

MADISON COUNTY

1820-1860

Alabama's First City Grows
Alabama at 200

Huntsville-Madison County
Historical Society
Bicentennial Review
Volume II

Huntsville – Madison County Historical Society

The Huntsville Historical Bicentennial Review

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**Madison County 1820-1860:
Alabama's First City Grows
*Alabama at 200***

Presented by the
Huntsville—Madison County
Historical Society

Dedication

Dedicated to the earliest settlers in Madison County, both known and unknown.

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First Printing

President's Letter

If you've paid any attention to local news this year, you've probably heard something about the fact that this is Alabama's Bicentennial year. But if you've heard two things, the other likely may be that this year is also the 50th anniversary of the first moon landing, Apollo 11.

In the midst of that celebration, much is being made of Huntsville's contributions as the Rocket City to those first steps on another world. A local reporter asked me recently – “What would Huntsville be like today if the German rocket team had not come here?”

It's an interesting question.

I, and others, gave the answer that things might not be as different as you might think. Even before Wernher von Braun's team came to Huntsville, missile research was already being conducted here. We aren't the Rocket City because von Braun came; von Braun came because we're the Rocket City.

Huntsville's roots as “A Smart Place” long predate the Space Race. Those roots are, with apologies to HudsonAlpha, in our DNA. Innovation and looking forward have been part of this place for centuries.

The stories in this volume go back to the earliest days of the city of Huntsville in the State of Alabama. Read them closely, and you may just spot the beginnings of a spirit you recognize.

David Hitt
President, HMCHS

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CONSTANTINE B. SANDERS: THE SLEEPING PREACHER OF NORTH ALABAMA

By Elbert L. Watson

My long quest had finally ended in the quiet solitude of the little community cemetery in Stevenson, Alabama. Facing me, at the extreme western edge of the grounds, was the gravestone which told the simple story:

Rev. C. B. Sanders

Born July 2, 1831

Died Apr. 14, 1911

How incongruous, I thought, as I stood there in quiet respect. To think, that all his dreams, hopes, and life was summed up in the simple epitaph: he was born and he died. As my thoughts tumbled back across the years, I was aware that his final resting place, on a softly rolling hillside, was in marked contrast to the mental and emotional turbulence, which had so often painfully wracked his gentle nature. Constantine Blackman Sanders, the son of James and Rebecca Sanders, was born about sixteen miles north of Huntsville. The younger of two sons in a family which included eight sisters, he suffered an emotional shock at age six when his father died. Thereafter, he was particularly close to his mother, and remained on the farm with her until young manhood. By nature, susceptible to her strong religious influence, he regularly attended community protracted meetings and revivals. On September 5, 1851, he was converted in a revival held about twelve miles north of Huntsville and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church the next day.

In 1854, recognizing his need for some kind of formal

education to prepare for his chosen field in the ministry, young Sanders enrolled in a school at Elkton in Giles County, Tennessee, about twenty-five miles northwest of Huntsville. While away at school that summer, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and experienced periods of convulsions in his entire system, especially in his arms, chest, throat, and tongue. On one occasion while he was in considerable pain, he took the hand of Mrs. A. M. Harlow, his landlady, and placed it to his forehead. To her amazement, Mrs. Harlow felt what appeared to be a separation of the skull into which she could almost place her little finger. This unusual depression extended from about the center of Sanders' forehead to the top of his head, then down towards each ear.

Mrs. Harlow observed that when the paroxysms subsided, the depressions would nearly close up. Sometime during this illness, Sanders told Mrs. Harlow that there would be a burial at her home the following day. About an hour after this remark was made, a man arrived at the house to ask her permission to bury a body in the family cemetery. Thus, young Constantine Blackman Sanders experienced his first known contact with that mysterious secondary personality, which assumed the title $X+Y=Z$. During the next twenty-two years this unusual psychic phenomena occurred to him under a variety of circumstances, in numerous places, and at different times day or night. The attacks took place wherever Sanders might be and in the presence of any number of people. His religious faith, resting as it did upon fundamental teachings of the Bible, regarded anything associated with spiritualism as either a Satanic force or religious cult. This uncontrollable malady, therefore, brought personal embarrassment to Sanders in his ministerial office.

In fact, he was so insecure over his condition that if he was unsure of a person's friendship, it quickly crossed his mind that the individual might be thinking of him as an "arrant humbug." When preaching, he was usually plagued with thoughts that his audience regarded him as hypocrite or pretender.

There is little recorded information about Sanders' activities between 1854 and 1876. Evidence indicates that he rarely, if ever, ventured more than fifty miles from his birthplace. On October 29, 1856, he married Miss Duanna A. White, also of Madison County. This was a fortunate marriage for him, because his wife's nature made her adaptable to providing the kind of constant, uncomplaining care which he needed during his psychic attacks. The Federal Census of 1860 listed the young couple and their two children, Alice and William, at the Hayes Store post office in Madison County, near the Tennessee line. They owned no real estate, and their personal estate was valued at only \$450. Sanders was ordained into the full ministry in 1862. He held a brief pastorate in Meridianville, Alabama, from 1866 to 1867. In 1869, he moved to Maysville, about eight miles east of Huntsville. Interestingly, although he pastored there until 1876, he appeared in the Federal Census for 1870 in Brownsboro, three miles south of Maysville. By then his family included two more additions, Walter and Veulah, but his personal estate was down to \$400. During this time the mysterious second nature $X+Y=Z$ was a frequent visitor to Sanders' consciousness, coming often as a thief in the night. Following his initial attack in 1854, Sanders regularly endured excruciating headaches and body cramps which would contort his physical frame. Associated with the headaches were "violent lancinating pains in the chest," which sharply reduced his respiration. It was common for his eyes to be overtaxed with blood, which, because of the intense pressure, sometimes trickled down his cheeks in droplets.

These periods of suffering were usually accompanied by a condition of "sleep." As he "slept" Sanders apparently could "see" events that were transpiring elsewhere with no consideration of time or place.

One account attempted to explain this condition as a "cerebral disturbance a super excitation of the sensorium that pushes his mind or soul free and untrammelled into space, and thus, uninfluenced by surrounding objects, it sees clearly all

things happening around.

On other occasions while under his psychic spell, Sanders would write down whatever he "saw" transpiring. In 1874, he recorded the outline of a sermon delivered by Dr. F. A. Ross one night in Huntsville twelve miles away. Dr. Thaddeus C. Blake, an editor of "The Cumberland Presbyterian," told of an incident which also occurred about 1874 at his home in Nashville. It seems that Mrs. Blake had misplaced a ring which belonged to her daughter who was upset over the loss. Dr. Blake, knowing that the Negro cook was superstitious, mentioned in her presence that he planned to write Sanders to see if he could locate the ring. After a brief period of silence, the cook told her son to look under the window where Mrs. Blake often sat. There the ring was found. Dr. Blake met Sanders the following week in Madison County and started to discuss the incident with him. Whereupon, Sanders interrupted to complete the story and even described the inscription on the ring. He added that the entire transaction was written down while he was in a trance. Thus, $X+Y=Z$ came and went during the course of twenty-two years.

In time, Sanders became somewhat reconciled to his condition and was able to regard his companion as a friend rather than an adversary. His ability to do this resulted in part from the fact that $X+Y=Z$ revealed himself to be spiritually devout and theologically sound. Sanders' personal cross was made even lighter by the confidence which his denomination and local churches placed in him. In fact, his congregation in Maysville felt so strongly about retaining him as pastor in 1876, that the elders and deacons drew up a resolution affirming their confidence in his "integrity, veracity, and piety." But regardless of his growing awareness that he and $X+Y=Z$ could cohabit the conscious reaches of his mind, the presence of this mysterious psychic force kept the world of C. B. Sanders extremely small. One can only conjecture at this point, of course. But it seems from the few fragments of records which have been preserved, that Sanders sought companionship only with those whose friendship was

unquestioned. Had Sanders lived in a more materialistic era and been less fundamental in his Christian faith, it is conceivable that considerable wealth and notoriety would have devolved upon him because of his condition. But in that day his theological and personal inhibitions did not permit such a radical step. So, he unassumingly lived and labored on in the highways and hedges of Madison County, ever apprehensive that his story might someday leak out to an unfriendly world, which might treat his case with human cruelty and misunderstanding.

Mooreville in Limestone County was one place where Sanders knew he was among friends, the chief one being Dr. W. T. Thach with whom he became acquainted about 1860. There is some disagreement over whether or not he ever held a full-time pastorate there, although it is known that he held numerous revivals in the community. Perhaps he also was a supply pastor from time to time. In Mooreville today, tall, stately trees still tower above old homes which bespeak a vanishing charm and elegance of another day, when life was kinder and gentler in meaning. Perhaps it was this opportunity to find quiet refuge that caused C. B. Sanders to turn toward Mooreville and his friend, Dr. Thach. Ironically, it was in Mooreville that Sanders was first publicly exposed. In September, 1875, the *Nashville Daily American*, having heard about him, prepared a lengthy article on the subject. Referring to him simply as the "Sleeping Preacher," the article cited Sanders as a "humble minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church," who could, if he wished, "produce a number one sensation as a spiritualist." The article was largely concerned with a report by a Williamson County, Tennessee, Cumberland Presbyterian minister, who had recently heard Sanders preach in a protracted meeting in Mooreville. One evening after the service the unidentified minister was notified by Dr. Thach that Sanders, who was staying in his home, had lapsed into a trance. Arriving at the house, the minister found Sanders sitting in a rocking chair in the parlor, his eyes closed and head resting against the back of the chair.

In a low semi-tone voice, he was singing a hymn which reminded the minister of "angels' whispers" with a "tone of inexpressible melancholy about it that reached the heart of every one present." An earnest, piteous prayer preceded a sermon which Sanders based on the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians. The address, the minister stated, seemed to fall "as gentle and pure as the snow. To say that it was eloquent does not express it. It was simply glorious, chaste and intellectual."

This article, although it avoided sensationalism, and another one which appeared in the *Cincinnati Tribune* on November 26, made Sanders heartsick. Now the $X+Y=Z$ secret was out! He abhorred the glaring notoriety and undesirable publicity which was being distributed by curiosity-seekers who came to the neighborhood. To set the record straight, Sanders asked the Reverend George Washington Mitchell, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Athens, to document his story. The Reverend Mitchell, known as a venerable churchman, compiled his information from living witnesses who were regarded as unimpeachable in moral and mental resources. There were sixty-nine in all from such scattered places as Athens, Brownsboro, Decatur, Hazel Green, Huntsville, Madison, Leighton, Maysville, Meridianville, and Mooresville in Alabama; Elkton, Lebanon, Salem, Nashville, Tullahoma and Winchester in Tennessee; and Montgomery, Virginia. Ten of these witnesses were clergymen, six were physicians and one was a member of the Alabama Legislature. One contributor, Dr. B. W. McDonnold, was president of Cumberland University. The information which was compiled was published in 1876 as a book entitled " $X+Y=Z$, or The Sleeping Preacher of North Alabama."

Since this is not a critical study of the life of C.B. Sanders, it is probably ludicrous to analyze the documents which Mitchell obtained. But naturally the temptation is there! Insofar as the eye-witnesses were concerned, they all seemed to be thoroughly honest, reputable people. Much of their testimony, however, was drawn from personal recollections,

some of it coming many years after the event. Some degree of error, therefore, was inevitable. But in discussing the basic aspects pertaining to Sanders' psychic periods, they were remarkably consistent.

All of them agreed that something quite beyond his natural person could possess his spirit and release his mind to witness unnatural events. One case which I was able to trace to some extent might be mentioned here. In 1876, the Reverend Mitchell and Dr. J. S. Blair recalled an incident which occurred in 1866 in Mitchell's house in Athens. Sanders, they said, was sitting by a front window in the parlor. Suddenly he assumed a countenance of great sorrow and said: "Poor fellow! What a pity! He is gone, gone, gone!" When questioned as to the cause of his melancholy manifestations, Sanders intoned that "Lieutenant McClure has just died suddenly from an internal hemorrhage near Clarksville, Tennessee." McClure, Mitchell recalled, lived in Athens but was on a quick trip to Tennessee to see his parents. While visiting at the home of a friend, he suddenly began to cough violently and spit blood. He died almost immediately. Word of his demise reached his young wife, the former Pattie Vasser by telegram early the next morning in Athens. Mitchell thought that the date was either November 1 or 2, 1866. Fortunately, an obituary on McClure was recently found in the *Clarksville Weekly Chronicle* for November 9, 1866. It stated:

At the residence of Dr. Beaumont, in this county on the 1st inst, of consumption, R. W. McClure, Jr., in the 30th year of his age. Mr. McClure was born and raised in the community and was highly esteemed for his noble traits of character. He was a worthy member of the gallant 14th Tenn. Regiment, and remained a true soldier throughout the war.

Walter Franklin Prince of the Boston Society for Psychic Research analyzed this particular case in 1929. Relying

entirely on the Mitchell and Blair accounts, he stressed that there was not any expectation of death for young McClure. Had death been imminent, Prince believed, McClure would not have been out of town alone on a visit. At this distant date, probably no one will ever know why McClure was in Clarksville. It is interesting to note, however, that the newspaper account places his death at the home of Dr. Beaumont. The question which naturally arises is what he was doing at the residence of a physician? Perhaps the hurried trip to Clarksville was necessitated by McClure's rapidly deteriorating physical condition with consumption, instead of a mere pleasure visit. Dr. Beaumont may have been a long-trusted family physician, to whom McClure turned as a last resort.

On February 2, 1876, Sanders was probably surprised to learn that his ubiquitous companion had addressed a letter to him, consenting to leave for an indefinite period. This proposed departure apparently came about because $X+Y=Z$ was convinced that Sanders wanted to be freed from what seemed to him to be a burden. On May 5, $X+Y=Z$ bade farewell in the following way:

My Casket, I now come to address you, personally, before I depart. You have been to me greatly a submissive servant, in suffering, in contempt, in wonder, in reproach, by night and by day, from year to year past. You can never fully see all you have passed in this life until you see the life to come. . . I have given you many valuable lessons, and prevented you from many difficulties and sorrows . . . With Heaven's benediction I will now bid you adieu.

Apparently, $X+Y=Z$ kept his word. From May 5 until Mitchell's book was published four months later, Sanders did not experience any lapses into his previous psychic state. With the exception of some headaches and trouble in his chest, he

was living a normal life for the first time in twenty-two years.

After a brief melancholy period, his countenance had changed, and his spirits rose as he adjusted to his new condition. On one occasion, upon awakening from sleep, he realized that he had dreamed for the first time since the inception of his peculiar spells. The whereabouts of Constantine Blackman Sanders after the departure of $X+Y=Z$ are difficult to trace. Efforts to locate original manuscripts written during and following his experience thus far have been futile. Important church minute books have vanished along with the congregations of the little rural churches which he was known to pastor. The records of the Tennessee Presbytery for 1886-1890 contain only inconsequential references to Sanders when he attended meetings or served on a committee.

After 1906, when many Cumberlands rejoined the Presbyterian Church U.S.A., he was no longer listed in the Cumberland Presbyterian records. He was not found again until 1912 when his necrology appeared in the General Assembly Minutes of the Presbyterian Church U.S.A. The place of his death was Stevenson, Alabama.

So, it was to Stevenson I went, hardly knowing what to expect for my effort. But I found him there resting quietly among friends and loved ones of another day. As I looked long moments upon the noble monument erected to his memory, I could not help but muse over the place where they had placed him. It was on the edge of the grounds, almost set apart from the others who reposed there. In a way it seemed to me that this was where he always found himself on the outside of humanity. But just beyond those shadows I saw a magnificent sunset, dropping brilliantly in the western sky. And then I felt that Constantine Blackman Sanders was at rest after all.

VIRGINIA CLAY-CLOPTON

By Pat W. Richardson

The following is a speech given at the time the Wildwood historical marker was dedicated:

The Virginia Clay-Clopton Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy voted in October, 1915 to erect a marker at Mrs. Clopton's home, "Wildwood," and also a marker at the spot where Union forces determined to hang Captain Frank B. Gurley.

To make a dedicatory address concerning so prominent a personage is ordinarily difficult. When before an audience, many of whom qualify eminently as local historians and with special interests about the personage concerned, it is extraordinarily difficult. Because it would hardly be possible to delve out facts of the remarkable life of Virginia Clay-Clopton which would not already be known to many of you, I have not attempted that. Rather, I shall only note some of the more outstanding events of her ninety full years. Those of you who are relative strangers to her memory may gain therefrom some insight of the genius of this great lady. Those who know better than I of the events I relate may feel again inspiration in the re-telling.

Born in Nash County, North Carolina, January 17, 1825, Virginia Tunstall was the daughter of a physician, Dr. Peyton Randolph Tunstall. Dr. Tunstall moved his family to Mount Vernon, Alabama, shortly after her birth, and, on being left a widower, soon sent his small daughter to Tuscaloosa where she was reared in the home of her mother's half-sister, Mrs. Henry W. Collier. Miss Tunstall was educated in Tuscaloosa and Nashville, Tennessee, and enjoyed in both charming cities the delights of growing up in the South of the late 1830s, truly a Golden Age! Hunt breakfasts, family luncheon parties, and elaborate balls filled her carefully chaperoned days and

nights. Miss Tunstall was a Southern Belle when the term came into use, and it might well have been created especially for her.

In 1842 at Tuscaloosa, Virginia Tunstall became the bride of Clement Claiborne Clay, son of Governor Clement Comer Clay, and came to Huntsville with her husband to live and to begin their political career. It was indeed "their political career" as this anecdote will illustrate: Clay was determined to win a seat in the State Legislature, and, following local custom, he set out to shake the hand of every voter in Madison County. He was a brilliant man and proved it when he forsook the saddle horse for his traveling, packed his beautiful bride into a buggy behind a thoroughbred mare and started on "their political campaign." On one occasion during the campaign when the Clays dined in a rural home, Mrs. Clay wore a pink satin bonnet, a favorite of her husband. The bonnet was duly removed on their arrival and at departure, Mr. Clay noticed that it had been replaced on his bride's head by a faded gingham sunbonnet. As soon as they were out of earshot, Mrs. Clay explained what had happened. The pretty teen-age daughter of the farmer had admired the bonnet, and had been surprised by its owner as the barefooted young girl was trying it on her own head. The embarrassed child was swapped: the pink satin bonnet for her sunbonnet. Whereupon, the anecdote continues, the farmer switched sides in the campaign and helped win the election for Clay.

In 1853, Virginia Tunstall Clay accompanied her husband to Washington, D.C. after his election to the United States Senate. Presidents Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan headed the list of distinguished guests who enjoyed her brilliant entertainments. In her memoirs, published in 1904 under the title "A Belle of the Fifties," Mrs. Clay tells of those times – fascinating and dangerous. It was Senator Clay who in January, 1861, read to the United States Senate Alabama's Ordinance of Secession. He resigned his seat to take one later in the Senate of the new Confederate States of America. The Clays spent the early war years in Richmond. Mrs. Clay was

fond of relating tales of those days and of the men who made their stirring history – President Jefferson Davis and his wife were old friends of their Washington days. The dashing Confederate general, J. E. B. Stuart, returned from a cavalry raid to dance with Mrs. Clay at one great ball. Times and tides of war changed quickly, however, and Mrs. Clay soon fled from Richmond to the plantation of Senator J. H. Hammond in South Carolina.

When news of the Confederate surrender reached Senator Clay he immediately set forth on horseback for a new life in Texas. While en-route he learned that he was charged with conspiracy in the plot on President Lincoln's life and returned immediately to Macon, Georgia, where he surrendered to the Federal Government and was imprisoned at Fort Monroe with Jefferson Davis and other distinguished Confederate patriots. Mrs. Clay was determined that her husband should be released and that the groundless charges against him should be dropped. Her efforts to secure the release of the man she loved, whose health was at best precarious, culminated in a trip to Washington and an audience with President Andrew Johnson. The charm, wit and audacity of Virginia Tunstall Clay are illustrated by the following incident of the interview. President Johnson asked his caller, "How is it that I have been in Washington so long and failed to meet such a beautiful and charming lady?" Whereupon Mrs. Clay answered, "Mr. President, you just do not move in the right circles!" On April 17, 1866, Senator Clay was ordered released from his imprisonment and Jefferson Davis was released the following year.

During the War, the Clay family home on Clinton Street in Huntsville was burned. Thus, the Clays, on their return to Madison County, came to reside at "Wildwood." Here they were visited by Jefferson Davis and on one occasion he met and personally thanked Captain Frank B. Gurley for his services as a Confederate cavalry leader during the war. Senator Clay's always fragile health had been further broken during his imprisonment and on January 3, 1882, he died at

Wildwood.

After three years of widowhood, Mrs. Clay chaperoned two young ladies on a tour of Europe, adding international renown to her reputation for intelligence and charm. Her personal assets unfading, Virginia Tunstall Clay in 1887 married Judge David Clopton of the Alabama Supreme Court. He was 67; she was 62. Her second husband was a distinguished man, having served in the United States Congress before secession and in the Confederate Congress and having had an active part in bringing about an end to Reconstruction. He was elected to the Legislature in 1878, appointed to the judgeship in 1884, and he held the latter until his death in 1892.

Returning to Huntsville from Montgomery, twice widowed at 67 years of age, Mrs. Clay began one of the most active and remarkable periods of her life. Ever proud of her husband of 40 years, to whom she dedicated the memoirs then begun, she referred to him as "the husband of my youth." Mrs. Clopton readopted his name, using for herself a hyphenated surname, "Clay-Clopton." Virginia Tunstall Clay-Clopton was instrumental in the formation of the local chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the group which now carries her name. She helped organize the Village Improvement Society, which saw to the paving of the Court House Square. She was active in various groups which worked for women's suffrage. Mrs. Milton Humes, who lived with her sister in the present Boswell home on McClung Street, was one of her dearest friends. Mrs. Humes and her sister set aside a room in their home for her frequent visits. There, in 1915, Mrs. Clay-Clopton ended her ninety years. She had possessed the best traits of Southern womanhood - courage, constancy and charm.

Her beloved home, Wildwood, where we are gathered here today, is still owned by members of the family of Virginia Clay-Clopton. A niece she reared here returned after being widowed to live with her foster mother. Mrs. Forest Bell is the only granddaughter of the niece, and is named for Virginia

Clay-Clopton.

In Madison County, Alabama, blood runs thick and we love our own. In the particular case of Virginia Tunstall Clay-Clopton, we stand united in the reverence of her memory - not only as a distinguished daughter, but also as a symbol of all that has been and always will be fine and worthy in Southern womanhood.

THE JAMES GANG IN HUNTSVILLE

By Leland R. Johnson

Gloomy, rainy, windy, March 11, 1881, was a typical late winter day in northern Alabama. Reconstruction had ended, memories of the Civil War had faded, but times were still hard, jobs difficult to find, and several young men from Huntsville traveled to Muscle Shoals, a few miles to the west, where the federal government was hiring men to work on the Canal project. The state of Alabama had partially constructed a canal around Muscle Shoals in the 1830s, and after the Civil War the federal government authorized the reconstruction and completion of the project. The Corps of Engineers, United States Army, began planning for the Muscle Shoals project in 1871 and initiated construction in 1875, but progress was continually hampered by repeated floods in the Tennessee River and a working force seriously debilitated by fevers. A man who took a job at Muscle Shoals risked his life, but the salary, though not great, was regular and was paid in good hard cash.

Men who worked on the project lived in camps located along the canal towpath, and at Bluewater Engineer Construction Camp (near the present site of Wheeler Dam), Alexander G. Smith, paymaster and receiver of materials, began this weekly twenty-mile ride into Florence, Alabama, on March 11, 1881. It was payday, and, despite the rain and wind, Smith had to pick up the weekly payroll to keep the men at the project happy. He reached Florence before noon, withdrew the payroll from the bank, packed the gold, silver and currency firmly into his saddlebag, adjusted the revolver dangling from his belt, and mounted up for the return trip. Smith took the bridle path which followed the line of the Canal through what was then a deserted wilderness, unbroken save by the Engineer construction camps every few miles.

About two miles from Bluewater Camp, Smith dismounted to open a gate and was overtaken by three strangers who “presented pistols at his head” and relieved him of his revolver and the payroll, amounting to \$5240.80 in cash. The bandits rode “hell-for-leather” toward the Tennessee state line, forcing Smith to accompany them into the desolate “barrens.” The men were bearded and kept their slouch hats pulled low over their faces, as the paymaster watched them carefully.

After a hectic ride north to somewhere near the Tennessee state line, the men reined in their horses, dismounted, and split up the loot, generously (and true to the Robin Hood tradition associated with the James Gang) allowing the paymaster to keep his own money and gold watch. Night was approaching when they remounted and a terrific thunderstorm was beginning; one of the outlaws tossed the paymaster a coat and told him to make himself comfortable for the night. Then they left him to grope his way back to camp through the woods and blinding storm while they made their getaway.

Not until daybreak was Smith able to find his way back to camp, but when he arrived the Engineer construction crew mounted up, split into several posses, and rode hard in several directions in the hope of intercepting the bandits. The three robbers had been well-mounted and they had admitted to Alexander Smith that they were old hands at their chosen profession. Although the Engineer posses pursued the highwaymen nearly to the Cumberland River, the rainstorm had obliterated most of the tracks and further pursuit proved impossible. The Engineers returned wearily to camp.

The Engineer officer in charge of the construction of Muscle Shoals Canal was Major William P. King, Corps of Engineers (U. S. Army Engineer District, Chattanooga). Major King was a Civil War combat veteran and an authority on waterways construction engineering. He interviewed the paymaster, then notified authorities in nearby cities to be on the lookout for the bandits and telegraphed the bad news to the Secretary of War.

It appeared for the moment that the bandits had gotten cleanly away. However, a major break in the case occurred on March 26 at Whites Creek, Tennessee.

A well-dressed stranger rode into Whites Creek, a village near Nashville, Tennessee, entered a saloon, and ordered raw oysters and raw whiskey with predictable results – he got drunk, flourished a pistol, and it took several strong men to disarm and subdue him. A search of the stranger, who told them his name was Tom Hill, revealed that he was carrying almost \$1500 in gold coin. He was turned over to Nashville police, and the large sum of cash in his possession brought him under suspicion in the Muscle Shoals robbery. Alexander G. Smith was summoned to Nashville, where he identified Hill as one of the men who had robbed him. The cash in the possession of Hill was attached by Nashville authorities and eventually returned to the United States government. Nashville police wired a description of the man to law enforcement agencies around the country and word came back from Missouri that Tom Hill was none other than William Ryan, alias Jack Ryan, known by some as “Whiskey Head” Ryan, a member of the notorious Jesse James Gang.

Meanwhile, Major William P. King of the Corps of Engineers conducted a private investigation and learned that the other two bandits might still be nearby. Nevertheless, the Major was unable to get satisfaction from the authorities. The marshal refused to ride after the bandits because there was no detachment of soldiers to help him make the arrest; local police would not give chase, because, the Major believed, they feared for their lives; and Major King had no funds to furnish a reward which might encourage bounty hunters to go after the two bandits.

Major King explained by telegraph to Secretary of War Robert Lincoln (son of President Lincoln) that he could get no cooperation from local officers of the law. The Secretary of War asked and received the aid of the Justice Department – the Attorney General ordered the United States Marshals to enter the manhunt. Nevertheless, the two robbers made good

their escape into Kentucky, where they had relatives and many notorious hideouts, and from thence went to Missouri (so the U. S. Marshals believed). Major King sorrowfully concluded in his official report on the affair to the Chief of Engineers, United States Army, that the "other two robbers, and, I fear, Ryan himself (for he was, at last advices, expecting to get released on bail), were doubles engaged in the recent capture of the train near Winston, Mo., and as the governor has offered heavy rewards for them, they will probably be captured, though there is little prospect that any more of the money stolen at Muscle Shoals will be recovered."

It was eventually discovered that Jesse and Frank James had lived with their families in homes in and around Nashville from about 1875 until the capture of Ryan in 1881. Except for a fondness for fast horses, which they rode at local fairs, they passed as respectable citizens, Jesse under the alias J. D. "Tom" Howard and Frank as B. J. "Ben" Woodson. Neither attracted much attention at the time, although their long absences from home were later recalled by those who had been acquainted with them. The robbery of the engineers at Muscle Shoals and the subsequent capture of "Whiskey Head" Ryan apparently forced them to give up their hideout in Nashville, for these events had brought the United States Marshals into the manhunt. The two brothers evidently returned to Missouri and a heavy reward was placed on their heads. Jesse James, while living under his "Howard" alias at St. Joseph, Missouri, was shot by Robert Ford on April 3, 1882. Not long thereafter, Frank James surrendered himself to the governor of Missouri.

Meanwhile, at the scene of the Muscle Shoals robbery in North Alabama, United States Marshal Joseph H. Ross, Assistant District Attorney Lionel W. Day, and others quietly gathered the evidence in the case at Huntsville. Affidavits were collected from Alexander Smith, Major King, and others and a warrant was issued against William Ryan, but the Justice Department chose to let Missouri officials handle Ryan, for proof was positive in the cases pending against Ryan there.

By October, 1882, enough evidence had been collected to convince a federal grand jury in Huntsville that the members of the James Gang were the culprits. The jury brought in a blanket indictment:

The Grand Jurors of the United States...for the body of said northern district of Alabama, upon their oaths present that heretofore to wit, on the Eleventh day of March A D 1881, in said northern district of Alabama, in the county of Lauderdale, Jesse James, Frank James, Thomas Hill alias William Ryan alias Dick Ryan and Richard Little, alias Dick Little alias Dick Liddil, alias Richard Lee, unlawfully and fraudulently conspired, combined, confederated and agreed together between themselves and with diverse other evil disposed persons to the Grand Jurors unknown, to rob one Alexander G. Smith of a large sum of money....They, with force and arms, made an assault upon the said Alexander G. Smith and then and there feloniously and violently took from the person of the said Alexander G. Smith against his will, and carried away, the said sum....

Dick Liddil was arrested and brought to Huntsville in 1883 by the United States Marshals. He confessed to being a member of the James Gang, but swore that he was not present at, or party to, the robbery of Alexander Smith at Muscle Shoals. That larceny, he said, was committed by William Ryan and Frank and Jesse James. Liddil was found guilty of complicity in the crime, as a member of the gang, but the judge suspended the sentence so Liddil might be returned to Missouri to testify in cases pending there against other members of the James Gang.

Frank James was acquitted in Missouri for crimes committed in that state, his case becoming a Confederate *cause celebre*

because of his service with Quantrill's Raiders during the Civil War. In April, 1884, the United States Marshals brought James from Missouri to Huntsville to stand trial for the Muscle Shoals robbery in the Circuit Court of the United States for the Northern District of Alabama. There was considerable interest in the case, and for a time Huntsville basked in the limelight of national attention as reporters dispatched daily summaries of the events of the trial to newspapers.

General Leroy Pope Walker, former Confederate Secretary of War, was chief counsel for James. He was assisted by Raymond B. Sloan of Nashville, Tennessee, and Richard Walker of Huntsville. Their fees were probably paid by a Confederate veterans' organization, though the federal government paid the expenses of witnesses for the defense because James claimed he was unable to do so. United States District Attorney William H. Smith, former reconstruction Governor of Alabama, was chief prosecutor, assisted by Captain Lionel W. Day, former Assistant District Attorney. Judge Harry Bruce presided impartially over what promised to be a melodramatic confrontation, for both Governor William H. Smith and General Leroy P. Walker were capable of fiery courtroom oratory.

The trial was to begin on April 16, and the courtroom was crowded to capacity, but some of the witnesses from Nashville did not appear and the trial was postponed until the following day. On April 17, the court was again packed with spectators when the selection of the jury began. General Walker and Governor Smith immediately plunged into quarrels over legal technicalities, much to the satisfaction of the crowd, but the selection went quickly and all twelve jurymen were seated in the morning. A reporter described them as "a very fair looking body, most of them evidently from the country."

Except for a few witnesses, the only woman in the courtroom was Annie James, the wife of Frank, who was accompanied by their six-year-old son, Robert. The widow of Jesse James, Zee James, had also come to Huntsville for the trial, but she was ill and did not attend session of the court.

Frank James, a distinguished-appearing man, age forty-one, was escorted into the room by a deputy sheriff. He was well-dressed and wore a Prince Albert coat, clothing supposedly given him by his Confederate comrades. One reporter thought it would have been very easy to mistake him for one of the attorneys in the case.

The weather that April was wet, too wet for planting, and farmers from the Huntsville-Madison County area flocked into town to watch the trial and catch a glimpse of the famous outlaw. His reputation as a Confederate soldier was known, and he often let it be known that he had surrendered so he could see his mother again and settle down to a life of peaceful farming. There was considerable sympathy for him in Madison County. Gifts of fruit and flowers arrived at the jail for him every day during the trial, and he wore proudly a gold ring given him by some Huntsville admirer.

There can be little doubt that James, as Ben Woodson, had lived a respectable life in Nashville, Tennessee, because a number of substantial citizens from Nashville traveled to Huntsville to testify in his behalf. James farmed, hauled logs, and raised horses while living near Nashville, and he was well and favorably known, by his alias, to the police of Nashville and to Davidson County authorities. At Huntsville, even in jail, he was treated as a gentleman and something of a hero. A curious crowd of well-wishers trailed him each time he was moved from jail to court and back.

After the jury had been seated, the legal skirmishing began in earnest. General Walker, whose long gray beard gave him an air of "utmost distinction," was constantly picking apart the prosecution. A reporter described him as the "most notable figure" in the courtroom. Governor Smith, chief prosecutor, called the first witness for the government, Thomas Peden, who was to identify Frank James as one of the robbers. Peden owned a saloon near Muscle Shoals Canal which was frequented by many of the visitors who came to see the project under construction. Peden testified that on the day of the robbery three strangers, who caught his attention,

visited his establishment at lunch time. He stated that Frank James was one of these men. General Walker, who was famous for his scathing cross examinations, broke the story by bringing out the fact that Peden had been taken into the jail at Huntsville before the trial, where James had been pointed out to him. General Walker had James don a slouch hat similar to those worn by the robbers on the day of the robbery, and in the most dramatic moment of the trial walk back and forth before the witness. The witness claimed that he thought James was one of the men he had seen the day of the robbery but admitted that he could not make a positive identification under oath. General Walker had won the first round.

The prosecution next called Alexander G. Smith, the government paymaster, to the stand. Smith explained the circumstances of the robbery and his subsequent identification of William Ryan. But on cross examination he, like Peden, could only say that he thought "James was one of the men; believe he is, but would not say positively...." The last witness of the first day of the trial, J. N. Wilcoxon, testified that he had met three strangers on the day of the robbery, but his description of them differed materially from that of the first two witnesses. By the end of the first day, the attorneys for the defense were confident of acquittal.

Dick Liddil was called to the stand the following morning. Liddil, previously convicted for complicity in the crime as a member of the James Gang, had agreed with Missouri authorities to testify against James in the Muscle Shoals case. General Walker objected to the admission of Liddil's testimony because Liddil had been convicted for stealing a horse in Missouri. The prosecution replied that Liddil had been pardoned for that offense and produced the papers to prove it. Judge Bruce allowed his testimony. Liddil swore that William Ryan and Frank and Jesse James had left Nashville on March 6, 1881. He stated that the two brothers were wearing sandy beards and Ryan a black beard when they left Nashville, and when they returned several days later they were wearing only mustaches and sideburns. He testified that

they remained in Nashville until they learned of the capture of Ryan, and then rode north to stay with friends in Logan County, Kentucky. These friends, Silas Norris and Sarah Hite, were brought to the stand to confirm the latter part of Liddil's testimony.

By Saturday, public sentiment in Huntsville was running strongly in favor of Frank James. The trial was the only subject of discussion among the customary Saturday visitors to town. A reporter observed that the people "gather in knots on the corners and argue legal points as if they held a consulting connection with the counsel in the case." No one believed Dick Liddil. He had a shifty look about him, and freely admitted that he was being paid by Missouri officials to testify against James. Many spectators, said a reporter, "openly declare that they would not believe him on oath whatever the circumstances."

The prosecution presented its last two witnesses on Saturday. Hugh Riley, the bartender at Peden's saloon, confirmed the story of Tom Peden; Alfred Hill testified that three men stayed at his house north of the canal before the robbery and made inquiry about the date the canal employees were paid. Neither, however, could do more than say that Frank James resembled one of the men.

The defense then called its first witness, Sam Fields, a Nashville detective. He swore that he had known Ben Woodson (James) for several years, and that he had seen him on the day of the robbery in Nashville. The second witness for the defense, Jonas Taylor, a blacksmith, also testified that he had seen James in Nashville on the day of the robbery and had account books which showed that James had done business with him on March 11 and 12, 1881. These were produced and submitted as evidence. The prosecution examined them and pointed out the different handwritings in which entries were made, the mutilated and smeared condition of the book, and the fact that the entries of March 11 and 12 were not made in the same column as previous entries. Taylor explained that he could not write so his books were kept for him by friends and

these particular accounts had been in a fire since 1881.

General Walker, chief counsel for the defense, was ill on Tuesday and the trial was continued until the following day. On Wednesday, the prosecution was permitted to call several more witnesses who had seen three strangers near the Canal at the time of the robbery. The witnesses described the strangers but none made a positive identification of Frank James as one of the three. Several witnesses for the defense, on the other hand, testified to the sterling character of James when he lived in Nashville as Ben Woodson and two swore they had seen him in Nashville on March 11, 1881.

When the attorneys began their closing arguments on Thursday, sentiment in Huntsville was even more favorable to James than when the trial began. A reporter commented that "on the streets nothing but the most ardent wishes for his acquittal are heard." On Friday, April 25, at 1:30 p.m., Judge Harry Bruce instructed the jury, in what both the prosecution and the defense admitted was a fair and impartial manner, and the jury retired to consider the case. The court assembled at 3:00, but the jury was still out and it remained out, deliberating the case for four hours. At 6:30 p.m. the jury returned to the courtroom and delivered its verdict: "Not Guilty."

One historian has described the scene in this manner: "the twelve old Confederates filed solemnly from the room. Almost immediately they returned, their faces all smiles. Their verdict was a unanimous 'NOT GUILTY' - for Frank's able attorneys, Confederate hero General Leroy Walker, Richard Walker and R. B. Sloan, had done an excellent job on convincing the jury that Frank James was a misguided ex-Confederate private." Indeed, there was much sympathy for James because of his military service, but the facts of the case do not substantiate the implied slur on the Circuit Court of the Northern District of Alabama. Both sides admitted the judge was impartial. The jury was out for four hours; it did not return immediately. The verdict had to be a unanimous "Not Guilty" otherwise, there would have been no verdict. A juror

later stated that on the first ballot the vote had been nine to three for acquittal, and that it was not until the last ballot that the minority had come around.

It is evident that the prosecution did not prove its case. None of the witnesses for the government, not even paymaster Smith, were able to swear on oath that Frank James was without doubt, one of the men who committed the crime. And the testimony of Dick Liddil was questionable, if not worthless, to the government's case. The defense, on the other hand, had several reputable witnesses who swore on oath that Frank James was in Nashville on the day of the robbery. In short, the verdict of the jury really hinged on whose testimony they would accept – that of witnesses who thought they had seen James with the two other robbers, or of witnesses who were positive they had seen James in Nashville on March 11, 1881.

It is evident that the jurymen considered this question at some length before rendering their verdict.

It is quite possible that, in spite of the reputation of Frank James, the jury was correct. Another member of the James Gang, perhaps even Dick Liddil, may have been the third robber. Certainly, there was "reasonable doubt" that Frank James was the man. Frank James did not deny that the James Gang committed the crime. But, he said that "whatever Jesse might have done, he had no connection with the many crimes charged to the James Gang."

The cheers were deafening when the jury brought in its verdict. Frank James showed no emotion. He shook hands with his attorneys, then a sheriff arrested him to return him to Missouri for another trial. Crowds from the courtroom and some members of the jury followed James to a hotel to shake hands, and the demonstration of the pleasure of Huntsville with the verdict lasted far into the evening. There was even a band which serenaded James and his attorneys from outside the hotel. There was some hope that Frank James would favor the town with a speech, but that night he was whisked out of town by the sheriff from Missouri who had purposely created

the impression that he was leaving on a later train.

Frank James was never convicted on any charge of substance. When finally released by Missouri authorities, he returned to farming in Oklahoma and Missouri. He also worked at jobs in Dallas and St. Louis, appeared at fairs as a race starter, and even joined Cole Younger in a Wild West Show. He died peacefully in 1915.

Major William R. King, whose efforts had contributed to the destruction of the James Gang, was transferred from the Muscle Shoals project in 1886, and served as Commandant of the Engineer School, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, until shortly before his death in 1898. Muscle Shoals Canal was completed under the direction of Colonel John W. Barlow and Captain George W. Goethals. It opened to traffic in 1890 and closed when the construction of Wilson Dam began in 1919. Except for money taken from "Whiskey Head" Ryan, none of the funds stolen from the paymaster in 1881 were ever recovered. "Whiskey Head" Ryan was sentenced to twenty-five years for train robbery in Missouri, but was released in 1889 because of his poor health. However, his old habits caught up with him – he hit a tree limb while riding full gallop and fatally injured himself.

HISTORY OF HUNTSVILLE WATER WORKS

By Frank Wilson

By virtue of its establishment in 1823, the Huntsville Water Works has the distinction of being the oldest public water system in the United States west of the Appalachians. Drawing water from the Big Spring, and in recent years from other sources, the system has served Huntsville continuously for 150 years.

1823-1836

The earliest record on the water works was made on February 15, 1823. On that day Hunter Peel, an English civil engineer who came to Huntsville in 1816, executed an agreement with the Board of Trustees to furnish the town with water. Peel believed that a water system with a reservoir of water on the public square would serve two purposes. It would be of great convenience for public use and it would be of great convenience for public use and it would also greatly improve the town's ability to fight fires.

As set forth in the contract, Peel was to supply residents "with good spring water to be conveyed in hydrants into a reservoir on the public square." Under the franchise, Peel was given exclusive right to convey the water "provided always that he shall within one year from this date cause good spring water to be conveyed in strong hydrants (cedar log conduits) iron bound at their juncture, to a waterproof reservoir of good thick plank, containing at least 1,000 cubic feet (7,500 gallons) to be by him built on the public square of said town."

Leroy Pope, original purchaser of much of the land on which Huntsville was located, owned the Big Spring. On April 14, 1823, Pope executed a contract with Peel granting him the right to erect a dam across the stream from the spring and to

construct there a house “not exceeding thirty feet long by twenty-four wide to house the water works.” Peel, who was county engineer at the time, formed a partnership with James Barclay, a machinist, and Huntsville’s first water works was under way.

Peel and Barclay’s first water plant consisted of an awkward looking wooden self-propelled turbine wheel turned by the spring flow which pumped water through cedar log pipes to the reservoir on the square.

The first cedar log pipes used were very crude. They were up to fourteen feet in length and how they were hollowed out is still a mystery. The cedar pipes apparently used after 1827 were all bored with an auger.

Peel and Barclay apparently experienced difficulties in keeping the system operating and there were extended periods when the reservoir remained empty. Dissatisfaction with Peel’s operation resulted in his losing his franchise which was granted to Joshua Cox in 1825. Cox’s operation of the water works was no better than Peel’s, and in 1826 he sold the system to Thomas A. Ronalds of New York. Ronalds hired Sam D. Morgan as supervisor and commenced a significant improvement of the facilities. These improvements included a new dam, engine house, new cedar log pipes, and a more powerful pump. In 1828, after much agitation, the town council contracted with Ronalds to construct, adjacent to the courthouse, a new larger reservoir at a cost of \$900. The new reservoir was a wooden tank eighteen feet square and ten feet high, with a capacity of 24,300 gallons. It was enclosed by a two-story brick structure, the upper portion of which was a meeting room for the town council. In addition to providing the new reservoir, Ronalds agreed to erect fire plugs at each corner of the public square “for the exclusive use of the fire engines of said town with three and one-half inch pipes (made from cedar logs) leading from the Reservoir thereto, such Fire Plugs are to be kept in such good order and repair that a plentiful supply of water can at all times be had therefrom for the extinguishments of Fire.”

1836-1858

Ronalds and Morgan operated the water system until 1836. At that time, Dr. Thomas Fearn and his brother George Fearn, who was on the council, acquired the water works. In a contract executed with the Aldermen of Huntsville, Dr. Fearn and George Fearn agreed to completely rebuild the water system. The improvements included the installation of an iron pump at the spring and cast iron pipes five inches in diameter to the four corners of the public square. This marked the first use of cast iron pipe in the water system. The mayor and council agreed "to construct within five years, a reservoir upon some suitable site to be provided by them so as to admit an elevation of water therein forty feet above the surface of the public square." The reservoir was to be sixty feet by sixty feet and ten feet deep, and the city agreed to construct an iron main of 5" diameter to connect the reservoir to the water works pump at the Spring. In 1842, a new reservoir was constructed on a lot 150 feet square situated between Echols Street and McClung Street. The reservoir was dug ten feet deep and was seventy feet in diameter. It had a capacity of 287,523 gallons of water. The elevation of the new reservoir and the new five inch main made possible a great expansion of the area which could be adequately served with water. In Dr. Fearn's Waterworks account book of 1842, were listed a total of 111 customers.

In 1843, William W. Pope, who had acquired ownership of the Big Spring from his father, LeRoy Pope, deeded it to the city for one dollar. In compliance with certain terms of the gift, the city embarked upon a beautification program of the property. William Frye's painting of the Big Spring area is said to have been inspired by the improvements made at the Big Spring.

Dr. Fearn continued to operate the water works and in 1854, the town council named a committee of three to inquire into the propriety of purchasing the water works from him. As a result of this study, in 1858, the city purchased the water

works for the sum of \$10,000, to be paid in ten equal annual installments.

1859-1892

On July 1, 1859, an ordinance was adopted by the town council "to establish a tax for the use of water from the Water Works of the Town of Huntsville." The rates for residential users were based on the valuation of the house. "For each dwelling valued at no more than eight thousand dollars, the water tax shall be twelve dollars and fifty cents per annum." For commercial users, specific annual rates were set forth.

In 1860, the city constructed a new building to house the water works at the Big Spring. This masonry building with various alterations, including a smoke stack, served until a new pumping station was built nearby on Gallatin Street in 1899.

One of Huntsville's most exciting events took place in 1887, the opening of the famous Monte Sano Hotel. One of the local newspapers, *The Huntsville Independent*, reported on May 26, 1887, that the work of connecting the Monte Sano Hotel with the city water works at the Big Spring was practically completed. A force pump was installed at the Big Spring and water was pumped up the mountain for the use of the hotel.

During the years of the Civil War and the reconstruction days, there was very little expansion or improvement in the water system. However, by 1887 Huntsville was beginning to grow and it was apparent that the water system would have to be expanded and improved. After securing the permission of the state legislature, the city in March, 1887, sold \$15,000 in municipal bonds for the purpose of expanding the water system, and embarked on the greatest expansion program ever undertaken up to that time. The report of the water works inspector in 1889 gives an interesting accounting of the customers being served: 591 hydrants, 162 water closets, 63 baths, 24 urinals, 87 sprinklers, and 7 soda founts – a total 934 services.

As part of the effort to attract a major new industry to Huntsville, the city in 1891, agreed to provide 500,000 free gallons of water per day for ten years to the Dallas Manufacturing company.

The Huntsville *Daily Mercury* on December 21, 1892, had this comment:

The Board (of Aldermen) has now provided well for our citizens, and no more 'kicking' will be heard from patrons who have complained of being unable to get water early in the morning. The Chairman of the Water Works Committee was instructed to employ an extra man for work - keeping the machinery (pump) at work constantly till the new standpipe is erected.

This incident pointed up the critical need for more storage capacity than the old dug reservoir of 1842 provided. Early in 1893 a new standpipe (reservoir) was erected on top of Echols Hill on land donated by Colonel W. H. Echols. This new reservoir had a capacity of 600,000 gallons.

The increased pressure and volume of water provided by the major expansion in the 1890s made possible some interesting new uses of water from the system. At least one barber shop used a water motor for propelling the ceiling fans back and forth. A similar fan was used in the Monroe home on Greene Street. In 1904, the W. L. Halsey Grocery Company installed an elevator powered by water, and in 1813, the printing presses in the Monroe printing shop were water powered. These uses were economically feasible only because the water used was sold on a flat rate and not metered.

The year 1898 brought civil attention to the need for beautification of the Big Spring area. After the old pump house was torn down, significant improvements were made to the appearance of the Big Spring area. The old dam was removed, the basin was widened and the banks of the stream walled with white limestone. Three bridges were built and a

fountain was installed in the basin at the head of the Big Spring.

The contamination of the water supply from the Big Spring first became a matter of concern in 1898, with an outbreak of typhoid fever. It resulted in the paving of the public square as a means of some protection to the underlying stream of water. After frequent typhoid outbreaks, in 1914, the water department installed its first chlorinator. This was a very inefficient device and was of little value in purifying water pumped into the city's mains. In 1917, a severe outbreak of typhoid resulted in a survey by Dr. Carl A. Grote, Huntsville's first health officer. Open toilets located over rock crevices behind the old Market House located on the southwest corner of Clinton and Washington Streets were considered to be the cause of the pollution and a new sewer line was installed. An efficient drip-type chlorinator was installed in 1918, after which typhoid resulting from contamination from the city's water system became virtually non-existent.

Although chlorination of the water had effectively eliminated the threat of typhoid, the fear of pollution of the water supply continued to be a source of concern to health authorities. In 1950, the city was ordered by the State Health Department to look for another source of water other than the Big Spring. After investigation by the Alabama and U. S. Geological Survey, it was determined that the Dallas Well and Lincoln Well, located about a mile northeast of the Big Spring, actually were tapping the same underground source, which fed the Big Spring. The two wells were acquired in 1955 and pumping from the Big Spring was discontinued in 1957.

An interesting economic aspect of the city's operation of the water system is the fact that for some thirty years prior to 1950, the revenues from the sale of water was the biggest single source of income for the city's general fund.

In 1954, as the city was faced with the need for tremendous modernization and expansion of the water system, it was decided to place the operation under a newly created Water Works Utility Board, thus ending 96 years of operation of the

water system by the city council. Members of Huntsville Water Works Utility Board were appointed by the city council. It was at this time that the Water Department and the newly formed Natural Gas Department were placed under the direction of the General Manager of the Electric Department and the total operation became known as Huntsville Utilities.

By the early 1960s, because of Huntsville's enormous growth, it became apparent that sources other than wells must be used to meet the city's water needs. In 1964, a water purification plant was constructed near the Tennessee River. The plant, which was enlarged in 1967, can purify and pump into the city water system 18,000,000 gallons daily. By 1973, on the 150th anniversary of the establishment of this historic old water system, it had become one of the country's finest, with 652 miles of mains and a storage capacity of 32,000,000 gallons.

JAMES GILLESPIE BIRNEY: THE HUNTSVILLE YEARS

By Elise Stephens

From its beginnings, Huntsville has been blessed with an extra-ordinary group of citizens who settled here and permanently wedded their talents and destinies to the little town with the Big Spring. Huntsville has also been home but not permanent residence for some outstanding citizens. In this century, Dr. Werner von Braun is an outstanding example. In the last century, James Gillespie Birney stands out. Both men came to Madison County, immediately set down roots and got busy – contributing their brains, leadership and faith in individual effort to achieve difficult goals such as putting a man on the moon or eradicating inequality among men – and then moved on. Both men gave to Huntsville and grew in the exchange.

James G. Birney called Madison County home from 1818 to the close of 1832. Upon leaving Alabama, his career carried him into national prominence as a leader of the growing anti-slavery movement. Unlike William Lloyd Garrison to whom he was often compared, Birney put his trust in the political process to effectuate the emancipation of the slaves rather than in rhetoric and revolution. Twice, in 1840 and 1844, he was the nominee of the Liberty Party for the Presidency of the United States. He died in November of 1857.

The son of James and Martha Read Birney, James G. was the heir to a Scots-Irish ancestry that united to give him wealth, social position, and a strong sense of noblesse oblige. Both sides of his family had settled in Danville, Kentucky, where Birney was born on February 4, 1792. Having been educated privately, at Transylvania and at the College of New Jersey, (Princeton) where he graduated with honors in 1810, he read law under Alexander J. Dallas, noted lawyer and United States Attorney of Philadelphia. In 1814 he was back in

Danville establishing a busy practice.

In 1818, the first time he was of age to qualify, he was elected to the Kentucky House of Representative. Another major event occurred to him in 1818 that was to brighten his future considerably: on February 1, he was married to Agatha McDowell, the daughter of the United States District Judge, William McDowell and Margaret Madison McDowell, the first cousin of President James Madison.

As was the spirit of the times, the young couple chose to throw themselves into the life of a newer community and in February 1818, exchanged their Kentucky ties for the newly organized territory of Alabama. Birney purchased a plantation near Triana and endeavored to live as a gentleman-lawyer, planter-politician, as did such contemporaries as Arthur F. Hopkins and Clement Comer Clay.

Those were exciting times for Huntsville. Birney was more drawn to the happenings of the young town than to the management of a cotton plantation. The state had gained territorial status in 1817 and statehood was in the air. In anticipation of statehood, the citizens of Madison County had voted on two slates of candidates: one for a seat at the Constitutional Convention and one for membership in the state's first General Assembly. Birney was not a candidate for the former and won a seat in the latter. Unlike the convention that met in the hot summer of 1787 in Philadelphia to write the United States Constitution, the convention held in Huntsville was apparently an open one. Non-member Birney's influence was certainly felt on the final design of the state's first constitution.

The enthusiasm with which Birney entered into the total life of the community was increasingly matched by a seriousness that grew as he matured. Being the only son of a father who was widowed when James G. was only three and his only sister an infant, he grew up in luxury but never to the neglect of moderation and self-respect. Apparently, the life of a planter involved too much self-indulgence or required more self-discipline than he possessed. Marriage and inheritance

had brought him slaves, but he failed in the thorough management such ownership required. Like so many Kentuckians, he followed horseracing. Huntsville's Green Bottom Inn, one of Andrew Jackson's favorite tracks, afforded Birney ample opportunity to bet on the horses. Gambling losses brought financial embarrassment, and Birney mortgaged his plantation and his slaves. Assessing his situation, Birney decided to move his family to Huntsville, to practice law diligently, to pay off the mortgages quickly and never to gamble again. All of these he did. January 1823 marked a new year and a new life in Huntsville for the Birneys.

His expanding family undoubtedly had much to do with these decisions. In all, he had ten children. Seven of them reached adulthood. While in Huntsville, he was the busy father of five: James, born in Danville on June 7, 1817; William, born in Madison County, May 28, 1819; David Bell, born in Huntsville, May 29, 1825; Dion and George. In "James G. Birney and His Times," a biography written by son William, Birney is depicted as an uncommonly loving husband and father:

In early manhood he spent much of his time with his children. He joined them in their boyish sports, taught them many games... and entered heartily into their glee. He showed them how to ride and to row, to make bows and arrows, snares and traps, to handle the shot-gun, and to hunt game. A broad veranda in the rear of his dwelling was used for play in rainy weather, being furnished with swings and trapezes, battledores and shuttlecocks. He was fond of music and played the flute. In every innocent way, home was made attractive to the children.

The subsequent careers of the Birney boys attest that something was done right in their upbringing. James became a

professor, lawyer, Michigan state senator, lieutenant governor, acting governor, circuit judge, editor and United States Minister to the Hague. William became a lawyer, scholar, teacher and news correspondent in France where he served as a student barricade-commander during the 1848 revolt in Paris, anti-slavery lecturer, religious writer, author and father of ten excellent children. Dion became a physician. David Bell became a lawyer and publisher. George died in early manhood. The Civil War made heroes of them all, generals of two. In their youth, they had attended Huntsville's famous Green Academy and shared that training which was to mold a generation of sons for leadership and sacrifice.

Birney had been a trustee for Green Academy since settling in Alabama. When he moved his residence to Huntsville in 1823, his involvement grew. As early as 1819, he announced a bill in the Alabama Legislature of incorporation of the Huntsville Library. In 1823 the library received its charter with Birney listed as one of its members. His fellow members of the bar helped Birney get his finances in order. They endorsed his election by the Alabama General Assembly as the solicitor for the Fifth Circuit. By the end of 1823, Birney was able to straighten out his debts, divesting himself of his plantation and all but five house servants.

Instead of relaxing his prohibition against gambling, Birney invested his increasing wealth in "a valuable half-acre corner lot in Huntsville, two squares from the head of the Big Spring." There he built a home that he enlarged as his family grew until it was considered "one of the handsomest and most convenient dwellings in Huntsville." Its China trees and sculptured gardens were the pride of both Birneys who loved to entertain and did so with grace and generosity. Life for them was secure and serene.

But forces were at work to shake any complacency Birney might have achieved. His sense of obligation to follow his conscience, take a stand on issues and to speak out was already a tested trait. In 1819, he had voted against a resolution passed by the Alabama State Assembly endorsing

Andrew Jackson for President. He did this even though he knew it was tantamount to resigning from political contention in the state. In 1826, he made a public profession of his religious faith and openly acknowledged that he would follow where its truths led. When he later became mayor of Huntsville, he enforced what was probably the city's first "blue law." A leader of the Bible Society, he was also a founder of the Huntsville Temperance Society.

As his severe self discipline grew, so too did his awareness of man's inhumanity to man. From 1826 until he left Alabama, he served as attorney and "legal protector" of the Cherokee nation. William Birney describes his father's unheralded and little known activities for the Cherokees:

He caused missionaries to be sent and schools to be established among them; he encouraged them to cultivate farms, build houses, and open roads; he aided an educated Indian, who had invented an alphabet for the language, to start a Cherokee paper; [Sequoyah] he defended them in their property rights, and brought to punishment some of the authors of the outrages upon their persons; he counseled them to peace and good behavior; and most surprising of all, he succeeded in introducing, quietly and without opposition, several Indian girls as pupils into the Huntsville Female Seminary. It was said they were daughters of chiefs. They attended the Presbyterian Church, and were reputed to be wards of Mr. Birney. Two of them I remember as beautiful. The Indians visited Huntsville from time to time for the sale of pelts, nuts, blowguns, bows and arrows, and game, and they never failed to pass by my father's house and leave for him some token of their gratitude.

From 1826 dates his heightened consciousness of the evils of slavery and the necessity for him to do something about it. He became the spokesman, then Southern Agent, for the American Colonization Society, urging owners and state legislatures to manumit the slaves and provide for their resettlement in Africa. By the time he left Huntsville, to move to Kentucky, Birney had realized the impossibility of colonization. He spent the rest of his life seeking peaceful, legal emancipation. In pursuit of this goal, his path took him from the city, which honored him though it disagreed with him.

THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY IN ALABAMA 1825-1833

By Robert E. Perry

Background

By the beginning of the nineteenth century a growing number of thoughtful Americans were becoming concerned about slavery as well as the presence of large numbers of free African Americans. Out of this concern grew several proposals to deal with the question. Thomas Jefferson, Ferdinando Fairfax, and St. George Tucker of Virginia had suggested settling free African Americans in areas far removed from the United States. Others believed settling them in an area of the newly acquired Louisiana territory would be a better course. Nothing came of either of these suggestions.

At the same time a successful effort was being made by English humanitarians to settle African Americans from the British Isles in Africa. Beginning in the late 1780s, several shiploads of African Americans were settled in what is today Sierra Leone. The colonization attempt, however, resulted in a great deal of hardship and death for the colonists and as a result the British government assumed the responsibility in 1808.

It was to this African colony that the first American African Americans were sent in 1816 by Paul Cuffee, a half-Black, half-Indian shipping merchant from Cuttyhunk Island, Massachusetts. Cuffee proposed to transport skilled artisans, farmers, and mechanics to Sierra Leone in return for trading privileges in the colony. He secured the backing of several prosperous free African Americans, formed miniature African Institutions which were replicas of the parent society in England, and petitioned Congress for special permission to trade with Sierra Leone. His petition was not granted because of the war with England at that time. After it ended, he landed

38 free American Negroes at Freetown, Sierra Leone. He died shortly afterwards before he could carry out his dream of shipping large numbers of African Americans to the land of their forefathers.

Organization of the American Colonization Society

The American Colonization Society was organized in Washington, D.C. in the winter of 1816-1817 under the direction of Robert Finley. Its exclusive purpose as stated in article two of its original constitution was:

...to promote and execute a plan for colonizing (with their consent) the free people of color, residing in our country, in Africa, or such other place as Congress shall deem most expedient. And the Society shall act, to effect this object, in co-operation with the General Government, and such of the States as may adopt regulations upon the subject.

The Society drew its support from all classes of men: from slaveholder and non-slaveholder and from all sections of the country. It included among its original founders Senator Henry Clay, Senator Daniel Webster, Senator Robert H. Goldsborough, John Randolph of Roanoke, Ferdinando Fairfax, Francis Scott Key, Richard Lee, Bushrod Washington, and Edmund I. Lee. Within a few years it added other distinguished names to its membership such as John Marshall, Charles Carroll, and Roger Taney.

The Society failed in its early years of existence to persuade Congress to make colonization a national policy. The Reverend Samuel J. Mills was sent to explore the west coast of Africa to gather more information for Congress and to choose a possible site for a colony. Mills reached the coast of Africa in March, 1818, traveled to prospective sites, met with several chiefs, and finally recommended that Sherbo Island be chosen

as the place for the future colony. He died at sea en-route back to the United States.

The following year, Congress passed Mercer's Slave Trade Act which authorized President James Monroe to send a squadron to the west coast of Africa to establish a station for settling rescued victims of the slave trade. Although reluctant to apply this law to the colonization of free African Americans, Monroe eventually acquiesced to allow the Society's agents to become government agents and gave them some assistance in establishing the colony. The first expedition sailed from New York in 1820, but it was not until 1821 that land was purchased that was to become Liberia, the colony for free African Americans from the United States.

By 1823, the Society was in difficult financial circumstances both in Liberia and in the United States. Its plan of securing further government support for its colonization work did not materialize. Because there was no organized plan for establishing and maintaining new local societies, the Society faced an early death.

During a careful examination of the Society in 1823 by the managers, a proposal was put forward by Leonard Bacon of Andover Seminary to begin a spirited propaganda campaign to include a national magazine, traveling agents, and establishment of societies in every state. After some debate the managers decided to accept Bacon's ideas. Their first step was to appoint Ralph Gurley as secretary. His choice was a decisive factor in the Society's success during the next few years, and he was the guiding force behind it for 50 years. For the first-time agents were appointed to tour various parts of the country enlisting members and financial support and organizing state and local societies.

One of Gurley's most important acts was the establishment of The African Repository and Colonial Journal in 1825. Under his editorship, it became a tremendous asset for the Society. It boosted Liberia and encouraged contributions by printing and praising the names of contributors. A wealth of information about Africa was provided and letters published from those

who settled there. Gurley gained a great deal of publicity for the Society by persuading American newspapers to reprint articles from The Repository concerning colonization and Liberia.

First Contacts of the Society in Alabama

Although no official agents of the Society reached Alabama until 1830, The Repository did. A Huntsville resident, James Gillespie Birney, who later became the most noted member of the Society in the state, first contacted the Society through its magazine in 1826. He was so impressed with the aims of the Society that he sent a donation and persuaded the local Presbyterian Church in Huntsville to take an annual collection for it on July 4.

Other evidence of The Repository's circulation in Alabama comes from two letters printed in the June, 1827 issue. The first was "From a gentleman in Alabama" who lamented the fact that he had been unable to establish an auxiliary society in his area but did send contributions and subscriptions totaling \$17.00. The second letter commended the magazine for dispelling misconceptions of the Society which the writer had held and which he said were common in the area. The language and tone of the letter suggest the possibility that it may have been written by Birney.

Both of these letters reveal misunderstanding and resentment of the Society and its aims. This may have been due to resolutions addressed to the Alabama legislature from the legislature of Ohio. In 1824, when the Society was seeking endorsement from the state legislatures, the Ohio lawmaker adopted a petition calling on Congress to adopt colonization as a means of eradicating slavery. This declaration was sent to other states, where it was commended by the legislatures of Connecticut, Delaware, New Jersey, and Kentucky, but soundly criticized in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Missouri.

Before any official agent of the Society came to Alabama, the

Methodist Conference of Mississippi appointed one of its ministers as an agent to travel throughout Mississippi and Alabama to raise money for the Society. The minister chosen in 1829 was the Reverend William Winans who reported a collection of \$15.68 in Alabama that year. A second minister, the Reverend John C. Burris, was appointed by the Conference in 1831.

A society, whose origin is obscure, was organized in La Grange on May 3, 1829. No mention of its organization was made in The Repository but its first anniversary meeting was reported in the *Southern Advocate* of Huntsville in May, 1830. At the meeting the Reverend Daniel Bestor, pastor of the Baptist Church and president of the society, gave a glowing report of the progress of Liberia and urged local support for the Society. It had a total of ten officers which may also have been the number of members.

The Organization of the Society in Alabama

In January, 1830, the first official auxiliary society was organized in the state. In December, 1829, Birney, a prominent citizen and former mayor of Huntsville had received a letter from Henry Clay introducing Josiah F. Polk, agent of the Society for the southwestern states. Polk spent several days in Huntsville with Birney who introduced him to leading citizens and assisted him in organizing the Madison County Society. The meeting was advertised in the local paper and met on January 2 at the First Presbyterian Church where Birney was an active member. Polk spoke on the interests of the Society and noted in his report that he received a friendly reception. Dr. M. S. Watkins was elected president and Birney was named one of the managers.

Polk was approached twice during his visit to Huntsville by free African Americans who inquired about emigrating to Liberia. The first, a mulatto named John Robinson, told him that several free African Americans had formed a society to devise means and raise funds to go to Liberia but had been

frustrated by whites who suspected them of seditious purposes. The second also inquired about Liberia, mentioning that he had received letters from a man in the North warning him about the severe climate and deaths among the colonists in Liberia. Polk left Huntsville in high hopes that there would soon be a number of emigrants ready to leave Huntsville and other nearby areas in Alabama.

Polk's next stop in Alabama was at the state capitol in Tuscaloosa where he found both the legislature and supreme court in session. There on the night of January 11, he addressed a large group in the Representatives' Hall and organized a state society. Over \$200 was pledged, \$141 paid down and several individuals became life members by paying \$10. Among the 38 persons who joined the state society, five were judges of the state supreme court. The Honorable Abner S. Lipscomb of Mobile was elected president. Other officers and managers were elected and a constitution adopted. The constitution contained a clause entitling it to nominate and select a number of emigrants proportionate to its share of the total national contributions to the Society. The local press was favorable to the Society commending its purposes and urging citizens to give it their support.

In addition to the state society at Tuscaloosa and the auxiliary society at Huntsville, Polk organized societies at Courtland, Tuscumbia and Florence. Among the members enrolled were many prominent judges, legislators, merchants, doctors, ministers, former members of the state constitutional convention and a future governor. At the completion of his tour there were over a hundred members and six societies, and contributions had exceeded two hundred dollars.

The state's societies were visited again in 1831 by agent Henry Bascomb, a Methodist minister who later became Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Bascomb was one of the Society's most effective and colorful agents. In a few months' time he traveled thousands of miles by horseback and coach throughout the western and southwestern states organizing societies, selling subscriptions

to The Repository, and collecting funds amounting over \$300.

James G. Birney and the Colonization Society

(Editor's Note: Although some of this information was shared in an earlier story about James G. Birney, additional information, included here, helps complete the history of Birney and the Colonization Society.)

Despite these successes, by the summer of 1832 the Society was facing an early death in Alabama due to a lack of interest among its members. In January, 1831, the state society had held its annual meeting at Tuscaloosa which turned out to be dissentious and disorderly. Lipscomb resigned as president shortly afterwards and efforts to secure a meeting of the managers were unsuccessful.

At this critical point, James G. Birney was appointed as an agent. Birney had arrived in Huntsville in 1818 from Danville, Kentucky after having attended Princeton University and being admitted to the bar. He bought several hundred acres of land at Triana, a few miles from Huntsville, and began raising cotton with the use of slave labor. He was unable to succeed as a planter, however, so he sold his plantation and most of his slaves and moved into Huntsville where he resumed the practice of law in 1823.

By 1832 Birney was a respected member of Huntsville society where his lucrative law practice earned him \$4,000 per year. In the intervening period he had served as a member of the state legislature, mayor of Huntsville, and as agent to select the original faculty of the newly established University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa.

