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INDIANA STATE LIBRARY

ARTICLES

WRITTEN BY

ANDREW JACKSON GRAYSON
OF
MADISON, INDIANA

Published in the Madison Courier and
The Madison Herald during the years
1881 and 1900.

Collected by Miss Mary Hill.

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ANDREW JACKSON GRAYSON moved to Kansas City, Mo. in 1906 to live with his daughter Lotta Jones and her family. He lived there until about 1910, then moved to Madison and stayed with his son, George Grayson. He then lived with his son William Grayson in Franklín, Ind. where he died in 1913.

Ward Jones, son of Lotta and John Jones remembered his grandfather Andrew well and told me in 1973 that the Jones' moved from Indianapolis to Kansas City, Mo. in 1906 to 3300 Wampole street.

The Jones family then moved to Chicago where John Jones was an executive in the Hoover Vacuum Cleaner Company. John Jones got my father Roland Grayson his first job at age 15 with the Hoover Company where Roland learned the vacuum cleaner repair and sales business. Roland's father Howard then entered the same business.

Note that many of the letters to the Madison newspapers were from the Kansas City address.

..Richard Grayson

Articles written by Phelix Adair.

A small booklet printed on the 6th Indiana Regiment. A copy of this is in the Indpls Library; also in the Congressional Library in Washington. It contains 52 pages. It ends with a poem about the Flag of the Regiment, written by Rose Connett, a sister of Kate M. Caplinger.

A small pamphlet, entitled "The Boy Surgeon" tells of Dr. W.A. Collins of Madison, who was in the 6th Indiana Regiment. He later became Assistant Surgeon. He performed many acts of valor. He was a nephew of Commander Napoleon B. Collins. This article was written in Madison, June 19, 1882.

The Indianian, a volume in the Indpls Library, page 107, tells of Jenny Lind at Madison in 1851. It gives the entire program. This was written by A.J.Grayson.

Jan. 14, 1885 Madison Courier.

In Memoriam of Andrew J. Dorsey written by A.J.Grayson.

Andrew Jackson Dorsey died at Terre Haute, Jan. 6th, 1885, aged 49 years. He was a brother of James H. Dorsey, our township trustee. The family used to live on West Third St.; James H., Samuel, Andrew, Charles, the mother and little Clemmie. The father, died in 1840; Samuel died 1851; the mother died in 1856; in 1868 Charles died; he had served in the War; in 1882 Clemmie died.

Andrew Jackson Dorsey was born June 25, 1835; married in New Albany, Mar. 11, 1856 to Sarah C. Butler; moved to Terre Haute.

From Scrap book of Frank Vawter.

No date.

Fifty Years ago today.

Today is the anniversary of one of the greatest events in the history of Madison, the coming of the Swedish Nightingale, Mlle. Jenny Lind, April 11, 1851, and the great concert in the pork house on the south west corner of Mulberry and First St. Tickets sold from \$85 to \$7, until the night of the concert, and then they ran from \$1 to 25¢. Billy Wilson made the engagement with P.T. Barnum, promising to pay \$5,000 for one concert. When the boat arrived from Louisville with the Nightingale aboard, Wilson reported but \$3,500 from the sale of tickets, \$1,500 short, and Barnum let him off for his great enterprise in raising that amount in a city the size of Madison. Jenny gave concerts in but 18 cities in the United States and Madison was the only city in Indiana that was able to catch one, and we had no Commercial Club then either, but we had business and money to burn in those by gone days.

All Madison turned out and gathered at the river to welcome the distinguished visitor, and her advent was hailed by firing of cannon; the cheers of the populace and other demonstrations of Joy. She gave 35 concerts in New York City, 8 in Philadelphia, 7 in Boston, 1 in Providence, R.I., 4 in Baltimore, 2 in Washington City 1 in Richmond, Va. 1 in Natchez, Miss. 1 in Memphis, Tenn., 5 in St. Louis, 2 in Nashville, Tenn, 3 in Louisville, 1 in Madison, Ind., 5 in Cincinnati, 1 in Wheeling, W.Va. and 1 in Pittsburg.

A.J.G.

Madison, Indiana.

The Madison Herald, March 27, 1900.

The City of the Dead--Phelix Adair's Tribute to his Comrades
who sleep in Springdale Cemetery.

Among those who deserve special mention and whose names should be placed on the roll of honor are the three brothers, Isaac, Henry and J.R. Townsend, soldiers and patriots, who are lying side by side on the family lot.

Duncan Carse, of Capt. Thomas Graham's company, 39th Ind. died in this city after many days of suffering from a wound received in battle. He was a good soldier and fought a brave fight with the grim monster--Death.

Rosington Elms, killed by a cannon ball in the trenches during the siege of Vicksburg. He was a member of Company C, 67th Ind. and enlisted while employed as a compositor in the Courier office.

John R. Bruce Glasscock, Capt. of Company F., 6th Ind. -a friend to everybody, who had in his everyday life more real sunshine than you can find in the composition of half a dozen ordinary men, though strange to say, the brave Captain took his own life. He received a sunstroke while in the line of duty in the Sunny South, which probably led him to the rash act.

P.P. Baldwin, the brave daring Colonel of the 6th Ind., was killed at Chickamauga while gallantly leading his regiment, and as his body was never recovered, no monument marks his resting place.

Wm. S. McClure, Major of the 3d Ind. Cavalry and later commissioned as Colonel of a new cavalry regiment; a brave and intelligent officer, a born commander, retaining his military bearing until his death.

William H. Torrence, 1st. Lieutenant in the 6th Ind. and commander of the recruits remaining in Chattanooga, Tenn., after his regiment was discharged at the expiration of their three years service. A friend of the writer, in whom we could always confide. He was always found on the firing line, a quiet and unassuming gentleman to those with whom the fortunes of war brought him in contact. He fought a good fight for the old flag and is now at rest on the family lot in Springdale.

John Barrett, Captain of Company F, 6th Ind., one of the first to respond when his country called for volunteers in April, 1861. He served in the 3 months' service and re-enrolled for three years, receiving a wound from which he suffered until his death some years ago. He was a brave and efficient officer.

Thomas E. McLeland was Orderly Sergeant of Co. E, 6th Ind. in the three months service, and later served as 1st. Lt. of Co. C and Adjutant of the 67th Ind. His remains rest on the family lot in Springdale.

Dr. William Davidson, of the 39th Ind., a physician of great ability and prominence, gave up a most lucrative practice when past the meridian of life and enlisted as a private soldier. He died in this city and is buried in Springdale cemetery. He was the father of the present Dr. Wm. Davidson, who has gained eminence as a physician.

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Michael C. Garber, Sr. Colonel and Chief Quartermaster of Sherman's army in the field. He was the writer's employer for many years and when we enlisted for the war he said "Go, Jack, and if you return your place in the office will be open for you." He was one whom we knew during those many years as an indulgent friend and counselor and a manly man to all on every occasion. He knew but his duty and did that duty to his country well. He died in this city of apoplexy and is at rest in Springdale.

A.O. Bachman was one of the first to respond to his country's call. He was Lt. Colonel of the 19th Ind. and was killed at Antietam-stricken down while in the springtime of life with a bright promise of usefulness before him. One of the finest monuments in Springdale marks his resting place.

Jacob Glass, killed in the charge on Mission Ridge, while leading his men to victory. He was Major of the 32d Ind. Colonel Willick's German Regiment.

Our Captain, Samuel Russell, the brave, the true and noble-hearted, met his death at Chickamauga. Generous and kind, gentle as a woman, though firm and fearless in the discharge of duty, he was loved by every soldier of the 6th regiment, and is mourned by the survivors of company D, whom he led in so many engagements. He sleeps on the banks of Chickamauga--in the Indian tongue--"The River of Death."

Frank P. Strader, killed in the charge of Mission Ridge. He and Major Glass were talking together when the bugle sounded for the charge and both were killed in ascending the ridge.

James McKim, a private in the early part of the war and later a Captain of the 35th Ind. He has a bright record as a soldier and was a kind friend to his comrades in arms. He is now at rest.

Dr. Charles Schussler, Surgeon of the 6th Ind. and afterwards promoted to Brigade Surgeon. He was regarded as one of the best officers in the medical branch of the service, and was attentive and diligent in the discharge of every duty.

John D. Simpson, one whom we could not help but admire, was a soldier in every sense of the word, whose whole soul was blended and entwined about his comrades, and whose every pulsation was in harmony with the loyal element of the North. He was brave and chivalric to a fault. He was Major of the 10th Ind. and was instrumental in organizing A.O. Bachman Post, G.A.R. in this city, and his remains are resting in the G.A.R. lot in Springdale.

A.J. Newland, Captain of Company F, 6th Ind.; killed at the battle of New Hope Church, and he lies buried near where he fell, way down in Tennessee.

William Cochrane, killed at the battle of Stone River, Tenn. and his body was never recovered. A tomb to his memory is on the family lot in Springdale, erected by loving hands.

Dr. William A. Collins, the Boy Surgeon of the 6th Ind., one of the noblest and brightest lights that ever went out in this city, whom we loved and revered as a true friend and comrade and whose memory we will ever keep green.

George Smith, drummer boy in the 6th Ind. in the first call for volunteers. He was drowned in the Ohio River in 1861, just after his return home from West Virginia.

John A. Hendricks, Colonel of the 22d Ind. a brave and dashing officer; killed while gallantly leading his regiment at the Battle of Pea Ridge. If he had survived that hard fought fight he would have been honored with that glittering star he had so nobly won.

Napoleon Collins, Rear-Admiral U.S. Navy, who won distinction in the War of the Rebellion by capturing and destroying the rebel steamer Florida, is buried in Springdale.

William H. Pogue lost an arm at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. and died since the war. His son, John Pogue is employed as fire-man on the big hill engine.

Marion A. Hinds, Captain in the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, and his brother, Charles C. Hinds, Lieutenant in the 10th Ind. infantry and afterwards Lieutenant in the 5th Ind. Cavalry. The two soldier brothers are buried on the family lot in Springdale.

John Gerber was City Marshall of Madison when he entered the army. He was Major of the 6th Ind. and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 24th. He was struck by a cannon-ball and killed at Shiloh. His monument stands near the Cemetery street entrance to Springdale.

Joseph L. Hartley, Captain in the 19th Ind. died from injuries received in an explosion several years ago.

Clel Cunningham, Captain in the 4th Ind. Cavalry, and Ordinance officer on General Alexander McDowell McCook's staff.

William Buchanan, of the 4th Ind. and Dewitt Wilber, of the 39th Ind. cruelly murdered by rebel guerillas.

George H. Thompson, Major of the 3d Cavalry, died shortly after the war in this city.

Joseph King, of the 4th Ind. Cavalry, died in this city from disease contracted in the army.

Charles F. Smith, father of the drummer boy, died in the service at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.

J.D.P.A.M. Chauncey, Captain of the 13th Ind. a brave and good officer, was killed by an explosion of coal oil since the war.

Captain Josiah Hartley of the 4th Cavalry, at one time our City Marshall.

George Cope, Killed at the battle of Arkansas Post.

Charles N. White, William Conaway, John T. Pogue, John P. Cravens, John Devou, John Holmes, Lt. Thomas Moore, John Marks, Samuel Kennison, Thomas McIntire, Jonathan Eads, Charles Gavitt, Gran Woodfill, John D. Larrabee, George Straw, Alfred Meddlecott, Thomas and Owen P. Scarff, Patrick O'Brien, Caspar Schneider, and John Kirk, Jr. were familiar names to us at roll call. They are now at rest.

There are many others we might name, but suffice it to say that their names are written in letters of gold on the scroll of fame and will ever have a place in the hearts of their country-men while their surviving comrades will see that their graves are kept green.

"They sleep their last sleep;
They have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again."

PHILIX ADAIR.

Articles by A.J.Grayson in Courier. (Phelix Adair.)

Dec. 15, 1881.

Old Times in Madison. Startling Events of Years ago.
The Bank Robbery--Root's Innocence.

During a late business trip to St. Louis, Capt. D.C.Robinson, of the Marine Ways, met Capt. John M. Boffinger, a prominent steam boat owner, who, in speaking of Madison, mentioned the fact that he, when a young man, was clerk on the steamer, Pike No. 7, and was acquainted with many of our old citizens. He related the following incident which happened while he was running as clerk on the above boat, which shows conclusively Root's innocence of the robbery of the Madison Branch Bank;

On the night of the robbery the steamer Pike landed at Salt River, 20 miles below Louisville, Ky. and two passengers came aboard--a man and a boy carrying a trunk. It was just 9 o'clock P.M. when the boat landed for these passengers. Capt. Boffinger is sure of this being the correct time, as it was the custom in those days (1844) to register minutely every point-the time passengers came on board, their destination, etc. In an hour or two the boat made another landing at a woodyard. These two passengers went ashore while the wooding was going on, and did not come aboard again. The fact of their not having yet paid their passage caused the officers of the boat to give them extra attention. It was talked of on board, and their action looked suspicious, and of course it got noised around.

The great bank robbery at Madison was at this time the theme of conversation everywhere, and the movements of all strangers were watched, and the large reward offered for the recovery of the money and arrest of the robber was a great inducement to fasten the guilt upon someone.

Root was afterward arrested, charged with the bank robbery. The suspicious circumstances under which he came aboard the boat the night of the robbery and his mysterious disappearance at the woodyard pointed strongly against him. It remained for him to prove an alibi, and the Court subpoenaed Boffinger and the Captain of the steamer Pike for the defense. When they arrived in the city they were taken by the Sheriff to the jail to identify their former passenger. On entering the jail they found half a dozen or more prisoners sitting around. Boffinger recognized Root as his old passenger, and, in a jocular manner, asked his Captain if he had the passage bill with him, as Root had jumped the boat at the woodyard below Salt River.

