

January 15, 21, & 27, 1909. You can see in the Devils Den story published in the 2001 Summer Issue of *Indiana Canals* and in others that Capt. J.T. Campbell worked on the Wabash & Erie Canal when he was young and wrote of his times spent there.

Old Annapolis
Joe Cannon's Early Home
As He Was Then
Interesting Stories.
by Captain John T. Campbell

I first saw Joe Cannon, to learn who he was, about the fall of 1853. I had gone to Annapolis to work in Gifford and Evans' cabinet shop to make bedsteads. Joe had commenced to clerk and sell in Samuet. T. Ensey's general store and still had on his best clothes. I was going north on the main street of the town and saw Joe in the buggy shafts acting horse, taking Sam Ensey's buggy to the stable shed. He wore what was called a plug hat, a linen duster, doeskin cashmere pants and fine, well shined boots. He was a neat, square figure physically, and as spry as a young dog. I asked my companion "Who is that well dressed fellow pulling Ensey's buggy?" The answer was, "Joe Cannon. He has begun clerking in Ensey's store." I knew him by reputation but had never met him. I traded some at Ensey's and soon became casually acquainted with Joe who generally waited on me. The next summer we became fairly intimate.

The stores of that time were all, and always, a night loafing place for the boys who were uncertain whether they were still boys or young men. Joe was three years, less 14 days, my junior. He was better informed in general matters than I and was smart. He was a ready, fluent and generally eloquent speaker and was always one of the debaters at the debating club every winter. It also included the most intelligent men of the surrounding country for say three miles distant from the town. It was no uncommon occurrence for

JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON

1836-1926

Illinois Republican
U S. House of Representatives

Painted by William T. Smedley
U.S. Congress Biographical Directory



"Uncle Joe"
"Hayseed"
"Foul Mouth Joe"

1836 Born Guilford, Guilford Co,
N.C. on May 7

1840 Moved to Annapolis-Bloomington,
IN

Studied law at Cincinnati Law School

1858 Admitted to the bar & practiced
law in Terre Haute, IN

1859 Moved to Tuscola, IL.

1861 to 1868 Illinois - 27th judicial district State's attorney

1873 to 1891 - Republican 43rd -51st U.S.Congresses
47th Chair-Committee on Expenditures Post Office Dept.
51st Committee on Appropriations

1878 Moved to Danville, IL

1890 Unsuccessful in reelection to 52nd U.S.Congress

1893 to 1913 - Elected to 53rd-63rd U.S.Congresses
54th-57th chair Committee on Appropriations
58th -61st Committee on Rules

58th - 61st Congresses (1903-1911) - **Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives**

1908 Chicago Republican National Convention received 58 votes for
presidential nomination

1912 Unsuccessful in reelection to 63rd U.S. Congress

1915 to 1923 - Elected to 64th -67th U.S.Congresses

1922 Declined renomination for 68th U.S. Congress

1923 Retired from public life

1926 Died in Danville, Vermilion County, IL on November 12, age 90
Buried Spring Hill Cemetery, Danville, IN

the debate to prolong itself to 10, 11 and sometimes to 12 o'clock at night in the winter.

Joe and I often sat till late at night on the horse blocks in front of the store and talked of our designs on the future. He was then about 18 and I was 21 years old. Joe at that early day often talked of going to congress. In a back room where he and other boys slept, the unpainted ceiling was written over with J.G. Cannon, M.D. His full name was Joseph John Gurney Cannon, named

for an English Quaker preacher. John P. Usher, then at that time renowned lawyer of Terre Haute and the Wabash valley, was a candidate for congress on the then new Republican party platform against John G. Davis, the Democratic nominee. Usher was a large, well set man, with a villainous, impudent face; light, long heavy hair; light, severe looking eyes. He spoke clear, loud and strong. He had something of a monotone, and spoke three to five words, then a noticeable pause as if drawing a

breath for the next five.

The Douglas Kansas-Nebraska bill, setting aside the Missouri Compromise about the time it had become old enough to be sacred, was the paramount issue before the country. That part of Parke county was almost solidly Republican. We all made it a hell for the few Democrats who sullenly said nothing in reply, but voted for Jackson at every election. Oliver P. Morton in that campaign -- the Buchanan--Fremont campaign -- first loomed into prominence. He had been a Democratic judge of the Circuit court of Wayne county, by appointment from Gov. Wright to fill out some unexpired term, and was put at the head of the state ticket of the new party to please the "Anti-Nebraska Democrats" of the state who were going into the new party. What a campaign it was for big meetings and long processions! All the party papers mentioned their crowds as 5,000 and 10,000 and very often up to 40,000.

In the army I had occasion to notice the space a thousand men occupied when massed by column of company and when I came back to civil life I measured many gatherings by pacing (stepping) the dimensions of the ground on which the crowd massed itself when the meeting was called to order, the band played and the speaker was introduced. I found that crowds had been greatly exaggerated in the past. I found the subsequent big crowds to range from 5,000 to 10,000 that had formerly been exaggerated at 30,000 to 40,000.