The board of managers of the Society appointed Birney as agent for the southwestern states in June, 1832. He did not accept the offer immediately but, as was his custom, gave it very careful thought. He made a thorough study of Society and its literature and discussed the offer with close friends who strongly advised him against accepting.

It was not until August 23, two months after his

appointment, that Birney accepted the position. In his letter of acceptance, he carefully outlined the condition and prospects of the Society in Alabama. The societies in the state, he said, were languid and decaying, but he believed that they could be revived with activity and attention. He also disclosed his plan of operation for the Society in the state: he would attend the legislative sessions, gain their good will and present a solid case for colonization based on facts. He felt this would allay suspicions that the Society planned to interfere with the institution of slavery.

After thoroughly acquainting himself with the policies, objectives, and activities of the Society, Birney set out with great vigor to revive the state and local societies. In the fall of 1832 he visited throughout the Tennessee Valley speaking, recruiting, and organizing societies. In addition to the old societies at Huntsville, Tusculumbia, Courtland, and La Grange he organized new ones at Sommerville and Athens and reorganized the one in Florence which elected General John Coffee as its president. He also enlisted the interest of two families of free African Americans of Limestone County in emigrating to Liberia.

From the Tennessee Valley Birney proceeded by stage to Tuscaloosa where he met with the state society and received collection of \$45.00 but little favorable response. He did, however, enlist Henry Tutwiler in the Society. Tutwiler, whose name became increasingly prominent in the state's future, was a newcomer to the faculty of the University and had been recruited for the position by Birney himself. He wrote Birney shortly afterwards that he felt nothing would be done by the society in Tuscaloosa and asked to be a member of the society in Huntsville.

Proceeding on to Montgomery and Mobile by stage and river boat, Birney found a similar situation to the one in Tuscaloosa: there was little favor or response given to his appeals. In each place he had to defend the Society against attacks by the Christian Examiner. In Mobile he planned to speak twice, but the proposed second meeting was ruined by

the appearance in town of a famous actress who drew almost the entire town to her performance. He decided not to take a collection or try to organize a society in Mobile as he felt it would be futile.

In addition to defending the Society against the charge of being an abolitionist, Birney had to explain its purpose against similar charges being made in state newspapers. A speech by United States Senator Clement Comer Clay was printed in the *Huntsville Democrat* and quoted him as saying "...abolition is the ultimate purpose of colonization..." Birney wrote to Clay, a personal acquaintance, pointing out that this was a mistaken view of the Society's aims and asked him to correct his statement. Clay examined the matter carefully and wrote the *Huntsville Democrat* that his statement was not intended to imply that the Society was abolitionist but only that some members (of the national society) were abolitionist. He added, "I am no enemy of the plan of transporting and colonizing our free black population, properly conducted." He felt, however, that state legislatures and the societies should finance colonization rather than appealing to Congress for assistance. The Society, however, was hurt by Clay's printed speech, because several months elapsed between the reported speech and the correction.

Birney returned discouraged to Huntsville after his tour through South Alabama. To his friend Gurley he wrote: "There is a deadness to the subject of African Colonization in this portion of Alabama which is altogether discouraging...in countries where slave labor is valuable it requires benevolence to keep up our cause --- Christian benevolence, --- the stock of which is small all through this region." Despite the discouragement, he forged ahead with his activities.

In January, 1833, he placed a notice in the Huntsville papers addressed to free African Americans announcing the departure in April of a ship for Liberia from New Orleans. He asked local societies and other interested parties to publicize the project and assist emigrants to reach New Orleans. He also planned to attend the meeting of the Synod of west Tennessee

(which included the Presbyterian churches of Alabama at this time), where he would introduce a resolution regarding the Christian's duty concerning slavery.

In February, Birney traveled by boat to New Orleans where he spent the latter part of February, all of March and part of April making preparations for the departure of 150 free African Americans for Liberia aboard the *Ajax*. They left on April 20 and it was a deeply moving experience to Birney. In a report to Gurley he recorded the event and his feelings.

Memory presented to me Africa, "robbed and spoiled" - "weeping for her children -refusing to be comforted" -now I saw her rejoicing at their return; - I thought of the shriek of phrenzy, the stifled groan of death in the slaveship, --now, I saw the sobered joy of the restored and in their countenance the beams of an elevating and glorious hope; --I saw Avarice dragging them to our shores, wringing from them cries of despair and tears of blood; I now saw benevolence (oh, that it were unmixed) conducting them to their own, their Fathers' land, drawing from their grateful hearts tears of joy, and thanks and blessings. Sir, Sir, if it be weakness to sympathize with the miserable made happy -to rejoice, even to tears, at the contemplation of this my country's true glory -to feel an overmastering expansion of heart at this practical exhibition of benevolence so like God's then I am most weak indeed.

After returning to Huntsville, Birney decided on a new tactic. He did not feel he was reaching enough people by his speeches to local societies. Perhaps it would be better, he thought, if he wrote articles for the local newspapers. In this way he hoped to reach thousands in the surrounding states and Alabama.

In the preface to his first article in the May 16 edition of the *Huntsville Democrat*, Birney contended that this important question needed to be discussed publicly. If he and the colonizationists were wrong, they needed to be refuted publicly; if they were correct then appropriate, informed action needed to be taken. By this time he had decided that "appropriate action" should be by state legislatures rather than by Congress. Appeals to Congress, he felt, tended to agitate Southerners and arouse their old suspicions that the Society was merely an abolitionist plot. He tried to enlist support for state action by writing to numerous prominent men throughout Alabama, asking them to sign a petition to the state legislature calling for state support for the colonization effort. Several of the state societies had made such petitions previously and some individuals, including General Coffee, felt this was the proper approach.

The series of articles which appeared regularly in the *Huntsville Democrat* was reprinted in many newspapers in Alabama and the South. In them Birney clearly set forth the purpose of the Society which was the colonization of free African Americans with their consent. He consistently maintained that it was neither abolitionist nor northern in origin (these were two common objections made about the Society to Birney). He also examined and refuted charges of the abolitionists that the Society was doing harm to the free black population.

After publishing fifteen articles in the papers, Birney decided to suspend publication because of increasing criticism that they were offensive to local sentiment on the subject.

By late September, Birney concluded that the state provided little encouragement for the Society and decided to return to Kentucky, where his father was in failing health. He was especially appalled at the insensibility of the religious community on the subject of colonization. The slave owners were, he said, "So far from sending their slaves to Liberia the greater part are not slow to justify slavery...." Nothing could be done, he feared, to get rid of slavery in the South unless it

cured itself.

In November, Birney terminated his service with the Society and left Alabama never to return. He had been the real force behind the movement and it died when he left. Its name and the names of local societies and contributors ceased to appear in The Repository, except in rare compilations of cumulative statistics. In 1852 a note appeared to the effect that since its founding a total of 49 free African Americans had emigrated from Alabama to Liberia. Only one of these had emigrated during Birney's residence in Alabama. The reported emigrations probably refer to free African Americans sent by John Cocke of Virginia, who maintained a plantation in Alabama to which he sent his manumitted slaves for acclimation and training before sending them on to Liberia.

Conclusion

Several facts emerge about the operation of the Society in Alabama. Foremost, it was founded on an appeal to prejudice against the free African American population. A few people supported the Society out of humanistic or religious motives. Chief among these would be Birney, Tutwiler, and the Reverend Bestor of La Grange. The Society probably failed because it was never able to overcome the suspicion that its goal was abolition, although the Society was not abolitionist and was, as a matter of fact, repeatedly attacked by the abolitionists as a plot dreamed up by slaveholders to strengthen and perpetuate slavery, by removing the threat of the free African American population.

Another important factor contributing to the demise of the Society in Alabama was Birney himself. Although he entered the Society with a great deal of determined enthusiasm and idealism, his belief in it steadily declined and sapped his effectiveness. For a long time he had serious questions about the morality of slavery and frankly confessed to Ralph Gurley that "My mind is not at ease upon the subject of retaining my fellow creatures in servitude...Should I remove from this

state, I will send all the slaves I own to Liberia.” He slowly came to believe some abolitionist charges that the Society’s policy of emigration for free African Americans was actually strengthening slavery rather than weakening it as he had thought. In less than nine months after leaving Alabama he wrote a lengthy letter to his friend, the Reverend Thornton J. Mills, secretary of the Kentucky Society, declining the office of Vice President and stating why he could not accept it. He said: “my opinions of colonization, in some of its most essential features, have undergone a change, so great, as to make it imperative on me no longer to give to the enterprise that support and favor which are justly expected from all connected with it.”

On June 2, 1834 in a solemn ceremony in the presence of all members of his family Birney freed the five houses of slaves he had owned in Alabama. He then paid Michael, the head of the slave family, back wages with interest for all the years he had served him. Following this action, he published and distributed thousands of copies of this lengthy letter to the Reverend Mills repudiating the Society and attacking slavery. It was the beginning of a new, life long career as an abolitionist which was to bring him to national prominence. Birney thus, was the first native Southerner and former slaveholder to come out openly and strongly against slavery.

SHORT HISTORIES OF THREE ACTING GOVERNORS OF ALABAMA IN THE ANTE-BELLUM PERIOD

By Henry S. Marks and Cheryl L. Gorham

The Tennessee Valley before the Civil War was one of the most important political regions in the state, yet it is most unusual that the only three men to serve as acting governors of Alabama during the ante-bellum period were from the Tennessee Valley. They were Thomas Bibb of Limestone County, Samuel B. Moore of Jackson County, and Hugh McVay of Lauderdale County.

The Bibb family stands pre-eminent in early Alabama history. Six of eight brothers settled in Alabama. Two became governors, the first and second chief executives of Alabama; a third was a prominent lawyer and judge of the criminal court of Montgomery; while a fourth served in the Alabama Legislature before moving to Mississippi.

Thomas Bibb, the second governor of Alabama, was born in Amelia County, Virginia, in 1784. He moved to Egbert County, Georgia, with his parents. When he was 12 his father died, leaving the widow to raise Thomas and seven other children. That she did a remarkable job is attested by the success of her children.

Thomas received his education in Egbert County, an education more than adequate according to the times. He became a planter and a merchant. In 1811 he moved to Alabama, then part of the Mississippi Territory. Thomas settled near Huntsville and built "Belle Mina," one of the great ante-bellum mansions of Alabama. It was located northeast of Decatur and southwest of Huntsville and became part of the southeastern corner of Limestone County when the latter was created by an act of the territorial legislature in 1818. The town of Belle Mina slowly began to develop around the Bibb plantation. (Editor's Note: Belle Mina was originally named

Belle Manor.)

Thomas built a town home between 1824 and 1832 on Williams Street in Huntsville. (Editor's note: Bibb sold it to his daughter and son-in-law, James and Adeline Bradley, for \$5,000. It was lost to debt in 1844, but bought by a Bibb descendant in 1927 and remained in the family until the death of Eleanor Hutchens in 2016.) The structure has exterior walls 20 inches thick and three-foot partitions between the two front rooms and hallway. Patterned after Belle Mina, it has been called a "worthy example of the finest work of the classic revival period in Alabama."

Thomas Bibb soon became involved in political and financial matters. His elder brother, William Wyatt Bibb, had been appointed governor of the Territory in 1817. The following April he began his duties, but the population of the territory developed so rapidly that statehood was applied for soon. In 1819, Alabama became a state. William Wyatt Bibb was elected the state's first governor, defeating Marmaduke Williams by 1200 votes. Thomas was a major influence in the election of his brother to the governorship.

Thomas Bibb was one of the three delegates from Limestone County to the State Constitutional Convention held in Huntsville in 1819. He was elected to the first Alabama Senate and, partly through the aid and endorsement of his brother, was elected president of the Senate.

Thomas' election as president of the Senate was important, for during the summer William was thrown from a horse during a thunderstorm and died from injuries received in the fall on July 9, 1820. As president of the Senate, Thomas succeeded his brother as governor.

The new governor, although conscious of the enormity of the task confronting him and aware of the difficulty in succeeding the immensely popular William Wyatt Bibb, immediately assumed the authority and responsibilities of the state's Chief Executive. On November 6, 1820, Acting Governor Bibb delivered his report and legislative proposals to the assembly meeting in Cahawba, the capital. A top

priority in his program was securing a "further appropriation" for the purpose of completing the State House. To promote the growth of the new city on the Alabama River, the acting governor also outlined a plan for the surveying of two hundred additional lots to be auctioned off later in November, 1820. Such a plan reflected optimism on the part of the Governor at a time when a nation-wide panic or depression plagued the entire United States, partially because of the influx of cheap British manufactured goods, the speculation in western lands, and the adjustment of the world-wide economy to the Napoleonic wars and their effects. Even those Alabamians who had bought land in Cahawba at the first sale were petitioning the legislature for relief on their installments. Yet Bibb was confident the city and outlying area would continue to grow despite temporary economic setbacks.

In addition to considering the future expansion of the capital, Governor Bibb and the assembly paid tribute to the former governor, Alabama's first Chief Executive, by changing the name of Cahawba County to Bibb County, the name which that county today carries. Acting Governor Bibb was sked to transmit a condolence resolution to the former governor's widow, expressing the legislature's "sincere regret for the loss" of and its "profound respect" for the deceased governor. The Assembly also provided for an elaborate funeral procession headed by Acting Governor Bibb to honor the former governor.

At this state, Bibb's harmonious working relationship with the Assembly ended, for he sought passage of an apportionment law. Wishing to retain the seat of government at Cahawba, the Senate regarded anti-Cahawba Bibb as a governor by chance and refused to enact an apportionment law before its adjournment on December 22, 1820. Not to be deterred by the legislature's inaction, Acting Governor Bibb became more determined to use his executive power to coerce passage of a new apportionment law before his tenure as governor ended in November, 1821. The governor's desire for

an immediate reapportionment law was further kindled because in the upcoming gubernatorial election in August, 1821, it was assumed that South Alabamian Israel Pickens would defeat Madison Countian Henry Chambers. Thomas Bibb had chosen not to run for the Governorship.

At the insistence of the Huntsville assemblymen, other Tennessee River valley political leaders, and the Tuscaloosa lawmakers, Governor Bibb called the legislature into special session in Cahawba on the first Monday in June, 1821. This was the first special session of the legislature to be called by a Governor of Alabama. In his message to the Assembly, delivered by the Secretary of State, Governor Bibb chided the legislature for its lack of cooperation in passing an apportionment law in its regular session and urged them to act swiftly to enact such a law in accordance with the provisions of the state constitution.

The state Senate, contending that the senatorial terms would not expire until August, 1822, at which time it stated that body should be re-apportioned, passed a bill providing for apportionment of only the House. After a heated debate in the House, that body narrowly passed the apportionment bill; subsequently, the bill went to the Governor for his signature. On June 18, 1821, Governor Bibb sent the bill back to the Senate, the house of its origin, along with a statement declaring the bill unconstitutional. The veto was the first in Alabama history. Bibb's accompanying veto message justified his actions by saying that when the action of both branches of the Assembly was "insufficient," it could be "overruled in a constitutional manner by that body which is the immediate representation of the people." The Senate handily passed the bill over the Governor's veto, but the House sustained the Chief Executive's action. In the final analysis, however, Governor Bibb lost, because the legislature adjourned without passing an apportionment bill.

In August, 1821, Israel Pickens was elected the state's third Chief Executive, but the Governor elect was not to take over until the Assembly reviewed the election results and officially

declared the victorious candidate governor. Therefore, when the legislature convened for its first regular session the first Monday in November, 1821, Governor Bibb, who was leaving office, nonetheless delivered a detailed message to the Assembly. In his program, Governor Bibb called for the incorporation of a state university whose trustees would be empowered to sell the two townships of land given by Congress for that purpose at not less than \$15 per acre. The board of trustees would also have the authority to invest the proceeds from the land sale in a state bank. Further related to the economic situation, Governor Bibb also criticized the Huntsville Bank for its suspension of specie payment. He lamented the fact that Huntsville Bank bills were acceptable for payment of debts to the state and that while the state accepted the bills at par or face value, the state's warrants were paid in Huntsville Bank notes at a 15-20% depreciation. To remedy this disparity, Bibb proposed that the banks operating in the state enter into a proposal for a general state bank. If they did not favorably react to the plan and act accordingly, Bibb suggested that the acceptance of Huntsville Bank notes be discontinued until the banks began specie payments again.

On November 7, 1821, the office of Governor passed from Thomas Bibb to Israel Pickens. Although Pickens' inaugural message was conciliatory toward the acting governor, anti-Bibb feeling generated by the controversy over the apportionment law remained strong in the Senate. Only the House of Representatives drafted a resolution in praise of the outgoing governor. As a result of the Senate's slighting, Bibb's reply to the expression of thanks was addressed only to the House. The Senate's affront of the former governor was noticed throughout the state. In Huntsville, at a dinner given in honor of the former acting governor, the toasts offered by those present reflected the anti-Senate feeling present in the Tennessee Valley. One such toast asserted that the constitution of Alabama could not be destroyed by a "faithless Senate."

Although Bibb chose not to run for governor after finishing

his brother's term, he did not withdraw from political life, for he was a member of the convention of 1825, called to amend the constitution of 1819, and he served again in the state legislature. Thomas served two terms in the House, from 1828 to 1830.

Quite probably the reason Thomas Bibb never returned to high office in the state was the development of the political division within Alabama. Georgians, led by LeRoy Pope, who had moved to Huntsville in 1810, and William Wyatt Bibb, who had built a plantation home at Coosada, near Montgomery, had founded the Planters' and Merchants' Bank in Huntsville. Popularly known as the Huntsville Bank, it began operations in October 1817. Those associated with the bank were simply known as Georgians or associated with the "Georgia" party. Those opposed to this private bank wanted to create a state bank. The opposition had its way, and, led by Israel Pickens, Alabama closed the Huntsville Bank on February 1, 1825.

Later the Georgians were given the name Royalists, or Royal Party. As William Brantley so aptly puts it in his "Banking in Alabama," there came a time when to be identified as a member of the Royal Party was the "kiss of death" at the polls. Thomas Bibb was once a director of the Huntsville Bank, thus his political fortunes waned statewide.

Thomas Bibb subsequently devoted his time largely to economic interests. He died in Huntsville on September 30, 1839. He was buried in the family cemetery on the plantation, but his remains were transferred some 20 years later to the Bibb plot in Maple Hill Cemetery in Huntsville.

Samuel B. Moore has the distinction of being the only Governor of Alabama from Jackson County - and having served one of the briefest periods in that office.

Born in Franklin County, Tennessee in 1789, Moore moved to Alabama with his family while still a child. His family settled in Jackson County, two miles northeast of Woodville at Spout Springs.

In 1824 Moore began a distinguished political career by

representing Jackson County in the state legislature. After serving several terms in the lower house, he was elected to the Alabama Senate in 1829. He was re-elected the following year and chosen as president of the Senate.

It was from that position in the Senate that he succeeded to the governor's chair in March, 1831, after Governor Gabriel Moore of Madison County (and of no known relation to Samuel) resigned his office to assume a U.S. Senate seat.

Samuel Moore served as acting governor for almost nine months, ending his tenure as the state's sixth chief executive in late November.

In his bid for election that month to a full term as governor, Moore was pitted against John Gayles of Green County and Nicholas Davis, a Whig planter from Limestone County. Gayle, an eloquent orator, emerged the victor and Moore returned to his new residence in Pickens County.

Throughout his political career Moore enjoyed the reputation of being a man of character and action, a politician who elicited confidence or chagrin from his constituents.

He was deeply involved as governor in a dispute concerning the United States Bank and the State Bank. He also opposed the nullification concept of John C. Calhoun of South Carolina. On this issue Moore stated that "...the State may nullify the acts of Congress by declaring the inoperative and void within its limits and set up for itself. But before it takes this step, it ought carefully to weigh the advantages of secession, against those of the Union, and see that the former clearly preponderate."

This stance by Moore was a contributing factor in his defeat in 1831 by Gayle, who campaigned in favor of nullification, citing James Madison as authority for his point of view.

After serving as acting governor, Moore represented Pickens County in the state Senate from 1834 to 1838 and he served again as president of that chamber in 1835. He ended his political career as judge of the Pickens County Court from 1835 until 1841.

Moore died on November 7, 1846, at Carrollton, the county

seat of Pickens. So ended the career of a man whom William H. Brantley, in his "Banking in Alabama 1816-1860," called "probably the most opinionated Chief Executive ever to serve the State." Brantley also wrote that, had some exciting event occurred during his tenure, "he would have been ever remembered with honor or regret."

A man of action, Moore had little opportunity as governor to show what he could do under difficult or exciting circumstances.

Many important people get "lost" in history over the years. Take for example Hugh McVay, who once served as acting governor of Alabama.

McVay was born in South Carolina in 1788, the son of a farmer. Evidently, he received very little formal education in his native state and decided to move to an area more conducive to the development of a man of moderate means. He chose Alabama, moving to Madison County in 1807.

McVay was able to purchase land here and was able through the years to amass considerable real estate. By the end of his life he was regarded as a "planter of large means," according to one account.

Alabama was still part of the Mississippi Territory when McVay moved to Madison County. The territory had been created by act of Congress in 1798. In 1817, the territory was divided; Mississippi was admitted to the Union and the area to the east became the Alabama Territory (which was to achieve statehood two years later).

McVay entered state politics during the territorial period, representing Madison County in the territorial legislature from 1811 to 1817. With the formation of the Alabama Territory, McVay moved to Lauderdale County, where he was to remain for the rest of his life. He was the sole representative for Lauderdale at the 1819 constitutional convention which framed the first Alabama constitution.

In 1820 he began his long tenure in the Alabama Legislature. With the exception of 1825 and 1837, McVay was to serve in the legislature for 24 years, from 1820 to 1844. In 1820 he

served in the House; then, from 1822 most of his legislative service was in the Senate.

For most historians the highlight of McVay's political career actually came in 1836, when he was elected president of the Senate, defeating Samuel Moore by one vote.

In June of the next year, Governor Clement Comer Clay of Huntsville resigned to become a U. S. Senator. As president of the state Senate, McVay replaced him as Governor in July. He discharged the duties of the governorship until the inauguration of Governor Arthur Bagby in December.

To these writers the highlights of McVay's political career came in 1840-1841 when he again was a member of the Senate. Before 1840, elections for the U. S. House of Representatives were by districts. In that year the Democratic Party in Alabama passed through the legislature what is known as the "general ticket." Since there were large Democratic majorities in North Alabama, Democratic leaders went to a plurality method of election – with voting statewide, not by district – in the hope of overwhelming Whig opposition. The top five vote-getters would all be elected to the Congress.

McVay was a Democrat, yet he opposed the measure – the only Democrat to do so. In 1841 the general ticket was repealed by the legislature, the district method of election was reinstated, and McVay vindicated.

This was the real highlight of the man's political life: to stand for his principles, alone if need be, and to be supported by his constituents at election time, as McVay was.

He was held in high esteem by his contemporaries. William Garrett, who was Alabama Secretary of State from 1840 to 1852, stated that McVay never made a formal speech on the floor of the legislature, yet "no blemish rested upon his name." Garrett wrote in his "Reminiscences of Public Men in Alabama" that McVay "was more like a venerable father, with his sons around him, communicating wholesome advice – to be fair and just to all men, and to walk uprightly."

DAVID MOORE: POLITICIAN, PLANTER, PHYSICIAN AND FINANCIER

Doctor, politician, planter and financier – that was David Moore one of many Virginians to come to backwoods Alabama in the early 1800s to seek fortune and fame. He became one of Madison County's busiest and most prominent citizens of that time.

Born in Brunswick County, VA., in 1779, young Moore studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He first moved south to Nashville, where he soon developed an extensive practice.

Dr. Moore entered the Tennessee Valley in 1809, when he was a major purchaser at the first land sales in Madison County. He was then selected as one of three trustees to whom LeRoy Pope deeded one-half of his purchase covering the site of Huntsville. The trustees had the authority to partition this land, sell lots and use the proceeds for the improvement of Huntsville. This began a long financial relationship between Moore and Pope.

Moore is said later to have owned nine choice plantations. He evidently produced good crops, for his farms reportedly yielded up to 1,000 bales of cotton annually. One of the reasons for this success was his habit of hiring the best overseers available and requiring them to report to him on a regular basis. He shipped his cotton to Liverpool, England, and was not forced to sell at any particular time, which usually afforded him a high rate of return.

Moore was a friend of Andrew Jackson. While still residing in Nashville he became the Jackson family physician, and during the Creek War of 1813-1814 he served as a surgeon on the general's staff. After the last battle he was appointed one of the Madison County's "justices of the quorum," borrowed from the English and Virginian method of administering justice. Moore continued to serve in this capacity until 1819,

when Alabama became a state.

The good doctor became involved in banking, too. Under an act passed by the territorial legislature in 1815, Moore was one of nine men authorized to open books of subscription for the first bank established in the territory.

The Planters' and Merchants' Bank began operations in Huntsville in October, 1817. According to historian William Brantley, author of "Banking in Alabama 1816-1860," business was very good - initially, at least. The following February the bank acquired title to its home, buying a lot with a brick house on it "in front of the public square," for \$3,500. The rear of the building hung precariously above Big Spring, on the same site where the First Alabama Bank of Huntsville now operates. But the Merchants' and Planters' Bank was closed by Gov. Israel Pickens in 1825, for political as well as fiscal reasons.

Inevitably, Moore was drawn into the political arena. From 1820 to 1844, he spent a total of 15 years in the Alabama Legislature as a representative of Madison County. First elected to the House in 1820, he served in the Senate in 1822-24; then, by choice, he returned to the lower house when in 1841 he was unanimously elected its speaker.

Moore's political life was colorful and often of much benefit to Alabama. Among the bills he originated and sponsored, perhaps most important and progressive for its time was "the woman's law." This act created a statutory financial settlement for married women. If a husband went into bankruptcy the family could be kept together by allowing the wife to keep from liquidators the necessities of life for the children and herself.

Many politicians of the ante-bellum era were faced with threats of physical violence during their public careers, and Moore was no exception.

In 1826, Israel Pickens, who had been elected to succeed Henry Chambers as a U.S. senator from Alabama, discovered he was dying from tuberculosis. The election for his successor was viciously waged in the Alabama Legislature between John McKinley and Huntsville's Clement Comer Clay. Clay

lost.

Dr. Moore had supported him, incurring the wrath of Andrew Wills, owner of the *Huntsville Democrat* newspaper who bitterly hated Clay. Wills insulted Moore and challenged him to a duel, stating that he was “willing to fight (Moore) in any way and may be killed, as I will take it with knives, pistols, or fisticuffs.”

Moore refused the offer to duel, it is said, because of his religious principles, adding to his reputation as a “Christian gentleman in the highest sense of the word,” it was written at the time.

Moore in 1841 came tantalizingly close to being elected to the U.S. Senate. On the first ballot in the legislature, Moore received one more vote than did Arthur Bagby, his main opponent. But on the second ballot Bagby was elected by seven votes.

All this political activity did not keep Moore from his economic interests. For example, in 1833 he had joined with six others to charter the Madison Turnpike Co. The company macadamized roads south to the Tennessee River and westward, towards Athens.

Ending an active, productive life, Moore died in 1844 or 1845, leaving a considerable fortune to his family. His first wife, Harriet Haywood, had preceded him in death, and his second wife (and widow), Martha L. Moore, was able to purchase in 1851 the substantial home at 621 Franklin Street.

Dr. David Moore’s influence on Huntsville lasted far longer than his life.

Early senator was a physician too

One of Huntsville’s earliest U.S. senators had sought federal office for years before finally gaining it in 1825 – only to die in office less than a year later. He was Henry H. Chambers, a doctor and one of Alabama’s most distinguished leaders during the territorial period and the early days of statehood.

Born near Kenbridge in Lunenburg County, VA, on Oct. 1,

1790 he was a graduate of William and Mary College in Williamsburg in 1808. He left his native state to study medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia graduating with his medical degree in 1811.

The following year he moved to Madison County, AL, where he engaged in the practice of medicine. After serving as a surgeon on the staff of General Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812, he moved to Huntsville, and established his practice there.

As a leading citizen of this area, Chambers was naturally drawn into politics. His first important position was as a member of the first state constitutional convention, held in Huntsville in 1819.

At this time, he discovered a roadblock to his obtaining office in the federal government in the person of William H. Crawford, who was secretary of the Treasury in the administration of President James Monroe. T. P. Abernethy in his book, "The Formative Period In Alabama 1815-1828," states that Crawford "enjoyed a practical monopoly of federal patronage" and that he "put his friends into office whenever he could."

When the first General Assembly of Alabama met in Huntsville, one of its most important duties was to select its two senators to Congress (it was not until 1913 that senators would be popularly elected to office). There was an understanding that one would come from northern Alabama while the other would represent the southern part of the state.

John W. Walker of Huntsville representing the north of course was selected along with William R. King, who represented the Alabama and Tom Bigbee Rivers section of the state.

But Secretary Crawford had attempted to interfere with the selection of King, hoping to replace him with Charles Tait who had moved to Alabama from Georgia in 1819. This interference created lasting antagonism between northern and southern Alabama. Those who sided with Crawford were labeled as the "Georgia faction" and Chambers was

considered to be one of this group. Indeed, those opposing the Georgia faction considered the good doctor to be one of the foremost leaders of the group.

This cost Chambers his first effort at winning a federal office. Crawford had intensified what undoubtedly would have been rivalry between the northern and southern portions of Alabama. Chambers decided to run for the U.S. House of Representatives. He was opposed by John Crowell, who had been the first and only delegate to Congress from the Alabama Territory and who was from the southern part of the state. Chambers was solidly supported in the Tennessee Valley.

The *Alabama Republican*, Huntsville's first newspaper, gave the election returns on Oct. 2, 1819. Madison County overwhelmingly went for Chambers: 2,382 for the doctor, 214 for his opponent. Limestone County was even more in favor of Chambers, 1,119 to only 12 votes cast for Crowell.

The paper also stated in that issue that Chambers' "majority in the Tennessee Valley is between 4 and 5,000...." That following week the *Republican* stated that "we are inclined to believe Dr. Chambers is also elected to Congress...." On October 16 however, the newspaper reported that Crowell was elected to Congress.

In 1820, Chambers was successful in attaining public office. He became a member of the Alabama House of Representatives. However, he failed twice to win the governorship in 1821 and 1823. In 1821 he opposed Israel Pickens, who had written a letter just two years previously endorsing him in his campaign against Crowell. Chambers proved to be a weak candidate carrying only a few counties in the Tennessee Valley area. Yet in 1824 he was a democratic presidential elector on the Jackson ticket.

Chambers finally achieved federal office in 1825 when he was elected to the U.S. Senate. He defeated William Kelly, who had been chosen in 1823 to fill the unexpired term of John W. Walker and had then stood for re-appointment against Chambers.

Chambers served in the Senate from March 4, 1825 until his

death near Kenbridge his birthplace on Feb. 24 1826. He died en-route to Washington to attend the opening session of the 27th Congress and his remains were interred in the family burial ground near Kenbridge. The vacancy caused by his death was filled by the appointment of Israel Pickens, himself forced by ill health to resign later the same year.

Death prematurely ended the life of Henry Chambers, one of Huntsville's most noted early public figures. Largely forgotten today, he nonetheless remains an important figure in the heritage of Alabama.

ARCHITECT GEORGE STEELE: HE DESIGNED, BUILT CITY'S EARLY EDIFICES

For a man who became the most important architect in Huntsville during ante-bellum days, relatively little is known about George Gilliam Steele.

Steele's legacy to Huntsville and the Tennessee Valley are the buildings he designed and built that play a prominent role in the architectural history of Huntsville.

Born in Virginia in the late 1790s, he came to Alabama in his youth and settled in Huntsville. He was accompanied here by William Brandon who later collaborated with him on many architectural projects.

Evidently almost immediately upon arriving in Huntsville, Steele established a building and architectural firm. He constructed brick kilns which furnished a considerable portion of the brick used in the construction of his buildings and he later operated a cotton mill in the city.

By far the most important commercial building designed and built by Steele is the First Alabama Bank of Huntsville, formerly the First National Bank, erected on the Courthouse Square in 1835.

In February of that year, the first meeting of the president and directors of the state's newest branch bank was held in Huntsville, an organizational meeting that led to the selection of Steele as the builder of the bank's new quarters. In October the committee for the erection of the building advertised in a local newspaper that the "building is to be 53 feet in width and 77 feet in length, with a plain Ionic portico at one end which with two fronts including the cornice will be of polished stone and the remainder of brick."

Like most of Steele's commercial buildings, it is a classic revival structure with a six-column Ionic portico and high entablature. Materials used in the structure were both

imported and local: Stone slabs from local quarries were used for the foundation; the columns, capitals and shafts were made in Baltimore and shipped to Huntsville via river canal and ox cart.

The entrance doors are almost 15 feet high and were originally hung on hinges. The window construction would be considered unusual today for their shutters are double-hinged and fold into compartments on each side. Also unusual because of its high cost is the use of copper to cover the roof.

The total cost of building topped \$76,000, a considerable sum for the day.

Steele also designed the second Madison County Courthouse, which stood from 1840 until 1914. Like his bank building, it was a classic revival structure, also with six-columned Ionic porticoes.

The commissioner's court, predecessor of the Madison County Commission, had asked Steele, in association with Thomas and William Brandon, to submit plans for the design of a new courthouse. On Aug. 29, 1835 the court adopted the plans drawn by Steele.

It was not until April, 1838, that Steele was appointed superintendent of the courthouse construction. He was to be paid \$1,500 for his services, provided the building was completed by Jan. 1, 1840. It was not finished by this date, so Steele was paid an additional \$500. The structure was finally completed early in 1842.

It was a two-story building of stone and brick, with a full basement and a dome. In 1839 the commissioner's court voted to cover the dome with copper. This metal, purchased in Baltimore, cost the county almost \$4,000 more.

Steele, who died in 1855 at the age of 56 and was buried in Maple Hill Cemetery, designed many homes in the Huntsville area, but of all of them "Oak Place" was evidently his favorite. About 1840, he designed and built a home that reflected his personal tastes and needs. When constructed, it lay east of Huntsville between the town and Monte Sano.

The main house was surrounded by all the accoutrements of

a plantation. It consisted of 11 rooms unusual in that a large 28 by 30-foot bedroom on the second floor was designed to be a young man's dormitory. This room was segregated from the rest of the house as were the quarters for the women. This was to eliminate any cause for scandal when lavish entertainments were provided by the Steeles.

Steele and his wife were famous for their social gatherings. Their most noted assembly occurred when James K. Polk was elected President of the United States in 1844. In celebration, a prized ox was barbecued along with numerous lambs and hogs, and a cake baked in Nashville was carried by one of the Steele wagons to the plantation.

Every male attending the feast and party was given a souvenir cane most of them made from hickory gathered from Monte Sano and some capped with silver for the more prominent guests.

Such extravaganzas, while unusual, reflect the economic development and prominence of Huntsville in Alabama and the South during the ante-bellum period.

THOMAS FEARN - THE MAN

By Mrs. Olin B. (Shelbie) King

The house that Dr. Thomas Fearn built on Franklin Street about 1822, reflects the imagination and proud heritage of the people who first settled in Huntsville in the early 1800s. Prominent planters and merchants from Virginia and Georgia made this the first English-settled town in Alabama. When the state was admitted to the Union in 1819, Huntsville was the first town in the state in population, politics, prestige, wealth and culture. Huntsville also boasted the first newspaper in Alabama, published in 1812. The first bank in Alabama, the Planters' and Merchants' Bank, was organized in Huntsville in 1816.

Dr. Fearn was one of the most prominent men in Huntsville and possibly the most prominent doctor in the South. He was born November 15, 1789 in Danville, Pittsylvania County, Virginia, the son of Thomas and Mary (Burton) Fearn. His father was a native of Buckingham County, Virginia, and the grandson of John and Leanna (Lee) Fearn, who lived at Gloucester County Virginia. Thomas Fearn's maternal grandparents were Dr. Robert and Judith (LaForce) Burton, who lived at Middlesex County, Virginia.

Dr. Fearn obtained his early schooling at Danville, Virginia, then entered Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, in 1806. He was graduated from the old Medical College at Philadelphia in 1810. Immediately after his graduation he moved south, selecting Huntsville as a good place to live and practice his profession. He found the town in the midst of an economic boom, and from all evidence, acquired considerable holdings in the county. Anne Royall, in a letter from Huntsville dated June 8, 1822, mentions Dr. Fearn, LeRoy Pope and others as being "rich as princes" and envied by some people with "little minds who never did a generous act

in their lives.”

In 1813, Andrew Jackson moved into Alabama to carry on the war against the Creek Indians. Henry Marks states in his book that all of Alabama, even Mobile, was regarded at the point of extermination by the “red sticks” faction of the Creek Nation, led by William Weatherford. Among the volunteers from Huntsville was Dr. Fearn, offering his services as a physician. During this period, he dressed the wounds of General Jackson. The General later appointed the doctor surgeon’s mate of the hospital at Huntsville. Jackson visited Huntsville on many occasions and it is quite likely he visited with Dr. Fearn on some of these trips.

After the Creek Wars, Dr. Fearn became very active in the development of Huntsville. In 1816, he and eight other prominent local men organized the Planters’ and Merchants’ Bank of Huntsville, the first corporation of its kind in the state.

In 1818 Dr. Fearn traveled to Europe to study medicine and European surgical techniques. He remained there for several years studying surgery in many of the hospitals in London and Paris. When he returned to Huntsville in 1820, the physician brought with him many books he had acquired during his stay. Most of these have been given to the library in Huntsville, but some are still in the possession of the Garth family.

On February 26, 1822, Dr. Fearn married Sallie Bledsoe Shelby (born 1806, died May 2, 1842), daughter of David and Sarah (Bledsoe) Shelby, who lived at Gallatin, Tennessee. Her family was very prominent in Tennessee and Virginia. Shelby County, Tennessee is named in honor of her grandfather, Major John Shelby.

On June 27, 1822, four months after his marriage, Dr. Fearn bought a parcel of land on Franklin Street from his brother Robert for sixteen hundred dollars. From the amount of the purchase, one could assume that there was some type of building on the land at that time. Where the doctor lived before his marriage is unknown. According to a reference made in an Alabama deed book, he owned a brick shop on or

near the public square in 1815. The large two-story house he built on Franklin Street was done in three stages; the main part, done in the Federal style popular at that time, was probably started soon after he purchased the land from his brother. The two drawing rooms, three bedrooms upstairs and the portico were added in 1849 by George Steele, the well-known Huntsville architect working in the Greek Revival manner. The amount he charged for the addition was two thousand dollars, as stipulated in notes written to each other dated March 1, 1849. There are no records to indicate when the library was added. It is believed to have been built for Dr. Fearn's office; however, the doctor gave up his practice in 1837 because of increased business activities, so this would indicate the room may have been built in the early 1830s.

Dr. Fearn's discovery that quinine (which he made here from the cinchona bark of South America) was the best weapon with which to cure malarial fever, left his name imprinted in the annals of medicine. His reputation grew, and honorary degrees began to be bestowed upon him. He was offered the chair of surgery at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky; at the school of medicine, Louisville, Kentucky in 1831; and at the University of Kentucky in 1831; and at the University of Cincinnati, all of which he refused. Dr. Fearn served as a member of the board of state medical examiners from 1823, until he resigned in 1829.

Like so many other leaders of his time, Dr. Fearn was drawn into politics. Twice he served in the state legislature, in 1822 and 1828-29. Although he was against secession from the Union, he was selected as one of the nine Alabama delegates sent to the Provisional Confederate Congress in January, 1861. When he was defeated by the secessionist, however, he promised his support, and aided in framing the Constitution of the Confederacy.

Dr. Fearn was the builder of the second Huntsville water works, installing cast iron pipes to replace the previously used hollow cedar log "pipes." In 1836 he and his brother George purchased an existing water works from Thomas Ronalds for

\$2,530. Dr. Fearn operated the rebuilt water works until 1854, at which time the city purchased it for the sum of \$2,000 to be paid in ten equal annual installments.

The "Huntsville Directory of 1859-60" listed Dr. Fearn as a planter, not a doctor. By this time, he was involved in many different ventures. With his brother Robert (according to Thomas McAdory Owen, Robert owned the land which is now the city of Memphis), he successfully marketed cotton. This led him to construct a canal from Big Spring Creek to Ditto's Landing, on the Tennessee River, ten miles south of Huntsville. For that purpose, the Indian Creek Navigation Company was chartered by the state legislature in 1820, with Dr. Fearn as one of its five commissioners. When the canal was finally completed in 1831, it could accommodate boats carrying fifty passengers and up to 80-100 bales of cotton.

Dr. Fearn also devoted much time to civic activities in Huntsville. He was a trustee of Green Academy throughout its existence and was President of the board of trustees of Huntsville Female Seminary and the North Alabama College for Men. On December 19, 1821, he was elected to the first board of trustees of the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa. (The trustees were paid three dollars a day then for meetings and three dollars every twenty-five miles they traveled to and from meeting). Dr. Fearn was asked to help find teachers for the staff, and he wrote many letters on behalf of the school for this purpose. The University finally opened its doors on April 18, 1831, with the help of such capable men as Dr. Fearn.

In 1862, Huntsville was occupied by Union forces under General O. M. Mitchel. Dr. Fearn and ten other prominent citizens were arrested by Mitchell in an attempt to force the community to change its rebellious attitude toward the Federal troops to stop firing at pickets from ambush, and to extend to General Mitchel, as well as his staff, customary social courtesies. The prisoners were requested to sign a statement urging local residents to cease their acts of hostility. They could accept that condition or remain behind bars. Dr. Fearn's house on Franklin Street was seized at this time and

used by Mitchel's troops. These eleven town "fathers" were William McDowell, William Acklin, A. J. Withers, George P. Beirne, William H. Moore, Samuel Cruse, the Rev. J. G. Wilson, T. S. McCalley, G. L. Mastin, Stephen W. Harris and Thomas Fearn. A prominent visitor also seized was Bishop Henry C. Lay of the Episcopal Church.

The twelve imprisoned men at first refused to sign the document Mitchel had drawn up, and from May 2 to May 15, 1862, they deliberated whether to sign the document. Finally, after the threat of being sent to Fort Warren, the twelve reluctantly signed Mitchel's paper denouncing all illegal and guerrilla warfare by citizens.

While a prisoner, Dr. Fearn had contracted pneumonia, and because of that lingering illness, died the following year, on January 16, 1863. He left seven daughters: Mary Eleanor, who married Gustavas L. Masters of Huntsville; Sarah Leanne, who married William S. Barry, of Columbus, Mississippi; Katherine Erskine, who married Matthew W. Steele (son of George Steele) of Huntsville; Ada, married to Dr. George Steele (son of George Steele) of Huntsville; Maria Eliza, who married Wm. Willis Garth of Huntsville; Berenice Shelby; Lucie Lee, who married George Miller of Georgia. Dr. Fearn's wife, Sallie, had died on May 2, 1842, leaving him to care for the girls alone.

Dr. Fearn's will, dated March 30, 1860 stipulated that his sons-in-law, Gustavas Masters and William W. Garth, be the executors of his will. He left his watch to the oldest grandson; his wife's pearls to the daughter who had not married, and his horse Arkansas was left to his son-in-law M. W. Steele. He further stipulated that the house and furniture, along with the slaves (he had 82 at one time) would, after three years, be liquidated and divided equally among the seven daughters. Exactly three years after her father's death, Maria Fearn Garth bought at public auction, from her father's estate, the house on Franklin Street for ten thousand and one hundred dollars. The house remained in the Garth family until 1964.

Thomas Fearn's life as a doctor, businessman, politician and

public servant gives him a very important place in the history of Huntsville. His works live on, not just in his accomplishments, but also in the magnificent house he built.

THE FAMILY GRAVEYARD: A VANISHING LANDSCAPE

By Dorothy Scott Johnson

How many times have you passed an ancient burial ground and felt an uncontrollable urge to stop and “just look around?” As you walked among the lichen covered stones you would brush your hand across the face to glimpse a name or a date. You wondered about the lives of these people - - what were their problems and sorrows, their joys and hopes; what was their contribution to the world?

Bending down and squinting into the inscription, barely visible through the crust of moss and time, you became even more aware there was a “long ago.” Touching the stones, you felt a link to the past and realized that others had lived, toiled and died after walking the same sod as you and that their labors had paved the way for you to enjoy a lifestyle they never dreamed of.

These were the people, and their descendants, who had come to a newly created county in north Alabama called Madison. Many came on foot carrying only a gun, axe, knife and what other few necessities they would need on the frontier. The more affluent came on horseback or in ox-drawn carts through many miles of danger infested mountains, woods and streams.

These hardy pioneers, whose graves are so wantonly destroyed today, built their own rough cabins to keep out the biting winds of winter and the snakes and rains of summer. Their food was what they could raise, not what they bought at the supermarket. They cleared their land with hand axe, not a bulldozer. They reaped their harvest with a scythe, not an air-conditioned combine. Their “freezer” was a cool mountain stream or a hand dug cellar. The graves in which they sorrowfully laid their children, parents, and spouses were dug with shovels, not backhoes.

The early pioneers in Madison County buried their dead in the back yard, in the garden, or in a serene spot in view of the house. They then piled rocks high over the graves to discourage predators from digging up the body - - a serious threat in the wilderness. Today, these rock piled graves are often mistaken by laymen for "Indian graveyards," and dismissed by some as of no consequence. (How sad is that attitude!)

As more people moved into this valley, communities developed and churches became a focal point. Some families chose to bury their loved ones by the church if it was close enough to get to in inclement weather, otherwise they continued to bury on the land near their home until the advent and wide acceptance of the automobile and all-weather roads.

During the Mississippi Territorial Period, few stone masons came into the valley, and it is presumed that those who did come, plied their talents toward building homes and fireplaces for the settlers rather than chiseling inscriptions on tombstones.

Only five territorial period tombstones survived outside of Maple Hill Cemetery until modern times and they were probably shipped down the Tennessee River from Chattanooga. The earliest known stone to survive until modern times was in the John Drake Cemetery on the Jones Farm on Garth Road:

In Memory of
Rosanna Drake
who Departed this life
on the 8th of November
1814, aged 30 years

Rosanna's upright tombstone disappeared within the last few years - - probably taken by a juvenile who mistakenly thought it was "cool" to steal a tombstone.

A box tomb, off Macon Line in northeast Madison County,

was erected by a young husband to his wife who had dutifully accompanied him to this hostile frontier and lost her life in the process:

In Memory of
Sarah Bell
Consort of James Bell
born 1777, died Aug. 3, 1815

In the early 1980s, Sarah Bell's marker was bulldozed under. It was then dug out of the ground and reset by Billy Monroe who headed a federally sponsored cemetery restoration committee. A few weeks later the monument again disappeared and a pond appeared in its place.

The upright tombstone of James C. Fennell is the only one dating from the territorial period still in existence outside of Maple Hill Cemetery and known to this writer. His original grave site was in what is now the Camelot subdivision in southeast Huntsville but was legally moved to the John Hobbs Cemetery, in the now Chimney Springs subdivision, in 1975. The stone exists today only because of careful preservation by Mrs. Roy Cochran, a family descendant. The inscription states:

James C. Fennell
Born January 18, 1780
Died September 3, 1817

The last two known territorial period tombstones to survive until Huntsville's tremendous expansion in the early 1960s were those of George and Anna Watson Jude. When I first saw these graves in 1966, they were intact along with the markers of three children – all covered with box tombs. When I went back to copy the inscriptions in 1968, only George's marker remained intact. The children's markers were broken and scattered or missing, and Anna's stone was broken in two with the bottom half missing. Only part of her inscription remained:

Anna Watson Jude
Dau. Of Matthew and Elizabeth Watson
born September 17, 1754
died...

Even though part of the stone with the death date on it was missing, through the Last Will & Testament of her husband we glean that she died before him. The children who died before him, however, were not listed in the will, and since their graves are now gone, their identity has been lost forever. George's inscription reads:

George Jude
Born the 15th day of August, 1746
Died 13 December 1818
Aged 72 y 3 Mo 28 days

Sometimes history is written on a tombstone such as that in the Bragg Cemetery in Hurricane Valley southeast of New Market:

Shedrick Golden
was born July 4, 1808
in the year of our Lord
On the 13th of January, 1865
he was taken off and murdered
for maintaining the Union and Constination
Of the United States.

The inscription clearly points out the conflict between neighbors of southern sympathies and those of northern sympathies during the Civil War. It also shows that not all southern residents were pro-Confederacy as is commonly believed. Mr. Golden and William E. Norris, then a youth, were butchering hogs near a spring on the side of the mountain off Ray Road when a group of strongly pro-

Confederate neighbors rode up on horses. Norris outran the horsemen, but Golden was caught and killed.

Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Madison County

Many revolutionary soldiers are buried in Madison County, a reminder of this country's war for independence by a rag tag army of poorly clad and poorly fed citizens. Among them are Adam Dale (born July 14, 1768, died Oct. 14, 1851) in the Jeffries Cemetery one mile east of Hazel Green (Editor's note: his body was re-interred in Tennessee); John Amonnet (died March 30, 1833) in the Donaldson Cemetery off Jimmy Fisk Road, Samuel Davis (died Aug. 31, 1842 aged 88) and Moses Poor (stone now gone) in the Graveyard Hill Cemetery at New Market, and Robert Clark (born Feb. 23, 1757, died Nov. 20, 1837) buried in a fence row off Monroe Road, Lewellen Jones (1760-1820) buried on the campus of UAH, to name a few. Included in this list should be John Connally who is buried in the Connally Cemetery on St. Clair Lane off Bell Factory Road. One of his descendants, John Connally, became governor of Texas as a Democrat and a candidate for President of the United States as a Republican. Unfortunately, the Madison County pioneer John Connally's tombstone is one that is no longer in existence since cattle have been allowed to mill under the lofty trees of the tiny family graveyard crushing the marble stones to dust.

I have seen tombstones in Madison County used as a hearthstone, steps to a house, a driveway, a ford across a creek, a splash board under a downspout, and a cornerstone to a barn. Special note was taken of the remnants of tombstones imbedded in the north wall of Maple Hill cemetery. One cannot help but wonder how many of these destroyed stones were erected to the memory of an old patriot who came to Madison County to carve a better life for himself and his family.

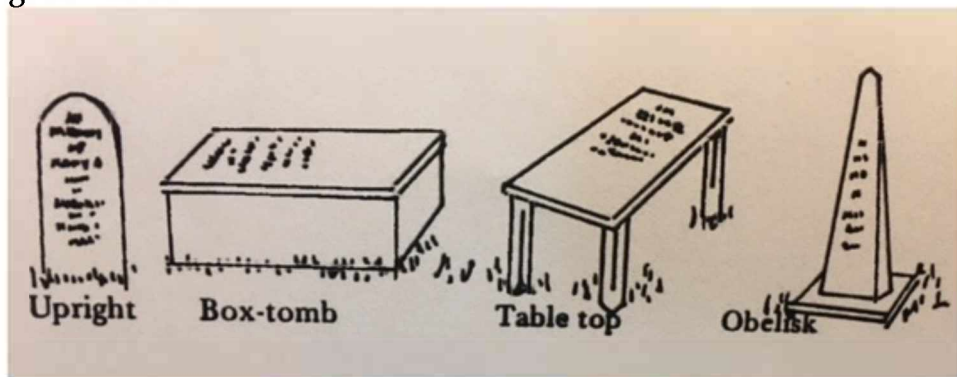
Works of Art – Gone!

Not only are we losing part of our heritage through

destruction of our graveyards, we are losing works of art that cannot be replaced. In the McDavid Cemetery, three miles south of the Tennessee line, is the grave of Brancy Davie who died in 1848, aged 27 years, the wife of Dr. Gabriel S. Davie. Brancy's monument was the only box tomb found in Madison County made entirely of marble. The lid was exquisitely ornamented with carvings of roses in deep bas-relief surrounding a shield. In the center of the shield were carved these words, "I am not dead, but only sleeping." A few months before I visited this once lovely spot, neighborhood boys had knocked the stones to the ground while rabbit hunting. Cattle were then let into the graveyard and they completed the destruction.

Progress?

In order to build, we must destroy; one is impossible without the other. Progress may mean the destruction of a wildlife habitat, an ancient tree, a dilapidated building, a landscape, or as some avaricious people believe, a tiny family graveyard. It is society's role to dictate what must be retained for the benefit of future generations. Carl Sandburg once said, "When a society or civilization perishes, one forgets where they came from." Each time one tombstone is destroyed, part of our heritage, our history, is destroyed. We must not allow these reminders of "where we came from" to be lost to future generations.



DRAWINGS: Upright, box, table top, obelisk
tombs/headstones

HUNTSVILLE: ALABAMA AND TEXAS

By George M. Mahoney

(In response to an invitation from the Rotary Club and the City of Huntsville, Texas, seven Huntsville, Alabama, Rotarians accompanied Mayor Joe Davis to Huntsville, Texas, on July 12, 1986. The occasion was the celebration of the Texas Sesquicentennial and the 151st birthday of Huntsville, Texas, a city founded by Pleasant Gray from Huntsville, Alabama, who named the Texas town for the Alabama town.)

There is a striking similarity in the origin of the two cities of Huntsville, Alabama and Huntsville, Texas. Both were established near a big spring, both town plats contain a county courthouse square in the center, and both were founded by pioneer settlers who braved the wilderness in search of a better life for themselves and their families.

In 1805, John Hunt, for whom Huntsville, Alabama was named, settled near a big spring in the bend of the Tennessee River in what was then a part of the Mississippi Territory. Other families soon followed, and by 1808, when Madison County was created, more than 300 people had come to live near Hunt's spring in the community which was to be known as Huntsville.

When the Federal government first sold Madison County land at auction in 1809, Leroy Pope outbid John Hunt for the 160 acres around the Big Spring and thus became the real estate developer of the town. Although John Hunt bought land in the county, he did not finish paying for it and returned to his former home in Tennessee in 1814.

When the town of Huntsville was chosen as the seat of county government on July 5, 1810, its official name became Twickenham, in accordance with the act of the Mississippi Territorial Legislature. Because the citizens objected to the new name, the legislature changed it back to Huntsville in

honor of its original pioneer settler.

By 1819 Huntsville had grown to be the largest town in the newly formed Alabama Territory and was chosen as the temporary capital during the period when Alabama was transformed into a state.

Pleasant Gray was also a pioneer settler who discovered a spring, obtained a land grant from the Mexican government, established a trading post, and founded the town of Huntsville, Texas. He named it in honor of his earlier hometown, Huntsville, Alabama.

According to Madison County (Alabama) deed records, Gray's father, Thomas Gray, owned farmland near Huntsville during the 1820s, but in 1826 sold his farm and moved to Tipton, Tennessee. There in 1828, Pleasant married Hannah E. Holshouser, and by the time he moved his family to Texas, three children had been born to this union.

Pleasant and his brother, Ephraim, were among a large number from Madison County who settled in Texas during the 1830s. Because many families had relatives and friends who were involved in the Texas revolution, several companies of volunteers were raised from north Alabama to fight for the cause. Most of Captain P. S. Wyatt's company of Huntsville Volunteers and Dr. Jack Shackelford's Red Rovers lost their lives in the Goliad Massacre on March 27, 1836. Other families from Madison County arrived in Texas just in time to aid General Sam Houston fight the Battle of San Jacinto. Some of the older men who migrated to Texas had known both Sam Houston and David Crockett as they had fought side by side against the Creek Indians in 1813 and 1814 under the leadership of General Andrew Jackson.

The 1810 town plat of Huntsville, Alabama, and the 1844 plat of Huntsville, Texas, are very similar. Both are drawn in blocks which include a public square. Both have a big spring as a source of water supply. Both have a street named for the spring. Both have streets named for war heroes and national leaders. While Huntsville, Alabama has streets named for Generals Gates, Greene, Lincoln, and Clinton of Revolutionary

War fame, Huntsville, Texas, has streets named for Fannin, Milam, Travis, and Lamar of Texas Revolution fame.

Both cities have remained county seats of their respective counties over the years, as well as educational and cultural centers. While Huntsville, Alabama, developed its Greene Academy by 1821, Huntsville, Texas had its academy developed by 1844. Both built churches and lecture halls to support the religious and intellectual life of the community.

Although John Hunt and Pleasant Gray moved away from the towns which they founded, these communities have continued to flourish. Both cities are proud of their heritage and strive to preserve it. At the same time, they both look forward to a better future just as the pioneers did in the early nineteenth century.

Huntsville, Texas, today is a city of 30,000 in East Texas, 75 miles north of Houston. It is famous as the retirement home of Texas hero Sam Houston and the home of Sam Houston College. Located in pine covered, red sandy hills, it is the headquarters of the Raven Ranger District Office of Sam Houston National Forest of over 158,000 acres. Lumber mills and woodworking plants are important to this economy. The Texas Department of Corrections is also an important part of its economy, with many facilities located there, including the one where the famous Texas Prison Rodeo is put on by the prisoners and is attended by as many as 100,000 visitors annually.

Today Huntsville, Alabama is the fastest growing metropolitan area in Alabama, with a current population of more than 165,000. Agriculture remains an economic mainstay for Madison County, with an annual gross income of more than \$60 million from cotton, soybeans and livestock. In the span of the last 35 years, Huntsville has made the transition from cotton and cotton mills to missiles, to space, and to diversified industry, without losing momentum in any of these fields. The ever-growing scope of scientific, technical and management tasks for the Army, NASA, private industry, and educational institutions has caused amazing growth.

Huntsville has also grown into a regional center for health care, education, arts, entertainment, transportation, trade (including international) and distribution.

So, this is a “Tale of Two Cities” - - two sister cities with a common history. It is also the story of two men and two springs. Pleasant Gray’s Texas spring no longer exists, while John Hunt’s spring continues to flow and remains one of the sources of water for Alabama’s fourth largest city, and one of the nation’s leaders in high technology.

Maybe, just maybe, the difference in the two springs is what has made the difference in the two cities.

DO WE PURPOSELY FORGET? THE UNKNOWN UNION GENERALS IN OUR MIDST

By Dr. John Rison Jones, Jr.

Probably all towns have legends that provide color to tradition and inject mystery about the past. Unfortunately for the lover of legends, the historian intrudes and seeks a factual premise which often tends to deflate the best of the "stories." For instance, Huntsvillians love to point out that General LeRoy Pope Walker issued the order to fire upon Fort Sumter from his residence at 413 McClung--the Pope-Lowe House. It seems to make no difference that the general purchased this residence in 1870!

At Maple Hill Cemetery, legend has it that there is an unknown northern general who so loved Huntsville which he knew during the war, that he returned to the area and bought a farm. When he died, he asked to be buried in an unmarked grave among the unknown Confederate soldiers. This writer decided to investigate this story while working on a guide to the cemetery. Goethe's complaint of Martin Luther, "He took all of the beautiful poetry out of religion," is probably appropriate to this writer who, when trying to solve this local mystery, was told by a librarian to "leave our traditions alone."

There are, in fact, two generals of the Grand Army of the Republic buried at Maple Hill. Major General William Thomas Harbaugh Brooks is one of the 587 northern generals whom Ezra Warner, the distinguished author of "Generals in Blue: Lives of the Union Commanders," has found buried in a "formerly Confederate state." The other general, Gilbert Motier Lafayette Johnson, was a brevet colonel during the war and was accorded the rank of brevet brigadier general in the last days of the conflict. He was not of general rank during the war, but his involvement in Huntsville and his burial near the Confederate unknowns probably accounts for the legend.

General Johnson's tombstone makes no reference to his rank, and so the basic elements of the tradition are there with truth only slightly twisted.

Major General William Thomas Harbaugh Brooks

General Brooks was born on February 21, 1821, in Lisbon, Ohio. He was appointed to West Point as a cadet in 1837 and graduated ranked 46th out of 52 graduates in the class of 1841. Twenty general officers of the great conflict of 1861 were from this class.

General Brooks saw service first with the Third Infantry and took part in the Florida Wars of 1842-1843. During the Mexican War, he won promotion and emerged from that conflict as a brevet captain with meritorious citations. His rise to the rank of colonel was due to his service on the Indian frontiers. At the outset of the Civil War, he was appointed brigadier general of volunteers and active in the Peninsular Campaign where he commanded a brigade in General William F. Smith's Division in the IV Corps at Williamsburg, and in the VI Corps during the Seven Days Battles. He was wounded three times during this period—at Savage's Station, Crampton's Gap, and at Sharpsburg. He commanded a VI Corps Division at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville. However, from May 1863, until April 1864, he commanded the Department of Monongahela, with headquarters in Pittsburg, after which he directed the First Division at Cold Harbor and Petersburg.

General Brooks was promoted to the rank of major general on June 10, 1863, but that promotion was revoked on April 6, 1864, which led to the general's decision to resign from the army in July of 1864. The general, it seems, had played politics and lost. The events surrounding the general's demotion began with a letter of December 20, 1862, to President Lincoln signed by General William B. Franklin, then commanding the "Left Grand Division" of the Army of the Potomac, and General William F. Smith, commanding the

VI Army Corps. The letter was very critical of General Ambrose Burnside's plan of operation. "The plan of campaign...already...commenced cannot possibly be successful." The generals, supported by General Brooks, commanding the First Division of the VI Corps; General Newton, commanding the Third Division of the Corps; and General Cochrane, commanding Newton's First Brigade, all believed that the entire Federal Army should be assembled for a massive assault on Richmond, which would end hostilities. The current line, which stretched over 1,000 miles, did not permit the kind of massive concentration, which the generals sought. Generals Newton and Cochrane met with President Lincoln in a private conversation. While Lincoln seemed to support their position, the results were ultimately disastrous for all concerned: General Burnside was reassigned following the disaster at Fredericksburg; General Franklin was given a menial assignment; General Smith was transferred from the Army; Generals Brooks' and Newton's appointments were revoked; and General Cochrane resigned from the army because of poor health. He was, however, to live to age 85.

General Brooks' poor health, which had necessitated numerous sick leaves during his career, became worse. He resigned as volunteer brigadier general and as major of the 18th Infantry on July 14, 1864, to take up residence on a farm near Huntsville. The death of his only son, James Drake Brooks, on July 29, 1864, possibly contributed to his decision. Young James was only 13 months old. Inasmuch as the child is buried in Maple Hill Cemetery, it is possible that Mrs. Brooks was already in Huntsville.

What were the connections to Huntsville? This becomes obvious with a visit to Maple Hill Cemetery where the general and his family are buried in Section 9 of the oldest part of the original cemetery. Here one finds a double tombstone with the following inscriptions:

General William T. H. Brooks
February 28, 1821 - July 19, 1870

Alma Drake Brooks
Born October 1836 - Died September 1921

Nearby is the grave of their son, James, on the south side, and on the north side is the grave of James Perry Drake, who was born in Robinson County, North Carolina, on September 15, 1797 and died in Huntsville on August 12, 1876. This monument also indicates the burial of P. Holmes Drake, born June 18, 1812; died February 11, 1892. Nearby are the graves of Alma Brooks' sister, Anne Buell Drake Robertson (1840-1930) and her husband, Thomas Robertson (1840-1886) and their son, William P. Robertson (1874-1889). The Drake family was long prominent in Madison County. Many members of this family are buried in a private graveyard on the Carl T. Jones Farm, the former Drake Farm, in Jones Valley in southeast Huntsville.

General Brooks was buried with full military honors by the U.S. Command in Huntsville under General S. W. Crawford. The *Southern Advocate* reported that a band and a company of soldiers were in attendance in addition to "many citizens." Perhaps in the end, the general did win his battles. His tombstone proclaims his rank in spite of his demotion and resignation.

General Gilbert Motier Lafayette Johnson

Norman Shapiro, a member of the Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society and the Tennessee Valley Genealogical Society, provided a document from the Tennessee State Archives, which gives new information on this very colorful individual who was so beloved by his 13th Indiana Cavalry. The veterans of the regiment recalled General Johnson's life in a "Tribute from members of the

Regiment to the Widow of the General--One of the Romances of the War," a lengthy document written in 1896 for "the grandchildren of a brave grandfather."

General Johnson, then a brevet major, was placed in charge of the newly formed 13th Indiana Cavalry Regiment when it was organized. It was the last such regiment raised in Indiana. At the time, Johnson was on the staff of Major General George H. Thomas, and with the new assignment, he was promoted to brevet colonel. The new unit was immediately dispatched south to the Nashville Instruction Camp. From there, the unit was sent to Huntsville where its first contact with Confederate forces was to hold the Huntsville garrison against an attack by General Buford. After running a courier line from near Mobile to Florida, the unit participated in an 800-mile raid through Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. In June 1865, Colonel Johnson was assigned to command the subdistrict of northeast Mississippi and held this position until his unit was summoned north for demobilization on November 25, 1865, in Indianapolis. When he rejoined his regiment, he had a brevet brigadier general's commission in his pocket.

The Memorial contains many reminiscences of Captain S. H. Moore, later a noted physician in Indianapolis, who was the youngest officer in the 13th Regiment and a close personal friend of Colonel Johnson. He remembered that during the spring and summer of 1864 when the 13th Regiment was encamped in a grove near Huntsville, the Regiment prided itself on its drill procedures and especially its dress parades. Many local citizens drove out to watch these procedures, and often "the officers observed a young lady of the true southern type of beauty. She always came on horse-back, accompanied by her father, a tall, gray-haired, dignified appearing man." Shortly afterwards, frequent details of "safe guards" were sent to the residence of Joseph C. Bradley on Franklin Street. Colonel Johnson always gave personal instructions to these guards. Because of the kind treatment at the Bradley home, soldiers began to vie for the "honor" of guard duty. Other

officers often encountered Colonel Johnson riding in the early evening with Susan Bradley, Joseph Bradley's daughter. It came as no surprise when General Johnson's friends received an announcement that on June 26, 1866, General Johnson of Cincinnati married Sue Bradley at the Presbyterian Church in Huntsville with the Reverend Dr. Ross officiating.

Captain Moore recalled that during the Regiment's stay in Huntsville, Dr. Ross used his office one Sunday to preach a "strong rebel sermon--an exhortation that was evidently intended to arouse the animosity of his congregation against the Regiment." An officer present at the service arrested Dr. Ross. Colonel Johnson placed him under bond to preach no seditious sermons in the future. During the marriage service, Dr. Ross, after the rites were concluded, turned to the general and said: "Now I am even with you. When you were in command here, you placed me under bond to refrain from giving voice to my sentiments. Now I have placed you under bonds that will, if you are faithful and true, hold you for the remainder of your life."

After his marriage, General Johnson resided in Huntsville where he served as Postmaster from 1869 to 1871. When he died, he was buried in Maple Hill Cemetery with a simple marker that reads:

My Beloved Husband.
At rest, Gilbert M. L. Johnson,
died January 9, 1871; Aged 33 years.

This grave is in the Bradley plot where other members of the Bradley family are buried, and is very near the Confederate unknowns.

Joseph Colville Bradley was a prominent Huntsvillian. He was the owner of the Huntsville Hotel and was interested in the early utilities including the gas works. As a planter, he raised cotton and sold cattle. Consequently, he was forced to "play both sides" during the occupation of the city.

Occupation was a reality and so he made peace with the enemy, but perhaps at a price for his children. Joseph's father was James Bradley of Washington County, Virginia. James had married first Naomi Wells, and their son, James, Jr. who came to Huntsville with his father, married Adeline, the daughter of Governor Thomas Bibb. In 1808, James, Sr. married Jeanne Colville Hays, and their son was Joseph Colville, born in 1810. Joseph married Isabella M. Clark in 1838, and they were the parents of 12 children. Their daughter, Emily, was to marry Wilfred R. VanValkenburgh who came to Huntsville after the Civil War with his parents John and Charlotte VanValkenburgh. Colonel VanValkenburgh had been stationed in Huntsville during the war. Another of Joseph's children, Mary, and a granddaughter were to marry Stanage men who also served in Huntsville.

The death of General Johnson was perhaps not unexpected. Captain Moore recalled that on one occasion the general's horse was shot from under him. The general did not jump quickly and the horse rolled over on him. Though his injuries were not considered serious at the time, they were to cause difficulties later and eventually his death. Captain Moore added that "his wife and one child, a pretty daughter, survived him. After the general's death, they went south, and members of the Regiment lost trace of them."