When the trial came on Boffinger says he and his Captain both testified under oath that Root came aboard their boat at Salt River, Ky. seventy miles from Madison, at 9 o'clock on the night of the robbery, and, as the deed was committed between the hours of 7 and 11 P.M. it was an utter impossibility for Root to have robbed the bank, and got to Salt River by 9 o'clock that night.

Rev. Gaspariel Taylor testified as to seeing Root come out of a house near the bank on the evening of the robbery, and with other testimony bearing strongly against him, showing his presence in the city at the time the robbery was committed, the alibi failed, and Root, though a man of suspicious character, gave his life in the service of the State of Indiana at the Jeffersonville prison, where he was wrongfully sentenced by a just judge and jury.

Boffinger says that the Rev. Taylor afterwards became convinced that it was not Root he saw in the city, but another individual. But it was too late to make reparation, for Root had suffered the penalty and had passed over the dark river, where steamboats, wood-yards and cases of mistaken identity are unknown.

PHELIX ADAIR.

Madison Courier, Dec. 7, 1881.

An Old-Time Madison Mob.
 How the Colored Brother was treated forty years ago. Pro-Slavery Men disarming the darkies. Attempted ducking of Dusky Denizens by a howling hundred--Thwarted by two brave citizens. Attack on Fort Amos repulsed. Exciting scenes of Auld Lang Syne.

Without intending to revive any unpleasant memories or give un-called-for political significance to the affair--simply as a matter of ancient history, as it were, and to stir up pure minds by way of remembrance, we today refer to the war on the colored men of Madison and vicinity, which occurred about 1839; giving it as related by citizens who were eye-witnesses to most of the disgraceful doings of the mob.

An attempt was made by some of the white citizens to disarm the blacks, who in some cases were known to have prepared to defend them selves against the insults and assaults so frequently made upon them in those degenerate days. Of course none but pro-slavery men joined in the crusade against the colored population, but there were enough of that class of citizens to make it red-hot for the darkies for a season.

Mr. Wm. J. Lodge, a venerable merchant of that period, was seated at the door of his iron store on Mulberry street, whittling one day when a wild, Yelling, howling mob of seventy-five or a hundred "cranks", rushed around the corner where Harris and Maddox now keep a grocery, and a few yards ahead of the mob came Lewis Evans, a well-known colored citizen, running for dear life. George W. Kimberly, a somewhat noted individual of those days, was at the head of the crowd. Down Mulberry street they came, yelling like mad-men. When near Lodge's store Evans saw that noble old man sitting quietly looking on, and knowing his good qualities, turned in toward his door and asked him for God sake to protect him.

"I'll do it," said he; "just go up stairs."

Lodge had a loaded shot-gun near at hand, and had his eye on it. The mob halted in front of the store, and Kimberly, rushing in at the door, cried out: "We want Evans; where is he?" and started for the stairs. Lodge's ire was up, and he commanded Kimberly to retire forthwith, saying, "That man asked me for protection, and I intend to see that he comes to no harm from those hell-hounds at your back."

Kimberly, the leader, "saw shoot in that man's eyes," as the fellow said of General Jackson, and retired like a whipped cur. Smarting under their utter failure in their attack on Evans, the mob moved off in search of other "armed" darkies.

A few hours later they came again, with an old darky named Griff Booth in their clutches. Down Mulberry to the river they hurried, afraid their game might be taken from them. When they got to the river the old darky was carried on to the float or wharf, preparatory to plunging him in. Kimberly was at the head of this mob, and acted as spokesman. "Put him in!" said Kimberly, to those who had hold of him. Just then a bomb-shell exploded in their midst; that is, if such a thing had happened they wouldn't have been as badly frightened. John Sheets, from a position on the wharf, in a commanding voice, cried out; "Kimberly, I warn you, don't put that man in the river." Kimberly, in a weak voice, replied, "Go ahead, throw the fellow in, and put Sheets in too."

"Yes, you put me in, and, by the eternal gods, you'll die before the sun sets. Don't you put that man in the river," rang out Sheets' stentorian voice. Notwithstanding these protestations the old darky was treated to a "dip" in the Ohio River, and Kimberly got upon a pile of lumber on the river bank to deliver a harangue to his followers explaining his position. A citizen crowded in close to him and whispered--"Get down from here and go home. If you don't Sheets will surely kill you." This completely cowed him, and trembling from head to foot, he did get down and disappeared from the scene, knowing he was dealing with a desperate opponent--one who had killed his man, and if provocation was offered would shoot him down like a dog.

Kimberly never appeared at the head of a mob again. Another leader came to the front though, and the work of searching the negro houses went on. The arms collected were carried to the Mayor's office and turned over under color of law.

On Third street, on the site of the house now occupied by Mrs. Calkoun as a residence, stood a log house, the home of Amos Phillips. This old negro was too "Sassy" and the mob, under its new leader, moved down to take him out and put him in the river. When they got there they found the house barricaded, and port-holes improvised by knocking out "chinking" between the logs. Inside, John Brown like, were three determined black men--Amos Phillips, Jacob Carter, and James Griffin--who gave battle, severely wounding one citizen engaged in the attack and compelled the mob to retire.

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After this engagement Carter and Griffin disappeared from Madison, and, we are informed, never again put in an appearance. Amos Phillips was a terror afterwards to whites who came fooling around his domicile. He was badly wounded in one of the many engagements he was drawn into by the whites, and died years afterward from the effects of these injuries.

A portly colored barber names Harvy Davis was also crowded closely by the mob, but escaped their clutches without injury. He was especially obnoxious to the average ignoramus of those days, being entirely too flip for a "nigger".

It was two or three weeks before ultimate quiet was restored, and many colored men were forced to take to the hills for safety. Others found homes in more congenial parts.

Let the reader look back and see how the colored man stands in our city now as contrasted with those days which was a disgrace to civilization. The people have become educated up to a higher standard of citizenship, and we'll have no more of it in Madison, since the colored man has been made by law the equal of the white man before the courts.

PHELIX ADAIR.

No date to this article. An interesting letter from Lt. Grayson, the oldest member of Fire Co. No. 3.

Recollections of its early days.

Editor Herald;

In 1849, when I was but eleven years of age, my father was employed as cupalo tender in the old Lewis and Crawford Foundry. When western Fire Co. was organized and received its charter from the State of Indiana in 1850, the company's first engine house was a frame carriage house in the rear of Samuel Crawford's residence, now the nome of the Hon. Manly D. Wilson, and the fire company's membership was employes at the foundry, which is now the McKim-Cochrane furniture factory. Among other prominent members that answered to the tap of the foundry bell were George and Henry Armstrong, coppersmiths, who had their shop near the northwest corner of Second and Elm streets, Louis and William Eddy, Joseph M. Crawford, George Saberton, and John Gravaon, who was then acting as "Messenger" in charge of the engine house. The bell that is on now on what was then the foundry is a good one, and for many years was the property of the Madison and Indianapolis R.R. Co. in its primitive days and the watchman at the depot would ring that good old bell loud and long, notifying the people of Madison that the passenger train would soon pull out. It would commence ringing on schedule time, at so many minutes before the train was to start. Then about 15 minute's grace was given on the last bell, and then you had to get there in a hurry. The signal to start was a final one tap.

I never hear that bell ring but what I think of the Whedon boys and Andy Mc Manaman, the old time railroaders in Madison's palmy days. When the new regime came about old time ways were wiped out and you had to carry a watch or get left if you didn't keep a hand or an eye on it.

When the new Madison station was built on First St. the old passenger station was torn away and a falling wall killed Charlie Yost, father of William Yost, who was in Madison when I got off the old reservation to come to the old "Show-me" State, though about May 4th Uncle Sam will provide a way for me to get back onto the reservation, when I expect to meet Bill Yost as of yore. I visited J.H.T. Yost, his uncle, today, who was a soldier in Co. F, 6th Indiana. He inquired about Bill. I told him everything and everybody has "dried up" in the old home town, but I thought Bill was still one of the hands. Revision 7

When Western's Fire Company's new engine house was built by Hiram F. Robbins and the old hand engine and two wheel hose cart were removed to their new home on the Lower Seminary lot, Prof. James Rankin got permission to use the engine house bell to call the children to school.

The day that the Threes received the four-wheel hose reel "Wasp" it came down on the Cincinnati packet, which then landed at the foot of Vine street, and on the same boat among the passengers was a new-comer, a young man of not more than 21 years of age, the late ex-Mayor Joseph T. Brashear, who said he liked the get-up-and-get quality in those No. 3 boys and when he went to work as blacksmith in the J.S. & R.E. Neal foundry, formerly run by Lewis and Crawford, he became a member of the No. 3's and held his membership there until he removed permanently from the city.

I visited my old friend Brashear at Indpls, before he removed to California to make his home with his daughter, Mrs. Will Elliott, and he said he would come back to his old home in Madison if he could get something to do at one dollar a day. Mr. Brashear was my neighbor for a quarter of a century and I learned to like him for his many good qualities as a neighbor, citizen, and friend at all times. He passed away at his daughter's home in California, and laid aside his mortal coil and resolved into dust after a useful and eventful life. He was loyal to Madison at all times, and in his declining years, he told me he would like to return to the old town where he spent the best days of his life.

"Of boyhood days I write no rhyme,
For I avow
I'm having quite as good a time
Right now."

It takes a baby to get down under a man's left suspender. The most eloquent effort of the gifted orator will not move the heart of the average man as well as the lisp from the stumbling tongue of a baby.

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The wife of a well known Kansas man has been very ill. Two boys bless their home; fine, manly little fellows, who worship their mother and have everlasting faith in their father. One night the mother had a particularly bad spell, the father was in the slough of despond, but he kept his shoulders up because of the little ones, though he could not keep the moisture from his eyes. One of the boys, five years old, caught hold of his father's sleeve, "Daddy, he said "come out here in the hall. I want to ask you something." He lead his father into a dark recess, where their conversation could not be heard in the sick room, and pulling his father's head down, whispered in his ear; "Daddy, you won't let mama die?"

Have you ever been there? Do you understand ~~that~~ the abiding faith of that lad in his "daddy"? You cannot, unless such inclusive grief has been your portion. But you know one thing that there is, or was, a happy family.

"Upon a bet the damsel wed.
Ere many weeks, of course,
She went before a judge and said
She wanted a divorce.

The judge evinced but slight regret
And told her with a snort
That one who married on a bet
Should be a gamer sport."

I want the Editor of the Herald to give my love to everybody--
Homer and all the other girls.

A.J.Grayson.
Kansas City, Mo.

Old Times in Madison. Startling Events of Years ago. The great Flood in Crooked Creek. \$100,000 worth of Property destroyed. Twelve persons drowned. Detailed account of that terrible calamity.

On Thursday September 3d, 1846, a most sorrowful calamity befel the denizens of Crooked Creek valley, causinf great loss of life and propert. It had been showery all day, but in the afternoon the rain poured down in torrents, flooding our streets, as the gutters were not of sufficient capacity to carry off the water; many cellars and even residences in the central part of the city were flooded.

Crooked Creek rose to an enormous height, overflowing its banks from its headquarters down to the mouth, where it empties into the Ohio river, sweeping everything before it--houses, bridges, fences and other property. The water was all over Springdale Cemetery and was fully five feet high in that inclosure. The water mark could be seen on the Marx brick vault that height for years after.

Twelve persons were drowned, seven of their bodies being found after the waters assuaged in a field at the foot of Wilbur's hill--now the new addition in Springdale cemetery. The following are the names of those drowned;

Mr. Edward Walker & his little daughter, Olive, age 7 years.
Mr. John J. Judge, Mrs. Nancy Judge, & the daughter of Mr. M. Judge, aged 5 years.

Mrs. Prucilla Scott, sister of Harvey & George Cotton. This lady was sick at the time, unable to get out of the house, and was drowned in her bed.

Mr. Solomon Evans' daughter, aged 8 years.
Edward, Jackson, Emily Jackson, Israel Bryant & Charlotte Bryant. The last four-named were colored persons.

The manner in which Mr. Evans little girl lost her life was a sad one. When the water came up to her house the mother saw that if she did not hurry & get away with the children they would all perish. She took them(all but her little girl, who she left on a bed along with a pet dog) and waded out to a place of safety. Imagine her feelings when she saw her home swept down the mad current before she could reach it, and her little daughter, most dear to her, lost for ever. The dog was afterwards found on a drift pile alive, and near it lay the little girl's body. Men and women alike wept when their eyes fell upon that sweet face, pale in death, with the little dog guarding it until the coming of its loving mother.

Besides the many dwellings, out-houses, fences, etc. swept off a great deal of valuable property was destroyed. Shuh's oil mill, which stood near the banks of the creek between Mulberry and West streets, had the gable end thrown down and all his carding machinery destroyed. Mitchell & McNaughton's pork house, near where Watts & Barber's paper mill is now located, was much damaged. Whitney & Hendricks' property near the bridge at West street was also damaged badly, and every bridge on the creek was carried away.

Steele's Tavern(now Bunker Hill) was damaged considerably in

furniture, bedding, etc. Mrs. Cloud's house at the foot of Bunker Hill, near the tavern, was taken away. The whole surface of the great body of water was literally covered with different articles from the farms and residences above--hay, strawstacks, rails, chickens, hogs, cattle, etc.

The mouth of the railroad culvert was not large enough to allow the immense quantities of water that fell, together with the large amount of drift, etc. to pass through, causing it to dam up so that the back water from it rose so rapidly that the Creek valley from Mulberry street down was submerged so suddenly that residents were unable to escape. The lower end of the culvert presented a grand appearance after the water rose above the upper end. The volume of water shot out the full size of the culvert fully one hundred yards below. It did not spread out over the bottom immediately, but kept its shape similar to a stream thrown from one of our steam fire engines. This don't seem credible, but those who saw the magnificent display declare that such is the fact.

The water rose within 40 feet or so of the railroad track, and it was thought it would find an outlet at the lowest point near Third street. But at last the pressure became too great, and the large embankment, said to be the highest in the State, melted away like a snow-bank, while the huge stones in the culvert were swept away like sand and the water poured into the gap thus made like the Ohio pouring into the Mississippi river. This was a great loss to the railroad company, the culvert and earthwork having cost thousands of dollars.