Morton had prepared, written out and committed to memory one good, telling speech which he delivered in every county in the state. All his points, his flashes of wit and his few jokes came in at their manuscript place. I heard him three times that campaign, and got his speech "by heart."

Henry W. Lane of Crawfordsville was the most magnetic speaker then in the state, perhaps in the nation. His speeches were clearly

impromptu. He was a slim, tall, angular man, and when in repose about the ugliest man I ever saw. But when animated in his speech was the most graceful in his gestures when were continual, and he was then really handsome. He would lean backward, throw his arms outward and upward, palms to the front. In his "rear backs," as they were called by the Democrats, his head, neck, body and thighs (which were very long) would be in a straight line, with a right angle at the knees. In his "rear backs" I have often seen the line of his head, body and thighs lean back to an incline of 45 degrees or a carpenter's "half pitch." I have watched him by the hour to see how he could recover from such a position without staggering, but he always did. I never saw him stagger but once, and then he had not leaned back much. All the boys who aspired to be public speakers tried to imitate him. Some did fairly well at the attempt, but there was only one Henry S. Lane in the world in that achievement.

Joe and I attended most of the great meetings and often talked over the speeches and the speakers. He always had a man's head on him. He was always serious, seldom a joke or laughed at one, though he often gave a sort of sickly smile when others laughed.

At that time Annapolis beat the world for tricks and practical jokes. It was outrageous the tricks that were played on young men and boys that were strangers in the place. I never knew Joe to be engaged in any of them. His oldest brother, Dr. Elisha Bates Cannon, was often a leader in such devilment. This brother became an expert surgeon, but was so dissipated that he did no good for himself or family. The second son, Isaac Newton Cannon, who died at about the age of 17, was said to be the brightest of the four boys. I never saw him. He was said to be a born orator. Joe was the third son. William Penn Cannon, the youngest, was a curiosity. He was an albino. Had white hair like an

old man, white eyes, and was so near-sighted that when he read without glasses he put the paper against his nose. He decided to become a banker when barely in his teens and did so, successfully.

January 13, 1909, cont.:

It would be impossible to write the career of anybody in that "ripsnorten--roarin' town," in consecutive order or time or occurrence. The town was a law unto itself. It was independent of all the other towns near it and generally antagonized them, especially Rockville, the county seat, which was as different in character and characteristics as could be. Rockville was dignified, phlegmatic, austere unsociable to strangers, though on acquaintance was found to be composed of excellent people.

Everybody from about Annapolis was a public speaker. The Quaker neighborhood at Bloomfield quarterly meeting, now Bloomingdale, was considered as part of Annapolis then. When any citizen of the Annapolis region aspired to a county office, he was either summarily suppressed, or unanimously espoused by the community, and if espoused was carried triumphantly into office. As soon as he was installed into his office his old neighbors and backers began to throw clubs at him for as little cause as they had espoused him, so that with one exception out of seven they never returned to that locality after serving their official terms. but stayed in Rockville or went west. While this characteristic made the people there smart, shrewd and cunning, it did not make them reliable and enduring friends to anybody.

Joe Cannon grew to manhood in such an atmosphere as that. His father was a prominent man in that part of the county and a popular doctor. Much of his practice was north of Sugar creek and there was no bridge then from Crawfordsville to the Wabash except at the Narrows (Turkey Run State

Park), six miles above and east of Wright's Rockport mills. Dr. Cannon had a rather large white pacing horse called Gilford. If he had occasion to cross Sugar creek when it was too full to ford it, he swam it on Gilford. One day in the spring of about 1850, he got a call from north of the creek. He said to his partner, Dr. Elias Mackey, "Doctor, you think old Gilford can be forced into service today?" I don't remember what reply Dr. Mackey made. But it was such a common occurrence for Dr. Cannon to swim the creek on horseback that little was thought of his purpose then. But Sugar creek was bank full and had a current of about six miles an hour. Arriving at the creek at Rockport Mills he rode along the steep bank to find a clear place to ride on a run and leap into the stream. He was obliged to make that leap in order to reach the opposite low bank and a high bar about three times the width of the creek, lower down as the stream current would carry him rapidly downward in swimming across. If he should miss that landing, a steep bank set in for about three-quarters of a mile where a horse could not possibly get up. Several men were present and urgently advised Dr. Cannon to not take such a hazardous venture. In assuring them that he and Gilford could make it all right, he forgot to take the bridle reins out of the martingale rings, and on a run the horse leaped into the surging stream, going clear under and coming up all right and was swimming for the north side all right. At mid stream he met a bunch of frothy foam as large as a horse and Gilford was afraid of it and turned down stream but Cannon in pulling the right rein to hold Gilford to his course, because of the martingale, pulled the horse's nose down into the water. This strangled him and he threw his head back and sank, rider and all out of sight. As he came to the surface Cannon was still in the saddle and still pulling to rein to hold the horse on his course to the north. This, as before, pulled Gilford's nose into the water and not

having recovered from his immersion he floundered spasmodically and sank again, going down sidewise. When he came up again Dr. Cannon was gone and was never seen again. Some year or so later a part of a vest with a shoulder blade (scapula) and collar bone (clavicle) attached, were found below the feeder dam, three miles down the creek and recognized by young Dr. Cannon, the eldest son, as the vest of his father. These were buried in the Quaker graveyard at Bloomfield. The people collected from miles around and several hundred were on the two banks. Fishing, dragging, sounding, diving and firing of anvils were resorted to but to no avail. People were asking and answering all sorts of questions about the manner of the drowning. Quite a number spoke of it as a foolhardy venture.