Twenty years after the general's death, his widow was located in Key West, Florida, with her son-in-law, J. W. Johnson, who was not related to the general. The Regiment commissioned a large portrait of the general for Mrs. Johnson and sent this and a touching Memorial recalling the reverence with which the Regiment held their beloved general. Mrs. Johnson responded with three poignant letters. In the first, she hoped that she could meet the Regiment at the next reunion and "perhaps my little grandson, Gilbert M. L. Johnson, may meet his grandfather's old friends, visit a loving comrade too with little Isabella and Susie."

Today, as one walks through Maple Hill Cemetery, it is

somehow comforting to know that the conflict that so divided the nation was ended in 1870 and 1871 for two of the gallant foe who were buried here. Yet, it is somewhat shameful that these two honorable men have found no status. One became an "unknown" legend whose background was shrouded in mystery. The other was simply forgotten. Is it that the south only honors its own and not the gallant enemy? If so, is it a legacy that should be passed on? Hopefully, when the Confederate dead are honored, their old foes might be remembered, and so mend "the nation divided."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ALABAMA FREEMASONRY: HELION LODGE #1 HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

Compiled by David Milam from earlier histories



*Helion Lodge #1 on the corner of
Lincoln and Williams*

Only six years after John Hunt built his cabin near the Big Spring in 1805, the Masons organized what became the first Masonic Lodge in Alabama. Madison Lodge, which later became Helion Lodge #1, was given a dispensation on August 2, 1811. At this time Madison County was still a part of the Mississippi Territory. According to the original minutes of this group:

A petition from a number of brethren residing in the County of Madison, in the Mississippi Territory, praying for a warrant to constitute a

Lodge in said County, was presented and read, accompanied by a recommendation from brother Ward, P.M. of Philanthropic Lodge No. 12.

Ordered, that a dispensation be issued for holding a Lodge as aforesaid to be called Madison Lodge, and that Brother Marmaduke Williams be the master, John C. Hamilton, Sr. Warden, and William Harrison, Jr. Warden.

One year later, August 28, 1812, Madison Lodge received a second dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky:

A return from Madison Lodge, held under dispensation, was presented Brother Louis Winston, together with the dispensation under which the said Lodge worked.

Whereupon,

Resolved, that the return be received, and a Charter issued for holding a Lodge at Huntsville, in Madison and known by the name of Madison Lodge No. 21. That Louis Winston be the first master, Thomas Fearn, Senior Warden, and John T. Winston, Junior Warden."

Master masons on the rolls included:

Marmaduke Williams

John C. Hamilton

Anthony Winston

William Ingram

William Leslie

Stephen Neal

John W. Walker

Joseph Acklen

Dr. David Moore
William Houston
William Wyatt
Daniel Leonard
Francis Camper
John Brahan
John Reed
William Simpson
John Hunt
John P. Hickman

The second Lodge to take part in the formation of Helion Lodge No. 1 was Alabama Lodge No. 21. On April 6, 1818, dispensation was issued to William Atwood and others, to open a Lodge at Huntsville, Alabama, to be named Alabama Lodge No. 21, by the Grand Lodge of Tennessee. On October 14, 1818, a Charter was granted to Alabama Lodge No. 21 by the Grand Lodge of Tennessee with William Atwood, Master, John P. Hickman, Senior Warden, and Edwin Hickman, Junior Warden.

On December 18, 1822, Alabama No. 21 changed its name to Bethesda No. 2. Then in December of 1824, Madison Lodge No. 1 and Bethesda Lodge No. 2 combined to form Helion Lodge No. 1. The first joint meeting of these two Lodges was held on January 7, 1825, at which time officers were installed. The minutes of the Alabama Grand Lodge Proceedings dated December 1824 stated:

Brother Uphart presented the proceedings of a joint committee on the part of Madison Lodge No. 1, and Bethesda Lodge No. 2, by which it appeared that the said Lodges wished to be consolidated and become one Lodge - whereupon. on motion of

the representative of Madison Lodge No. 1, in conjunction with the representative of Bethesda Lodge No. 2, and for considerations presented by the joint committee of said lodges, held on the first day of November last (November 1, 1824), it is ordered and allowed that those lodges be consolidated, retaining the precedence (sic) of the Madison Lodge No. 1, that the present members of the consolidated Lodge, by the name of Helion No. 1, organizing officers elect to wit: Isaac Williams, Worshipful Master, William Feeny, Senior Warden, and Samuel Coltart, Junior Warden to operate from and after the second Monday in January next (from January 1825), when or presently thereafter, the said officers and their subordinate officers are to be installed: the consolidated Lodge to retain the jewels and furniture of Madison Lodge No. 1 and Bethesda Lodge No. 2.

Thus, with the consolidation of these two Lodges, Madison No 1 and Bethesda No 2, the resultant Lodge, Helion No. 1 was engendered and still operates as such.

The minutes from Madison Lodge No. 1 state that on August 21, 1823, a committee was appointed to caucus with Bethesda Lodge No. 2 for the purpose of making arrangements with William Price of Nashville to obtain a suitable lot upon which to build the Masonic Hall. It is assumed, though not proven, that the property was selected and purchased by Brother Price.

The cornerstone of Eunomia Hall was laid on November 22, 1823, as supported by the minutes of Madison Lodge No. 1. Further evidence is given by the minutes from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of Alabama dated December, 1824, which read:

The Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden,

Anderson Hutchinson, made the following report: That on November 22, 1823, he in behalf of the Grand Lodge, directed ceremonies of the laying of the foundation of Eunomia Hall in Huntsville; and on November 22, 1824, he in like manner, directed the ceremonies of its dedication-that is a spacious brick edifice; and, that the surplus of funds of Eunomia Chapter V and of Madison and Bethesda Lodges have been applied to its erection.

While under construction, Madison Lodge No. 1, Bethesda Lodge No. 2, and Eunomia Chapter V may have rented a room in some other building in the community in which to meet until the new Lodge could be completed, which came to a total of \$5,889.12.

In addition to the first building with its grounds, Helion Lodge No. 1 also acquired the adjoining lot property, which was accomplished in December, 1848 when it was purchased from the estate of William H. Pope for \$305.

Thus, was completed the acquisition and construction of the first Lodge building for Helion Lodge No. 1, which was named "Eunomia Hall." The furnishings of the Lodge were a combination of furnishings of the old Madison Lodge No. 1 and old Bethesda No. 2. To these furnishings were added the furnishings of Triana Lodge No. 29 (Triana Lodge No. 92 per old Lodge minutes prior to 1841), which were presented to Helion No. 1 in 1841.

The first edifice was used as a regular meeting place of the brethren of Helion Lodge No. 1 and the other associated Masonic Bodies. In addition, the first floor was periodically used to serve other non-Masonic groups. Reported from the minutes, a room was rented in Eunomia Hall by Mrs. Jane H. Childs for a school room in 1848-1853 (page 110 of the 1848 minutes). The Baptist Society also rented a room in Eunomia

Hall in which to hold their meetings. The Jewish community used the building as well, as evidence is found in an announcement on page one of the June 16, 1897, (Huntsville) *Weekly Democrat*:

The Masonic Temple, the lower floor of which is used as a Jewish Synagogue, is a victim of stone-throwing boys--sons of gentlemen--who have mutilated the building in a disgraceful manner, by throwing stones at it. The window-panes and blinds have been broken, and in some parts irreparably injured. These boys have been spotted as sons of gentlemen, and unless the gentlemen curb the stone-throwing propensity of their progeny and instil (sic) principles of *meum* and *tuum* with a paddle, they will have a fine to pay.

The old Lodge building survived all the various trials and tribulations of the time, including the War Between the States, and continued to be a regular meeting hall until 1915, at which time, due to its increasingly dilapidated condition, it was decided by the membership of Helion No. 1 to begin investigating the possibility of construction of a new lodge building and during which year fund raising projects were commenced to raise the necessary capital in order to construct the new building.

During the ensuing year, many attempts were made by several committees to devise plans for the construction of a new building or to obtain an existing structure. One consideration was to attempt to purchase the VanValkenburgh home at 501 Franklin Street, which at that time may have been purchased for a figure between \$20,000 and \$30,000. However, this plan was abandoned.

On July 28, 1916, a special communication was called at Helion Lodge, and Brother J. L. Kendall, recent chairman of the new building committee, discussed the new committee's

investigations. At that time, the plans called for an addition to the existing lodge building which would cost approximately \$11,000. After construction of the new building addition, it was also shown by Brother Kendall that the old Lodge building could be tom down at a later date, and the new Lodge could be completed for \$7,000 to \$8,000. Brother Kendall showed the members a water color sketch (which is retained in the original lodge minutes, dated July 28, 1916), and after discussion among the members present, the plan was unanimously approved.

On April 6, 1917, the building committee reported that the total cost of the new building would be \$15,000. The plans were drawn by architect Brother Edgar L. Love, who also designed the Carnegie Library, the Central YMCA, and several other local structures.

On May 2, 1917, the Lodge minutes report that the building was being erected, and on June 5, 1917, it was recorded in the minutes that the cornerstone was to be laid on June 5, 1917, by Brother Walter Smith, Alabama Grand Master. On November 6, 1917, the new building was completed, and the lodge furniture was moved into the new building. On November 20, 1917, the first meeting was held in the new building. Because of its attachment to the old building and the uninterrupted existence of the north wall, the building has retained the name, "Eunomia Hall," even after the old building fell in and was razed. The basic construction of the new building includes glazed brick tile walls, with the exception of the brick north wall in the entry foyer. The aforementioned wall, the oldest Masonic edifice in Alabama, contains a time capsule deposited by the Grand Lodge of the State of Alabama on June 14, 1970, which is to be opened in the year 2020.

On March 15, 1920, a column in the *Huntsville Telegram* reported that a wall of the old temple had fallen during a wind storm. Shortly thereafter, the old building was razed and the north wall was sealed. The only remaining

furniture in the original building at the time was a piano and an old organ. It was reported that the piano was saved unharmed but the organ was damaged beyond repair.

The internal structure of the building is made of rough hewn oak which has been bolted together. The main lodge room has an oval ceiling, the supports of which are hand-hewn, and are approximately 10 inches wide by 8 inches thick and have been bolted together. All internal walls and ceilings are plastered with the original plaster and paint on the walls retaining the original color scheme.



A copy of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of George Washington, known as the "Landsdowne Washington" was rendered by William I. Halsey

Upon entering the front door of the Lodge a wide stairway leads to a stair-level foyer where there are several cases of artifacts and memorabilia. On the landing at the

head of the stairs is a large painting of Brother George Washington which was purchased from William I. Halsey, Senior Warden, for the sum of \$106.00 On this level, another stairway on the left leads upward to a third level balcony which used to be the upper doorway into the original lodge building and has since been sealed.

A right turn on this level leads around the stairs and back to the left into the Tiler's room. The two small rooms on the left and right of the Tiler's area are bordered by the inner and outer doors of the main lodge room.

Entrance into the main lodge room reveals a room which is approximately 36 feet wide by 54 feet long. The oval ceiling at its highest point is approximately 21 feet above the floor. Elaborate plaster moldings adorn the room around its borders, columns, and pilasters. Massive white columns adorn the Master's station, the Senior Warden's station, and the Junior Warden's station. The capitals of the columns of the respective stations are formed into different Masonic shapes.

A baby grand piano occupies the northeast corner of the Lodge room, and the Secretary's desk occupies the southeast corner. The furniture of the Master's station, Senior Warden's station, Junior Warden's station, and the chairs for the Chaplain, Senior Deacon, Junior Deacon, Stewards, and Treasurer are not the original pieces. They were replaced sometime between 1900 and the present. It is believed that the original members' seats were church pews (which are presently in the dining hall of the lower level of the Lodge around the perimeter of the room).

Stairs lead to a small room on the third floor of the building, which to date has been used only for storage and exhibits no special architecture, decorations, or known significance. The lower level of the Lodge has been refurbished into a dining room, and a Secretary's office has been added to the rear of the building.

Although Helion Lodge #1 is still the largest of these

fraternal organizations, there are five other masonic organizations in Huntsville, which have been established as the city grew from a small county seat to a large metropolitan area.

LIFE AND TIMES OF MARY LEWIS CLAY, 1825-1898

By Nancy Rohr

Impressions abound in literature, and even more so in individual minds, about the ideal of southern womanhood. Discounting the wide-screen cinema vision of Scarlett O'Hara, at the very least one might perceive the dainty southern woman with a fragile nervous system, or a pallid young lady only occasionally seen with glowing cheeks. Perhaps elevated above some of her neighbors, the idealized upper-class southern woman might receive a fashionable education to include the important accomplishments of conversational French, lessons in painting, dance, and fine sewing. She was a delicate flower to be nurtured.

The young miss from Huntsville, Alabama, Mary Fenwick Lewis, illustrated this ideal of southern womanhood. Mary's father, John Lewis, was the son of a Tennessee family proud that its ancestors had been heroes of the Battle of Kings Mountain. The women of the family, not the kind to be hiding under featherbed covers, stood by their men and even loaded their rifles. Mr. Lewis graduated with two degrees from the University of Tennessee and settled in Huntsville at the time of statehood, 1819. Mary's mother was the only daughter to Samuel Betts of Connecticut, who made a fortune in trade with Spanish Cuba and Florida.

Young Mary Lewis was fortunate in 1842-1844 to "finish" her education at a boarding school in Paris, France. Her trip across the ocean was aboard the latest product of technology, the innovative steam-paddler, *The Great Western*. Reflecting the standing of the select school she attended, two of Mary's classmates were the Peabody sisters of Boston, from perhaps the wealthiest family in the eastern United States. Returning to the village of Huntsville, Mary Lewis was the center of

attention. Surely the other young ladies imitated her stylish clothes, manners, and speech. Hostesses in Huntsville vied to have her attend their teas and dances. Throughout all this time, her reputation for modesty and deportment was highly regarded in the community.

Soon the son of a very distinguished Alabama family, John Withers Clay, courted Mary. His father, Clement Comer Clay, arrived in the Madison County area in 1811 with not much more than his law books, and began a family dynasty. Withers Clay, as he was called, the second son of former Governor Clay, was fervently religious and helped found the Episcopal Church of the Nativity in Huntsville. A graduate of the University of Virginia, he and his brothers joined their father's law practice in Huntsville. Withers Clay also possessed the credentials for the husband of a southern woman, as a doctor or a lawyer was the most desired husband.

There was no doubt for Withers that this was a love match. He wrote to his dear friend, the Reverend Henry Lay, that his heart was held captive. The Clay and Lewis families were friends, and Mary had been the playmate of his youth. He said he considered the matter "calmly, deliberately, [and] prayerfully." Mary was everything a southern gentleman might want in a woman, wife, and mother of his children. He wrote a verbal sketch, the only picture there is of young Mary: "Her ordinary expression is soft, gentle, pure never dull, but when amused speakingly expressive. Her manners are gentle, winning and graceful, a compound of French politeness and English or American discretion." This was a man clearly in love--with the ideal southern woman as he saw her. Moreover, she also combined ..".the artless simplicity and transparent purity of a sinless child with the elevated, dignified demeanor of the chaste, cultivated Christian woman."

Indeed, these were fine features, as Withers Clay described his bride-to-be. These words reflect all that any man might

want and expect of his future wife. But Mary Lewis must have had attributes that he had not perceived--qualities of womanhood that were called for and were effective as her life progressed.

Mary Lewis would follow Withers Clay as a member of the Episcopal Church. They were married in Huntsville in November of 1846. For the first few months the young couple lived with his parents and brothers at "Clay Castle" on Clinton Avenue. Withers at first practiced law with his father and brothers, but never was happy with this arrangement. In the 1850s he purchased the *Huntsville Democrat*, and the newspaper was to be a mainstay in the family--as a burden or a blessing--for many years to come.

Unlike the marriages of the other Clay brothers, Withers and Mary Clay soon had a growing family. Perhaps because of the increasing number of children, they next lived with the Lewis family on Eustis Street. Caralisa Clay was born in 1847. Ten months later Clement Comer Clay II arrived. After Clemmy, baby John Withers Clay arrived in April of 1850. Unfortunately, a measles and typhoid epidemic struck the town in the summer two years later. All three of the Clay children were dreadfully ill. Mary described the death of baby Johnny, just over two years of age, in a heart-wrenching letter to her sister. Little did she know that another tear-stained letter would have to be written eight days later to tell of the death of Cara, age five. Mary, seven months pregnant, was unable to attend the funeral.

There was, however, little time to mourn. William Lewis Clay was born on September 30 of that year, 1852, the first of the four girls who would reach adulthood, Mary Lewis Clay, was born in 1854. Clarence Herbert Clay arrived two years later. This baby died in September 1858, not quite two years old, of complications of teething. (It was then a common practice to relieve the symptoms of teething by lancing the swollen gums.) The next baby, Susanna Claiborne Clay, was born that same year. John Withers Clay came in 1860.

Sometime during these years, the Withers Clay family was able to have their own home at the southeast corner of Gates and Henry Streets.

In the meanwhile, Mary's parents suffered financial reverses from which they would never recover. John Lewis died, leaving his widow, four spinster daughters, and two widowed daughters at the home place on Eustis Street. As the years progressed, these Lewis sisters, by necessity, left home to find positions for which they were suited--tutors or teachers, often living in the homes of other relatives. As such, and by the standards of the time, these women were never quite full members of a society that required husband, father, or brother to protect them. Certainly, the Lewis girls and their mother were in unenviable positions.

However, everyone's life was about the change for the worse; the Civil War would irrevocably transform town and countryside. Federal troops occupied Huntsville twice, from April to August of 1862 and again from July of 1863 until the end of the war. As a hostile editor of the local newspaper, Mary's husband, fled both times across the Tennessee River. Mary was left with most of the responsibility of her husband's elderly parents, her widowed mother and family, her own growing family--all this with no husband, no servants, and no income. Mary Lewis Clay persevered.

Her mother-in-law commented that Mary got on "tolerably." She said Mary made shoes with cloth tops and old soles for the children. Mary could not afford to send her son Clement to the local schoolmaster, Mr. Banister, for Greek and Latin studies and she would not go into debt to do so. If Willie was not too busy gathering the wood for her and Ma Lewis, he might be able to attend Miss Bower's school. Young Clement wanted to go to work and purchase his and Willie's clothes. Mary held out, trying to keep the boys in the schoolroom a little longer. Through these years,

she continued to educate her children at home, often while giving as many as ten classes a day to the children of the townspeople.

The Withers Clay house was full of Yankee boarders as was the older Clay's home and that of Ma Lewis. The mingling of enemies sometimes brought out the best in worthy opponents. One of the northern soldiers shared a Christmas goose with the family. Yankee Billy, when his tour of duty was over, kissed the Clay baby good-bye at the doorstep. Some foodstuffs, such as sugar and flour, came into the house with these boarders. The young Clay boys were treated to meals at the Yankee officers' mess and bragged about roast chicken, pound cake, and wine. The boys learned quickly where to get handouts because the mess for the regular soldiers was only hardtack and coffee. Mary was able to offer her visiting sisters a meal of egg bread, eggs, crackers, pork and beans and coffee. That same day Mary wrote to Withers, "Willie ate his morsel of bread and went off to school." It was perhaps not tactful of her husband to mention later a typical meal of "bacon, corned beef, chicken, vegetables of the season, buttermilk, and occasionally Catawba or peach brandy" while he stayed in Macon, Georgia.

Mary gave birth to another child, Virginia Clementine, the ninth baby, in February of 1862. To add to the burden, and to the disapproval of all the in-laws, Mary and Withers were soon expecting again. Ellen Jordan Clay arrived in late June of 1863, in the middle of the second Federal occupation of the town. The baby developed convulsions, lived only six days, and was buried beside the three children who had gone before. In the confusion of these events, her name was not entered in the birth or death pages of the family Bible. Withers left town the night of the funeral with his printing equipment, leaving his wife still in bed. "He committed them with tears, but with humble trust and confidence to the care of our God."

Withers, writing to his brother, mentioned that Mary had

written to him:

"One and a half years have elapsed since I last saw you, and I, still, toil wearily on...duty and necessity are stern, unflinching drivers, and I hurry over the rocky, flinty road, and stay not to inquire, if I am worn out. I must work while it is yet day - while I can get employment, and thank God gratefully for it."

At war's end much of northern Alabama was in ruins; but peace presented almost as many difficulties. As everyone else did, Withers and Mary began to recover and rebuild their lives. The oldest of Governor Clay's sons, Senator Clement C. Clay, Jr. wrote to his wife, Virginia, not to buy useless things for Brother Withers' family. Earlier, Virginia had sent flannel to the family, a godsend. Senator Clay wrote, "They are in a truly pitiable condition, and brother Withers very unhappy. He confessed to me that he feared he could not feed & clothe his family & supply them necessary fuel thro' this winter.... They seemed to be doomed to hard trials and bitter tribulation."

Mary, Withers, and the children suffered from scurvy that winter. Furthermore, still another child was on the way. Born in March 1867, the baby of the family, Elodie Clay, arrived in the days of what must have appeared to be utterly without hope. In May of that year, the entire family, due to a past due debt, were forced to leave their house and move back to the crowded Lewis home on Eustis Street.

Tragedy was not yet finished with Mary's family. The oldest son, Clement, had left home after the war, with a job that promised improvement and a new beginning. His assignment was as a steward on the steamship *St. Elmo* in Mobile Bay. On April 26, 1869, the Clay family received a telegram informing them that the steamship had exploded. There

was only one casualty - Clemmy. Mary's beloved son, her best friend of the war years, had been thrown overboard in the blast. The newspaper account said simply, "He was an excellent young man." Clemmy, who had shared the privations and hardships of the war with Mary while his father was away, was not yet twenty-one. After she returned to Huntsville with the body, Mary wrote to her sister that she had remained away from church because she had no mourning dress or bonnet to wear. She was ill, and baby Elodie had to be weaned.

If Mary's hands were full, so too were Withers'. The beleaguered newspaper consumed his energies, and like many proud southern men after the war, he appeared to be broken in spirit. Always the most religious of the three Clay brothers, he often used phrases like "prayerful and submissive," or "passive and devout." In 1885 he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and was paralyzed. The family took over the complete management of the newspaper. Withers waited submissively and endured; he died on Palm Sunday, March 29, 1896.

Perhaps, had she not been so preoccupied with the family's survival, Mary could have mourned her husband's poor health and death, but there was little idle time. The two adult sons of Withers and Mary married, supported their own families, and were unable to contribute. Willie Clay remained in the community and involved with the family. Young Withers Clay moved to Birmingham with his own household. Additional income continued with the classes that Mary had begun in her home during the war at the "Old Home Place" on Eustis Street. Mary Clay and her daughters gave lessons on piano, vocal music, and French. If that was not enough to pay the bills, they also gave evening dance classes for ladies and gentlemen. The classes included "the usual English branches and also the French Language, Vocal Music and Instrumental music on the

piano and guitar at prices to suit the times." Fortunately all the girls were musically talented. Not surprisingly, Mary's daughters reflected what was expected of ideal southern women

Of Mary's children, the oldest girl, also named Mary, maintained the old home place as the years went by. A newspaper clipping in the family scrapbook noted that she was timid, but she had taught school, in the summer taught dancing, gave entertainments, cared for her father after his stroke, and assisted his making a partial recovery. Miss Mary also had cared for her grandmother Lewis and lightened the burdens of her mother. Her hands were full. This Mary Clay died in 1901, aged forty-seven.

Two of the Clay daughters entered the new century and new south in roles of leadership through the newspaper. Although Virginia served as editor for 21 years, she business. It was one and her sister Susanna performed all the duties related to the family set of chores to gather the material, write the articles, and compose the editorials. It was another sort of job to set the type, lay the office fire, split and carry the kindling uptown to the office, set the fire, clean the office, carry the water from the public hydrant on the square, and ask the gentlemen in the office not to spit on the floor. Moreover, some days the sisters hitched old Dolly and delivered the paper to their subscribers. Of course, they collected fees and subscription money also. Perhaps more important than the actual management of the newspaper, these Clay women played a prominent community role, often sending a clarion call to citizens to attend to their civic duties. They were pioneer women editors who often provided a moral conscience to the community.

Of the two sisters active in the newspaper, Virginia Clementine Clay died in 1911, at the age of forty-nine. Once her illness was known, friends brought Ginny flowers instead of waiting to put them on her grave. She "had requested Rev.

William Jones (a descendent of a former slave of the family) to read the scriptures over her body at the house and the Normal [College] choir to sing 'There Is a Rest for the Weary' at the grave where her casket was covered." Adding a touch of tenderness to the occasion, the hymn was written by her sister Elodie. Susanna continued on alone with the newspaper until 1919.

Virginia Clay's death left this sister, Susanna, in charge of Elodie, the youngest Clay daughter. Previously Elodie taught in the home, clerked in the post office, and helped out some with the newspaper. But Susanna, now getting on in years herself, found it more and more difficult to influence Elodie. This youngest of all Mary Lewis Clay's children, as the years passed, was acknowledged to be peculiar. Elodie wandered the streets much of the time, outrageously insulting townsfolk. Yet she often appeared at some neighbor's back door in time for supper. (It has been suggested that Elodie simply was hungry.) Eventually her eccentric behavior became more difficult to tolerate. In 1922 Susanna signed the papers to commit Elodie Clay to the Insane Hospital at Tuscaloosa. Alone now, Susanna Clay died on January 18, 1928, at the Old Home Place, most likely the only person in the house that must have still faintly echoed with the sounds of music and play of the children. Elodie Clay lived until 1952 at Bryce Hospital. There is no tombstone marking her site in the family plot at Maple Hill Cemetery. No one was left of the family in Huntsville to pay the expense.

Mary Lewis Clay had died of heart failure, age 73, on February 16, 1898. She had survived her parents, her husband, and many of her children. Her life centered in the small town of Huntsville with friends and family. She saw the removal of the Indians; she witnessed the rise and fall of Napoleon, the War with Mexico, the American Civil War, Reconstruction, the hope of better days, and almost the dawn of the new century. Mary and her daughters, in the idealized southern community, might have expected to have a life of complete abundance and ease. After all, a background of attitudes,

wealth, education, and position were theirs-perfect southern womanhood.

From the family scrapbook, a clipping about Mary Lewis Clay reflected the idealized values for women. Mary showed:

Submission and cheerfulness, faith and freedom from guile; [she was a] tower of strength in adversity, [a] congenial companion. Her character was a beautiful commingling of cheerfulness and faith; a cheerfulness that thoroughly enjoyed all the blessings scattered along her pathway. From her emanated all the sunshine of her home. Her life had its full proportion of anxiety, care and toil, but under it all she schooled herself and taught her children always to look at the silver lining of the cloud. She herself had never failed to see it, and it was this that made her life beautiful to the human eye and acceptable to God.

Fine words, but in the long run the actions of Mary's life's spoke even more. This woman stood on her own merits to become a survivor, not just a casualty to her circumstances. During the dreadfully difficult years, how did the perceived characteristics of the ideal southern woman serve her? What did those vague qualities really represent? One might suggest that the mythological perfect southern woman could not have served their families better than did Mary. This southern woman, Mary Lewis Clay, represented the best as a truly ideal southern woman.

THE MEMOIRS OF LAURA WHARTON PLUMMER AND MARY JANE WHARTON BRUCKNER

By Nancy Rohr

Introduction

Memories: do they hang in the air about a place long after the players have left? If so, they linger about neighborhoods of Huntsville with a special awareness, recalled by the written word - the memoirs of two sisters. These women in their later years, urged by their families, wrote down their experiences and recollections about the War Between the States. The Wharton girls were born and raised in Madison County, Alabama. They remained here through the duration, never becoming refugees during the War. Their stories offer an additional sense of the times - the stress, hard-ships, fears, danger, and a few sweet recollections of family, friends, and Huntsville.


The first memoir, written by Laura Wharton Plummer, set a scene of a cottage at the edge of Huntsville on the road to Athens, in front of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. (Today this would be generally where the Interstate highway, Holmes Avenue and Pulaski Pike meet.) In their home at the start of the War were Laura, age about 25; her husband, Rev. James R. Plummer, a Methodist minister, age 38; her stepdaughter, Lou, nine, and their child, Dora, about three years old.

Farther away, up Pulaski Pike, about five miles north of town, Laura's sister, Mary Jane Wharton Bruckner and her family lived near her father, Dr. George Wharton. Considering that Mary Jane's husband, John T. Bruckner, was away in the War, and he subsequently died, this

would become an advantage for her. At least Mrs. Bruckner would have some male protection in these difficult times. Mary Jane in 1861 was about 27, and at home with her were her young children George, Eugene, and Herbert, ages six, four, and two. Next door were Mary Jane and Laura's parents, Dr. George and Eliza Wharton and their daughters still at home, Bettie, 22; Ellen, 19; Susan, 17; Blossie, 13; and Dr. Wharton's uncle Dr. Dabney Wharton, age about 79. (This property is about where Winchester Road meets Pulaski Pike.)

These two accounts, written about 50 years after the events, are primarily about life during Civil War. Theirs is not the soldier's account of battles, but the woman's perspective of life on the home front. Furthermore, both sisters chose also to call to mind Reconstruction and the Ku Klux Klan. However, one of the

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shortest notice.

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Huntsville Directory City Guide and Business Mirror 1859-1860

Courtesy Huntsville/Madison County Library

disadvantages of recollections in later years is the error of memory that slips in and becomes real. There was no intention to mislead. These inaccuracies will be mentioned in the endnotes, and an appendix will give additional family information.

Thanks to Lynn Williams of Auburn University, who first called attention to Laura Plummer's memoirs; this resulted in locating the second work. Diana Stankus, great-great granddaughter of Reverend Plummer, kindly shared her extensive genealogical research. And, continued thanks to Brian Hogan and Morris Penny who carefully noted where memories misled and sight faded the accuracy of the Wharton sisters.

Edgar Lee Masters suggested, "We stand about this place - we, the memories." And still they do. First Laura's memoirs, followed by those of her sister, Mary Jane.

Memoirs of
Laura Wharton Plummer

A Brief Sketch of My Life

During the Civil War

Written Exclusively for and Dedicated to Her Children
and Grandchildren.

Chapter I.

At this distant date, when the bugle call to arms and the tramp of soldiers have for many years died away, when we rest so peacefully and so protectedly in our beautiful homes, I seat myself, at the urgent request of my children and grandchildren, to write out for them my experiences during the Civil War.

As I stand by the ashes of blighted hopes and look back through the mists and the sunshine of fifty years, memories

come crowding over me so thick and so fast that I am overwhelmed, and scarcely know where to begin. It all seems like some grand drama enacted before me, and I sit and wonder how we, who had all these years been so free from care, so nurtured in the lap of luxury, ever stood the mental and the physical strain of those five years of war and disaster. Nothing but the true patriotism inherited from our Revolutionary heroic grandfather and the hope of final victory ever kept us going, and willing to suffer and, if need be, die for our homes and native health that our brave soldiers were fighting for.

We were living in our pretty little cottage home in the suburbs of Huntsville, Ala., which rivaled any town in the South for the beauty of its homes and the wealth and native refinement of its citizens. This was our first home, having been married but a few years. Here the honeysuckle twined and hedges and flower-beds rival each other in adding grace and beauty to the spot. Oh, the pride and delight we bestowed upon it! I'd catch myself singing all the day long strains from the dear old song then so popular:

*"Oh! Give me a cot in the valley I love,
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove.
I care not how humble, for happy 'twill be
if one faithful heart will but share it with me."*

Life was so full of sweetness, so lavish of love as we gathered around our cheerful hearthstone that we could not realize that war, with all its attendant horrors, was so close upon us. We saw our brave brothers and boys respond to the first call to arms, vainly dreaming it would be but a short while before they would return crowned with victory and wreathed with honors.

For two years we hugged this delusion to our hearts. The many glowing air-castles we built would one by one fade in the distance, yet still holding a promise of a beautiful realization in the near future.

It was wonderful to see our women, who had never a care, trudge into town and bring back arms and carriages full of soldiers' clothes to be made up. I shall never forget the dozens and dozens of pants and shirts and coats I made with my own fingers, and the piles and piles of socks I'd knit at night for them. A new experience for me, but I had a model Southern mother who had all through our childhood and later life required us to learn to sew and knit, often saying the prophetic words; "You never know what you are coming to in this life."

She little dreamed that "the coming to" was so close, and that the knowledge was so soon to be brought into service. And just here let me give that sainted mother all praise for her wonderful ability in managing her house-hold and rearing her children. But back to my story. The call for lint and bandages. It was amazing the number of linen sheets and tablecloths that were cut into bandages and scraped into lint.

The first time a large body of soldiers came into Huntsville was a hot day in mid-summer. We heard the tramp, tramp of feet, and looking, we saw our Confederate soldiers. The street was full of them, as far as we could see. They halted in front of our home and a messenger asked if General Breckinridge's army could get water. Mr. Plummer replied: "Yes, every drop in the well." Three or four men



***General John C.
Breckinridge, CSA***

came in, some to pump and others to fill buckets along the line in front of our house. They would drink, fill their canteens and move on, until the entire division had been supplied with as cold, pure freestone water as was ever drunk. Meantime, how delighted I was to gather every flower and fern and pin them on the soldiers' coats.

The band would intersperse with beautiful music, and as the last one disappeared on their way South the

sweet strains of "My Old Kentucky Home" was wafted back. I well remember General Breckinridge as he galloped back and forth on his splendid gray horse and waving his hat to us as he moved on - every inch a soldier and gallant gentleman. Those were busy days; the stores were empty, as their supply was cut off.

It was a marvel, the ingenuity we possessed in remodeling and combining old dresses into a new one. The hat question was quite amusing. No more hats for men or women! Here our thrift was again called upon. I guess some of you will laugh when I tell you I went out to my father's farm, gathered the long, ripe rye straw, bleached it, plaited it and made hats for Mr. Plummer and myself. The children could still wear the dainty little sunbonnets. I must say our hats were quite as pretty as the rough straw hats I see to-day. You can scarcely realize how dependent we were on little comforts that are so bountiful in our every-day life, such as matches, salt, coffee, tea, etc. One match had to light a whole house, by carrying a lighted candle or taper from room to room. For coffee we paid \$10 a pound, in State Bank of Tennessee money - many times that amount in Confederate money. This was used only a few grains at a time to parch with potatoes or dandelion root or rye, hoping it would give some flavor to them. We made tea of raspberry leaves, but salt was a necessity hard to supply. My father had the floor of his smokehouse dug up, where the meat had dripped for years as it was smoked, put this soil in large boilers of water, poured off the muddy water, and after repeating this process several times the last water was boiled, the salt depositing on the bottom. Oh, how glad we were to get a little bag of it, and how thankful! If you have never eaten unsalted food you can hardly appreciate our joy in the possession of this precious bag of salt.

We were sadly in need of clothes; the old ones could be

held together no longer. Mr. Plummer must have some warm underwear, but the question of where it was to come from was the enigma to be unraveled. Not a shirt or yard of goods was to be bought! I at last fell upon a plan. When Dora was a baby a friend had sent her a very large, fine sheepskin, on which she sat and played away many baby hours. I cut the wool off of this sheepskin, mother had it spun for me, and I determined to knit him some undershirts of it, but where to find knitting needles long enough was the stumbling block, which Mr. Plummer solved by making of cedar wood and polishing them. My task was soon done, and a perfect success they proved. Mr. Plummer often said they were the most pleasant shirts he ever wore. I some-times thought he was so lavish of his compliments as a reward for my work. Then he must have a new coat. His *best coat* had to be his *only one* so long that it was gone, too. I remember that he had a long black cloth circular cloak, such as gentlemen used to wear, lined with plaid flannel. So I took it to his tailor, had the coat and lining cut and undertook the making myself. A Herculean task it proved! After many times putting in and taking out, I brought forth a real nice, pretty coat. I had to go to a tailor only once for instructions, and that was sewing in the sleeves. I felt very proud of my success and was duly complimented on my work. So you see, children, there is usually a way out of everything if we try hard enough to find it.

My shoes also were about to say good-bye. I went to a shoe man, bought a last and some soles, and I guess I looked the shoemaker sure enough when I made the tops of cloth and with a leather strap over my foot and knee sewed them on the soles. Yet another feather in my cap!

Chapter II.

One day in April 1862, the news reached us that the

Yankees were approaching. The citizens called a meeting, which resulted in about fifty men going to meet them to try to make terms with them for the protection of the people. They returned at nightfall, not having seen a trace of the enemy, and we were content, thinking it was what we so often called grape-vine news, and many a hearty laugh in after days did we have over their folly, showing very forcefully how little they



**General Ormsby
Mitchel, U.S.A.**

knew of war or large armies. On the 6th and 7th of April the great battle of Shiloh was fought. Our army suffered great loss. The wounded and dying were suffering for attention. A telegram came asking all physicians to come at once to their relief. My father, among many others, responded to the call and left well-equipped with surgical instruments, lint, bandages and such medicine as he could get. Two days later, just at the dawn of day, we were aroused by a rapid knocking at our door, and there stood father, saying: "The Yankees are all around you." We looked out and beheld the large commons, not far off, all white with tents, but over them, in grace and beauty, floated our own Confederate flag. General Mitchell's army had made a forced march in the night and was all spread out before us, flying our flag as deception. He had seized the telegraph lines and telegraphed to Shiloh to send every available man to Virginia via Huntsville, signing the name of one of our Confederate generals. So, a long line of about eighteen or twenty cars filled inside and on the top with Confederate soldiers were rolled right into his quarters and sent at once as prisoners to the North.

The railroad ran just back of our garden, as the last of the

long train stopped when father [had gotten] off, and coming through our garden was unobserved. Father had the knapsack of his nephew, who was killed at Shiloh, on his back, which he readily took off. This was a new trouble to dispose of. We knew they would burn the house if it was found and both father and Mr. Plummer taken as prisoners. Mr. Plummer's quick resourcefulness soon found he could lift the ceiling of a large linen press and throw it into the attic.

By this time all was the wildest confusion, soldiers on horses and soldiers on foot were everywhere - galloping, shouting, halting, swearing, cursing and pounding on doors and rushing into the houses searching for Confederate soldiers who might have escaped. They rushed into our house, demanding any Confederate soldier there, threw open every door and closet and wardrobe, took our breakfast from the table and eagerly devoured it. And oh, such horrible language! We, who have been so gently reared, had never heard such language, and I was almost petrified with fright. I dare say I would hardly have been able to give a coherent answer to anything if tested. I was speechless and scarcely dared to breathe.

Very soon a Confederate soldier who had made his escape from the train came in a back door and begged us to hide him. He opened my wardrobe and got behind the hanging clothes, not many minutes before two Yankees came in demanding Confederate soldiers. I promptly threw open this wardrobe door, saying: "Search the house, if you wish; you see there is no soldier here." My promptness to open the door put them off their guard. They looked everywhere else and left. Mr. Plummer said to the fellow in the wardrobe: "Come out, put on this suit of old clothes and I'll hide your uniform and I'll enter into a written agreement to hire you at a dollar a day to work my garden until some plan can be formulated for your escape." The man was very grateful, was soon in

citizens' clothes and hoeing in the garden for dear life, but the poor fellow was so nervous and frightened when he came into dinner that a Yankee opened the door and asked who he was. Mr. Plummer very promptly said: "A man I hired to work my garden." During the day he kept close watch where the picket stands were and just at nightfall he bundled up his uniform and made his escape. We afterward heard from him in the army in Virginia.

I can hardly depict the depravity of these Yankee soldiers. Think how you'd feel to have them walk into your room and lift the cover off your bed, throw it over their shoulders and walk off with a triumphant laugh! Yet to these things we had to submit. I once said to them: "Why do you bring this war on defenseless women and children? Go to the field and meet our brave boys there and leave us alone - that would be manly." But soon found the least said the best. We were helpless, and had to submit.

I don't remember ever to have seen Mr. Plummer more indignant than one day returning from church in a down pour of rain a soldier on horse- back rode up on either side of him and lifted his umbrella up from him, tore it into shreds and threw it back to him. The humiliation was bad enough, but there were no more umbrellas to be had, and no money to buy one if there had been.

But I must go back a little. I find I have omitted an important part of my story. The afternoon of the capture of Huntsville, about 4 o'clock, two soldiers came with an order from General Mitchell to arrest Mr. Plummer. He was carried to headquarters, where he found other prominent citizens and ministers also arrested. Mr. Plummer begged that they send him home with a special guard, that I was there alone except with two little children, but General Mitchell would hear to nothing of the kind. He used every argument and promised be back in the

morning, all to no avail. Then it occurred to him to give the Masonic sign, and without a word General Mitchell ordered that he be sent home with a guard! I can never tell you how relieved I was just at dark to see him coming in. I was so frightened as to be almost beside myself. That poor guard suffered that night. He had been on a forced march the night before and had to use many devices to keep awake, leaping jumping, throwing buckets of water over himself, etc. The next morning he gave me the Minnie ball that guarded my husband that night, which was in time lost. Things in a measure grew more quiet and we were beginning to adapt ourselves to the new order of things.

One afternoon Mr. Plummer went to see a sick neighbor. After he had gone, another neighbor sent for me to please come at once, as her baby had croup. I left Lou, my little step-daughter, and my little 4-year-old Dora with Betty, my trusty girl. I found the baby very ill, so it was quite late in the afternoon when Mr. Plummer and I both returned and found both children in the swing in the front yard. They said Bettie had told them to stay there until she called them. Bettie was nowhere to be found. Immediately it dawned upon us that she had gone to the Yankees. I was provoked beyond measure, and began to look to see what she had taken. 'Twere far easier to tell what she had left. All could be summed up in two words, "Almost nothing." She had spread a Marseilles counterpane on the floor, emptied every dresser drawer and wardrobe into it, tied it up and gone off the back way. Some of the neighbors saw her go, but thought I was sending my washing out to be done.

Every dress - winter and summer - among them three silk dresses, heavy winter dresses, besides other simpler dresses, my hat, winter cloak and shawl, every piece of my underwear, stockings and shoes, counterpanes, sheets, pillow slips, towels, table linen, etc., and, indeed, I had not a vestige of clothing left except what I had on. She could not use men's or children's clothing, so Mr. Plummer and the children escaped.

All of this, when not a yard of goods could be bought for love or money.

The next day was Sunday. As usual, the carriage from home called to take me to church. It was a little more than my pent-up feelings could stand. I met them, crying like a child. When I told them my tale of woe, Davy, the carriage driver, who was Bettie's father, denounced her in bitterest terms *and was* almost as upset as the rest of us were. The sisters from home shared their scanty wardrobe with me, so as to make at least a change for me.

Mr. Plummer got some hanks for thread from the Belle factory near Huntsville. I had them dyed with ground ivy a pretty gray, which was woven with a pin check of black. A neighbor gave me some scraps of black



Bell Factory

alpaca which bound

the ruffles and trimmed the dress, and you would be surprised to have seen what a pretty dress I made of it. A Negro, some months afterward, from the country told me she had some of my handsome linen underwear, embroidered and with Valencia lace (the real, we did not have imitation then), that she had bought from Bettie for a pair of old shoes; that the Yankees who were taking her off, were attacked by the bushwhackers and they dropped her; she let the bundle fall into the river, and was glad to get shoes for her feet for the clothes. Most of them she gave to the Negroes about her for something to eat.

Before many months Mr. Plummer heard of a man who would go up into some of the towns in Tennessee and bring

back in his saddlebags anything he could. Mr. Plummer got him to bring back two calico dresses for me, for which he gave in Bank of Tennessee money \$77, the cheapest, meanest calico I ever saw; but they did look so pretty to me, I needed them so badly.

Forrest's Cavalry began to worry the Yankee army very badly, and bushwhackers were busy picking off all straggling soldiers, and many a one never returned to his place. This provoked the provost marshal into assuming an order that all mills be shut down, both flour and corn; all roads leading out of town be heavily guarded; that nobody from the country be allowed to come into town or *visa versa*, and not an ounce of anything be sold to the citizens. Determined to starve the people into submission. Our stock of edibles was soon exhausted. We were reduced to just enough [corn] meal for two meals when a soldier came in and demanded corn for his horse. Our beautiful carriage and horses having been taken long before, Mr. Plummer told him we had only enough [corn] meal for two meals, and a bushel of corn which we expected to parch and live on after that; this he could not give him for his horse. The soldier said: "I mean to have that corn, so up and get it for me." Mr. Plummer whispered to me to put his pistol in his hand behind him while he kept the man at the back getting a drink of water. This I did, and I trembled with fear as I saw them move toward the stable. I was greatly relieved when he returned, but what a strange look on his face; what could it mean? He was pallid and trembling, and said: "I never in my life made up my mind to kill a man before, but if that man had taken that corn, I never meant he should come out of that stable. I was determined to kill him and bury him in the stable until I could get rid of him some way."

First he tried to persuade the man to leave, as he knew the government had corn in abundance for the army. This failed; then he put the pathetic side to him, when the man, much to his relief, said: "Well mister, you talk so clever like I believe I'll leave you your corn," and he left. The next day when our last

meal had been eaten our deal old trusty Davy came in from father's (they would let a Negro pass through the pickets, but not a white man) and said: "Marse George and Miss Liza sent me to see if you had anything to eat." With a choking voice I said: "Nothing but some parched corn." The Negro was greatly distressed; he had driven us all to school, from little children up to womanhood, and as he used to often boast, he had educated us.



General Nathan Bedford
Forrest, CSA

The next night at dark Davy tapped at my window and said: "Me and John have a wagon-load of tan bark outside, and under it we have brought you something to eat." You may well imagine the wagon was backed into the stable and unloaded. Our storeroom was soon replenished with two large hams, some shoulders and side meat, lard, flour and meal, and we most devoutly thanked both our heavenly and earthly father for it.

Shortly after this Mr. Plummer was taken ill with typhoid fever. He grew worse rapidly, and father and Dr. Newman both pronounced it a desperate case. So troubles multiplied; but on, the rest grew small beside this great one staring me in the face. I almost staggered as I thought of the possible end. I went off to myself and, kneeling with my Bible before me, prayed that I might open it at some text that would reassure and comfort me, and I opened and read this text: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up." (James 5:15) I hugged this promise to my heart and claimed it as if said to me

personally. He was exceedingly nervous, and we found it hard to keep him in bed when a regiment of cavalry, camped just beyond, would pass twice a day taking their horses to the big spring to water. Seeing someone was sick, as the bed was pulled out in the middle of the floor to get all the breeze if there should be any, the weather being intensely hot, thinking to annoy us all they could by whooping and carousing and making every possible noise. Finally one day they halted and an officer came in. I met him at the door. He introduced himself as the colonel of the cavalry, and said: "I see someone is sick here, and I want to know if my men have worried you or made a noise as they passed like the noise I heard this afternoon." I told him yes, twice a day. He saw the tears well up in my eyes, and said: "I am a Frenchman, madam. I do not at all approve of the way you people are being treated. Take my word for it, if I ever hear of such conduct again the offender shall be punished, and I'll give orders that the horses are to walk past this house and not a word be spoken." I thanked him as well as I could, and from that day the most orderly troops imaginable passed the house.

Two days later we were staring Death in the face. The doctors had pronounced Mr. Plummer hopelessly ill, and in a lucid moment he had called each of us around his bed, bade us good-bye, and with his hands covering our heads was commending us to our Heavenly Father's care. Just at this crisis Jim, the negro nurse, whispered to me, saying: "There are two soldiers with their guns pointed at this bed, and they told me to tell you that if you did not bring out a Confederate soldier in three minutes they would let loose all four barrels of their guns on that bed." Father started out. They cursed him as an old baldhead and drove him back. Father secured Mr. Plummer's pistol, but I went out to them and said: "Gentleman, there is no Confederate soldier here. My husband is dying; won't you please let him bid us good-bye in peace?" Just then Jim came out behind me and said: "Maybe they think I'm a Confederate." He was a

mulatto. I led him up to them and asked if this was the man they wanted. They grabbed him by the collar and dragged him off, I pleading with them to be kind to him. The next day I bought Jim back with a glass of brandy, which we had been giving Mr. Plummer, a little every two hours. Then I was duly alarmed, for if any citizen was caught giving liquor to the soldiers their house was to be burned; but no disaster followed.

But back to my husband. Three doctors said he could not live until midnight, and as the order had been given to shoot down any citizen found on the street after dark, father had every preparation made to have him shrouded. He dropped into a deep sleep, two hours passed and the time for his medicine came, but he could not be aroused. Two more hours passed and still the deep sleep continued; time for the third dose came and still he could not be aroused. From pure exhaustion, consequent upon six weeks of extreme anxiety and nursing, I had dropped to sleep. My mother called me, saying: "Laura, if you want to see Mr. Plummer alive, come now; he is almost gone." I repeated to myself and claimed the Bible promise, and said: "No, mother, he will hear me; he will not die." I put my arms around him, kissed him and said: "Oh, Mr. Plummer, won't you open your eyes and speak to me?" At once he opened his eyes with a look of intelligence in them and said: "Oh, Laura, I have had the sweetest vision. Let me tell you." (as near as I can remember, these were his very words), "I was walking beside a dark river, the Savior had hold of my hands; it was the River of Death; we started across, met obstacles, came back, walked a little further down the stream, started across again, the water was so cold, met obstructions again and returned. We walked further down the stream; here we came to a general fording place; hundreds had crossed and were on the other shore, and hundreds were still crossing. We started over; the water was so cold and now was above my waist. We stopped, the

Savior looked at me and said: 'Are you afraid?' 'No, not so long as you hold my hand.' Then the brightest smile overspread His face and He said: 'Not yet,' and led me back to the shore. Just here you awaked me."

He lived twenty years after this, to spend his life in devotion and work for this same Blessed Savior. I write this, dear children, because I want you know how close your father lived to the Savior. "Go and do likewise."

I was greatly shocked one day, on looking out, to see my little 4-year-old Dora in the arms of a great, rough soldier, he kissing and caressing her lavishly. I called to her to come to me at once. The soldier, with tears in his eyes, brought her to me, saying: "Madam, don't be alarmed for your little girl. I called her to me. I left a sweet little flaxen-haired girl behind me, away off North. I saw your little girl playing with her shaggy dogs, so like my own, I could not resist the temptation of pressing her to my bosom." I had seen so little of tenderness in the Yankee soldiers and so much of roughness, that my fears were naturally aroused. Dora promised to bring that soldier some potatoes the next day, so at the appointed hour she was at the gate with her little basket of potatoes. He gladly took the potatoes and left a dime and a cake of soap in the basket. This soldier came after supper one night and asked the privilege of rocking Dora to sleep, which he did and put her in her little bed as tenderly as a mother could. The passage of Scripture came to me. "And a little child shall lead them," and I was led to believe there was a tender spot in every heart which would call forth affection and good impulses if the right one stroked the chords.

We were on contested grounds, being a border State, or near one. We would often go to bed in the hands of one army and awake to find another had possession of us.

One night about 10 o'clock we heard loud orders to "Halt! Halt!" with the hurried tramp of horses and men all around us, with the never-failing accompaniment of profanity, and

the incessant explosion of guns. Our house had its rain of bullets, and the boom of cannon told us a heavy skirmish was going on. There was a large double chimney in the house; we wrapped ourselves in blankets and quilts and crouched behind this chimney as the safest place in the house, fearing every moment the house would be broken into or set on fire. When morning came we found Forrest had dashed in and seized a lot of government stores and made his escape. These attacks always exasperated the Yankees and they vented their spite on the citizens; but we were willing to bear it, if it brought relief to our soldiers. Words availed nothing, so we were left with our only weapon - silence.

Late, after midnight, one night I heard a faint whisper at our door. I had learned to sleep and listen at the same time. I woke Mr. Plummer and told him someone was whispering at the door. He asked who it was, and the answer came: "A friend, open the door." But we had learned not to trust everybody who professed to be a friend. Mr. Plummer said: "Give your name." "D.C. Kelly," came in reply. He was one of our best friends a major in Forrest's Cavalry. We there sat in the middle of the room, on the floor, in utter darkness, and talked for half an hour and then he wended his way in the darkness to where his family were. How it touched our hearts to be near our own soldiers and hear them talk.

Newspapers were rare, especially those from beyond the Yankee lines, and occasionally when one was smuggled in it was passed from hand to hand until it almost dropped to pieces. About this time our little Katie came. What a stormy advent in a country where no man's life was safe. Her little innocent face was as calm as a mid-summer's day; war and disaster could not hurt her.

Chapter III.

The president of the Huntsville Female College gave offense some way and was sent to some Northern prison. The trustees at once besought Mr. Plummer to fill the

vacancy. In a few days he was duly elected, and we were settled in the college. It was with many a heartache I left my dear little cottage home. Now our troubles, anxieties and responsibilities were increased manifold. With a family of seventy-five girls, besides teachers and servants, we had our hands full, and more than full. Mrs. Wilson, the former president's wife, still took charge of the dining-room and kitchen, while I took charge of the girls, etc. It was a heavy care, and told on my health. I grew thinner, and paler, and weaker, until I was fast in bed. We had a few resident physicians, and they had so much to do I could get no medical attention. They advised Mr. Plummer to call in the post doctor. He gave but little encouragement; it seemed the long strain had been too much for me and nature was about to succumb. My father was not allowed to come to see me. I determined to make one last effort. I had them prop me up with pillows and someone to hold my arm while I wrote to General Logan, then in charge of the forces there. I told him I did not think I could live but a short time, indeed his own doctors had told me so, and as a dying woman I begged that he send me a pass for my father to come to see me. That my father was a loyal, true Southern man, and would not take the oath of allegiance to the United States (no man was allowed to come into town without taking this oath), but would he not, in mercy to one so near the grave, allow him to come in to see me? General Logan's reply to my note was very touching, sending me the pass with the promise to renew it as often as needed. It was but a matter of a few hours before my father's carriage, with him in it and every possible comfort in the way of pillows and blankets, was at the front, and when the night closed in I was in my dear old childhood home, where with the best of care both baby and I were nursed back to health again. I have ever a tender feeling for General Logan, and thought how

the fates of men and women change, as I, years afterward, stood by his monument in Chicago.

Returning health and strength soon called me back to the many duties awaiting me, and no light charge was it to care for so many girls under the circumstances. They were cut off from their homes, seldom if ever hearing from their friends, and my ingenuity was often taxed to quiet their fears and cheer their homesickness or to infuse a spark of hope in them when it was so dim in my own heart. We moved on pretty well for a time and were beginning to feel settled and in a way secure, when we learned that Forrest had surrounded the town, driven in the pickets and demanded a surrender of the fort and army. All citizens were again ordered inside their doors. Just here a real laughable thing occurred: it did not seem so laughable at that time as there afterward. My nurse, a woman of middle age, came running into my room from the campus, with the baby in her arms, scared almost to death, threw the baby like a bundle on the bed, saying:



General John A.
Logan, U.S.A.



Huntsville Female College'

"Here, Miss Plummer, here's your chile: I got to go for my life to the fort; Marse Forrest gwinter catch us all and kill us." We could see town, a few hours were given to let all who wished to leave the town go out. The streets were crowded with people, in wagons and on foot, carrying armfuls of clothes and bedclothes, provisions and cooking utensils,

making for the country. It seemed but folly for us to undertake it - with so large a family, it would have been impossible to have taken care of them, so we decided to await developments.

There were buckets of turpentine, with long faggots, put at every street corner, with two men to guard it, with orders that if Forrest did attempt to take the town to set fire to every building. Shade trees were cut down at every corner to blockade the streets; everything was in readiness. We had gone into the basement of the house, everyone with her quilt or blanket and pillow, ready to run when the orders were given. About noon the first fire from the fort came, which was answered by Forrest, and all that day and night we could hear the peculiar whiz and whistle of the shells as they passed over our heads, we being in the direct line from the fort. If I live many years yet, I'll never forget the sound of those shells, peculiarly their own. The horrors of that day and night would be hard to tell. We did not know what a moment would bring forth. Forrest demanded a surrender, or at daylight he would take the town by storming it. But you may imagine our surprise and delight when, at 6 o'clock the next morning, all was as serene and calm as a mid-summer's day. Forrest and his men had crossed the Tennessee River with a long train of supplies he had captured, and this feint of a fight was to run in the pickets and cover the wagon train until it was across the river.

Just as we were going in to dinner one day a Union man, Rev. John Edmondson, called to tell me he had just heard of the death of my brother-in-law, Mr. Bruckner, killed in the battle before Atlanta, Ga. He was *aide-de-camp* on Colonel Coltart's staff, and his colonel being killed, he took charge of the regiment and was killed with a Minnie ball in the head. The shock was terrible. I loved Brother John as a brother indeed, and in truth, a truer or noble man could not be found. Mr. Plummer and I went out at once to bear the sad tiding to

my sister, at my father's home, in the country. We found her anxiously watching at the bedside of her baby, who afterward died. How it fell like a thunderbolt on her! She almost collapsed. Death, under the most favorable circumstances, is always a shock; but oh, my, how terrible under existing circumstances this was! Our hearts were all torn and bleeding, yet we knew her suffering was far beyond ours, and we felt so helpless to soothe and comfort her.

Conflicts and trials seemed unending, when the order came for us to vacate the college at once for a hospital. This was a puzzling question, how and what to do. Mr. Plummer succeeded in getting General Rosecrans, in charge at that time, to send the girls through the lines to their Southern homes. They were wild with delight, and we bade them good-bye and Godspeed with mingled feelings of regret and rejoicing, too. We felt it better for them. The question now came, what were we to do? Our church had been used by the army as a hospital, and was burned to the ground through carelessness; our home was rented, and we felt nonplussed, indeed. Mrs. Willis Harris, a friend, invited us to come to her house until we could find a place, where we were soon enjoying her home for a short period. Mr. Plummer lost no time in his search for a house. Dr. Slaughter and family were refugeeing South, and his agent was glad to offer his house to us. We gathered our effects together and moved there. There was no cooking stove in the kitchen and but little furniture in the house. Knowing there was no hope of getting a cooking stove, we collected here and there an oven, some pots, and old-fashioned crane and andirons, teakettle and skillet and had to go back to the old-time days of cooking in an open fireplace. A new order of things to me. We had some provisions left at the college, which gave us a start.

Mr. Plummer opened a little private school in one room of the house. I say little, because there were very few families who could send their children to school. The Episcopalians had built a handsome new church just before the war; their old one was unoccupied, and they tendered this to the

Methodists, and Mr. Plummer was unanimously persuaded to preach for them. Everybody at that time was in a great financial strait. No money to hire a sexton, to buy coal, etc. and, of course no salary for a minister, except the pennies taken up in the Sunday morning collection, which was always less than \$1, and often not more than 25 cents. But he thought he'd hold the church together, if possible. Fortunately, the church was near us. Mr. Plummer would make the fires and my cook and I cleaned the church.

One Sunday, just as the services were about to open, we heard the familiar tramp of soldiers and the dropping of guns on the pavement; then in walked a hundred soldiers. We knew they had some purpose in view, but Mr. Plummer carried on the service as if nothing unusual had occurred, preaching a deeply spiritual sermon and praying for all soldiers in arms and for peace to overspread the land, and that war might be swept from our borders. They waited very respectfully until the congregation had dispersed, then the officer in charge said: "We came here to-day to arrest you, but your sermon, and your prayers for peace and your deep piety have touched us and we have changed our minds." The collection that day was \$10. What a wealth it did seem! The verse from the Bible came to me: "Soft words turneth away wrath."

Some soldiers were shot by the bushwhackers and again they decided to starve us. We provided against this. Mr. Plummer had bought a lot of dried herring and just a joke they proved. We could not get rid of them....The oft-repeated question came up, how are we to make a living? Times grew steadily harder. This time we settled it by taking Yankee officers to board, thinking they would be a protection as well as give us an income. We let them have two rooms in the house and others came to day-board; then, again, this entitled us to buy from their stores, which was a great relief. We had an understanding that we would treat them as gentlemen, but they must extend to us the

same courtesy, and that the great issues of the day would be forbidden topic. They proved to be very pleasant men, and no disagreeable conflict ever occurred. They were devoted to the children and made great pets of them.

Two old maids lived alone next door. One cold night, about 2 o'clock, we were aroused by these two ladies' screams, begging Mr. Plummer to come over there quickly. As soon as possible, he jumped over the yard fence and found a soldier had bursted open their door and was lying on the floor bleeding to death. Mr. Plummer ran across the street to the hospital and brought a surgeon, but the poor fellow was in a hopeless condition. He and the street guard had gotten into a fight and he was fatally stabbed. Mr. Plummer told him his time was short, and if he wished to send any messages to his family he would send them for him. He gave their names and addresses, and asked Mr. Plummer to take a picture out of his inner vest pocket. He pressed it to his lips - it was a picture of his wife and child - and said: "Tell them I die with their picture to my lips." Mr. Plummer then prayed for him, and he died just as the prayer ended. Mr. Plummer took his watch and picture and sent them to his wife and received a very grateful letter from her.

I find my story growing too long, so I must necessarily omit many things. The seat of war had moved further South, and we were left with a regular garrison, which made our lives less hazardous and more quiet. A wealthy man, Mr. Calhoun, owned the entire block across the street from us. His house and grounds were very handsome. He spent his summers in Paris and his winters in Huntsville. The war caught him abroad and he stayed there. This property was taken for a hospital. There were paintings that cost thousands of dollars, and the most expensive of Italian statuary. These the soldiers sent home to their friends as trophies of the war.

I can't resist the pleasure of telling you a little incident that occurred to a cousin of mine. Cousin Martha Spotswood. She

was a woman who thought everybody was as honest as she herself was. An army follower, or peddler, called at their homestead and wanted to sell her some nutmegs. Oh, how delighted she was! She had seen no spices or extracts for years, and was eager to get them. He grated a little in her hand to let her see how fine they were. "Oh, it was so good; give me a dozen!" She paid him hard-earned money and a big price, too for them. The man wrapped them up and was quickly gone. She at once tried one and found they were all wood. As long as she lived the joke followed her, and her abuse of the Yankees followed the joke.

The news of Lincoln's death came like a thunder-clap. Orders were issued that every house should put crape on their front door-knob. Some did, but many did not. If two or more people were seen talking on the street, or a smile or laugh was heard, a soldier was there to forbid it. But must hurry on. The war was over. Our brilliant hopes lay like withered leaves at our feet; our hearts were bleeding and sore; unbidden tears would fall, and we would sit and wonder what the end would be. Was it possible, all of these years of privation and suffering were for naught? These questions would come and come, but no answer followed. Everything seemed so uncertain. We knew great and momentous things or changes were just before us, and still we'd ask ourselves the question, what will the end be?

Chapter IV.

Duties stern and urgent called us on. We found no time to ponder and muse; so, with broken spirits and blasted fortunes, we drove ourselves to the task of living again. The sight of our soldier boys coming back brought gladness to our hearts, and we welcomed them as heroes, for heroes they truly were, braver and better and dearer in their tattered garments and almost shoeless feet than their opponents. Overpowered and whipped, but not

conquered!

The reconstruction days were upon us and I am almost constrained to say, the hardest of all to bear. The freed slaves laid down their work and were demanding the forty acres of land and a mule the government was to give them. Unhappy, discontented and suspicious, they would listen to no reason, expecting great things, as they had been promised by the Yankee soldiers - receiving nothing, they became rebellious; at sea with neither rudder nor anchor, they sought where and on whom to vent their spleen, refusing to work, yet demanding a support. Their threats were many and far reaching, coming depredations and threatening to rise, kill the white people and take possession of their homes and lands.

But I leave you to learn all about these days of terror from your history, and be sure you get a history written by a Southern man who knew whereof he wrote.

Back once again to my little story. Of course, we had to give up Dr. Slaughter's house, our beautiful little cottage home was burned, the old well all that was left to mark the spot, the five and one-half acres of ground, for which we gave \$4,500, was sold for \$200 years after. The last mail that left Huntsville for the South, before the capture by General Mitchell carried the deed to a farm in Florida for Confederate money. We hoped for years it, too, had been captured, but no such good luck.

Father would have us come to his home while Mr. Plummer went out and looked for work. Soon bankruptcy was on every hand. Mr. Plummer had the rest of his means in money loaned to four wealthy men and secured beyond fear, as he thought. But he was paid up in bankrupt notices - not a cent left, except \$800 father had saved for him. With this we had to begin life anew. He was in time elected president of the Soule Female College, at Murfreesboro, Tenn. The building had been used as a hospital, and, oh,

the scraping of walls, the disinfecting, papering and painting that had to be done. But we were finally moved in and school opened. Everybody was glad of a chance to send their children. Five years without schools told fearfully on their education, and we had many grown girls at school.

I am telling you all of this, children, to tell you of the Ku-Klux Klan. The freed slaves had become so insubordinate that some means had to be taken to check them, in order to live with them at all. Being a superstitious race, it was found best to work on the superstitions, hence this organization sprang up. Nobody knows where, or who they were. One night we heard that several hundred of them would pass about 10 o'clock in front of the college. We had every light out, the curtains drawn and the girls all seated at the windows; not a word to be spoken - absolute stillness. At the appointed time they came, and I could hardly wonder that they struck terror to the freed slaves. They were the most weird, ghastly objects I ever saw. Their horses were all robed in white, that came almost to the ground; their ears were standing about two feet high, and they had great flaring red eyes. The riders wore long black robes extending to the horses' knees. They wore black masks, from which hung long white beards. On their heads were hats three feet high, with holes all over them, through which the light from the lamps inside shone. They carried long swords and longer wands, all white, and some carried grotesque banners and weird lanterns. Not a sound was heard, except the regular sound of the horses' hoofs on the pike. But they brought quiet and security to the people as nothing else had done....

Many amusing things occurred with them. If they heard of any misdemeanor they'd visit that home that night and punish the offender, or scare him almost to death.

Now children, big and little, old and young children, my little story is finished. Are you very tired? I hope not, for I don't want you to remember me as a tiresome old woman. It was a pleasure for me to write these facts for you, that you

may know just what we people in the South passed through, and to tell you that you have nothing but pride in recalling the lives of your ancestors - *a true, loyal, patriotic people, willing to suffer and die for home and native land.*

Laura Wharton Plummer

Christmas, 1910, Seventy-five Years Old

Mrs. Marv Bruckner's War Experience, Etc.

My father, Dr. George R. Wharton, came of an old English family of the nobility who came over with William and Mary and all who bear the name are proud of it. He was born in Virginia but raised near Nashville, Tenn. and came out to Huntsville, Ala. When quite a young man, where he was associated with his uncle, Dr. Dabney M. Wharton, in practice of medicine. He was a successful physician whom everybody loved and honored. My maternal Grandfather, Capt. Richard Harris, died at my father's house, 1853, in his 94th year. He had fought through the Revolutionary War and was standing in a few feet of Gen. Washington when Lord Cornwallis's [Cornwallis] sword was delivered. This was done by a member of his staff, Cornwallis himself being sick and was received by an officer of corresponding rank.

I have often heard him say that as the armies were drawn up facing each other, there was probably never so marked a contrast in the appearance of any two bodies of men as in those assembled there.

The British had just drawn new uniforms and were dazzling in their crimson broadcloth coats, while the Americans were ragged and dirty and many of them barefooted. The feeling of exultation was so high that one American boy jumped upon a stump waving his hat cried, "The day is ours." Instantly he was shot down,

another one repeated the act with the same result, and I think the third but am not sure. Had they restrained their enthusiasm a few moments longer the arms of the enemy would have been laid down and nothing to mar their joy.

The last few years of his life were saddened by the war clouds on the political horizon, causing ominous forebodings for the safety of the Union so dearly achieved, fearing lest all their hardships and sacrifices had been in vain. We of the present day have but a faint conception of their troubles. My Grandfather's mother was a widow, but sent all her sons, six in number, to the small pox camp to be inoculated for small pox (vaccination not having been discovered) before entering the army. No wonder he loved the Union, and that we were all more or less imbued with the feeling. Indeed the South was generally in the beginning for the Union. Well do I remember hearing a speech from Hon. Jere Clemens, Alabama's most gifted son, in which he said, "Tomorrow's sun in his long journey will shine upon no land so fair, so heaven blessed as our own South-land, and shall we with suicidal hand apply the torch that will lay waste so fair a heritage? Heaven forbid?" I mention these facts to show that the better class of people and the larger proportion of the southerners were not for secession in the beginning of the war.

But after the John Brown episode and Harpers Ferry raid, we found that our slaves (whom the Yankees had sold us because they could not work them profitably in their cold climate) were being incited to insurrection and murder, the tide of public opinion veered like a mighty avalanche sweeping everything before it; leaving but a few Union men in the south and they were regarded with suspicion.

It was at that time that my father said to my mother, "Eliza if your father were living now he would say "let the Union go."

This brings me to our immediate family. I married Mr. J.T.

