# CARLISLE MERCURY.

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## EARLY HISTORY AND REMINISCENCES OF THE TOWN OF CARLISLE.

CHAPTER XV—1825 TO 1830.

We open this chapter with the beginning of 1828—a year memorable in the history of the town. We are enabled now to look back fifty years and contrast our present condition as a town with the Carlisle of half a century ago. If to-day beholds us with our railroad and telegraph facilities, and a population of more than double that period, we can at least point back to that year with pride, as the year of the greatest activity in many respects which our village has ever had. The character, too, of our business men of that period is a matter of just pride to every good citizen. Of the new comers during that year, we may mention David R. Atchison, afterward United States Senator from Missouri, and Colonel William Norvell—both of whom will receive further mention as we proceed. Among our merchants then we had Prine Robinson, Joseph F. Tureman, John B. McIlvaine, John S. Morgan, John Campbell, William C. Rainey, John G. Parks, Thomas Porter, &c. Among our mechanics, William Secrest, Joseph D. Butler, R. D. Henry, John Davidson, John Dougherty, Thomas Hadden, James Dudley, J. P. Ashley, Samuel Hall, T. M. Stevenson, Robert Dykes, George Robinson, William and Lawson Smith, G. Ross, Jacob Leer, and many others whose names cannot now be recalled. Of the legal profession Colonel William Henry Russell, Robert C. Hall, Eldridge Burden, E. F. Chappell, D. R. Atchison, Colonel William Norvell, and others. Our manufactures were all in a flourishing condition, and our manufactured goods finding a ready sale. It was during this year that the great rope walk and bagging factory of McIlvain & Smith was built and put in successful operation. It was during this year, too, that Prine Robinson projected the building of his cotton factory.

The Board of Trustees at that time was made up of the following citizens: John Dougherty, William H. Russell, G. Ross, Thomas M. Chevis and William C. Rainey. It was a notable fact that for twenty five years of our history, only the very best men, men of judgment, and property holders at that, were elected to fill the office of Trustee.

At their first meeting in January, they hurled another edict at the wood pilers, and threatened them with a strict enforcement of the law, if not complied with against the 24th inst., giving them just one week to remove their wood piles. As Colonel Russell was known to be a military man, and Boss Dougherty a fighting Irishman, Jones, Smith and Brown wisely concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and they accordingly carted away the wood to the rear of their premises to await such time as a weaker kneed Board might be elected.

Warned by the occurrence of some minor fires in their thriving community, they on the 31st of January, "Ordered that John Dougherty be appointed a Commissioner to let out to the lowest bidder the making of two long ladders and two short ones; also two long fire hooks and two short ones, for the use and benefit of said town."

So here, boys, we have the first hook and ladder company ever formed in the town. At their next meeting (March 13) the town tax was fixed at ten cents on the hundred dollars, *ad valorem*, and the capitation tax at fifty cents.

At the annual election of Trustees, August, 1828, the following were elected: John Dougherty, John Davidson, William C. Rainey, Gavin Mathers and John B. McIlvaine. At a meeting of the Board on Friday the 9th day of November, 1828, it was "ordered that John G. Parks and Horace Metcalfe be, and are hereby appointed Commissioners to superintend and let the paving and fencing in of the market house, and to have a gate hung at each end of said market-house."

Even while the faithful clerk was recording the proceedings of the Board, Azrael, the angel of death, was recording in the mysterious book of fate the words "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." We doubt not, that even then, the premonition of death had entered his soul! The record is evidently in his hand writing, but blurred and marred in several places, and stranger still not signed!

On the 19th day of December following, the Board met, and, "on motion of Jno. B. McIlvaine and seconded by William C. Rainey, Eldridge Burden was nominated to fill the vacancy of clerk in the Board of Trustees, occasioned by the death of Horace Metcalfe, former clerk of the Board." Dick Webber had served as clerk from 1818 till 1825, and Horace Metcalfe from October, 1825, until November, 1828. And now for the present, our records will be signed by

ELDRIDGE W. BURDEN.

This gentleman, with his brother Robert, came to Carlisle about 1826. Eldrige was a young lawyer then reading in the office of E. F. Chappell, Esq. Bob was a plasterer by trade, and in the year 1828 they were both boarding at Chappell's.

Eldridge had a pair of big saddle-bags, and a favorite amusement of an evening was to hand the saddle-bags to Chappell's oldest son, then five years of age, and tell him if he would shake them well he would find a silver quarter in them. The boy would eagerly seize the bags and shake and shake, and sweat, fall down, roll over, and get up and shake again, and about the time he was nearly dead with fatigue, Eldridge would flip a quarter up over his head, which, falling to the floor, the urchin eagerly seized and carried in triumph to his mother.