The Railroad company had to abandon the plane for some time, until the big tressle work was constructed over the creek, and freight and passengers were conveyed to North Madison, then called the Hill Depot. The late D.C. Branham's last work for the Railroad company was the superintendency of the construction of the present culvert and the filling in of the earth over the old trestle-work.

Mr. Al Lochard and his father were burning a lime-kiln at the head of Irish Hollow, near the shelving rock. They started for home, coming down the railroad, and when near the spot the culvert gave way. A moment more they would have been on it. Then they had to cross in a skiff to get to town.

Old man Cook and wife ran a narrow escape from drowning. They lived on the creek a short distance below Cemetery street, in a log house. The old couple were in the house when it floated off & were rescued after some time had elapsed, by some men with a skiff brought on a dray from the river. They made several rounds in the eddy formed by the damming of the water at the railroad culvert before being taken to shore.

Several persons were found upon the limbs of a large elm tree near where the North Madison pike now crosses the creek and were taken off in skiffs, and after the water fell, two bodies were found at the foot of the tree.

John Grayson, the venerable sexton of Springdale, who was then driving team for the late E.L. Thompson, was one of those who narrowly escaped from drowning. The waters had completely surrounded the home of Old Aunt Lettie Stafford, and she and her daughters, Becky and Lucy, were crying piteously for help, having taken refuge in the loft. Mr. Grayson put his horses in Aulenbach's stable, and he and Charles Dugan, Sr. started to swim out to pacify or save them. Mr. Dugan found the current too swift and returned, but Mr. G. reached the house and assured the frightened colored folks they were not going to drown. Then striking for shore, his strength proved insufficient to make it, and he was borne down with the rapid current from a point just this side of what is now Butz' brewery to Ritchie's brickyard, above Bunker Hill Tavern, where he floated near enough the bank to grasp a pole that was extended to him. It was at first thought by everybody that he was lost, and word to that effect was conveyed to his family.

The loss to the Railroad Company, the city and individuals amounted to not less than \$100,000, and it was by far the greatest flood that ever occurred in Crooked Creek.

PHILIX ADAIR.

Kansas City Letter; chicken thieves there have new methods.
Violent deaths of two Madisonians recalled.

Editor Herald;

A Kansas City negro gave this testimony at a big revival meeting and I know it will certainly apply to many good men and others that I know in Madison. The darkey said as he wept;

"Brethern and sistahs, I know I is a poah, wicked sannah. I is a heap wuss niggah den you all knows about. I admits I stole hens a heap o' times. I plays a little pokah now and den; takes a drink o' gin when I kin get it; plays craps Sunday afternoon between the sahvices; but, bress the deah Lord, I hab nebbah yet losd my 'lign!"

The negro then asked the choir to sing for him, and this old familiar "swahza" rang out so loud that the singers could be heard a mile or more:

In the sweet fields of Eden
On the sunny side of Jordan,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for the weary
There is rest for the soul.

The singing, for you know negroes can sing, was an inspiration and that supernatural influence seemed to pervade the entire meeting house and the deafening shouts that rang out over the return of that one "poah crap shooter" to the fold was a grand and glorious event for the church and congregation.

If I hadn't read this advertisement in a Sunflower State paper I wouldn't have written it in my letter. Here is is:

"For Sale--Baby Carriage, slightly used--going out of business."

We have been loaded down so heavily with great events since the November Thanksgiving day that it has been hard for the writer to keep his books straight. Christmas came on apace and found us unprepared to donate; then followed in quick succession the writer's birthday, that had to be celebrated; then New Year's day, a welcome visitor, for only a few days later, about Jan. 6th, Thomas Francisco's (the butcher) birthday--he is also 71; then the 8th of January, the 103d anniversary, I believe, of the battle of New Orleans. Peace had been declared long before the battle was fought and if we had had an Atlantic telegraph cable then there would have been no battle, the laurels would have been swept from Major General Andrew Jackson's brow, and he'd a fell back into the rear with the writer, who bears his name, and more than likely he wouldn't have been President of these United States; but it is said that all things work together for the good of those who love the Lord.

To continue my narrative; February 12th came the martyred Lincoln's birthday anniversary, and then great Washington's coming to this vain world of our's followed. The bleak and dreary winds of March will be upon us by the time these words are read by your patrons, and will whistle a sad requiem at your bedroom window and the cold rain drops will come tapping, gently tapping on your window pane. And this does not close the chapter of woes, for now comes our Irish fellow citizen to the front on the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day, which is annually celebrated by all those who first saw the light of day, amidst the bogs of the Green Isle, throughout the civilized world and their descendants in foreign lands will always see that their patron saint's name and grave is forever kept green in their memory. Of course English laws in times past were oppressive and denied the Irish people their God-given liberty and rights of citizenship granted to the Englishman and the Scotchman. This little well will close the chapter: "Oh Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round? The shamrock is forbid by laws to grow on Irish ground. St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen, For there's a bloody law agin the wearing of the green."

Just over the line, in Kansas, there is an organized band of chicken thieves. It is in Wyandotte county, in which county the other Kansas City is located. The thieves use dope in their devil work. They chloroform the chickens and they have no more trouble in getting them away. One farmer had 100 carried off his place the other night. In fact all the farmers in the county are sufferers. It is estimated that fully 50,000 dollars worth of chickens have been stolen from the farmers this winter. At the present price, 20 cents a pound dressed, chickens are worth stealing. It is said that those stolen have been shipped to the Eastern markets. A reward of \$5,000 is offered for the apprehension of the outlaws.

The two brothers, William and Joseph Howard, died violent deaths. Joseph Howard was a constable, and in the performance of his duty, in arresting a man named Holsclaw, whose father kept a store near Reed's laundry on West St. was shot and killed by a brother of the prisoner from behind the counter in the store. William Howard spent a great deal of his time and money to bring the murderer back to Madison for trial, he having escaped to Kentucky and thence further South, though he never succeeded.

William Howard, while punishing Major John D. Simpson, editor of the Madison Star, for a newspaper "roasting" was shot in the thigh by Simpson; an amputation of his leg followed, resulting in his death. The unfortunate affair happened in front of James Hargan's store, north west corner of Main and Mulberry street. All of the parties who figured in the shooting are now dead-- Major Simpson and John McFetridge, who was with Simpson at the time of the shooting.

"Plumber and poet toil away,
 They are not of the same stripe,
 For while the poet pipes away,
 The plumber lays a pipe."

Kansas City still holds the sixth place in bank clearing-- New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis only lead. Cincinnati "Ain't" in it, neither is Louisville or Indianapolis-- they are way down in the list.

I would like to hear from any of my friends who feel disposed to favor me with a letter.

Andrew Jackson Grayson
 3300 Walmond Blvd.
 Kansas City, Missouri.

REMINISCENCES of the Jefferson county Bar.

Some of the veteran lawyers of the Forties.

We were very much interested in reading the veteran Judge James Young Allison's reminiscences of the Jefferson County Bar that was read at the Judge John Marshall banquet, recently held at the Madison Hotel. Judge Allison's address though only reached back into the fifties. He might have delved way back into the forties, for he was then a young and rising attorney practicing at the Jefferson County Bar. Strange that he omitted to mention many of our great legal lights that illuminated our Bar in the forties. Court was then held in the old Court House that disappeared in the fifties to make room for the new building which was burned shortly after its completion and the present magnificent structure rose from its ashes.

In the forties, when court was held in the old Court House, the county offices were in a brick building that stood on the northwest corner of Jefferson and Main Streets, while the late R.R.Rea's tavern stood on the southwest corner of the Court House lot, fronting on Jefferson street. It was a two story frame building in front, while the rear portion was built of stone.

In those days there were three Judges and at the time of which we write Courtland C. Cushing was the presiding Judge with Campbell Kinnear and William M. Taylor as Associate Judges. The trio have long since met the grim Monster and are sleeping their last sleep.

One of the many eccentric characters that infested our Temple of Justice then was Noah Sheets, who ran a paper mill up on Indian Kentuck Creek and was very witty. He was a good fellow in his way, and it was a wayward way too, for he generally took a pretty big cargo of spiritus frumenti when he came to town, and he was sure to visit the court room at a time when he would be an annoyance to those on the Bench and at the Bar.

In the forties the three Judges on the bench sat something like this;

Associate
Kinnear

Judge
Cushing

Associate
Taylor

- Members of the Bar.
- William Hendricks
- Abram Hendricks
- John A. Hendricks
- William C. Hillis
- Miles C. Eggleston
- Joseph W. Chapman
- Joseph Troxell
- James Young Allison
- James Glass
- Cincinnatus Hull
- Samuel M. Goode
- John Sheets

The above veterans of the Bar were not mentioned in Judge Allison's address, though they were at the front and in the thickest of the fight when duty to their clients required their able assistance.

One afternoon while Court was in session Judge Kinnear was tardy in taking his seat on the bench. It was past one o'clock and everything was in readiness to open up the legal batteries, only waiting the tardy Judge's appearance on the scene, and here is the way the Judge's bench appeared;

Associate

Judge
Cushing

Associate
Taylor

Sure enough, the veritable Jonah Sheets, who was down off the creek that day, entered the court room with hat in hand, and seeing that Judge Kinnear's seat was vacant, he could not resist the opportunity offered him to get close to Judge Cushing, so he marched right up to the rostrum and took Judge Kinnear's seat on the bench to the great annoyance of the two sitting judges and the members of the Bar. Looking over the array of legal talent composing the Bar in front of him, he said;

"I'll bet any of you the drinks that there are 100 judges on this bench."

No one accepting the bet, one of the attorneys inquired how he made that out.

"Well, here is No. 1" touching himself, and then pointing over his left shoulder towards Judges Cushing and Taylor, he said, "and there are two noughts; ain't that 100?"

It was but a few moments until Judge Kinnear entered the Court room and Sheets reluctantly vacated the bench for him, and Judge Cushing announced that the Court was ready for business.

While Judge Allison's address was replete with wholesome food for the rising young attorneys, who are members of the Jefferson County Bar today, and who in years to come may profit by a study of the lives and characters of those named by the venerable Judge who prepared the memorial in memory of the great follower of Blackstone, who dealt out the plain laws of justice to all men as God gave him to understand the law, it would also be well for those of today to emulate those ~~far~~ who fought the great legal battles for the right and in the end received their reward.

Andrew Jackson Grayson.

QUERY. What has become of them? The Billions of passenger pigeons which passed over Madison in the '50s. \$400 offered the Fortunate discoverer of a nesting pair.

Editor Herald;

Where are the billions of "passenger pigeons" that in the early fifties annually passed over Madison? These pigeons would come from the northwest over the tops of what is now the insane hospital hills, and would disappear in the south east, over Milton, Ky. and on up the hills south of Hunter's Bottom. Immense flocks would pass over Madison like a rain-cloud, in their migrations, darkening the sun for hours, and breaking down trees by their weight in their roosting places.

A.H.Cole, in the May World, says about a century ago Alexander Wilson, a great authority on American birds, estimated that there were two billions and a quarter of pigeons in one flock that he saw. Coming to later years William Brewster who studied the habits of the pigeons in Michigan, says on their arrival in the north in the spring the pigeons selected well wooded regions in which to build their nests, and that the great Petosky nesting, in 1876 and 1877, covered an area of 28 miles long and from 3 to 4 miles wide; that every tree for the entire 28 miles, had more or less nests in them, and many trees were filled with nests. I am writing this pigeon story, knowing that there are not to exceed 100 people in Madison out of 10,000 that witnessed the migration of the passenger pigeons or remember the scenes of those days.

The Hon. Joseph M. Cravens and Homer Sering made a number of trips with their little guns to Ripley county, where the pigeons for years had a roosting and nesting place. These young hunters always returned loaded to the guards with the feathered tribe. The flocks that passed over Madison reached out from the Hitz hill to the Wilbur and Michigan road hills.

I met an old seaman who told me that in his many trips across the Atlantic the decks of the vessels were often literally covered with exhausted passenger pigeons and that he had often assisted in sweeping them overboard into the sea.

If we picture to ourselves a flock of pigeons covering about 100 square miles of woodland with their nests, and that each nest contained one or two young pigeons which need an abundance of food, the devastation of crops by their "daddys and mamas" must have been terrible. There were 500 netters at work daily near Petosky, Michigan, each of whom set his decoy pigeons, bated his beds and hauled his nets over the hungry birds and five or six hundred birds at one haul was considered a good "strike". These hauls were repeated three or four times a day for weeks. When the young pigeons began to fly they were trapped in large lattice work structures, in which several dozens of the old pigeons were confined as decoys. Brewster says that over 400 dozen young pigeons have been taken at once by this method. It was estimated that each netter averaged 20,000 pigeons apiece in a season, during which daily shipments of one or two carloads were sent from one station to cities further south.

The mystery of the disappearance of the great flocks that passed over Madison annually and broke down trees and devastated crops in the Northwest for many years is partially solved by the story of their butchery by the netters. The more general clearing of the country and the destruction of their breeding places may have hastened their end. The theory that they changed the course of their migrations had no observation to support it, as such flocks in near localities would certainly be reported. Thirty or forty years ago passenger pigeons could be bought for a few cents each. Now \$400 awaits the fortunate discoverer of a nesting pair. The unnumbered billions of America's finest pigeons have disappeared and there is not one live passenger pigeon on the continent. What a contrast! What a pity that they were not adequately protected! You have read the story of the "Pigeon Roost Massacre", where the Redskins butchered the white settlers. That pigeon roost was not far west of Madison in Scott County.