Bruckner and when he entered the Confederate Army, I and my three little boys went to my father's house to stay until the close of the war. Ours was a happy home. Father, Mother, and six daughters. The house was a large old fashioned brick building with many airy rooms situated on an elevation with a declivity in front and on either side, at the foot of which a cave spring that was 30 ft. below the surface and was welled with stone. The steps also leading down to the water were of stone. After a heavy rain the water arose to the top and flowed out in a bold stream through the large grove of forest trees in front of the house. This grove had a white fence around it with a gate at either end. Imagine the mountain as a background and you have an idea of the ancestral home. It was here most of us were born and we love it. I might tell you of many privations we went through when the war came on, and the many expedients resorted to in hiding valuables, but you have read of similar stories elsewhere. Our servants were faithful as a whole , many of them remaining until the end of the war and afterwards, but still there was a lurking distrust all the while, for freedom is sweet and had it been attempted in a different spirit it would have been all right.

Never shall I forget the first cannon we heard when Gen. Mitchel's army corps entered Huntsville. At last we were in the midst of it. I believe it was that very morning that several scouts came up the hill and demanded breakfast. Several of us left the table as they strode into the dining room with pistols and clanking swords. From this time on it was almost a daily experience for them to take off cattle and provisions of some sort.

Once they were about to take off the entire pen of fattening hogs, when my father told them if they did the slaves would suffer and that saved them. At one time they sent 30 large army wagons into the field and carried them off filled with corn. The next day this was repeated and when an officer came to the house to give vouchers for it to be collected when the war was over at greatly reduced rates amounting to almost nothing I felt exasperated and said to him, "I wish

with your Yankee ingenuity you could construct a Rail Road from Earth to Heaven and put us women and children on it instead of coming here to starve us because you are too cowardly to meet our army in the field."

"If we did Madam you would have to go with a Yankee conductor and you would not like that."

I replied, "I would consider the matter." So he got the better of me. Fortunately, that was a very prolific year for crops and we managed to stand it, but the strain was sore. Our heavenly Father knows how to fit the burden to the back.

Just here let me say that my Mother's beautiful Christian character shone out making her the presiding genius of the household, as she considered and provided for everybody's comfort. It was a source of much sorrow to me that we were cut off from our army, it being very seldom that my letters from my husband could reach me. The Tennessee River, ten miles away, was the dividing line between the two forces and twice I went to it with clothing for him, which as it was necessary to pass through the picket lines, had to conceal under the convenient large hoop skirts of those days. At one time I carried a full suit of uniform of gray jeans, made from wool grown on the place and spun by the slaves. Both times they reached him as I learned after his death. Once a letter to me from him was picked up on the river bank and carried to my brother-in-law's house, Mr. Plummer, evidently having been thrown down by a Confederate soldier, as he hurried across the river to escape capture.

This letter was in answer to one telling of the death of my baby and was written on the battle field as they were awaiting an attack at Missionary Ridge.

One night on returning from visiting a patient, my father found the front grove filled with sutlers' wagons for the army corps in town. He went to their office and insisted upon his moving inside their lines, saying they

had doubtless been watched by Bushwhackers as they passed through the barrens, a section of poor land with stunted growth, and while he was as ignorant as they of their movements, he greatly feared some of their horses would be stolen through the night. This they refused to do. Sure enough that very thing happened, and as a reprisal they came out and carried off pretty much everything they wanted as he had foreseen. When our fine carriage horses went, we all cried. We had kept them hidden on the mountain, as they were young of fine breed and thoroughly broken by a professional. Not long after this a party of men perhaps a dozen rode up to the gate and called father out and asked if he had any horses. Father told him there were two condemned horses in town, some of the family having gone in, in the school cab, besides he had an old mule which one of the neighbors had borrowed. They ordered a squad of men to go over to the neighbors with him to get the mule, at the same time telling them to take father on the hill and kill him. They also allowed just 15 minutes for us to get out of the house what we could, before it was burned. He stayed so long that we went to him fearing trouble. He took me aside and told me to dig up the gold buried in the basement and take care of it. My sister Blossie said, "Father I will go with you." Of course there was the wildest confusion in the house, although we did not know of the order to kill him. Martha, the house girl, blew the horn that called the slaves from the field and in a short time they had a wagon loaded with flour, lard, sugar, meat, coffee, etc. While the women came in to help tie up wearing apparel, beds & bedding, in sheets to be thrown from the windows when they where they picked up and carried out of danger of the flames.

When they reached the gate with father and Blossie leading to the road, a merciful Providence came to our relief. Capt. Williams who was in charge of the raid on the place a few days before rode up saying, "Doctor, you

seem to be trouble." Yes," said my father, "This man has ordered my house burned and me killed." Capt. Williams said, "I am a superior officer and countermand the order." Then turning to the man told him to move on that he knew he had no such orders. After he left Capt. Williams said, "Do you know that man? He was raised in your own county and is the meanest man in the army, his name is Ben Harris and you certainly would have been killed had not I met you."

It was not long after they left when we smelled burning feathers, soon found they had burned a neighbor's house and thrown the feather beds in the flames.

After the war was over one afternoon as we sat on the front porch two pedestrians came and asked shelter for the night. My father replied, "I do not keep a hotel but have never turned a man from my door at nightfall."

After supper the conversation naturally drifted to the war and father told them of the Ben Harris incident, remarking, "I am glad that man died for I should have felt compelled to hunt him up and kill him." The next morning only one of them came down to breakfast, he remarking that his companion had gone into town. Father had occasion to go into town that day himself and seeing the man on the street asked who he was. "Why Doctor," was the reply, "that is the son of Ben Harris, the man who ordered your house burned and you killed."

After my father's death, my Mother, my Sister Ellen, my two sons and myself moved to Atlanta, Georgia. When my mother died in Nashville, 1893, Ellen who had been delicate all her life, had never married, came to live with my two sons and myself. Unto all of us she had been a blessing more than I can tell.

I pass over the death of my good noble husband as of no interest to others, only saying at the age of 30 years, when the war was over, my husband, two children and property were all gone, leaving only myself and two small children. The God of the widow and fatherless has been our stay and help in

every time of need.

Chapter 2

Added as I had omitted many things I should have mentioned.

At last the deprivations of the Yankees became so frequent and distressing that starvation seemed staring us in the face in the near future, so it was necessary to have a safe guard which the commandant of the post kindly furnished.

One night about 9 o'clock the front door bell rang and upon opening the door, father was amazed to find a company of soldiers in the porch and at the gate. The Capt. told him they had been invited to an oyster supper there. Father said, "It is a mistake gentlemen. I never heard of it before, besides I could not get an oyster if my life depended on it. (We were not allowed transportation on the Rail Road), and moreover there is a very sick young lady in the house and I beg you to withdraw your men as quietly as possible."

He then remarked that the slaves had had a party the previous Saturday night and perhaps that caused the mistake. That made them still madder as they saw a practical joke had been played off on them, so they left in a rage. On reaching the picket post when asked where they had been, replied, "To see the Devil."

"Did you see him?" "Yes." (It occurred to them to retaliate by fooling someone else.) "At Dr. Wharton's chained in the stable," giving an awful description of an animal saying he had come down from the mountain.

The next day they came flocking out to see the devil. Mr. Taylor, the safe guard, could not imagine what they meant, until they repeated the story told at the picket post, and he was provoked.

Finally, the General sent for father and asked him to bring

that animal whatever it was into town, that he believed every man in the army corps would ask to go to see it. Father who was much of a humorist replied, "There is a singular man out there, one side of whom if a line would be drawn down his forehead, is quite black and that side of his head has curly hair." "And what color is the other side?" "Oh, that is black too," replied my father. He then told the story and so vanquished the devil, would his prototype could be so easily exorcised.

Chapter 3

When the war was over and military rule was over, we were in a measure at the mercy of our former slaves, uneducated, elated at their emancipation and feeling they had the sympathy if not the approbation of the carpet-bag officers placed over us who were the temporary arbiters of what pretense of law there was were already committing acts of the lawlessness and outrage. Under such circumstances did the defeated and impoverished south drift into the reconstruction period of terror.

Remember we had no courts or administration of civil law for four years. Is it astonishing then that some expedient should have resorted to for the protection of our homes and firesides?

Hence the Ku Klux Klan.

Knowing the superstitious nature of the Negro race, it was deemed best to work upon their fears. We had seen nothing of them though. One night two neighbor boys with sheets around them and slightly disguised came over for a frolic. After spending a while in the parlor with the family they started home and as they ran down the pavement the children cried out, "Hurrah for the Ku Klux." Immediately the former slaves rushed out and fired on them as they put off at full speed down the road when the former slaves from the other quarters came out thus placing them between two fires.

They then discarded horses and disguise and fled to mountains where they spent the night. Father went out and tried to quiet them, but to no good, they told him to go back into the house, they did not wish to harm him, but no Ku Klux would ride on that hill. Not long afterwards, Father, Mother and my sister Ellen left for a visit of several days, when one day at noon a real company of Ku Klux came and told the women (the men had left the field and ran to the mountain on the first intimation of their approach) that they had heard their threats and came in the day time to show them they could do so. After searching for arms they left word for the men to bring their guns to a certain place and that would be the last of it. If they did not the next time they came there would be trouble.

One woman went into the town and rushed into the court-house saying she had been wounded by the Ku Klux and was looking for a doctor, whereas not a shot had been fired and no one hurt. As soon as they came in sight this woman ran upstairs to my room and locked the door.

The men refused to work until Father came home though Mr. Wilson offered to go to the field with them. When the laws were reestablished the old organization sank into obscurity from which it emerged, its mission ended.

I have entered upon the task of recording these memories rather reluctantly in consideration of my 77 years and my imperfect eye-sight caused by cataract which though partially restored by an operation, leaves me very nearsighted, obstructing the free use of my arm to come within range of vision.

Mrs. Mary Wharton Bruckner
(Sister of Laura Wharton
Plummer)

Appendix

"It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors." At the risk of sounding like an essay on genealogy, it is necessary to place the players at the scene, to give information about the Wharton family. Little is known now in Madison County about them, but this was a distinguished family, truly remarkable people in remarkable times.

Laura and Mary Jane Wharton's father, Dr. George Wharton, arrived originally in Huntsville to practice medicine with his uncle, Dabney Miller Wharton. Dr. Dabney Wharton, a druggist and physician, was born in Powhatan County, Virginia in 1780. He had married in 1809 a local girl, Virginia Anne T. Swann. The couple settled in Madison County where he operated a drug store on the Town Square in partnership with Drs. M.S. Watkins and William H. Wharton, perhaps a brother. In 1824 with a new partner, he anticipated delivery from New York of "a splendid assortment of Medicines, Paints, Surgical Instruments, etc." Dr. Dabney M. Wharton, with other leading figures in Huntsville, helped form the Colonization Society in 1832 to assist African slaves to return to their homeland. Dr. Wharton could walk to his office on the Square from his home conveniently located at the corner of Williams and Adams Streets. Later the home of Leroy Pope Walker, first Secretary of War for the Confederacy, occupied this site. Mrs. Wharton, Virginia, died in 1843. Dr. Dabney Wharton died in Hinds County, Mississippi in 1866.

His nephew, the girls' father, Dr. George Richard Wharton, a graduate of Transylvania Medical School in Lexington, Kentucky, decided to take up practice on the frontier and came to join his uncle, Dr. Dabney Wharton. Here George married Eliza P. Harris, daughter of Capt. Richard Harris, in

1832. According to the 1850 census George and Eliza had a growing family of girls that included Mary, 16; Laura, 14; Elizabeth, 12; Ellen, 10; Cornelia, 7; Ann, 3; and Eugenia, 3/12 months. This baby died in August of 1850. The couple's only son, George, had died in infancy in March of that same year. Living with them at this time, the start of the Civil War, also were Mrs. Wharton's father, Richard Harris now, 91; Susan L. Thompson; and her daughter Jane, age fifteen.

One acquaintance described life in Huntsville. Sue Dromgoole Mooney, also the wife of a Methodist minister, wrote about the new friends she met. "Social life was at full tide, and many were the invitations to dine, to drive, to take tea.... The homes in all the region round about were elegant and the people of the highest type - educated, cultured Christians. I recall with much pleasure the home of Dr. George R. Wharton a few miles from Huntsville. He had a number of beautiful daughters, among them Miss Laura...."

Of the girls, Mary Jane, the eldest, married John T. Bruckner in 1854. John Bruckner owned the "Sewing Machine Depot" on the north side of the Square. His advertisement in the City Directory of 1859-1860 showed a modern sewing machine that every housewife might yearn for. His young family lived five miles out on the Pulaski Pike, with his father-in-law, Dr. George Wharton. Bruckner was enumerated in 1860 as being an artist. Their children were George W., age 5; Eugene, 3; and baby Herbert, 1 year old. Mary Jane had lost a son, John at 21 months of age, and George would also die in infancy leaving her with two sons.

Laura Wharton married Rev. James Plummer. James Ranson Plummer, Jr. had been born in Columbia, Tennessee on April 24, 1822 and attended Jackson College. He then graduated from LaGrange College (now University of North Alabama) and was licensed to be a minister in 1844. Reverend Plummer served the First

Methodist Church in Lebanon, Tennessee in 1847 and 1848. He married Sarah Ann Elizabeth Ford of Athens, Alabama early in 1851, and their daughter Martha Louetta Plummer was born December 9, 1851. He next served as pastor of the First Methodist Church in Huntsville from 1851-1853 where he had responsibility for First Methodist and the colored missions in Huntsville. His small family moved to Quincy, Florida where unfortunately his wife died on October 7, 1855 leaving him a widower with a young daughter. Remaining in Florida Reverend Plummer served as presiding elder of the Tallahassee District for the next two years.

However he returned north to the Tennessee Conference and met the second Wharton daughter, Laura. They married on January 21, 1857. Their daughter Dora Dee Plummer was born March 8, 1858, and the family settled on the Athens Road just west of the city limits. By 1860 with them were his daughter, Mattie, sometimes called Lou, age 8, and their baby Dora, age two. Previously out of harm's way, in April of 1862 the Civil War began in earnest in Huntsville, Alabama as the Yankees came to town.

Reverend Plummer's work in Huntsville was extensive. For instance he was the Presiding Elder; a member of the Committee for the Female College; he continued his efforts with the colored missions in 1862; pastor of the First Methodist Church during the tumultuous years 1863-1864. Much of this service was while Yankees occupied Huntsville as a garrison town.

As the Plummer family continued to grow with the birth of their daughter, Katherine Merle, in November of that year, Reverend Plummer also assumed duties as President of the Huntsville Female College. Mrs. Plummer described with painful memories this very difficult time for Huntsville, the College, her personal health and that of this newest baby. These were trying times for everyone.

After the Civil War there was little keeping the Plummer

family in Huntsville. Reverend Plummer needed to make a living, and Methodist ministers are accustomed to moving. His next appointment was to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and at the same time he served as President of the Methodist school, Soule Female College. The College proved a daunting prospect for the couple. All that remained was the actual building of the school, which had been used as a military hospital and was now in a state of disrepair. The Reverend and Laura plastered, painted, papered the interior, and scrubbed to remove signs of war. With used and borrowed furniture, carpet, bedding, desks and seats, the school reopened. Former students returned and new ones enrolled, as families were eager to regain some semblance of normalcy, and 130 pupils attended the first session. While in Murfreesboro, the next daughter, Eliza Wharton Plummer was born in 1866.

Another girl, Clara, was born to the family in 1870. Reverend Plummer now assumed pastoral duties in Lebanon during 1871-1872. And still another daughter, Laura Bruckner, was born in Franklin, Tennessee in 1872. Reverend Plummer served his church in Gallatin and a daughter, Elizabeth (Bessie) Harvey Plummer, was added to the family. They settled next in Clarksville where he became President of Clarksville Female Academy from 1877-1880.

In 1878 Clarksville Female Academy, Rev. James R. Plummer, President, published a catalogue designed to attract girls and young ladies to their "Family and Day School." (Laura Wharton Plummer was included with the faculty as matron, and the brochure acknowledged that hers was a difficult department yet "where she is known this is a sufficient guarantee of its efficient and successful management.") One's reputation went before one in those days.

The trustees wanted the public to note they were associated with the latest technology, "*We are in telegraphic*

communication with the world." Moreover, parents needed to know "extravagance in dress is discouraged, and parents are earnestly requested to help us in this matter. Let your daughter be required to leave her jewelry, fine silks, and satins at home....We have adopted a plain, but very neat uniform...." Moreover, pupils would never be unaccompanied; teachers were required to attend boarding pupils in their walks, shopping and public worship. Parents could also peruse the list of current day and boarding pupils. The last pages of the brochure were testimonials about the school and particularly about Reverend Plummer, "who is in every respect well qualified for the delicate and responsible trust committed to him." One might assume our Laura Plummer was equally well qualified for her duties.

Here also in December of 1878, as Mrs. Mooney wrote sadly in her memoirs about the Plummer family, "Little Bessie's feet grew tired...and one day in Clarksville at The Academy the angels came for her. It was the first shadow on their tent, and we sadly missed the bright little face from the door where she often stood 'looking for father.' I doubt not it was so as she looked from the highly heights." Bessie was three years old.

Two of the girls, Lou and Dora, in these years graduated from the Clarksville Academy. After that the family lived in Nashville, where Reverend Plummer became the first manager for the newly opened Wesley Hall of Vanderbilt University in 1881-1882. Reverend Plummer died in 1885 in Nashville and his funeral was held at McKendree Church.

Laura Plummer, writer of this first account, died May 19, 1924 in Jackson, Tennessee, where she most likely lived with her daughter, Dora, now married to James Emory Jackson. Laura's older sister, Mary Jane Bruckner died September 25, 1922 and is buried at Maple Hill Cemetery in Huntsville.

Mary Jane Wharton Bruckner and Laura Wharton Plummer's grandfather, Richard Harris, certainly added a luster to their family heritage. He was a son of Benjamin and

Ann (Epps) Harris of Southam Parrish, Cumberland County, Virginia. Captain Harris was, according to his tombstone, a "Soldier of the Revolution & of the Cross." He had joined the Revolutionary Army at the age of 17 and was an eyewitness to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Little York. (Mrs. Bruckner filled out those moments of oral history in her part of the story.) After the war, Harris united himself with the Methodist Church, and then - by marriage - with Judith W. Sims, daughter of Benjamin Sims of Cumberland County. They came to Madison County in 1809 to settle near Blue Spring.

The Harris children, the Wharton girls' aunts and uncles included: William Harris, married Millicent Garson, as a widow she later married John R.B. Eldridge, a widower; Richard Benjamin Harris, married Ann H. Clopton and moved to Jackson County; Francis Epps Harris, named for his uncle, also moved to Jackson County and married three times; Barbara L. Munroe; Mary Ann, married Isaac Washington Sullivan, a physician and a Methodist minister. Deeply concerned with their salvation, Sullivan preached to the Indians through an interpreter. At his death, the good Reverend was buried near Gurley.

The obituary notice of Capt. Richard Harris offered, "We do not say he was without fault, but we do say that few men have lived as long as he did with as few censors and with as few enemies. He closed his earthly warfare as he closed the Revolutionary War, in triumph and glory." Among other bills against his estate at the time of his death was an item for "one and a half dozen gilt knee buttons," one for a "metallic case" for the under-taker of \$61.25, a bill from the printer for "funeral tickets," and one for "tombstones for Richard Harris and wife." The inscription, "In memory of Captain Richard Harris, Soldier of the Revolution and of the Cross, born Nov. 20, 1758, died Jan. 2, 1853." For his wife, "In memory of Judith W., wife of Richard Harris, born Mar. 24, 1775, died Nov. 18, 1837." Maintaining the old ways, even in the backwoods of frontier Madison County, Harris must have been quite a sight.

"It is said that Richard Harris never adopted the 'new style' of long trousers, but wore his breeches and knee buckles until his death."

* * *

These sisters, Laura Wharton Plummer and Mary Jane Wharton Bruckner, were ladies of their times, raised to be dependent and waited upon. The upheaval of the Civil War forced them into unaccustomed roles as they faced the harsh realities of a different life. Although they did not run the plantation, nurse wounded soldiers, act as spies, or flee south, they stayed with family and home. Through severe shortages and fear of disease, starvation, and the violence that threatened their town and their very lives, these women survived. That they were able to succeed perhaps reflects how well their upbringing had served them after all. Their feelings about the strength of forbearers, church, family, and one's duty demonstrate the role of women through these years, unrecognized heroes, all of them.

HOWARD WEEDEN, ARTIST AND POET

By Sara Huff Fisk

Shortly before Christmas, 1898 the Boston publishing firm of D. Appleton & Company released 1,200 copies of a slender book of paintings and poetry, *Shadows on the Wall*, by Howard Weeden. This brief volume, with only thirty pages between its hard covers and selling for \$1.00, became an overnight sensation in the worlds of art and literature. Customers stood in line for it at bookstores; the first edition was spoken for before it left the press. From critics came such lavish words of praise as "brilliant," "exquisite," and "unique."



Portraits from "Shadows on the Wall," 1898

"Shadows on the Wall" contains eleven beautifully executed portraits - all of slaves familiar to the plantations of the South before the Civil War. So vital and moving are these portraits that the kindly, loyal, proud hearts of the old slaves seem fairly to glow in their expressive faces. Each portrait has its own dialect verse on the page opposite; together, portrait and poem make a truly touching character study. The *New York Times* acclaimed the book "the revelation of a race." Joel Chandler Harris, originator of "Uncle Remus," declared its creations "more real than life itself." Southerners saw their memories

revived and resurrected on its pages. Others, perhaps less fully appreciative of its message, still marveled at the power and feeling of the brilliant work of this artist-poet, Howard Weeden, a virtual unknown in the world of belles-lettres. Into her home town of Huntsville, Alabama streamed floods of praise and inquiry. Newspapers, magazines, and individuals wanted to know about "Mr. Howard Weeden," as many of them called the new star on the literary horizon.

The artist-poet, however, was not a man. She was a tiny, frail maiden lady of fifty-one years who wore high-boned collars and gentle curls across her forehead in the fashion of her girlhood. Fame found her shy and sweet, so overawed by her own success that to most inquiries she simply replied:

Requests for facts of interest in my life keep me in a perpetual state of embarrassment, seeing that my life has been so without incident that I find it difficult to gather anything worth repeating.

Happy women have no histories it is said-- and perhaps it is because I have been so happy that I have nothing to tell you. I live in the old house in which I was born, here in the loveliest old town in the world, with my friends, my books and my pictures, and this is my history.

The "old house," in which Miss Weeden was born on July 7, 1846 and in which she lived until her death, was the Weeden family's town house, Aspen Place, at the corner of Gates, Greene and Williams Streets, two blocks from the Madison County courthouse.

The artist found her ancestry a matter of interest and pride, as evidenced by her frequent references to "a long line of romantic Scottish ancestry which may have lent to

temperament its tinge of old-world sentiment" and to her immediate forefathers as "planters and slave-owners, so I came into the world with southern instincts."

The Scottish ancestry came through her maternal grandfather, David Urquhart, born in County Ross in 1779. The Urquhart family once owned Hilton Castle in the wild mountain country of Cromarty on the border of Loch Ness. David came to America as a young man and settled near Augusta, Georgia, where he became wealthy in land and slaves and built a home which he named "Hilton" after the Scottish castle. He married Catherine Brooks McGehee, born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, a descendant of Lord Brooks. These were Howard Weeden's grandparents. Jane Eliza Brooks Urquhart, their second daughter, was her mother. This lady was first married to James Watkins of Elbert County, Georgia. After his early death she married Dr. William Donalson Weeden, a native of Baltimore who had also lived in Virginia. Miss Weeden described him as "a Virginian." He had come to Huntsville very early, around 1812, and settled on Weeden's Mountain (now part of the Redstone Arsenal). When he married Mrs. Watkins some twenty years later, he was a widower with two sons and three daughters.



The Weeden House Museum,
300 Gates Avenue

Over the years Dr. Weeden became very prosperous, acquiring several plantations besides his Weeden Mountain property. It was not until March 1845, however, that he purchased the house in town from M. C.

Betts. Construction of this large square-styled brick residence had been started

about 1819, but in 1845 it was still unfinished. Dr. Weeden lost no time in completing and occupying the house. He

and his second wife now had five children and cared for one son of his first marriage. The slave quarters at the new home housed several adult slaves and about seven children.

This fine new residence was enjoyed only briefly by Dr. Weeden, himself. On January 13, 1846, after several weeks of illness, he died at his Huntsville home. His will, filed for probate March 22, 1847, divided \$10,000 and some property among the five children of his first marriage. His second wife and five children received the remainder of his estate: two plantations in Madison County, one in Marshall, the house in Huntsville, and a large plantation west of Buzzard's Creek in Marengo County. Some fifty slaves were located on this last-named plantation.

The five children of Dr. Weeden's second marriage, as named in his will, were Jane Urquhart, Catherine Louisa, William (he also had a son named William by his first marriage), John David, and Henry Vernon. Howard Maria Howard was not provided for by name, for she was not born until some six months after her father's death.

Howard Weeden grew up in sheltered surroundings of ease and refinement. As the youngest of a large family of fatherless children, and one who was always frail, she surely received such tender care and attention from the household servants as to implant on her young mind a fond relationship, never to be lost.

In this attentive home atmosphere her artistic talent was recognized early. "I cannot remember when I did not draw and paint," she stated. Even before she was ten years old, she was having instructions in art from William Frye, listed in Williams Directory of Huntsville, 1859 as a "Portrait Painter" who was widely recognized in the North Alabama area.

Though Mr. Frye surely instructed his little pupil in the dainty copy work popular with young ladies of the

day, he may also have inspired her rather unusual interest in drawing faces, figures, and flowers from real life. Of the artist's works surviving from this earliest period is a tiny picture painted on silk, titled "The Sea of Galilee." This painting shows the marvelous quality of her miniature-like work, even at so early an age.

Howard was fifteen when the Civil War shattered the comfortable life of the Weeden family. Her three brothers promptly enlisted in the Confederate Army; and as her oldest sister, Jane, Mrs. William T. Reed, was then living in Tuskegee, Alabama, only Mrs. Weeden, Kate, Howard, and the servants were left at home to face the Union forces that seized Huntsville on April 11, 1862.

Early in the occupation of the city, the Weeden home, being large and conveniently located to the heart of town, was requisitioned by the United States Army. Mrs. Weeden and her daughters fled, servants and all, to take refuge with Jane in Tuskegee. They remained there for the duration of the war.

The Weedens found Tuskegee quiet after their trying experiences in the North Alabama war zone, and they were determined to take up their lives in normal channels. Young Howard was enrolled in the Tuskegee Female Methodist College, which the young president and Methodist minister, Dr. George W. F. Price, had managed to keep going in spite of the war. There she received art instruction in the class of Miss Julia Spear, who found her young pupil, though fragile and slender in body, possessed of a great desire to learn, ambitious, alert and willing to work.

After the war, the Weeden family returned to Huntsville to face a dark and uncertain future. Their properties had been stripped and plundered; their town house was little more than a shell. Nevertheless, they had one great cause for rejoicing: the safe return of all three of Howard's brothers - the two oldest with commissions, William as a

captain, John David a colonel.

In the midst of these desperate times Mrs. Weeden continued her effort to divide the family properties, now so tragically depleted. In 1866 she deeded the town house to the two unmarried daughters, Kate and Howard.

Howard was nineteen that year. Her school days, brief and sketchy as they had been, were over, and she turned toward helping the family survive. The only way that she was at all equipped to help was through art and literature. Her belief in her abilities in these fields seems to have been firm and vigorous, quite in contrast to her shyness in some other aspects of life. It was this strong belief, coupled with her natural optimism, that set her to work and kept her working for the rest of her life, in the face of innumerable difficulties.

Before examining Miss Weeden's artistic and literary undertakings ("vagaries" or "wild notions" was the way she described most of her efforts), it is only fair to consider some of the difficulties she faced and their probable effect upon her life and work.

Certainly, Howard was too frail for much physical labor. Her health was extremely delicate. As she grew older, her inability to throw off infection increased until she finally contracted tuberculosis from which she died. She never yielded to her weak health, however, and in her letters she was seldom "becoming ill" but usually "feeling better" or "getting up after several weeks in bed." However, she had another physical defect, poor eyesight, which probably annoyed her even more than her poor health. The Nashville eye specialist who treated her declared that she had the most extreme case of near-sightedness he had ever encountered. "My eyes are troubling me again," she mentioned over and over in her letters. Despite the suffering this condition caused her, there is no doubt but that it enriched her painting, enabling her to do the most delicate brushwork. Using a brush with only three hairs,

she produced a photographic fineness of line in her portraits that is near perfection.

It is hard to examine Miss Weeden's masterpieces and believe that she had such little training in art, so few advantages. Many precious hours were lost to her through the necessity for experimenting in methods and technique. But even this lack of technical knowledge - such a trial to the artist - was at least partly responsible for the charm and originality which glow in her work.

Miss Weeden nourished a life-long desire to travel, to visit the world's great museums, to mingle with people who spoke the language of art and literature. Circumstances denied her these joys and, in so doing, perhaps caused her to choose "from her own backyard" the subject that was to make her famous.

Among the artist's earliest efforts to help the family finances was the holding of art classes for little girls. These groups met in the Weeden's back parlor, off and on for a number of years. Mrs. Ben Matthews, one of the pupils, recalled that their teacher, in her sweet gentle way, used to touch up their wooden little drawings and admonish them - if they made a smudge, "just to paint a butterfly over it," as she had put butterflies over many things in her own life, making beauty out of smudges.

One of Miss Weeden's first literary undertakings, begun in the years between girlhood and womanhood, was the writing of short stories and little poems. These were frequently published in the *Christian Observer*, a Presbyterian paper (the Weedens were Presbyterians). Instead of her own name, the author used the pseudonym "Flake White."

A type of art work that Miss Weeden found generally saleable was hand-painted cards for special occasions. On many of these she painted flowers for she loved flowers and the outdoors. One spring she went day after day to the mountainside, until she had completed paintings of 208

varieties of wild flowers in their natural setting.

Perhaps the artist's favorite occupation was "illuminating poems." This, she declared, gave her "unending pleasure because it had a literary flavor." Her method was to copy short poems in her delicate printing, illustrate them in water colors, and bind the sheets in decorated covers. It was this work that led directly to one of her earliest, possibly her very first, portrait of a former slave. She described the attempt thus:

In looking about for poems for my purpose, short and pointed, I stumbled one day upon that beautiful 'De Massa ob de Sheepfol', which I still think the best negro poem that has been written. I transcribed it and illustrated it in water colors with pastures and sheep galore and then in afterthought, to indicate that it was a negro poem, put on the cover an old negro head.

"De Massa ob de Sheepfol" was written by Sarah Pratt McLean Greene and first published in her *Towhead* in 1884. Miss Weeden's discovery and illumination of this inspirational verse was indeed fortunate, for she showed it to some visitors of much travel and culture, who happened to be in Huntsville, and their encouragement was truly a guidepost on the road of success for the artist. Many years later she said:

There was a time when I painted everything indiscriminately, like a misled amateur, until I woke one day to the fact that there was right around me a subject of supreme artistic interest, the old southern ex-slave, who with his black weather-beaten face and picturesque figure was rapidly slipping away. Once comprehended, the subject was one to absorb anybody who could use a brush loaded with Brown Madder.

Most of her friends and neighbors had a beloved old mammy, cook, or coachman, whose picture they wanted Miss

Howard to paint. As her delicate brush strokes committed to paper the likeness, the very character of the former slaves, many of whom the artist had known since childhood, she liked to talk to them. Their native sense of humor, patience in misfortune, courage and philosophic acceptance of life impressed her deeply. Their words stayed in her mind until they became verses: "Too Late," "Beaten Biscuit," "The Old Boatman," and "Mother and Mammy" were written in that order.

As the months and years passed, these portraits and verses accumulated in a portfolio, much admired by visitors. Some of the paintings were framed and added to the gallery of the artist's work that literally lined the parlor walls. Occasionally, the artist copied one of the portraits for someone, charging no more than \$3.00, often less.



The Weeden Parlor

In September 1893 Howard Weeden accompanied some Huntsville friends on a visit to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, where she had a modest exhibit, some illustrations from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. While there, she saw the work of two other artists who painted former slaves: E. W. Kemble and A. B. Frost, illustrator of the "Uncle Remus" stories. Both of these men portrayed their subjects in the comical "minstrel show" manner. Miss Weeden must have realized that her own sincere,

sympathetic studies were superior in every way, for she returned home full, anxious to get to work on a number of orders she had received in Chicago, and concerned about copyright privileges. Her remarks on this latter subject are characteristic of her wit and humor:

I have been thinking I ought to have my booklets...copyrighted, but the two copies each, required, is too much. I wrote the Librarian of Congress and asked him if it would protect me at all to copyright the *words* simply, and he again sent me the same old printed forms - like a deaf-mute, which answered every question alike. When we women get to holding office, we won't need printed forms, as Mrs. Pryor said, "Thank God, we can always find words for what we need to say!"



Elizabeth Fraser
Price, 1866-
1958

When Howard Weeden wrote those words, she obviously did not dream that her paintings and poems would ever be copyrighted through publication in book form. Had she dreamed such a dream, it would have been a pleasant one, for she loved books and much of her inspiration came from them. Especially was she impressed by a group of Southern writers: Thomas Nelson Page, Harry Stillwell Edwards, John Trotwood Moore, James Lane Allen, and Joel Chandler Harris - all prominent in the late 1800s for their sympathetic stories of plantation days. Their stories, such as "Meh Lady" and "Unc Edinburg's Drowndin" from Page's *In Ole Virginia*, inspired many of her paintings.

Eventually, Miss Weeden's work led her to correspond with and to meet most of these famous writers. Several of

the meetings were arranged by the Huntsville artist's close friend, Miss Elizabeth Price of Nashville.

Miss Price was the daughter of Dr. George W. F. Price, who had been president of the Tuskegee College when Howard Weeden attended there and who later was the fourth president of the Huntsville Female College. Elizabeth Price was a small girl in Huntsville when she first met the artist. Despite the difference of some twenty years in their ages, a fond friendship developed and grew, even after the Prices moved to Nashville in 1880, where Dr. Price founded the Nashville College for Young Ladies.

By the time she was in her early twenties Elizabeth Price was probably Miss Weeden's most ardent spokesman. The walls of her Nashville music studio displayed a number of paintings the artist had given her; she loved to show these to the prominent people who visited her father's school. She often sold paintings, arranged orders, and always - in her bright vivacious way - gave much-needed love and encouragement to the artist.

In 1895 Miss Price went to Germany to study music. She took with her seven of Miss Weeden's best portraits and in April, 1896 placed these on exhibit in Berlin's most fashionable picture bazaar, the Gallery of Edward Schulte. They were enthusiastically received. Miss Price wrote glowing reports of this exhibit to the Tennessee and Alabama papers and forwarded the artist an avalanche of orders. Miss Weeden was quite overcome, "sore and tender and feel like crying" was the way she expressed herself to her distant benefactor.

The fame which the artist's work brought her in Berlin and later in Paris, through her dear friend's efforts, was, however, only a dim foretaste of that which she was to attain through the kindness of a gentleman she scarcely knew. William O. Allison, a New Yorker visiting in Huntsville, was so impressed by the artist-poet's brilliant work that he asked to take the paintings and poems back to

New York and publish them in book form. At long last the portfolio of masterpieces was to be opened for the world to admire.

The artist's joy in the publication of her work was marred by one disappointment. Efforts to make color plates from her paintings proved unsuccessful; the rich brown tones of her portraits had to be reproduced in black and white. But even in this simple dress, the paintings glittered like diamonds, drawing the attention of art lovers everywhere to the unknown genius from the South. "In a moment," Howard Weeden declared later, "I seemed to stand in a flood of light and love and letters- such letters! One enthusiastic writer (distant and unknown) sent me a hundred dollars in honor of the first copy she had just bought - and all kinds of beautiful things happened."

Sadly enough, there was also one misfortune. The second edition of *Shadows on the Wall* was hardly off the press, when the printing plant burned, destroying the plates of the book. Though this was a real financial loss to Miss Weeden, it undoubtedly hastened the passing of her work from the semi-private circulation under Mr. Allison's sponsorship to the hands of a regular publishing firm.

Doubleday, McClure & Company undertook the next edition, in 1899, titled *Bandanna Ballads* and containing the works in the original book merged with eight new paintings and poems. This new edition was graced with a flattering foreword by Joel Chandler Harris, who had requested the privilege of thus praising an unknown artist and poet, "who," he declared, "has surpassed us all!"

With publication of her work, the life of the frail artist fell into an almost frantic tempo. Demands for her paintings came from everywhere. The Nashville Art Club and other groups tendered receptions in her honor. The well-known composer, Sidney Homer, set several of

her poems to music. She was urged to prepare paintings for various exhibitions. There were letters to be answered, unfamiliar business matters relating to her books, and, in the midst of everything, more material to be prepared for publication.

Under great stress, her health rapidly failing, Miss Weeden managed to complete two more volumes, *Songs of the Old South*, published in 1901, and *Old Voices*, her most elaborate book, in 1904.

Howard Weeden died April 12, 1905. Her passing at the very height of her career shocked the literary world and saddened her many friends who knew her as a tender lovable woman, as well as famous artist and poet. Immediate survivors were her sisters, Miss Kate Weeden, at home, and Mrs. William T. Reed, Mobile; and brothers, Col. John D. Weeden, Florence, and Dr. Henry V. Weeden, Selma.



Works of Howard Weeden
Return to Huntsville

In May 1910 the Twickenham Town Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution marked the Weeden home with a bronze plaque. This tribute still identifies the house, only slightly changed from the days when Miss Howard

sat before her easel in the big east front room, painstakingly creating the masterpieces that were to become the most beautiful and unique of all memorials to the former slaves of the Old South.

Miss Weeden's original works are now widely scattered. A few of her portraits are prized by Huntsville families. Until her death in 1958, Miss Elizabeth Price, possessor of the largest of all collections, traveled widely, displaying her treasured paintings and recalling memories of the great artist. It was through the interest of Miss Price and the efforts of the Huntsville Culture Club that the City of Huntsville became, in June 1959, the proud possessor of a group of original Weeden paintings. The works, representing the entire collection of the Nashville Museum of Art, were a priceless gift from that institution to the artist's home town. They were placed on display at the city-owned Burritt Museum atop Monte Sano, where they are marveled at by a generation scarcely more familiar with the name "Howard Weeden" than was the generation that acclaimed her in 1898.

In 1959, a collection of paintings and poems by Howard Weeden were presented to the Burritt Museum by the Nashville Museum of Art through the influence of Miss Elizabeth Price and the Huntsville Culture Club. Pictured (left to right) are: Malvern Griffin, Burritt Museum board member; Miss Jessie Hopper of the Huntsville Culture Club; Mrs. Anna Rosborough, member of the art committee for Burritt Museum and Mrs. Jessie Woods, of the Culture Club. (*Huntsville Times*, June 14, 1959)

In 1979, Miss Elizabeth Price's own personal collection of approximately 20 works by Weeden, done in oils, charcoals, watercolors and pastels, were purchased from Miss Florence P. Adams (niece of Elizabeth Price) by the Twickenham Historic Preservation District Association for display in the Weeden House Museum.

YELLOW FEVER AND HUNTSVILLE

By David Byers

Few remember yellow fever as the horrible disease it once was. It belongs in the list of those killers that had great influence on the development of the world, and especially, America. Smallpox, malaria, and cholera may have killed more people, but the terrible 200 years of yellow fever brought uncontrolled alarm, deaths, long-lasting after-effects and created panic unlike any other threat. In those years, approximately 500,000 Americans were sickened and possibly 20% of those died. For the most part, Huntsville escaped the widespread devastation.

Yellow fever developed in West Africa centuries ago. Blood, containing the virus, was exchanged by mosquitoes (*aedes aegypti*), between monkeys and the occasional human. The disease found fertile victims in the Europeans who had never been exposed or even heard of the disease. Slaves, brought to America from Africa, often had been exposed, sickened and perhaps immunized by the sickness. Those slaves were carried to the Caribbean islands and the coastal areas of the United States. A second group of passengers also came in the ships. Mosquitoes, carrying the virus in their system, perhaps several generations removed from Africa, traveled in the air and water with the slaves. The mosquito found its preferred environment in the warm, humid lowlands and swamps of the New World.

Although perfect conditions for mosquitoes exist in the Far East, no yellow fever outbreaks ever occurred because no slaves were ever taken to those countries. This country was already being punished for its position on slavery.

Yellow fever was seen in Europe briefly in the Middle Ages. It had been prevalent in Cuba since 1650. A full-blown outbreak occurred there in 1762 and again in 1763. Large epidemics were recorded in 1793 Philadelphia, 1802 Haiti,

1820 Savannah, 1822 New Orleans, 1839 Galveston, 1848 Mobile, 1853 New Orleans and Selma, 1855 Norfolk, 1858 Mobile, 1864 Bermuda, 1867 Galveston, 1878 Memphis, Tusculum, Grenada City in Mississippi, Fulton County in Kentucky, 1886 and 1888 Jacksonville, 1897 Montgomery, and the last major outbreak in 1905 in New Orleans. The Texas Gulf Coast was struck 19 times between 1833 and 1907.

The first major yellow fever event in this country occurred in Philadelphia, which was at that time the Nation's capital and its largest city. Henry Adams observed in his *History of the United States*, "Compared with Boston and New York, Philadelphia was relatively clean, safe and prosperous by the standards of the 1800s. But Yellow Fever reminded all of the physical danger of urban life." In June 1793 about 1000 refugees, white, black, rich and poor, fled Santo Domingo, where the slaves were fighting against the French who had taken Hispaniola from Spain, and came to Philadelphia. They spoke of a fever epidemic. In the busy port city of Philadelphia, 55,000 people were experiencing a dry summer with an abundance of flies and mosquitoes. Poor sewage management, privies, and cisterns for drinking water made wonderful breeding spots for the insects. This unknown disease sickened many citizens. Two thousand people died.

In the usual pattern of the disease, after a mosquito bite, a person would be fine for a few days while the virus built up in his system. Other mosquitoes would bite this victim, transfer tainted blood to other victims and the epidemic was underway. In the worst cases, in the first three days, the victim would suffer with high fever, headaches, bruises on the skin, back pain, fast pulse, and extreme fatigue. Nausea, vomiting and constipation would appear on the second or third day. Usually then the symptoms would recede and the temperature and pulse would drop to normal. The climax came with internal hemorrhage, bloody vomit, delirium and coma, followed by death. People with mild

cases would suffer from fever and headache. Jaundice of the eyes and skin contributed the name "yellow fever."

In Philadelphia, Dr. Benjamin Rush ordered residents to "leave the city." Congress recessed and most members fled. George Washington went to Mount Vernon. Many congressmen went to the higher lands of western Pennsylvania. Alexander Hamilton remained, was bitten and sickened, survived but suffered lifelong troublesome effects from the attack. Earlier, the congress fled to York, Pennsylvania when the British threatened Philadelphia.

As the French army fought in 1802 for re-enslavement and control of the black population of Hispaniola, 24,000 of Napoleon's soldiers died from yellow fever. Eight thousand more were sickened. Perhaps this major loss of forces led Napoleon to forgo his dream of a French empire in the Mississippi Valley of the Americas and sell the Louisiana Territory to Jefferson.

The Civil War was fought, as a Union Army Surgeon General described, "at the end of the medical Middle Ages." Twice as many men died of disease than of gunshot wounds. Elementary sanitation and a connection between hygiene and health were ignored. The primary killers were diarrhea and dysentery, followed by typhoid fever and malaria. Other troubling diseases were smallpox, cholera, pneumonia, mumps, chicken pox, whooping cough, measles, tuberculosis and even some scurvy. Yellow fever lagged in those war-torn years. Small outbreaks occurred in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, New Orleans, Baltimore, and Washington. As luck would have it, there was never an epidemic outbreak of yellow fever in the troops on either side.

Many cities across the country experienced large sporadic outbreaks. It became clear that the disease occurred in humid, damp coastal areas, but the vector was unknown. Some thought yellow fever spread from contact, coughing, food, and other methods. Spread of the epidemics followed rivers and railroads. A single infected traveler could bring

trouble to an area thought to be unthreatened. As the disease moved from one location to another, many commercial interests would prevent the local authorities from declaring quarantines that might stop all traffic and business, as well as the threat of epidemic. Other cities, expecting to be a target because of their location, would use military or police to stop all entrance. Usually efforts of that kind failed as someone or some mosquito would get across the lines.

With no clear explanation, someone noticed that prisoners confined within a 15-foot wall were less susceptible to the disease. Those who slept on higher floors *usually* escaped the infection. There were many ideas about how the disease was transmitted. In 1900, Dr. Walter Reed and a few courageous doctors and volunteers finally proved, without a doubt, that mosquitoes were the agent of transmission. This work was at their station in Cuba following the Spanish American War. He carefully eliminated all other possibilities, then infected and re-infected using only mosquito bites as the exposure. About half of the American troops stationed in Cuba were infected by either yellow fever or typhoid fever. Sources of unclean water were removed and the typhoid was slowed. After an aggressive effort to dispose of the stagnant water in pools, tires, and other places of standing water, mosquitoes were greatly reduced and Cuba's yellow fever problems were greatly reduced. Insecticides also helped to bring the disease under control.

Major General William C. Gorgas, the Surgeon General, against much political opposition, controlled mosquitoes in the Canal Zone and prevented both malaria and yellow fever so the Panama Canal could be completed in 1914. In 1937, Dr. Max Theiler of the Rockefeller Foundation developed a safe and effective vaccine for yellow fever.

Memphis in 1878 was quite aware of the epidemic in New Orleans, just a short boat ride to the south. Although efforts were made to stall the onset, the checkpoints failed and Memphis had a major outbreak. Earlier exposures in the mid-century did little to prepare for what was coming. A mild winter and a long and wet spring followed by a hot summer provided the mosquitoes perfect conditions for breeding. From late July until frost in October, 17,000 people were infected and 5,150 died. Twenty-five thousand fled the town. "The wealthy fled, the fearless or indifferent remained from choice, the poor from necessity." African Americans were thought to be immune to the disease, but that was proved untrue. Seventy percent of the affected whites died, only 7% of the sickened African Americans died. Perhaps some resistance had built up with the repeated exposure of generations to the fever in Africa.

Huntsville's yellow fever experience is best told by quoting from two newspapers in the city. The *Huntsville Advocate*, the Republican paper, and the *Weekly Democrat*, published by J. Withers Clay, the son of Clement Comer Clay, were both delivered on Wednesdays.

The *Advocate* reported on June 12, 1878: "A sanitary measure of more than ordinary importance has been passed as the 'National Quarantine Act of 1878.' It is particularly designed to guard against those two scourges to humanity - Asiatic cholera and yellow fever - the ravages of which have frequently been so appalling."

That same day, the *Democrat* reported: "Savannah has had a sad and sufficient experience in the yellow fever business. It is determined not to have it again. The sanitary condition of the city is represented as excellent. The quarantine regulations are more rigidly enforced than ever before. An improved apparatus is used for fumigating vessels from infected ports."

An update appeared in the *Advocate* on July 31: "That

terrible scourge Yellow Fever has made its appearance in New Orleans. Up to Monday night there had been 80 cases with 33 deaths. Memphis, Vicksburg, Mobile, Montgomery and Galveston have quarantined all trains and vessels against the city, and trade and travel is seriously interrupted. We trust the authorities may be able to confine it within the limits of the city and they may soon get the disease under control."

Helpless to stop the spread and frightened by rumors, citizens pursued every idea, no matter how far-fetched, to limit the damage. In Montgomery, the mail from Mobile and New Orleans was perforated and vapor blown into the envelopes in an effort to kill the germs that could be transported on letters. Still, a postal employee died of yellow fever. Huge bonfires were lit in the streets in the hope that the smoke would drive germs away. After the fever struck Montgomery, neighboring counties posted armed guards at the county lines to prevent anyone from leaving the county.

The *Democrat* reported on August 14, two weeks later: "The Yellow Fever prevails in malignant form in New Orleans and at Grenada, Mississippi and both places have been dreadfully scourged. Memphis and Mobile have established quarantines. In Grenada, hundreds have taken it including the Mayor. There is great panic in Memphis and thousands have fled. Some of them have come to Huntsville and many more are expected. There is talk of establishing a quarantine in Huntsville."

On the same day, the *Advocate* wrote: "Yellow fever has made its appearance in New Orleans. We do not expect it here but every property holder should proceed to organize himself into a committee of one to see that his premises are free from garbage and filth of all kinds. Forewarned is forearmed." Another report said: "The prevalence of yellow fever in New Orleans is attributed to the coming of fruit vessels to the city with clearance

papers made out from an uninfected port, while they are known to have touched at infected ports in transit. In these precarious times it would be better to disinfect every vessel coming from Cuban, Mexican or South American ports with carbolic acid, even if her papers indicate that she is all right. The risk is too great."

The *Democrat* reported on August 21: "This plague is raging at New Orleans, Vicksburg, Grenada, Canton, and Memphis. We hear reports of it appearing at Leighton and Chattanooga, but doubt their truth because similar reports have existed as to Huntsville and they are entirely without foundation. The panic in the fever-stricken districts has been awful and the stampede general. A family, coming from Mobile, was not permitted to stop at Decatur on Sunday last, and they went to Athens and came through by private conveyance to Huntsville."

The *Advocate* reported on the same day: "Hundreds of the people from the low lands of Mississippi are fleeing to the mountains of North Alabama. Our city will be crowded before another week. Our officials are on alert to prevent the introduction of the fever." And, "The New Orleans board of health has adopted a resolution declaring the mode of quarantine adopted by Mobile is unnecessarily harsh and the request is made that Mobile authorities permit the passage of through freight and passenger trains after being fumigated."

A writer from the *New Orleans Times* stated: "The extraordinary haste made by many surrounding towns, little and big, to quarantine against New Orleans, thereby subjecting their own citizens as well as ours to great and unnecessary inconvenience, is a striking illustration of the recklessness and selfishness of frightened humanity. This irrational panic appears to be a studied effort to make their so-called precautions as irritating and injurious as possible." Another news item reported: "The

Memphis board of health will keep no secrets, but will announce every case of yellow fever appearing." After a long discussion of the appearance and treatment of a patient, the paper reported: "As to the cure, no remedy has yet been found, and all treatment so far, even by the best physicians, is as empirical as the causes of yellow fever are unknown beyond conjecture." Another article stated: "As to the causes of the scourge, the old atmospheric theory has gone by the board, and the best writers seem to believe the poison is of animalcular origin, these animalcules generating and spreading over surfaces like grasshoppers and caterpillars, and being introduced into the human blood. If they exist the most powerful microscope has been unable to discover them. One fact that seems to point to their existence is that the same extremes of heat and cold that kill all other insects also kills yellow fever, whose contagion cannot exist and becomes innocuous at 32 degrees and 212 degrees. Yellow fever is always killed out after a good freeze and never spreads above 600 feet about the level of the sea. Acclimatization does not prevent and no person has a second attack."

From these newspaper reports, the reader can sense the terror and threat of the unknown. Every responsible person had to decide on the measures he and his family would take to avoid this disease. The always-asked question was, "What is the truth?" Yet life went on. The candidates in the race for the congressional seat were given much more space in the papers and letters from readers never were about sickness but reflected the strong feelings between the two political parties. Reconstruction (declared officially ended by the new President Hayes) was still progressing slowly thirteen years after the war ended. The Democrats, including General Joe Wheeler, strongly supported Colonel William Willis Garth. The Republican Party, including many Negro citizens, loudly held for Colonel William H. Lowe.

On August 28th the *Advocate* reported: "The scourge is spreading rapidly over a wide section of the country. The fever seems to be abating somewhat in Memphis. The Negroes are stampeding from Granada leaving the stricken with no one to pass a drink of water or wait upon them but a handful of nurses. It beggars all description. Total deaths over 80 and increasing rapidly. Two nurses are down and the survivors are in great stress. New York and Brooklyn have had cases. Nashville refuses to quarantine. Louisville opens her gates to all inflicted districts."

That same day the *Democrat* wrote: "Yesterday Dr. Dement received a telegram from Memphis, asking if the Huntsville city authorities would receive and take care of 40 children of the Memphis Orphans' Home till November." Three doctors, of the Board of Health, suggested to the mayor: "In view of the contingency of yellow fever cases appearing here, to provide a hospital there would be no danger in admitting the orphans in the city after 14 days quarantine two miles outside of the city limits and rigidly enforcing the sanitary laws." "The Mayor and Aldermen met and appointed a Health Committee to select a hospital.

They telegraphed Memphis the orphans should be provided with quarters for 14 days outside the city limits and then be located at the Donegan House if desired." The home of James J. Donegan, a brilliant and wealthy entrepreneur, then sat empty on the lot of the present-day Annie Merts Center, the office of the Huntsville School Board. Approximately 30 people, family, guests and servants, had once occupied the very large home until the illness of the owner. Huntsville had no real hospital at the time. A committee of ladies appointed to solicit subscriptions for the orphans met at the Huntsville Hotel. After the meeting, a telegram from Memphis was received stating that the orphans would not be sent.

The paper also reported: "A lewd woman from Memphis reached Huntsville last night, went to a bawdy house in Pin Hook, took sick, and the case is pronounced yellow fever. It has created no panic, and our physicians apprehend little or no spread of the disease. Its prevalence depends more on altitude than latitude. It has extended no higher than Memphis about 272 feet above sea level, except once at Fort Smith, Arkansas, 460 feet. Huntsville is 612 feet at the R. R. depot and 690 on the square by official measurement. Our city authorities have fenced in the yellow fever case in Pin Hook and forbid communication with the house where it exists."

No one knew the real cause of the epidemic. Medical doctors, who were on the scene, tried diligently to compare symptoms and treatment methods and results, but often were way off the trail. A New Orleans physician wrote: "Only ten per cent of fatal cases of yellow fever are the direct results of the disease. Fifty per cent are the results of improvidence in eating. When the fever has been checked, twenty per cent from improper treatment, and five per cent resulting from not taking the remedies in time."

From the *Memphis Avalanche* on August 27th: "Dr. Alex Erskine was taken with fever yesterday. His fever was reduced last night and Dr. John Erskine hopes the attack will not prove yellow fever." Several Huntsville doctors traveled to the areas where their help was badly needed. It took real courage to face the uncertainty of this horrible and unknown threat.

The *Weekly Democrat* on September 4 published a story entitled "The Scourge in Mississippi:"

Leaving Huntsville at one o'clock, I arrived in Grand Junction at 10. One lady had died there a few days before but no cases were there then. An acquaintance of

mine had poured carbolic acid in his hat, in the first fever excitement, put the hat on and the acid trickled all down his face. It took the skin off until he resembled a peeled onion. Passing Grenada at night the car windows are tightly fastened, the doors closed, and the train moved at 20 miles an hour. A brave operator sat in the telegraph office to tell the world the tale of pestilence and death. I spoke with Dr. Mauderville of New Orleans who was returning home from Memphis. He said it was the most malignant type of fever he has ever had to contend with. Five deaths occurred in Grenada today. Judge R. Watson, U. S. District Attorney for Northern Mississippi and a very prominent Republican politician is down with the fever today. In Canton it is not so bad. Nearly everybody left town. Six new cases and two deaths reported there today. The first fatal case was Dr. McKie who contracted the disease from a patient he *was* attending. There are 500 cases at Vicksburg with 25 deaths in the past 24 hours. *The New York Herald* has a reporter at Water Valley. *The New York Times* sent a man but he became alarmed and fled. Signed, H. G. C.

The few cases in Huntsville were all refugees from other areas. Three from Memphis were spoken of in an article from the *Advocate*: "A poor soiled dove, Ida Edwards, died of Yellow fever in a Pinhook bagnio (bath house). She came from Memphis and Dr. Goldman did his utmost, but the poor creature, deserted by her late companions passed away with all her sins upon her. Frank Engering from Memphis, came on Friday and died early this morning. Dr.

Erskine paid him every attention, but the disease could not be controlled. John Fifer, a printer from Memphis who was raised here and learned his trade here, came Friday. He had lost a brother by the fever in Memphis and had nursed him during his illness. He was taken down Sunday and is resting easy." It continued, "There is little fear of the disease spreading. The ablest physicians of this country and Europe are of the opinion that it is not contagious. Keep cool, stay calm, do not listen to nor circulate idle rumors. There is nothing to fear."

Staying calm came in several forms. *The Advocate* on September 11th wrote: "It is said that one of the best ways to thoroughly fumigate a house is the use of sulphur, this placed in an iron vessel and alcohol poured over it. The alcohol is set on fire then the sulphur ignites and thus sulphurous acid gas will be generated and will penetrate every crevice, hall, room, cellar and attic. Every germ of disease will be destroyed and perfect freedom from infection insured."

Another page told: "Only one death from the fever among the hundreds of refugees who have come among us. A child, Paulina Solomon, was brought here by her parents from Brownsville, Tennessee. She was sick but a short time then died. Mrs. John Brodie, who came from Memphis and was eleven miles out in the county, died last Wednesday. These cases have given it a good test and it has not attacked any of our citizens."

The Democrat reported on September 11: "Two new cases of persons from Memphis have occurred. Miss Birdie Holt, sister of our clever Express agent, and Mary Eliza Turner. Miss Holt was attacked after 13 days absence from Memphis and Mary Eliza after only a few days."

Again, and again we realize the readers of these papers had no understanding of the real cause of the fever. *The Advocate* told a story placed in Tuscaloosa: "Two refugees from Vicksburg had the fever last week. One died and one

recovered. Both were boys and they were quite imprudent in walking one and a half miles, in the sun, to the University bathhouse and bathing in the cold water. The seeds of the disease might have been expelled without development in this anti-malarious locality, had the boys been more prudent."

A *Democrat* obituary appeared on September 11: "In the Big Cove in this county. On Sept. 7, 1878, of convulsions. Mamie, infant child of the late Fred Schaudies, Jr., aged 3 months. She was brought sick from Memphis and the Schaudies, Sr., her grandparents, took the little innocent to the country and camping out, nursed it till its death, fearing it might have yellow fever." A list of four more deaths pointed out they all had come from Memphis.

On September 25, the *Advocate* reported: "Dr. John Erskine, who left Huntsville and located in Memphis after the war, died of yellow fever in that city Tuesday morning. A noble man has fallen. He was President of the Board of Health of Memphis and labored for poor stricken humanity with no hope of reward." Many doctors and nurses were lost to the disease in 1878. Also, "All our convalescents, Mr. Fifer, Miss Birdie Holt, and Mary Eliza Turner are doing finely. There are no new cases."

The October 9 issue of the *Democrat* reported: "The fever seems to be abating in New Orleans, Memphis and most other cities and towns. Tuscumbia reports two cases and the people have stampeded. The Memphis and Charlestown railroad shop hands have come to Huntsville. Florence reported 23 deaths in the last 30 days, all confined to a small area around a brickyard pond. Decatur has had 40 to 60 cases, most comparatively mild with only 6 to 8 deaths. Doctors Dement, Lowry and Clopton have been there."

The October 16th *Democrat* gave a scorecard of other cities. Decatur had 15 sick, 3 deaths, total cases 117; Chattanooga had 26 new cases, 22 deaths; Memphis had 100 new cases, 39 deaths; Tuscumbia had 2 new cases, no deaths; Vicksburg had 28 deaths in the last 24 hours, new cases 183; total cases to

date 11,720, deaths 3,519; Athens, original yellow fever here, people vamoosing; Huntsville, no resident cases to date. It is impossible to make all these numbers add up. Excited reporting, fear for community and maybe a bit of stretching the story made for inaccurate totals.

The end appeared on October 23rd when *The Advocate* wrote: "Jack Frost gave Bronze John a black eye last Saturday morning. Let's hope it was a settler." On October 30, *The Democrat* wrote: "Jack Frost has met and conquered Yellow Jack. All along the line the Boards of Health pronounce him dead and invite refugees to return home."

Still the biggest headlines were reserved for politics. *The Advocate's* headline on November 6 was not about the end of the terrible epidemic: "VICTORY, Hallelujah, 'Tis Done. The People Triumphant. The election of Col. Lowe will reach 2,000 majority. Col William M. Lowe is our next congressman."

It took time for the average person to realize the full extent of the epidemic. The report of the Fever Commission appeared in the November 27 issue of the *Weekly Democrat*. The important and nationally known group reported a sufficient amount of evidence had been taken to state the first case was brought to New Orleans in June by conveyances unknown. Among the conclusions were, nearly all inland towns in the United States were guilty of neglecting drainage, deposits of fetid and refuse animal and vegetable matter, and were inattentive to the purity of drinking water. The transmission of the disease was due to human contact. In some cases the poison was carried in clothing or about the persons going from infected districts or in such forms as cotton bagging or other goods. The weight of testimony was very pronounced against the further use of disinfectants. Personal prophylaxis, drugs or other means, was proven a constant failure. And quarantine, effectively provided, protected its subjects from attacks of yellow fever.

Many cities reacted like Memphis in the next year and with good public health leadership, worked to remove sewage effectively and drain the wet areas and low ground. About 12 more years passed before the mystery was solved. Dr. Walter Reed and his selfless workers provided the exact procedures to avoid another epidemic. Although yellow fever still appears in some remote countries occasionally, no large populations ever suffered the deadly summer like this country in 1878. The citizens had provided care for refugees, their families, and the economy was not destroyed as in some other areas. Huntsville was very lucky.

DR. JAMES MANNING: MADISON COUNTY PIONEER, DOCTOR, AND LAND SPECULATOR

By Arley McCormick

It is 2015 and the intersection at Gallatin Street and Lowe Avenue in Huntsville is paved. Even the birds ignore the sounds of the city and the patch of ground on the Northwest corner is sufficiently unimpressive to ignore the idea that a stately home, once the largest in Alabama, dominated the intersection. Looking back 200 years to 1815, Huntsville had grown with the territorial expansion from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi River and was a center of commerce in North Alabama with two to three hundred people residing in and around the town. People of all descriptions, the landed gentry from the Atlantic coast, adventurers, squatters, men fleeing the law, and, of course, slaves made the town and Madison County home. One diarist records walking all the way from Virginia and never seeing a stone house till arriving in Huntsville. As 1819 approached, everyone in the Territory focused on Huntsville as passionate and influential men gathered to write a Constitution in hopes of being accepted into the Union as the State of Alabama.

Why is Dr. James Manning a key character in the early days of the territory and Alabama? And, why is he little more than a footnote to the history of the county? Dr. James Manning, along with many old family names familiar to the residents of Madison County, was a doctor and planter that, unknowingly, played a role in creating the social environment of Antebellum Alabama. There is no indication that he was politically motivated. He is not mentioned as holding a high office in the land. But, if he stopped his buggy and turned to his wife, Sophie Thompson Manning, and waved his hand toward the rise as he described how he would create a space in the trees and call their new home "The Grove" it was most likely the

product of land speculation and cotton. But his place in history may never have been noticed if not for the Weeden family.

Dr. Manning was born in New Jersey in 1775. Prominent families were acquainted with each other during the post-colonial period, shared similar social and economic goals, and they were always conscious of ensuring a proper marital match for their sons and daughters. Dr. Manning was most certainly a good match for the daughter of Robert and Sarah Thompson of Virginia. The date of their marriage is not clear but Mr. Thompson, being landed gentry, would certainly have been familiar with the prospects of cotton's future, cheap land in the Southwest Territory, and most likely encouraged Dr. Manning to make the trip west.

Since before the turn of the century, the Atlantic coastal states planters observed Europe's growing demand for cotton and they were committed to converting cotton into a cash crop and influenced the Federal government to make land available in the Southwest Territory. The Federal government was willing to oblige since the sale of land and excise taxes were its principle source of income. But, there were Native Americans to deal with and France. Beginning in 1805 and 1806, the Choctaw and northern Chickasaw and Cherokee Indian concessions opened up land to white settlement but that news was old news to those that had formed companies based upon getting rich quickly by purchasing land cheaply and dividing it into townships and sections before reselling. Martin Beatty was one of the first to buy and others followed including Freeman Jones, William Campbell, G. Harrison, Henry L. Sheffey, and Benjamin Estill, all forming the vanguard of future cotton producers.

By 1809, Georgia and South Carolina led the South in cotton production and coincidentally in the same year, the earliest evidence of Manning's land purchase in Madison County and other parts of the future Alabama black belt was recorded. Littleberry Adams with 17 slaves, one of two of the largest slaveholders in 1809, had cleared land and by 1810 placed

cotton on keelboats destined down the Tennessee and Ohio Rivers to New Orleans. By 1815, Adams owned 32 slaves and more than 600 acres of land.

The Manning history is sketchy through the early years when jousting politicians and planters were attempting to win support to cut away from the Mississippi Territory and create the Alabama Territory. Of course the war of 1812 and fears of Native American uprising dominated political discussions and challenged the growth of the Territory. Yet a steady flow of people came to the Huntsville area and it was incorporated as a town, the first in the state, in 1811.

There may have been an official peace with the Chickasaw and Creek Indians but it was often shattered farther south of the Tennessee River and the farmers along the Alabama and Cootusa Rivers were frequent targets for their grievance. Threats to Huntsville and Madison were common and the legitimate concern caused panic among the residents north of the Tennessee River on a number of occasions. After the Creek Indian War of 1813 and 1814, the Native Americans that had called the Southeast United States home since the 1500s, were forced farther west.

By 1811 Alabama was recognized as a cotton producing area. The output was marginal compared to South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee yet by 1820 approximately 11% of the cotton produced in the South came from Alabama. The state produced 30,000 bales of cotton, 10,000 from North Alabama including Madison County. Mr. Thompson had been correct and Dr. Manning was reaping the benefit of his insight.

That special estate Dr. Manning named "The Grove" may have been built beginning in 1815, but more likely later when cotton was clearly the economic driver for the county. It is possible it was inspired by his sons as indications are that Dr. Manning lived near Madison along the Browns Ferry Road.

Dr. Manning and Sophia had five sons: Felix, Robert, James, Payton, and William, and a daughter Sara and they generously allocated their holdings to their children. Dr. Manning watched Huntsville become a city, the birth of the

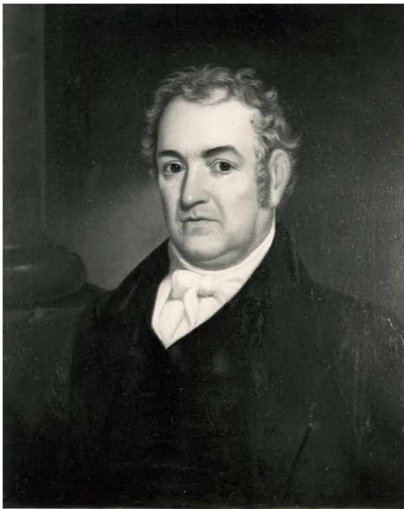
Alabama Territory, and Alabama join the union. They were there when the Native Americans were driven west from their ancestral homes to the Indian Territory in Oklahoma, passing Huntsville just a short distance to the north. He read about Texas becoming a Republic and then a state, the Mexican War, and all the while his real-estate holdings grew along with the cotton economy. He was an active participant in sustaining and nurturing the economic system that would eventually be destroyed by war. The cotton kingdom reached maturity by 1840, contributing more than 20% of all the cotton produced by the future Confederate States.

Dr. Manning died on May 3, 1841 at his home near Madison. His wife, Sophia lived another seven years, dying in 1848 at the age of 66. Dr. Manning may have practiced his vocation in and around the county but it is quite certain that his relationships with the prominent citizens of the territory added to his wealth and guaranteed proper marital matches for his children. Sara, Peyton Manning's wife, was the daughter of William Weeden, for whom Weeden Mountain on the arsenal is named and another Weeden daughter, Elizabeth, married William Manning, brother of Peyton and Felix. And, if it were not for a painting hanging in the Weeden House at 300 Gates Avenue, Huntsville, Alabama of Dr. Manning and his wife, details of their life may have remain buried in the aging pages of the Madison County archives without notice, similar to thousands of others that created the Cotton Kingdom and the Antebellum South.