The Burdens were both popular young men; steady, peaceable and attentive to business. In the winter of 1828-9, Eldridge was a member of the first theatrical club which was ever formed in Carlisle. The history of the club furnish material for a separate chapter. Eldridge held his position as clerk of the Board until the 5th of June, 1832, when he resigned, and Colonel Norvell was elected in his stead. It was, perhaps, about 1828 to 1831 that Eldridge and Major William Wall, of Cynthiana, practiced law in Carlisle together as Wall & Burden. Their office was in the one-story frame which then stood where the parlor of the St. Cloud Hotel now stands. In the fall of that year, he and his brother Bob bade farewell to Carlisle, and moved to the State of Missouri, where, we believe, they are living to this day.

COLONEL JOHN S. MORGAN.

Among the many distinguished men who have figured in our early history, none deserve a higher honor than Colonel John Sanderson Morgan. His father, Jared Morgan, was a native of Virginia, and his mother, Sarah Sanderson, of South Carolina. They emigrated to Kentucky about 1797, and settled in Nicholas, (then Bourbon County), near the Blue Lick Springs. The subject of this memoir was born January 6, 1799. In 1812 his father died, leaving him with his mother and a large family upon a small and poor farm. Upon this he struggled heroically—laboring both late and early, to secure an education for himself, and to aid in the support of the family. In this respect his history corresponds precisely with that of General Thomas Metcalfe. In 1824, he was elected to the Legislature from Nicholas by the suffrages of the "old Court" party. Soon after this, he came to Carlisle and opened a dry goods store in partnership with William C. Rainey. In May, 1828, he was married to Eleanor Bruce, of Fleming County. The new married couple began housekeeping where Henry Stewart now lives, and the store of Morgan & Rainey was held in the frame house on Front street, now Sammons & Bro. Mr. Rainey retiring soon after 1828, Mr. Morgan went on in business with James Squires—son in law of John Hughes—mentioned in a previous chapter. Not long after, Mr. Squires retired and was succeeded by Robert P. Hughes. Colonel Morgan was elected a member of the Board of Trustees four years successively, to wit: August, 1829-30-31-32. In 1833 he was elected for the second time to the Kentucky Legislature.

In March, 1834—having bought out Thomas Jones (our Sir John Falstaff of chapter first,) he moved to the country; sold out all his interest in town property, and devoted his whole time to the cultivation of the farm. As a farmer he was eminently successful, and from his annual earnings continued to add to his landed estate, until he owned near twelve hundred acres, extending both sides of the road from the town suburbs to Old Concord. In 1838 and 1844 Colonel Morgan was elected a member of the Kentucky Senate from Nicholas and Bourbon—the last time over Mr. Jacob Hutsell, of Bourbon, after a heated contest upon the subject of relief or anti-relief. In the great national contest of 1840 and '44, Colonel Morgan took an active part as a stump-speaker. He was, indeed, for years the leader of the Whig party in Nicholas. His plain, straight-forward style of presenting facts, his evident sincerity and well-known integrity of purpose, always insured him a warm reception at all public meetings. During Mr. and Mrs. Morgan's twenty-nine years stay in Nicholas they had born unto them ten children, six boys and four girls. Henry, the eldest, still a bachelor, is now living in the city of New York. George is engaged in the commission and produce business in Cincinnati, and resides in Covington. Some fifteen years since he married a Miss Smith, one of the "bright particular stars" of the then reigning belles of Covington, by whom he has an interesting family of children. The two eldest girls, Sallie and Lucie, were married here the same day, at the old homestead, about 1856—the former to Major John B. Holliday, well known to very many of our citizen, a former Representative and high Sheriff of the county years ago. Major Holliday's family are now living in Paris, Kentucky, the Major himself being engaged in the mining business in California. Lucy's husband was William P. Dorsey, of Louisville. Lucy Morgan's pathway in life has led down through the deep waters of affliction. Her husband died some years ago, leaving her with two little daughters to support, and what then seemed to be a good property, in a southern county in Kentucky. But in a few short years she had to close the eyes of both her children in death, and has seen every vestage of the property vanish from her grasp, leaving her alone and unaided, to grapple with the stern realities of life. And yet that pathway, darkened by clouds, beset with trials, and obscured by tears "like the path of the just, grows brighter and brighter to the perfect day." Of all the children, Lucy looks most like her father. Thomas P. Morgan, the Colonel's fifth born, married a lady of patrician blood, in Augusta, Georgia, about the close of the war. For several years, he undertook the working of a gold mine in Georgia. The mine yielded finely of everything—but gold. Tom and his family are now living in St. Louis, in quite pleasant circumstances. John and Leonidas, the next two boys, both entered the Confederate war, and both died in less than two years in the Southern hospitals. The next two children in order were twins—Bruce and Ellen. Bruce is still in the enjoyment of "single blessedness," and is at present engaged on the staff of Andrew's Bazaar, a popular monthly fashion journal, published in Cincinnati. Ellen married, six years ago, John Morgan, Esq., commercial traveler for the wholesale grocery house of R. M. Bishop & Co., of Cincinnati. In partnership with W. S. Spencer, John built the large brick building now owned by Adair & Brewington in 1873, and lived in Carlisle during 1874 and '75.