Young Dr. Cannon, the son, heard some of the remarks and it greatly incensed him. He stormed out. "It was no foolhardy act at all, but perfectly sane." He ran to where the horse was still hitched to a buckeye sapling, mounted him, rode him on a fast run and leaped into the stream 20 feet before touching the water, horse and rider going clear under, coming up and swimming across some distance down the stream. Then he rode up the stream on the north bank, and with a run, leaped from a still higher bank, going under again and swimming to the south side. Then a third run and leap to the north, then a leap to the south, all successful. "There now, you can see there was nothing foolhardy about it," said Dr. Elisha Cannon, then about 18 years old.

I was not present at any part of this sad incident, but I have often heard it described by those who saw all or some of it. I heard Dr. Mackey and Dr. Dare talking about it one Sunday afternoon several years afterward, and Mackey said there was no necessity for such a risk, but that Dr. Cannon wanted everybody to know that there was no effort he would not make, nor no risk he would not take to serve on of his

patrons.

Dr. Cannon was much such a looking man as his son Joe was at the age of 40. A neat figure and a most dignified and graceful horseman. He showed his vest on old Gilford. His son Elisha, the eldest, and also a doctor, looked the most like him -- sound as a log and straight as an arrow, and of wonderful strength and activity. I have seen him in a scuffle with several of the strongest men about the town and he always dirtied their backs.

Dr. Horace Cannon was born and raised in North Carolina, in Gilford county. About 1845, several Quaker families inherited slaves in North Carolina and Dr. Horace Cannon was deputed to bring them to Indiana, as they could not then be set free in North Carolina. O, what a howl of indignation was set up against him for that mission! He received several anonymous letters, threatening to assassinate him and burn his house. His son Elisha was never in sympathy with this father's anti-slavery principles, but Joe was. Joe was always scolding and rebuking "Lish" to his face, but always defending and apologizing for him behind his back.

"Lish" got but little practice while he lived in Annapolis. People were not inclined to transfer their confidence in the father to the son. I never knew him to have but one case--that of a young man, Lloyd Pollard, living north of Sugar creek, who was a pauper. He had an abscess which discharged internally. Young Dr. Cannon decided on a tapping operation. He invited three other doctors to be present and assist him. They each guessed about double what the others did and they laughed at him, but his guess proved correct. The young man got well, lived to be about 70 years old, and accumulated a considerable estate, notwithstanding he was at last eaten up with cancer on the under lip. Whether or not young Dr. Cannon got any compensation, I never knew, but probably not.

William Penn Cannon, as

before stated, was very near-sighted. He was a decided character. The boys, as boys will, were always playing tricks on him. They would flip little stones and clods of dirt and hit him. He could not see who did it and he would always call out, "Here, Watch, sick!" calling to his dog to bite his tormentors. He was then about 13 and took writing lessons of an old wooden legged Quaker named Mills, whose wife Ruth set the copies. Mills sang the rules, and kept order in the class. Bill was accused of some breach of order and would not apologize for it and Mills expended him from the class.

The school was held in the upper story of a corner frame building, and there was a corner broken off of one of the very top window lights. The water spout was loose at the corner of the house and Bill tugged at it till he got it loose from the top. Then he turned it bottom end up so the turnout angle would go through the broken pane and put his mouth at the lower end up so the turnout angle would go through the broken window pane at the top. He put the short angle end through the broken pane and put his mouth at the lower end and talked through the pipe. It seemed to multiply the sound like a bugle, and made so much noise in the classroom that nobody could give or hear instruction. Old Mills came down the stairway. I could hear his peg leg on the stair steps, but Bill was so engaged calling over the rules for writing, Dot you i's as high as the t's. and Bill would add, "Cross your t's as high as you please." Mills slipped up and caught him by the coat tail. Bill dropped the water spout, and it fell across the street with a crashing sound. Bill tried to run. Old Mills was strong in his arms and held on, but being obliged to use a cane with the other hand, he could not shorten his grip of Bill's coat tail. Bill headed for the center of the street-crossing where there was a big mud hole 20 feet wide and two feet deep in the middle. At the edge of the mud Bill saw if he turned to the right or left

Mills would shorten his grip, so he lunged headlong through the mud, but grabbed Mill's coat sleeve to pull him in also. In the deep mud Mill's stiff wooden leg could not be raised to step over the mud and he fell headlong, butting his head against Bill's rump and threw him also headlong in the deepest of the mud. That broke their holds and Bill struggled on to the opposite side and ran down the street south for home. Mills wiggled out a length. Never did two hogs emerge from a mud hole worse smeared that did Bill and old Mills.