Here's a good little story that I don't want to lose; "One warm February morning here in Florida," said J. Curtis Sturtevant, "I was motoring with a young lady and by a stream we got out to gather flowers. After a while a boy came up and said, "Hey, mister, is that your girl over there?" "Yes, I suppose so," said I. "Well, tell her to go home" said he. "Us fellers want to go in swimmin". I told the young lady of this odd request; but she had not yet finished her bouquet and she said with a laugh, I must tell the boys she wouldn't look. She'd shut her eyes. This they were duly told, and they consulted gravely about it. Then the spokesman returned to me and said; "The fellers say they dassent trust her."

High in the sky, over tower and steeple,
 The fugitive comet nightly steers.
 Be deferential to it, people;
 It won't be back for many years.

Sometime in the future your mainspring will stop & death will come up with a hop, skip and jump and when you are facing that grizzly old cuss and looking your last on the world and its fuss. 't 'twill brace you and cheer you, and let you down light, to know you always stood up for the right; you'll make no excuse for the life you have led, though you've no way of knowing how long you'll be dead.

Andrew Jackson Grayson
 3300 Walrond Blvd.
 Kansas City, Missouri.

PAST AND PRESENT From the pen of Squire Grayson.
Madison Boys on their way west stop to visit him.

Editor Herald;

I never knew but two men in Madison that could be classed with the "Continentalists" of 1776--Moody Park, our first Mayor, and the Hon. William T. Friedley. I have known the Judge ever since I was a boy, and I thought he was an old gentleman then, for his hair was as white as snow, though I 'spect he "powdered" it long ago like those continentalists of 1776. Let the Judge put on a yellow vest, a three cornered hat, with white stockings to the knees, and steel buckles on a pair of low cut shoes and you have the only living picture of the great General George Washington. The Judge is the only man I ever met that resembled the "father of his country" and if white locks were an indication of old age Judge Friedley must be about ready to ring the one hundred bell. Mayor Park in his dress, general every-day appearance and deportment always bro't to my mind the celebrities of the Revolutionary War. Well, the Daughters of the American Revolution in Madison ought to at least make Judge Friedley an honorary member and provide a special seat for him in John Paul Park.

The Board of Commissioners of Lafayette county, Kansas, was given a surprise by receiving a letter from a man, who 25 years ago, was superintendent of the county poor farm, inclosing a postal order for \$14 to add to the conscience fund. The letter stated that at the time he was in the county's employ the wheat grown on the farm was very full of cheat and when it was thrashed a great deal of the wheat had been thrown into the "Cheat" pile and that he screened it later and sold it, keeping the money. For a good many years his conscience had been troubling him and he just now was able to make good.

An old Hiawatha, Kas. doctor told one of his country patients that he was not eating right; he must eat more of all kinds of animal foods. When the doctor made the next visit, he asked his patient how he had progressed with the animal food. "well", said he, "I got along pretty well with corn and oats, but Doctor, I just cannot eat hay."

In my stage coach story the route of the stage road was 'nt finished, as I wrote it. The road went from the tavern on First street across the commons to Mr. Lemen's residence--it was Billie Brown's home then; then west on what is now Third street to Crooked Creek, at or near where the North Madison road bridge now is; then across Irish Hollow to the foot of the first-cut hill, around the hill to the divide between the two cuts--the cuts were not there then--and then up over the hill to where James G. Wright's old home is, where it struck the State road and on out to Indianapolis and Chicago. The Michigan road wasn't made then and the State road ran up between where the cuts now are, and later the old State road, that reaches on out, to the top of the hospital hills, was traveled as there was no other way to get out of town.

North Madison wasn't known by that name when I was a boy. It was "The Depot". When the Michigan road was opened for travel from Madison to Michigan City, on Lake Michigan, everything was hauled up to "The Depot" by that route. Hundreds of wagons were kept busy carrying freight from the boats for re-shipment by rail, as everything going west or north had to be handled in Madison. The incline plane was a long while under way. The explosives of today would have removed that two miles of rock in a few weeks blasts. When the plane was built the stage line had to hunt another route, as the horses couldn't climb the steep walls of rock that were made necessary to get the proper incline, though horses pulled the cars up the inclined plane for years.

The old Third street cemetery, now John Paub Park, was originally much larger, reaching across what is now Third street. The city in opening up the street cut off a part of the cemetery on the south side and never removed the bones of all the departed. Among those now lying about the center of the street, or on the south side, are the bones of "White" who was shot and killed by "Sheets" near Poplar Lane and Second streets. In 1846-1849, when father lived across the street from the old cemetery, the youngsters would try to locate the spot where different ones, that were not removed, were still lying. I used to be afraid of dead ones, like all children. All such foolishness vanished as I grew older. Never fear the dead ones, but always be on the alert and keep an eye on those rascally live ones.

A negro cannot live in a white neighborhood in Kansas City. An attempt was made to blow a colored family out of existence at 3 o'clock Saturday morning, April 9th. Dynamite was the "Get away" agency used. The darkey that intruded on white territory was named O.G. Howard, and his residence was at 2451 Chestnut st. Howard had been warned to move. The explosion opened up the rear part of the house and smashed windows in adjoining houses. Howard and his wife were asleep in a front room and escaped, and he now says he'll get away from "thar right now."

Negroes living in white folk's neighborhoods don't rest well of nights now. One of the poor fellows said; "When I lays down at night, I jes' lays thar waiting for my bed to rise up and fly right up in the air. Dey won't have to put no get away stuff on my coat tail--I'se goin to fly befo' dark."

I received another very nice letter from ex-Mayor James Cochran of Columbus. He says the venerable Josepj I. Irwin and others corroborate my Buck McKinney Columbus story, and several wanted to know who I was. W.W. Crozier and W.V. Clark again send me congratulations.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Turns once more
To some pretty Nan or Nancy
As of yore.

To this habit of the ages
Still we cling
Love enthralls both dolts & sages
In the spring.

Even Homer Sering has got
That old fever,
And if by chance she is his "Lott"
Will he deceive her?

Never call a man a liar if he is bigger than you. If you are positive that he is a liar, hire some cheap man to gently and quietly break the news to him.

This is a girl's prayer, illustrated on a post card;
Now I lay me down to sleep;
I wish I had a man to keep,
And if there's a man under my bed,
Hope he has heard every word I've said. AMEN.

A sure enough men skids out on the floor; then there was an ear-piercing scream--only that and nothing more.

"If a man can preach a better sermon, write a better book and make a better mouse trap(or write a better story for the Herald) than his neighbors, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will wear a beaten path to his door."

The above was fordibly exemplied on Sunday, April 10th, in Kansas City, when Richard Johnson and David W. Johnson, grandsons of the late Richard Johnson, enrout to California, stopped over to pay their respects to the writer.

Andrew Jackson Grayson
3300 Walrond Blvd.
Kansas City, Missouri.

December 31, 1884
Madison Courier; ~~Jan. 7, 1885.~~

Madison First Shipyard. Boat-building in By-Gone Years. Inter-
esting Reminiscences of Old Times and Old Timers.

I recently visited Fulton, the suburb to this city that suf-
fered so severely in the great flood of February last, in company
with Capt. A.M. Connett, who spent the greater part of his life in
that locality, and in talking with him about boat building in old
times he gave me this information for the readers of the Courier:

"Phelix" the Captain remarked, "you want to know something
about boat building at the old shipyard in early days in Madison.
Well, I do remember something about the upper shipyard as far back
as 1838. The yard was located in what is now called Fulton. The
upper limits were about where the west line of the City Water Works
property now is, and extended west about two hundred yards to the
east line of Lozier's foundry lot. The foundry stood on the ground
in which the lard house attached to the old Mammoth Cave pork house
was located. The "mold loft" building stood in the centre of the
yard, and was, to my eyes, then a huge structure, though, probably,
not so large as the one now at the Marine Railway yard. The black-
smith shop was located at the upper end of the mold loft building,
the shop being about 15 feet square and built of pine slabs. The
mold loft and blacksmith shop was about all there was in the way of
buildings."

"What boats were built there that you can remember?" we asked.

"Well, let me see. When I came here there were three boats on
the stocks, the steamers Robert Fulton, Governor Morehead, and the
John Armstrong. The Armstrong was built and owned by the veteran
boatman, Captain John Armstrong, well known to all river men, who
was a brother-in-law of the late Addison Marshall of this city. The
Governor Morehead was run in the Kentucky River trade, and the Rob-
ert Fulton, if I remember right, was built for the old Mail Line
Co. These boats were all side-wheelers, about the size of the Mag-
gie Harper. The engines, boilers and other machinery were built at
the Lozier foundry, adjoining the ~~foundry~~ shipyard. The Robert
Fulton's keel was laid parallel to the river and was launched side-
ways instead of stern on-- something new at that day. The Armstrong
and Governor Morehead were launched late in the fall of 1838; the
Fulton the following spring. In the spring of 1839 the keel of
another steamer, the "New Argo" was laid, and she was completed and
launched sometime during the summer of '39.

"Was there much interest manifested by the citizens of Madison
in those days when a boat was to be launched?" we asked.

"Oh yes, It was considered a big thing then but now-a-days the
Madison Marine Railway Co. completes a boat and launches it, & our
citizens hear nothing about it until the fact is mentioned in our
city paper. A steamboat launch 56 years ago was an important e-
vent-equal to a circus or campmeeting-everybody was present. Time-
ly notice was given thru the weekly papers-there were no dailies
then-and everybody came & brought their families."

"Was there anyone allowed on board when a boat was launched?"

"Oh, yes: a limited number of ladies and gentlemen who had the nerve were allowed to go on board and launch with the boat. Sometimes when the "Trippers" were knocked out-lashings were not used-the vessel failed to start from being "Ribbon bound" or other causes; then those on deck struck up a dog trot fore and aft and in a few minutes time, from the concussion caused by the tramp of many feet, the vessel would start and glide gracefully to her natural element."

"Was there any ceremony attending a launch in those days?"

"Ceremony! I should say so, and it was the most interesting part of the launch. It was customary then to christen new boats. Some young lady, usually the Captain's daughter, or some near female relative or friend of the owner, was selected to do the christening, who, taking her position on the forecastle, would break a bottle of wine, when she touched the water, at the same time proclaiming her name and wishing her success."

"Do you remember any other steamboats built at the Fulton yard?"

"No: but previous to the establishment of that yard there was a large side-wheel steamer named "Chancellor Livingston" built further down the river, just below what is now Ferry Street. I believe this boat was built by Emerson & Barmore. Afterwards, probably in 1837 or '38, the yard was removed to Fulton, and was managed by Howard & Barmore. Mr. Howard was a son-in-law of Mr. Barmore, and father of the well-known boat-builder of Jeffersonville, Ind. Mr. Barmore was the father of Capt. D.S. Barmore, also of Jeffersonville. The boats used for carrying the stone for the construction of the Louisville Court House and the locks on the Kentucky river were built at this yard. They were simply large flats, strongly built and heavily decked. The rough stone as it came from the quarries was rolled on the deck of the boats until a sufficient load was obtained, when they were towed to their destination by a steamer. The Fulton yard was abandoned, I think, about 1841 or '42. But in 1843, Captain Lober, of Mobile, Alabama, attracted here, no doubt, by the superiority of the oak timber around Madison for boatbuilding, contracted with Howard & Barmore for the building of a steamer to be used on the waters of Mobile Bay and the Gulf, to be called the Montezuma. She was built and launched at a point where the branch running from the hill down back of Ross' tan-yard empties into the river, and a few hundred feet east of where the steamer Chancellor Livingston was built. A large sycamore tree, probably the last of the forest trees on the bank of the river within the city limits was cut down to give room to lay the Montezuma's hull. She was a novelty in boatbuilding at that time, being very deep and extraordinarily strong, with a high bulwark all around and gangways like all sea-going vessels. There were other details in her makeup not used in steamers now-days that would be too tedious to enumerate."

"Who were the men employed in building the Montezuma? Are any of them still living?"

"Well, let me see. Yes a few of them are living, but the most of them are probably dead. Of those now living of the joiners or cabin-builders I call to mind Joseph Tadd, the dairy-man, one of the best workmen that ever shoved a jackplane in these parts, who built the pilot-house and wheel; Wm. Hurley, the tinner; the venerable John Greyble, now with the McKim Furniture Co. and George Whedon, father of the late Marsh Whedon, Moses Williams, brother of William Wallace Williams, employed at the J.M. & I. depot, assisted in rigging the steamer Montezuma. Mr. Williams was a descendant of David Williams, one of the three patriot captors of Major Andre during the Revolutionary War. There may be others living, but there whereabouts are unknown. Of those now dead who worked on her cabin I remember Joseph Parrent, a Mr. Fleetwood, Isaac Kyle and William H. Connett, all well known carpenters and builders in Madison forty years ago. Howard & Barmore's foreman in the cabin building department was the late Joseph Shipley of Cincinnati. He lived in a two story frame house on East Second street, opposite the new residences of the Gibbs brothers. Shipley lost his son, Joseph by drowning. The little fellow was in swimming at the bar at the foot of Ferry street, and getting in the "suck" of the eddy was lost before assistance could reach him. The body was recovered in about an hour, and extraordinary exertions were made under the direction of Dr. Jos. H.D. Rogers to resuscitate him, but without success. He was buried in the old cemetery on Third Street."

"Do you remember the ship-carpenters then employed by Howard & Barmore?"

"Yes, many of them. There were working in the upper yard when I came here Maynard and Caldwell Roll; William Potter, father of William, John and Taylor Potter; the venerable Elias Phillips, now living on South Main street near the river, and almost a centenarian; the late John F. Moore, one Beckwith, Ben Wyatt, Mark Hill, Prime Emerson, Sylvander Nutting, Duncan Fleek, and John Martin, uncle of Luther Martin, manager of the telegraph office in this city. Solomon Evans was the blacksmith, and the rapidity with which he could make spikes was wonderful. He could keep six to eight rods in the fire, working them alternately. Five blows of the hammer were sufficient to complete a perfect spike-one to set up the end for the head and one each to bevel the four corners. Evans went to Jeffersonville with Howard. Prime Emerson went to St. Louis sometime in the forties and became a prominent boat-builder there Mark Hill went to Galena, Illinois, where he was interested in a lead mine and probably died there."