The last of Colonel Morgan's children was Phebe A., named in honor of Mrs. Dr. McMillan. Phebe died of dyphtheria about 1856, and was buried in the old cemetery—the only one of the family that has been buried here. During the residence of the Morgan's near Carlisle, it may be truly said, they kept open house; nor would one well imagine a more delightful place to visit. The warm-hearted hospitality of the Colonel and his wife, the large retinue of well trained family servants, the absence of all formality, together with the air of well bred ease and refinement of the whole household, gave to the visitor that peculiar charm which such a home can alone diffuse. Employing a large number of hired hands to carry on the farm, did not in the least detract from the social pleasures of the visitor. The town lady, in her toilet of silks and laces, sat down at the dinner table side by side with the hardy sons of toil. It was thus that Colonel Morgan dignified true labor. Himself a hardy laborer, always leading his forces to the field, he never forgot the axiom, that

"Whoso at the plow would thrive
Must either hold himself or drive."

Largely engaged in the raising of hemp, barley, wheat and other farm product, necessitated a very large outlay of groceries, dry goods, &c.; this was done in a liberal, but never all our shopkeepers, so that all might feel that an equal interest was felt for each and every one. Raised in poverty himself, Colonel Morgan knew how to feel toward the poor and needy. No one ever came to him or his noble wife without finding true friends, those who knew how to give, while yet seeming rather to lend. The extravagant manner, by Mrs. Morgan. No family were ever truer to home interest than they. All they bought was bought at home, and distributed among writer of this sketch had a better insight into the private life of Colonel Morgan than any one now living, save alone of course his wife and children. Day after day, while the Colonel laid off the ground, the writer followed behind him dropping the seed into the warm moist ground; employed often about the house in various ways, gathering apples or working the garden. And in after years, when grown, courting the girls (not the Colonel's, they were too young,) on the vine clad porch, serenading visitors under the window, at the witching hour of midnight; at all the social clubs held at the house, often with a dining party from the town—always welcome, always gladly received, he had a noble opportunity to study a character as pure, as unselfish and as true as ever trod the soil. In the inner circle of home life Colonel Morgan was the very king of men. No sovereign ever held sway over an empire more undisputed than he. His servants reverenced him, and his wife and children idolized him. The law of his government was the divine law of love. Force was rarely, if ever employed. His frown would have been punishment enough, his smile of approval all the needed reward.

Is it any wonder, then, that the people of Carlisle heard with feelings of genuine regret, in the year 1847, that the Colonel, with his family, designed moving to the city of Covington? Prior to that year, the Colonel had been engaged in pork packing in Cincinnati, and had felt a growing desire to leave the farm and engage in commercial pursuits. In October, 1847, the whole family packed up and took leave of Carlisle, for their new home in Covington. The Colonel bought a handsome piece of property in the suburbs of the city, and of this they at once took possession. In the mean time, Colonel Morgan hired Roly P. Bell, of Fleming County, to superintend the farm. Mrs. Bell was an own cousin of Mrs. Morgan.

In partnership with Eli M. Bruce, Colonel Morgan soon after opened a commission house on Front street, Cincinnati, as Morgan & Bruce. The firm took high rank at once, among the leading commission houses of the city, doing an active and profitable business. It was about the year 1849 that the building of both the Kentucky Central and the Maysville and Lexington Railroads was projected. Colonel Morgan showed his public spirit by subscribing liberally to both.

He gave the Maysville road the right of way through his farm and also a subscription of two thousand dollars. In 1850 he was elected President of the Covington and Lexington road. To the completion of this great work he now bent his whole time and energies, not forgetting often to likewise send words of cheer to the directors of the Maysville road. From one of the obituary notices written (1852) by a citizen of Covington a few days after the Colonel's death, we make the following extract to show how his services as President had been appreciated:

"The road will soon be completed and stand as a monument to his memory. But for him the road might have been talked of, dreamed of, slept over; been looked upon as something that might be done, that might succeed: But nothing probably would have been done for years to come. In a word we look upon the late Col. John S. Morgan as the father and founder of this road, and the agitator and leading spirit of the whole system of railroad improvements that has now become a leading principle among the energetic and far-sighted inhabitants of Kentucky."