Whether Bill's tuition was ever paid or ever demanded, I have forgotten, if I ever knew. This episode was after dark and in late winter or early spring, of about the year 1855. I was going north on the sidewalk, then a single plank, and saw the water spout swaying right and left between me and the lighted window, and as soon as Bill began to sing the writing rules through the spout, I knew his voice, and stood near to see what was going on.

There was no intoxicating liquor sold in Annapolis then and very little smuggled in; yet the boys of the town were the most rowdyish in the whole state. This rowdyism was generally meant to be harmless, more boyish fun, but it often ran into serious harm. One moonlight summer night there were 20 to 30 boys and young men having a time. Some of the country boys were in. After many other ridiculous capers had been cut, it was proposed that we have a song from Joe Belton, a jour. (journeyman) blacksmith from Waveland.

Joe Cannon was called on to introduce the great soloist. Joe mounted the horse block in front of Maris' store and made the following speech preliminary the great song: "Ladies and gentlemen" (ladies absent, the listening from behind all the gate posts in hearing,) "Give me your attention while I detail to you the virtues of the great, renowned Joe Belton, who comes among us loaded with the applause of great audiences in Central Africa. He is a

most remarkable phenomenon. He has out-howled the wolf; he has out-bellowed the bull; he has out-hooted the owl; he has out-roared the lion; he has out-chittered the mocking bird; he has out-katied the katydid; he has out-whipped the whippoor-will. His mother was a Hottentot and his father was a Turk, and " -- at that instant Joe Belton struck him over the rump with a clapboard that cracked as loud as if it had been struck against the side of the house and called, "Here--no, more of that." The orator leaped from the block ten feet and hobbled off rubbing the spot Belton had so suddenly warmed on him. Belton then mounted the block and began to sing "Lille Dale," in a most affected style. Ere he was half through the boys on the outskirts of the crowd when they began pelting him with dry cow dung, which was abundant in the street, and drove him from the block. How suddenly great public favorites fall from their white heat popularity.

Joe Cannon got his money back in the fall of Belton. After Joe had saved his money to read law with John P. Usher--afterward secretary of the Interior under Lincoln--and had spent about a year in Usher's office, he attended the Cincinnati Law school. He came back to Annapolis with his sheepskin under his arm, the wool all pulled off, but it showed that he was authorized and qualified to pull the wool over the eyes of a jury, or a county justice of the peace.

There was a big temperance meeting on at the Methodist church in Annapolis when he came home. As soon as the speakers on the program were done there was a strong call for "Joe Cannon." All present wanted to hear a real Joe Cannon speech, with the added frills the law school had put on him, and they got it. But not as they expected and desired. They wanted and expected a knockdown and drag out speech, with more than Joe's usual power. He had left Annapolis with a clean shaven face. He returned with a full-grown heavy, golden beard, beautifully wavy and nicely pointed

below the chin. He wore a spike-tailed, professor looking dress coat. He came into the pulpit, where all spoke, and delivered the most affected speech I ever heard from anybody. He evidently tried to imitate some of his law professors in their lectures to their law classes. He abandoned his strong, bold, aggressive manner, and assumed a condescending style, with a low, affected voice and exceedingly modest gestures, leaning forward and bowing to those immediately under him, ignoring the rear of the packed house. His remarks were exceedingly common place. I remember only one paragraph of his speech:

"Temperance is enborn and coonsteetutinal weeth me. Eeet ees the pap wheech I sooked from me moother's breast." &c.

The boys were wont to declaim it long afterward. There was no applause at its conclusion. I never knew him before to fail to bring down the house. So far as I know that was his last effort at the affected.

I have heard him several times since, and he makes his old time Joe Cannon speeches. He had two or more small cases before a justice of the peace before he left Annapolis for Shelbyville, Ill. His old townsmen said one to another, "We have lost our Joe Cannon. Did you ever hear the like of that speech the other night?" Another said, "He has spent a heap of time and money to make a d--d fool of himself." These are but sample remarks. Place the sign of infinity for quantity.

About the summer of 1855 there grew up a town feud in Annapolis, in which the entire population took a hand. A certain prominent man's wife and her daughter told a bad story concerning another man's wife, to the effect that when she was a little girl she had committed indiscretions with boys. The latter woman's mother had died when she was about 12 years old and her father, a reputable citizen, a cabinet maker and class leader in the Methodist church, could not keep

house and do his outside work, too. He was trying to do so with the help of his only child. It was during this time that the reported delinquencies were stated to have occurred, and at an age when a girl is not capable of taking care of herself. It was cruel to tell it on her, even, for she had married, and was conducting herself prudently when the scandal was published. The woman's husband was not exceedingly bright and was induced to bring suit against the husbands of the two women for slander. One of these told me afterward that a rival merchant was very active in urging the suit. That I think was true, but not so much to injure his rivals as in sympathy with the accused.