THE “SALT KING” OF ABINGDON, VIRGINIA: HUNTSVILLE’S FIRST ENTREPRENEUR

By Gilbert White

Huntsville is known today as the technology capital of Alabama, the Rocket City, and one of the premier innovation cities of America. Countless successful companies make their homes in Huntsville. Many remarkable products that changed the world were born in Huntsville. Industry giants like Olin King and James Medlock founded great companies in Huntsville. For over 40 years Intergraph Corporation and other firms have developed new technology products that revolutionized business and industry. At one time the Huntsville Intergraph campus included over 3,000 software scientists, and at that time in the 1980s, more software scientists than any other single location in the world. Many successful entrepreneurs have made their fortunes in



Col. James White

Huntsville and thousands of jobs have been created. But, there is one Huntsville entrepreneur that preceded all the others.

Long before Huntsville was known as the Rocket City, a young enterprising entrepreneur ventured far from his Virginia home, and walked the dusty streets of this small remote Alabama frontier town. Before Alabama was a state, when the Tennessee River ran wild and free, frontier industrialist James White pushed into the Tennessee Valley and established a successful

chain of mercantile stores in river towns that may have been the first large retail store chain in America.

As a young 17-year-old James White left his home in Carlisle, Pennsylvania and worked in Baltimore, America's leading seaport. There he learned the business of mercantile, shipping, commerce and trade. America was moving west and White relocated to Abington, VA, the most western town in Virginia on the edge of the frontier, located on the "Great Road." He married and started his family and business in Abington where his home stands today next to the Washington County Courthouse. He built and operated a gristmill and sold necessities to pioneer families traveling west. White looked to the Tennessee Valley and saw tremendous business potential.

Salt was a commodity in great demand in the American frontier. Salt was required for the preservation of meat and leather tanning and therefore was vital and indispensable to all frontier families. Circa 1802 James White began producing salt near the present town of Saltville, VA. White's salt production operations were in proximity to the Holston River in Virginia. At that time America's rivers were the main route for commerce. The Holston River provided White a gateway to the Tennessee River which was the natural highway for commerce into the Tennessee Valley. Not only did White master the transportation, distribution and retail sale of salt, he also controlled salt production, thereby giving him a total monopoly on salt across a large geographic area. In 1812 White opened one of his first of many mercantile retail stores in Huntsville adjacent to today's Madison County Courthouse.

Huntsville became White's second home. His business success in Huntsville and the Tennessee Valley made him one of the wealthiest men in America. At that time, circa 1810, Alabama frontier towns were located almost exclusively along the rivers and included the Alabama towns of Bellefonte, Gunter's Landing (now Guntersville), Whitesburg at present day Dittos landing, Triana, Decatur, Florence and many

others, along the 652 miles of the Tennessee River. James White personally owned and operated 55 mercantile retail stores mostly along the Tennessee River in these and other river towns. His business enterprise was the “Walmart” of the early 1800s.

White’s domination of the salt market lead to him being called the “Salt King of Abingdon, VA.” To survive in frontier Alabama, families had to buy large quantities of salt each year. If you bought salt in North Alabama in the early 1800s you bought it from James White. He accumulated great wealth and acquired vast land holdings along the Tennessee River in both Tennessee and North Alabama that later became profitable family plantations in Madison and Limestone counties. White built a home in Huntsville on Madison Street in 1827 that still stands today on property he purchased from LeRoy Pope, the “Father of Huntsville.” He founded the town of Whitesburg, just south of Huntsville. Whitesburg was later burned during the Civil War.

Over his life James White made many extended visits to Huntsville from his home in Abington, VA. With his employees and sons he traveled into the Tennessee Valley by flat barge river boat transporting salt and other goods to his chain of retail stores. His return trips back to Abington were on horseback. His land holdings were so extensive that during the 337 mile trip from Huntsville to Abington he could always overnight on property he owned. It was said he lived in the saddle and was a driven enterprising entrepreneur with boundless energy. He spent much time in Huntsville away from his Abingdon home. James White and his wife Eliza had 7 sons and 3 daughters. Three of his sons, Addison, Thomas and Francis graduated with law degrees from Princeton University and other Ivy League colleges. They later managed his retail businesses and plantations in the Tennessee Valley and beyond as far as Marvell, Arkansas.

In October 1813 General Andrew Jackson traveled to Huntsville on his way to the battle of Horseshoe Bend. Jackson’s army camped near downtown Huntsville only a

short distance from James White's business. James White was in Huntsville then and was in Huntsville during the summer of 1819 when the Alabama State Constitution was adopted and signed. The 44 delegates from 22 Alabama counties ratified Alabama's first state constitution only a short distance from James White's Huntsville business.

James White's Scottish grandfather, Hugh White, arrived in America in 1716 as a prisoner of war having been captured and taken as prisoner during the bloody Jacobite Uprising. Jacobites fought for the restoration of the House of Stuart well into the 18th century and their devotion stemmed variously from their belief in divine right, attachment to Catholicism, and later with their discontent with the Hanoverian Dynasty.

In 1716, two ships, the *Friendship* of Belfast and the *Good Speed* of Liverpool, arrived in Annapolis, Maryland with Jacobite prisoners taken in the Rebellion at Preston, in Lancashire. Hugh White was aboard this ship. The *Good Speed* carried 55 prisoners. These two shiploads of prisoners were sent to America after the defeat of Mar and Derwentwater's risings in 1715-1716. Listed among the exact Lists of the Rebel Prisoners is Hugh White, who was transported on the ship *Good Speed* which arrived in Annapolis, Maryland on October 18 in the year 1716. Hugh White and the other prisoners were sold as forced indentured servants to work on plantations. This is documented in a Maryland Government proclamation issued in 1716 that states, as quoted here:

At a Council held at the City of Annapolis, in the Province of Maryland, on the Eleventh day of January, in the third year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, King George, and in the second of his Lordship's Dominion, Annapolis, Anno Domini 1716. And exprest in such a manner as might be consonant to his Majesty's merciful Intentions of sparing the Rebels' lives and securing their Persons for the space of seven years in the plantations, and also to give due

encouragement to the Inhabitants of this Province to Purchase them for servants.

James White was a Colonel in the War of 1812. His ancestors and descendants fought in all major American wars and they were officers in the Continental Army - brave men and women who shaped our nation and state. James



White's descendants include many notable people who are accomplished in their own right.

The White family plot at Maple Hill Cemetery include the final resting place for sons Addison and Thomas, Grandson David I., Granddaughter Susan, and Great Grandson Addison

- Nephew Hugh Lawson White who succeeded Andrew Jackson in the U.S. Senate
- Nephew John White, Kentucky, Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives
- Nephew John Daugherty White, Kentucky, U.S. House of Representatives
- Son Addison White, Kentucky Congressman and Huntsville attorney
- Son Thomas White, Mayor of Huntsville who brought the textile industry to Huntsville in the 1880s
- Grandson David I. White, prominent Huntsville attorney
- Grandson John Campbell Greenway who at the right side of Teddy Roosevelt lead the famous charge up San Juan Hill in Cuba during the Spanish American War.

Mr. Greenway's statue is in the National Statuary Hall in Washington, DC.

- Granddaughter Susan White who wrote a diary of Huntsville life during the Civil War
- Great great grandson Addison White, Madison County District Attorney and Rhodes Scholar
- Over a dozen men who served in the Confederate Army and officers in both World Wars I and II and the Vietnam War.

When James White died in 1838 at age 68, his estate was valued at over \$700,000. He was born into a poor Pennsylvania farming family and departed this world as one of the wealthiest men in America. His life's accumulated business and personal activities are well documented in his family papers that are maintained for historical research in the Special Collections Department at the University of Virginia library in Charlottesville, VA.

It has been over 200 years since James White arrived in Huntsville on his first visit to the Tennessee Valley aboard a flat bottom riverboat. He and other family members are buried in the small private White Family Cemetery atop a beautiful hill in the heart of Abingdon, VA. Many of his descendants are interred at Maple Hill Cemetery in Huntsville, the oldest continuously operated municipal cemetery in the southeast United States. Maple Hill Cemetery



connects all generations and brings focus to Huntsville's rich heritage and our people who are gone but not forgotten. James White is one of many notable Huntsville citizens that are characterized and portrayed at the annual Huntsville Maple Hill

Cemetery Stroll in October of each year.

From their Scottish ancestral roots, and their beginning as forced indentured servants who were sold to work on plantations in colonial America, James White's family produced many remarkable and successful Alabama citizens. Huntsville carries James White's footprint today with Whitesburg Drive, White Street and the community of Whitesburg, all named after him - Huntsville's first entrepreneur, an Alabama frontier industrialist and the Salt King of Abingdon, VA.

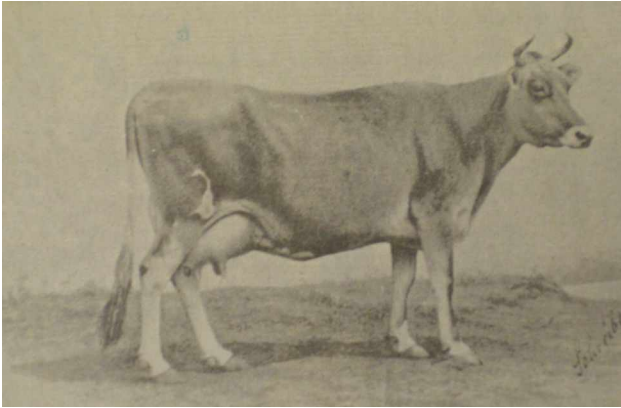
Here is the home that James White built in Huntsville on Madison Street circa 1828, just north of the Hospital. It has been enlarged remodeled several times. Today it is a commercial business, an investment company. James White purchased the property from LeRoy Pope. *(Author Gilbert White is a descendant of James White.)*

OF MYTH AND MOO: HUNTSVILLE'S LILY FLAGG

By Whitney Snow

When Lily Flagg departed Huntsville, Alabama, for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, locals wished her well, and most expected her to return home victorious. Known as the country's best butter producer, the bovine beauty had a legion of admirers, and while folklore says different, she did not win a prize at the fair and never saw Huntsville again. Dubbed "Queen of the Tennessee Valley," "Queen of the Jerseys," and "Wondercow," Lily Flagg became legend not merely in cattle records, but more importantly in Huntsville. Over time her name donned a community, roads, signs, businesses, and even beer. She became as much a part of Huntsville's history as its cotton mills, Redstone Arsenal, and the Space and Rocket Center. That she left a mark is obvious, but why Huntsville so embraced her is far less clear. Much of the Lily Flagg story is shrouded with myth, but facts show that such embellishments were unnecessary. Even without the folderol and pomp, Lily Flagg was truly one of a kind.

While sources differ as to the year of her birth, Lily Flagg, whose real name was Signal's Lily Flagg, was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, to parents Georgian, 6073 and Little Nan, 15895. When still a calf, her owner W.J. Clunn sold her to W.E. Matthews, Milton Humes, and General Samuel Moore, affiliates of the Monte Sano Dairy in Huntsville, Alabama. Moore, who managed the dairy and lived on site, knew this heifer was different from the start because when she reached milking age, she produced an unprecedented amount of rich milk, so much so that he and his cohorts decided to run an experiment.



Sketch of Lily Flagg. Courtesy of *The Huntsville Times*, October 23, 1992.

This test, which lasted from June 1, 1891, to June 1, 1892, was primarily conducted by herdsman L.C. Goodell who analyzed Lily Flagg's milk, cream, and butter. Her production of over 1,047 pounds of butter bested Bisson's Belle which had made 1,028 pounds and 15.6 ounces. Ironically, this announcement was made at the Monte Sano Dairy by Bisson's Belle's owner Valancey E. Fuller, an expert Jersey breeder, along with Hunter Nicholson of the *Jersey Bulletin*. Fuller had been hand selected by the American Jersey Cattle Club to oversee the last week of testing:

Day 1: 3 lbs., 1 oz.

Day 2: 3 lbs., 8 oz.

Day 3: 4 lbs., 0 oz.

Day 4: 3 lbs., 9.5 oz.

Day 5: 4 lbs., 10.75 oz.

Day 6: 3 lbs., 11 oz.

Day 7: 4 lbs., 9.75 oz.

When the results were proclaimed, a crowd of some 300 erupted in applause, and the *Jersey Bulletin* soon dubbed Lily Flagg "Queen of the Jerseys."

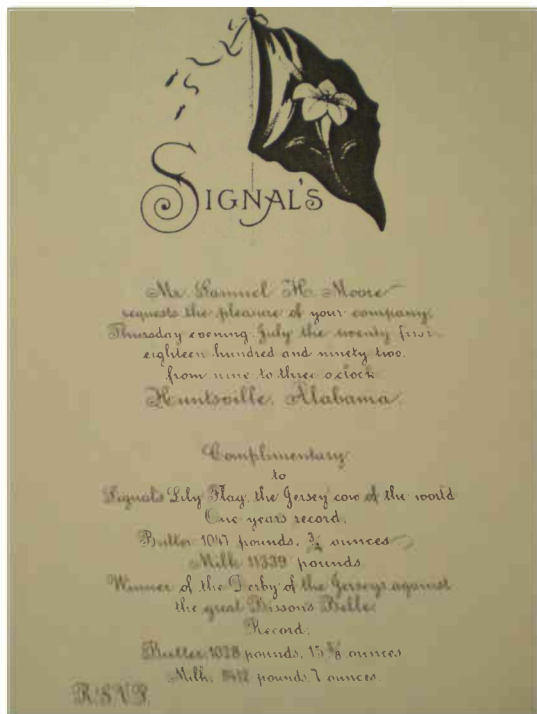
Given the press results garnered, it is safe to say that most believed the remarkable totals. Take, for instance, the *Waterloo Daily Courier*: “It is a little curious that the South, where an idea obtained that Jerseys would not thrive, has produced the most remarkable Jersey butter cow in America, if not the world.” Many,

however, thought Lily Flagg too good to be

true. Charles A. Morton, a skeptic in Fargo, North Dakota, wrote a letter to his local newspaper editor: “My Dear Sir—We never had much of a reputation for Jersey cows, but we supposed that when it came to a showdown, that we had the champion liar of the United States, but since reading the foregoing, we lie down, we yield the palm, we acknowledge ourselves not in it. We

weep, yea, our tears are of the brine, briny, and are numerous enough to preserve the butter produced by Sam Moore’s cow.” The *Huntsville Mercury* reprinted it and retaliated as follows: “What Col. Chas. A.

Morton needs is to leave



603 Adams Street

that barren blizzard chilled waste and come to the Tennessee Valley, whose responsive soil under a genial Southern sun, with a mean temperature of sixty, not only produces the fleecy staple, the golden grain, waving grasses, and verdant clover, but is the home of the finest cattle on earth, and Lily Flag is queen of them all"

To celebrate Lily Flagg's achievement, Moore decided to throw a party in her honor. He bragged about winning the American Jersey Cattle Club silver cup and said that those in attendance would be able drink "Alabama mountain dew" out of it. Over 1,500 engraved invitations were sent: "Mr. Samuel H. Moore requests the pleasure of your company, Thursday evening, July the twenty-first, eighteen-hundred and ninety-two, from nine to three o'clock. Huntsville, Alabama, complimentary to Signal's Lily Flagg, the Jersey cow of the world. One year's

record, butter 1047 pounds, $\frac{3}{4}$ ounces, milk 11339 pounds. Winner of the Derby of the Jerseys against the great Bisson's Belle." The venue for the event could not have been better.

Moore lived in an elegant mansion at 603 Adams Street. The house had been built by Robert Watkins in the 1850s. During the Civil War, it had been used as a base of operations by Union General John A. Logan. After the war, it was sold to Moore who immediately began making improvements like the installation of porcelain bathtubs. To prepare for Lily Flagg's party, Moore installed electric lights, painted the house Jersey yellow, and arranged for a slew of flower arrangements.

One of the largest gala events Huntsville had ever boasted, called "the doggonest, dad blamedest party that this part of the country has ever seen" by one in attendance, the gala took place on July 21, 1892. Many bragged on the décor of brightly colored bouquets, the dance floor, and the food courtesy of Moore's cook Zenie Pruitt. One account read:

A lover of beautiful things, Gen. Moore's home was one of the showplaces of the South. The guests were struck with awe. As they filed past

to see the prized little Jersey who stood silently among the splendor and pomp and in whose honor, it had been given, the orchestra struck up, and the festivities began. Laughter and gaiety rang across the lonely countryside as courtly Southern gentlemen guided their fair ladies across the dance floor, colored servants rushed back and forth among the guests passing champagne and wine, which from all indications was the most consumed of all the refreshments. Gen. Moore, who was a bachelor, was to have imbibed quite a bit that night himself and promenaded more than one Southern belle across the dance floor, to the delight of all. All that is, except Lily Flagg, who according to most reports, stood silently munching hay which had been amply provided, and who didn't even moo once during the whole party which lasted until dawn.

Indeed, the guest of honor was displayed in a stall in the yard and had a garland of roses around her neck. The *Mercury* reported that 500 had attended and that "Lily Flagg, the greatest of Jersey Queens," had "made Huntsville and herself famous."

An overnight celebrity, Huntsville could not get enough of Lily Flagg. The American Dairy Association threw a party for Lily Flagg on Monte Sano Mountain. According to one source, Lily Flagg's milk was used to make the ice cream served with a special dinner at the Huntsville Presbyterian Church. Someone with the initials W.D.S. even wrote a song about the bovine belle:

Well may the people of Huntsville feel proud,
of this beautiful city, so richly endowed, proud
of these valleys, and green fertile hills, railroads,
hotels, and the 'new cotton mills.'

Proud of the boundless, pure water supply and

of yon mountains whose tops kiss the sky, where sits 'Monte Sano' an emblem of wealth, resort of renown, joy, comfort, and health.

Down from this steep, winds the quaint dummy line over trestles through gorges in regular decline. Scene wildly majestic, it rocks to and fro, till reaching the broad level valley below.

The fame of this region, long known far and wide, but never the country so published 'till now she comes to the front with the champion milk cow.

Lily Flag! Not as a royal banner unfurled, whose record is known, throughout the wide world.

Though strange it may seem, by the break of the scale brings matchless renown through a simple milk pail.

The songwriter hints that Huntsville may have longed to be known for its natural beauty, but that in a bizarre twist of fate, a cow had become its claim to fame. Huntsville citizens expected this recognition to continue after Lily Flagg competed at the 1893 Chicago World's Fair.

The fair proved largely anticlimactic for Lily Flagg supporters. Granted, her fame had preceded her, and many flocked to see the world class cow. One story has it that this notoriety worked against her for partly due to her renown, she was not allowed to compete. Another has it that her caretaker, naively hoping she would produce more, failed to milk her for several days. This resulted in her developing "milk fever." *The Book of the Fair, World's Columbian Exposition, 1893* stated, "Thus it was that Jersey milch cow, Signal's Lily Flag, valued at \$15,000, and considered the queen of her race, was not permitted to enter the lists, for though with a record of more than 1,000 pounds of butter a year, at her preliminary trial she failed to meet the expectations of her admirers." Even so, Lily

Flagg was still rated a prize Jersey and made national headlines. In reference to her, the *Ohio Democrat* exclaimed, "We'll all rally around that Flagg—long may she wave." As predicted, Lily Flagg continued to wow but not in Huntsville.

Lily Flagg never returned to Alabama. She was bought by C.I. Hood, owner of Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood Farm in Lowell, Massachusetts, for about \$10,000. Eager to add to his herd, he had set about buying several World's Fair winners like Brown Bessie and Merry Maiden. Even though she won no prize, Lily Flagg likely appealed to him because of her renown as the world's top butter producer. In fact, the *Boston Daily Globe* noted that among his collection, his two favorites were Merry Maiden and Lily Flagg. After her purchase by Hood, Huntsville lost track of Lily Flagg.

Some Huntsville locals imagined that Lily Flagg died shortly after being purchased by Hood. In reality, she lived a good many years, long enough to drop several calves like Signella M. and Jennie Fordyce, both of which achieved impressive butter records. One man who happened to see her at Hood Farm described Lily Flagg:

This cow has proved herself to be one of the greatest dairy cows living, and at the same time she captivates the eye by her wonderful beauty of form. She has the general wedge shape of body, the round barrel, the loose, soft skin and golden color, the clean-cut head and waxy horns, and, above all, perhaps a wonderful development of udder—Not so remarkable in size as it is in splendid shape, particularly in the forepart of the udder, in distinction to the pinched appearance so often seen in that part....

Much as she had been admired in Huntsville, it seems Lily Flagg continued to turn heads. Although it is not known how long she lived, myriad sources mention her children and grandchildren. Inevitably, Lily Flagg died. However, in

Huntsville, her memory remained vibrant.

Numerous erroneous claims have been made about Lily Flagg, but three stand out more than the others. One myth revolves around Moore's gala being a welcome home party for Lily Flagg who returned to Huntsville from Chicago as a first prize winner.

Matthews' daughter Lucile tried to rebut it with her recollection: "Lily Flagg ...went to Chicago, but never returned." Another myth holds that at Moore's party, Lily Flagg's stall was in the house. For example, in one article, an author wrote, "Lily Flagg, who stood contentedly on a silver platform under a flowered mantel in one of the twin parlors. Not a guest was shocked as the choice of location for the honored guest." One of Moore's great-nephews later said, "My great uncle was real proud of that cow, but he didn't think enough of her to keep her in the house." The most common myth that she won first place at the Chicago World's Fair has appeared in an array of newspapers, including *The Washington Post*. Why are these myths still embraced? When it comes to the first and third, likely because locals remember her as without peer and hate to think she was sold. As to the second, it is just plain fun to imagine a farm animal in the house. Perhaps the novelty of Lily Flagg is why she left such an impression, one that continues to this day.

On July 21, 1981, the 89th anniversary of the Moore party, the Twickenham Historic Preservation District Association threw another celebration for Lily Flagg. Held at the old Moore house, then owned by his great-nephew Harry Moore Rhett, Jr., 400 people attended and marveled at a replica of Lily Flagg. Years later, on October 24, 1992, a Lily Flagg Centennial Celebration took place at the Courthouse Square. In addition to music, dancing, craft stands, and food vendors, the party also had a Borden cow named Elsie in memory of Lily Flagg. As an added attraction, those in attendance bid on how much then Huntsville Mayor Steve Hettinger could milk.

Aside from soirees, Lily Flagg is remembered in a variety of other ways in Huntsville. Even though the Monte Sano Dairy

was in northern Huntsville, a community south of town took the name Lily Flagg sometime before 1906. To this day, this part of city has businesses, an apartment complex, and even a street named after the cow. Even a Huntsville-produced beer is called Lily Flagg. Huntsville native Doris B. Gilbreath wrote a children's book titled *Lily Flagg*. Lily Flagg was also featured in the novel *The Hotel Monte Sano* by Charles Farley. A journalist for the *Mobile Register* even claimed that Alabama novelist Fannie Flagg had joked about being kin to Lily. In the words of *Huntsville Times* journalist Mike Kaylor, "When she [Lily Flagg] departed Huntsville in 1893, she left a legend that would etch her name in the city's honor roll—along with those like Wernher von Braun, pioneering space traveler monkey Miss Baker, and New York Yankees pitcher Jimmy Key." Once declared "Pride of the South and Champion of the World," Lily Flagg's time in the national limelight may have been brief, but her fame lives eternal in Huntsville.

AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL: CELEBRATION AND BARBECUES IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MADISON COUNTY, ALABAMA

By Nancy Rohr



Entertainment in the first days of Alabama statehood had both distinct unsettled roughness and a deep respect for past shared experiences. Rural pioneers were entrenched in isolation until they could find a common purpose to share with others. Young men and boys everywhere gathered to show off and compete with one another; men were required to turn out for muster at militia practice. Quilting bees, cabin or barn raising, corn husking, weddings, funerals (most often performed quickly in the humid South), church, brush arbor, and revival meetings encouraged the entire family to attend neighborhood gatherings. In town, ceremonial gatherings united the people as a community. Dinners honored visiting

celebrities such as hoped-for future president, Andrew Jackson, or current President (James Monroe). Barbecues everywhere allowed as many people who could fit into the space to enjoy food and drink, the news of the day, a bit of gossip and neighborliness.

Three Cheers and Hurrahs: Celebrate loud huzzas

Across the nation, wherever one might go, one singular celebration united everyone in the summer each year, as it does today: the Fourth of July. A co-mingling of civilians and the militia encouraged a display of common values and a show of strength that aroused praise for past patriotism and present readiness.

The grand Fourth of July events worked their way south as the pioneers migrated. For instance, the 1808 celebration at Occonee Station, South Carolina began with a militia parade, followed by an address by a minister, and then everyone “marched to an agreeable and natural arbor, where, in the company with a number of others, they partook of an elegant barbecue.” The spirit moved into the “Old Southwest,” or the Old South.

Naturalist John James Audubon apparently enjoyed his Fourth of July barbecue in one Kentucky settlement, where donations to the festive meal included “ox, ham, venison, turkeys, and other fowls.” But before eating, “A great wooden cannon, bound with iron hoops, was now crammed with home-made powder; fire was conveyed to it... and as the explosion burst forth, thousands of hearty huzzas mingled with its echoes.” After the cannon salute and patriotic speeches, all joined at the tables; toasts and dancing followed. Audubon continued glowingly, “The fair led the van, and were first placed around the tables, which groaned under the profusion....Many a national toast was offered and accepted....The ladies then retired to booths that had been erected at a little distance.” The men who returned to the table, “...recommenced a series of hearty rounds. How-ever as

Kentuckians are neither slow nor long at their meals, all were in a few minutes replenished, and after a few more draughts from the bowl, they rejoined the ladies....”

At the same time, in Madison County, Alabama, the festivities for the Fourth of July in 1824, lasting from dawn until almost certainly well after dusk, were recounted in the newspaper. The celebration “was ushered in by firing from the Volunteer Company commanded by Captain Dunn. After the usual evolutions, a procession was formed by the military and citizens, who marched to the Presbyterian Church where after an appropriate prayer by Rev. Mr. Allan, the Declaration of Independence was read, succeeded by pertinent remarks by Mr. Acklen, who was followed by an impressive and eloquent oration by Mr. Woodward. Two sumptuous entertainments were provided – one at Capt. Jones’ Hotel, [The Huntsville Inn] the other in the Grove. At the former, the Hon. H[enry] Minor, assisted by Col. Osborne, presided; and at the latter, Maj. Roberts, assisted by Col. Aiken.” They would recount vivid memories of the cost of their struggles, sacrifices, and the loss of loved ones from the final victory of 50 years earlier.

As the meal finished, the arranged 13 “regular” toasts were offered, ending always with one for the “ladies fair.” Depending on the events and news of the times, this was followed by any number of “volunteer” toasts usually given by prominent leaders, merchants, doctors, and lawyers, honoring the heroes of the past and with admiration of contemporary champions as General Mad Anthony Wayne and Simon Bolivar. The description of a celebration for the Fourth of July in 1825 in the Huntsville *Democrat* implied a great deal of cheer:

The Anniversary of the American Independence was celebrated in this place on the 4th instant with the usual demonstrations of joy & hilarity. A splendid barbecue was prepared for the occasion in the Grove by Messrs. Cross and Clark. Thomas Humes Esq. was appointed President, Robt. W. Roberts and James J. Pleasants, Esq.’s Vice Presidents and Logan D. Brandon, Esq. Secretary. The following toasts were

drank (sic) and the day was closed in harmony.

The day – Consecrated by the voice of Patriots – may its blessings depend unimpaired to the latest posterity.

The union of the States – May it stand firm like Mount Atlas, and glory, happiness and independence must be the result.

The people of the United States – Great in resources, courage and patriotism.

The memory of Washington.

Thomas Jefferson – The illustrious author of the Declaration of American Independence.

The Ex-Presidents of the United States – Their virtues are engraved on the hearts of a free people.

The State Governments – Their own rights and the general welfare promoted without party animosities.

The Army of the United States – A Lamb in peace, in war a Lion: its past achievements serving as the best commentary.

The Navy of the United States – The motto “don’t give up the ship, don’t strike the flag.”

General Andrew Jackson – The hero, the patriot, the friend of mankind – Long may he live to enjoy the esteem and affections of a free people.

The memory of the Patriots and Heroes of the Revolution.

The State of Alabama.

The fair daughters of America – Their smiles for the friends of their country, their frowns for its foes.

VOLUNTEERS

By the President – The Nation’s Guest may propitious gales waft him to the shores of his native land.

By Vice President Roberts – May we never lack a Kremer as a watchman on the walls of our Republic.

By Vice President Pleasants – The Judiciary of Alabama – Free and untrammelled, the safe depository of the people's rights.

By the Secretary – The Hon. Wm. Kelly – our friend though absent still present.

By Samuel Peete, Esq. – John Quincy Adams constitutionally elected President – Though we do not approve, it is our duty to acquiesce.

By Col. J. I. Thornton – The memory of Byron – the fame of Emperor's and Kings may be effaced; their deeds may fade; but his will remains as long as bright as the sun.

By Vice President Roberts – General Andrew Jackson – The conqueror of the invincibles; the inflexible statesman – may a grateful Republic, yet place him in the Presidential chair.

By Wm. Acklen, Esq. – The American Fair – A brilliant type of seraphic purity – no fairer boon to mortals known – no richer blessing by Heaven given.

By John Phelan – America as she is – Europe ought to be.

By George Fearn – The memory of Benjamin Franklin.

By Wm. McNeil – The memory of Wm. W. Bibb our late Governor.

By Matthias Munn – *The memory of John W. Walker, Esquire.*

By Anderson Hutchinson – Unholy Alliance whether to pervert the minds, enslave the persons, or pick the pockets of the people – Let truth expose, indignation crush and infamy cover them.

By Byrd Brandon – Israel Pickens, Governor of

Alabama – May his successor shed as much luster of the state as he has.

By Roger Stevens – Murphy our next Governor – May he be the DeWitt Clinton of Alabama.

By R. C. Rathbone – Freedom and Independence to all the nations of the earth – ours by the pole star.

By John Murphy – The Next President if not Jackson, let him have the principles of a Jackson

By James Long – Our next Legislature – May it be composed of Wisdom, Integrity and independence.

By Alex. Wasson – When we forget General Anthony Wayne, may we be forgotten.

By Maj. Fleming – General Andrew Jackson, the Hero of New Orleans.

By a Spectator – The coulter on the land and the keel of the sea – May all who hold the handle and helm find honor and reward.

By another Spectator – The Mechanics of Huntsville, the most respectable part of the community.

By Maj. Fleming – The whole World a Republic – No King but the King of Heaven.

By the whole Assembly – Simon Bolivar – May he persevere so that this inscription shall be made upon every temple of liberty “Washington and Bolivar.”

General LaFayette, the Nation’s Guest, had completed his triumphal tour of the United States and recently passed through south Alabama, at a cost of \$17,000 to the taxpayers of the state, and was soon to sail from New Orleans. Others names recalled heartily in 1825 are perhaps not as quickly called to mind today but should be:

John Williams Walker, son-in-law of LeRoy Pope, served as president of the Alabama Constitutional Convention and was

appointed to become the new state's first Senator. He had been in poor health and had died just some two months earlier at the age of 39.

The 6th governor of New York, DeWitt Clinton, was greatly admired for his efforts to build the Erie Canal. Locally, the Muscle Shoals Canal, Fearn's Indian River Canal, and Flint River Navigation Companies were current topics of progress.

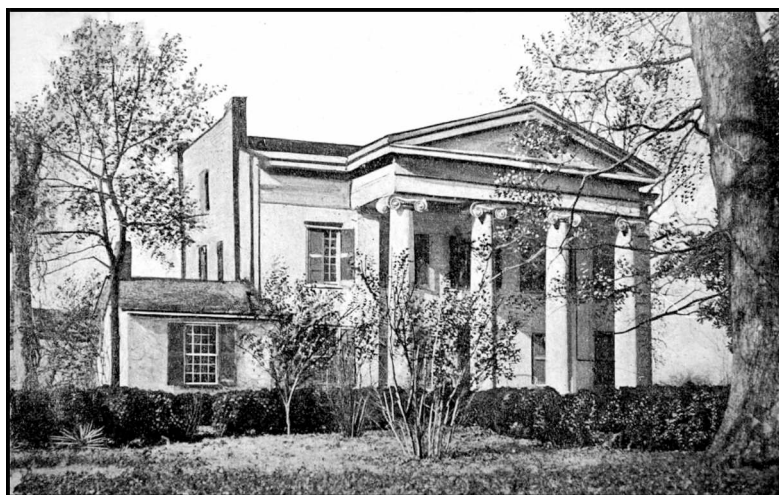
Even in seemingly backwoods Alabama, Lord Byron was famous among the literate ladies and gentlemen for his poetry, and possibly even more so for joining the Greek War of Independence, where he met his death. The attendees also praised fearless Bolivar and Washington.

The event described in the newspaper, "in the Grove," suggests an outdoor event for this grand celebration of leaders and hopeful leaders of the future city. As reported by the *Democrat*, this was a more sophisticated version of the traditional celebration. The article did not report on the food served, how long the evening of spirits continued, or who carried the men home. Certainly many of these men had accomplishments to celebrate and many more to look forward to.

The attendees of these occasions were well known in the community and appeared to be significant leaders. Andrew Cross, according to the census of 1830, maintained a household with one male under the age of five, two males between five to nine; two males from 10-14; one male over 30; one female under five; and, one female 20-29 for a total of eight people. They are not noted in any other census. An early settler, he died on June 7, 1836. To have made arrangements for the celebration to be at The Grove suggests he was a man with useful connections.

Clark was probably Dr. Elisha B. Clark who with his partner, Dr. Jonathon F. Wych, maintained an office early in 1818 at the market house. Fees were reasonable: \$1 for a town visit or depending on the miles and the circumstances 50¢ to \$1 a mile in the countryside. All visits at night were double in price. Later, Clark had an office in a backroom of the Bank Hotel

which was located across Fountain Row from the newly built Planters' and Merchants' Bank.



The Grove

Thomas Humes, Esq, came south from Knoxville to practice law in 1815 and applied for a land grant in 1819. He served as mayor of Huntsville from 1826-1828. The 1830 census showed no slaves or children living in the household. Shortly afterwards in 1831, his widow, Elizabeth, called upon her son-in-law, Joseph Caruthers, to administer his estate. Among the estate inventory items was a map of the United States valued at \$1.50. Their grown children included Eliza Lewis, Martha Speck, William, and Miss Mary who died in Huntsville at the age of 82 in 1887.

Similar to others in this group, Maj. Robert W. Roberts, followed opportunities. Originally from Delaware, he practiced law in Tennessee, moved to Limestone County in 1822, and eventually Scott County, Mississippi where he served as a judge and member of the U.S. House of Representatives. For four years he served in the 28th and 29th U. S. Congresses.

A Virginian, (Hanover County) by birth, now a merchant

and a lawyer with offices on the Square, James Jay Pleasants, Esq. (1797-1849) successfully involved himself in local and state politics. That he married Emily Bibb, a daughter of the second governor of Alabama and a niece of the first, did not appear to be a disadvantage as he mixed readily with state leaders. He served as Secretary of State for Alabama from 1821-1824. His was a prominent family with connections to the firm of Pleasants Bros. of New York, Cotton Factors & Commission Merchants, handy for dealing with his acres of southern cotton. Probate records show extensive holdings in Sunflower County, Mississippi and 1000 acres in Crittenden County, Arkansas.

Logan D. Brandon, Esq. (1803-1855) was the twelfth of Rachel and Josiah Brandon's 15 children. The Brandons migrated from North Carolina, with stops in Georgia and Tennessee before settling in north Alabama around 1810. (Logan's middle name, Davidson, was in memory of the neighbors massacred by the Indians while Brandons were in Tennessee.) Two of the brothers, Thomas and William, noted contractors and brick masons, built many of the early brick homes of Madison County.

Just a few years after this 1825 barbeque dinner, Logan Brandon was acquitted of murder. It seems that in 1830, Brandon testified against Col. Gideon Northcut at that man's court-martial, possibly in retaliation for an altercation of some sort. Northcut spoke to his company about the events. Rumors had flown for some time on both sides, and worse still was the talk in the community. At the muster field Logan shot and killed the colonel when he believed Northcut to be reaching for his gun. However Brandon was able to use as his justification the defense of the reputation of his sister, Mrs. Smith. The jury acquitted Brandon because this was clearly a case of self-defense and honor. Northcut had been very popular and the community remained divided in their feelings. That served little good to Mrs. Northcut when her possessions were sold at the steps of the Court House as required by law. A new widow, she now had three sons and

seven daughters to raise.

In 1843 Logan Brandon married Sarah Haughton and they moved to Monroe County, Mississippi where so many others had migrated and where he died in 1855.

The Honorable William Kelly, Esq. (1786-1834) born in South Carolina, came from Tennessee in 1817, where he had served as a judge in the circuit court. He was elected to Congress in 1821, and was called to fill the vacancy left when John Williams Walker retired from the State Assembly in December 1822. (Kelly surprisingly won by one vote over the favored John McKinley, who would go on to bigger things.) After losing the next election for that seat, Kelly returned to the state House of Representatives.

For a time Kelly, a strong Jacksonian Democrat, and William Long, the publisher of the Huntsville *Democrat*, were both influential and popular among the more middling settlers. They may have been the first to use the title “Royal Party” against LeRoy Pope and his Broad River cohorts. Kelly then entered into a battle that challenged the Royal Party and may have been a blessing to many of the more deprived settlers.

With his partner at that time, Anderson Hutchinson, Kelly sought a repeal of the statute of limitations for a group of clients in order to recoup excessive interest they had already paid out from the usury law of 1818 of Mississippi Territory times. When it became known that Kelly would receive 50 percent of the amount refunded if the cases were successful, his constituents abandoned him. Further, the Alabama Supreme Court ruled in 1827 that the usury law had been legal, and no interest would be refunded. Kelly’s downhill slide continued into 1828 when he instigated a bizarre “Trial of Judges” to depose three Supreme Court judges, but unfortunately for Kelly, they were vindicated. This was his final defeat. Ruined to obscurity, he moved to New Orleans where his burial site is unknown.

Colonel Samuel Peete, Esq. (1794-1877) raised near Petersburg, Sussex County, Virginia was a veteran of the War of 1812, graduated from William and Mary, and settled in

Huntsville around 1820. His sister Eliza Jane Lane and brother Benjamin Peete, also very accomplished, settled nearby in Limestone County. He practiced law and served as mayor of Huntsville twice in the 1830s. In 1833 he married Susan Pope and they had two daughters before she died in 1838. Peete owned the house at 600 Franklin Street until it was purchased by Dr. John Y. Bassett. The two girls were raised by their maternal grandmother, Eliza (Mrs. Benjamin Pope) in a household of “refined and intellectual atmosphere” at 621 Franklin Street. Mrs. Pope apparently did a good job with the girls; they married well, if that is any indication. Julia, after attending Mrs. Lamb’s select school in Philadelphia married William B. Bate, later major general, Governor of Tennessee, and later U. S. Senator. The second Peete daughter, Mary Irby, also attended a northern school, but once home her father continued her education with Latin and college studies, music, and even chess. After the Civil War she went to Europe to continue her French studies before returning. In 1868 she married Dr. Cornelius Dupre of North Carolina. Samuel Peete died in Nashville, in 1877 at nearly 83 years of age.

The toast offered up by Col. James Innes Thornton, Esq. may just well as been given by his brother, Harry I. Thornton. Lawyers both, they arrived in Madison County from northern Virginia with impeccable credentials. Their family connections by marriage and blood relationships included George Washington, James Madison, and Zachery Taylor. Their family enterprises included mills, shipping and of course, plantations and politics.

The younger of the two brothers, James Innes Thornton (1800-1877), graduated from Washington and Lee University in 1820 and joined his brother’s law practice in Huntsville. He moved on to Cahaba, the state capitol, to practice law. In 1824, James became Secretary of State of Alabama a position he held for ten years through five governors, a delicate task in politics anywhere. Reflecting his reputation, he was appointed to be the official state escort for General LaFayette on his tour through the United States. James Thornton’s house, Thornhill,

near Forkland is considered to be one of the most significant antebellum houses in Alabama.



Thornhill House

Colonel Harry I. Thornton, his brother, was the U. S. Attorney for the Northern District of Alabama (1826-1829) and became a prominent leader of the Alabama Whig party. Active on many scenes he was one of the two founding members of the local temperance society and a trustee of the Huntsville Female Academy. He relocated to Tuscaloosa, then to Eutaw, Alabama for two years. President Pierce appointed him to be the first Federal Land Commissioner for California, a noteworthy and profitable position, and he and his family moved to San Francisco.

William Acklen, Esq. (1802-1872) was born in Tazewell, Tennessee and came with his family to Huntsville by 1808. His was a second generation family, grandchildren of founder John Hunt. William's parents were Samuel B. Acklen and Elizabeth (Hunt) Acklen. William read law in Huntsville and began to practice in 1823. In 1826 he represented Madison County in the House, and was four times returned. Beginning

in 1823 he was elected state solicitor, a position he filled for twelve years. In 1853 he defeated the Hon. William Fleming for State senator, and served for four years. Politics can take a high toll; Acklen became weary of his early accomplishments. By 1858 the R. G. Dun Insurance Co. report noted him solvent, and with “no equal as a criminal prosecutor,” “but inefficient from indolence and political operations. Acklen had married Louisa King of Montevallo in 1832 and both are buried at Maple Hill Cemetery.



Belmont Mansion

Among William’s eight siblings were several high achievers, typical of the early successful Madison County settlers. John R. H. Acklen was sheriff for a time in Madison County; Sarah McGee relocated to Texas with her husband; Palmyra Coleman and Cristopher also went to Texas. Most notable among the family was their brother, Joseph Alexander Smith Acklen (1816-1863) who served as a federal district attorney for Alabama for a period of time and in the militia during the War of 1812. Later Capt. Joseph Acklen, after signing prenuptial agreements, married who was by most accounts

the wealthiest woman in Tennessee, the widow Adelia Franklin. At that time she owned seven plantations and 659 slaves in Louisiana and various Tennessee properties. They lived together at Belmont Plantation near Nashville where he continued to enlarge their holdings.

"America as she is..." so toasted John Phelan. If any one family characterized opportunity in America, Phelan's did. It was written that his father, Jonathan, was "An Irishman, of good reading and intelligence," a Queen's county man of Marysborough. He fought in the Irish Army as a captain at the Battle of "Vinegar Hill" in which the Irish were defeated in 1798. Finding it an appropriate time to move on, he married Mary Sluigan and came to New York (around 1800) when he was 24. He married his second wife, Priscilla Oakes (Ford) Morris from Boston, in 1807. After working in New York, he moved to New Brunswick, New Jersey where he was a cashier in a bank and unfortunately fell into "pecuniary difficulties" because of speculation in real estate. He moved to Baltimore, then to Richmond, and found a business partner in a Mr. Dillon. Together they began a soap and candle manufactory which did not succeed; accordingly they set out together about 1817 with their candle-moulds for the Alabama Territory, then "one of the remotest settlements of the West." As grocers and chandlers they appeared successful for a time, and Mrs. Phelan brought the children to join her husband in 1818. The Boston lady must have given pause to this adventure so far from all she knew.

Once in Alabama, their children helped in the family business, which, according to their newspaper ad, offered "New Candles, Old Whiskey, and Draught Porter which is neither old nor new, but just in its Prime." It could not have helped their situation that in 1820 the good Captain was "dreadfully stabbed" by a journeyman carpenter and his case at the time was a "doubtful one," although he survived. Nevertheless, "Old Capt. Phelan," as he was called, apparently was "too convivial in his nature," and this time "the end was pecuniary ruin." The sheriff, to pay off his debts,

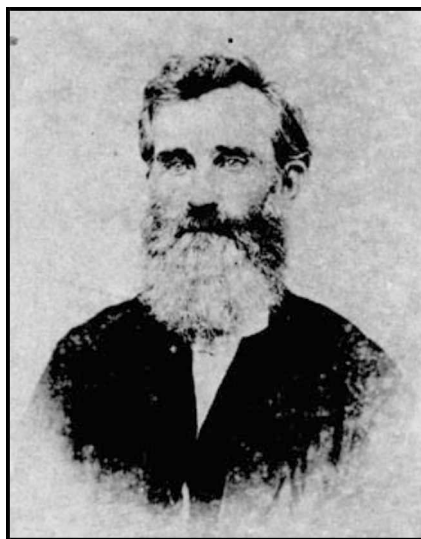
seized and sold all their goods. Priscilla and a daughter worked to support the family “by the needle” and the oldest son was taken on by Cox & Lewis as a “store boy” circa 1824. The genial father, John, had served his southern home as a City Alderman in the 1830s and in the militia as adjutant. The 1830 census showed a household of five and no slaves. Captain John Phelan died in Tuscaloosa in 1850.

Among John Phelan’s children, two sons did particularly well. John Dennis Phelan (1809-1879) born in New Jersey, rose from the family poverty with financial help first from a friend, Dr. Miles Watkins, and graduated from the University of Tennessee. Phelan became a lawyer but returned to Huntsville in weakened health, still poor. For a time, he tutored and divided that meager income with his family. Opportunities in Memphis and New Orleans faded, and he considered becoming a vagabond in France. In order to return home from New Orleans, he had to borrow money from an acquaintance. Once back in Madison County, Phelan wrote editorials for the *Democrat* and, as a result, found public notice. Friends urged him to enter politics, and his first gathering was at Cloudtown (New Hope) where, to get attention, he staged a contest to dance a “jig.” (Politics seemed simple, perhaps even simple-minded, then.) His stunt attracted the crowd’s attention, and thus began a political career in Alabama. In 1835, he married Mary Ann Harris and relocated to Tuscaloosa, where he became a prominent jurist and legislator. He was an Alabama Supreme Court Justice, Attorney General and performed many other prominent legal duties. In 1852 John Phelan was remembered as being usually grave but with “a strong relish for wit and humor,” who still enjoyed the dance and took pleasure in a good song.

Phelan’s wife, Mary Ann, volunteered with other women and helped establish The Ladies Memorial Association in Alabama after the War. She helped found Alabama’s first Memorial Day celebration in Montgomery and gathered supporters to restore cemeteries of the War dead, which were already in disrepair and in some cases, ruin. John D. Phelan

later served as a professor of law at Sewanee. He died in 1879 in Marion, Alabama.

A second son, James Phelan (1821-1873), was born to John Phelan in Huntsville and served as an apprentice printer for the Huntsville *Democrat*. In Tuscaloosa, he edited the *Flag of the Union* and became the state printer in 1843. With his wife, Eliza Jane Morris, he moved to Mississippi in 1849 where he practiced law in Aberdeen and developed a large practice. He served in the state senate in 1860 and as a Senator from that state in the First Confederate Congress of 1862. His bill to confiscate all the cotton in the South in order to obtain foreign loans created such a furor among planters that he was burned in effigy and defeated in the next election. James Phelan later settled in Memphis and practiced law there until his death.



James Phelan

The Fearn surname in Huntsville speaks of early settlers and success in many fields. Although they practiced medicine and law, the Fearn brothers were involved in plantations, politics and progress, as they proposed it, on a vast scale. Among other developments, George Fearn, Esq. (1798-1864) and his brother Dr. Thomas owned the Huntsville Public Waterworks,

the first within the state. George also stayed actively involved in the Indian Creek Navigation Co. through its completion in 1827. Perhaps less prominent than his brothers Richard, Col. Robert, and Dr. Thomas Fearn, George and his wife Elizabeth (Burrell) Fearn continued from Madison County to Mississippi. He relocated in Hinds County, and by 1850, was worth \$8000. By 1860, the census set his value as a merchant with assets of \$39,000 in real estate and \$43,000 in personal estate. Leaving his brothers behind served him well.

As early as statehood in 1819 Robert and William McNeil were merchants on the Square. It is possible business was poor or they looked for opportunities further west, for there are no available records of the McNeils in Madison County for that time period.

Among the early settlers who moved on was Matthias Munn born in 1797 in New Jersey. Like other young men, he saw the possibilities in the South and decided to relocate here. At one time, he leased the Bass Mills to grind wheat and corn at Three Forks of the Flint River. While in Madison County, he married Rosannah Feeney, a good Irish name, in 1821, and they had at least two children, Joseph and Mary, before moving on to Tusculum, Lauderdale County. There, according to the 1860 census he was noted as age 63, a machinist, with no slaves. His income was modest with \$300 in real estate and \$690 in personal estate.

Little is known for certain about James Long, except that at the death of his father, Daniel in 1833, James inherited property west of Meridianville, and in 1837 he married Ann Monsell. One might consider a possible relationship between this Long and William B. Long, the lawyer who founded the Huntsville *Democrat* in 1823. It could be that James Long was disheartened or simply decided to find his future elsewhere.

Anderson Hutchinson, Esq. (1798-1853), born in Greenbrier County, Virginia, studied law at his father's county clerk office. He went on to Knoxville and then to Huntsville. In Huntsville he was for a time partnered in a law practice with William Kelly, noted above. They represented debtors before

the Supreme Court of Alabama, appealing for their clients' compensation for debts extracted by usurious interest rates. Obviously he was popular at the statewide Masonic meeting held in 1824 Hutchinson was elected Grand Knight.

In a possible attempt to disassociate himself from the erratic behavior of his one-time partner Kelly, Hutchinson moved on to Raymond, Mississippi, then settled in Texas in 1840. In Austin he was appointed judge of the Fourth (Western) District and therefore a member of the Supreme Court.

He arrived just in time to become involved in the Texas "Pig War" which threatened diplomatic relations between France



Masonic Lodge, Huntsville

and the new Republic of Texas in 1841. Picture, if you will, an innkeeper's marauding pigs invading the stables and then the rooms of the French charge d'affaires - even his very bedroom, to devour linens and chew papers. When the Frenchman ordered his servant to kill the pigs, the innkeeper

thrashed the servant and moreover threatened to thrash the French diplomat! Dubois de Sailigny promptly claimed diplomatic immunity and demanded punishment for the innkeeper, Richard Bullock. Hutchinson presided as judge at the trial when the French government found a way to keep peace and offered a compromise as did the Texans, ending "the war." Peace was not so easily found for all issues on the frontier.

While holding court in San Antonio one year later, Hutchinson was captured and taken with others to Perote Prison in Vera Cruz, Mexico. Freed six months later, he boarded the *U.S.S. Vincennes* and landed at Pensacola. He died in 1854 and his widow received 640 acres bounty land due him as a Perote prisoner. Hutchinson County, Texas was named for him.

Byrd Brandon (1800-1838), an attorney, was the ninth Brandon offspring. He practiced on the Square with various partners, all distinguished in the community. In 1830 his household of seven whites had four slaves tending to their needs. Well regarded, Governor Pickens commissioned him as a Lt. Colonel in the Militia. Although he was already in poor health, President Van Buren appointed him Consul to Campeachy where he died in 1838. Brandon's will clearly showed his apprehension. "This pail (sic) and afflicted body of mine must soon sink beneath the cold clod of the valley...." His was not a shabby household as it included among other items for the use of his wife of 13 years, Mary Jane (Caldwell), their 12 hair-bottom mahogany chairs, the table, one Brussels carpet, their portraits, and his gold watch and chain. He owned ten slaves and a carriage for which, like the watch, he paid extra taxes. The widow might choose to live in town or at the farm on their 200 acres in Lincoln County, Tennessee (near his father's land). If she sold the property, she was to reserve the best cabins for the old Negro man, Billy, and the Negro woman, Nancy and see to it that they had 10 or 15 acres of the best grass land to cultivate for the estate. His two sons were to have the best education anywhere in the United States which

was to include English and classical education. They might choose their own professions. The girls' education was to include all the usual uplifting classes in French, Spanish and Italian, the piano and guitar. Byrd Brandon bequeathed to his brother, Samuel, his white Russian rabbit hat. (That must have been a sight to behold in downtown Huntsville, Alabama in 1838.)

Robert Stevens was likely the partner in Selby & Stevens, Watch Makers, Jewelers & Silversmiths, on the Square in 1821. Besides selling watches and clocks, the partnership repaired and cleaned musical snuff boxes. One might wonder how many musical snuff boxes there were in Madison County at the time, but with eight other silversmith and watch shops in Huntsville, competition was apparently strong and profitable.

Mr. Rufus C. Rathbone (1775-1842) presents an interesting jumble of information, most of it recorded accurately in the legal records. The rest of the story remains out of sight, and his descendants may have cause to wonder. What is known of his life in Madison County, Alabama is as follows: according to the 1810 Census, Rufus Cogswell Rathbone and his wife lived in Kershaw, North Carolina, with a household of 17 that included nine slaves. By January 1819, they had moved south, and there were letters waiting under his name at the Post Office in Huntsville. The census of 1830 showed that he and his wife were well established, now in their 50s and 60s. There were 14 slaves on his property and no other families with that surname nearby. His wife, Martha, died in Madison County in June of 1832, and in March of 1835 Rathbone married again, to Elizabeth L. Mason, 31 years younger than he. She was likely a member of the William Mason family, established here since 1809. They had connections to other family members nearby and the Flournoy cousins had been here long enough for their name to be established as a gathering place at Flournoy Crossroads.

One month earlier, Rathbone had emancipated his slave Betsey Liggins and her daughter Sarah Ann Margaret for good conduct and services rendered. Furthermore, he

recommended Betsey, he said, "with pleasure, as a first rate house woman, a good seamstress, honest and not surpassed by any servant within his knowledge." Betsey was described as "yellow, about 32" and Sarah, "age seven," and "almost white."

By July 1839, (four years and three babies later), apparently all was not well at the Rathbone home place. Marital discord existed, according to the statements made, "interrupting the harmony which should characterize such a union," and the couple legally agreed to live separately. Rathbone would provide support and maintenance of \$750 for four years to Mrs. Rathbone. She would keep and maintain the youngest child until the age of five and then "it" would be surrendered to Mr. Rathbone. In the meanwhile, Rathbone would have control, custody and management of the two other children immediately. According to the settlement, the youngest babe was not to be taken more than 20 miles from Huntsville. Furthermore Mrs. Rathbone also relinquished all rights to dower and other distributions at the time of her husband's death.

Whatever their differences, the couple had subsequent children. Sarah was born in 1840, but died within two years. A fourth son was born as noted in Rathbone's will. When Rufus Rathbone died in January 1842, Elizabeth and his sons Rufus C., Jr., Daniel M., George W., and Andrew Jackson were the beneficiaries of his estate that included 17 slaves, perishable property, and land valued at more than \$28,000. Messrs. Patton and Donegan were to serve as guardians of the children and establish a fund for the education of his sons. The two boys should be sent to a good manual-labor school, a current educational trend of the times, but one selected with a view to economy and health of the situation. Adding to the losses young Andrew Jackson Rathbone, born Oct. 21, 1841 died on June 3, 1842 and was buried beside his father in the family cemetery at "Slabtown" near Jordan Lane.

A suitable year later, in early May of 1843, the widow Rathbone married Eli Littleton Dean and they, along with the

three remaining children, moved to Monroe County, Mississippi. A new guardian was appointed for the children. Regrettably, Rufus, Jr. died there even before his guardianship was established in 1846. (Of this family federal census records were not useful and only G. W. Rathbone of Monroe County was enumerated in 1860 as a "gentleman" worth \$8000.) Elizabeth (Mason) Rathbone Dean died in Del Rio, Texas in 1896, age 90. This was certainly a woman with stories to tell.

John Murphy (1786-1841) newly elected Governor of Alabama would serve two terms. Although he was born in North Carolina he quickly found his place in 1818 in Alabama where he was elected to the House of Representatives, then the Senate and as Governor for two terms. He went to the U. S. House of Representatives from 1833-35. While in Washington City, South Carolina Representative James Blair read a letter from his wife to Murphy apparently displaying too much affection toward Murphy. In despair, Blair shot and killed himself in their lodging rooms. One can only speculate at the actual events or words exchanged that evening. Murphy, of course, never wrote of it.

The grandfather of Maj. William Fleming (-1867), Col. William F. Fleming (1729-1795), was a Scotsman who emigrated and settled in then-western Virginia and practiced medicine. Due to injuries during the Battle of Point Pleasant in Dunsmore's War, he was unable to serve later in the Revolutionary army. For a brief eight days in June 1781, during the confusion of that war, he served as Governor of Virginia. Later he became a commissioner to settle claims on unpatented land in Kentucky. Not surprisingly, his family came to own extensive land in that state.

Madison County's William Fleming, the colonel's son, arrived early and left his own mark on the people and politics of the county. Reflecting the ready violence of the times, Fleming appeared in the wrong place at the wrong time at the 1820 land sale. The crowded site was not well organized and "an affray" developed between Elisha Rice, local wealthy merchant, and Matthew Clay of Lawrence County. Fleming

attempted to separate the two men, and was wounded himself. According to reports, the cause was trifling and no arrests were made. However, in his efforts to stop further mayhem, Fleming knocked Rice's gun hand and was shot in the chin. Undeterred, Rice continued to attack Clay with his dirk, stabbing him several times before Clay could pull his pistol and fire "a heavy load of buck-shot against Rice's side." Clay was severely wounded, Rice only bruised, but Fleming was "horribly disfigured" with a broken jaw."

Fleming recovered well enough to be elected to State senate in 1821. Judge Taylor, in his history of Madison County, spoke admiringly of Fleming. The major was, "chivalric by nature and generous and sincere to his friends and courteous and forbearing to his enemies." His "harsh and discordant voice," probably a result of this earlier "affray," left him with imperfect enunciation, "yet the fun of humor characterizing his oratory and anecdotes pervading his public speeches gave them a keen relish, while his rigid honesty and sound common sense made him an exceedingly formidable competitor before the people." For over a quarter of a century, according to the Judge, Fleming was the most popular and influential man in that region. Later noted as a Colonel, he ran for the House of Representatives in 1834 and the State Senate in 1839.

Fleming's home site called "Tall Timbers," located on the Flint River in the southeast part of the county, required a workforce of 37 slaves according to the 1830 census. (Among the men at this dinner, he probably owned the most acreage.) Eventually he would have over 700 acres in the county. Among gentlemanly activities, Fleming enjoyed a position as officer in the North Alabama Jockey Club. William Frye painted portraits of William and his wife, Sally. Fleming died in 1867.

Alexander Wasson apparently came to Huntsville with ready cash in his pockets. In 1816, he purchased an empty lot for \$60 which he sold two years later for \$700. Although this was a fine profit for anytime, the new owner, Jesse Searcy,

sold the property within eight months for \$1400. It was the site of the future Weeden House. Wasson may have expected a better profit in 1824 when he advertised ten building-lots of ½ acre each adjoining Huntsville on the west, lying in the village of Mechanicsville, on the left side of the street leading to Athens and Browns Ferry.” Little else was recorded about this early entrepreneur.

One might notice that these are not the first tier names of Madison County such as Pope, Walker and their friend Tom Percy. Nor is Clement Clay mentioned in a time when social structure was so layered. LeRoy and his wife, Judith, may have ridden down from their mansion to observe the procession from their carriage. Senator Clay and Susannah might not feel the need to mingle with the crowds. (Surely they did not peer, gaping from the windows of Clay Castle, but did they allow their servants to watch the parade?) Those men had played major roles in earlier years, but now, in 1825, were quite secure in their positions. There would be no need to make an appearance.



William and Sarah
Fleming

Only one man in the group, William Fleming, could truly be

called a “planter” with extensive acreage in the county. Among the men who spoke at that impressive celebration there were at least fifteen lawyers – J. J. Pleasants, Logan and Byrd Brandon, Samuel Peete, William Acklen, Anderson Hutchinson, the Phelan brothers, one of the two Thornton men, Thomas Humes, Robert W. Roberts, William Kelly, George Fearn, John Murphy, and William Fleming. One might give pause to the number of lawyers noted here at the dinner. (Even if there were no others in town, and some were just visiting for the event, this amounts to roughly one lawyer per 93 persons inside the less than one square mile town limit, which had a population of 1512 people. How many other lawyers, not particularly in favor at that moment, were in town?) In these rough and still unformed years, land fraud was prevalent, and violence, as we have seen, was often just around the corner. Land had to be registered at the county court house and protected from the poacher, the runaway slave caught, the slave-stealer punished, and always the innocent protected. The role of the military and local militia added distinction and a title for Captain Jones; Majors Fleming, Roberts, Thornton, and Colonels Acklen, Osborne and Peete. Doctors Clark and Wythe were there. The others were businessmen. One connection not to be overlooked is that of politics – winners and losers. They were all in the running: Humes, Roberts, Pleasants, the two Brandon brothers, Kelly, Peete, Thornton, Acklen, two Phelans, Fearn, and Hutchinson. Who else within the group (speakers and others at the tables) aspired to hold public office, but never managed to acquire enough votes in this highly competitive setting? More men may have had aspirations, but only the winners are recorded.

A woman’s recollection of these celebrations might have been even more enlightening. Lest there be any doubt, women were in attendance at this commemoration. According to an account in the *Democrat* of September 9th, certain Eastern papers dared question the *etiquette* of their presence! This published “unmanly” scold was aimed at “some of the most

amiable and accomplished ladies of this place." Would the easterners "exclude them entirely from the benefits of civil liberty..." because, it was printed, "they never had borne arms in defense of their country, consequently, they should not celebrate its liberty." The *Democrat* reminded its readers that ladies were "not entirely useless in time of war" and introduced several examples of their zeal and love for country. Ah, those "cold blooded Yankees."

Fireworks of All Kinds

Formality required status and money, leaving many young men to their own activities. As always they found ways to entertain themselves. Young bucks often played at pastimes recalled by their fathers from their youth, and alcoholic drinks made events more noteworthy until surpassed by the next encounter. At the same time, official Huntsville city fathers constantly enacted regulations to maintain order and safety. The ordinances of 1832 reflect a busy year for local lawmakers.

Private billiard tables, a taxable revenue source, were not outlawed, but gaming and betting were illegal. Gaming tables were against the regulations, as were lotteries, thimbles, dice, Faro Banks, A.B.C. Tables, Black and Red Tables, E. O. Tables, Chuck- a-Luck, a three ticket lottery, rouge and noir, Rowley Powley or any other table game with the exception of chess. Cards or dice at any tavern or inn or public place were illegal, including side bets. Did that cover all occasions of public gambling? Never. How better to top off an evening of fun for young men lured to excitement than with throwing turpentine balls, playing at long bullets, rockets, raising a balloon or any other thing calculated to endanger the property or persons of said town to the peril of inhabitants? All were made illegal.

In an outdoor crowd, other entertainments might include cock-fighting, bear-baiting or gander-pulling. Horses were swapped and raced with bets among the owners and viewers alike. Challenges of physical superiority were popular. Young men enjoyed knife throwing, foot races, shooting matches.

Wrestling and fisticuffs allowed nose pinching, eye gouging and ear biting – no holds were barred. These activities lent themselves to the once a year celebration of the grand and glorious Fourth of July. Fireworks sparked, in every sense of the word.

Barbecue Served Up in High Style

Formal dinners also limited the number of attendees by the dimension of the rooms and the availability of acceptable guests. The barbecue, however, as it developed in the countryside, became an occasion for “the more and the merrier. What is there not to know and love about the southern barbecue? Although there are definite ties to the word Caribarbecuean, of slave origins, surely it is almost as old as fire. Colonial America adopted the Jamaican practice, and it is no surprise that rum became an early addition.

The Rev. Charles Woodson, traveling his circuit of western South Carolina in the late 1760s, shared in his journal the intense sensory appeal of barbecue, “I had last Week the Experience of the Velocity and force of the Air – By smelling a Barbicu dressing in the Woods upwards of six miles.” Continuing south, it was understood that, “Get ten people together, and where the Irish would start a fight, Georgians will start a barbecue.” No fighting, just shared good eats.

Not all barbecue gatherings were of mixed company. Gentlemen who enjoyed the companionship of one another found select clubs a setting for relaxation and pleasure. An 1804 poem described the loss of one local venue: “On the Fall of the Barbacue-House, Beaufort, S.C. During the Late Tremendous Storm” where the “sacred temple ... in mirthful glee, the jovial sons of *Pleasure oft convene*.”

Grog’s mellow radiance set their souls on fire,
Till Kindling into generous rage, the group
Caught inspiration from each other’s eye;
Then, bright witticisms flash – the merry- tale-
Satirical description – *jeu de wel-*

Song – and conundrum – in their turn succeed

Clearly “Sons” was the operative word for this all-male stronghold. A toast was matched, one for another, as the men were hard-drinking, hard-swearing, card-playing, and inclined to practical jokes. Their clubhouse was not rebuilt, but one may reasonably suppose that another stronghold was found for this mainstay of manliness.

As the back country became more stable and the over-the-hill settlers filtered, then poured, into the “Old Southwest” of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, social connections were increasingly important. Although pioneers brought with them ties of kinship, marriage, religion, politics, and foodways, distance reinforced loneliness which might be eased by community activities. Men, women, children, white or black, in bondage or free, often attended and reaffirmed shared civic values and friendships on some level.

Settlers brought many established traditions to Madison County. Lively events and an animated atmosphere often accompanied patriotic days, campaigning, and elections. Treating and offering free liquor and food was expensive, but upper class gentlemen candidates could usually afford the costs. For instance, in the 1758 election for The House of Burgesses, in a district of only 391 voters, a good time was had by all. George Washington spent £39.6s for “28 gallons of rum, 50 gallons and one hogshead (at least 60 gallons) of rum punch, 34 gallons of wine, 46 gallons of ‘strong beer,’ and 2 gallons of cider royal.” (Not that this was an attempt to buy votes, because that was against the law.) Nay, this was merely a show of the “candidates’ generosity and hospitality ... defining traits of a gentleman.” Note, however, that at this time, the only voter was a male land-holder who pronounced his vote aloud inside the courthouse before the nominees, who then thanked voters for an affirmative vote.

Generosity seemed boundless. Anyone could attend these barbecues, and voting credentials were not investigated. At the time of the first Federal election of 1789 in one Virginia

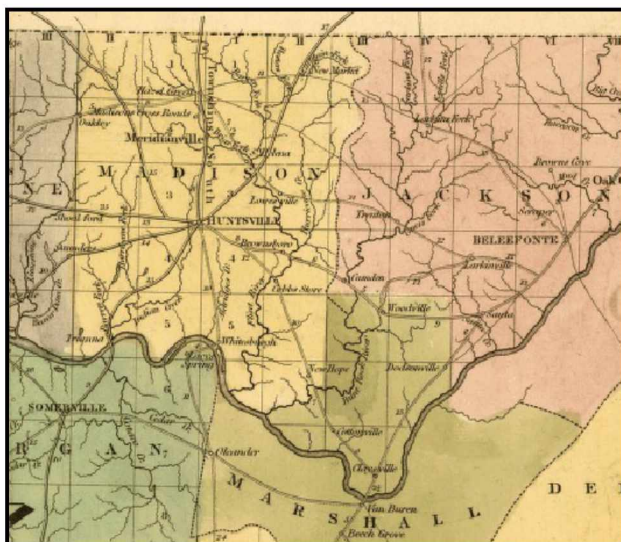
county, "ther Could not a ben less than 2 or 3 Thousand persons men women Children and negrows" who crowded around for a taste of the roasted oxen."

It should come as no surprise that many pioneers, by the very nature of being in transit and unsettled, displayed a hearty nature and little regard for rules. A new political structure would soon be established, and the 1819 Alabama constitution had allowed all white men over 21, not just landholders, to vote. The aristocratic traditions of Virginia, no matter how prideful, were left behind. The Fourth of July may be ceremonial, but electioneering on the frontier was taking a different turn.

On the stump in the early 1820s, a novice campaigner was among the first presenters that day: David Crockett. In the backwoods of Tennessee, he ended his speech: I was "as dry as a powder horn, and that I thought it was time for us to wet our whistles a little; so I put off to the liquor stand, and I was followed by the greater part of the crowd." Few voters stayed behind to hear the opposition speakers; and needless to say, Crockett won the election.

In the summer of 1825, advertisements in the Huntsville newspaper noted that barbecues were given at E. Johnston's at Flourney Cross Roads; Geron's Spring at Miles H. Powers four miles south of Hazel Green; John Bellew's at Ditto's Landing; James Scarborough's blacksmith shop two and a half miles from Ditto's Landing. Festivities and good eating could be found at George P. Harrell's Spring eight miles northwest of Huntsville; Levi Hind's Spring near Major John Griffins; the French Tavern at Hazel Green; A. S. Wright's house, six miles northeast of Huntsville near John Seay's Tan yard; Francis Bell's Spring two miles from Ditto's Landing; Section school house two miles from Samuel Moulhrum's, Triana; and Big Prairie in Madison. Other sections of the county where good company might be found were at Mullins Flat, eight miles southwest of Huntsville and approximately the same distance from Triana; Woodruff's Spring near Blevins Gap in the Little Cove; and William Derrick's Muster Ground, seven miles

northeast of Huntsville. If one wasn't quite sure of the host's home place, directions were given in the advertisement. Regrettably most of these notable locations have dimmed from our view and disappeared. As we have also seen, city folks in the village of Huntsville enjoyed the feast sponsored by Andrew Cross at one of Huntsville's two most prominent locations. The Huntsville Inn was in the center of town and the Grove, as the name suggested, offered a lovely accessible and sheltered location for townspeople.