In 1852 Colonel John S. Morgan was appointed Presidential Elector for the Tenth District by the Whig party of Kentucky in the great Presidential struggle between Gen. Winfield Scott and Gen. Franklin Pierce.

On Wednesday, the 16th day of June, 1852, Col. Morgan went out on the line of the railroad in the discharge of his official duties. He returned home at night in his usual health, no symptom whatever of disease, no premonition of his approaching dissolution. At the hour of four in the morning he was attacked with that awful disease—cholera! The alarm soon spread throughout the house. Hurriedly medical assistance was summoned; all that science, skill and tender nursing could suggest were pressed into immediate service to avert a calamity which threatened to plunge a whole city in grief. All day long on Thursday the 17th, the family sat in breathless suspense. The closed blinds, the hurried arrivals and departures without, the whispered consultations within, all told of the dreadful conflict going on in the chamber of death. But the die was cast, the decree had gone forth; at 4½ o'clock in the afternoon he yielded up his spirit unto God who gave it.

He lies buried in Linden grove cemetery at Covington. Numerous eulogies upon his life and character were written and published by the papers throughout the States. Some time after the family selected four of these, one from the pen of Colonel John W. Finnell and another by Rev. John Rogers of this place, and had them printed in a little memorial pamphlet. At his death Colonel Morgan left an estate valued at $60,000, but like many large estates under similar circumstances it was found cumbered with numerous real or pretended claims so that a large portion of it went to satisfy the holders of the claims and to settle up numerous partnerships. In 1853 the family returned to the old homestead and continued to live there until 1863, when they moved to town and staid two or three years, after which they all returned again to Covington. Mrs. Morgan is now living with her daughter Lucy Dorsey on West Seventh street, Cincinnati. Though her husband has been dead now nearly twenty-six years she still remains a widow. Through all these years she has silently bore her griefs and sorrows with true christian fortitude and resignation. Like the needle to the pole her thoughts have ever turned to the memory of the dead—thoughts too sacred to be disturbed by any earth born aspirations or desires—and now in the evening of her days she is only waiting upon the banks of the river.

"Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gates,
At whose feet I long have lingered
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices, far away,
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey."

## A MODERN LUCRETIA BORGIA.

**Fatally Poisoned Fifteen People and Partially Dosed as Many More—Unparalleled Career of Deceit, Imposture and Crime.**

Madame Gottfried in 1825 was as fair and charming a widow as the city of Bremen contained. In her youth she had been surpassingly beautiful, and now that she was fair, plump and forty, the charms and coquetry of her girlhood had not deserted her. Twice had she lain down in the green pastures of matrimony, and still suitors not a few sought her hand. She moved in the best society of the city, wealth unbounded was at her disposal, a title decked her brow, and her gardens, boudoirs, parlors and elegant equipage were both the admiration and envy of the burghers. Despite the ardent importunings of many amorous lovers, her heart seemed callous to their solicitations, and she declined many advantageous offers to remain true to her dear Gottfried of blessed memory, whom she had promised on his death-bed to wed nevermore.

She sought solace and comfort in religion and giving alms. Her devotion was the admiration of the clergy, and her charity ever on the lips of the poor and suffering. A shadow of misfortune, however, seemed to haunt her. Across the way from her palatial abode was an undertaker, who had actually within a few months made thirteen coffins in obedience to her orders. She had lain to eternal rest her two husbands, her father, her mother, her brother and several children. Her grief was of no common order, and her sorrows so burdensome that public prayers had been offered for her consolation in afflictions so deep. No Job was a more fitting monument of patience and Christian resignation. The Lord had selected her out as an object of chastisement for the purification of her soul. Some there were who sneeringly took a different view of her case, and avowed that her breath was poisoned and that death followed in her wake.

Living in the same city was a Mr. Rumpff, who, despite the protestations of his friends, resolved to take up his abode and that of his family with this ill-fated widow. He believed in no omens or prognostigations, listened to neither rumor nor gossip, and gave no willing ear to the sinister suspicions and insinuating inuendoes that were hurled at the luckless widow's head. He secured quarters for himself and family in her house, and for a time had no reasons to regret his choice. Her kindness to his children was beyond parallel. Their childish prattle, she avowed, was for her the sweetest music, and their romping games her heart's delight. This Elysian scene was soon doomed to be shattered by the death of Madame Rumpff, who, being seized with violent vomitings shortly after a confinement, was speedily carried off. The devotion of Mrs. Gottfried to the dying mother was of the tenderest. She lingered by her bedside, smoothed the pillow of her sufferings, soothed her dying throes, and it was a source of supreme happiness to the sufferer that she left

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