John P. Usher, then the most conspicuous lawyer in western Indiana, and afterward Secretary of the Interior under Lincoln, was employed by the defendants; and some local attorney whose name I have forgotten; and W. F. Linden of Shelbyville, Ill., a Democratic member of congress and the most noted lawyer at that time of eastern Illinois, were engaged to bring the suit. The case was fought hard but the jury gave a verdict in favor of the defendants. All the adult population of Annapolis attended the trial which lasted about a week. The people were two to one for the complainant. While the woman and her daughter were not held to be untruthful women, they were held to be too free in speaking of their neighbors. For a time the feud ruined the Methodist church. Everybody, men and women, talked as freely about the case as was done during the great Beecher-Tilton trial of 1872.

One Sunday afternoon during the Annapolis trial, Bill Lee, a jour. (journeyman) cabinet maker; George Holloway, a jour. carpenter from Crawfordsville; Joe Cannon, a clerk in Ensey's store; and myself, then a contracting carpenter, age 22, went to Pickett's woods pasture and wrote (and edited) four papers. Lee's was "Dishwater Over the Fence," mine was "The Annapolis Tribune" (I was

then reading The New York Tribune), but I forget the titles of Holloway's and Cannon's papers. These were dropt (dropped) on the streets that night and if nobody else found them Lee was sure to. But he managed to inveigle someone else into finding part of them. They were past (passed) around and read all over the town for several days afterward. But that led to the issuing of counter papers and some of the most outrageous scandals were promulgated through them. Some people who were much amused at and applauded the first papers, were most furious at the later ones. The great trial was elaborately reported and commented on, and some of the witnesses were scored till they would have been glad to hide in a crawfish hole. Very few families and especially their women escaped being "tarred" by those sticks. Dozens of different papers were issued, very few of which I knew the authors of, or could make a probable guess. I was hard hit by some of them, but I could not and did not offer protest or denial.

I don't know that Joe Cannon had any hand in getting out others than the first issue. One of his news items was about thus: "The steam ship Kerr came into port of the 4th inst., loaded down to the guard with scandals, affidavits, witnesses, lawyer, jurymen &c., for the great trial" (Meaning one of the defendants.) Joe was then about 19 years old. He could wink an approval with one eye and frown a rebuke with the other till no one would know which side he was on, and so far as I remember he was not openly accused or much suspected of having any hand in the publishing work.

Ensey's store, a long, one-story building with a platform at the east end, was the common ground for loafing to assemble in the summer evenings to discuss the great trial till the subsequent papers produced such a crossed, oblique suspicion that the leading men refuse to read or hear read any more papers. Some who were at first against the defendants took their side because of

the roastings they themselves got from the later papers. The second letter is from Gen. W. H. H. Beadle:

February 3, 1909

With two supplementary letters Capt. Campbell's interesting reminiscences of Old Annapolis are concluded this week. The first of these is from Dr. E. D. Laughlin of Orleans, Ind., who was an Annapolis Boy. It is as follows:

Capt. John Campbell
My Dear Friend and Companion in the
Days of Old Lang Syne

I came home yesterday to find your manuscript waiting me for review and today I have gone through it carefully and so far as my knowledge goes there is but little room for correction, if any. I think it is very correct, so far as my knowledge goes, for much of the latter part of it transpired after I left Annapolis in 1855. In regard to that horse that Dr. Cannon rode at the time of his drowning: He was a flea-bitten gray and his name was Gilford. The doctor bought him of a man named Don Carlos who brought him from Gilford county, North Carolina; the county for the high regard he had for his old home. This history I got from Dr. Dare.

I might say in passing that Dr. Cannon trained his boys to debate. Many times I have heard them on the north porch of his residence of summer evenings discussing questions, while the old doctor sat as both judge and umpire. He told me he thought it a good idea to have boys and young men trained in the art of debate and on one occasion he invited me to be present. He encouraged me to study medicine. He gave as a Christmas present a slip of paper on which he had written: "Study medicine, I can and I will," with the remark, "If you will make an effort to carry that thought out you can't fail," And I did. You know the result. I have always held his memory in high regard.

You did not speak of his having been prosecuted for bringing the Negroes into the state and fined. Refusing to pay the fine, regarding it as an act of persecution, he let the sheriff sell a horse (a dark brown horse). At the trial the prosecutor had the Negro as a witness and Cannon had no doubt trained him. At any rate, when the Negro was asked, the date of his coming into the state, he replied: "Dono sur; I kep no count, didn't ever spek to be col on." They could not get him to convince Cannon. Afterward someone remarked to Cannon: "Negro mighty uncertain," and he replied, "Yes, and a white man is more so."

This leaves me well, and with many wishes for your happiness and prosperity, I am as ever your old time friend,

E.D. Laughlin.