Map of Madison County, 1893

Madison County was canvassed for potential barbeque locations. A local spring, a crossroads, and tan yard were prominent features. The militia grounds, already a mainstay of male territory where all eligible men were required to turn out, also served as a site for the tax collector, the voting place for the militia, and the polling place for elections. It was a site with fewer restrictions imposed by polite society or town officialdom. Most of the advertised barbecues were held in rural areas, out of the sight of the city, county seat, pillory, stocks, and the authority of the sheriff's office. Blatant visual reminders for propriety such as church steeples and spires

were also significantly out of sight.

Once the campaign season had started and there was a break in farm work, people might have time to respond to an invitation where the feast would be “as good as some, and inferior to none.” Moreover, people could “expect from the various office hunters a complete history of the past, present and future laws and politics of the State of Alabama.” A further look at some of the barbecue events from the newspapers of 1825 offers a study of hospitality and their sponsors.

A Barbecue. Capt. Robert B. Armistead's Company will parade On the 11 th of June, at which time a Barbecue Will be furnished by the Subscriber for the consideration of

This event took place at the neighborhood militia grounds where citizens were accustomed to go for drills, to elect officers, pay state and county taxes. Often the whole family and the entire neighborhood attended the practice. Muster day, with its militia practice and parade, was required by law for all men between the ages of 18 and 45. This was a necessity for home security, at first from the Indians and then from the fear of slave uprisings. Of course, it reinforced male bonding along with hearty eating and often-times serious drinking. It was the custom for military groups to elect their own officers. Previously candidates entertained voters at their own expense, now the candidate also became a guest to the host – men who had well-known names in the neighborhood. With everyone gathered already, food and drink were offered and local candidates came to seek votes. What a perfect combination for politicking.

BARBECUE GRATIS.
The neighborhood will
give a BARBECUE AT
Francis Bell's Spring
two miles from Ditto's
on Friday the 29th

BARBECUE as good as some!!
Splendid BARBECUE at my
house on the
Triana Road near Stamps,
Candidates and voters are
invited

An Election for Captain and
A Barbecue
Will be at David Clutts, on
Thursday the 16th inst.
The candidates for the
different offices are
expected to attend
and a large concourse of the
citizens

Captain Robert Burbage Armistead settled in the northern part of the county near Winchester Road along the Flint River and married Mary Bass, a daughter of Uriah Bass, himself an active farmer and entrepreneur. The barbecue host, Samuel Vest, was of comfortable means. He, his wife and their eight children farmed 150 acres and had five slaves. Vest died in 1830.

As announced, Francis Bell's barbecue was at his spring two miles from Ditto's Landing and the price was right for all. Originally Bell settled in 1812 on Indian Creek, but moved to join relatives south of Elon off Hobbs Island Road, west of Whitesburg Pike.

At some point, Francis Bell bought over 600 acres of land in south Madison County. It was located just above the

Tennessee River, with one plantation of 400 acres along the macadamized roadway. (The roadway would not remain wide enough in the future. Some of the “mountain” to the west of South Memorial Parkway, called Bell Mountain, was removed when the Parkway was developed into four lanes.) In 1830 he owned seven slaves, but maintained 17 slaves by 1840. He wed Nancy Richards in 1841 (his second or third marriage) and, when widowed, married Charlotte Claupa in 1847. She died in her 27th year in 1855, leaving her husband with three small children. Francis Bell, who was considered to be an aged and worthy citizen by his peers, died at his residence near Whitesburg in September 1857.

His estate was given to his children and their descendants, five of his grown children having predeceased him. Bell had done quite well by the standards of that day or any other. His estate included among other items a gold lady’s watch and chain, \$36,000 in perishable property that included 39 slaves and 42,748 pounds of cotton sold at 9½¢, less his debts still came to over \$11,000.

William Graves Bouldin (1792-1857) was a son of Capt. Green Bouldin originally of Henry County, Virginia. He, his wife, Mary Graves, and several children migrated to north Alabama about 1819. Graves Bouldin, as he was called, married a neighbor, Elizabeth Hammonds, in 1821. (Eli Hammonds, her father was noted in the community as a fine soldier and a friend of Andrew Jackson.) Bouldin’s assets grew to ownership of seven slaves in 1830, and by 1840 he had seventeen. Driven by political aspirations, he ran for tax collector in 1834, and in 1840 he was at a Democratic Meeting that included John C. Thompson, Esq., Capt. G. Steele, Col. Robert Hancock, Maj. W. Fleming, C. C. Clay, Jr., and Col. Wm. C McBroom – all political figures in the county. The Hammond-Bouldin cemetery is just east of Harvest.

The location for the feast was at the place of David Clutts. A young man at the time, his name is one of the few remaining on the landscape of Madison County. The area was close to the Indian Boundary and some settlers, who were not

originally allowed to settle there, removed themselves just inside the county line just south of Harvest. For many years Cluttsville, served as a much used crossroads that supported merchants, a post office and a Masonic Lodge. The censuses show that David Clutts and his wife, Margaret, were both born in Tennessee; he held no slaves. In 1840 the household included 12 white people and 12 free people of color. His family had thinned out by 1850, when he was listed as a carpenter, property valued at \$100. Seven children still resided at home, next door to the Thomas Graves family. In 1860 there were three daughters at home; after the War, David, Peggy and 12 others with that surname lived there, according to the 1870 census. Neither David nor Peggy Clutts were shown in the 1880 census in Madison County.

A BARBECUE will be
furnished on
Thursday the 30th inst.
(June)
at the house of the
subscriber, four miles
East of Hzzlegreen,
and near Geron's
Springs. Good eating and
drinking.
A large collection of
citizens and candidates

Barbecue was good eating, but one can only guess as to whether the drink was in a typical brown jug, passed from person to person, as was sometimes known to happen. William Earnest hosted this barbecue at his house which also may have served as a Public House, or inn, located near William Stamps' place on the busy Triana Road. In 1822, Earnest married in 1822 Rachael Jones. He married again in

A FREE BARBECUE!!

Many of the good citizens of the Western
part of this county
have thought proper to join and give a
most

SPLENDID BARBECUE

On the 25th of this instant at George P.
Harrell's Spring, eight miles
North West of Huntsville for the special
benefit of all the candidates and
people in general. As it is presumed there
will be a greater collection
of people than ever has been seen at a
barbecue in any of the southern states
there will not be less than ONE THOUSAND
weight of meat
put upon the pitt, (sic) besides other
necessaries to give zest

1827, Agnes, daughter of Reverend John Nelson. A solid farmer at his death in 1827, with no children, his widow inherited five slaves among his other property. William W. Stamps, his neighbor on Triana Road, died in 1828. Having no children or wife, his land, 29 hogs, 15 slaves, and miscellaneous items passed to his three brothers. His two sisters received \$10 each.

Solomon Geron purchased land at \$2 an acre in 1814 along the Briar Fork, west of Hazel Green. During the battle at Horseshoe Bend, he served as Sergeant in the 7th Regiment of Mississippi Militia under Captain Acklen. This announcement was timely because he had recently re-opened his resort, Sulfur Springs, "in a fine healthy neighborhood with neat and comfortable cottages for the use of families."

According to family records, George B. Woodruff left Brunswick County, Virginia in the very early 1820s. Woodruff siblings who also settled here included Robert W. and Allen. Other families from that area settled in Madison County including Allen, Wilkins, Wyche, Eldridge, Manning, Vann - all to become prominent names in this county. Woodruff himself entered land in Section 26, at the south edge of Green Mountain known locally as "Potato Hill" about 3½ miles from

Owen's Cross Roads, between the Flint and Tennessee Rivers. Many of the family members were buried at the Inman Cemetery near Possum Hollow. In 1836, George married (as his second wife) Jane Inman. Judge Taylor mentioned the Inmans as poor boys living on Flint River, who moved north, and became "merchant princes in New York and Philadelphia, proprietors of the famous Inman line of ocean steamers....The last of the family who went northward to join his brothers about the year 1838 left Vienna on a sorry pony, and he is now one of the richest merchants in the city of Philadelphia."

The advertisement below exhibits a host, or hosts, not to be outdone. Who would consider **not** accepting this invitation?

With the exception of George Harrell, one may only guess about the other sponsors of this remarkable event. Harrell purchased 320 acres south of today's Hale Road and north of Martin Road. His death notice reported, "George P. Harrell, Esq., age 52, an old and respectable citizen of Madison County" has died. Although their names are not mentioned, this instance was clearly the effort of a group of like-minded men. They formed a nascent political cluster, interested in a candidate with the same goals in mind, or at least the promise of the same goals. Whether it be road improvement, the state bank, or the Muscle Shoals Canal, sponsors intended to influence politicians on the stump with the assurance of a large number of voters.

BARBECUE Free There will be a BARBECUE served up in high style on Sat. 23 rd at Captain Woodruff's Spring, in the Little Cove, near

Sobriety Is Exchanged for Intemperance

For all the communing and excitement, they offered, however, this free food and drink appeared more than unseemly to many old-timers. The behavior of the attendees

was, in the eyes of many less, than worthy. Wasn't it enough to attempt to sway the voter with merit? They looked down upon these barbeques as blatant attempts to manipulate voters.

Citizens of Madison County were not out of step with much of the South. As one observer wrote of an earlier celebration in New Bern, North Carolina, the barrel of rum was opened after enjoying the barbecue, "leading officials and citizens... promiscuously ate and drank with the meanest and lowest kind of people, holding hands and drinking from the same cup." This was a truly democratic gathering; by nightfall the empty barrels were burned and the party retired.

Hints of frontier changes made their way back north, as one editor complained that New Yorkers had adopted "the modest custom of their Southern neighbors" when they advertised in the newspaper, and worse, Yankees next might expect "...orations, barbecue and prime bang up knock me down whiskey frolicks."

Attitudes were changing in northern Alabama regarding barbeques, made apparent when this poem was published by the editor in a Huntsville newspaper:

Did you ever see a Barbecue? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it to you exactly:-
A gander-pulling mob that's common here,
of candidates and sovereigns stowed compactly, -
Of harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical
In hunting-shirts and shirt-sleeves- things fantastical;-
with fiddling, feast, dancing, drinking, masquing
And other things which may be had for asking.

The catchy rhyme appeared in the Huntsville *Southern Advocate* on July 13, 1827 as a letter to the editor by an anonymous citizen who signed his name simply as "Barbecuensis."

In actuality, Madison County's standards were no different than those of other states. As candidates in Virginia made

speeches extolling their own virtues along with kegs of drink on Election Day, the day descended to one of debauchery and brawling. In South Carolina one such event turned into a scene of “noise, blab, and confusion....much drinking, swearing, cursing, and threatening....clamor and confusion and disgrace.”

Sadly, for the candidate and voter alike, campaigns had become “a paroxysm of condescension and conviviality. A gentleman had to go about shaking hands and soliciting the approval of people who normally had to solicit his approval.” Would one, lower himself before voters, should one “take off his hat to people whom he would not recognize when the election was over. He had to dine with them, chat with them, and above all get them drunk and get drunk with them.” Could that have been the case at one Madison County barbecue, where seemingly innocuous bottles arranged on the table actually had the name of the candidate written on the back of each?

In Huntsville this growing popular sentiment was seconded by the opposition newspaper. Both papers seemed to agree, for a change, on a stand against the negative influence of such barbecues not to mention the demeaning behavior, the commonness, and even coarseness. That was not the worst, as other letter writers noted. The question became, how would these newly elected representatives consider his decisions? Would he “enact wholesome laws and promote and preserve the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the State, but if he will drink raw whiskey, eat rawer shote, dance bare foot on a puncheon floor.... and pull at a gander’s neck.” Would elections now be determined by how much the voter could eat or worse, how much he could drink! Not what he might read or write or even worse yet – think?

Here was a chance to blend with the wanna-bes, mix with the well-known, and even hobnob with the soon-to-be-famous. Was this newfound, temporary equality enjoyed by the many simply a vehicle to stroke and boost the egos of the wealthy few? “Ordinary men found themselves the center of

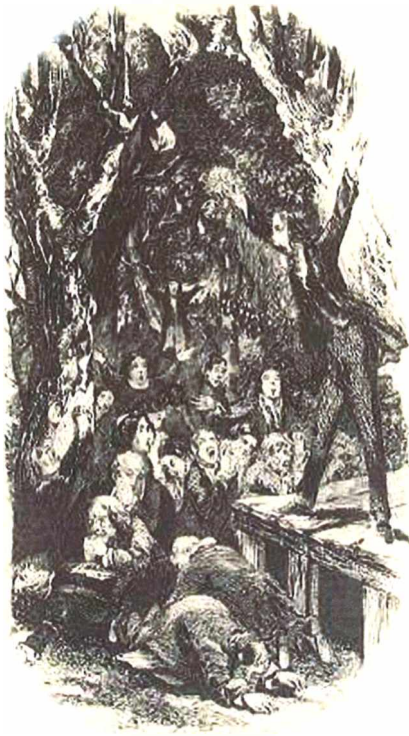
attention. The frantic solicitation of their votes elevated them to a position of importance they could not dream of at other times....” This often presented a make-believe impression, momentarily, of course, “pretending that people were equal when everybody knew they were not.” One would like to think this was Southern hospitality at its best, but perhaps voters were “bullied or bought or simply talked into” voting for the candidates; was not this some “form of bribery?” “And to whom are we indebted for these barbecues? ...to the candidates; to the legislators *in expectancy*, who are presently to wield the Democracy of Alabama.” Strong words indeed. America’s new vision of the individual and his role in a democracy obviously altered the order of society and, worse, could lead to social disorder.

Political campaigns were no longer merely the upper class affairs of landholders as once seen in aristocratic Virginia, but a comingling of frontier communities eager to unite and share, even for one day, their commonality. But how common might it become? How low might citizens sink? The apparent lowering of standards and ideals, once so highly cherished, became the issue.

The recent Panic of 1819 remained painfully clear to all. After so many had recently lost money with the Bank default, now, in February of 1825, who could be trusted, and who should be trusted, with their precious vote? Had the aristocratic “Royal Party” politicians not led the countryside, with offers of whiskey, eats and promises, into the terrible times of a depression? Or, was it the “populist” manner of thinking, with *their* whiskey, eats, and promises? Either way a clear head was needed, one unsullied by bad whiskey, excessive food, and blatantly false promises.

The Temperance Society membership found this an ideal time to appeal to citizens about the ruin of drink, and worse, free drink. After early settlement, the farmer and the city folks alike, had time to make cider, make use of surplus corn for whiskey, and purchase cheap rum. The commission merchant, stationery shop, merchants, pharmacies, taverns

and grog shops provided seemingly endless varieties of spirits. One merchant offered a consignment, newly arrived, of 20 barrels of Ohio rye whiskey, but alas, only five barrels of Tennessee Corn whiskey were available. Mr. Foote offered all this at reduced prices and with the added incentive of 35,000 Spanish Cigars now in stock. Not to be outdone, Warren & Collins recommended their New Orleans goods including fine spices, brown sugars, coffees, Cog's Brandy, Holland & N. York Gin, Jamaica and New England Rum, and assorted cordials from West India. Wines included Madeira, Tenerife, Dry and Sweet Malaga, Port, Muscatel and Claret. Homemade spirits on the frontier were plentifully available "for a cost," of course. The American Temperance Society, newly founded in 1826, had far to go in the coming days.



1819 Methodist camp meeting

Moreover, the Second Great Awakening was upon the land. A renewal of camp meetings flourished at Blue Springs and Jordan's Camp Ground, for example, and pointed people into wholesome directions. These religious meetings, with all their drama, were often led by an untrained preacher. He maintained nonstop preaching in daylong meetings that lasted far into the night, accompanied by singing, prayers, sermons and a fervent religious spirit. Preaching reaffirmed the straight and narrow way of southern religion; drink, and certainly too much drink, was harmful to a decent life. Reinforcing the local spirit, evangelical preacher Lorenzo Dow made his second appearance in Madison County early in 1827 with at least five assembles.

The anti-barbecue message began gathering local strength, becoming a firestorm of popular opinion, as it seemed the whiskey keg was "ever flowing, ever full" as "sobriety is exchanged for intemperance...and liberty chastened to licentiousness." In 1829, over one thousand citizens signed a petition against electioneering and barbecues.

Sensing the turning tide, candidate for clerk of the County Court, Lemuel Mead directed a letter two weeks later to the *Advocate* regarding his candidacy: "...believe that you will approve rather than censure, when you are told, that instead of being found at a barbecue or muster ground, I am in my office endeavoring to do the duties thereof....twice elected by your suffrages, it would be expected that I am at least qualified... I put myself upon the people, trusting, that if, in any thing, I may have erred, I shall find in them a forgiving spirit." Mr. Mead correctly sensed the spirit of the times, and continued to serve through 1835.

Fortunately for the lovers of barbecue, however the brouhaha was not a final blow in Huntsville, nor the United States. Southern hospitality and barbecue would again thrive at political campaigns throughout the nation. As modern political parties developed, local candidates, even Presidential candidates, (notably Andrew Jackson - Democrat - in 1828 and William Henry - Whig - in 1840, succeeded on the stump-

lined campaign trail.

An 1840 promotion for William Henry Harrison and his log cabin campaign alluded to liquor and local militia. As political contests became more polished, barbecue was not forgotten. One high note of classic verse was thrown in as a common chant in the campaign of 1846 proclaimed:

Democrats –They eat rat!
But Whigs
Eat Pigs.



Courtesy of Library of Congress

Van Buren Is Roasted

After one election, George Steele sponsored what was most likely the ultimate indulgence. Combining winning politics and a barbecue in Madison County, Steele opened his estate, Oak Place, to the public on an evening in March 1845. The Clay sisters, editors of the Huntsville *Democrat*, described the splendid event in their Nov. 24, 1909 issue. One must keep in mind that the ladies were writing about an event more than 60 years earlier when wealth, good breeding, political boasting and fine food met on the very same evening:

During the Presidential campaign of 1840, Captain Steele picked out among a fine stock, a splendid ox that had never worn a yoke, named him Van Buren, and said he intended to celebrate the elections of the next Democrat President with a

grand free barbecue and serve Van Buren (the) ox roasted whole. He was doomed to disappointment – Van Buren was defeated! Nothing daunted, Captain Steele kept the ox on the fattening diet, and in four years celebrated the inauguration of a Democratic President, when James K. Polk was received by a triumphant and happy party in the White House.

The ox had grown in grace and luscious physical proportions, and he was slaughtered for the feast given at Oak Place in March 1845. Four thousand citizens from Madison and adjoining counties and states with pleasure accepted the generous and courteous invitations, scattered broadcast to Whig and Democrat alike.... On the center table was a magnificent cake pyramid, four feet high, surmounted by a figure of President-elect, James K. Polk.

All kinds of vehicles, from the lowly ox cart to the elegant carriages drawn by dashing teams were brought into requisition to bring the poor, the rich, the high and low, welcomed alike.

The barbecuing... required 24 hours. With his handsome horns, highly polished, he presented a very luscious spectacle, stuffed with turkeys. There were pigs and lambs, barbecued, hams boiled and their accompaniments in jellies, sauces and bread without stint, ice cream and cake and immense cut-glass bowls of syllabub.

Crowds Sat on Cushions, Stumps or Rocks

Another barbecue described on that very beloved mountain above Oak Place was sponsored by the Huntsville Gun Club in 1891. No politicking here by all accounts. This barbecue accompanied a “special shot” event in August. The Monte Sano Railway ran special trains from the depot and private carriages were filled as hundreds took advantage of the outing. Instead of the usual target clay pigeons, the hunters matched their skill against 500 live pigeons and 1000 swallows. According to the account, there were those few who hoped an occasional bird might be quicker than the

shooter as most watched in awed silence and others cheered. There was more to come.

“Barbecue was served at twelve o’clock. Long trenches of red hot coals glowed beneath whole sheep, pigs and calves that were stretched on gridirons over them. Colored cooks turned and basted them with butter, bacon juice, red pepper, salt and garlic. At other points great flames licked the black sides of iron washpots which were now filled with boiling stew or soup. Five-gallon coffee pots sent out a steam of enticing aroma. Tubs of pickles, Irish potato salad, slaw, and relish tempted the hungry. Watermelons and ice cream freezers, and cakes and candies stood ready to be served.”

After eating, many enjoyed walking to Cold Springs, to O’Shaughnessy’s lily pond or to Lover’s Leap. At the Natural Well some dropped rocks into the pit knowing full well that things plunged into the deep waters would always come out at the Tennessee River. That might be questioned, because others felt sure that such items really came out at the Big Spring, perhaps at Byrd Spring and eventually to the River.

As evening arrived gas lights from Huntsville streets could be seen, the evening star appeared in the western sky, and the exodus of “wagonettes, tallyhos, surreys, and buggies” began. The wildlife could have their mountain once more in stillness.

As one may surmise, these barbeques were so much more than an excuse for free food and booze. They brought people together who would otherwise never have met. They served as social magnets, allowing people from different classes and backgrounds to mix in a common setting.

The quickly changing countryside (from landscape to urban), along with the upstart democratic politics of the day, was reflected through these social events. They revealed the apparent need to modify campaign methods, and, one might argue, instigated a better organized party system. Should one’s favorite candidate suffer defeat, there would be next year’s barbeque to look forward to.

JOHN WILLIAMS WALKER

By Nancy Rohr



Our John Williams Walker was a young member of the “Broad River Bunch” from Petersburg, Georgia. He had attended Princeton University and met friends Richard Wilde and Thomas Percy there. (At college, these men pledged their friendship and to name their children after one another.) Walker returned to Petersburg where he joined with capitalists

LeRoy Pope, the Bibbs, Watkins, and Dr. Manning to purchase newly available Creek lands in Madison County, Alabama. Walker married, Matilda, Pope’s daughter and the move was on to become the blue-blooded “Royal Party” who settled in the rough wilderness that was here. The trip took them through Athens, Georgia to the Nashville Road and near Winchester, Tennessee they turned south to come down the Great South Trail finding the “handsomest land he had ever seen.”

Walker immediately read law and practiced in Madison County and became involved politically. His opinion was significant to other leaders. John Coffee and Andrew Jackson both stopped at Oakland on their way south to Indian troubles. President Monroe stopped there for a “second breakfast” after his surprise visit in Huntsville in 1819.

As Alabama was planning to become a state, the Constitutional Convention was held in Huntsville in 1819 and Walker was selected President. This constitution was an exceptional document. Every white male 21 years of age and a citizen of the U. S., who had been in the state one year and

the district three months was eligible to vote. No property, tax-paying or militia qualifications were applied – in effect universal white manhood suffrage. After statehood, Walker and William Rufus King became the first U. S. Senators from Alabama.

During his short time in the U. S. Senate, Walker was involved actively in the Missouri Compromise, acquisition of Florida, and he fathered the 1821 Land Law, to become a public hero in other frontier states.

In the meanwhile, sons followed the birth of daughter Mary Jane – LeRoy Pope Walker, John James, Percy, Charles Henry, and Richard Wilde Walker. When Matilda accompanied her husband and the newest baby, William Memorable, to Washington City, they left friend and neighbor Tom Percy to manage the other children and their estate. Unfortunately, the toddler, Charles Henry, became quite ill. Two doctors, Fearn and Erskine, and the boy's grandmother were called to attend the child. They were not enough. Percy was afraid the news would upset the fragile health of the parents, and he did not mail the letter with the details of the boy's death. He sent a grief-stricken letter north to be delivered by a friend, and the parents received the news two months after his death.

By November 1822 Walker realized his own health was too frail and retired from the U. S. Senate. In early spring of 1823, John Williams Walker, a life-long victim of consumption, passed away with his family gathered around him at Oakland, age forty. Although the Alabama Department of Archives and History records say he is buried at Maple Hill, both he and the boy, Charles, most likely are buried somewhere there on his property.

One son of course was Leroy Pope Walker, first secretary of war for the Confederacy. Richard Wilde Walker was a lawyer who served both in the U. S. and the C. S. A. legislatures. Many years later Missouri-born, 30-year Congressman Richard Walker Bolling has a building named for him in Kansas City.

A trio of phenomenal men, John Williams Walker, Tom

Percy and Dr. Samuel Brown lived for a time out on this very lane. Tom Percy, from Natchez, married Maria Pope, also a daughter of LeRoy Pope, and managed Brown and Walker's business and plantations while they were out of town. Percy's own plantation was called Belfield. Among Percy's notable descendants are Walker Percy, award-winning writer, friend of Shelby Foote and William Faulkner; Will Percy who wrote *Lanterns of the Levee*; the women poets Catherine Warfield and Eleanor Percy Lee and their niece Sarah Dorsey who moved Jeff Davis into her estate Beauvoir while he wrote his memoirs and then bequeathed the house and her estate to him. Senator LeRoy Percy defied the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920 Greenville, Mississippi. Later still, Charles Percy, businessman from Illinois, president of Bell & Howell, served 18 years in US Senate and was GOP hopeful in presidential term 1968.

Dr. Samuel Brown, a close friend of Thomas Jefferson was America's first lithographer, a Lexington chemistry professor and physician who inoculated 500 people for smallpox as early as 1802. Dr. Brown's analyses led to the use of an ore found in Kentucky that could explode on impact, unrecognized until then, to manufacture gunpowder. Brown married a sister of Tom Percy and lived for a time out this lane where he died in 1830. Of the three friends, Tom Percy is buried in Maple Hill, the other two Dr. Samuel Brown and U. S. Senator John Williams Walker, and the child, Charles Henry, most likely are out there on Walker Lane or nearby.

JEWISH BUSINESS COMMUNITY DURING THE 19TH CENTURY

By Marjorie Ann Reeves

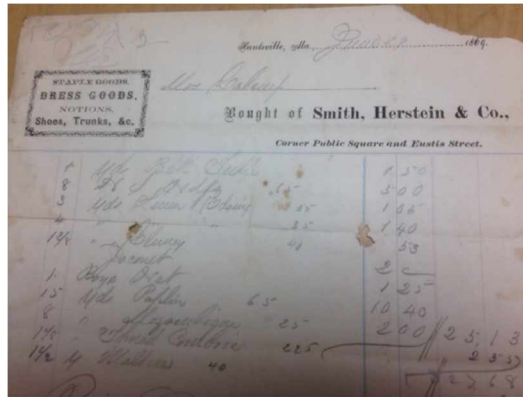
The European exodus provided a Jewish community to be a part of Huntsville's history. The first known Jewish settlers in Huntsville were the Andrews brothers, Zalegman and Joseph, in 1829. They purchased a lot on the south side of the square and opened the Andrews and Brothers Mercantile store. Plans for a new bank on that plot were developed when the Andrews Brothers sold their house and lot in 1837. Over the years, the Jewish settlers continued to come to Huntsville and contributed to the growth of businesses around the square.

Turner and Coleman were the next to open a mercantile store on the square. More Jewish families moved to Huntsville developing establishments that decorated the square with cotton merchants, bankers, lawyers, mercantile, jewelry, furniture, millinery, repair shops, harness and saddles, locksmith, photo gallery, sewing, tailor, hotels, grocery stores, barber, hardware, confectionary, book stores, restaurants, taverns, drug stores and doctor's offices.



Morris Bernstein established a jewelry and watch repair shop at #3 lot on Commercial Row in 1852. He was an experienced watch maker and learned his craft in Switzerland. His wife,

Henrietta Newman Bernstein, created a notions store near her husband's jewelry store. They raised their family upstairs above the jewelry store.



Robert Herstein came to Huntsville in 1859 and opened a store of clothing and furniture goods. Herstein went into business with Mr. Smith renting in the location of the future Schiffman Building. In 1878, Robert purchased a building on the north side of the square in a joint venture with Morris Bernstein called "The Trade Palace."

The Jewish population in the South supported the Confederacy when the states seceded. Like their neighbors, they were loyal to their home and family. Being familiar to persecution in the old country, the Jewish families supported their state for independence. It was their home being invaded not the North. "The fact of the matter is that older Jewish families of the South achieved a more genuinely integrated status with their neighbors then has seemed possible in any part of the Union," according to Bertram Korn.

During the first Federal invasion of Huntsville in 1862, businesses stayed open only by taking the oath of loyalty to the Federal government. Public buildings as well as private residences were taken over by the Federals. The business community including the Bernsteins and Hersteins used their business sense to maintain commercial ties to both sides and keep their businesses going. All business transactions were

regulated and supervised by the governing yankee martial law.

Col. Horner was the provost marshal under Gen. Mitchel during the invasion and the first Federal occupation. He sent residents to prison in hopes of limiting any form of rebellion by the citizens. Stores and owners were at the mercy of the yankees who usually had no mercy for them. Prices were high and items could only be bought with Federal cash currency. The Federals kept close watch over all activities of the local citizens during the occupations. Gen. Mitchel said he, "would starve the citizens into submission." Federal control was successful in destroying civil government which, in turn, opened the door to robbery, murder, and arson by soldiers and gangs against the citizens comprised mostly of women, children, and older residents. Gen. Buell stated, "Habitual lawlessness prevailed in a portion of Gen. Mitchel's command." The lack of discipline among Mitchel's army contributed to Mitchel's transfer to S.C.

After the war, Mrs. Virginia Clay wrote in her dairy that during the middle of November she, like most Huntsvillians, was low on funds. Mr. Robert Herstein, a kindly merchant of Huntsville, advanced her a hundred dollars and material for a silk gown to be made and worn when she arrived in Washington to obtain release of her husband, C.C. Clay, from prison in 1866.

After her husband's passing, Mrs. Herstein continued to carry on the business of the dry goods and clothing store. The Herstein's daughter married Henry Lowenthal and he changed the name of the business to Herstein and Lowenthal.



The Jewish community came together to support their heritage in 1876 by organizing the congregation B'nai Sholom. The first officers were B.W. Temple, J. Weil, D. Wise, and Simon Katz. The Temple was built 14 years later with Isaac Schiffman as Chairman of the Building Committee.

Daniel Schiffman moved into Huntsville and opened a dry goods store after the War Between the States in the 1860s. Solomon Schiffman moved into Huntsville after his brother Daniel in the 1870s. The Schiffman brothers formed the Schiffman & Company and together bought most of the block on the north side of the square during the latter part of 19th century. These were prime business properties because of its proximity to the courthouse. They owned lots 8,9,10,11,12,13, and 14 on Exchange Row along with what stores still stood. Schiffman Brothers ran a dry goods store.



They accepted their nephew Isaac Schiffman, who arrived from Germany in 1875, into the family business. He inherited all the business upon his Uncle Solomon's death. Isaac left the Schiffman Company to his son, Robert, and Robert Schiffman left it to his son-in-law, Lawrence B. Goldsmith Sr., who left it all to his son Lawrence B. Goldsmith, Jr. An unknown builder constructed the Schiffman Building on the east side of the square in 1845. The original makeup had three buildings with a wall built between the buildings, each with three stories, now only one building of the three is still standing. The Schiffman building was a drugstore when bought by The Southern Building Loan Association who added the front design on to it in 1895. Later the building was sold to Isaac Schiffman.

DISAFFECTION IN MADISON COUNTY BEFORE AND DURING THE CIVIL WAR

By Sarah Etheline Bounds

The election of Abraham Lincoln was the decisive factor in turning a majority of the people of Alabama in favor of secession. Public opinion in North Alabama, however, was strongly opposed to such action. According to Clement Claiborne Clay, then a current United States Senator from Alabama, "Huntsville is the center of disaffection." Also, Walter L. Fleming, the foremost authority on Alabama during the Civil War and Reconstruction period, identifies four of the five prominent Alabama unionists as having lived in Huntsville.

Since there were a number of disaffected elements, a rather detailed definition of these groups is necessary for an understanding of the subject. Secessionists wanted immediate and separate secession of Alabama, regardless of the action in the other southern states. The opponents of secession were the cooperationists, who were divided into three categories. Some cooperationists wanted the cooperation of the southern states within the Union to force their rights from the central government. Others desired an agreement of the southern states within the Union before seceding to form a Confederacy, while the third class advocated a clear understanding among the southern states before secession. Briefly, the cooperationists were opposed to immediate secession. After secession, the cooperationists were unfriendly toward the Confederate administration, but the majority were loyal to the southern cause. The future Peace Party and Peace Society of Alabama were to arise from the cooperationist opposition to the Confederate government.

Another form of rebellious opposition in Alabama came from the unionists or tories. Before secession the term unionist had a very broad meaning, but later it simply included all

those who rebelled against or were hostile to the authority of the Confederacy. The unionists joined the army deserters and peace societies to obtain their goal of restoration in the Union.

The strong cooperative feeling in North Alabama has often been credited to a firm attachment and loyalty to the Union. Other more concrete and direct reasons, however, fostered the idea of remaining in the Union. The most likely cause was the relationship of Alabama to Tennessee. Geographically and economically, North Alabama belonged to Tennessee rather than to Alabama. In this position North Alabama would certainly suffer a great hardship if secession were by separate action. Since the prospect of immediate secession in Tennessee was slight, the products of North Alabama might have to be marketed in a foreign country. Treaty arrangements for the regulation of commerce or the return of fugitive slaves could not be made between an independent Alabama and the state of Tennessee.

In addition, a strong sectional feeling within Alabama had grown for the previous twenty years. Public matters favorable to one section were usually opposed by the other. Since the legislature was under the control of South Alabama, North Alabama was seldom given any aid to develop its resources or to aid its railroad, banking, or educational facilities. The people of North Alabama generally believed little benefit came from being a part of Alabama. On the contrary, Tennessee was greatly improving and advancing the conditions of their state and indirectly those of North Alabama.

Since the cooperationists were the majority group in North Alabama, all the counties of the Tennessee Valley were well assured for them. It was felt, however, that the counties' sentiment south of the hill counties would probably change the majority of the state for secession. The cooperationists opened their campaign for the Secession Convention scheduled to meet in Montgomery on January 7, 1861 by issuing a circular letter from Huntsville dated November 19, 1860. The letter called for a southern convention to consolidate

the South into a united front instead of separate state action. The letter, composed by Jeremiah Clemens, the leading cooperationist of North Alabama, was signed by one hundred prominent citizens of Huntsville and was widely distributed and printed in sympathetic newspapers throughout the state.

Clemens also carried on a correspondence with United States Senator J. J. Crittenden of Kentucky. He explained to Crittenden that his object for urging a consultation of all the southern states was "to gain time to reach the popular ears." He said, "There is not a shadow of a doubt that if the election was held tomorrow two-thirds of the members would be for immediate secession. Time is everything to us and if we fail to gain that we are lost."

On December 8, 1860, the cooperationists of Madison County chose Jeremiah Clemens and Nicholas Davis as their candidates to the convention. They adopted a series of resolutions repeating the views and plans set forth in the Clemens circular letter. The demands regarding slavery were probably included in these resolutions to mislead the people into postponing secession. The resolution requiring that the action of the convention be referred to a direct vote of the people certainly voiced the sentiments of most North Alabamians.

The local secessionist convention on December 10, 1860, chose George P. Beirne and M. P. Roberts as candidates. General LeRoy P. Walker, one of the most prominent Alabama secessionists, was asking to oppose the cooperationists. He refused, however, stating as his reasons the intense local bitterness toward his candidacy and the certainty that Alabama would secede in any case. Actually, Walker declined so he would be in a better position to reconcile his opponents after secession. The resolutions adopted at this meeting favored separate state secession but differed in one respect from the secessionists in Central and South Alabama. One resolution called for the direct approval by the electorate of any agreements made at the convention. Thus, both secessionists and cooperationists of North Alabama desired a

popular vote on the decisions of the forthcoming convention.

The state-wide election of delegates was held on Monday, December 24, 1860. Voting was slight, probably because the election was more a conflict over principle rather than a conflict among personalities. Of the one hundred delegates elected, fifty-four were secessionists and forty-six were cooperationists. As expected, the central and southern counties sent secessionists, while the northern counties selected cooperationist delegates. In Madison County, the cooperationist vote represented 70 to 80 percent of the total ballots. The cooperationist candidates, Jeremiah Clemens and Nicholas Davis, received an overwhelming vote with the count of 1487 and 1480 respectively. G. P. Beirne and M. P. Roberts, the secessionist candidates, secured votes of only 404 and 371.

The able speaking team of Clemens and Davis lead the minority cooperatives in the Secession Convention battle. The fight was lost from the beginning, but the cooperationists hoped for delay so that compromises might be given every chance. After the Ordinance of Secession passed, Clemens changed his vote and advised other cooperationists to do the same. He said he realized that this would be regarded as an act of treason, but he was willing to share the perils of the coming revolution in the defense of his native state. Considering his tactics in later years, Clemens probably saw the tide of popular thought and took this move to gain high military or political fortunes for himself.

Although its delegates avowed support, North Alabama was not pleased with the work of the convention, especially since a popular referendum was not allowed. The United States flag continued to fly over the court house in Athens and Huntsville. At a public meeting in Huntsville, Joseph C. Bradley praised the Union, saying that he would "have his neck stretched three feet and spend his money to the last dollar" before he would consent to the destruction of the Union.

With economic ties toward Tennessee and sectional jealousy

toward South Alabama, the past chatter of forming a new state became an active idea under the pressure of secession. Many people wanted to withdraw the northern counties of Alabama and unite with the counties of east Tennessee and northeast Georgia to form a new state. Nickajack, an Indian name common in East Tennessee, was to be the name of the new state. Such contemplated action of seceding from secession would mean rebellion and civil war. Lacking the support of politicians and the appearance of leaders, the plan was abandoned after the Lincoln proclamation of April 15, 1861. The outbreak of war crushed the organized resistance in its infancy.

The Gilchrist story revealed during the war will illustrate the state of affairs in February and March of 1861. According to the story, J. G. Gilchrist, of Montgomery County, went to the first Confederate Secretary of War, LeRoy P. Walker, urging him to begin the hostilities by firing on Fort Sumter. Gilchrist argued that unless blood was shed the people of Alabama would be back in the Union within ten days.

North Alabama seemed to present a solid front for the Confederacy after Lincoln's call for volunteers. During the winter of 1861-1862, John W. DuBose traveled extensively in the northern counties as a Confederate recruiting officer, and reported finding all the men loyal to the Confederacy. Discontented persons caused no trouble during the first months of war because only the loyal were needed for the fighting. When the Confederate Congress began to discuss conscription, however, unionists and others began to organize for self-protection and harassment.

The invasion of North Alabama by the Federals early in 1862 increased the discontent and disaffection. The Tennessee Valley was left open to Union penetration after the fall of Fort Donelson on February 16, 1862, and the Confederate retreat to Corinth, Mississippi. On April 11, 1862, General O. M. Mitchel entered Huntsville and his subordinates occupied other North Alabama towns. Protected by the Federals, the disloyal began some activity against the Confederacy. It may have been at

this time, or at least soon after, that the Peace Society was organized within the Federal lines and probably at the suggestion of the Federals.

After General Mitchel had remained several months, however, he reported that few Union men could be found in or near Huntsville. The Federals stated that the people favored the Union and opposed the Confederacy, but many feared a "reign of terror" so badly that they were "afraid of their own shadows." Some Union leaders, however, soon appeared and became very active. The four most prominent unionists from Huntsville were Jeremiah Clemens, George W. Lane, David P. Lewis, and David C. Humphreys.

Clemens, although appointed commander of the Alabama militia, became disloyal within less than a year of fighting. As the representative of North Alabama unionist, he went to Washington to obtain a plan for southern restoration, but he was advised by E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, to use his influence for the Union at home. Clemens was such a hated deserter that he was forced to spend much of his time within the safety of the Union lines. His former neighbors and friends gave him the nickname "Arch Traitor."

Lane never recognized secession and was always an outspoken unionist. He was appointed United States district judge by Lincoln, but was never able to exercise its functions. General Mitchel recommended Lane to the position of military governor of Alabama, believing the appointment would satisfy the residents of both Huntsville and North Alabama. In giving the recommendations to Stanton, Mitchell said, "Lane has never swerved from the path of strict duty and loyalty, and whose tattooed and faded flag still waves from the staff to which he nailed it on his house top in sight of my camp."

Lewis voted against secession, but signed the Ordinance. He was elected to the Provisional Congress and in 1863 was appointed circuit judge by the governor. He held this position for only a few months before deserting to the federals. Lewis later became a Radical governor to the Federals. Lewis later became a Radical governor of Alabama, serving from 1872 to

1874.

The other prominent unionist of Huntsville, Judge Humphreys, had represented Morgan and Madison Counties in the Alabama legislature, had opposed secession, but had entered the Confederate service. He was arrested on a charge of disloyalty and later released by order of the Confederate War Department in Richmond. During the remaining months of the war, he organized Union meetings in North Alabama. Judge Humphreys made anti-Confederate and strong Union speeches, submitted elaborate plans for immediate return to the Union, and called upon the governor to hold a convention to consider his plans. After the surrender he allied himself with the Republicans, became a member of the first carpetbag legislature in Alabama, and finally judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

Of these men of position and influence, Judge Lane is the only one whose loyalty remained constant. He was faithful to the Union from first to last. The other were erratic persons who changed sides for personal and property reasons. This work, however, encouraged and assured other people of the region. By late 1862, Huntsville was regarded as "the place where Union feeling most prevailed" and the city was credited with setting the tone of political sentiment in North Alabama.

The Confederate war spirit declined and disaffection increased after 1863. The reasons for these changes in feeling are varied and complex. Defeatism, though not known by this term, undermined and drew strength from the South. The enthusiasm of 1861 was dying or at least was chilling to the war effort. Confidence in the Confederacy diminished because of failures in the field, especially Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Many saw the hopelessness of the southern cause and dreaded the useless sacrifices of a continued war. Not only the disloyal, but the loyal as well, began to urge peace. Men refused to go into service, and desertions from the army increased.

Desertion not only weakened the manpower of the

Confederacy, but also lowered the morale of the people. Poverty in the families of the soldiers was regarded as the chief cause for desertion. The unusual amount of poverty in the northern counties was caused by the severe drought of 1862, the invasion and occupation by Federals, and the lack of able men for labor. Beginning in 1861 the government aided needy families when the breadwinner was away in the army. Such aid was given to twenty-two per cent of the total Madison County population in 1863.

Impressment, conscription, and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus were other causes of increased disaffection. Impressment of supplies added to the bitterness and want of the Confederate people. While impressment was necessary, it was often harsh and distressing to those whose goods were taken. The conscription law was naturally unpopular because the ones forced into service were exactly those who cared little for the war.

Finally, open hostility toward Jefferson Davis and his administration destroyed confidence in the president and his policies. To make matters worse, this strong attack on Confederate policy was from a large number of public men in the South. Confederate failures turned public opinion to finding fault and searching for scapegoats. The growing idea of government favoritism toward the planters over the small farmer and backwoodsman was particularly stressed.

Such dissatisfaction stimulated the formation of numerous semi-political secret organizations known as the Peace Party or the Peace Society. Although having certain minor differences, the general features of the society were common throughout the state. Alabama consisted of at least three areas of concentration. One area was found in the counties of southeast Alabama, the largest in area was in the nine northern hill and mountain counties, and the third region was in the four counties north of the Tennessee River.

The purpose of the Peace Society, as the name implies, was to bring peace by submission to the Federal government. Many methods were used, but all of them ultimately led to

one main purpose. The leaders tried to make use of all types of disaffection. Ignorant or loyal men were told that the object was to secure a change in government officials. To true disloyalists the aim was peace at any price, encouraging desertion and rebellion in the army, destroying the loyalty of citizens, and taking the state back into the Union on any terms. With thoughts toward ending the war, the members committed themselves to overthrow the Confederate government by electing men who would abolish the offices which they held. They were pledged to the destruction of the army by resisting conscription, by encouraging desertion, and by protecting deserters from arrest. This last policy was stressed in the four northern counties because of the nearness to the Federal army and because deserters did not readily collect in the area.

The number of Peace Society members is difficult to estimate, but it possibly included about one-half of the active men left in the state. Most members came from the poorer classes of the population with only limited experience in public affairs. Such men also became the leaders of the Society because the ablest public men were away fighting in the war. The Peace Society contained some men of ability and influence, but the majority were timid stay-at-homes. Investigations by agents of the Confederate army revealed that the Peace Society included lawyers, preachers, justices of the peace, members of the legislature, enrollment and conscription officers, members of boards of surgeons, men and officers in the county reserves, and officers in camps of instruction. Few members came from army and then only late in the war. The true soldier despised the Peace Society and its members. The members of the Peace Society may generally be described as the doubting, despondent and dissatisfied.

The Peace Society had no written constitution, kept no written records, elected no officers and held no regular meetings. "Eminents," men who were well informed in the sign, obligations and passwords, went over the country giving the degree. The "eminents" told the initiate the names of a few

members in the area, but each initiate was really independent and isolated from other members. Since formal meetings were not held, evidence against the order was extremely difficult to obtain. It was "a society without officers, a community without members."

One means of encouraging peace was to constantly recall the difficulties of the Confederacy. Lack of the necessities of life, a chaotic currency, and military defeats and invasion were problems most often cited. Dissatisfaction with the Confederate and state administration in military and civil policies inspired plans of replacing secession officials with peace men. The Peace Party had good prospects in this plan because most of the members were at home. The organization, therefore, influenced elections far beyond the total number of legal voters.

The first considerable success of the Peace Society was in the election of August 1863, notably in the election of members to the Confederate Congress. Of the twelve members from Alabama, six favored reconstruction. In some counties a number of publicly unknown men were elected to the state legislature and to other offices. The election revealed such great disaffection that the work of the secret society became widely known.

Encouraged by the victories in the election of 1863, the Peace Party continued its activities during 1864 and 1865. It elected many men to local offices, gained control of the government in several counties in North Alabama, and expected to elect a governor in 1865. Public meetings were held for passing resolutions for peace and making plans for reconstruction.

Backed mainly by the dissatisfied property holders who were afraid of confiscation, the unionists and the Peace Society organized a party in early 1864 called the States Rights Party. This name, or Reconstruction Party, were the designated names of the late peace efforts. Most of the new advocates for reconstruction had been Douglas or Bell men in 1869.

The States Rights Party held reconstruction meetings in Huntsville on March 5, 1864, and another about a week later.

The object of the meeting was to obtain peace which would thereby restore civil government and law and order. Although the meetings were held under the protection and encouragement of the Union authorities, attendance was slight. Young men were absent because they were in the army. Of those present, all were over forty-five and all were concerned for their property. Jeremiah Clemens presided; this being one of his last political efforts before his death. Resolutions were adopted which acknowledged the hopelessness of secession and advised a return to the Union. A longer war was said to be dangerous to the liberties of the people and the restoration of civil government. Other resolutions professed devotion and loyalty to the United States and denied the legality of secession because the Ordinance had not been submitted to the people for their ratification or rejection. It should be noted that nearly all the objections to secession were based on the narrow grounds of the legality of the method. There was no denial of the principle of secession, nor of the fact that most of the people were in perfect agreement with the secession policy.

Both Clemens and David C. Humphreys delivered speeches at these meetings which became widely known over the entire country. The addresses were printed and distributed throughout Alabama with the assistance of Federal officials. Some women loyal to the Confederacy, however, seized a number of packages containing the speeches and threw them into the Tennessee River.

Clemens told the people that they had been hurried into the revolution by falsehoods, frauds, and crimes. An example of such lies was that secession was necessary to save slavery. The previously mentioned Gilchrist story was then told for the first time. Clemens asked the governor to call the legislature to provide for the restoration of peace and for the rights and liberties of the people. Even though there had been some fear of Confederate success, Clemens said in closing, "Thank God there is now no prospect of it succeeding."

The speech by Humphreys was mainly a plan for slavery

and reconstruction. Slavery, he stated, was dead. By submitting to Federal authority, gradual freedom for the slaves could be secured. He expressed confidence in the conservatism of the North and urged that secession be revoked so the control of former slave labor might have the protection of an effective government. The right to regulate the labor question would be given to Alabama by the United States government. "There is really no difference, in my opinion," he said, "whether we hold them as slaves or obtain their labor by some other method. Of course, we prefer the old method. But that is not the question."

Similar to the plea by Clemens, Humphreys ask the governor to call a convention to reunite Alabama with the Union. Such action from the governor, he conceded, was very improbable. The refusal would, however, be an excuse for the independent action in North Alabama and for a movement toward setting up a new state government. The peace elements expected to win the August elections and elect as governor either J. C. Bradley of Huntsville or M. J. Bulger of Tallapoosa. The plan was to have the newly elected administration take charge at once instead of waiting for the inauguration in November.

Despite the discontent of many people and the increasing hardships and privations caused by war and by occupation forces, a majority of the Huntsville citizens carried on the fight until the surrender. The strength of the disaffection in North Alabama was probably exaggerated by the reports of both Union and Confederate authorities. There was never much true loyalty to the United States. Some people were quite indifferent. They wanted the stronger side to win as soon as possible and leave them and their property in safety. Other people were discontented. They had supported the Confederacy for awhile, but for various reasons had fallen away and now wanted peace and reunion. The disaffected faction was a minority, but a substantial and active minority which definitely made itself heard and thus, to a degree, served its purpose.

THE HUNTSVILLE DEPOT: AN IMPORTANT PORT ON THE "IRON RIVER"

Winter Forests

The railroad was Huntsville's first great industry. Although it was not until 1860 that the Memphis and Charleston Railroad Company (M&CRR) chose the city as its Eastern Division Headquarters, the idea of a railroad for north Alabama had been around since the late 1820s. Businessmen as far east as Charleston, South Carolina, had been looking for ways to open up trade with the west, in general, Memphis, Tennessee, and the Mississippi River in particular. In the late 1820s, Major David Hubbard, a lawyer and land owner in the Huntsville, Alabama area, traveled to Pennsylvania to see what a new invention, the locomotive, could do for the businessmen of this area. On his return, he met with Mr. Ben Sherrod of Courtland, another wealthy north Alabama landowner, to discuss ways in which the "iron river" could be brought to north Alabama.

By 1829, Major Hubbard, Mr. Sherrod, and the people of Tuscumbia were convinced that the easiest way to transport cotton from their town to the Tennessee River was by rail. On January 15, 1830, a charter was obtained - no railroad could be constructed without a state charter, and the Tuscumbia Railroad was born. It was the first chartered railroad west of the Alleghenies. The distance of rail needed to connect Tuscumbia and the Tennessee River was just over two miles. Because one of the principle landowners of the area refused to sell his right-of-way, nothing further could be done until 1831. At that time, the plantation in question was purchased by the company.

On June 5, 1831 a groundbreaking ceremony was held for the Tuscumbia Railroad. It was not, however, until May of 1832 that construction actually began. It was completed on

June 12, 1832.

Even before the Tuscumbia Railroad reached completion, a charter granted by the Alabama Legislature on January 13, 1832 provided for its extension and its incorporation as the Tuscumbia, Courtland, and Decatur Railroad (TC&DRR). It was decided that this extension was needed because of a rocky, nearly impassable stretch of the Tennessee River which lay between Tuscumbia and Decatur, known as Muscle Shoals. This area of the river required that boats loaded in Tuscumbia be unloaded above the Shoals, put aboard wagons, and transported around this area of the river before being reloaded onto boats and moved on down the river to their destination. An extension of the railroad would save not only time, but money as well. As a result, the original two miles of track now became just over forty-two. On July 4, 1834, the TC&DRR was officially opened between Tuscumbia and Courtland. Five months later, in December, the section between Courtland and Decatur was opened.

Even though the TC&DRR allowed cotton to be transported past the Shoals, there still remained the long trip down the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans. North Alabama planters were still concerned because of the time it took to get their crops to market and because those crops could go only to New Orleans. They wanted the option of choosing whether to send their cotton to a Gulf coast or an eastern seaport. And, so, for the next thirteen years, plans were discussed regarding the ways in which the TC&D could be connected to a nationwide rail system.

The State of Tennessee was the first to back the idea of a railroad that would run eastward through Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. Tennessee Governor James C. Jones insisted that development of this new railroad was a patriotic duty. With his backing, on February 2, 1846, the State of Tennessee provided a charter for the Memphis and Charleston Railroad Company. On October 27, 1846, representatives of the newly organized M&CRR advertised that a convention would be held nine days later on

November 5. Delegates from the surrounding states and territories were invited to come to discuss development possibilities.

In 1847, a few months after the death of Ben Sherrod, the TC&D was sold at public auction. It was purchased by David Deshler, who reorganized it as the Tennessee Valley Railroad Company.

Area politicians and businessmen lobbied hard to have the railroad come through the city of Huntsville. On November 7, 1849, Mr. A. E. Mills of Huntsville was appointed agent for north Alabama. Tennessee Governor Jones and M&CRR Agent Mills immediately began the task of raising money through the sale of railroad stock. When the sales were totaled on December 2, 1849, Alabamians were the major stockholders.

On January 7, 1850, the State of Alabama provided a charter to the M&C RR for the right-of-way along the Tennessee Valley Railroad. For \$75,000, paid in stock, the M&CRR received not only the tracks and land of the Tennessee Valley Railroad, but also the warehouses, depots, shops, and tools. On April 30, 1850 Governor Jones was elected president of the M&CRR at the Huntsville stockholder's meeting. It was then decided that the railroad would definitely go through Huntsville, and that Huntsville would serve as the new railroad's Eastern Division Headquarters.

On April 23, 1851, the route was laid out. It was to begin in Memphis and run eastward on the track of the LaGrange and Memphis road to LaGrange; from there it would travel through Jacinto in Tishomingo County, Mississippi to Tuscumbia, Alabama.

From Tuscumbia, it would run on the tracks of the Tennessee Valley Railroad, to Decatur, from Decatur to Huntsville, and from Huntsville to Crow Creek, Jackson County, Alabama where it would intersect with the Nashville-Chattanooga Road. All totaled, this would

include 271 miles of track.

Construction began in Madison County on May 21, 1851. The track was completed in sections, so that by 1855, one could travel from Memphis to Pocaahontas, Mississippi, then take a stage line into Tuscumbia, transfer back to the train for the trip from Tuscumbia to Huntsville, and continue to Stevenson, to connect with the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad.

By the summer of 1851 Madison County's governing body, then known as the Commissioners Court, had agreed to an initial investment of \$100,000 in the Memphis & Charleston Railroad and was authorized to invest another \$50,000. On June 6 of that same year, the county fathers decided to make the investment subject to the vote of the people. In August, by a vote of 1,195 to 726, the people of Madison County approved the investment. In 1852, the M&CRR began to buy land in Huntsville.

By 1855 all the lines which composed the Memphis and Charleston Railroad had been completed. On October 13 of that year the General Garth made its entrance into the City of Huntsville. Even though it had come only from Decatur (about twenty miles away), the huge crowd was nonetheless excited. One of the men present that historic day exclaimed excitedly that it was "the greatest day in the history of Huntsville since John Hunt!" Their dream of a north Alabama railroad had finally come true.

Having the first train chug into town was a monumental step, but the process was far from finished. In April of 1856, The M&CRR constructed a brick freight station. During 1857, an engine house and a machine shop were completed. The passenger shed and ticket office were completed in July 1858, and a car shop was finished two years later. This was also the year that regular service with Tuscumbia began.

In 1856, the railroad concentrated on buying land adjacent to the depot and its tracks until they owned 150

acres. This land was divided into blocks and houses were built for the company's employees.

In the spring of 1859, the line to Stevenson was completed. This is where the tracks owned by the M&CRR would end. The directors had decided the previous year not to extend beyond this point, since connections with other railroads provided service to the Atlantic coast. A 30-year lease had been signed for the tracks of the Chattanooga Railroad between Stevenson and Chattanooga.



To celebrate the completion of the eastern section of the road, the M&CRR provided a complimentary ride to Stevenson, and a return ride for the stockholders. The 300 passengers made the trip in four hours. In order to prevent an accident, a separate locomotive was run several hundred yards ahead in advance of the train, to signal any obstacles discovered on the tracks.

A State-of-the-Art Depot

Completed on July 1, 1860, the passenger shed was replaced with a new 70' x 58' passenger station. The civil engineer for the project was Gabriel Jordan, Jr. of Virginia. (He married the second daughter of John and Mary Lewis and stayed in Huntsville a few years before moving to Mobile.) The depot was built of brick on a stone foundation and contained every comfort, convenience, and necessity imaginable. On the first floor was the ticket office, Engineers' and Conductors' room, waiting and retiring rooms for both ladies and gentlemen, and a baggage room. On the second floor were the offices of the Superintendent, the Secretary, Treasurer, and other officers of the railroad. The third floor was reserved as a bunkroom for the employees of the railroad, and provided sleeping quarters for railroad officials.

By late 1860s, the M&CRR's Eastern Division Headquarters in Huntsville included a freight station, a 13-bay roundhouse with turntable, an engine house, a car shop, and a machine shop - all made of brick. Directly across the street from the depot the company also owned and operated a hotel known as either the "Venable" or "Venerable." In addition, the company encouraged businesses to relocate to the area around the depot with tempting real estate offers.

The Nation at War

In April 1861, Huntsville native Leroy Pope Walker, grandson of the "Father of Huntsville" LeRoy Pope, ordered the first shot fired at Ft. Sumter. As the Confederate Secretary of War, his order was carried out and a surprised nation braced for war. Residents of Huntsville prepared and the men left town to fight the enemy. In May, M&CRR Superintendent William Babb

resigned and William Jordan, a northern clerk, left town in a hurry. The lines had been drawn.

On June 26, word came to town that Victor Venable, son of Venable Hotel clerk James Venable, had died of "bilious typhoid fever" while in training with the Madison Rifles. Soon, other bodies would be arriving by train.

On the cold foggy morning of April 11, 1862, Federal troops, under the command of General O. M. Mitchel, marched into Huntsville. Their prime objective had been to capture the Eastern Headquarters of the M&CRR and the telegraph office located in the depot building which would break the vital east-west artery of the Confederacy. On that day, Mitchel wired Captain J. B. Frye:

"We have captured about 200 prisoners, 5 locomotives, a large number of passenger, box, and platform cars, the telegraphic apparatus and offices, and two Southern mails. We have at length succeeded in cutting the great artery of railway intercommunication between the Southern States."

Other documents, however, indicate that General Mitchel underestimated the extent of what was captured. According to these documents, a complete accounting included: the road with its office, books, shop, tools, rolling stock, cross-ties, a large stockpile of wood, 18 engines, 100 freight cars, six passenger cars, two baggage cars, and a number of smaller cars. Also captured was an additional train carrying 159 Confederate soldiers who were just returning from the Battle of Shiloh.

The Yankee General

General Ormsby M. Mitchel had been born in Kentucky.

While still a young child, his parents had moved across the river to Ohio where he grew up. With the help of family friends, Mitchel received an appointment to West Point, where he graduated last in his class in 1829, the same year as Confederate General Robert E. Lee.

After graduation, he remained at West Point where he taught mathematics, the subject in which he had majored. Once he completed his military obligation, Mitchel left the Army and returned to school where he received a law degree. He then practiced law in order to make enough money to support his first love - astronomy.

Mitchel helped establish the U.S. Naval Observatory and the Harvard Observatory. He also helped raise the money to build the Cincinnati Observatory, where he was the director when the war broke out. Like many of his fellow classmates at West Point, he re-enlisted. Mitchel was promoted to Brigadier General and placed in charge of the Fourth Ohio Army. "Old Stars," as his men called him, was given orders to move south and capture the Eastern Headquarters of the M&C RR at Huntsville.

General Mitchel reached Fayetteville, Tennessee, where he encamped on Wednesday night, April 9. Here he waited until almost noon on Thursday, April 10, for news of the Battle of Shiloh, which had begun on the 6th of April. If the Confederates were to win this battle, General Mitchel believed, they would send reinforcements to Huntsville, and therefore make the capture of the depot more difficult. If the Federal troops were to win, taking the depot would be a much easier matter.

The next day General Mitchel received news that, although technically the battle had been a draw, General Grant had claimed victory.

In the meantime, it appears that a conspiracy was brewing in Huntsville. A man known to some as J. Howard Larcombe, and to others as Charles E. Larcombe, along

with his wife, worked as substitute telegraphers. Martin Pride, the regular depot operator, had, on April 7, gone to Fayetteville, Tennessee on "personal business." He was replaced by John M. Webb, an assistant telegraph operator from Memphis.

On the morning of April 10, assistant railroad superintendent J. M. Hopper unexpectedly sent Webb to Corinth. Larcombe, a clerk in the machine-shop and an experienced telegrapher, was assigned to take Webb's position inside the depot.

Larcombe's wife was the operator at the telegraph office near the courthouse. Before leaving for Memphis, Webb heard that northern troops had been seen near Meridianville, a small town just north of Huntsville. He had given Mrs. Larcombe a telegram to this effect, and told her to send it to General P.G.T. Beauregard at Corinth. Mrs. Larcombe neglected (or refused) to comply with Webb's request. The Larcombes, as it was learned later, were both "northern born Lincolnites."

The plan was coming together. Union General Mitchel ordered his men to sleep at about 6 p.m. on the evening of April 10. At 2:00 a.m. on the morning of April 11, his troops were awakened and marched quietly towards Huntsville. As dawn was breaking over Monte Sano, General Mitchel and 5,000 men - 4,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry - entered Huntsville, a Huntsville defended by approximately 350 infantry and 150 Confederate cavalry. As a result of these overwhelming odds, and because the attack had been a complete surprise, there was no resistance from Huntsville.

But shots were fired. A man who worked as a fireman on one of the engines was the only casualty recorded. Two trains in the railyard tried to escape. One train succeeded, making it all the way to Chattanooga. The other, filled with soldiers just returning from the Battle of Shiloh, was stopped when the tracks in front of it were blown up by a Union cannon ball.

After the depot and the City of Huntsville had been secured, General Mitchel had to decide what to do with the 159 Confederates on the captured troop train, who were now prisoners-of-war.

Ironically, the only building in Huntsville large enough and secure enough for this job was the depot itself. Those prisoners who were wounded too severely to be moved were left in the box cars in the yard. The rest were taken to the third floor, where they were held for ten days before being transferred to Camp Chase, a prisoner-of-war camp in Ohio.

By the time Mitchel and his army had arrived, the Larcombes had a significant number of telegrams they had received, or been requested to send, concerning Confederate troop movements. It has been hinted that the M&CRR actually carefully arranged for the Larcombes to be in the positions they were in so that they might aid in Mitchel's capture of the depot. The board of directors of the M&C RR saw the War as a losing proposition and hoped that by cooperating with the Union, they could save the depot from complete destruction. If that indeed had been their thinking, it appears to have been correct, since the Huntsville Depot, unlike many of its contemporaries, did survive intact. However, the War would do much more damage to M&CRR in the long run.

As a result of his taking of the Huntsville Depot, General Mitchel received his second star. He was, only months later, accused of dealing in captured Southern cotton and allowing his troops to steal and plunder at will, especially during the takeover of Athens, a city some twenty miles west of Huntsville. Locally, that incident would forever be known as the Sack of Athens.

Mitchel traveled to Washington, D.C., where his resignation was refused. He was, however, re-assigned to the Department of the South at Hilton Head, South Carolina, where he died of yellow fever on October 30,

1862.

The Union Army remained in Huntsville until late 1862, returned in July 1863, left again that same month, returned a third time in August, again in September, and finally returned in November to completely occupy the city, where they remained through the winter of 1864.

Following the Civil War, the United States government returned the line, which was in almost total ruin, to the Memphis & Charleston Railroad Company. The company never fully recovered, and after being operated by several other lines, it finally went bankrupt. On February 26, 1898, it was purchased by Southern Railway System.

A Rebirth

As far as is known, except for minor changes, the Huntsville Depot remained as originally constructed until 1912, when Southern Railway remodeled the interior first floor to better accommodate the traveling public. The addition of steam heat, electric lights, new "retiring" rooms, and elegant furniture made this one of the finest stations in the Southern Railway System. The second and third floors were modified slightly. It was probably during this renovation that the window shutters, two chimneys and slate roof were removed and the exterior painted. The baggage express building, concrete platform, and long train shed were constructed the following year.

The depot thus continued to service the City of Huntsville without major changes until the late 1960s when Southern Railway first cut back and then finally discontinued passenger service through Huntsville.

On September 10, 1971, the depot building became Madison County's first landmark to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places. A month later, on October 28, 1971, after 111 years of use as a railroad facility, final approval was given by the City Council for

its purchase. The purchase price of the building and surrounding 1.8 acres was \$37,750. The City Council decided in December of 1972 to preserve the structure by restoring it as nearly as practical to its original state.

Recognized for Historic Significance

Through the efforts of the Alabama Historic Commission in Montgomery, the depot was placed on the list of National Historic Landmarks. To deserve this rating the site must have historic relevance, not only to the surrounding locale, but to the entire nation as well.

The depot's prominence during the Civil War qualified it for inclusion. This is the only ante-bellum passenger depot surviving in Alabama and one of the few remaining in the United States. The discovery of the Civil War graffiti on the third floor, however, is what gives the depot its national importance.



Watercress for the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel

The station was originally unpainted red brick when built in 1860. It was painted gold and green - the Southern Railway colors - in 1912. Although the date is uncertain, the

building received its first coat of red paint probably sometime in the 1920s. The building was again painted green and gold during its present restoration in the 1970s. The platform shed was built in 1887, and replaced the original 1860 shed which was lower than the present shed and supported by posts. The posts were removed because they were in the way of passengers boarding the trains. The original platform was constructed of wood.

A concrete platform was poured in 1913. At that time, the 435-foot platform was constructed adjacent to the tracks. The separate baggage building was built in 1912/1913 with additions for a rail way express office in the 1920s.

The first floor of the station was always used for passengers and operation of the railroad. The second floor held the corporate offices of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The third floor was originally used as bunkrooms for the train crews and railroad workers.

The depot was the first public building in Huntsville with indoor plumbing. The depot then became a great place for people to come to experience this modern convenience for the first time. Rather than restrooms, these rooms were called "retiring rooms." They were located on the east side of the building - where the entrance is located today. The arch over this east side of the building supports the two vaults on the second floor. The south side of the first floor, where the theatre is located today, was where the operation of the railroad was located - the baggage office, the ticket office, the telegraph office, and business offices.

In 1898, Southern Railway purchased the Memphis and Charleston Railroad Company, and in 1912/1913, completed a renovation of the 1st floor. The 1st floor the guest sees today has been restored to that era. The only exception is the stairway. During the 1912/1913 renovation, that stairway had been removed to limit access to the 2nd and 3rd floors. The stairway now leading to the 2nd floor was reconstructed during the 1970s restoration. This stairway was modeled after the original 1860 stairway that leads from the 2nd to the 3rd

floor.

Most of the windowpanes in the building are original wavy glass. There was a law at one time that one could not give testimony about a crime witnessed through this kind of glass because of the distortion.

On the front outside wall, located behind a window shutter, is a patched place where a cannonball narrowly missed going through the window. There are several stories to explain the scar, but one story that seems most plausible is that a foundry located across the street accidentally discharged a loaded cannon at the building. Another possibility is that it happened when a Union caisson crossing the tracks accidentally discharged their cannon, killing several soldiers.



The Huntsville Depot Today

As one enters the depot, the first two doors to the left offer access to the depot theatre. There is where the depot guests have the opportunity to view a 12-minute film on the history

of Madison County and the Huntsville Depot. The first door on the right gives the guest entrance to a ticket office that looks pretty much the way it would have looked back in 1912. Here the visitor will meet three robots. Andy Barker, who sells tickets, handles the "funds by rail" and is an expert on the Southern Railway schedule. John Hamilton is the telegrapher. Even though there were telephones available during this period of time, the railroad did not believe the technology was reliable enough to be used in conducting business. Therefore, as in the decades previous, all railroad business was conducted by telegraph. Telegraph operators like John were nicknamed "Sparks" or referred to as "brass pounders." Their telegraph key was known as a "clacker." Once a man had been a telegrapher long enough, he could tell whether the message he was receiving was being sent by Jim, Joe, or Jane by the rhythm, or swing, of the key. Yes, there were Janes who worked as telegraphers. These, in fact, were the first jobs that women had on the railroad. The railroad decided early that women were indeed trainable and, as an added bonus, would work for half the salary of their male counterparts.