"Boat building then was harder than it is now with the advantages of machinery, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was hard work then to prepare the timber for the construction of a steamboat. The lumber for planking, ribs and floor timber, was all whipped to form by the broad-bladed ship ax. Matched stuff for the hurricane and boiler decks was cut from broad boards by the splitting gauge and tongued and grooved by hand. The Orrill brothers, John D., Philip, and Thomas, did all the whipsawing. They were all large, muscular men, and could convert the logs into boards very rapidly.

When the steamer Montezuma was completed Thomas Orrill went to Mobile on her, but again returned to this city. He now resides on West Second street, in the house adjoining Johnson' & Son's new warehouse. John D. Orrill is now a resident of Louisville, Ky., and when last heard from Phibip Orrill was in Chicago. Another important factor in the yard was James Craig, who furnished the motive power for removing the huge logs and timber in the shape of ten yokes of mighty oxen, and his "Gee whoa, haw" could ever be heard echoing from the hills like the blast of some mighty trumpet."

"Where are the houses that were occupied by Messrs. Howard & Barmore when they resided here?"

"Old Captain Barmore lived in a double hewed log house that stood on the ground now occupied by the buildings of the Madison Brewing Co. and Capt. Howard lived in a one-story frame house on what is now Ohio street, built and owned by John DeWitt of Salem, Washington County. The house stood there for almost a half a century and until February last, when it was washed away by the great flood."

"Do you know where the old graveyard was located, the first one Madison ever had?"

"Certainly I do. I was present when it was wrecked. During the summer of 1839 Ferry street, the one just east of the Madison Brewing Co's establishment, was opened and graded from the river to its intersection with the Lawrenceburg road(now East Second St.) cutting through the first graveyard in Madison. A few of the graves were left, two or three, I think in the corner of the lot where the Fulton school-house now stands, and one or two on the brink of the ravine on the west side of the street. The remains taken from the other graves were all put together in a huge coffin for old Gabriel to sort out on that great day, and were buried in the old cemetery on Third street. The condition of some of the remains exhumed gave rise to much speculation among the curious of that day. One coffin was found in a comparatively sound condition, but contained a lot of poplar shavings and only enough bones to construct about one-half of the human anatomy; the skull and some of the larger bones were wanting. Another, far gone in decay, contained the skeleton complete, but the skull was at the foot of the coffin, while the remaining portions were properly disposed. About where High street intersects Ferry street, the skeleton of an Indian chief was exhumed. He was found in a sitting posture, where the old brave had been patiently waiting to be conveyed to the happy hunting ground. A pipe, some arrow-heads and a few copper trinkets were found near the old chief's remains."

Such is an imperfect sketch of the Howard & Barmore shipyard and its surroundings forty-six years ago. There is now scarcely anything remaining in the locality to remind one of the busy times of long ago. Two or three houses that were then there are still standing intact and others are tottering with age and gone to ruin.

PHELIX ADAIR.

OLD TIME MADISON CRANKS. in scrap book--not dated.

Eagle Murray, the "Emperor." Newberry and McKinley.

Thirty years ago this city had her share of cranks. The most noted were "Eagle" Murray, who claimed to be "Emperor" of Madison. Old timers will recollect seeing him walking up and down Main Cross street, always taking the middle of the street, and yelling out his fancied grievances against some of our wealthy or most prominent citizens.

Old man Newberry and Bill McKinley were also old-time cranks--Newberry made regular monthly rounds among our merchants collecting his rents, being very wealthy-in his mind; but the old fellow got his rent "alle samee". He always carried a gun and a violin strapped to his back. His gun accidentally went off in one of the stores, and afterwards it had a quantity of molten lead poured into its muzzle by some one to prevent an accident.

The cranks didn't shoot Presidents in those days; but it was better to take no risks. McKinley was harmless, but his eccentricities afforded a great deal of sport for the young folks.

Eagle Murray was truly Emperor of all the Cranks, but Newberry got away with him and McKinley on one occasion, and he was dethroned and Newberry took the helm when in town. The two-Murray and McKinley-were on the street corner disputing about their wealth, as to which owned certain property on Main Cross street, and which was entitled to collect the rents, when Mr. Newberry appeared on the scene. After listening a few minutes to their crankish conflag, he unstrapped his little gun from his back, and, in a threatening tone, stormed out;

"I'll settle this dispute; I'm the owner of that property, and will collect the rents myself."

That was a settler. Murray and McKinley lit out, leaving Newberry master of the situation.

Eagle Murray spent much of his time in the county jail. Like Pat Kennedy, he became monotonous to the citizens and he had to be put in the cooler often, but the confinement always failed to have the desired effect.

At one time some one made the complaint to the County Court that the prisoners in the jail were not treated as they should be. When winter came on fuel and bed clothing were not furnished in sufficient quantities to keep the prisoners from freezing. The Co. Commissioners and Sheriff were arrested and brought before the Court under the above charges. The trial went on and the prisoners were brought out to give their evidence in the case. The last prisoner brought into Court was Eagle Murray, the Emperor. The Judge said;

"Mr. Murray, please state to the Court how you have been treated during your confinement in jail."

"Your Honor", said Mr. Murray, "we have not been treated during

the cold weather just as the devil would have treated us if we had paid him a visit. He would have treated us with fire while we have had nothing but frost."

The case resulted in the Commissioners being fined, and the Sheriff Mr. R.R.Rea, was exonerated, it having been shown that the Commissioners had failed to provide him with the necessary bed-clothing and fuel for the prisoners.

The boys of the town had their fun out of Murray. The old fellow smoked a great many cigars in his latter days, and could be seen coming up the center of the street a long way off. There was no gas or lights of any kind on the streets then. We remember hearing the boys cry out, "Eagle Murray", and directly another, "Here he comes" "Don't you see his headlight." Then such a scampering was amusing to behold, as the boys feared to get into the clutches of the crazy man.

Murray claimed to know who robbed the Branch Bank. He said Root was wrongfully convicted, and was in the habit of singing out the name of the one he said was the real robber as he paraded the streets. He was in the habit of annoying a grocery keeper on Main Cross by stopping almost daily in front of his place of business & crying out in the most aggravating tone: "Oh, you dead old strawheel." It was then that the old man was treated to a dose of the cooler.

Murray claimed to have a fee-simple right to most of the property in town, and fun-loving clerks on Main Cross used to write notices which Murray served for business men to vacate his property, failure to comply generally causing him to stop in front of their stores and give them a blizzard.

A certain estimable citizen, very genteel in his deportment, & dignified in his mien, attracted Newberry's attention, so that one day a couple of ladies coming by, Newberry politely bowed to the gentleman, and at the same time waving his hand to the ladies said, sarcastically; Stand back, ladies; step aside, please, and let Mr. _____ pass by!"

Many ludicrous incidents in which the cranky trio figured might be related but I will close for fear of becoming monotonous.

PHILIX ADAIR.

OLD TIMES IN MADISON.

Startling events of Years ago. Terrible railroad accident in the Cut. The Branch Bank Burglarized.

No date given but probably Dec.15, 1881.

The Accident.

On Thursday evening, March 28th, 1844, a most heart-rending catastrophe occurred on the inclined plane, which threw a cloud over the entire city, as a number of our citizens were instantly killed and others fatally wounded. At the time of the accident the passenger coach and baggage car, in charge of Conductor John Lodge, were about half way down the descent, and between the two deep cuts. It was the practice those days for the passenger train to bring into the city one wood car every day, having five or six cords of wood on board. On this occasion six cords of wood were put on. Conductor Lodge made it a rule when he apprehended any danger from a slippery track or otherwise, after the wood cars were brought to the top of the plane, to direct them to be detained there until the passenger car reached the foot of the same. On this day he gave direct orders not to start the wood car from the head until the passenger car should reach the foot of the plane. Contrary to his orders though, the wood car was turned loose just when the passenger coach had not got more than two or three hundred yards down, it came thundering after. Conductor Lodge discovered that it was gaining upon him with great velocity, travelling, as he supposed, a mile a minute, and he motioned repeatedly to the brakeman to hold it back; but they evidently had lost all control of it. Lodge, on seeing the true state of affairs, believing the only chance of escape was to let the baggage and passenger car go at full speed down the plane, which he did; but the impetus of the wood car was so great that this proved of no avail and the much dreaded crash came at last, and a dreadful sight met the eye!

Mr. McGill, the brakeman on the wood car, valiently and nobly kept his post, doing everything in his power to avert the disaster, and seeing no hope, jumped and marvellously escaped injury.

The passenger car was between the baggage and wood car when the collision occurred. Conductor Lodge jumped and thus saved his life, though badly bruised about the head and had an ankle badly sprained. The following are the names of the unfortunate who were killed;

Thomas Bondurant, of this county.

Gilbert Durling, of Brownstown, Ind.

Ely Branson, of Belmont Co. Ohio.

John Roberts, clerk at railroad depot in this city.

Mr. Enoch, of Elloomington, Ind.

Miss Craig, daughter of J.J. Craig, living at Big Creek at the time, had her right foot and leg crushed in so shocking a manner as to necessitate immediate amputation.

Clerk Robert's wife and two children escaped almost unharmed.

A number of others were more or less injured; in fact no one on the cars escaped without some cut or bruise.

Those who visited the scene of the disaster a half an hour after the fatal collision, met several with their heads and faces bandaged, their countenances clotted with blood, hastening up town for medical aid, and also several men bearing Miss Craig along on a litter, her mangled condition presenting a shocking spectacle.

But this was nothing to the awful scene at the place of the collision. One man lay dead upon the wood car which had by this time been cleared of its load; another lay under it lifeless, with one of his legs crushed between the wheel and the broken timbers. A third lay a little above it in his dying agonies, with his arms and one leg crushed; and the fourth (Mr. Durling of Brownstown) lay beside the track, some two or three hundred yards further up the plane, where he had jumped and broke his neck.

The passenger car was totally destroyed and the fragments strewn around. The baggage car was off the track and lodged against the bank, causing the stoppage of the passenger coach, when the wood car, with its tremendous momentum, came down upon it, the front passing across the floor of the other, and with one dread crash, sweeping passengers and all off, and crushing some beneath the wheels. It was a harrowing sight to behold.

Conductor Lodge was killed by another accident to his train ~~at~~ five miles this side of Columbus, Ind. on the 14th day of November, 1845. There were 25 applicants for his position within 24 hours after his death.

ROBBERY OF THE BRANCH BANK.

The Branch Bank of Madison was entered on the night of Feb. 27, 1844 and robbed of \$27,370 in State bank notes. The entrance was made between seven and ten P.M. by means of skeleton keys, and by some person or persons acquainted with the combination of the building, and especially of the size and make of the locks on the alley door (next to the Masonic Temple), the bank parlor door, the external and internal doors of the vault, and on the doors of the safe, within the vault, for all of these, it is said, were unlocked in the usual manner, without violence and without powder, crowbar, or chisel. The robbers were also no doubt aware of the absence of the young man who slept there, and knowing that he would not return until a late hour, got in their work without being disturbed. It was a bold and masterly piece of work, well planned and well executed. The bank officers, several days after the deed was known by them, authorized the following notice to be published:

3,000 Dollars Reward!

Daring robbery.

The Madison Branch Bank was entered on the night of Feb. 27th, between the hours of 7 & 11 o'clock, by some daring villain or villains, who must have been well provided with skeleton keys, and abstracted from the safe in the vault, \$27,370. \$2,000 is hereby offered for the recovery of the money, & \$1,000 for the arrest & conviction of the thief or thieves.

By order of the Board.

JOHN SERING, Cashier.

Madison, Mar. 2, 1844.

Nothing has ever transpired in Madison since this event that created so much excitement and comment among every class of citizens.

A man named Root was arrested charged with being the robber, and sentenced to the State Prison, where he died. Many believed ~~at~~ him innocent, and the real robber escaped the punishment he so richly deserved and lived to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth.

(The rest of the article is copied elsewhere. It tells of Capt. Robinson meeting Capt. Boffinger in St. Louis and what he told him about the robbery.)

Madison Herald, April 7, _____

Memorable Men who helped make Madison. Monuments to their memory mentioned by Squire Grayson.

Editor Herald;

The Madison postoffice, over 60 years ago, was in the old Bowman building, on the south side of Main street where Elmer Frost has just erected a new grocery house. One of the Collins was postmaster. The office was removed to the north east corner of Second and West streets; and was located in the building now known as the Mundt candy factory. The first postmaster that I can call to mind was Col. C.P.J. Arion; then my old printer boss, Rolla Doolittle; Christian Coffin, Capt. W.E. McLelland, Charles Shrewsbury, Col. M.C. Garber, John W. Linck, M.A. Barnett, E.G. Nicklaus, M.C. Garber, Jr. and Marcus R. Sulzer. Postmaster Doolittle moved the postoffice to the Odd Fellow's building. When Barnett was appointed to the office it was moved to the Niklaus block, and lastly to the present government building. I am not infallible and have tried to get the postoffice business straitened out.

Don't this sound like Madison? Miss Anna Gallagher and other Irish girls in Boston are going to create an unique memorial to Robert Emmett. She will raise by subscription from Americans of Irish birth the money to build a ship to bear the Irish patriot's name to ply between american and irish ports.

Madison in ye olden time could boast of a number of fine old Irish gentlemen and they were of "the rale old sort."

John Doyle was a prominent figure in amongst the west Main street merchants. He was a wholesale dealer in wines and liquors. His place of business was in the old house where Elmer Frost's grocery is now. Mr. Doyle was a great, big fat man, full of fun, frolic and hilarity.

Martin Wade, father of Patrick Wade, Esq. was for many years in the grain and feed business, and at his death was succeeded by his son, Patrick Wade, who has successfully conducted the business at the old stand, and today no business man stands better as a citizen. His integrity is first class with everybody. He is only a chip off the old block, for no one in that community had more real friends than Grandfather Martin Wade, and his store was the rendezvous for the older Irish citizens, where they would tell the good old man their grievances, who gave them good advice and consolation. These visitors are about all passed away and I hope and pray that they have met with God, our Father in Heaven.

