Government, no provision had been made for clothing and feeding the soldiers. To meet the emergency the Madison Branch Bank, then under the presidency of Mr. J. F. D. Lanier, tendered Governor Whitcomb a sum of money sufficient to clothe and feed the Madison soldiers until they were mustered into service. The Governor having made other arrangements declined the offer, but his action in the premises was such as to occasion much criticism at the time. The Madison companies went into camp at New Albany, and on the 24th of June were mustered into the service of the United States. They formed part of the Third Indiana regiment commanded by Colonel James H. Lane, and their members fought valiantly at Buena Vista. None of the Madison boys were killed in that sanguinary battle, but the anxiety of their friends at home as to their fate was intense. Several members of these companies died in Mexico from accident and disease, but none were killed in battle. The next summer, having served out the term of their enlistment, the survivors returned home and were discharged.

In the summer and fall of 1847 the Fifth Indiana regiment was formed. It rendezvoused at Madison, its camp being in the western part of the city, near the bend in the railroad. Madison and Vernon contributed a company to this regiment. It was commanded by Captain Horace Hull, who had for his lieutenants DeWitt C. Ritch, John M. Lord and John M. Latimore. This regiment never was in battle, but one day it came so close to Santa Anna that, in his hurry to get away, he left behind his wooden leg. It became a trophy of the war and was highly prized by the Hoosier soldiers.

It was by the action of these three companies of Madison men and others of like patriotism that the United States conquered a peace with Mexico and added to her territory a golden empire. By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, she became possessed of the richest mineral lands in the world, and surely she owes a debt of gratitude to the brave men who made it possible for her to obtain them. The denial to these men of a reasonable pen-

sion gives color to the charge sometimes made that republics are ungrateful.

#### THE CROOKED CREEK FLOOD.

Early in September, 1846, Crooked creek overflowed its banks, whereby eleven persons were drowned and over \$100,000 worth of property destroyed. The flood was in daylight, otherwise the loss of life would have been much greater. Skiffs were taken from the river to the creek, and the lives of many persons thereby saved. At that time Crooked creek flowed through a culvert under the railroad track. This culvert was completely blocked with houses that had been swept from their foundations. The pent up water overflowed the banks of the creek and submerged the adjacent bottom lands. The woolen mill of Whitney & Hendricks, the oil mill of Jacob Shuh, a large part of the pork-house of Mitchel & McNaughten, and several dwelling houses were borne away by the raging water. The bodies of the drowned were recovered and inquests held upon them; and to illustrate the public economy of those times, it may be proper to say that the Board of County Commissioners considered the holding of these inquests unnecessary, and objected to paying their cost out of the county treasury.

#### A MURDER.

The current of events ran smoothly in these days, for Madison was a peaceable city. Burglaries and other high crimes were uncommon, and homicides were almost unknown. There was, however, one murder committed in Madison, and it created intense excitement at the time. It was the killing of Joseph Howard by Henry Holtzclaw. The Holtzclaws—William, the father, and Henry, Eli and Thomas, the sons, came from Kentucky and opened a wholesale grocery store on West street. Thomas created a disturbance one Sunday evening at Wesley Chapel, and the next day a warrant for his arrest was issued, and placed in the hands of Howard, who was a constable. Howard went to the Holtzclaw store to make the arrest, where he got into a personal difficulty with the father and the sons. He was a strong man as well as a courageous one, and seizing Thomas by the collar of his coat, he dragged him out of the



house. He was followed by the father and brothers, and when in the middle of the street was shot by Henry and mortally wounded. The Holtzclaws were arrested and admitted to bail, and then fled the country. Sometime afterwards Eli was re-arrested in the South and brought here by a brother of his victim. By this time two of the most important witnesses were gone. Langtree had been drowned and Weide had removed to Minnesota; so their testimony could not be had. Holtzclaw took a change of venue to an adjoining county, and in the absence of these witnesses was tried and acquitted.

#### PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Situated on the line between the free and the slave States, Madison was a *quasi* Southern city. The opinions and sentiments of her inhabitants were moulded, to a great extent, by the opinions and sentiments of their Kentucky neighbors. Runaway slaves were hunted over the hills and through the valleys of Jefferson. The abolition settlement in Lancaster township was considered a plague-spot on the body politic. The Hoyts, the Nelsons and the Tibbettses of that neighborhood, although honorable and peaceable men, were tabooed because they believed in the equality of all men before the law. The Euletherian school at College Hill received the maledictions of the people, because in it the fountain of knowledge was as free to the negro as to the white man. Dwelling houses which had been erected near this college for the use of colored students were burned and destroyed. It is no wonder that in a community where Southern sentiments were so common the duel should be considered a proper method for settling disputes. Although we never had a duel here, we had several narrow escapes from meetings under the code. John Abram Hendricks challenged John Lyle King, Joseph G. Marshall challenged Jesse D. Bright, Michael G. Bright challenged John Brough, and Robert S. Sproule challenged John A. Hendricks. The difficulty between Messrs. Hendricks and King occasioned much feeling in the city. They were both young men of promise and were sons of leading citizens. Mr. Hendricks had been an officer in the regular army, but had resigned and come home. Mr. King, in a communication to the *Indianapolis*

*Journal*, over the signature of "Ion," mentioned this fact in the following words :

"Captain John A. Hendricks, formerly of the United States Infantry, but now of the peace establishment, has resigned his commission and returned home.

"Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war.  
And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

"Ill health and an inability to weather the Mexican climate are the causes, I hear, assigned for his return."

Captain Hendricks was offended at this reference to him and to his return, and published in the *Madison Banner*, over his own name, a letter, in which he pronounced "Ion" a liar and a coward. Mr. King, still maintaining his *incognito*, replied in a bitter letter, in which he quoted the couplet from *Hudibras*,

"For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain,"

and said his name was with the *Banner* editor and was at the service of the Captain. Captain Hendricks went to Bedford, Kentucky, and from there wrote Mr. King a challenge and sent it by a Mr. Rowan. Mr. King refused acceptance of the challenge, giving as a reason for the refusal that he was not on equal terms with his enemy; that his acceptance would subject him to the penalty of the law of Indiana, while Mr. Hendricks would escape such penalty by reason of having written the challenge in another State. Upon receiving this reply Mr. Hendricks came to Milton, opposite this city, and wrote another challenge, without naming the place where it was written. This paper was delivered to Mr. King by Abram W. Hendricks, Esq., and the invitation declined because it lacked a venue. By this time the difficulty was widely known, and coming to the knowledge of

Governor Hendricks and Victor King, the fathers of the belligerents, they interfered and prevented a hostile meeting.

The difficulty between Messrs. Marshall and Bright originated at a political meeting which took place at Ritchey's Mills in this county. Inasmuch as I wrote an account of this matter some years ago for the *Indianapolis Journal*, which embodied all I know about it, I shall say nothing further of it here.

The trouble between Mr. Bright and Mr. Brough grew out of a controversy in relation to selling the State's interest in the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad. Mr. Bright challenged Mr. Brough, but, instead of accepting the challenge, the latter published it in the *Madison Banner* with the reasons for his refusal. In speaking of this difficulty the late George D. Prentice said in his paper that most persons would think Mr. Bright would have the advantage of Mr. Brough in a duel, on account of the great size of the latter, but, in fact, the advantage would be on the other side, as it was doubtful if the pistol was then made which could send a bullet to Mr. Brough's vitals. He was a behemoth in size.

The difficulty between Messrs. Sproule and Hendricks grew out of political differences, and was not generally known. Sproule was the challenger, and he sent the hostile message by Michael Steele Bright. Nothing came of it, and the matter was soon adjusted.

#### THE GOLDEN ERA.

This was Madison's golden era. She was the *entrepot* of the merchandise sold and consumed in Indiana. She was the gate at which the traveler entered the State. She had three wholesale dry goods houses, and as many wholesale groceries and boot and shoe establishments. She was one of the largest pork-packing points in the country. No less than four establishments were engaged in the killing and packing of hogs, one of them being the largest then in the world. She had a starch manufactory on Crooked creek and a glue factory just outside the city limits. She had several of the largest flouring mills west of the Allegheny mountains. She had three large iron foundries, a brass foundry, a boiler manufactory, and many other establishments of great value. She had a chamber of commerce, a reading-room and a public library. In addition to the

magnificent Pike and the Ben Franklin, which landed daily at her wharfs, she had daily lines of steam packets to Cincinnati and to Louisville, and a regular one to Frankfort. Her wharfs were covered with hogsheds of sugar and molasses from New Orleans, and with boxes and bales of merchandise from the Atlantic slope. Her streets were crowded with men who came to buy her merchandise and her manufactured goods. Her citizens were jostled on the sidewalks by strangers who came hither to view her greatness, or to enter Indiana through her portals. Such was Madison from 1844 to 1852, when the zenith of her prosperity was reached.

#### HER PRESENT POSITION.

Although Madison is not now what she then was, she is a city of which her people may well be proud. Her material interests are great and her memories are glorious. Her starch has a market in the old world ; her saddle-trees are sold in every State of the Union, and her furniture and her steam engines are floated down the beautiful river that flows at her feet to distant markets. The men she has educated and sent out from her midst have played no mean part in the drama of life. The Madison colony at the State capital is noted for the intelligence and business worth of its men and the beauty and goodness of its women. Many of the leading men of Chicago were reared in your city, and the same is true of Saint Louis. Go where you will in the West you will find Madison men. In the East, too, she is represented, for the head of one of the most eminent banking houses in America\* was a resident of Madison when I first saw it. The late Chief Justice of Oregon was a Madison boy, and Justice Beck, of the Supreme Court of Iowa, is an old time Madisonian. "I am a Roman citizen" was the proudest boast of the dweller on the banks of the Tiber, and "I am a citizen of Madison" should be the proudest boast of every one whose home is in the healthy and beautiful city under the hills.

\*J. F. D. Lanier.