The third man in the depot office is Horatio Clark. Horatio's job was to check the brakes and couplings and make certain that the wheels were well oiled. Since the trains reached speeds of 80 to 100 miles an hour, there was lots of friction generated. If the wheels were not properly oiled, this friction could generate sparks which could catch the grass next to the tracks on fire, or had even been known to set fire to the wooden boxcars themselves.

From the depot office, guests step into the old waiting room. This room, however, did not always look the way it looks today. In 1860, the space leading from these north doors was a hallway to the ticket office which was opposite the north doors. The room that is now the ticket office was originally the Ladies' Waiting Room. The Men's Waiting Room was over in the northeast corner. Before the turn of the century and women's suffrage, the general feeling was

that women and children should be protected from being exposed to the disgusting behavior of men - smoking cigars, chewing tobacco, talking rough. Chewing tobacco could actually have been reason enough to keep the women and children separated from the men. When a man chewed, he would eventually have to spit. Spittoons were provided for that function. When the time for spitting came, he might or might not aim at the spittoon.



The Tennessean

There is a story of an old man who came in to take the train for the first time. He had chewed tobacco all his life. He saw the brass containers sitting on the floor here and there but had no idea what they were for. When the time came to spit, he spat, right onto the floor in front of him. The equally old cleaning man saw what the customer had done and quietly moved a spittoon to where the tobacco juice had splattered onto the floor. The customer spit again. Again, the old cleaning man moved the spittoon to where the spit had hit the floor. This happened several more times before the customer addressed the cleaning man: "If you don't quit moving that thing," the customer finally said, "somebody's likely to spit right into it." While some men were not aware of spittoon etiquette, others were. Nevertheless, if they aimed and missed, they were not

likely to clean up the results. If women, with their long dresses, walked across the floor where a man had spit, she might get the disgusting mess on the hem of her skirt. If children were in the same room with men, they might decide to get down on the floor to play. Once again there would be a mess some mother would have to clean up.

Against the ticket office wall are flat-topped trunks stacked on top of each other. Against the end of the bench is a trunk with a rounded top, often called a camel-backed trunk. Men usually used the trunks with flat tops. The railroad figured that once a man had packed for a trip, he would not need access to his trunk until he reached his destination. These trunks, then, could easily be stacked on top of each other and not moved again until the passenger had reached his destination. Women generally used the camel-back trunks. The railroad recognized that five minutes into a trip, a woman could think of something she might desperately need. If she used a flat-topped trunk there would have to be stacking and unstacking in order to meet her needs. The camel-backed trunks solved this problem, since stacking a trunk on top of the camel-backed trunk would be virtually impossible. The other reason women used the camel-backed trunks had to do with the large, elaborate hats women wore during this period of time. The rounded tops of the trunks gave those hats greater protection.

The bench was one which was used in the waiting room. Armrests have been built onto the bench at regular intervals. The railroad did not do this out of any desire to make a passenger's wait more comfortable. These were installed for a much different reason. The depot was warm in the winter and cool in the summer. If a passenger arrived at the station too early, he might be tempted to stretch out on the bench and take a nap before his train arrived. The railroad thought this unsightly behavior needed to be controlled. The armrests, then, were installed

to force the waiting passenger to sit upright.

Installed in the outside sills of the depot windows are large spikes. These were called loafer spikes. This was to prevent people - who came to the depot to watch the trains come and go or to sight-see or gossip - from engaging in that activity while sitting in the comfort of the depot windows.



The Waiting Room before renovation

The steamer trunk located against the south wall of the depot was used by a conductor who worked on for the Southern Railroad. Since those who worked on the trains would be away from home anywhere from ten days to two weeks at a time, these trunks made nice little portable closets. On the left side, the conductor could hang his uniforms, and on the right side were drawers in which he could keep his personal possessions. Before the lighting on trains became as efficient, trains would be required to stop at the nearest depot at dark where the passengers and crew would spend the night to begin their trip again at dawn.



1970s renovation

The picture on the wall is that of George Bryant, one of the Huntsvillians responsible for helping to raise the \$10,500 it took to build the depot back in 1860. The depot building is made of brick on a stone foundation. The concrete floors were not installed until 1912. The ceiling on the first floor is 14 feet high. The ceiling of the second floor is 13 feet nine inches in height. The walls of the first floor are made of solid brick, and are 18 inches thick. The walls on the second floor are made of solid brick as well, but are only 15 inches thick. The walls on the third floor are 6-inch stud walls framed partitions.

To the right of the picture of Mr. Bryant is a water fountain called a bubbler. This is the kind of water fountain that would have been installed during the 1912 remodeling by Southern Railroad. When the handle is turned, the water bubbles up and falls back on itself. For sanitary reasons, it is only for display today. Near the top of the ceramic back on the left side there is a small spigot. A button at the top would produce running water. This was originally used to

fill a cup with water. It was fashionable for men of this era to wear beards and of course many men chewed tobacco as well. When a man spit, some the tobacco juice inevitably dribbled down into his beard. If he leaned over to drink from the fountain part of the bubbler, water would get his beard wet and that would get the dried tobacco juice wet. When he stood up, the tobacco juice would stain his clothes. For that reason, most men who had beards and moustaches would carry with them a small collapsible metal cup. The cup could be extended and filled with water. Once an individual had drunk his fill, the cup would be collapsed back down and slipped into one's pocket.



The stairway that leads from the first floor to the second floor was removed during the Southern Railroad remodeling of 1912. The Southern wanted to limit access to the second and third floors. They felt the best way to do this was simply by removing the stairway and using the fire escape behind the door in the back of the room, which is now the depot office. The stairway was reinstalled during the remodeling of the 1970s.

The original color of the walls on the 2nd floor was white. The lighting was so poor that white paint was used to reflect the light and make it easier to see. Once electricity

was installed, the white paint was covered with brown paint in 1912/1913 by the Southern Railway. The floors are the 1860 floors and are made of pine. All of the door-facings and windowsills on this floor are the original 1860 construction.

While some visitors admire the architecture of the depot, others appreciate the affiliation with trains. Still, many visitors come to examine the historic graffiti left by men who are long gone. The first of the Civil War graffiti is located at the top of the stairs on the second floor. This is a sketch of Major Stout, a Union officer who was involved in the capture of the depot in 1862.

All the rooms on this floor were the corporate offices for the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. After Southern Railway removed the staircase and sealed the opening, the rooms on the second floor were primarily used for storage.

The room located in the southeast corner of the building was the Secretary/Treasurer's office. Both of the main 2nd floor offices have their own vaults. The vault for this room is in the left corner of the room behind a small door. Another vault just like it is located on the other side of its far wall. Entrance to that second safe is from a room on the other side of the building. This safe did not have a combination lock but was made to look like a regular door with a regular keyhole. Even though it is made of steel filled with concrete, the door itself was painted in a style called "faux bois" or false wood. The enormous hinges on the heavy door is the only sign that it could not be a regular door. The door is four inches thick, and the walls of the safe are fifteen inches of solid brick. These vaults were used to store company payrolls and protect cash that was taken off the trains when they pulled into the station at night. Until the early 1870s, trains didn't run at night. It wasn't safe. The headlamps weren't very effective and there was little fencing to prevent cattle and horses from roaming

wherever they wanted. As result, trains remained in the station overnight.

The bricks in front of the fireplace, as well as those which make up the floor of the vaults, were made on site, using clay from the banks of the Tennessee River.

There are eleven fireplaces throughout the building. When the depot was first built, the mantels were made of brick. These brick mantels were eventually replaced by



mantels made of cast iron. These functioned like the old cast iron wood stoves. The fire in the fireplace would heat up the metal and radiate out into the room to make for more efficient heating.

These fireplaces originally used wood for fuel because the trains used wood. When trains converted to coal in the 1887, the fireplaces in the depot were converted to coal as well.

A metal pipe protrudes from the ceiling. At one time the depot was heated and lit by gas. In this room at one time a glass chandelier hung from the ceiling and was lighted by natural gas. When electricity came along, the depot makes the transition and now uses it for both heating and lighting.

The 1:12 scale model train which rests along the east wall was built by Mr. Yankovich of Fayetteville, Tennessee and

was donated to the museum after his death. It is a working model that weighs about 300 pounds, operates with coal as its fuel, and can attain speeds of up to 15 miles per hour. It is an accurate reproduction of the steam engines of the 1880s. The cowcatcher, light, bell, and the chimney contribute to the authenticity.

On a typical engine, a straight chimney indicated that the fuel was either coal or diesel. A funnel shaped chimney indicates the fuel was wood; the funnel shape served as a spark resister to keep flying sparks of wood from flying out the chimney and catching the wooden cars or foliage near the track on fire. Behind the chimney there are three domes. The two domes nearest the cab were steam domes. The dome between the chimney and the first steam dome was called a sander. This is where sand would have been stored and heated by the engine. A pipe ran from the sander down each side of the engine to just in front of the first large, driver wheel of the locomotive. Whenever the engineer needed a little extra traction, a rope that ran from the sander back into the cab would be pulled. This dumped sand onto the track in front of the driver wheel to give extra traction for inclines, icy tracks, or sudden stops.

Steam engines were designated by the types of wheels they had. The model engine in the display case has the three sets of wheels which were used in this designation. The small wheels in the very front were called pilot wheels. The large wheels behind them were called the driver wheels. Behind the driver wheels were a third set of wheels called the guide wheels. The display engine is a 4 x 4 x 2. That means there are four small pilot wheels, four large driver wheels, and two small guide wheels behind the driver wheels. The most common steam engine from 1845 through 1900 was the 4 x 4 x 0. That meant there were four pilot wheels, four driver wheels, and no guide wheels.

Outside the Secretary/Treasurer's room is a three-

wheel velocipede. In the yard adjacent to the depot building, there is the better-known four-wheel variety. The larger four-wheel velocipede was used to carry workers and equipment when there was a problem found with the track that would take more than one man to correct.

The three-wheeler was used by an inspector to ride up and down the tracks, making certain that the rails were clear, the spikes were holding tight and the crossties were all in good shape. If a train came along during his inspection, the driver could easily lift the third wheel and flip his velocipede off the track, wait until the train passed, return it to the track and continue on his way. The third wheel of the three-wheel velocipede was adjustable. This was due to the fact that until 1887, when the U.S. Government standardized all track throughout the country, there were as many as 23 different gauge railroads ranging anywhere from 3 feet to 7 feet the inside of one rail to the inside of the other. Some municipalities purposely made their tracks a different gauge than those which ran into the city. Having a different gauge track was a good way to generate business that otherwise might not be there. Passengers would have to get off the train, purchase a ticket, and pay to have their luggage transferred from one train to another. While waiting for their train the passenger might decide to spend money on food, drink, or other items. Occasionally the railroads would even go to the trouble of lifting freight and passenger cars with cranes and replacing the axles with those of the correct size. Amazingly the Memphis and Charleston Railroad made the standard gauge changed to Memphis and Stevenson in one day, May 3, 1886.

In 1887 the United States government standardized the gauge of the railroad tracks throughout the country. The standard gauge set then still exists today - 4' 8 1/2." While this number may sound somewhat unusual, there are a number of

stories about how this width was decided. The one thing all these stories have in common is the fact that the standard gauge can be traced all the way back to the northern part of England where working railroads first came into being. The most interesting story begins with the way in which coal was initially taken from the mines. Two horses were harnessed together and hooked to wagon. As the horses made their trips, pulling the wagons out of the mines, they made ruts in the ground. When the mining companies first began to use rails they decided the simplest thing to do was lay the rails in the ruts the horses had made as they pulled the wagons from the mines. The distance between the inside of one horse-made rut and the other was 4' 8 ½." A second story is that this standard was set thousands of years ago by the Romans. The width of the axel for their chariots, it is said was 4' 8 ½" from the inside of one wheel to the inside of the other. Finally, there is the story that the tracks are actually five feet in width if one measures them from the outside of one rail to the outside of the other. If one then subtracts the width of the rails one comes up with the inside width of 4' 8 ½."

In addition to standardizing the width of the modern American railroad track, the railroad companies also standardized time. Before the railroads, every town operated on sun time. Those times could vary widely. It was vital to coordinate the running times of trains and so in mid-November 1883, "railroad time" was originated. Railroad time became the standard time we use today.

Against the wall opposite the door to the Secretary of Treasurer's Office is a train whistle from an old steam locomotive. Carlton E. Bauknight (1891 to 1973) was a steam locomotive engineer with 53 years of service on the Seaboard Airline Railway. Each engineer was identified by the sound of his steam whistle, and each railroad would purchase the type of whistle the engineer requested. The whistle was attached to the locomotive he operated. Engineer Bauknight's whistle was attached to a 4 x 6 x 4 steam locomotive. He was the engineer on the "Crescent City Limited," which ran between

Jacksonville, Florida and New Orleans, Louisiana. His part of the run took him from Jacksonville to River Junction, Florida. Upon his retirement, the Seaboard removed this whistle and presented it to Mr. Bauknight. His initials were stamped on top of the whistle so the roundhouse workers would know which locomotive he operated. The whistle was donated to the Huntsville Depot by James E. Hill.



The long low building on the other side of the tracks east of the depot building was the old freight depot.

To the north of the depot was a thirteen-bay roundhouse. This was also known as the Huntsville Shops. This is where the M&CRR did most of the maintenance, repairs, and storage of the locomotives used along its line. The smaller buildings at the eastern end of the roundhouse were where freight and passenger cars were built. Because the M&CRR never fully recovered after the Civil War, the excess tracks were taken up in 1875, and the roundhouse was taken down. The bricks from the roundhouse were sold to individuals who built private homes at the end of Clinton Street.

The room at the top of the stairs on the third floor is one of the three rooms in which nearly 200 Confederate prisoners-of-war were confined after General O.M. Mitchel

captured the depot on the morning of April 11, 1862. While the prisoners were here, some wrote their names, regiments, hometowns, thoughts, stories, and prayers on the walls. It is this room, the largest room of the three rooms, that contains most of the historic graffiti found in the depot. The prisoners were held only ten days before being moved to a prisoner-of-war camp in Ohio. Except for a few months in 1863, Federal troops occupied the depot for the remainder of the war and left their graffiti on the walls as well. After the War, these rooms were used as bunkrooms for train crews and workmen who left most of the graffiti from that time.

At some point in time, the walls were covered with a red plaster that remained in place for almost thirty years. During the renovation of the 1970s, one of the historic consultants began to pick at the plaster that had bubbled and peeled with age. It was then that the writing on the wall was discovered underneath. The plaster was carefully removed and the graffiti exposed. The combination of the removal of the stairway between the first and second floor in 1912 and the covering of the walls with plaster helped protect the graffiti from total destruction.

This graffiti includes the story of Grover Harris. He was one of the Federal troops stationed here during the Civil War and signed his name on the wall. He was later killed in the Battle of Atlanta. After his death someone who knew him was passing through the depot and wrote his obituary above his name. Other graffiti includes the outline of a very tall man, a rocking horse near the floor, "Happy New Year to all in the Year of Our Lord, 1864," the record of a game from 1906, and an officer's jacket from the Civil War - just to mention a few.

The largest piece of graffiti is the peace dove, which is on panels 28 and 29. It stands three feet in height and five feet in length. The artist was L. Pierce. The timeframe for this artwork is uncertain.

Panel #25 is the most important research date in the entire structure. When the building was being restored there was not much known about its history. This piece of graffiti told that the building was renovated by the Southern Railway in 1912 - 1913. Researchers then consulted newspapers of that time for more information.

The Depot Locomotive

Inside the cab the engineer sat on the right. Engineers worked first as brakemen, then as firemen, and finally as engineers. His, and later on her, first duty would be to operate a small switch engine like the one on the depot grounds. This engineer pulled and pushed cars in order to make up a train for the main line. Later, the engineer would be assigned to a local freight run which would require making each and every stop along the line. Finally, there would be a long- distance freight run or a passenger run.

The horizontal level in front of the engineer was the throttle which could make the engine go faster or bring it to a stop. The large lever on the floor on the right was called the "Johnson Bar," which directed the engine to go forward or backward. As the engine gained speed this lever could be moved towards the center in order to use less steam and conserve fuel.

The valve at the engineer's left elbow is the brake handle. This engine had steam-powered brakes as opposed to the air-brakes which are used today.

On the left side of the cab sat the fireman. His job was to shovel coal from the tender and maintain the fire in the firebox. The short levers on the floor were used to shake the grate, causing the ashes to fall through to the ground. The fireman was responsible for maintaining steam pressure in the boiler. The large gauge in front of the cab indicates that pressure of up to 200 pounds per

square inch were possible.

The valves on the fireman's side of the cab enabled him to direct water from the tender into the boiler. It was essential that the water level not be allowed to get too low.

Behind the engine is the passenger car. This car was built in the late 1930s. The windows could be raised by the passengers, indicating that the car was not air-conditioned.

Behind the passenger car is the boxcar. It was built in 1937. It gets its name not from its shape but because it was used to carry boxes, large and small. This car is made of wood with extended metal bracing. During World War II, boxcars began to be built entirely of steel with internal metal bracing.

The last car in the train is, of course, the caboose. This caboose was built in 1953 and typical of the thousands which rode at the tail end of the freight train. Train crews rode inside. The principle crewman was the conductor, who was in charge of the "business" of the train, including delivering and picking up cars as the train proceeded along its route. The table at the back of this car was not only the place where the train crew ate, but where the conductor did his paperwork, maintaining records of all the shipments for which he was responsible.

Most trains also carried a flagman and up to three brakemen. The flagman's job was to set flares well down the track behind and ahead of the train if it had to stop on the mainline. Before air-brakes were invented around 1900, the brakemen had to climb to the top of the train and crank down the brake wheel of each car individually before jumping to the next. It usually required a mile or more to stop an average train.

When the train was underway, at least one crewman sat in the high seat up in the cupola. From here, he could see along the length of the train over the tops of the cars, watching primarily for smoke from overheated wheels, or "hot boxes." Each wheel has a box covering the axle in the center. This cover can be snapped open to allow grease, originally

tallow, to be applied to the bearing surface. The entire wheel assembly was known as a "truck." This caboose has old-styled "Bettendorf" trucks. Modern railroads use roller bearing and axle ends that are exposed.

Couplings are what hook cars together. The automatic version used today was invented in 1873 to replace the old "link and pin" coupling. This kind of coupling was in general use until around 1900 when the courts forced the railroads to adopt the automatic version.

Caboose are no longer used by railroads. Instead, at the rear of the train, on the very last coupling, is a computerized device with a radio inside. This "End-of-the-Train" unit provides information to the engineer and in effect replaces the caboose. Modern diesels provide an office for the conductor and brakeman inside the cab.

The turntable at southeast of the depot is a real, working turntable. It was built in 1937 and came to the depot from Oakdale, Tennessee. The rotating portion is about 80 feet long and is turned by electric motors located below the control booth. It can turn a locomotive completely around or turn it to go into any of the five bays of the roundhouse.

The roundhouse is a replica. It is authentic in size, shape, and building materials. An actual roundhouse would have tracks leading to each bay. Beneath the tracks in that bay would be a pit which would enable mechanics to get beneath the locomotive and work on it.

The track that encircles the grounds is used by the museum's trolley car and can be used by guests to complete their depot experience.

Timeline of Important Events

1850 Memphis & Charleston Railroad is chartered in Alabama. 1850 – 1855. Huntsville businessmen buy stock in M&CRR

1855 First track reaches Huntsville. First train, the *General*

Garth arrives at the temporary station on October 13. Regular freight service between Decatur and Huntsville begins on October 22.

1856 The brick freight house is built. (The cost is not given in the annual report). This was, until it burned on March 11, 2004, the oldest railroad building still in existence in Alabama.

As a railroad facility, the building had only two owners: the Memphis & Charleston Railroad Company, 1856 - 1898, and Southern Railway System, 1898 - 1981.

The telegraph comes to Huntsville, giving Madison County contact with Memphis and Montgomery. The North Alabama Telegraph Company completes the lines. The first telegraph office is located at the land office on Eustis Street until it was moved in 1860 to the new Huntsville Depot.

Venable Hotel is built at a cost of \$2,376. Additions were made after 1857 to enlarge the hotel. The hotel was gone by the late 1890s when it was replaced by a lumberyard.

1857 A storehouse is built on depot grounds for \$3,000. The location is unknown.

Large brick engine house and machine shop are built for \$19,466. (These structures are no longer standing.)

Turntable and shop machinery is purchased and installed for a total of \$7,000.

1859 A ticket office is built. No cost is given. It was a wooden, temporary structure.

1860 The passenger house of brick is built for \$10,500. The ticket office at Huntsville was moved and a passenger shed built for \$430. The passenger depot was not completed until December, 1860, but was far enough along to have the ticket office and telegraph equipment moved into it by July 1860. A car shop of brick is completed in February for \$6,169.49.

1861 A store house for railroad stores is built for \$1,500. This building, the last built before the Civil War, is located just east of the freight depot. It was brick and in the early 1900s was

rented to the Cudahy Packing Company. It was tom down in 1910.

1862 Union General Ormsby M. Mitchel captures Huntsville.

CIVIL WAR There was no construction by the railroad company and no destruction by the Federal Army.

1868 A new lumber shed is constructed.

1869 A passenger car shed, 35' x 126', is built for sheltering coaches.

1870 Platform scales are put in.

1875 The Huntsville Shops are completely shut down and moved to Tuscumbia in 1876. All the shop buildings remained vacant until 1881 when they were rented to an oil company. The 13-bay roundhouse is dismantled and the bricks sold to homes being built on Clinton Street.

1883 "Railroad Time" is established - time zones, standard times.

1886 Trains are converted from wood to coal for the next several years.

1887 American railroads adopt standard spacing or gauge of 4' 8½" Extensive repairs are made to the passenger station, including painting. This time the first "colored waiting room" is provided and major changes are made to the interior first floor. These changes are made in order to conform to the requirements of the Alabama Railroad Commission.

1888 A new 50,000-gallon water tank is built for \$596.

1895 The Station Buildings Report states that the Huntsville buildings are in "good condition."

1898 Southern Railway purchases depot from M&C RR.

1912 - 1913 Southern Railway renovates the building and removes stairs from first floor.

1968 The last passenger train came through Huntsville.

1971 The City of Huntsville purchases the building from Southern Railway. The building is placed on the National Register of Historic Places.

1972 The Depot is placed on the list of National Historic Landmarks. Remodeling begins.

1978 First floor stairway is restored.

YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE SHATTERED:

The Diary of Private George T. Anderson

recovered and edited by Charles Rice

On January 11, 1861, Alabama seceded from the Federal Union and proclaimed her place among the independent nations of the world. Within weeks the state would surrender that sovereignty and become a member of the Confederate States of America, whose capital was proudly placed at Montgomery. It is perhaps difficult for us now to understand the confidence then felt in the Confederacy's future. Yet even after the fighting began at Fort Sumter in April 1861, most southern citizens sincerely believed the war could be won with a single glorious victory. Patriotic southerners rushed to volunteer, fearing they might otherwise be too late to share in the honors.

Among those hastening to volunteer in Huntsville were George and Stephen Anderson, sons of a prosperous Madison County farmer named George Anderson. George Tannehill Jones Anderson, 18, and Stephen Jones Anderson, 16, were both students when Governor A. B. Moore issued his call for troops to defend the state. Nevertheless, the brothers managed to enlist in Captain Edward D. Tracy's company, the "North Alabamians," just three days before the company left Huntsville for Virginia and the war.

The Anderson family in 1861 was headed by George senior (b. 1806), a native of Virginia who apparently had come to Alabama as a young man. On April 12, 1838, Anderson had married Nancy Ann Jones (1820-1866), a daughter of wealthy New Market landowner George Tannehill Jones (1790-1871). Anderson's fortunes had steadily improved over the years. In 1850, when he was worth some \$3,300, he listed his occupation as a school teacher. During the prosperous decade that followed, Anderson became increasingly

comfortable. By 1860, he could count his wealth at \$38,000, while his 24 slaves entitled him to be called a planter. The 1860 U.S. Agricultural Census shows him owning 570 acres of improved land and another 200 unimproved acres, for a total value of \$8,000. Anderson also owned livestock worth \$2,200 and farm machinery adding another \$500. His crops that year included wheat, rye, oats, peas, potatoes, hay, and tobacco, while the animals butchered came to about \$460. Clearly, he had much to be thankful for.

The Anderson children in 1861 numbered six. Pauline A., the eldest, was about 20 when the war began; young George seemed especially fond of her. Pauline would marry Williams House later that year and move with him to Texas when the war was over. Martha Jane ("Matt"), 19, would marry a man named McMullen. George T., just 18, would not live to see another birthday. Stephen, 16, evidently looked even younger; one of his fellow soldiers mistook him for 14. Sarah Elizabeth, 12, would one day marry Zimeria Spelce, 32 years her senior. Marie Virginia, the baby, was 6. She would marry an Owen and move with him to Coolidge, Texas.

George T. Anderson commenced his diary the day his company left Huntsville by rail for Dalton, Georgia. Over the next three months he would record his adventures, ending with his own tragic death at the Battle of Manassas on July 21, 1861. Nine days later, grieving young Stephen Anderson was discharged as under-aged and sent home to Huntsville. Not until April 1, 1863, would he go to war again, this time as a private in Captain Frank B. Gurley's Company C, 4th Alabama Cavalry. On October 16, 1863, Stephen Anderson was captured by Union raiders at Maysville, Alabama. Sent to Camp Morton Prison at Indianapolis, Indiana, he was exchanged in poor health in March 1865, just weeks before the final surrender. After his mother died in 1866, his father having preceded her, Stephen Anderson, too, would join in the exodus to Texas.

George Anderson's diary has come to us largely by chance. After he was killed at Manassas, his diary was found on his

body by a Union soldier named Cash, a member of the 71st New York Regiment. Cash took the diary back to New York and turned it over to the *New York Herald*, which printed it verbatim, though perhaps with some additions of punctuation. Editor J. Withers Clay of the *Huntsville Democrat* read the diary and reprinted it "with mournful pleasure" for the benefit of those who knew Anderson and other members of the famed 4th Alabama Infantry Regiment. It seems likely that Clay had obtained the New York paper from Meredith Calhoun, who had just returned to Huntsville from Europe by way of Canada, traveling across the north pretending to be a Frenchman who spoke no English! Anderson's diary appears here as it did in the *Huntsville Democrat* on September 11, 1861. Regrettably, some entries in the diary are noted as damaged. This is because whoever microfilmed the original newspaper could not be troubled to unfold the creases in the pages, thus making some lines unreadable.

APRIL 29. Left home with a company of volunteers, bid farewell to home, parents and friends, and departed on a twelve month tour, for the defence of my country; hated to leave most awfully, but our country being in danger, and no one to defend her, did not suit us.

APRIL 30. Arrived at Chattanooga before daylight, and had to lay over eight hours; never was so bored by a place in my life; was very glad to leave it at two o'clock for Dalton, Georgia; we were boxed up in freight cars to travel over a long railroad, through a poor pine country; arrived at Dalton before night, and found other companies there; laid over two days and a half, during which time we organized a regiment, and E[lgbert]. J. Jones, of Huntsville, Colonel, and E. M. Law, Lieutenant Colonel; we received our arms at Dalton, smooth bored muskets, at which the boys grunted.

MAY 3. Left Dalton for Lynchburg, Virginia, in old box cars, forty-one in a car; travelled over some rich, some poor, and some beautiful country; crossed two large rivers; the Tennessee is the most beautiful river at this point that I ever saw, and afforded the most beautiful views from the bridge

that our country furnishes. About sunset we stopped and picked a quantity of hay from a rick near by to sleep on. Slept all night in the cars, such sleeping as it was.

MAY 4. Woke up in Jonesborough, Tn., about sunrise; saw lots of beautiful women; received a bouquet from a very nice girl, with a soul stirring inscription fastened to it. Left there for Bristol, in the land of Virginia; arrived about ten o'clock, and was delayed until four; left with an advance guard of our company and several other companies for Lynchburg; slept all night in the mail car.

SUNDAY, MAY 5. Woke up in the morning eight miles from Lynchburg; took breakfast at Liberty, where, as usual, the ladies turned out to do us honor; reached Lynchburg about ten, and we were marched to our camp, two miles from the depot and on a hill, with two springs at the foot of it. It rained all night, and I had to stand guard from eleven to one.

MAY 6. It rained all day; had to stand guard again at night, but missed standing on picket guard sometime by it.

MAY 7. Wrote home for the seventh or eighth time, and was mustered into the service of the Confederate States; felt homesick, because I could not hear from home.

MAY 8. Drilled half the day.

MAY 9. Was excused from drill on account of a felon on my thumb; sent two letters home by Mr. Murphy, of Huntsville.

MAY 10. Excused from drill; was glad to see Uncle Washington [George W. Jones, his mother's brother), who is now our Quartermaster; got leave to go to town tomorrow with a pass; intend to look round and ace the place; wrote part of a letter to a young friend at home; have never heard from him yet; getting very anxious to hear from home; answered at tattoo; went to bed after, and slept soundly until midnight, when we were aroused by an order to march for Harper's Ferry at five o'clock, and have to cook provisions for two days; we have to foot it for eighteen miles in order to shun Washington; don't like it a bit; we are willing to go; expect a fight with the Northerners there; but few of us ever

expect to get back; did not get off at five; we were delayed until ten, and probably longer; got as mad as thunderation at First Lieutenant [Isaac A. Lanier] for refusing to let us have flour; we have to make out for two days on bread and meat that a dog would refuse; it seems that the whole North has turned against us; but we can whip them; if we get to Harper's Ferry safely without an encounter with the Yankees, we can whip as many of them as they can send against us; Old Abe is the greatest fool that I have ever heard of; if he had good sense, he could see that the South could not be coerced; we are all united as one man, and can whip any lot of Yankees on equal terms; it is useless for them to wage war on us, for we can defy the world if they invade us. I am very sleepy from being wakened at midnight, and then to be disappointed. I am getting very tired of this camp and suspense; I had rather go on and pelt it right through; we are waiting here very impatiently for orders to leave, and cannot get them; one of the companies will not go without ammunition, and I do not blame them; we cannot get rifles, and I, for one, am not willing to fight with these old muskets; I had rather have a pair of good pistols; why on earth can't a fellow hear from home? They seem to have forgotten that we are in the world; I have a notion not to write any more until I receive a letter from home; formed a line and marched to the depot; the clouds had been lowering for some time, they now turned loose on us with a vengeance; we, however, got on board of the cars, or tumbled pell-mell into a lot of stock cars, crowded together like so many hogs, and travelled all night for the third night in the cars, slept on the floor and got cold as thunder; waked up half froze to death, travelled half the day, and was delayed waiting on another train at a place called Manassas station; one regiment of Virginia troops are stationed here; one company of artillery and one of cavalry; they are in this place to keep Lincoln's troops from passing through the direct route to Washington; some dread he will attempt to take this place; all the Harper's Ferry machinery is here; I fear that we will fare badly so far as eating is

concerned.

SUNDAY, MAY 12. Pitched off for Strassburg about four; passed another miserable night in the cars; arrived at Strassburg at daybreak.

MAY 13. Ate a hasty breakfast, and took up line of march for Winchester, eighteen miles distant, over a hard turnpike and beneath a pelting sun; people gave us refreshments, all along the route; gave us dinner and a first-rate one; arrived at Winchester about six, in a hard rain; marched through the town in the rain, and got wringing wet; just as we got through to the depot the rain stopped and we ate supper, crowded aboard the cars, our feet sore, tired, weary, and sick at heart; arrived at Harper's Ferry about two o'clock, completely exhausted; and took up our quarters in a vacated store, very dirty, and a foul atmosphere, changed clothing and slept in each others arms until 7 o'clock on the 14th; roused up and went out on the Potomac, took a wash and a view of the far famed river; went back to a hotel, ate a tolerable breakfast, and sallied out to see the sights; took a close look at the work done by old [John] "Brown," and wondered at the old fool as well as the citizens; he, through cowardice, took a secure but out of the way position, and they, through fear, let him imprison them and hold the town in subjection; saw the bullet holes made by him and his men, and one that went through the corner of a house and killed a man named Beckhammer; passed this day in writing, reading the Testament, and viewing the gun works; they are making guns in a hurry--sixty a day; took up a Yankee spy as we supposed, but we were mistaken, for he was a good Southern man; a few of our boys went out fishing, but came back directly, run out of breath, and reported they heard the cannon of the enemy and men who were [page damaged].

MAY 16. Rained all day; nothing new; [damaged] (stood?) on Jefferson's rock, and took a view of the wildest and most sublime scenery in the State where the great statesmen stood and admired. Saw here a large shelving rock supported by pillars and has a great many names cut in it; left that of my

brothers and my name with the others; slept very well all night; woke up feeling a little sick; drilled six hours which we are to do every day; I am very anxious to hear from home; in fact we both are.

MAY 17. Drilled all day, nothing new happened, no letter from home yet; I can't see why on earth we don't hear from home; I am sure that the letters are miscarried; very cold mornings, and days not warm by any means; hope I will get a letter tomorrow.

MAY 18. The long looked for letter came at last, and oh how much joy it gives me, all well at home, and we feared other-wise, and all miss us at home and want to see us, but not worse than we want to see them; we are all satisfied now; we moved to our encampment this eve, on a hill overlooking the Potomac, cut pine tops for our beds, cooked our supper, cooked the beef splendidly for the first; I hope that we will remain here for some time, on account of home; we will both cry over Pauline's when we get it, which I hope will be soon; we are better satisfied than we have ever been since we left home.

SUNDAY, MAY 19. What a cold day for the 19th of May; everybody is acting as if it were Monday, all firing guns, cooking, playing cards, &c.; had a dress parade; Colonel Jackson inspected us; he is a large, fat old fellow, looks much like an old Virginia farmer; returned to camp, prepared and ate a scanty dinner, had Episcopal service, and then a good, old fashioned sermon from our pastor [William D.] Chadick; oh, how I loved to listen to him; wrote a letter home; had another dress parade in the evening; rained all night.

MAY 20. still raining a very cold rain; have just finished cleaning up through and around our tent, and we are now waiting very impatiently for our rations, for we are undoubtedly very hungry; I will finish the last chapter of the Acts, and begin at the Romans, and finish to-day when the day close; did nothing to-day but look out and read the Testament; received a letter from a friend at Fort Pickens; got some straw to sleep on; slept soundly until daylight.

MAY 21. Got up, made the fire and cooked some bread, and ate a scanty breakfast of burnt bread and butter; afterwards read several chapters in the Testament; hope to hear from home again to-day; we are both a little homesick; received two letters from sister Pauline, and I was glad, indeed, to get them; drilled six hours under Colonel D[avid]. C. Humphreys, who won't let us rest at all; one of our company [Private Peter Binford] died last night at Strassburg, which created no little sorrow in the community.

MAY 22. Started to reply to the letters from sister Pauline; had started on the fifth page when I was ordered to the mountain to get wood for the regiment; it is rather hard work, but we rest often enough; I will finish my letters as soon as possible; three trains of troops have just arrived (ten o'clock) but as they are on the opposite side of the river, I can't find out where they are from; from all indications, I look for hot work soon; troops are coming in every day, and they surely are not coming here just to be coming; everything here has a martial appearance. I guess that we may look for a fight within three weeks, and if I fall, I hope that God will pardon my sins; I want to pray and be saved, but I am too much of a sinner—I fear that I never will; it is too terrible to think of dying, leaving a world of sorrow and going straight to one worse. From such a fate, O God, in mercy, save me; do, O Lord, deliver me from sin and temptation; I know I am unworthy, but thou, O God, art merciful. This is real hard work; we have to pitch the wood as far as we can down the mountain, and then climb down to it and pitch it again, and continue thus to the foot of the mountain, where it is loaded into a wagon and hauled to camp; (the streets here stink worse than the carrion; I can smell it across the river when the breeze comes from the direction of town;) I have just finished a hearty dinner of cold beef and light bread, (the latter several days old,) and I will now take my Testament until we have to go to work again; finished the day's work and slept soundly all night; woke up at daybreak.

MAY 23. Feeling very bad and unwell. Stephen is out on

picket guard for twenty-four hours; very warm day in the sun, but cool in the shade, and very cool nights; Virginia votes on the ordinance of secession to-day; I expect to hear of a great excitement and a good many mobs in the State to-day; received a letter from home to-day, and felt a good deal better on account of it; I wrote away in reply until drill at three o'clock, and wrote at every interval until one o'clock; slept very well at night, considering that I was alone and had a bad cold.

MAY 24. Warm but pleasant; drilled four hours until two o'clock; Stephen got in about nine, and he is now engaged writing home; I wrote three sheets myself; will send it in a short time; drilled all day; heard bad news from the war outside of us; if the reports are true we are completely surrounded; awoke up at daylight feeling anything but comfortable on account of eating too much supper last night, and partly on account of the bad news; looks very much like rain this morning.

MAY 25. Rained very hard for an hour or so; had a general holiday, and took a bath in the Potomac. We are now quartered in the same tent with the Quartermaster of this regiment; very well fixed, but nearly out of money.

SUNDAY, MAY 26. A weary day; drilled two hours and a half; heard a splendid sermon from the text: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," &c., from W. D. Chadick, who is now the chaplain of our regiment. Don't like to drill on Sunday one bit; Stephen is sick; I fear he will have the measles; we are expecting a fight in a short time; the North has invaded us, and we will drive back the ruthless vagabonds.

MAY 27. The most pleasant and beautiful morning that the sun ever rose on, or about as pleasant. It commenced raining about eight o'clock; the wind commenced blowing and scattering the tents far and wide, causing great merriment in the company; turned cold towards twelve, and disappointed me as to a contemplated bath; rather a cold night; Stephen still complaining; slept on uncle's cot, and slept finely until

morning.

MAY 28. Woke up and found the weather had moderated; gave our bed up to a lady from Huntsville; drilled all that day; Stephen still sick and growing worse; I suppose he has got the measles at last; I have just wrapped him up with blankets warm, for a good night's sleep, while I wait for the roll call; I am now going to prepare to sleep in here; slept well all night.

MAY 29. I woke up and found it raining; Stephen has fever; cold day; drilled one hour, and I am now waiting for my breakfast; Stephen took the measles to-day, I moved him to a private house, and stayed with him at night; ate my supper with Mrs. Jordan; I intend to eat there all the time that she stays, if possible. Two companies of Virginians ordered off this evening for a fight somewhere.

MAY 30. Stephen broke out with measles thick as hops; wants to see home; still eating with Mrs. Jordan, and I suppose, permanently, though D. C. Humphreys objects, on account of measles; received two letters from home, with good enough news in them; very warm day; Uncle Wash is very kind, and everyone else is kind to us.

MAY 31. Sent four letters home, per J. M. Venable; Stephen is recovering, but I fear, through imprudence, will get worse, as he recovers; I drilled until twelve o'clock, and was seized with a severe pain in my right chest, strong symptoms of pneumonia. If I take that, I have no other idea but that it will end my life; I was [damaged] turpentine. [damaged] beautiful day; [damaged] (Stephen) laid up with the measles and as disrespectful as a sore-headed kitten; I with pneumonia; truly we are [damaged] situation; we often think of home, and our hearts yearn to be with them, but our country and duty says not, the latter we will cheerfully obey. I would like to see the home folks about now; I am confident that peace will be made in a few short weeks, maybe months, and we will then return to repose our weary and careworn bodies at a loved home; I hope so, and pray God that it may be so.

JUNE 1. A beautiful day; the scouts brought intelligence that the enemy was near at hand, only fifteen miles off. I am a good deal better and ready for a fight; sent Stephen off to Winchester, in anticipation of a fight; I fear that it will make him worse; it rained soon after he started, but I suppose he was on cars; took tea with Mr. George Crowles, and had a splendid supper; slept very well, but took cold; I guess I will have to stand as picketto-day.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2. Missed the parade; took a bath; heard a sermon from xiv. Psalm, 1st and 2nd verses. Very warm day; cloudy and threatening; towards night commenced raining; about dark procured a room and bed for three of us.

JUNE 3. All right excepting a night sweat and a wet shirt; a very pleasant morning; stood picket guard twenty-four hours, from eight o'clock Monday; rained part of the time; slept on the ground during the day and part of the night; slept about one hour in the old "Brown" house.

JUNE 4. Commenced raining early, and rained all day, received a letter from Jno. Edwards, and wrote one to him and one to sis; slept in a bed last night finely; waked up on the 5th with rheumatism in my shoulders, and found it cold and raining; answered to a reveille, read the last twelve chapters of Luke, and am now waiting for my breakfast; it was a very disagreeable day indeed, cold rain all day. Received a letter from Pauline, a good one, too; slept in a house near the camp.

JUNE 6. We waked up and found it still cold, wet and misty; drilled half of the day; turned warm, had a big dance in camp.

JUNE 7. Warm and cloudy; drilled up to twelve o'clock, and am at present engaged in getting dinner; was severely reprimanded by the Captain (Edward D. Tracy) for an act that I was innocent of; I was mad enough to have killed him for it; drilled regularly until night.

JUNE 8. Woke up with a sick headache, and was excused from drill; went in a washing; put on clean clothes and felt all right; Stephen returned today well and hearty; was glad to

see him; received orders to strike tents and be ready to march in a short time, as a fight was on hand, which was obeyed with alacrity as every man seemed anxious for a fight, and reported ready; in fifteen minutes a heavy rain came upon us, and the order was countermanded, to the great indignation of all.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9. Moved one and a half miles into an old wheat field, in a very rough, rocky place, and pitched tent; missed preaching to-day.

JUNE 10. Laid up with the diarrhoea; very hot; I would as like fight as not. This morning would like to hear from home; wrote a letter home.

JUNE 11. Very warm; drilled 2 hours and a half before noon; sent off extra baggage to Winchester preparatory to a march, fight or something else; drilled and sweated like thunder.

JUNE 12. Very pleasant morning; pleasant breeze stirring. I have to stand guard to-day and night; very well pleased; expecting a battle daily, whether here or elsewhere I know not, but we will have a fight certainly, and that shortly.

JUNE 13. Started to write home; was stopped by an order to strike tents; did so, and sent this off with the expectation of marching right away; had to stay in our old encampment beneath the deep blue vault of heaven; rather cold.

JUNE 14. We are going to evacuate this place, and leave for Winchester, on foot; blowed up the bridges, and burned up the public property; going to leave for a place where we can get a fight.

JUNE 15. Finished the work of destruction, and left about ten o'clock; marched thirteen miles over a very hard and dusty road, and through a very fertile country; the best and most wheat that I ever saw, and clover in abundance; camped in a wood three and a half miles from Charlestown; cooked and ate; slept on the ground, with no protection from the weather; the ladies of Charlestown treated us very well, and hurrahed for old Jeff.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16. Expected a rest to-day, but

disappointed, as usual; had to march thirteen miles in quest of the enemy, through a beautiful and fertile valley; camped on each side of a small creek; not near so warm as the night before.

JUNE 17. Was roused up before day, and got ready to march; heard of the Yankees moving South; took a counter march to intercept them in their march on Winchester; they burned Martinsburg to-day, if rumor is true; marched eight and a half miles over a hard turnpike, and camped three and a half miles from Winchester in a wood, which reminds me of a wood-man's house, very much like it; expect to fight in a few days; in fact we expect it this morning; was sure of a fight; extra cartridges were served out; all the wagons started back, and our captain made us a speech to encourage us; very cool weather; came near freezing last night; cool but pleasant this morning.

JUNE 18. Waiting orders; may stay here two or three days; received three letters from home; responded to them; the boys caught five of six squirrels and two hares; sleep on the ground finely.

JUNE 19. Received a box of cake and a pistol from home, with more letters; glad to get them at any time; beautiful morning, warm day, cool night; it looks like rain this morning; we expect to move to-day nearer Winchester; glad of it; I would like to see some of the ladies of Winchester the best kind.

JUNE 20. Moved our camp within a mile of Winchester, and got out tents; have got them pitched and prepared for comfortable soldier living. Received another letter from home; all well. Not much idea of a fight for awhile.

JUNE 21. Very pleasant day; feel sick; excused from drill, and taking a general rest. Wrote home and to several acquaintances. A funeral sermon is being preached in sight of camp; one of the soldiers died yesterday, a member of the light infantry. The ladies will be out here this evening to see us. I intend to try and fix up a little. Expect to remain here until July, when we will know what we have to do.

JUNE 22. Drilled half the day; went to town and bought some clothing. Dined at the Taylor Hotel; very common fare. Rested in the evening. Received orders about ten o'clock to cook provisions and prepare for marching.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23. Beautiful morning, rather cool. Waiting orders to march on to the Yankees; did not march. Heard two sermons from the Rev. W. D. Chadick; very good ones. H. C. Wortham starts for home to-day; he has the consumption. I have a few letters to send by him. Don't I wish that I could go for a few days, to eat watermelons, apples, peaches, &c.? It would be glorious. Rained in the night; turned cool.

JUNE 24. Cool and clear. A beautiful morning; no prospect of leaving here yet. I think we will stay one or two weeks longer. It is only ten days until Congress meets, and that decides what we will have to do. Stood guard from eight tonight.

JUNE 25. Went to town and took a bath; came back at twelve, and slept until late, then proceeded to write a letter to Matt and one to Pauline. Stephen is on guard to-day and comes off at one o'clock to-morrow.

JUNE 16. Pleasant, but cloudy morning. Evening, moved our camp to one of the hottest places in the country. Took a severe cold and violent headache, sick as a horse. It rained, as usual, about the time some of us got off [guard?] [page damaged]

JUNE 27. [damaged] acquaintances; [damaged] we don't get any [damaged]; still a very bad cold. [damaged] a flaw in the postal arrangements; [damaged] from Pauline. Felt sick all day; slept soundly at night.

JUNE 28. Wake up in the morning feeling considerably better. Went out on drill, and returned feeling worse. Feel very sick; would as soon go home with C. W. as not. Very hot day; a little breeze stirring. Moved our camp to a beautiful grove, and have a very nice encampment; hope we will stay here as long as possible, at least until we can take active part in the war movements.

JUNE 29. Just two months since we left home; hope to be there before two months more; very sick with the asthma, and have a bad cough yet.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30. Nothing new.

JULY 1. Very cool; rained in the morning and all night.

JULY 2. Really cold; received orders to march in a hurry, for the fight was now close at hand; marched all the evening at a quick step; met some prisoners on the route, sad looking cases, 46 in number; stopped a little after dark, and slept until half past one o'clock; was roused up and ordered to march, which was not very cheerfully obeyed, owing to sleepiness; Colonel [Thomas] Hewlett and Doctor [William R. ?] Patton, of Huntsville, came in the morning before we started, bringing our letters; when the order was received Colonel H[ewlett] seized a gun and marched with us; Dr. Patton procured a horse and was along as surgeon.

JULY 3. We marched all night until daylight and stopped to get breakfast; we are now in the woods, seven miles from Manassas, the reported headquarters of the army; large reinforcements have come up, and we expect to give them a good fight; in fact we will be sure to whip them; I think, I hope so; would like to send some letters home, if possible. I was very glad to hear from home by one who has seen the folks, and glad that they are all well. A man, one of our regiment, was shot and will die, by the careless handling of a pistol; we left, as we thought, for Manassas Junction, about twelve o'clock, Col. H[ewlett] in the ranks as a private, and marched about three miles; filed to the left and stopped behind a stone wall and rested in the wood all day; was roused up in the night, and moved three hundred yards to another stone wall, and slept until day, expecting a fight there all the time, but the enemy seemed inclined to stay where he is, and so do we.

JULY 4. The memorable day of all days for the American people; we could hear the sound of the enemy's guns, I suppose in celebration of the day; we did not celebrate it; I do not know why; I think it ought to have been done; slept a

good part of the day; would like to know how the home folks spent it. I would like to know what we are going to do; we slept about in the woods all day, and went to sleep expecting to be roused for a battle before morning; was roused about three o'clock, and expected a fight right away, but never moved out of the camp; we will probably fight today, July 5th, as old [General Robert] P[aterson] seems anxious to fight us; lay secreted in the woods all day; nothing new; went on guard at 7 o'clock, P.M.; stood four hours during the night; rained this morning, and looks as though it would rain hard before night; would like to see Old Abe's message; do not know when we will fight; can hear very little from which to form an opinion; news came that the enemy was advancing; we were again drawn up in battle array, and waited impatiently two hours, but nary fight; Nich. Davis, Clint Davis, and Mr. Erskine came in from Huntsville, and took their place in our ranks as privates, also Colonel Hewlett and Captain [Arthur C.] Beard, [regimental commissary] who had ninety men ready and willing for a fight; I am beginning to believe that we will not have any, I have been fooled so often.

SUNDAY, JULY 7. We were ordered to fall back to our old position near Winchester; some of the men thought it was a retreat and began to grumble; the general ordered a note to be read to his command, in explanation of his conduct; we started in an awful hot day; I fell out of the ranks, went off the road some distance, and got a splendid dinner from an old lady and two young ones, splendid milk, butter and bread, and I did ample justice to it; she upbraided us for leaving her to the mercy of the Yankees; I straggled into camp at sunset, completely exhausted, and went to sleep without supper.

JULY 8. A beautiful morning, rested all day, with the exception of a dress parade; wrote a letter home.

JULY 9. Spent the morning writing and drilling; it rained in the evening affording ample time for writing and a great deal of it was done.

JULY 10. Received a letter from home, all well; have struck

our tents and are lying around here waiting for orders; don't know what it means; a huge columbiad came up a few moments since to be placed upon this hill; that looks as if we are going to fight here; the militia and prisoners are engaged in throwing up breastworks and planting cannon for the defense of this place; the Yankees are advancing and seem determined to at least make an effort to drive us out from here, but I think they will fail; they outnumber us, can't outfight us; received orders to strike tents this evening, which we did, but a rain coming up, we pitched them again for shelter; expected all day for the enemy to advance upon us.

JULY 11. Struck tents again this morning at daylight. I supposed, to deceive the enemy as to our force, &c.; drilled two and a half hours on battalion drill.

JULY 12. Drilled four hours; received a letter from home; rained in the evening, and very hard all night.

JULY 13. Cleared off finely, and a beautiful morning; very cold weather for July; went to town in the forenoon and made the ice cream and cakes fly; several citizens of Huntsville arrived and brought us our letters; slept very cool in the night.

SUNDAY, JULY 14. Read twenty psalms; helped draw provisions; cleaned up my pistol, loaded it and looked over a newspaper; have now just completed writing a letter for home; I wonder why "Chadick" did not preach.

JULY 15. Cool and clear, had a brigade drill in the morning; went through some of the evolutions badly; our regiment was sharply reproved by the Colonel [E. J. Jones]; received orders to cook up all the provisions on our return from drill; have nothing to cook; report says that the Yankees are coming on us; I do not believe it; I think that we will have to march on them if we ever fight them.

JULY 16. Had another brigade drill; went through it better; Colonel [J.E.B. Stuart] Stewart's cavalry went to sleep and suffered themselves to be surrounded, and came galloping in without hats, saddles, pistols, guns, &c.--raised the alarm

and had us drawn up in battle array to await the enemy; we slept on our arms all night.

JULY 17. Warm but pleasant; we are lying around our guns, looking out for Yankees over our breastworks; I feel confident that we will whip them when they come; I am beginning to believe they are not coming.

JULY 18. Received orders to strike tents and cook two days provisions preparatory for a march; this was done, and we lay around until evening before receiving orders; received them at last and went through Winchester; stop in the town until late, and bid farewell, I suppose for the last time, to Winchester, about 5 o'clock; marched nearly all night; slept about two hours; found ourselves on the road at daylight, the 19th, weary indeed; rested there about five hours, waded the stream and pitched out again to the relief of Beauregard, who they said was pressed by overwhelming odds; arrived at Piedmont Station about one hour after dark, completely worn out; went to sleep, but was aroused by a rain in a few minutes; crept under a shelter of wheat, but got wet, having left my coat in the wagon; dried myself, procured a shawl from Uncle Washington, and slept until after midnight; was roused by orders to "fall in;" did so, and crowded on board the cars for Manassas, where we arrived about 10 o'clock a.m. of the 20th; rested awhile, bought some butter and prepared to eat, having done without for two days; received orders to march again, and said we were going right into the fight; heard a good deal of bragging about the fight of the 17th though it was not much of a fight; moved about two miles and bivouacked in the woods, where some bread and meat soon reached us, and we walked right into it like starved hounds eat, now and then all day; slept a little, and slept well at night; got up a little after sunrise on the 21st, broiled my meat and eat it with some old crackers full of bugs; expecting orders to march at any moment; will get them, I think, for it is Sunday; we will fight, I suppose, before another week.

Shortly after George Anderson wrote this last entry, the 4th Alabama received its orders to march. As related in the company's Record of Events, "on the morning of the 21st heavy firing having commenced upon the extreme right of our regiment, we were marched at double quick time some 8 miles to a point upon our extreme left & where the enemy in great force awaited us[.] Taking our position 100 yards distant from their lines we commenced our fire & there in conjunction with our regiment routed in great confusion 4 different regiments of the enemy as they were consecutively led against us[.] we maintained this position for 2 hours losing 6 killed & 17 wounded by an overwhelming force. Reforming Genl. [Barnard B.] Bee placed himself at the regiments head and leading us in the charge upon Sherman's battery was shot from his horse mortally wounded. We now fell back to a position near Head Quarters, when at about 5 1/2 o'clock P.M. the battle terminated in a glorious victory for our flag."

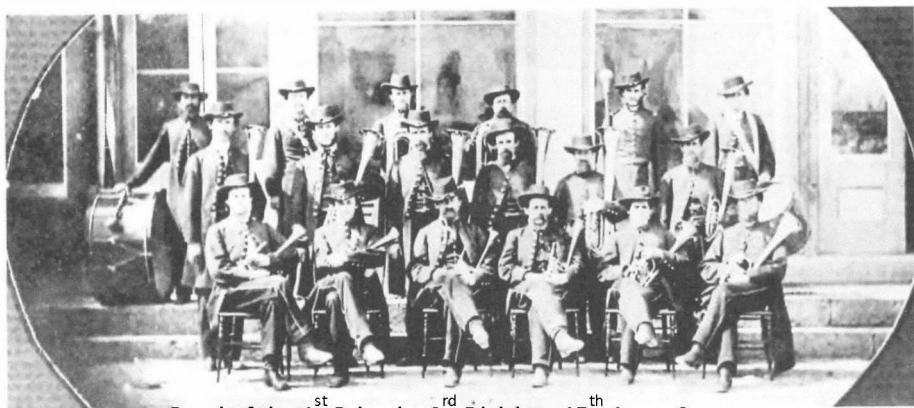
General Bee was not the only casualty in the attack on the battery. Private George Anderson also fell in this charge. According to the *New York Herald*, Anderson met his death bravely. The 2nd Rhode Island Battery, wrote the *Herald*, "...was attacking a body of rebels who were entrenched in a wood, when most of the men who served it were shot down, after which the last two ran away. One of the gunners called out, 'For God's sake, five or six come and help me.' Cash and five others of the Seventy-first ran to his aid and served the guns. At this juncture a body of the enemy, amongst who was young Anderson, emerged from a corner of the wood to attack the battery, and a grapeshot struck Anderson in the cheek, killing him instantly."

Private A. B. Shelby of the 4th Alabama also wrote of Anderson's death in a letter home. "When the gallant Anderson fell," he said, "pierced with a Minnie ball through his head, his little brother, only fourteen years of age, fell upon the body and wept bitterly. Capt. T[racy] sympathizing with him, encouraged him to get up and avenge the death of

his brother. He could not move. Oh, I shall never forget that scene."

Nine days after the battle, Private Stephen Jones Anderson was discharged as underage and sent home to Alabama His kindly "Uncle Washington," the quartermaster, might well have had something to do with this compassionate act.

HUNTSVILLE IN MAY-JUNE, 1864, THROUGH THE EYES OF A WISCONSIN BANDSMAN



Band of the 1st Brigade, 3rd Division, 15th Army Corps.

First row (seated): J.M. Faust, Eb cornet and director; Edwin O. Kimberley, Eb coronet and leader; Edward Gerard Kneeland, 1st Bb cornet; John G. Pickering, 2nd Bb cornet; Thomas H. Brown, solo alto; Theodore Pomeroy, 1st alto.

Second row; George T. Spaulding, 1st tenor; Horace B. Moore, 2nd tenor; Grederick A. Knickerbocker, 1st baritone; Joseph L. Smith, 2nd baritone; Charles V. Clark, Bb bass; Beaman Snow, 2nd alto.

Third row: Jacob Brant, bass drum; Alfred Mason, 1st Eb tuba; Charles C. Stone, 2nd Eb tuba; Normal Hall, cymbals; Sylvester S. Jackson, drum major; Robert Emmet Flood, tenor drum.

(Photograph courtesy of the Chicago Public Library.)

Edwin O. "Oscar" Kimberley was the leader of a brass band from the small, southern Wisconsin community of Brodhead, whose musicians enlisted twice in the Union Army during the Civil War. From July 1861 to July 1862, the Brodhead band served with the Third Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry in Maryland and northern Virginia. Then from April 1864 to July 1865, they were the 1st Brigade Band, 3rd Division, 15th Army Corps. It was during their second tour of duty, in May and June 1864 that the band was stationed in Huntsville, Alabama.

Before his army service, Oscar Kimberley had been

employed as a journeyman printer in Brodhead, Wisconsin. Thus, the 99 letters, which he wrote back to his parents in Brodhead (preserved at the State Historical Society, Madison, Wisconsin), are eminently readable and informative. After letters describing the train trip of the band to join General John A. Logan's command, Kimberley gives some of his initial impressions of Huntsville in a letter of May 14, 1864:

On arriving here we were conducted to headquarters of the Brigade, where we played a piece or two, going from there to the Huntsville Hotel, a very large building, where board is only \$3.50 per day! We now are quartered in the court room of the county seat, a very nice place. This is our room for practice, lodging, etc. Our cooking room is just across the street, not 20 rods distant, where we shall have things in good style when completed. Both officers and soldiers are highly pleased with us, the General cannot do enough for us. He says anything that we want, it shall be had, if possible. Cots are being made for us to sleep on; we drew blouses, etc. yesterday, and also cooking utensils and rations. I can plainly see that we shall be used first rate. Our duty thus far has been playing for Guard Mounting every morning at 8 o'clock. The prospect is now that we shall remain here for some time. It is certainly a beautiful spot; the court house, though a larger building, is invisible till you get up to it surrounded with such fine trees. The weather thus far is splendid. Should it be very hot, we cannot suffer while in the midst of so many shade trees. The water is good, coming from the large spring you have heard of—a spring almost equal to a river.

Besides their military duties, the band also played for social events. Kimberley describes one such event in his letter of May 28:

"Yesterday we went with a Pic Nic Party to the top of Mount Sano, about 3 ½ miles distant from here. (It is) about 1 ½ miles to the top from the base—a beautiful sight, seeing hundreds of miles around. Several ladies went up—officers and ladies having a dance, and I had to sing for them. I tell you I am winning a great name here for singing."

In the letter of May 28, Kimberley wrote, "When we get our pay (which we expect very soon) I think we shall have some pictures of the whole band in front of the Court House."

On June 8 he again wrote, "If we remain here much longer we intend to have a photograph taken of the whole Band, and also of the Court House."

Kimberley did find his time spent in Huntsville quite congenial for the most part, and on May 30, he wrote, "We are enjoying ourselves firstrate. I would not go home if I had a chance." On June 8 he wrote that the thermometer stands about 110 degrees all the time. In the same letter, he mentioned "splendid rains, it commenced yesterday about noon and still continues." This rain turned into a wet period of weather, as his letter of June 14 reported, "We have been having nearly a week's rain, and the weather is now quite comfortable."

Kimberley's letter of June 8 recorded interesting comments about prices in Huntsville: "I will just say that the Huntsville Hotel...charges \$1.00 per meal or \$21.00 per week; they have over 100 boarders (mostly officers). In the Saloon of this House, (which is quite extensive) they make, on an average, \$350.00 per day! Most drinks are 25 cents. We don't visit this place very often, I can assure you. Everything runs in proportion. A suit of clothes like ours, in this place would cost about \$80.00, or perhaps more; butter 60 cents per pound." In the same letter he mentioned that "there will be an immense crop of peaches this year, apples are scarce." Yet there was desolation in the countryside: "Whole families are moving from one place to another, for refuge and something to eat."



Huntsville Hotel, completed in 1869, was operated by Joseph C. Bradley during the Civil War years. Located on the corner of Jefferson and Spring Streets, it was destroyed by fire in 1910.

On June 14, Kimberley wrote about sickness among the band members: "The health of the band is only middling. We have not played any for two or three days in consequence of Gilbert Faust and Stone being sick (both Bass instruments). They are some better today, but have both been pretty sick. Charlie's (Stone's) coat does not fit him now within four or five inches." However, most of the band was fortunate to escape the "Alabama trot," diarrhea which was so common in Civil War armies.

Shortly after the band arrived in Huntsville, rumors began floating around about their division leaving. Finally, on June 21 they were packing up to leave the next morning. As Kimberley put it in his letter of that date, the townspeople of Huntsville would rather have had them stay: "The city and Railroad is to (be) guarded by green troops and it is quite certain when we leave the rebels will make a raid and drive

them from it which can be very easily done. Then the ground will have to be fought over again. It is known that (Nathan Bedford) Forrest is hanging around only waiting for this Division to leave, when he will have just what he wants, namely, about half a million dollars' worth of stores. The citizens have got up petitions for (General) Alexander to remain, they are positive their lives and property will be in danger of being taken."

As every soldier knows, each march is accompanied by the appropriate weather conditions, and leaving Huntsville was no exception: "It rained last night and is now raining. I expect, of course, it will rain on the march." Kimberley's next letter, dated June 29, is headed "In Camp Near Stephenson, Ala." It had taken them over a week to cover the distance to Stevenson, probably about 70 miles, depending on the route taken.



East Side Courthouse Square, 1862. The building at the far right is the location where the band posed for their picture.

By July 1864, General John A. Logan's 15 Army Corps had

moved near Cartersville, Georgia. Here the band spent the fall of 1864. In November, band members received a furlough, and they returned to Brodhead, Wisconsin for the month of December. This caused them to be away when the 15th Army Corps joined General Sherman in his march from Atlanta to Savannah, Georgia. However, in January 1865, they rejoined their division in Pocatigo, South Carolina, and spent an entire spring of hard marching to Raleigh, North Carolina, where they were at the war's end. In the process they became one of the finest bands in Sherman's army—quite an achievement for musicians from a Wisconsin frontier town less than ten years old, with a population of about 200.

Oscar Kimberley's letters from Huntsville add an interesting dimension to life and activities in this town during the last summer of its "late unpleasantness."

PRISON MEMORIES

An Introduction by Charles S. Rice

Colonel John David Weeden, who wrote the following short sketch of his life as a prisoner of war in the North, was a distinguished Huntsville citizen in the nineteenth century. Born in Huntsville on July 27, 1840, Weeden was an older brother of the famous poet-painter Maria Howard Weeden. John David Weeden received his early education at the Green Academy on Clinton Street. He graduated from the University of Alabama in 1858 and began the practice of law in Huntsville in 1860. With the outbreak of the War Between the States, Weeden volunteered as a private in Company K, 9th Alabama Infantry Regiment. He was commissioned a second lieutenant three weeks later. Weeden was soon transferred to the 49th Alabama Infantry Regiment and was promoted to major in May 1862. He rose steadily through the ranks to colonel, and was captured while leading his regiment on the second day of the Battle of Nashville.

John Weeden returned to Huntsville after his release at the end of the war and resumed his law practice. He received his Master of Arts degree from the University of Alabama in 1884 and became a professor of law there in 1885. He resigned from the faculty in 1888 and opened a law practice in Florence, where he resided until his death on November 16, 1908. Weeden was active in both the United Confederate Veterans and his Masonic lodge.

John Weeden probably wrote his prison recollections some time around the turn of the century. The Heritage Room of the Huntsville-Madison County Public Library has an undated typewritten copy which bears a handwritten note across the top: "copy of original ms.

given by Mary Weeden [illegible word] a grand-daughter." He begins his tale with a lament for the removal of General Joseph E. Johnston from command of the Army of Tennessee and his replacement by General John Bell Hood. Johnston had been following the tactic of forcing the enemy to attack him, thus sparing his own men and causing Sherman's invading army to suffer heavy casualties. However, Confederate President Jefferson Davis became impatient with this Fabian policy and replaced Johnston with the daring Hood, a gambler who was willing to risk everything in toe-to-toe combat with the larger Union force. Disaster followed and the Confederate Army of Tennessee was virtually destroyed under Hood's leadership. After the crushing defeat at the Battle of Nashville, General Johnston was recalled to pick up the shattered pieces of his once great army. There was little he could do with his few remaining troops to oppose Sherman's destructive march across the South.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND

by Colonel John David Weeden

Some evil genius had suggested the removal, while in front of Atlanta, of General Joseph E. Johnston, that gallant soldier who "lacked nothing in scholarship, except good fortune." The disaster at Franklin, Tennessee, soon followed and the morning of December 15, 1864, found our Army under General Hood in

front of Nashville vainly resisting an overwhelming force of the enemy sweeping down our left flank and driving our gallant little army from its entrenchments. The close of the next day found our Army in retreat, much of the fighting that day had been done with the enemy pressing us on the flank, in front and in rear.

Numbers were killed, wounded, and captured in these two days' fight. Those captured were carried back to Nashville and confined that night in the old Penitentiary, and the next morning were sent on the way to Fort Warren, Johnson's Island, and other Prisons of the North. The greater number of the officers were sent to the U.S. Military Prison on Johnson's Island.

When we reached Sandusky City, Ohio, we found Lake Erie frozen over--the ice being about thirty inches thick, with the thermometer twenty-five degrees below zero. We marched three miles over the ice to Johnson's Island, many of the men with only the short coat round about, and their feet almost on the ice. The boots of the writer were frozen to his feet and had to be cut off. It was thought he would not be able to walk again, but a day or two after a clever Yankee Sergeant of the 128th Ohio Regt. brought him a pair of heavy brogan shoes a size or more too large, but after that he never missed a roll call while there, and he has never suffered from this terrible experience. This is attributable to the fact that for an hour or more after reaching the prison he stood in the snow to his knees waiting for his turn to be

examined. When the Sergeant brought the shoes he offered an apology, saying he knew it was the same that we issued to our slaves in the South, but was the best his poor Government could do. It was the only time while there that the writer knew of Quartermasters stores being issued to a prisoner, and he suspected they were smuggled in at the instance of his comrades. The morning after reaching there, Sam Moore of Huntsville, Alabama, brought the writer a suit of heavy under clothing which was most acceptable, as we came in with only what we had on.

Johnson's Island, consisting of about 300 acres of land, is at the mouth of Sandusky Bay, overlooking Lake Erie, three miles from Sandusky, Ohio. The prison grounds included three acres enclosed by a fence twelve feet high, with a platform on the top for the sentinels guarding the prisoners. On this the guard walked day and night. Sometimes they were relieved every half hour on account of the severe cold, as was the case in the winter of 1864-65. There were from first to last about fifteen thousand prisoners there, and in the winter of 1864, there were four thousand there. The buildings were weather boarded on the outside, but neither sealed nor plastered on the inside, and during severe winds would rock like a ship in a heavy gale. On one occasion, I remember the wind was so furious that many, fearing it would turn over, left the building in their night clothes--and that was one time, at least, when they showed the white flag fluttering in the breeze. There were

thirteen blocks for the prisoners, each two stories high, guard house, kitchen, and Sutler's store, where those who were fortunate enough to have friends on the outside [who] could deposit money for them at Head Quarters, might purchase what they needed by paying high prices. No money was allowed to be in the hands of the prisoners, though sometimes they managed to smuggle it through.

I remember to have seen a young officer from Tennessee while on the cars, just before reaching Sandusky City, with his coat off and busily engaged in sewing in the lining of his coat a lot of greenbacks, which he had picked up on the battle field. He had a good bank account, if in searching him it was not found, but if he was searched as carefully as the writer was, it certainly did not escape them. In the small room where each was taken to be searched, Confederate money was thrown on the floor several inches deep, the greenbacks, the Federal officer appropriated.

At one time prisoners were allowed to have a limited supply of money in their possession. A friend of the writer from Huntsville, Ala., who has been several times Mayor of that beautiful city, for the time being, became an expert at handling cards. It was not long before he owned the greater part of the money in the prison. Afterwards the authorities became stricter and reduced the amount of currency to two postage stamps to each man, and it was not long before the clever gentleman from Huntsville owned all the stamps, and correspondence was done only by his permission.