John Coates kept a grocery on the southeast corner of Main and Poplar streets. He was a first class citizen. Ex-councilman Wm. Brown was his clerk and was over 80 years of age. When I would pass the grocery going to work he was generally sweeping the sidewalk. I was passing one morning, when Woodson Holley came along with his white-washing tools and in a very polite manner

addressed Mr. Brown thus; "Good morning, Mr. Reed" and passed on. Mr. Brown followed after Holley with his broom in hand and stormed out at him;

"Look here, Holley, which one of those Reeds do you take me for?"

There were three "Reeds" in Madison then, all old men and all were built tall and thin like Uncle Billy Brown. He frightened Holley, as the old gentleman was very much excited at the time, and Holley always addressed him "Mr. Brown" after that.

Richard Johnson and Robert McKim need no words of praise from the writer. They built right and lasting memorials in Madison that will preserve the memory of their name for their beneficence and general practice of charity and love of doing good toward all men. To justly estimate the real worth of Mr. Johnson to the city of Madison and her people, visit the Eagle Cotton Mills and cordage factory and listen for a moment to the sound of the steady clock-like clicking of the machinery that would have all been silenced forever had not Richard Johnson bravely come forward and thrown his fortune and indomitable business tact into the breach.

I was in Madison when the late John W. Marx's funeral took place in Springdale cemetery, the ceremonies being under Richard Johnson's direction as President of the Western Fire Co. No. 3, of which company the deceased had been a life long member and in paying a last tribute to his old and trusted employe, Mr. Johnson, when dropping an evergreen on his coffin, after it had been lowered into the grave, said: "A good man is gone."

And now for a moment view the memorials that Robert McKim has left in the keeping of the citizens of Madison. Go to the McKim-Cochrane Furniture factory, which was established by Mr. McKim, now owned and operated by Graham & Colgate, and give ear to the ~~xxx~~ sound of the moving machinery. Then walk on Broadway to Trinity church and cast your eyes heavenward and you'll see the pinnacle of the tower above God's temple. That tower is a memorial to McKim, who superintended the building and also gave his time and liberally of his fortune toward the final completion of the whole church and its furnishings.

The immense coal business established long ago in Madison & now still running as the R. McKim Co. under the skillful management of that prince of good fellows, Archibald Graham, Esq. whom I have long since placed in my list of Madison's most reliable business men, and withall I regard Arch Graham as one of my best and truest friends, is another memorial left by Robert McKim to perpetuate his good name in Madison. A fine red granite memorial also marks the spot in Springdale cemetery where Mr. McKim is quietly resting from his many years of labor and usefulness in the city he loved so well.

Dr. J.W. Mullen's drug store was in an old style brick building that stood where E.E. Scott's wholesale grocery house now is. The drug store had a large patronage then and so did Dr. Mullen. There were Irish citizens in those days and a large colony of the Celtic race in Irish Hollow. When the doctor retired from the practice

of medicine he was a frequent visitor to the Courier composing room, where his son, Alexander Mullen, was employed as a compositor. The writer and the Doctor became good friends even after his son had retired from the Courier office, and he gave me much interesting information in regard to the early work of the disciples of Esculapius in the graveyard robber period, before the establishment of pickling houses and cold storage as an adjunct to public hospitals throughout the country. I will, when I get time, give some of the blood curdling stories as told me by my friend, Dr. Mullen. There was a school for the beginners in surgery to practice in the use of the butcher knife on bodies snatched from country graveyards. The school was on north east street near Third street. I don't like to be the cause of the children hearing "scary noises all about the house" after reading the Herald, but I can't help it.

The March winds are still blowing and
 The man in the street,
 By the way,
 Sees some hosiery neat
 On display.

The Herald says go ahead, Squire, and write us another letter. What do the readers say? They are the interested parties in the case.

A. J. Grayson,
 3500 Walrond Blvd.
 Kansas City, Mo.

HAPPY DAYS.

When Madison was a circus town. Charlie Woodard one of the old boys.

(probably this was from the Herald--but no date ~~name~~ given.)

Mr. Charles Woodard, the veteran soldier, is one of Madison's oldest native born citizens. He was born September 13th, 1830, in the old story and a half frame house that stood on the site of the Government Postoffice building, it being removed to make room for that structure. Mr. Woodard will on the 13th of next September, have continuously resided in this city for 71 years. He is one of the few that remain to tell the tale of Madison's "circus" days.

When the old town was the Metropolis of the Northwest. When Indianapolis and even Chicago paid tribute to us. When our wholesale merchants furnished the whole State and even Chicago with their goods, at least they had to pass through our gates on their journey northward and westward. When everything and everybody from Cincinnati and all points above on the Ohio River had to travel by way of the old town, as we had a cinch on the railroad business, all west of the Allegheny Mountains.

When at least four slaughtering establishments were in full operation every winter, and over 200,000 great, big, fat porkers killed and packed away in barrels and boxes and shipped to New Orleans, and thence to all points of the Old World, also to the East by boat and then by rail to New York and then to Europe.

When there were 60 men of capital, representing the wealth of all the leading cities of the country, making their home at the Madison Hotel each year during the packing season--even men of capital from Ireland were here.

When there were four horse omnibusses running from the depot and river to the Madison hotel. When there were two large packet steamers, the Wisconsin and Hoosier State, plying between this city and Cincinnati, landing at the depot wharf; also a double line of packets to Frankfort, Ky. and Louisville, in addition to the regular old Mail Line steamers. When steamers landed at the big Mammoth Cave Fork house and took on a whole cargo of pork and lard, nothing else destined for New Orleans and Europe.

When both sides of West and Mulberry streets and the river front were lined with thousands of barrels of pork under preparation for shipment to the South. When every morning a blockade of drays and vehicles occurred on West street. When there were companies and individuals running as many as 25 and 30 drays each giving employment to hundreds of men at good wages.

When for a time, everything going North and West had to be hauled up the Michigan road in wagons to the depot, then at North Madison, and hundreds of farmers abandoned their farms and came to the Metropolis of the West to seek their fortunes.

When we had great men of enterprise, as we have today, whose hands were tied, as some are now, by men who cared only for their bonds and investments. When these men made war on the O. & M. Railroad coming this way and against a road that was surveyed through from Cleveland, Ohio, this way; which disgusted Capt. David White, the projector, also also drove away a large rolling mill to other parts by their penuriness and selfishness.

When Chicago, now a city of 2,000,000 people, and Indianapolis, now a city of 200,000, had no daily paper, but Madison was then supporting four respectable dailies.

When there were 85 journeymen shoemakers kept busy the year around making custom work here, and today a half dozen can hardly eke out a living.

Since those palmy days Madison has stood still while Columbus, Franklin and North Vernon are keeping up with the procession with cement walks and brick streets. We are really forty years behind, and must get into the "band wagon" and ride and walk in up-to-date style. Our mud and gravel streets must go, and the sooner our people awake to that fact the better it will be for the old town.

Yes, Mr. Woodard truly lived through the "circus" days of the old town and can recall now our many lost opportunities. He has two brothers and one sister now living. A sister, Mrs. Richard Burns, wife of a soldier of the 6th Indiana, who died a number of years ago, and he and his surviving sister, aged 68, are living together in this city. His brother, Henry Woodard resides in Galesburg, Ill. while his brother, Albert, makes his home in Denver, Colorado. The latter was also a soldier in Co. C, 67th Indiana.

Andrew Jackson Grayson.

A Tale of the Civil War--"One cartridge with every drink."

In 1861, the first year of the Civil War, Colonel August Willich's German regiment was in camp on the circus grounds in Scott's Garden. This magnificent regiment was enroute for the front by way of Madison. The regiment remained here several days, marching and drilling in real German style. At one time they skirmished over the Michigan hill across the side of "Bunker Hill" into George town, returning to their camp ground by way of Walnut strauss.

At that time our fellow-citizen, William H. Rahe, one of Madison's successful merchants, was but a boy. The soldiers, as they paraded the streets, were the center of attraction, almost every small boy and large and small girl following and keeping step to the music. There was nothing so pleasant then to the average boy as a real cartridge from a soldier's cartridge box, with an ounce minie ball and the powder always found with it.

So Billie Rahe took his little bucket filled with nice cool water and passed along the line of tired famishing soldiers. When he would hand a cup of water to one of the men, he would always say "Please give me a cartridge." He kept up the water racket until he had a good supply. He received one cartridge with every drink--no boiled eggs or wienerwurst went those days with a drink.

When the soldiers returned to their camp Billie took an invoice of his supply of ammunition. He had supplied himself with a pretty good sized horn from Ross' old tanyard. He dissected his cartridges, getting a pound or two of minie balls and enough powder to fill his horn. This was nearly forty years ago, and today he has a quantity of the same powder taken from the cartridges, which he prizes very highly as a souvenir of the great American Rebellion.

A few months later, on December 17, 1861, Colonel Willich's regiment received its baptism of fire at Green River, Ky. when they whipped the rebel General Terry's Texas Cavalry, several thousand strong, and put them to flight with great loss of men and horses killed, while Willich's loss was nine men killed--- John Zimmerman, of this city was among Willich's wounded soldiers.

A.J.G.

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Articles by Phelix Adair.

November 17, 1883

Article on Charles A. Korbly and what he has done for Madison.
By Phelix Adair.

November 24, 1883

Article on One Eyed Charlie Steele by Phelix Adair.

November 28, 1883

Jenny Lind Concert by Phelix Adair; program given.

December 17, 1883

Phelix Adair writes of Isom Ross. He was born in Garrard Co. Kentucky, 1812; father, Samuel Ross, came here in 1820, bringing wife, and 7 children; 4 daughters and three sons. Isom was the 3d child; father bought land in Ripley Co. just north of the Jefferson Co. line. Eldest daughter, Mrs. Nancy Watts now lives and brother Percy Ross lives near her. Isom came to Madison in 1829 and learned the tanning business with Hiram Galusha, relatives of the Hunts. Isom went to Cincinnati in 1831 with firm of Bullis and Taylor. Married Mrs. Eliza Hillhouse in Cincinnati; returned to Madison about 1840. His sons, John Bullis Ross and Abraham Taylor Ross, were named for his former employers. He is now 73 years of age.

January 19, 1884

Sketch of Samuel J. Smith by Phelix Adair;
Born Harrison Co. Ohio, Feb. 28, 1817; parents from Pennsylvania; grandparents from Ireland; one of 6 children; 3 boys and 3 girls. He was the 2d son. When 13 he was apprenticed to Wm. R. Harris to learn the tailor trade. In 1835 went to Palmyra, Mo. with Mr. Harris. In 1836 went to St. Louis. Parents were living in Cadiz, Ohio, so he went there. In March 1838, he started for Madison. In 1839 he married Sarah A. Hite, daughter of Francis Hite, the tanner. In 1831 he was associated with Wm. Huey in merchant tailor business. He erected the first iron front business house on Main Cross and put in the 1st plate glass--house now occupied by John Eckert--Advertised as "Iron Front". In 1869 sold out to Geen & Craig. In 1871 went into business with J.W. Chapman making soda fountains. In 1882 sold interest to Alonzo Chapman and Jas. H. Smith, his son. He was Mayor of Madison.

Feb. 7, 1884.

Sketch of William Trow.
Born Apr. 24, 1819 near Bronsgrove, Worcestershire, England, learned millers trade; married and in 1843 started for America--to Cincinnati and to Madison in 1853. Worked for Shrewsbury & Price, Palmetto Mills till 1858. Wm. Stapp and Trow bought mill on south west corner of West & 2d from W.W. Page. In 1867 bought Weyer & McKee building on south west corner of West and 2d. It was burned Jan. 31, 1881.

April 18, 1884;

Sketch of David G. Phillips by Phelix Adair.
Born Jefferson Co. Indiana, May 11, 1829 near Canaan.
Attended R.Elms school; came to Madison 1851; was Deputy-
Sheriff-Clerk-bookkeeper and cashier at Branch Bank; in 1853
married Margaret J. Lee.

May 12, 1884

Phelix Adair--name A.J.Grayson.

May 28, 1884

Phelix Adair writes about Dr. Thomas W. Forshee. Born Warren
County, Ohio, 1825; father removed to Clark Co. Ohio; in the
year 1838; died 1843. In Feb. 1847 Thomas entered Spring-
field, Ohio Academy; he enlisted Co. 14th U.S.Riflemen; was
in all battles around Mexico City; practiced medicine in
Springfield 1848; graduated at Cincinnati, 1853. Captain in
War of 1861; lived in Illinois after war. Was on Examining
board for pensions in Madison 2 years ago. Office on Poplar
Lane.

May 30, 1884

Phelix Adair on Roster of Old Soldiers.

June 24, 1884

Article by Phelix Adair on Major Horace Bell, son of Wm. Bell
of New Albany.

Madison Courier, Dec. 31, 1881.

Old Times in Madison.

The most Startling Event of All--Burning of the First Church, and Many Business houses and dwellings.

Prefatory.

In writing of the dead past we have endeavored to the best of our ability to portray old-time events as they really occurred, without exaggeration or coloring, and we are glad to know that our efforts have been appreciated by the readers of the Courier.

While

All the dear scenes of our boyhood
Come from the past to greet us anew,
And every event in memory we've cherished
Seems to rise up again to our view.

We do not forget that but a few of those we knew in Auld Lang Syne are with us today. They have, one by one, silently disappeared from the stage of life. And we begin to realize in some measure that softly the shadows around us are gathering, slowly the sunlight is fading away; silver threads herald the coming of evening, telling us gently of youth's sure decay.