Dear Captain Campbell:

Please accept my thanks for copy of The Rockville Republican, which I read with much interest. I had told you I am writing some stuff for the Tribune. I write now to speak particularly about those "North Carolina" slaves, the coming of which to Parke county aroused Joe Cannon to very strong anti-slavery opinions. They were Alabama, not North Carolina slaves. Some members of families in North Carolina, not themselves Quakers or opposed to slavery, strayed off to Alabama, acquired wealth and slaves, and died without direct descent and heirs. A part of the estate of one of those fell to Quaker relatives--Woodards and others in Parke. Considerable money came also

Dr. Cannon (elder) went for the people and money, brought them by river to the Wabash and up that stream to Parke. A considerable hostile force assembled to prevent their landing. Cannon borrowed a shot gun from the captain of the boat and fearlessly headed the procession to the shore.

The money was used to buy little farms for the Negroes; homes in town for the carpenters and blacksmiths. Then followed the prosecution of Cannon. I often heard of it and probably read it all. The main point is the slaves were from Alabama and the decedent was not a Quaker; some of his heirs were. Uncle Joe studied law with John P. Usher, who had defended his father ably and fearlessly.

Yours Sincerely,
W. H. H. Beadle
Madison, S. D.
Jan. 21, 1901

In sending Gen. Beadle's letter, Capt. Campbell in reference to the correction of his statement about Dr. Cannon's mission to the south says: "I had been out of the county for nearly three years and came back while the excitement was still on, but I suppose I got the true history mixed a little. Dr. Laughlin's letter adds a little to mine about that affair. I don't know who these Negroes were or if they were settled in and stayed in Parke county, unless the Bass brothers were a part of them. Dick Bass, a large quadroon, was a fine carpenter and a wit. His brother, the preacher, name forgotten, was also a carpenter. They moved to Howard county about the Civil War times. Hon. John E. Woodard can tell all about it, if it happens to interest him."

At one time Annapolis had a population larger than Chicago, was a chief trading center between Danville, IL and Cincinnati, OH., and was considered as



"Uncle Joe" Cannon lived in this house in Annapolis, Parke County, IN, from 1840-1854.
Photo courtesy the Vermillion County Museum

of years ago by its owner, Gerald Bayless of Bloomingdale. The staircase and fireplace mantle were salvaged, but the lumber was burned. It was the last house of its kind in town.

Joe Cannon is still remembered there for the time he arrived with a fancy matched team of dark brown horses, new harness, new carriage, and driver to address a homecoming reunion. He was dressed like a dignified VIP to show how successful he had become. Between 400-500 people came to the beech grove to hear him speak that day. In his speech he said that work was no hardship then and there were no class distinctions in Annapolis, but those who did not work were asked to leave town. He credited his success in legislative life to the debating society in the Quaker Settlement on the Wabash saying "(We) took sides and debated questions that were beyond our intimate knowledge but we learned to think on our feet, to think and talk at the same time, something that is not always observed by members of Congress."

a site for the state capitol. When Joe lived there the town had several hundred residents, general stores, a hardware store, an implement store, a pottery, a foundry, sawmills, and mines. They made barrels, coffins, furniture and pumps. The farmers planted corn, wheat, oats and rye. They shipped pork by river and canal to Cairo, Memphis, and New Orleans. But in 1878, with the coming of the ID&S Railroad (later the Baltimore and Ohio, many of the buildings were moved to Bloomingdale along the rail line. The Depression and World War II took their toll too. Today there are no stores or industry in Annapolis — just weathered gray houses and a

few trailers.

Even though the town faded away, one farmhouse (the boyhood home of Joe Cannon) remained for decades as a tourist and bus stop during the annual Parke County Covered Bridge Festival. A historical marker was erected outside of it.

Unfortunately the home stood vacant for 15 years and became an eyesore. The Parke County Historical Society didn't have funds to purchase it. Someone had an idea to move it to Billy Creek Village at Rockville, IN but nothing came of it. It was torn down a couple

The mansion Joe lived in from 1878-1926 in Danville, IL was located at 418 N. Vermillion. It was the finest house in town. It met the same fate as his boyhood farmhouse. It was razed in 1947 to make way for a parking lot.



JOHN H. BEADLE



DR. HORACE CANNON



JOHN T. CAMPBELL

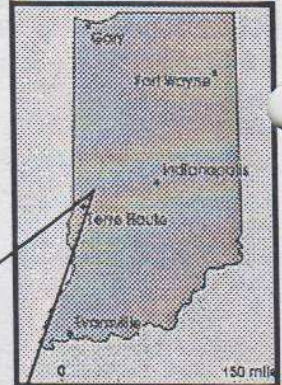
SAMUEL T. ENSEY

Parke County Republican
August 11, 1887:

Samuel T. Ensey was born Jan. 15, 1811 near Dayton, Ohio. He married Elizabeth Harris of Montgomery Co., Ind. Mar. 4, 1841. He died at his residence 609 North 7th Street, Terre Haute, Indiana. Was buried in High Lawn Cemetery - a son survives, Newt Ensey of Judson, Parke Co., a merchant there.