Today on the eve of the new year of 1882, we chronicle the most startling event that ever transpired in Madison--the great fire of 1845, that destroyed the First Presbyterian Church and about twenty business houses and residences. The church building stood on the ground now occupied by Alling and Lodge, Thomas Godfrey, and W.V. Clough & Co. There were two storerooms under the church, with entrance to the auditorium in the center of the stores. It is not known certainly what occasioned the fire. It is stated, however, that in Harvey Smith's store was an old-fashioned tin-plate stove, the kind used in those days. Mr. Smith's clerk, wishing to be out that night on a debauch, put a number of long sticks of wood in the stove, the ends protruding, and when these burned off they fell out on the floor and set the room ablaze. From the best information come-at-a-ble that was the origin of the disastrous conflagration. The clerk was playing cards at a neighboring store when the chapel bell sounded the alarm. It is said that several citizens and the city marshall stood on the church steps to prevent the fireman and others from entering, for fear the nice carpets might be spoiled by the water! The following description of that great conflagration tells how badly the carpets were soiled;

THE FIRE.

On Wednesday night, March 19, 1845 about 12 o'clock, the startling peals of the deep-toned church bells aroused many of the slumbering citizens of Madison from peaceful dreams to behold their property in flames.

Those first at the scene saw the black smoke bursting in dense clouds from the storeroom occupied by Harvey Smith under the First Presbyterian Church, which was near the center of the square

on the south side of Main Cross between Mulberry and West Streets. In a few minutes the flames burst through the auditorium of the church above, and spreading through the whole building, soon enveloped this large and costly structure, and in an hour left nothing but the towering, cracked and blackened walls.

The two storerooms under the church were occupied by Harvey Smith dealer in dry goods & Gillespie & McMillan, dealers in hardware & queensware. The loss of these gentlemen was considerable.

The flames next took possession of the three-story building adjoining on the west occupied by Messrs. Dutton & Adams, as a book store, who sustained considerable loss by the destruction of bindery tools, and damage of books by hasty removal. Here the flames were stopped by a good brick wall intervening between them and the next tenement.

But on the eastern side of the church the fire spread from Henry Hoffstadt's present place of business to that of Ben S. Abberger's on the corner of Mulberry. The progress of the fire was rapid and soon reached the large two-story chapel that stood in the rear of the church and back of that a frame dwelling, both of which were consumed. It is said that the bell on the chapel was kept ringing almost until it fell, by a rope that was thrown over the roof of the building.

On the east, across the alley the fire first reached a two-story block of four separate tenements; the first was occupied by Mr. John Geen, Sr. as a tailor shop and dwelling. The second by A. Liter, confectioner; the third by D.S. Hudson, silversmith; the fourth by J.W. Hunter, as a hat store. These occupants were obliged to retreat with the utmost precipitancy, though they succeeded in rescuing most of their goods.

The end of this block, from Hunters to the alley, next to the fire, was almost entirely destroyed, having the whole roof and back doors and windows burned out.

Adjoining these two-story buildings on the east was a large three story block of stores, occupied by Wm. Stapp, F.E. Corey, A.B. Smith, L.B. Whipple and Mitch & Williams. This block was fortunately saved with but slight damage to the rear of the buildings, some of the doors and window frames only being burned. But so imminent appeared the danger that the occupants removed all their goods.

In the rear of these buildings were a large number of frame houses of all sizes, through which the flames rushed as through a stubble-field, and passing on eastward, along the rear of the three story block above described, they communicated to the back part of the following buildings, fronting on Mulberry street;

A large three story brick, occupied by Mulvery & Latterner, tailors.

The adjoining building occupied by Capt. Wm. Ford, as a tailor shop and dwelling.

The large frame building owned & occupied by M. & E. Shannon, as a tobacco manufactory & cigar store.

A frame adjoining the Shannons, occupied by Wm. Turk, as a gunsmith shop.

These were all utterly wrecked or consumed. The large three story brick adjoining and occupied by John Marsh as a saloon (then called a coffee house) was saved by great exertions - the back part only being injured.

The heat was so great the buildings along the north side were badly scorched. Everybody was up all night, as it was thought the entire town would be laid in ashes before the mad flames spent their fury.

This embraces the extent of the fire and we think it was a bad one.

The principal sufferers by this disaster, were Harvey Smith, who lost all his goods, books, etc; Gillespie & McMillan's loss was \$3,000.00 worth of goods; Mrs. McKee, the building occupied by Dutton & Adams; Victor and John King, a large interest in the church property; and three buildings that were burned east of it; J. W. Hunter, the house occupied by him, John Mulvey, his house on Mulberry (the only one insured) and W. M. Phillips, the house adjoining; M. & E. Shannon, \$1,200 on building, tobacco and presses.

Our fire company, Fair Play No. 1, worked nobly and did all that was in their power with their engine, and otherwise, to stay the flames, but what could they avail unsupported and half the time with out water?

The night was bitter cold, and it was a trying task for the firemen and citizens who worked so nobly in saving property, that, but for their untiring exertions, would no doubt have been destroyed. It was providently calm. Had it been otherwise, the best part of our city would have been laid in ashes.

Many individuals exerted themselves in well meant endeavors, but ineffectually because unsupported by others.

Mr. Hump Godman, brother of our efficient Superintendent of the waterworks, and Samuel B. Sering, were each presented with a gold watch, and Mr. George Baldwin, a tinner, was presented with a suit of clothes, by the owners of the property saved, for their valiant services in risking their lives on the roofs of the buildings while a line of men passed buckets to them from below.

The ladies did noble service that night. Many of them, seeing men standing about with their hands in their pockets, actually took a stand in the lines and passed the buckets of water to the engine, while those men, to their shame, be it said, instead of going to their relief, only stood still, and laughed at their patriotic exertions. But few of the names of the large number of ladies who participated in that night's work can be remembered. The most active among those were Misses Elizabeth & Margaret Pugh, daughters of John Pugh, and sisters of Mrs. W. W. Page, and Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, wife of Mr.

Joseph Todd.

There was a well on Mulberry street near where the Odd Fellows building now stands, where the ladies pumped water into tubs and buckets for the men to carry.

Mr. Smith, father of Sheriff Smith, Michael O'Brien, and Thomas Mullen, were watermen, and in these days did good service in hauling water in their carts. The city was then in the habit of paying \$5.00 to the waterman who got the first cart load of water to a fire, and \$2.00 to the second.

The scene in our streets that night and next day was truly desolate. For some two squares, goods, boxes, furniture, beds, broken doors, signs, counters, and every variety of articles belonging to dwellings or stores, were piled in large and promiscuous heaps, or scattered about the pavements, where amid the fright and hurry of the night a bewildered multitude had unthinkingly cast them; but many having commenced in time, were enabled to deposit their goods in distant homes.

The loss by this fire was variously estimated at from \$50,000 to \$75,000. That amount of money then was equal to \$200,000 at the present time.

PHELIX ADAIR.

Joseph Todd.

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PHELIX ADAIR.

Felix Again.

From Madison paper, May 23, 1910.

Crooked Creek, Industries of Yore. Lt. Grayson recalls busy days along the banks of the little stream.

In Madison's early days there were many industries along the Crooked Creek valley, covering a strip from the hills east of Walnut and west to the railroad culvert. There were three brickyards east of Walnut street, at the foot of the hills-- Rob Coffman's, Kimmel's and Luck's brick yards. There was another brick yard at the north end of Jefferson street, near the "mire". The mire was a lakelet formed by the removal of the gravel and sand and Crooked Creek ran close to Walnut and serpentine along under Fourth street to the north end of Jefferson street before being straightened and thrown over to the east side of Bunker Hill and the mire became a part of the meandering creek. The lakelet thus formed on Jefferson street was about one block in length and one hundred feet in width. It was a great swimming resort for everybody and there was plenty of room for all. Even the female "tribe" at times would participate in the sport. Albert Scheik, Charles Alling, Benjamin and William Wells, Henry, William and George Linck (John W. wasn't in it) and the writer were there in those halcyon days. Many a Sunday, the day of rest, I have tramped over those hills east of the city in company with the late Al Scheik and others. Those were really happy days.

Among the many other industries, aside from Philip Scheik's big brewery, were Payne's slaughtering establishment north of the mire; Torrance's foundry on the north side of Fifth, between West and Mulberry streets, where the large iron fence that enclosed the court house grounds was built; Whitney's oil mill on the east side of West street, near the Crooked Creek bridge; Todd or Colgate's soap and candle factory on the creek, north of Fifth street, between Broadway and Poplar streets; William Eurlley's turning shop, where all the boys got their toys turned for five cents, north of Fifth street on Crooked creek. Durcan Carse, or his uncle or cousin, also had a rope-walk on the south side of Fifth street, between Vine & Mill streets, and nearby there was a grist mill; the mill race that furnished the power ran across from near the Fifth street bridge down to the north end of Mill street. I think it was called Conaway's mill. It was running long before the rope "walked". Elias Ritchie's brickyard was just west of the Fifth street bridge over Crooked Creek, since the Civil War.

John Ritchie was the manager and he was also the manager of a large slaughtering establishment at the southwest corner of what is now Springdale cemetery, and many years ago Al McNaughton had a large slaughtering establishment on the north side of Fifth street, between Elm and Vine Streets. Mr. Mitchell lived on the northwest corner of the alley, opposite the home of the Linck family. S. J. Whitney's residence was just south of Linck's. O'Neal, Bailey, and Co. later on owned the McNaughton slaughter house. The Appel brewery is now Edward Coyle's pop factory. On the creek, below

44

the railroad, Mr. Hilp's glue factory was located and was after
wards run by a man named Garling, from Spring Creek, Ky. and Felix
Leonard was his partner. They also had a distillery annex to the
plant. After Garling's death, Felix Leonard ran a flour mill at
North Madison. I have only mentioned a few of the many estab-
lishments that were located in the Crooked Creek valley in my boy-
hood days when there was plenty of water in the stream and plenty
of fish. The water has about all run out and the fish and indus-
tries all dead.

PHILIX ADAIR.

Copied from the Madison Courier, May 9, 1863.

The Old Madison Band. How they fought the Rebels at Shiloh with "Yankee Doodle".

The part taken in the battle of Shiloh by the old Madison Brass Band, composed of Leonard, Nicholas and Gregory Klein, Charles Zoeller, Isaac Stickley, George Wyrock and others from Madison, has never yet appeared in print, though many hold in fond remembrance the names and face of the old band that General Rosseau thought so much of.

5th Division

When the 6th Indiana disembarked from the steamer "hill" at Pittsburg Landing at daylight on the 7th of April, 1862 and moved up to the top of the bluff, Klein's band was in the lead playing "Yankee Doodle". The regiment halted long enough for Col. Crittenden to tell the boys what Indiana expected of them, when "forward" came again and into the thickest of the fray marched the band, still at the head of the regiment, all the while firing their "Yankee Doodle" battery into the rebels' ears, while the notes of the grand old tune re-echoed across the Tennessee river, only drowned for a moment by the roar of the eleven-inch guns on board the gunboats Lexington and Tyler, which kept up a constant shelling of the woods in our front, and to do this had to fire over our heads, the projectiles cutting off the limbs of the trees, which fell upon our soldiers injuring a great many.

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Soon the battle was raging fiercely, the rebel commander pledging his men that he would water his horse that night in the Tennessee river. Still the old band kept up their "Yankee Doodle" shooting until General Rosseau ordered them back to the landing, where they could be of more service attending to our wounded, as hundreds were already there. The band reluctantly fell back in good order, the sound of their music gradually dying away. This shut off the "yankee Doodle" battery for the day, though they had plenty of ammunition of that kind still on hands.

All honor to the old Madison band.

PHILIX ADAIR.

1881 From an article about "Memorable Men of Madison", by A.J. Grayson; sent by Mrs. Edna Freese:

All the dear scenes of our boyhood come from the past to
greet us anew
And every event in memory we've cherished seems to rise up again
to our view.
We do not forget that but a few of those we knew ~~an~~ Auld Lang
Syne are with us today
They have one by one silently disappeared from the stages of
life and we begin to realize in some measure that--
Softly the shadows around us are gathering--
Slowly the sunlight is fading away.
Silver threads herald the coming of evening
Telling us gently of youth's sure decay.

Madison, Ind. Herald

March 8, 1912

IN

INTERESTING

Marshall

Description Of the Lafayette Soldiers' Home

October 18.

Quaintly Given By a Quiddunc Well Known to Madison Newspaper Readers

ment. Efforts attendant to Board Forestry is in our la large- s and a helpfu- ys.

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city of March, LL, error.

that he of F. J. the City said, and of ONE ch and cannot be DATAPH ENCY. eribed in October. N. Public.

With a P. S. Telling How He and "Doc" Brandtmier Wou Applause By Their Souga.

Editor Herald:

The State Soldier's Home is located on the Tippecanoe battle ground, near the City of Lafayette, Ind. Recently Mrs. Elizabeth Stafford, a widow of a soldier of the civil war, an old Madisionian and a daughter of the late Samuel Brenne- man, who sixty years ago lived on west Third street just opposite John Paul Park, recently visited friends in Indianapolis, and, in an after dinner talk with her for the Herald, Mrs. Stafford gave me a minute description of the institution, which I'll try and give you in my quaint way of writing. Here it is:

In the center of the grounds there is a very large circle, like that at Indianapolis, covering about the distance of three squares from the east to west and from the north to the south. It is called Lincoln Circle. There is a fine fountain in the center, with numerous cannon distributed over the grounds, and the following buildings front on and form the circle:

Two large fine hospital buildings, with three resident physicians and many trained nurses attached to these hospitals.

There is a real up-to-date post-office, where the inmates of the Home, male and female, receive their messages of love and tidings of sorrow from their friends of childhood days.

Next comes the library building. It is no small, stingy. county affair.

There is a fine water works system furnishing a goodly supply of water through the buildings for fire and other purposes. There is also a fire department, with ladders to reach the highest buildings, and plenty of hydrants to attach the hose in case of an emergency.