ANNAPOLIS

AND ITS
WABASH AND ERIE
CANAL CONNECTIONS
By Charles Davis

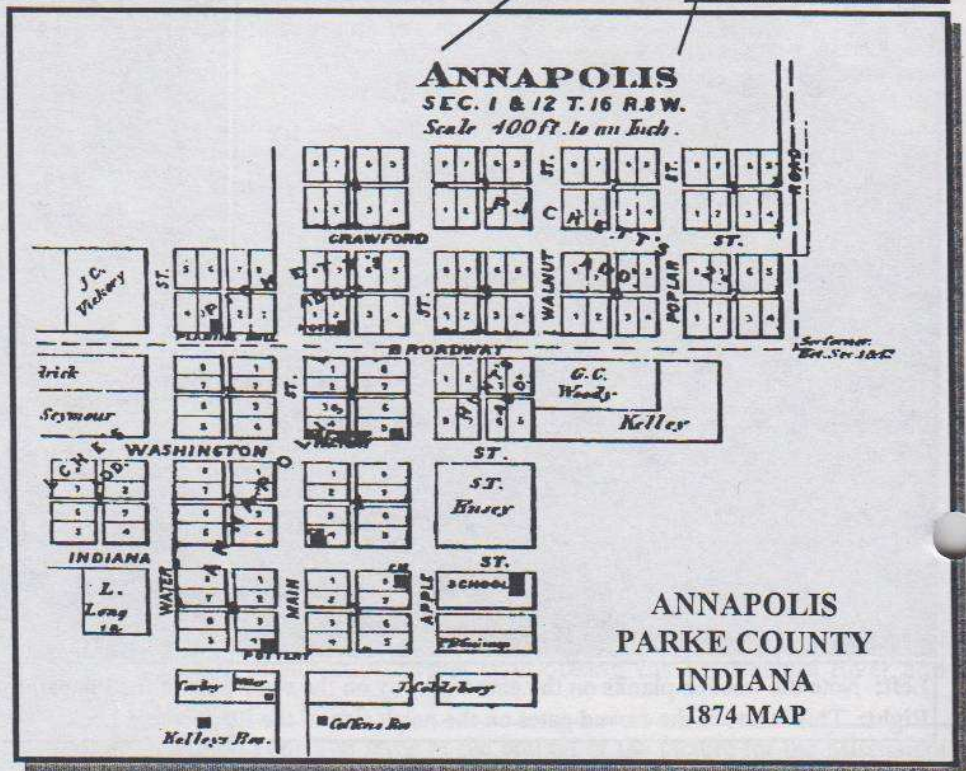


As it has been established, Annapolis, IN was an industrious town during the Wabash and Erie Canal era. Like the Sugar Creek Foundry and the surrounding areas, their wares were shipped by canal via Blues Bridge road to the Feeder Dam on Sugar Creek. The following stories are eye witness accounts about Annapolis, its people and the kind of life they lived during canal days. The first story was written by Maurice Murphy (b. 1892, d. Sept. 12, 1930, buried Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis, IN). He interviewed many people in Parke County and wrote these historical articles. This one appeared in the Rockville Tribune on Tuesday, May 26, 1914.

**A Busy Town In The Fifties
Now Leading a Quiet Existence
Such Is The Old Town Of Annapolis**

In a recent article in The Tribune, Wycliffe Vanlandingham was quoted as saying that at one time more goods came by river for Annapolis than for any other town in Parke county. Considering the fact that Annapolis is now a small town leading a quiet existence, this statement seems remarkable, but it is quite true. Not only was the town a trading center, but it was a thriving town, one of the largest in the county. Not many are living who remember the town as it then was, but William L. McIntyre, of Marshall, and Jesse B. Connelly, of Rockville, remember well Annapolis in the fifties and have kindly furnished the material for this article.

Annapolis is one of the oldest towns in this county, but the exact



**ANNAPOLIS
PARKE COUNTY
INDIANA
1874 MAP**

date of its founding is not certain. John H. Beadle, whose reliability as a historian cannot be questioned, fixes the date at about 1825 or 1826. Bloomingdale was founded soon after, but the two villages never united in spite of the fact that numerous efforts were made in the early days to bring this about. The Friends or Quakers, settled around Bloomingdale, but Annapolis never has had a Friends church, the early settlers being mainly Methodists or United Brethren. The town was laid off by John Moulder, who laid off the west part, and William (Red Bill) Maris, who laid off the east part. Later Nuba Hunt laid off a block east of Apple street and between Washington and Broadway streets,

Nathan Pickett Sr. laid off two additions in the north part of town and William Welch laid off an addition west of the original plat. Mr. Connelly came to Annapolis as a small boy in 1840, and Mr. McIntyre came there from Clay county in 1851. Merely saying that Thomas Woody was the first merchant and the first blacksmith, and that John Moulder was the first harness maker and the first postmaster in the town, we will leave the rest of the history of Annapolis to our informants.

"I came to Annapolis on April 2, 1851," says Mr. McIntyre, "and I lived there most of my life. I remember well the old town when I first came there. There were four doctors there in the fifties: Dr.

Horace Cannon, father of Joseph G. Cannon; Dr. Elias McKey; Dr. John S. Dare and Dr. Hobbs. Samuel Ensey had a store on the west side of the Square, Thomas Woddy had a hotel on the west side of the Square and Nathan Pickett and a man named Siler had stores there. All of these stores were large and Mr. Ensey sold more goods than any merchant in the county except George McDonald, who had a big wholesale house at Montezuma. Mr. Siler's store went out of business in 1851, the year I came to Annapolis, and the same year Dr. Cannon was drowned in Sugar Creek. The accident happened about where Rockport bridge now stands, but his body was never found and his bones lie buried somewhere in the bed of Sugar Creek. There were five shoe shops in Annapolis in those days and tanneries run by Jethro Coffin, Dave Maris and men by the name of Best, Laughlin and Bundy.

Annapolis was a prosperous town in those days and there were a number of prominent families among them the Enseys, Connellys, Woodys, Lees, Welchs, Hunts (there were two distinct families of Hunts, the families of Nuba Hunt and Isaac Hunt) and also the Picketts, although they lived north of town. However, about all the old residents are gone. All that I know that are still living besides myself, who knew Annapolis in her palmy days, are Jesse Connelly, Ransom Atcheson and William Welch."

Merchandise was as stated carried on a large scale and one store would perhaps sell from \$15,000 to \$20,000 worth of goods each year. Most of the goods if they could not be bought around home, were shipped by river or canal to Montezuma or West Union, and sometimes hauled in wagons from Cincinnati, Louisville or Madison. Raw sugar was bought by the barrel and cost from three to five cents a pound. Thomas K. Harvey, a man living on the other side of Sugar Creek, would buy green coffee by the sack and after browning it, drink it in

abundance three times a day. Pork was sold at \$1.25 a hundred pounds net, delivered, and was usually shipped by river to New Orleans. However pork packing never was a prominent industry at Annapolis and, with the exception of one year when S. T. Ensey and Robert Ramsey had a pork packing establishment, pork packing was almost unknown there. Stoneware was taken into the country and traded for farm produce. Eggs were sold at three and sometimes two and one-half cents a dozen and even then were often thrown away at slack seasons of the year. Among other industries that McIntyre remembers are Hunt's blacksmith shop and carriage shop and the harness shop started by Samuet Vestal, later run by Mr. McIntyre himself.

A foundry was located at Rockport and a cannon was once molded there for some celebration at Annapolis. A local dare-devil assumed the terrible task of firing the cannon. The terrible weapon lay on the ground and the audience fairly trembled while he prepared to fire it. He finished the job and also the cannon for the explosion tore it to pieces although nobody was hurt.

Annapolis has been singularly free from calamities. A cyclone came through the south part of town many years ago and did some damage and did still more damage in the country, but on one was killed. The east side of the square burned in 1878 and the west side in 1881, but otherwise Annapolis has suffered but little by fire.

Mr. Connelly and Mr. McIntyre both remember well the religious history of Annapolis. The Methodist church was built in the town, though the United Brethren camp meeting northeast of Annapolis forms an important part of its early history. A United Brethren church stood on the road a mile east of Annapolis and the camp meeting grounds were a quarter of a mile north, on a road long since abandoned. A "glorious good time" was enjoyed by all the campers and

many warm times were experienced when the meetings were at their height and many souls were saved there."With speech and prayer and song and shouting," says Mr. Connelly, "the people were made to rejoice in a better life. Now this would be called religious ecstasy to pass away with the intermission of time, and yet many years afterward I observed these same people holding fast the faith and always seemed near the Kingdom."

Among the preachers who used to call to repentance at the old camp meetings, Mr. McIntyre remembers Rev. Wimsett, a very earnest and noisy preacher who "made everything blue", and Rev. Canoyer and Rev. "Jimmy" Griffith. Singing was an important part of these meetings; it was not artistic, of course, but it contained what many teachers of voice have to strive long and hard with pupils to get them to attain--feeling and expression.

The camping feature of the meetings was always delightful for the grounds were in a beautiful grove, and springs of refreshing water were abundant. One thing alone marred the beauty and sanctity of these seasons of spiritual bliss--a crowd of mischievous boys, some of whom are now among the respected citizens of Parke county, and one of whom (Joseph Gurney Cannon) is now a prominent politician and former speaker of the national House of Representatives. (1903-1911)

Of the families prominent in the old camp meetings, Mr. Connelly names the Rawlings, Engles, Teagues, Tuffs, Hockets, Hunts, Marises, and McDaniels and added, "Wherever you find one of the descendants of those sturdy old people, who were active in the meetings, you are almost sure to find the man a good citizen, moral and upright, and the daughter the mother of a good family." **MAURICE MURPHY**

The other article was written by John T. Campbell and was printed in the Rockville Republican on