There is a large barn and many horses. Two of them are attached to a coal wagon that meets the cars from Lafayette and conveys the old people up the hill to the Home on four horses and two wagons that are hauling from the city and the leveling of the grounds. There is a pumping station like that of Logansport at the Chautau- qua Park near the City of Madison, and electric light plant and all you have to do is to touch the button and say "there be light!" and your place of abode is brilliantly il- luminated. Then, if it is cold, just touch a button and you have an abundance of heat from the radiator in your room.

It is a very finely equipped home provided with the great state of Indiana with everything for the pleasure and comfort of the old veterans of the Civil War and their wives in their declining years.

P. S.

When the State Encampment met at Lafayette several years ago I was there in company with my old com- rade and friend, Dr. Jacob Brandt- mier. We went up at a private resi- dence near the gates of Purdue University and early one morning we concluded to visit the State Home. It was raining and we stood out near the car track to try and catch on. Directly we spied one coming on a hay, loaded down to the guards were old soldiers. We hail- ed it, but it passed on without stop- ping. The old Doc and I were dis- appointed. I said, "and if I remem- ber rightly there were a few cuss words said by somebody." Now that is why I felt it to see the Home on that trip to Lafayette. You remem- ber though the old Doc is a slager from Wayne Co., when he sang in the old German Methodist church,

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ANDERSONVILLE

A Thrilling Story of the Awful Punishment

Of Union Prisoners in the Horrible Hades of the Civil War

Suffering and Heroism Unparalleled—
MADISON, MISSOURI, TO DEATH.

BY SQUIRE A. J. GRAYSON.

Earthly night will never grow so black

As was this hell-born scheme.

The horrors of all time were here concrete

In ghastliest forms Death came among the braves,

The heart of man will never know the woe of this inferno.

Much has been written and related around the festal board of the atrocities in the Andersonville, Ga., prison pen, and yet there are thousands that have first seen the light of day and grown to man and womanhood since the great Civil War that know comparatively little of that dreadful Southern prison pen. To such, mainly, this story is addressed.

Truly, as the great General William Tecumseh Sherman said, "War is hell!"

The Andersonville prison comprised an open field of about twenty acres and was surrounded by a high stockade and earth walls supported by cannon. About one-fourth of the enclosure was a disease breeding swamp, through which ran a shallow stream, or rather a sewer, which had previously received the filth and refuse of a Confederate camp.

In the selection of this spot for a prison the Southern chivalry had an eye toward sanitary conditions, similar to that of their sending fever germs into the north during the war.

In the enclosure there were frequently crowded thirty thousand Union soldiers, and their sole supply of water was obtained from that filthy sewer, with no shelter or refuge from the boiling Southern summer sun, the rain or cold. The unfortunate prisoners found a partial shelter by burrowing in the hot sandy earth like wild animals. Many remained there and suffered, as long as fifteen months, without a change of any article of clothing, and when released were as naked and helpless

at Chickensaugun and sent to Andersonville. He often told us of his suffering he endured there; but no brave boy, I hope, is so sure of a beautiful home prepared for him on high.

Rev. John W. Allen, of Co. D, 6th Indiana infantry, now of Indianapolis, who was a sufferer, can sell you more atrocities of Andersonville than any ex-soldier I have ever met.

William White and William Harris, father of Tryon Harris, who were captured in Andersonville prison, cannot tell us of their sufferings.

Thomas Scarff and Patrick O'Brien, of Co. D, 6th Indiana, had been discharged by exchange and were enroute home from the prison on board the steamer Sultana and were victims of that great disaster on the Mississippi river.

Wm. Fooks was a prisoner in Andersonville for fifteen months and was relieved by the exchange of prisoners. He died in this city. His tongue is stilled and cannot tell the story.

The agony of these poor prisoners of war at times was only equaled by that of our Savior in the Garden of Gethsemane, when he exclaimed:

Let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, Thy will be done, not mine!" True, Dante's description over the portal of hell, "Who enters here must leave all hope behind" could be well applied to Andersonville.

When all hope of life had vanished, and a dark scroll obscured their happy Southern home and all that was without from these brave men; disease, hunger and

at last dragged their worn out bodies across the "dead line" and bravely awaited the coming of the messenger of death from the hands of the young and chivalric Southern soldiers, placed upon the ramparts of the prison with orders to kill any man who ventured over the forbidden line.

This brutal, barbarous work went on. Thousands of new subjects were daily received from the many battlefields to replenish the stock that was daily depleted by death. The stagnant stream that supplied the death dealing draught to the thousands of famishing Union prisoners slowly and lazily passed on through the prison, and the frogs that inhabited the swamp inside the prison seemed to chuckle in chorus with the demon, Wirz, in his destruction of these unfortunate Union prisoners. The poor sufferers silently prayed, and had for relief, even death was preferable.

the tribes of barbarians in their lands, or called upon Chief Sitting Bull, the King of American savage torturers, to name a brute in human form to act the part of Satan in the great realistic tragedies at Andersonville, where over 11,000 of Wirz's victims lie buried in the cemetery near the prison, including a number of Madison soldiers. The Government now has charge of the grounds and a suitable monument in memory of the dead was erected there a year ago last November. The line of the old prison is properly marked; also that of the "dead line," just inside, is plainly marked.

When the great General William Tecumseh Sherman was on his grand march through Georgia to the sea the prisoners that were still alive in Andersonville, were hastily removed to Charleston, South Carolina, and other parts of the South, many of them being paroled.

Among those paroled was Ephraim Kennison, a Madison soldier, of the 8th Indiana cavalry. When released from Andersonville he was taken by the Union troops to Annapolis, Md. He was reduced to a mere skeleton under the skillful treatment of Captain Wirz and was suffering from a sickness that came near terminating in death. After Comrade Kennison became strong enough to travel he was given a furlough to come to his home in Madison.

While passing through Virginia on a train a guard that was on duty, who had been instructed to inquire if he had been a prisoner of war. Receiving an affirmative answer, the guard asked Kennison if he would know Captain Wirz. He said he certainly would, as he brought him to the condition he was then in. The guard then took Kennison with him through the train until he reached the man he had suspected, when Kennison, placing his hand on the man's shoulder said: "This is Captain Henry Wirz!" The guard placed Captain Wirz under arrest, and wanted Kennison to accompany him to Washington, but the latter was so sick that he preferred to continue on his journey home, where he would receive attention from loving ones.

Captain Henry Wirz was held a prisoner for several months after the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee's army and the cruel war was over, and he was finally arraigned before a military tribunal in Washington, charged with warren and unnecessary cruelty to prisoners of war, for

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In the enclosure there were frequently crowded thirty thousand Union soldiers, and their supply of water was obtained from a filthy sewer, with no shelter from the boiling summer sun, the rain or cold of winter. Prisoners found no shelter by burrowing in the

the story of Andersonville. I met William Smith, of the 15th Indiana infantry, one of the survivors of the Old Guard, and one of the bravest and best volunteer soldiers of the Civil War. Comrade Smith is still suffering from the effect of his incarceration in Andersonville and will carry the infection to his grave.

Just listen to Captain Jeff. Thomas for a few moments. He was with William Smith and members of Captain Chauncey's company from Madison, so was William Fooks, now deceased. Captain Thomas was one of our bravest soldiers and I want you to listen to him as he tells the story of Andersonville and Libby prisons.

Carl Ramspott, of Madison, who has answered the last roll call, was but a mere boy when taken prisoner at Chickamauga and sent to Andersonville. He often told me of the suffering he endured there: but the brave boy, I hope, is safe in that beautiful home prepared for him on high.

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When all hope of life had vanished, I saw a man who had been instructed to keep quiet. It has been "Providence Spring," and

visit the spring and carry a canteen of water to their far-off homes. Mr. William Smith and wife, of this city, visited Andersonville a year ago last November and Mr. Smith brought home with him a bottle filled with the water and presented it to Father Guthneck, who has it labeled "Water from Providence Spring."

Hope of a new lease of life now seemed to pervade the multitude, and long lines of emaciated humanity could be seen daily strung out waiting their turn at the fountain of God-given water, many of them having scarcely strength enough to drag their tortured bodies to the scene.

No better selection for this hellish work than Captain Henry Wirz, of the Confederate army, could have been made, even if an agent of the confederacy had searched amongst the tribes of barbarians in heathen lands, or called upon Chief Sitting Bull, the King of American savage torturers, to name a brute in human form to act the part of Satan in the great realistic tragedies at Andersonville, where over 14,000 of Wirz's victims lie buried in the cemetery near the prison, including a number of Madison soldiers. The Government now has charge of the grounds and a suitable monument in memory of the dead was erected there a year ago last November. The line of the old prison is properly marked; also that of the "dead line," just inside, is plainly marked.

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MADISON, JUNE 30

ANDERSONVILLE

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Madison Soldiers Tortured and Starved to Death.

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In the selection of this spot for a prison the Southern chivalry had an eye toward sanitary conditions, similar to that of their sending fever germs into the north during the war.

In the enclosure there were frequently crowded thirty thousand Union soldiers, and their sole supply of water was obtained from that filthy sewer, with no shelter or refuge from the boiling Southern summer sun, the rain or cold. The unfortunate prisoners found a partial shelter by burrowing in the hot sandy earth like wild animals. Many remained there and suffered as long as fifteen months, without a change of any article of clothing, and when released were as naked and helpless as the ~~year~~ when they came into the world, and it is said that more of the men admitted they would have rather died than left in the prison alive.

Captain Henry Wirz, the demon, was placed in charge of the prison and guards by order of the rebel General J. H. Winder, the commanding officer in charge of the post, who was acting under orders from Richmond to select someone devoid of humanity or feeling for his fellowman, so that the thirty thousand Union prisoners in that dreadful hell-hole could be reduced by privation, starvation and disease, so as to ever after unfit those who survive the torture for service in the Union army. Thousands, though, found relief in death, and they were carted away daily by the score.

Those who suffered at the hands of Captain Wirz only know of the terrible suffering inflicted upon them. We have several living witnesses right here in Madison.

Talk to my old comrade, August Sherlocke, of Company D, 6th Indiana infantry, who enlisted at the age of fifteen, and was as brave a soldier as ever shouldered a musket in defense of the old flag. I saw him, by my side on the bloody field of Shiloh on Monday, April 7, 1862, and when others trembled at the sight of comrades falling around bravely and smiling and pressed the enemy. Up to the very face of Andersonville. Tell the story

without from these brave men, disease, hunger and daily dragged their worn out bodies across the "dead line" and bravely awaited the coming of the messenger of death from the hands of the cruel and chivalric Southern soldiers, placed upon the ramparts of the prison with orders to kill any man who ventured over the forbidden line.

This brutal, barbarous work went on. Thousands of new subjects were daily received from the many battlefields to replenish the stock that was daily depleted by death. The stagnant stream that supplied the death dealing draught to the thousands of famishing union prisoners slowly and lazily passed on through the prison, and the frogs that inhabited the swamp inside the prison seemed to chuckle in chorus with the demon, Wirz, in his destruction of these unfortunate Union prisoners. The poor sufferers silently prayed and died for relief, even death was preferable.

How truly the language of Revelations is exemplified:

"Ye know not what will be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes forever. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place there of shall know it no more."

At last there was a great commotion inside the prison pen! Something unusual had happened to cause the excitement and movement of the ragged and emaciated throng!

The Great Master, who holds the destiny of nations and men in the hollow of His hand, had heard the cry of these sufferers and caused a storm to arise. The ruin poured down in torrents, sweeping the filth and germs of disease from the stagnated sewer that flowed through the prison, putting it into a more sanitary condition, and the lightning flashed, striking the earth, causing a spring of life-giving water to flow copiously inside the prison where there never was a spring before. It was a scene likened unto Moses striking the rock for the relief of the children of Israel suffering from thirst, while journeying to the Promised Land, and causing water to flow from the rock in abundance. The guards heard the cry of the prisoners and threatened to discharge cannon upon them if they did not keep quiet. It has been

quired if he had been a prisoner of war. Receiving an affirmative answer, the guard asked Kennison if he would know Captain Wirz. He said he certainly would, as he brought him to the condition he was in. The guard then took Kennison with him through the train until he reached the man he had suspected, when Kennison, placing his hand on the man's shoulder said: "This is Captain Henry Wirz!" The guard placed Captain Wirz under arrest, and wanted Kennison to accompany him to Washington, but the latter was so sick that he preferred to continue on his journey home, where he would receive attention from loving ones.

Captain Henry Wirz was held a prisoner for several months after the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee's army and the cruel war was over, and he was finally arraigned before a military tribunal in Washington charged with wanton and unnecessary cruelty to prisoners of war, for which he suffered the death penalty.

In all the tales of man's inhumanity to man and the stories of Indian ferries and massacres and of cannibalism in the islands of the South Seas and in searching through the annals of the dark ages, nothing yet produced will approach a comparison with the torture inflicted upon these defenseless Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. Talk of Southern chivalry. It was cowardly on the part of the Southern authorities, who were aware of the condition of these prisoners of war and turned a deaf ear.

ANDREW JACKSON GRAYSON,
Madison, Ind., June 30.

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Andrew J. Grayson
TO Mattie Lawrence } s. s. Be it Remembered, That on this 13
day of August 1861 the following
Marriage License was issued, to wit:

State of Indiana, Jefferson County, set.

TO ANY PERSON LEGALLY AUTHORIZED TO SOLEMNIZE THE RITES OF MATRIMONY

This is therefore to License and permit you to join together in the holy state of
Matrimony Andrew J. Grayson and
Mattie Lawrence and for so doing this shall be your
sufficient warrant.

In Testimony Whereof, I have herunto set my hand and
the Seal of the County aforesaid at Madison, this
13 day of August 1861



David J. Phillips
1861

And afterwards to wit, on the _____ day of Aug 1861 the following Certificate
of the Marriage of said parties was returned, to wit.

State of Indiana, Jefferson County, set.

I DO HEREBY CERTIFY, that I did, on the 18 day of August 1861
join together as husband and wife Andrew Grayson and
Mattie Lawrence

Given under my hand this 20 day of Aug 1861
E. W. ...