1st Lieutenant Edmund Irby Mastin (1841-1894) served as Huntsville's mayor for three terms between 1883 and 1889. A cadet at Lagrange College when the war began, young Mastin was first assigned as a drill-master. However, he was soon commissioned as adjutant of the 8th Arkansas Infantry Regiment. Mastin was captured at Charleston, Tennessee, on December 28, 1863, while serving as adjutant general of the 4th Division Cavalry under Gen. Joseph Wheeler. Mastin had the misfortune to be one of the 600 Confederate prisoners sent to Morris Island, South Carolina, and placed under fire. The South had protested the North's shelling of civilian targets in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, and had moved Union officer prisoners into Charleston to draw attention to the situation. The North responded by sending Confederate officers to Morris Island and placing them in the line of fire. Both sides eventually removed their prisoners, and the North went back to shelling the civilians.

The food of the prisoners consisted of pickled beef and salted white fish with but little bakers bread, the very kind of food to produce scurvy, which was making terrible havoc among them. Once a week one Irish potato would be issued to each man, which was eagerly eaten as an anti-scorbutic. I may have seen men cry from hunger who had braved death on many battle fields. An officer who called the roll at one of the blocks would sometimes bring a little rat terrier, which was

instantly seized by the prisoners, taken to the mess hall, and made to catch rats which were made into pies, which they seemed to relish. The U.S. authorities issued orders forbidding any boxes of supplies to be received by the prisoners, and forbade Sutlers to sell other articles than combs, soap, tobacco, and writing material. No healthy man can well subsist on less than thirty-eight ounces of food per day, but our prisoners received less than twenty-eight ounces.

The Masonic fraternity among the prisoners did much good. The hospital within the grounds was made comfortable for the sick and wounded. The writer several times aided in the last sad duty to deceased Masons. Neat head and footboards were placed at their graves with name, rank and date of death cut in the boards.

The Northern papers were at this time publishing such harrowing accounts of the alleged bad treatment of their prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia, that they were using retaliatory measures on us, forgetting that Andersonville was getting the same rations as were issued to Confederate soldiers.

The per-cent of Federal deaths in Southern prisons was under nine, while the per-cent of Confederate deaths in Northern prisons was over twelve. This shows where there was most cruelty. Judge [Robert] Ould, our Commissioner for Exchange, offered to purchase medicine in the North for Federal prisoners paying therefore in gold, cotton or tobacco, but this offer was not accepted. In his book, "The War Between the States," Mr.

[Alexander} Stephens says, "Had Davis' repeated offers been accepted, no prisoner on either side would have been retained in confinement a day."

Near the large gate of the prison, artillery was planted which could sweep the prison grounds, and a block house with loop holes for the Infantry. The 128th Ohio Infantry was on guard that winter with Colonel Charles W. Hill commanding the post, and a gunboat on the Lake.

One bright morning, April 15th, 1865, the writer and an Officer from Virginia were exercising in the grounds. As we approached the large gate we saw the artillery run out, and the guards standing on their posts ready. Soon an officer came in and announced that President Lincoln had been assassinated the night before, and the orders were to shoot down any man who should cheer or make any demonstration showing gratification at his death; further announcing that we were shortly to have been exchanged, but that he could not then tell when, if ever, we would be released. A few nights before there had been speech-making, drinking and carousing among the guards on the outside over the surrender of Lee's army, and they were at the time the above announcements were made, in an exceedingly angry mood.

At nine o'clock each night the Sentinels on guard would order "Lights out!" and if not instantly obeyed, would shoot into the rooms. One night a young Lieutenant from Virginia, while lying asleep on his bunk was killed instantly when a shot from one of our

sentinel's guns pierced his heart. A short time afterwards a shot was fired into the same room and went through a candle box on which a prisoner was seated. Sentinels were generally promoted for these wanton acts of cruelty.

Under such circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that prisoners would sometimes make the effort to escape, though successful escape was next to an impossibility. As soon as a prisoner was known to have escaped, a cannon was fired as a signal to the Home Guard on the mainland. This Home Guard searched the country for miles; and telegrams were sent to all Marshals on the Northern border. The prisoners attempted to dig tunnels and by this means to escape, but invariably were betrayed by informers who were placed to act as spies, dressed though they were in Confederate soldier garb.

Early in January, 1865, Colonel D. R. Hundley of the 31st Alabama Regiment, who had been in captivity since the fall of Vicksburg, becoming tired of the restraint, determined upon a plan of escape. He procured a blue uniform and one morning, feigning sickness, was absent from roll-call. The officer visited his room and found him in bed. As soon as he left, Colonel Hundley put on his blue uniform and carried a book under his arm, looking, for all the world, the image of the roll caller. He appeared on the scene thus; and by pre-arranged agreement, a sham fight was started among his friends. When the attention of the Yankee guard was directed to the sham fight, Colonel Hundley boldly walked past the sentinel at the gate, and the "fight" ceased.

We watched Colonel Hundley's progress from an upper story window, until he had safely crossed the Lake. He was out of prison about one week, and

during that time underwent much suffering, walking by night, and sleeping in hay lofts during the day. He was but one time warmed by a fire while he was out, and that at Fremont, Ohio, where driven by hunger and cold, he went to a hotel, registered, and was assigned a room. He was soon asleep, and when he awoke next morning a Yankee guard was seated near him. The guard said, "Colonel, if you have finished your nap, we will go back to prison." Colonel Hundley was a *handsome*, intelligent man, and he must have favorably impressed Colonel Hill, for he was returned to prison without punishment.

Daniel Robinson Hundley (1831-1899) was Colonel of the 31st Alabama Infantry Regiment. A native of Madison County, Hundley graduated from both the University of Virginia and Harvard Law School. He began practicing law in Chicago, but returned to his family home at Hundley Hill, near Mooresville, when Alabama seceded from the Union. Although Hundley fought at Vicksburg in 1862 and was wounded at Port Gibson in 1863, he was actually captured at the Battle of Atlanta in the summer of 1864. Hundley describes his escape attempt in some detail in his published diary, "Prison Echoes of the Great Rebellion."

A short time after this episode, Adjutant [John U.] Shorter of the same Regiment, seeing that his Colonel had escaped punishment, concluded to try the stunt himself. Procuring a blue uniform, he stationed himself at the Mess-Hall, where a wagon came to deposit wood. Getting on the wagon he went whistling, as he rode out. The sentinel at the gate challenged him, and demanded to know what

Company he belonged to. He stopped whistling only long enough to reply, "Company C." The guard said, "Oh, you come down from there. I belong *to* Company C myself." The guard took him to Colonel Hill who sent him back to prison and placed him on the head of a barrel near the gate, where he was required to stand all day (one of the coldest of that very cold winter). This punishment put a stop to all efforts to escape for a long time, at least, though there were several men who did, during the entire imprisonment, escape, including Captain [Robert] McKibben of Alabama. The Captain was one of five, all told, prisoners who made a successful escape. He reached Canada with frosted feet and untold hardships.

First Lieutenant John U. Shorter had been appointed adjutant of Colonel Hundley's 31st Alabama infantry Regiment on May 3, 1863. He was captured at the Battle of Baker's Creek (Champion Hill), Mississippi, just two weeks later. Colonel Hundley wrote that Shorter had "displayed signal gallantry, charging into the enemy's lines and being taken prisoner." Hundley wrote that Shorter "will be twenty years of age in January next [1864], and his present place of residence is Columbus, Georgia. He is a Cadet of the military, University of Alabama..." Col. D. R. Hundley to Gen. S. Cooper, Camp on Lookout Mountain, November 22, 1863. Hundley's letter can be found in Shorter's Compiled Service Record. Shorter was fortunate enough to be sent from Johnson's Island for exchange on February 25, 1865. He surrendered in Florida at the end of the war.

Captain Robert McKibben of Company F, 31st Alabama Infantry Regiment, had been captured at Baker's Creek

on May 16, 1863. McKibben escaped from Johnson's Island on Christmas Eve of 1864, walking out of the prison in a Federal uniform. His success encouraged Colonel Hundley to attempt the same feat. "The Yankees are very much puzzled to learn how McKibben escaped," Hundley wrote in his diary on December 26, "but they seem to be entirely unable to discover anything about it. It is circulated pretty extensively in the prison that he was taken out in a barrel at the watergate, and as one other prisoner is said to have actually escaped thus recently. I think this story will be likely to obtain credence outside. At least I hope it may until I can get off."

One of the prisoners suspected unjustly by the authorities of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, upon learning the night before we were released that he was not to be among the number, escaped from the prison and went to the Lake shore. There he procured a plank and threw himself on it and attempted to swim across the Lake, but the waves beat him back time and time again. Exhausted, he returned to the prison, and the next day when we marched out, we left poor [Charles H.] Cole in the Block House with a ball and chain fastened to his leg.

Captain Charles H. Cole was captured in the unsuccessful September 1864 attempt to seize the Federal gunboat Michigan and use it to free the Confederate prisoners at Johnson's Island. Transferred to Fort Lafayette in New York harbor when Johnson's Island was closed down in September 1865, Cole was not released from captivity until February 1866. Weeden is probably mistaken about Cole being suspected of involvement with Booth. Cole was apparently regarded as a spy.

On the 25th day of July 1865 one General officer and 115 Field officers were released, and Johnson's Island ceased to be a prison for Confederate soldiers.

THE CIVIL WAR JOURNAL OF OCTAVIA WYCHE OTEY

By Mickey Maroney

Introduction

"We did not dare to write our situation while the Yankees were in here for fear the letter would be captured. Rest assured my dear sister, our subscribing to their oath was a perfect sacrifice of my self to my family."

The above quote is from a letter which was recorded in one of sixteen volumes of the personal journal written by Octavia Wyche Otey of Meridianville, Alabama. Understandably, Octavia's decision to sign the Union oath of allegiance was not readily accepted by various family members and friends. But most of them eventually understood the difficult circumstances facing the Oteys and did not scorn them for their decision.

The portion of Octavia's journal pertaining to the Civil War covers only the few months from September 1864 to March 1865 because Octavia wrote sporadically, as time and inclination dictated. Her journal gives a detailed account of life on a plantation, her family's encounters with the Yankees, and the hardships caused by the War and the presence of Union troops nearby. More than an account of the War, it is an intimate record of family life fraught with illness, which, to Octavia, was more traumatic than the War itself. And as a consequence of her husband's serious illness, she was forced to assume responsibilities that ordinarily would have been his.

Octavia Aurelia Wyche was a young girl in 1849, and had been plagued with doubts about her decision to marry William Madison Otey. But marry him she did, and her doubts soon disappeared. Their life together was one of devotion to each other.

Their families had owned neighboring plantations near

Meridianville, although Octavia's family divided their time between Meridianville and another plantation they owned in Mississippi. Octavia, born in 1831 after her parents had moved to Alabama from Virginia, was the daughter of Mary Ann Rebecca and William Henry Wyche. Her father died in 1836, and later her mother married John Kirkland. Two children were born to them before Mary Ann Rebecca's death.

Madison was born in Alabama in 1818 after his parents, too, had moved from Virginia. He was the youngest of nine children of Mary Lucy Walton and William Walter Otey. Like Octavia, Madison was a small child when his father died, but his mother did not marry again.

Madison began building a fine home for Octavia soon after their marriage in 1849. By early 1851 they and their first child were settled in the newly-finished house, which they called Green Lawn. Madison had hired an English landscape architect to beautify the spacious grounds surrounding the house. The house, however, was not truly complete because Madison had built it with future expansion in mind.

Unfortunately, his ensuing poor health and the financial misfortunes caused by the Civil War prevented the construction of his planned addition. Nevertheless, the house, still standing, is an imposing structure. Its unusual front-to-back profile (two stories in front, one story in back) attests to the quirks of fate and fortune.

During the years before the Civil War, Madison and Octavia were quite well off financially. Indeed, he was able to more than double the acreage that he had inherited. The Oteys lived a customary plantation life, rearing their children, tending to household, farming and business matters, and leading an active social life. Guests were always welcome at Green Lawn, and very often relatives or neighbors joined them for dinner.

Green Lawn, located a mile south of Meridianville, is situated on a low hill overlooking the road from Huntsville to Fayetteville and Nashville, Tennessee. In the 1860s, this road was an important route between Huntsville and points north for troop movement, scouts, and foragers, of whom the Oteys

saw quite a few.

The following pages of Octavia's journal have been copied as written, including spelling errors, erratic punctuation, and a few lapses of correct grammar. In some instances, punctuation has been modified for the sake of clarity. A few words in the handwritten journal were impossible to decipher, and those words are indicated by a question mark enclosed in brackets.

Various people who could be identified are referred to in footnotes. Below is a list of family members mentioned frequently in Octavia's journal:

Mr. Otey – Octavia's husband Madison (Matt), ill, apparently with cancer.

Father – Octavia's step-father John Kirkland, who lived with them, also ill.

Will – Octavia's younger half-brother Will Kirkland, who lived with them, also ill.

Cousin Eliza – (Eliza McCrary Battle) widow of Josiah D. Battle, related by marriage; lived across the road from Green Lawn at Sunnyside plantation.

Tommie – daughter of Cousin Eliza.

Otey Children:

Imogene – (Imogene Wyche) born December 1850.

Willie Walter – (William Walter) born 1853.

Mollie Beck – (Marie Rebecca) born August 1855.

Matt – (Madison Wyche) born 1858.

Ellise – (Laura Ellise) born 1860.

Lucy – (Lucille Horton) born September 1862.

Sept. 10th 1864. It has been a good many years since I attempted to keep a journal. I will now commence again. It will make writing more familiar and easier, and keep things jotted down that I do not wish to forget. This has been a year of trouble to our family, and also to the whole country. Anxiety about something to eat something to wear, and anxiety about everything. That which is not taken in the day from us, is stolen at night by former slaves and robbers. God only knows what will become of us. He only can comfort or

help us. Ever since the first of March, some of our family have been sick, not a day when all were entirely well. I try to submit to it as cheerfully as possible, but my heart must be callous indeed to be indifferent to it. My dear husband's health is very bad. He has had the Chronic Diarrhea for 5 years this fall, and for the last 8 months he has been getting rapidly worse. I cannot realize that it is so, once so well and hearty. Two years ago weighing 240 lbs., now only 160, and falling off every day. He is so sick now that he cannot sit up all day. Last night he rode old Mary Jane to church and came back very tired, and was taken sick with his bowels in an hour or so after he got home, and was very sick all night, and did not get out of his bed untill [next] evening. He has pretty good appetite most of the time, but it is difficult to get anything suitable for him to eat. Night before last, while I was at church, somebody stole Jenny Lind, the only animal [an old mare] I had to drive or to get about with. She was about 12 or 13 years old, very poor, and blind in one eye, but she served me better than a fine horse would have done. I don't think the Federals would have taken her from us, but some mean white man or former slave, has stolen her to sell. I do hope I will find her. She was stolen last month but I got her again. I made a jar of yeast to day. John Ford took supper with us to night.

John Ford, a neighbor who lived about a mile and a half southeast of Green Lawn in the house now known as the Countess House on Countess Road. The home is still standing.

Sunday, Sept. 11th, 1864. We have been having a good meeting at our church [Presbyterian] in Meridianville, for about 9 days, a warmer one than has been there, for years. At one time we had 21 or 22 mourners [?], and one night when I was there, we had three bright [?] conversions. Al Handcock, Albert Jones, Mrs. Nugent. It seemed strange such a revival at such a time. We have not been disturbed by the Yankees at all,

so far, which has been a great blessing. Brother Saunders has been the only minister we have had, except help twice. He is almost broke down, but is preaching again today. I don't feel quite well enough, but if I did, don't know how I should go, as Coaly [mule] balks so, I do not think I will ever drive him again.

There will be preaching again tonight. Last night father brought home 8 gallons of [Probably whiskey. The "dots" are Octavia's]. It is put where it won't be found easily. It is hard work keeping anything now. Since Jenny was stolen Mr. Otey got father to have two staples fixed in the stable and chains fastened to them and our two mules chained by the neck, every night. Mr. Otey is better to day, but complains a good deal of weakness, he is lying down a good deal. Will appears to be in better health lately. A short time ago he had an attack of Nettle Rash. It made him quite sick at the time, but he was in bed only one day, and has seemed better than usual since then. He went to church the night I went in cousin Eliza's carriage. He went last night with John Ford, but came back early, on account of the heat. Kinley brought me some water from "johnson's wells" to day. Parthenia has done no work this week. Imogene and Mollie staid last night at Mr. Strothers, and went to preaching and came home this morning, walked. Ed Chadie and Willie Figures here this evening, also J. Russel. Nina and cook Maria went to church last night. They are very much pleased, [unfinished sentence]

Monday Sept. 12th '64. This is a beautiful morning, cool like fall. I don't get very good sleep at night up with the baby or someone. Mr. Otey is up this morning, earlier than usual, and reading his Bible. Poor Imogene did not get much sleep last night for the baby Lucy [2 years old]. We have not received a letter from Ella since one dated 11th of December. When will the dear child come home, when will all of our dear relations come home? And when will our poor prisoner boys be released? Poor fellows, they must have a hard time, it requires courage to endure. As well as to do. I owe Cap a letter and I will write in a day or two. I would have written long ago, but

Mr. Otey's health and mine, has been so bad that I did not have the heart to write to poor Cap, and he in prison too. When I write to him I cannot write freely as I wish to, and I would like to write him a pleasant letter. I feel stronger this morning, than usual, but not well. Every day my heart threatens me with an attack. I dread those spells, though I suffer no pain. Will is busy netting a Partridge net. And I have common need, a silk net for Mollie Beck's head.

Mr. Otey is so weak and feeble, that I am distressed to look at him, and sometimes, I feel as if my heart would break to think of his situation. My only hope for him to be spared to us, is in God. My children cause me a good deal of trouble now, they are so restless, and reckless, and I am sorry to say, some of them are disobedient. Imogene [13 years old] and Willie Walter [11 years old] are the exceptions, however, for I believe they do the best they can. Mollie [9 years old] is so wild I can not keep her at any house work, but I have more trouble about poor Ellise [4 years old] than any of the rest, she is always in mischief and does not mind correction or reproof. I hope God will help me raise them all right, so that they may be His here and hereafter. Children and all. We feel the influence of the times. I wanted to go to church so much to night, but cannot go. I have gone in cousin Eliza's carriage twice. We are all rather low down now, for us to be. We are having beautiful nights now for meeting. Jimmy Erskine came her to night, walked to preaching [slightly more than a mile].

Tuesday 13th, 1864. This is another beautiful morning, cool and clear. We are rather expecting the Yankees out this morning. We heard that a foraging party would be out to day, and we prepared for them accordingly. Only three or four rode by however, and did not come to the house. They took a barrel of salt from Charley Strong and one from Mrs. Pleas Strong yesterday. Cousin Eliza offered me a seat in her carriage to day, but I was affraid to leave home, and sent Imogene. Father heard Mollie Beck, Walter and Matt Wyche [6 years old] say their lessons in the library this morning. While we were at the breakfast table this morning Bob and Farmer

Strong rode up. They sat about an hour. We got a quarter of Beef from John Pruit's to day. Parthenia's meat gave out four days too soon, and I gave her quite a scold about it, she says she had a chill this evening. She did better than she has done for years untill about four weeks back. Cook Maria does better than any slaves on the place, and even she gets out of sorts sometimes. Nina does a great deal better than some, but not near as well as she could do.

Wednesday 14th, 1864. The weather still continues good, it is beautiful weather for the meeting, the moon shines all night. Imogene and I, take it "time about" going to meeting. We both cannot leave Lucy, at once. Cousin Eliza gave me a seat in her carriage to night. We are entirely indebted to her for chance to go to church. We had a good sermon from Bro. Saunders, but no conversions. Sister Maria and Mrs. Searcy were here a little while this evening. Gave sister M. a small jug of Cider.

Thursday 15th. 1864. Mr. Otey is no worse I don't think, but he does not acknowledge feeling any better. He has a bad rising that troubles him a good deal. John Ford took supper with us to night. Jimmie Erskine came back out here from church. Imogene went to night.

Thursday [sic - see previous entry date] 16th 1864. We had a light shower last night, and this morning it is cool and clear, a real fall morning. Maria gave us delightful rolls and Beef steak for breakfast, almost equal to sister Caroline's. Cousin Eliza offered me a seat in her carriage to prayer meeting this morning, but before we could go a large train of forage wagons and cavalry came by, going north of us, and we were affraid to leave home. None stopped here, for a wonder, but when they come back, I am affraid they will stop. We have 7 young turkeys and very fine ones, and the finest 2 year old Gobbler I ever saw, and a hen. I would not like for the Yankees to get them. I fitted a white body [bodice?] on Mollie this morning. Matt Wyche has spent this day with Davis Battle, he is very fond of going there. Charly Strong here a little while this morning. Cousin E. offered some of us a seat again to night. Mr. Otey still suffering with that rising, and not very

strong, lies down about two hours after dinner. Will is looking better than he has for some time, his health about the same. Still busy, him and Mr. Otey, about the Partridge nets. My health is better now.

Well this evening as the Forage train came back, it was nearly dark when they got here, and they just ripped over the place, come in the yard and took a Turkey out of the hen house, and took 9 head of cattle from us, our sole dependence for something to eat this fall. Three of them were calves, and one of them a steer, our only one. We tried hard to get them to leave one or two but they cursed me, and told me they did not care if we did starve. My little children were standing by and heard them curse their Mother twice. What was in the heads of those children? If human nature is what I think it is, the men and women of the next generation will cause the Yankees more trouble than their parents ever did. If I did not fear displeasing my maker, I would be tempted to administer "Hanibal's oath" of eternal vengeance and hatred to our oppressors.

Poor Mollie cried bitterly when they took our cattle. She don't like the idea of starving, and has a tender heart. The men just laughed at our distress, and one of them said if he owned a fine large farm like this, he wouldn't want anything more. I told him that I did. I wanted something to eat, but nothing moved them.

Friday 16th Sept., 1864. This morning I got up a little after 4 o'clock and waked father up, he wanted to get off early to [the] mill. He got off about day, and got back by three or four o'clock in the evening with a turn of very nice flour. He went with Kinly to protect the mules. I started very early this morning with cousin Eliza, for Huntsville, to try and get back something. We had a very worrying day, on account of my heart disease. I determined to stay in the buggy as much as possible, as I dread a return of that disease. Cousin E. went to the court house to get a pass but the doors were not opened, and she left. We then went to Gen. Granger's, and there found Judge Dox and Mr. Jolly. Cousin E. stated our case to them.

The Gen. said it was against orders to take work oxen or milk cows, and give us an order to [Col.] Johnson, and he (J.) sent us to Capt. Bond, and he sent us to the Corel [corral], where we found part of our cattle. Cousin E. got three work oxen, and two yearlings, and I got our steer and two yearling calves. I got them as calves, I could get them no other way. We did not have time to get receipts so concluded to come tomorrow. We got no papers or news. They all seemed very heartless to me. They won't think me union, and I can't say I am. Gen. G. said looking at me "umph, rebel?" I said Gen. my husband was a Union man but is now sick and helpless. I did not tell him we were suffering all as patiently and cheerfully as possible in hopes of Southern independence. The tears came to my eyes, but they were not for myself.

I was not near as tired as I expected to be. I went to church tonight, Will and I, with Tommy and cousin Eliza. We heard a good sermon. Made arrangements to go to town with cousin E. in the morning. Wash was afraid to go to town so Willie Walter had to drive all 8 of our cattle as far as Johnny McDavid's house.

Saturday 17th Sept., 1864. Cool and a little cloudy. Cousin Eliza and I started early this morning for Huntsville, intending to get receipts for our cattle, and as our family made their breakfast on bread this morning, and I had to kill a chicken for dinner, I concluded to demand Beef. I waited until cousin E. was through. I stated my case then, to Col. Johnston, and told him I had 10 white ones in family and had no meat [for] breakfast, and did not know when we would have any, that our sole dependence was on our team [oxen], and they had taken all of them, and asked if I could not have one of them back. He said I could if Capt. Bond could spare one, and at the intercession of one of the men, he concluded to let me have one. We went to the encampment around the fort, commanded by Maj. Stout, he appeared to be a very gentlemanly officer and gave cousin E. one of her oxen back to her. We had work driving it to the edge of town, had to go back then and get mine from the Corell [corral], the largest

ones were all killed, so I had to take a one-year old calf. We had no one with us but Willie Walter and a slave of cousin E.'s. J. Ford had one [ox] to drive so he helped Willie Walter drive ours too. We went back into town and got receipts. I also bought a dollars' worth of Beef and 3 papers. Everybody very kind to us to day. I carried Jim Cooper a bottle of Cider. Also, Jane, flour. Tom was carried to Nashville against his will by the soldiers the other day. Cousin Eliza stopped at Mrs. Fackler's and got out. I sat in the buggy. Laura Basset came out to the buggy and talked to me some time, she is an old schoolmate of Ella's. Mrs. Fackler and Mr. Fackler came out and spoke very kindly to me.

Imogene went to church, also Walter and Mollie with Tommie. Jimmie Erskine came here after church. Dr. Searcy was here to day and lanced Mr. Otey's rising. It run a good deal. He feels very much relieved tonight.

Sunday 18th Sept., 1864. It is a beautiful and cool morning, like fall, as it is. We went in our own carriage to church this morning, Mr. Otey, Will, Imogene and I. Father and J. E. walked to church. We liked never to have got up the hill, as one of the mules won't pull. J. E. took hold of the reins and pulled and coaxed them up the hill. I feel that I have great cause for thankfulness to day, my husband, brother and father, and oldest child and myself all at church together at once. Imogene joined the church this morning, and I feel very glad indeed. When an infant we gave her to God in baptism, and now in her 14th year she sets her soul to it, by publicly joining the church of God. We all once more partook of the Holy sacrament together. I feel that it was indeed a blessing to be there. We expected company to dinner to day, but were disappointed, though Sidney Darwin was here. The evening passed off quietly, and at night, Imogene, Father, and Walter walked up to church. About half after 9 o'clock I heard horses feet and went to the window, and blew out my candle, and listened. I think about 50 horsemen passed, they say infantry also. In about an hour, Imogene returned, having rode home with H. Wade. She said there was great interest manifested in

the church, 10 or 12 mourners, and no suspicion of evil, when one of the ladies went to the door, and came back, reporting the house surrounded by Yankees. Several went to the door and were not permitted to come out, the men guarding the door with drawn swords and bayonets. They inspected the company and said the ladies might leave, and having detained them there some time, suffered all to leave. They thought religion a cloak to military movement. I hope they were satisfied, as they gave permission to continue the meeting. Maj. Calkins, the Provost Marshal, commanded the company. It is humiliating to be treated so. We must pray the Lord to give us patience to live. Mr. Otey feels better to day than usual.

Monday 19th Sept., 1864. This is a beautiful day. All hands commenced picking cotton. Matt Wyche gave out early, father picking also. Mr. Otey not quite so well to day, his back quiet weak. Imogene and Mollie knitting stockings. Our meeting still continues. This morning Lewis bought an old bedstead from me, paying me one dollar and promising me three more.

I boiled one of my hams to day. I hate to see the last of my meat go so fast, I gave the slaves their last middling [fatback or streak of lean meat from the middle of the hog between the shoulder and ham] to day also. I have not had much energy the last two or three days. I cut out the bodies and sleeves of two shirts for father, and two for Will. John Ford took supper with us and went to church, so we had old Mary Jane hitched in the buggy, and Mr. Otey and I went up to church also. We made the trip safely. Had an excellent sermon from Bro. Saunders, but no conversions. No interruptions from Yankees.

Tuesday 20th Sept., 1864. It is quite cool this morning, but rather cloudy. He rode out to see his hogs this morning. I went over to cousin Eliza's also and spent the morning. I have no energy at all, I am really lazy. To night Mr. Otey, Imogene, Willie Walter, cousin Eliza, and Liza Mc. all went to church in our carriage, we borrowed a horse from cousin E. to work with our mule. They all got back safely.

Wednesday 21st Sept., 1864. It is raining this morning, and all are kept in the house. Mr. Otey and Will are busy working on their Partridge net. Borrowed cousin E.'s mare again and went to church in the carriage. Mr. Otey, Will and I heard an excellent sermon from Bro. Saunders. It was whispered over the house that Yankees were at the door. We kept our seats, but we were soon relieved by being told that it was a mistake. On our way home it was told that they were Confederates in Yankee uniform, and we passed them in fact on our way home. Nina and Franky washed wool to day. Bought 46 lbs. of middlings.

Thursday Sept. 22, 1864. Another damp cloudy day, trying to rain every once in a while. I have been very busy to day cutting out and fixing work for Nina and Parthenia. I am trying to keep Mollie in the house more, and am learning her to knit ribs to a sock. To day our family are in better health than usual for us, although Mr. Otey and Will are very tired working on their net, and Father has almost broke himself down working, and we cannot keep him from it. The bird net is finished. Jimmie Erskine here to day. Bob Strong here this evening. I made some more yeast this evening. J. Erskine and Imogene went to church to night in Mr. Strong's school wagon. Bother came back about 11 o'clock. Mr. Otey made a little white oak basket, Matt and Lucy both claim it.

Friday Sept 23rd, 1864. It is quite cloudy this morning, but not raining yet. Mr. Otey's health seems to be a little better now, though he has to take Opium pills almost constantly to keep his bowels in check. It has been raining off and on all day. J. Erskine and Jack Robinson here all day. The children all in the house to day, and are quite noisy. Mr. Otey is amusing himself making baskets, has made one and [gave it] to Lucy and Matt Wyche together, and made Mollie a very nice knitting basket and has commenced one for Imogene. I made Anderson clean my silver forks and butter knife, and all the broken pieces of silver to day. I cleaned my work stand nicely and cut out work for Parthenia and Nina. I weighed out meat

to day, gave P. 3 lbs., N. 9 lbs., L.R. 4 [lbs.]. Nina's baby Albert keeps quite sick. Our Rolls not so good lately.

The authorities in Huntsville commenced making ladies take the oath too day, every lady that got a pass had to take the oath. It has created quite a stir amongst the ladies. Lewis quit eating here to day. Mr. Otey made Mollie a nice knitting basket.

Saturday Sept. 24th, 1864. This is dear little Lucy's birthday, she is two years old, and a sweet, merry, blue eyed, curly headed thing she is, she talks very well, and very sensibly too. She is a great comfort and pleasure to all on the place. I wish her aunt Ella could see her long sunny curls. Mary Beck's hair curled tolerably well, but Lucy's curls better.

Well, I made some sweet cakes to day, the first I have made in a long time. They were very nice, but not quite enough of them. This evening the Yankees came by after more cattle. They did not take ours this time, but my turkeys were over the creek, and they shot at them 4 or 5 times, we felt certain they had killed some of them, but had to keep still and listen at them, we could not help ourselves. I had some hopes though, knowing that they sometimes shot 3 or 4 times at a sheep to kill it. Well, by night, all the turkeys came up, they killed none but had scattered them. I thanked God for that.

Sunday Sept. 25th, 1864. It is a beautiful morning. Brother Bone preached at Meridianville to day. Tommie gave me a seat in her carriage, and I went to church with her. We heard a splendid sermon. I thought it the best I ever heard him preach. His text was "James, 1 chapter, 27 verse." His sermon not including prayer, was an hour and a half, but I was not tired at all. Service to night, Mr. Otey and Imogene went with Tommie to church. We had bad luck last night. Some dogs killed 4 of our sheep, we only had 8, and we had to eat the meat. We had no other.

Cook Marie asked me last night to let her go to Huntsville to day. I do not like for her to go there, but did not refuse her. And P. staid quite late untill 8 o'clock, our supper was very

late, and Mr. Otey and Imogene did not wait for supper but got some milk and bread, and left.

Monday Sept. 26th, 1864. We heard yesterday that Forrest had taken Athens, and taken 2 or 3000 Yankee prisoners. It proved to be so, but the amount of prisoners not ascertained. Federal troops are rolling through them where he pleases. About 4 o'clock a company of Federals under Maj. Moore passed by here, on a scout, north of here. They did not stop, but for fear they may get my turkeys when they go back, I had them all drove in a house. I think I will keep them there until I eat from unless the Yankees do that for me, they took one from there not long ago. Imogene and Ellise went up to sister Maria's this morning, to stay several days. Willie Walter and Matt Wyche walked up there with them, and back in the evening. Nina's baby still continues quite sick. Father is quite sick to day, and Will is complaining more than usual. He is afraid he is going to have a spell again. Mr. Otey appears better, but has to keep under the influence of Opium most of the time. Cousin Eliza over here to day.

Tuesday Sept., 27th, 1864. We are having some rain and cloudy weather now. Our cotton has been picked over now, it is opening slowly. This evening the Yankees came back, they had gone as far as Fayetteville. They had stopped down at the shop. I heard they were coming, in time to send Kinley and Jack off in to the corn field with the mules, to hide them. The Maj. [Moore] came up to the house and asked if we had any U. S. horses. I told him no. He did not say anything about mules. I thanked God for his protection once more. Alice came over here this evening for some Ivy roots. It commenced raining before she left. A stranger came up here asking to stay all night. I hated to turn him off, so let him stay all night. He was Yankee I think. Otey Pruitt staid here to night.

Cousin A. [Amanda] Wade went to town Saturday or Sunday and they required her to take the oath which she refused to do, so they won't let her out. Cousin Eliza sent me word to be ready to go to town tomorrow.

Wednesday 28th Sept., 1864. This morning is rather cloudy, and cousin Eliza declined going to town. I am very glad, for I have a great dislike to going there now. I am footing over some socks for Mr. Otey. I don't knit very fast. It is very hard to keep Mary Beck at her knitting, and she can knit fast and well too. But she brings me in a good many eggs. Imogene is quite lazy about knitting also, but she is interrupted a good deal. Imogene and Ellise got home this evening. Lucy is almost weaned from Imogene. Tommie came over this evening and while here the supper bell rang, so she took supper with us. Mr. Strong took supper with us also, and then went up to church. Mr. Otey was complaining more than usual of his bowels, he appeared quite sick to night. Will and Father appear better. I went with Tommie to church, very few there.

Thursday 29th Sept., 1864. It is raining this morning, and every one kept in the house. Father is hearing the children's lessons this morning. Lucy is very irritable this morning. A company of Federals passed here this morning on their way to town, and in a few minutes, another passed on their way out on a scout north. None stopped.

My dear husband has not been so well to day. He was lying down most of the morning, and this evening he rode to Meridianville, but he complains of feeling very badly and weak, and looks weak out of his eyes. He says his liver is not acting at all. He took a Blue pill to night, with a little Calomel and Dovers powders in it. I do hope it will do him some good. Mr. Strong brought him some Sassaparilla root the other day, he has made him some bitters.

Friday 30th Sept., 1864. The weather unsettled yet. Last night Mr. Otey was quite sick, his bowels were out of order, and the Blue Pill has had no effect on him. I had to check his bowels with those Opium pills. He suffered with sick stomach and pain in his bowels. He rode off this morning and returned about 11 o'clock. Not long after he returned we saw a man in gray clothes riding leisurely along and not far off, another one, and both went over to cousin Eliza's. In a few minutes 6 or 8

came riding slowly down the road with John Pruit in their midst, three dressed also in gray. We were all lost in conjecture, fondly hoping they were Confederates, yet sick with hope deferred. Mr. Otey said he knew they were Confederates. They did not look like Yankees. Soon came a note from Tommie stating that they were Confederates, and that several thousands were coming on behind. I am affraid I was not very dignified for a few minutes. Our friend, Thaler [?] Kelly soon rode up, and told us they were about to attack Huntsville. He took dinner with us, a good many others did also. A good many men passed by but we did not count them. Cousin Eliza came over a little while this evening, she was quite excited. After supper to night another regiment passed, and then 4 men came and asked to stay all night. We had no supper to offer them but took them in. It rained very hard for a little while to night. I am so sorry it has rained so on our poor soldiers. I dread, yet long for tommorow to come. It has been over a year since we saw a Confederate soldier before today, much less a large body of them. I expect near 3000 have passed. Zenia says our soldiers took that old steward off, from sister Caroline's place [Oaklawn], and sent him over the river. His wife left then also, and the house now is empty and deserted. What a pity that place should be treated so, it makes me sad to think of it. I am anxious to hear from them all, and Ella, why don't she write? I imagine all kinds of reasons for her not writing. Surely if she was dead we would hear of it. Ill news flies fast. God bless and take care of her and hers.

Saturday Oct. 1st. 1864. It is an ugly, unlikely morning, and has been raining all day. All the morning we listened anxiously for the sounds of attack on Huntsville, but in vain. About 11 o'clock we heard that the Confederate army had passed around Huntsville, and no one knew where they were going. Anxiety and excitement have given me a bad headache, and heart ache too, how can we stand living this way? Father still keeps sick with the jaundice. Will appears about the same. I scarcely know how Mr. Otey is. He says he does not know where we are to get any thing to eat. We have very little now.

Every thing is in confusion to day, Confederates passing singly and in squads all the time. It is hard to have to live this way. The children are all very wild, poor Ellise very bad, I do not know what to do with her. John Ford was here this evening.

Sunday Oct. 2nd, 1864. The sun is trying to shine this morning, but has a sickly look. Father, Will, and Mr. Otey are all busy listening to the cannons this morning, in the direction of Athens. God give us this victory, I pray, but I won't listen at them, it would encourage hopes, not to be realized. Will says I must come out and listen.

Well, the day is gone, nothing is known certainly, of our army. The report to day is that both sides have received reinforcements, that 1500 Confederates passed Dr. Shelby's on their way to Athens, also that Gen. Forrest passed through New Market to day. If he is in here something will be done. They say the Yankees have received help of the 14th or 15th army corps. Our troops left a wounded Yankee at Mrs. Nugent's, but they would not come out after him. Quite a stir has been made in Huntsville, a great many have left the place. John Prior sent Mr. Otey \$5.00, all he has ever paid him for \$20 worth of cider sold by him for us. Mr. Otey went to church to day, twice. His bowels are better, yesterday and to day, than they have been in some time, only one action to day. He is very thin, does not weigh more than 150 lbs. He has so much to worry him. Imo[gene] went to church this evening with cousin Eliza. Willie Walter and Matt Wyche went up to Fern [?] and John Pruit's this morning, going to stay all night. I had a spell with my heart to day, lasted me three or four hours.

Monday Oct. 3rd, 1864. Another day of rain and sunshine, mostly rain. To night it is raining hard. It is dreadful on the poor soldiers, especially the new recruits. The Yankees say they whipped our men to the river yesterday, but nothing certain is known of military movements, no cannonading heard to day. Three Yankees passed here to day, as far as the creek, know nothing about them. Will's health appears better lately, father's also, seems better. Mr. Otey's bowels are better,

but he will eat apples, and I think he ought to be very careful what he eats. He takes it very hard, the way we are situated. He is trying to get what few hogs we have, penned, to fatten them, but he is in fear all the time of their being taken from us. Sometimes I feel quite desparate, all seems dark around me, I feel like I could struggle no longer, but that would not increase my happiness, so "I must e'en keep a trying." We are expecting to make some molasses soon, and that will help us a good deal. I have been cutting out work today, knitting and reading. I heard today that Jenny Lind was in the Coral in town.

Tuesday Oct 4th, 1864. Raining and sun trying to shine all day, quite warm also. All of us are as well as usual except Lucy. She is not very well, her bowels are out of order. Father went out in the orchard and got some peaches twice. He carried cousin Eliza some this evening. She says I can get some syrup from her kettle to make preserves with. Mrs. Benley sent here for some peaches this evening. I sent her a basket full. John Pryor stopped here this evening to excuse himself to Mr. Otey, who was up at Meridianville. John says Jenny Lind is at the coral at old Mrs. Patton's or was last Friday. I do wish I could get her, but they won't let citizens in or out of town. We do not know what the movements are on either side. We live in constant expectation of everything we have being taken from us. It rained very hard this evening, Mr. Otey came home in the rain. I gave Mr. Otey yesterday his third bottle of [?] and Will his second bottle. For 5 days now, Mr. Otey's bowels have been all right but he is imprudent. I fear he will have a relapse.

Wednesday Oct. 5th, 1864. It rained very hard this morning, but it is a good deal cooler. Our cows have most all gone dry, and we get very little milk or butter. This morning we had neither. It is very hard on the poor children, nothing but a little piece of fried middling, and bread and water, and not as much as they could eat of that, but our rolls were nice. It is true we don't always have as much as we could eat, but I have faith to believe that God will never really let us suffer. It is

strange how we can stand it. We had to kill a shoat this morning. Mr. Otey hated very much to kill it, but if we don't, the Yankees may, and the children must have something to eat.

Father has been hearing the children's lessons pretty constantly lately. The other day when our soldiers were passing, a Federal soldier asked Lucy (our little two-year-old) if she was a little Yankee? She said very shortly, no. I told him I had insulted her very much a few days before, by asking her if she loved the Yankees? Says he, "What do they expect to do with us when the very babies hate them." Yes, there is a feeling of eternal dislike, and hatred, for our oppressors growing up in the hearts of the babes and children of this generation that will never be obliterated. It has been raining almost constantly to day, the creek is higher than it has been before this year, I think. Will is not feeling so well today, Father appears better, Mr. Otey still the same. Mr. Otey gave cook Maria some leather to sole her shoes with.

Thursday Oct. 6th, 1864. It is cooler and looked less like rain this morning that it has in some time. This evening it appeared to clear off. The creek is very high. 15 or 20 Yankees went by here this morning, came back about dark, did not stop here. This morning I opened a package of beautiful painted and mottoed cards, and let the children all choose one to be marked with their name, and given them for good behavior. They are to conquer their worst fault, and learn their lessons well. S. Ford and her little niece, Laura Lanier, spent the evening here. John [Ford] was at cousin Eliza's. My baby appears to be quite sick to day. I have given her tree small doses of Calomel, and she appears quite sick to night, with right smart fever and sick stomach. I feel quite uneasy about her. I would not be surprised if Mattie were having chills, he has fever and head ache to night.

Friday Oct. 7th, 1864. It has been a beautiful day, cool and clear. I am affraid we will soon have frost, and we have not made our molasses yet. John Ford here to day, spent the day, Will helping him net on his Partridge net. After he left, cousin

Eliza came over and sat a while, she says she had just heard that we had another big fight in Virginia, and that Lee had whipped Grant again. And that Gen. Forrest had whipped Rosseau badly about Shelbyville. I hope it is true. It is said also that Buford took off from Athens, quantities of fine horses, cattle, and wagons loaded with meat. Dr. Searcy came down to see Lucy to day.

Saturday Oct. 8th, 1864. Another beautiful day, but the cold pinches, we are not prepared for it. I spent this morning looking over clothes and mending stockings. The children have commenced hunting chestnuts. There are a great many Scaly barks [hickory nuts] this fall but we have no way to get them. Mr. Otey is busy getting his Sugar cane ready to grind, we can get the use of cousin Eliza's mill the first of next week. Cousin Eliza sent over here for some peaches this morning. She sent me a pitcher of Syrup, it was very nice. Mr. Strong came about dinner time and sat a while. After dinner, Miss A. Wade came and spent the evening. The house was turned up side down, Nina cleaning up, but it is Saturday evening. Will is not feeling so well this evening. Mr. Otey and Father worked themselves down. This evening we killed a little Beef. Lucy is a good deal better, she is getting over her spell quicker than I expected. Mattie has had two or three chills, I am giving him Quinine to day. He had quite a hot fever last night. It is an awful state of society here now. If we only think of it, we have patience with everything and not let on that any thing is amiss, we can't help ourselves and if we commense reproving the servants we only make matters worse. I confess I do not know what to do, but I wish that Parthenia and her family had never come home while the Yankees are here. Her and her whole family are as mean as they can be.

Sunday Oct. 9th, 1864. This morning we had heavy frost. It is clear and cold, it is beautiful weather. Our grapes have not been gathered yet, nor the sugar cane ground. We must gather the grapes tomorrow, and make a little wine. Mr. Otey and Father went to church this morning. I generally let Orleana have half of every Sunday, so she went out this morning, and

Imogene nursed Lucy. She begs for Imogene to take her all the time anyhow.

Matt Wyche is taking Quinine again to day, he had no chills yesterday. Will is complaining of feeling badly, but he has scarcely any cough at all. I was taken at the dinner table today, with a spell of my heart, it has lasted all day. Cousin Eliza and Tommie were over here this evening.

Monday Oct. 10th, 1864. Another frost this morning. I had the grapes gathered this morning, but we can't have them pressed until I have the cider mill home. I made Nina and Mollie pick all the tomatoes they could find today. I was sick all night with my heart and head ache, and in bed all day. I have not been able to fix any work today for any one.

Parthenia patching father's pants, Nina making Molasses, peach preserves. Father getting well again, he and Mr. Otey are hard at work on the Sugar cane, commenced pressing the cane to day. Mr. Otey did not sleep well last night; his bowels were hurting him all night. Today he is taking Opium pills. He will eat too much, and now he is working too much. Fannie Strong called this evening. I have promised to send Imogene to her as a music scholar. All day sick with my head and heart. Lucy and Mattie are better, Will better, but complaining. Tom came back to day from Nashville.

Tuesday Oct. 11th, 1864. It is a beautiful day, I am up again, but feel quite weak. I picked wool all this morning, and tried to make the children pick also. I want to send it to be carded on Friday. This evening I made some delightful Tomato Catchup but did not bottle it. Will and I, with Nina's help, pressed out the grapes this evening, got about two gallons and a quart of juice. I sweetened a gallon and the pints with sugar, the rest I sweetened with sugar cane syrup. Matt Wyche is quite sick to day. I think he has had another chill. I have heard that he waded in the water yesterday, perhaps that is the cause of it. The little fellow is very patient in his sickness, he takes his medicine well. I am afraid the damp weather we have had will cause a good many chill. Will has had slight fever lately. Mr. Otey's bowels not right yet but not exactly

running off. Father made 18 gallons Syrup today, but tires himself nearly to death. Cousin Eliza sent over to see if I would get to town with her tomorrow. I do not know what to do.

Wednesday Oct. 12th, 1864. It is cloudy this morning, but I do not think it will rain. I have concluded to go to town with cousin Eliza, Willie Walter goes on horseback, riding old Commodore. We went in the Court house, and there found Mr. or rather judge Dox, who got our passes for us without any difficulty, for which we are much obliged.

It is strange how we can get used to anything, before this war commenced I could not bear the idea of going inside of the court house. Now, I walk [in] it as indifferently, and composedly, as if it were some servant's dwelling. The thought that it is for my husband and family, with God's help, carries me through it all. I saw Sidney Darwin to day, he appears to be a good friend to us. I could not find my mare, I am affraid I never will. I was offered a fine cooking stove to day for \$40 but did not have the money to buy it. I am very sorry I cannot get it. Capt. Bond who owes us for our Beef cattle, paid me 28 and ½ lbs. sugar and \$10 on my act. [account], and cousin E. \$20. My sugar was equivalent to \$10.

Matt Wyche was quite sick last night, but is better to night. Mr. Otey's bowels are not quite right, yet. Got Mr. Otey's pants cut out, Will's coat pattern. Bought Father some Tobacco. Got some Opium pills for Mr. O.

Thursday Oct. 13th, 1864. Another clear, pretty day. Father gets up before day, and goes to the sugar mill, and makes the fire. I hate to see him old as he is, working so much, but he will do it. Lucy was quite hoarse last night, she is very troublesome at night, she wants Imogene all the time. This morning a forage train passed around our place, and went to Bob Strong's and filled their wagons. Some of the men passed through the creek bottom, and went to the sugar mill, and the Lieut. ordered his men to take Kinly, Jack, Bill Ed, and Chimp and carry them off with them, did not ask any questions at all. The Lieut. then went over to cousin Eliza's, probably thinking

that they belonged there. Mr. Otey told me to run over there, and see the officer and see if I could not get them off. When I got to cousin Eliza's big gate, I was out of breath and my heart beating very fast. There I met the officer, and I represented our situation to him and told him how helpless our family were. He turned around to Kinly and Jack and told them to go back. As for the other two, they would have to go, and without waiting for a reply put spurs to his horse, and rode on ahead of his men, leaving me both astonished and distressed. The whole conversation had not occupied three minutes. I was and am now very much distressed that they should have taken Mr. Pruitt's slaves, after he was so kind as to let them help us make our molasses, and their leaving those hired here. Makes it look as if I had chosen them and let his go. I begged for all, and I suppose his selection was just "happen so." I sent Mr. Pruitt word immediately, and he and Dr. Searcy went by not long afterwards, to try and get them back. We live in constant trouble. Mr. Otey has worked so hard this week that it has made him sick, his bowels not easy or right yet.

Tom, our poor runaway, is here again to day, he seems very unhappy, he asked Mr. Otey tonight to get him some tools and leather, and let him stay up stairs, and make shoes. Mr. Otey did not tell him what he would do, or he does not know whether to let Tom come home to stay or not. My dear husband is quite sick to night, he thinks he is taking a bad cold. He complains of a pain in his left side, that I don't like. I do not know the cause of it. My dear brother Will is better to day. Mattie, clear of fever or chill to day. John Ford here this evening. I have been busy, and all hands, picking wool all day.

Friday Oct. 14th, 1864. We had frost this morning, but it has been cloudy most all day. I think it is most too cool to rain. I got every little sleep last night, Mr. Otey was quite sick all night, and I was up with him. He said his bowels pained him, and he was sore and sick all over. This morning he was easier, but has kept his bed all day. He has taken two Opium pills to day and they make him very sleepy. I cooked him some rice to

day, he eat a little of it. Will and Imogene have been trying all the week to go over to cousin Eliza's, so to day I told them to wait no longer, but go now, and if I needed them, I would send for them. Nina has been picking wool this morning, this evening washing her clothes.

Matt Wyche is up to day and at play. I am affraid he will be imprudent and have another chill. Mr. Pruitt and Dr. Searcy got back their boys that were taken yesterday, but they could not get poor Chimp. I will try when I go down next. I have a beautiful boquet of roses all the winter. The perfume of flowers always recalls pleasant and sweet recollections, sometimes undefined, sometimes very distinct.

When I was in town the other day, I was told that Armssie [?] Otey had sent his uncle Matt or me word to send him two pair of yarn socks and a blanket or quilt. I shall try and send them, though I do not know now where I will get them from as I have 10 pair of feet to get stockings for this winter, and not much done toward it, as yet. And I have given long ago all the bed clothes I had to spare, to our poor soldiers. I will try and do what poor Armssie requests.

Saturday Oct. 15th, 1864. Frost again this morning, busy helping put away molasses. Mr. Otey up to day, but I am afraid he has broken himself down about the molasses, and helping to gather Apples. He and father and the chaps finished gathering Apples to day. I expect we have about 30 bushels in all. Nina cleaning up. Will put a new string to the clock to day. Cousin Eliza here this morning, also Charley Strong. Finished the molasses yesterday, made 50 gallons. Mr. Pruitt has got Chimp back again.

Sunday Oct. 16th, 1864. Last night it rained a little, this morning it is clear but a heavy dew has fallen, and no frost. Had chicken, rolls and coffee for breakfast this morning, as it was Sunday. Mr. Otey did not sleep well last night, he worked too hard yesterday. He complains of feeling badly all over, but he ate a hearty breakfast, he generally has appetite. Last night I did not sleep any until most 3 o'clock, so I feel quite badly to day. Lucy is very troublesome at night. Father and Mr. Otey

went to church this morning. I could not go, I had no way. Mr. Strong here again to day. Walter and Mollie read some in the Testament to day. They went to the chestnut trees in the field, and got a hundred chestnuts spires [?]. Mattie is lying about his evening, I am afraid he is sick.

Will seems better this evening than he has been in some time. He walked with me to the bottom of the yard, and into the road, to see if Mr. Otey was coming. We saw him coming on old Mary Jane. He was feeling very badly, said he had been sick all day. The whites of his eyes were quite yellow, and his skin yellower than usual, and Dr. Searcy thought he was taking the jaundice. To night I have given him a Blue pill with a little Calomel (Father said about 3 grains) in it. He spent the day at John Pruit's. I gave Father and Will a bottle of Brandy apiece.

Monday Oct. 17th, 1864. Last night Mr. Otey slept a little better than he did the night before. But he thinks a great deal about his situation, he says he is as thin as a shed. I would give anything in the world to have his health restored. I was very busy this morning straining off my wine. I have 5 bottles sweetened with Syrup and 9 sweetened with sugar. I also filled 6 bottles with Tomato Catchup. Father went off to the corn field gathering corn, and Mr. Otey hated to be doing nothing, so he went to grinding Cider. I made Tom come and help him, he made 15 gallons. Tom finished digging Ground Peas today, then went to gathering corn. Tonight I had everything made ready for Father an early breakfast in the morning, he speaks of going with Kinly to mills.

Tuesday 18th, 1864. It rained a little this morning, but not much. None the rest of the day. Father got off early to mill this morning, carried my wool with him. He brought home some beautiful flour, and got the wool carded into rolls and paid 20 cts. A lb. for carding. He bought me two pair of wool and cotton socks for Armssie, paid \$1.25 cts. a pair for them. I wrote to Armssie to night. Will seems a good deal better. He went to the cotton patch to day, and picked 6 lbs. Willie Walter and Mollie picked white peas this evening. I had some

cider boiled to day. Imogene made some molasses candy this evening. Zenia came here to day for some Apples for sister Maria, I think I gave her most a bushel. My baby is very unwell to night, she has a bad cold, and coughs a good deal, and she won't take medicine. I had to whip the poor little thing to night to make her take her medicine. Mattie cried like I was whipping him. Mr. Otey slept tolerably well last night, his pill has acted twice. He thinks it has stirred up the bile a little, but he complains of feeling quite badly. What would I not give if he were well. Gave Mr. Otey a bottle of Brandy.

Thursday 20 Oct., 1864. This morning early, Johnny Russel rode up and said his uncle John said if I wanted to go to Neaves's, to have his horse put in the buggy and go up there, and he would go with me. So after consulting with Mr. Otey I concluded to go. I got off about 8 o'clock and got there about 10, found them up, but not well. Carried Mrs. Neaves a little Sugar and Tea, and some Turnips. She had ready for me 8 and $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. grey jeans for Will, 2 yds Brown jeans and 2 yds. Checked cloth. I was very glad indeed to get the cloth. Mr. Otey said he felt right smart this morning, and after I left, he went to picking cotton, and to night he says his bowels feel unpleasant and ill at ease. I bought a pair of yarn socks to day, gave \$1.00 for them. Left some cotton thread at Mrs. Neaves. Stopped at sister Maria's this evening. Matt Wyche keeps very unwell, I think he is having chills again. I gave him Calomel to night, I will have to give him Quinine tomorrow. Brought home money and jewelry to night from N.'s.

Sunday Oct. 23rd, 1864. This is a beautiful day. Bro. Bone preaches in Meridianville to day. One of our mules balks, so Kinly borrowed an old mare from cousin E. and Will, cousin Eliza, and Ellise and I went to church in our carriage, thankful for any chance to get there. Our team is quite a contrast however, to our beautiful blacks of "long ago." I should feel quite glad if I had two old horses to pull me, that no one would take from us. John Ford took dinner with us, rather a scant one, a real Sunday dinner, for we are out of meat of any kind. We have had no meat on our table since Friday morning,

and God knows where we shall get any from. We do not know our blessings until they depart. Mattie taking Quinine to day, he seems clear of fever and better.

Monday Oct. 24th, 1864. Mattie appears better this morning, but Imogene has taken a violent cold, and is very unwell. Cousin Eliza sent over to see if I would go to town with her. I did not know what to do, but Imogene thought she was well enough to take care of the baby so I went. I was anxious to see if Capt. Bond would pay us for our cattle. I found the officials in good humor and done better than I expected. Got some sort of protection for our corn, and 50 lbs. of meat and 17 dollars, were paid on my beef account by Capt. Bond, and I thank my Heavenly father for it. We went to three or four stores, they have a good many goods in town but very high. I got two pair of shoes for the children, had to pay \$4.75 apiece for them. We were very late getting home we had so much to do. I found the children all very unwell when I got home. Mattie with some fever again.

Tuesday Oct. 25th. This is a beautiful day, one ought to stay out of doors to enjoy it. I have been very busy all day. Weighed out meat this morning and the rest of the day cutting out Will's coat and lining. Poor little Mattie is quite sick this morning, right smart fever. Imogene's throat very sore, this evening I sent for Dr. Searcy. He fixed medicine for Mattie, and cauterized Imogene's throat. Mr. Otey killed a bird with a rock this morning, he says they were whistling all around him. It will be nice for Mattie in the morning. He went fishing this evening and caught a mess of Suckers. Mr. Otey appears to be better since the cool weather began. I hope he will have no more boils this winter. Commenced Will's coat to day.

Wednesday Oct. 26th. It has been raining most all day. It held up late this evening and Mr. Otey and father went out with the net, but caught nothing. I bottled my boiled Cider this morning and gave Father, Mr. Otey, and Will a fresh bottle. Raining so that I have not done much to Will's coat to day. Mr. Otey commenced taking "Nitro Muriatric Acid" to day. Poor little Mattie has been quite sick today. I have given

him Quinine to day according to directions and I think he has had fever all day. I think he is a right sick child. I am afraid the disease will run into Typhoid fever. I sent for Dr. Searcy this evening, but he did not give him anything, says he will be by early in the morning. Dear little Mattie has had me reading to him the last two nights in my Testament. He seems to love it, and to understand, and it is really a comfort to him to pray. Imogene has been quite sick to day with her throat. Made some yeast to day. Maria made some leaven today also.

Monday, Nov. 28th. 1864. It has been now a month since I wrote any in my book and a retrospect of the past month will be sad and difficult also to make. Mattie Wyche had a long tedious spell that required nursing, and no medicine. Will, sick with jaundice and bad cold, and in fact all of [us] have been sick, but we all seem to be better now. How shocked and distressed we were to hear of poor, dear little Octa's death, I do not know when we will get over it. And Arthur also, it made us all very sad. Then right around us, old Mr. Berry Wade, [and] Fulton Ford died within a few hours of one another, and a week afterwards poor Nugent was murdered. Oh, we have had an awful time this month, sickness, sorrow, and trouble. I don't believe I can even give an inventory of what we have suffered this month. It is useless to try. We were most starved for a while, no weather to kill meat in, and before it turned cold, someone stole every hog out of the pen, but two. Mr. Otey was sick at the time, and it made him a great deal worse, and poor Nugent's death aggravated his disease also. So, one Sunday while he was sick I found myself without a pound or scrap of meat, lard or butter to save our lives. We had not had a pound of meat last for seasoning a week. The very last little scrap gave out on Sunday. I had half a chicken for breakfast also two birds, and for dinner the other half chicken I sent that to Mr. Otey and Will, who were sick in my room. And then sat down to the table and looked around. The children were waiting to be helped, six of them, and Father had helped himself to stewed fruit, Potatoes, and bread, no milk, but water. And I looked at him and then at his

plate, and it seemed so unreal and ridiculous that I burst out laughing, but other thoughts soon sent me from the table to finish a hearty fit of crying. I passed off to the children as a fit of laughing hysterics. And poor things, they did not know that their Mother was crying for them. I never saw starvation so close to me before. I took violent cold, waiting on Mr. Otey when he was sick, and that combined with my hearty fit of crying, put me in bed for 4 or 5 days.

[At this point, Octavia ceased writing again for about two months, not resuming her journal until February 5, 1865. However, on December 12, 1864 she answered a disturbing letter from her sister Ella, who had taken refuge from the Yankees in south Alabama (perhaps Mobile), along with her husband Dr. Burke and the John Robinson and James B. Robinson families. Madison's sisters, Caroline and Frances, were the wives of John and James, respectively. Ella had written to Octavia about how distressed she was upon hearing that Octavia had taken the Yankee "oath." Following is Octavia's reply, starting with a postscript that was written at right angles across the heading of the letter to Ella]:

We did not dare to write our situation while the Yank[ees] were in here for fear the letter would be captured. Rest assured my dear sister, our subscribing to their oath was a perfect sacrifice of my self to our family.

Green Lawn

Dec. 12th '64

Mrs. Ella Burke.

My dear sister,

Your letter was received to day through Johnnie [probably the son of John and Caroline Robinson of Oaklawn], who called here and staid several hours. I was very glad to hear from you, my dear sister, and had so much rather have seen you in person.

I am very sorry you have had your feelings hurt by those representations of my taking "the oath." I should have

guarded against it by telling you of it long ago, but had no idea that any one up here would think it worth their while to chronicle my acts.

I have never felt like I had taken the oath, as though I have signed my name to such a document, which was all that was required of me, and I have no idea that the person who wrote about it wrote any thing but "guess work," as it was taken in April or May, and the person who wrote about it, no doubt thought it was taken to buy goods, as no one could buy goods without taking it. Your Brother [in-law] Matt's health was such that he could go neither North or South [to flee the Yankees], and he did not want to take the oath. I was violently opposed to his taking it, and if I had not taken it, he would have done it, and my pride was for my husband more than myself, and believe me my dear sister, it is only a matter of pride.

We who are in the enemy's lines, with their clutch, as it were, on our throats, can do our cause no harm by taking their oath. And it is generally understood that it lasts only while they hold possession of our part of the country. So I subscribed to their oath to keep my husband, brother, or Father from taking it, and to keep my family of 10 from beggary or starvation. We did not have a cent of money that would buy us a morsel of meat, and they had taken everything from us but our cattle, and this fall have taken them, except one milk cow. And we had vouchers for [al]most 100 dollars, and we could not sell them, even, unless we took the oath or got a strong Union citizen to certify that we are loyal to the U. S. government. We could not do that, and I thought it more honorable and less degrading to take the oath in the manner I did, than to beg, to fawn on our enemies, or borrow, when we saw no way to pay our debts. We have heard that everything is gone [on our plantation] in Miss. but the land. They have taken everything here, almost, except the house and furniture. Your brother Matt was sick and nearly distracted about how we were to live, no one to make us any bread. Will was sick, and Willie Walter had never been strong

since he had the pneumonia in the spring, and it was distinctly understood between me and the "provost Marshal" that I took it "because my husband was sick, and I had to attend to his business, and that it was for business purposes." No one can with truth say that I did it willingly. It was the hardest task I ever did, but I made it subject of prayer and asked my "Heavenly father" to help me and give me strength to do what was right, whether I wanted to or not. And I feel confident he will fix it all right with those whose good opinion I care for. As for the rest, well, let them alone. My reporter must have had their "hands full," [since] it would be an easy matter to name those who have not taken the oath, but to name all who did, would have kept them very busy.

The people of South Ala., as any other place, where they have laws to protect them, a plenty to eat, and to wear, secure in the midst of friends are not competent to judge of what is right and proper, for a people oppressed as we have been, to do, some with starvation staring us in the face, some shot down in the midst of their families, some taken up on mere suspicion and thrown in to a loathsome jail. And others with their houses burnt down, only because they may have a soldier friend or relation, who they cannot punish, so punish their friends. All this and more we have borne for the last eighteen months, and instead of the sympathy of people farther south, who have never known the terrors of Yankee rule, we get only execrations and malicious slanders. I have not heard it from you my dear sister, but have heard it from others that by the people farther south, we of North Ala. are spoken of with great bitterness and contempt. But I think if ever they are tried the same way, they will not come out of it any nobler than we have. Of course, we think we have the sympathy of our refugee friends, but none of you can know what we have suffered, though I think our family have suffered more than any of our acquaintances because we have had no cotton to sell to get money to buy the necessities of life with.

We are all very anxious for all of our kinfolks to come back. I

am afraid they are too well fixed to be in a hurry about it. Ella, I won't deceive you, we are living very hard, but if you and Dr. Burke can stand our fare, we will share all we have with you. I don't want you to think we are living as well as we were when you left, but you might come and try it and see if you can stand it. No Yankees here now and we are beginning to straighten up and feel free once more. We are all very anxious for you and Dr. Burke to come up. Imogene and I are afraid to fix a room for you, for fear you won't come. Mr. Otey has been a little better since the Yankees have left. He has brought his rifle to light and has killed squirrels and duck already. There is plenty of game all around. Father too, has his traps, he has caught several rabbits and 6 partridges. Will had the jaundice this fall, and they left him in a weak state of health, which caused him to have chills. I think though, they will soon leave him.

I received a letter from dear sister Frances by Johnnie, which I must answer. My dear sister, you must not grieve too deeply for dear little Octie. You never heard the dear little "angel" begging for something to eat, or have to eat dry biscuit for her supper. Whenever I hear Lucy begging for milk or butter, I would think of dear little Octie, whose wants are all supplied.

Our poor children have all run wild, they are perfectly uncivilized, and I have no heart to manage them, or do anything. I strove for so long to be cheerful and pleasant when I felt like my heart was breaking, that my spirits have given way, and I do believe if the Yankees had staid here a month longer, it would have most killed me. Give a good deal of love to sister Caroline and family for me. Tell them I am very anxious for them to come back, but I do not know what they will do about living in that house. [Oaklawn had been used as Federal officers' quarters]. I should think it could be cleaned out entirely. I am in hopes you will ? this letter. I you do, and sister Caroline has heard the same things about me that you have, you can use your own judgement about sending it on to her, by Johnnie. I hope I have satisfied you, but it is hard to explain any thing satisfactorily by letter. Mr. Otey sends his

love to you, Dr. Burke, sister Caroline's and sister Frances' families. Will, Imogene, also. Give my love to Dr. Burke also. I hope to see you all soon, and may God bless and take care of you, is the prayer of your affectionate sister,

Octavia A. Otey.

[Another postscript] Come up as soon as you can. We are none of us well. Will has to stay in bed half every day to keep off chills. Tell sister Frances I would answer her letter by Johnie, but have been very sick ever since I received your letter. Just able to write to you.

Feb. 5th, 1865. This is Sunday night. Time passes sadly with me, with all of us I think. Mr. Otey lies on the "tete tete" before my room fire, and Will on another one before the parlor fire, both sick, or quite unwell. On last Friday night, Mr. Otey's bowels got out of order, again, for the first time he thinks since the attack he had in the Christmas. [sic] I do hope this one will not be a severe one. He has been laid up about 10 days lately with boils, very bad ones indeed, two on his arm and one on his breast, and during that time his bowels were better, had only one action during the day. He is very weak and not able to do much. Last Wednesday Mr. Otey felt so much better than usual, that he went fishing with Mr. Strong, and Thursday he went fishing also, and Friday him and Father went bird netting, but caught nothing, and I think over exertion may have brought on this spell. Poor dear Will has had a hard time also. The jaundice left him in a weak state of health, and for two weeks or more during the last of Dec. and first of Jan., he had to lie a bed half the day to keep off rigors and fever. I think he is better in some respects now, but very weak. He appeared stronger to day I thought than he had been for several days.

Feb. 6th, 1865. Cold and unlikely this morning and trying to snow to night. Mr. Otey a little better to day. This evening he

got his old violin and fixed it up, and played on it for the first time in two years. I hope he will keep it up. Will is better, also, today. He says he feels stronger, I do hope he will continue to improve. Ella plays a good deal on the piano now, Mr. Sullivan calls for it every day now. He seems quite at home. Father caught a duck in his trap yesterday, and one again to day. I cut out Willie Walter's new pants to day, and gave to Parthenia to make. The poor boy is in rags, he has worn one pair ever since November, and they are now nothing but rags.

Feb. 7th, 1865. This morning the ground is covered two inches deep in snow, and every limb of tree, twig, or leaf covered with snow, it did look beautiful. Mr. Otey and Will still about the same, both complain of great weakness, and lie down a great deal. Will missed his rigors and fever to day. Mr. Otey's bowels are not checked yet. He played on the violin again to day. It is so hard for me to attend to other duties, and my mind on them all the time, and harder still to appear or be cheerful when I don't feel so. I do wish I could give them something to strengthen them. Nina commenced ripping my black silk dress to day. I am going to turn it.

Feb. 8th, 1865. The ground is still covered with snow, it has melted very little. The baby, Lucy is very fretful and irritable, I hope she is not sick. I think I am tired on every side now. It is so hard to be truly patient, and submissive to the will of God. My daily prayer is to feel and to say "thy will Oh God! Be done." Will seems better and stronger to day, has had no cold chills or fevers. He and Mr. Otey were working on Willie Walter's old gun most all day. I know if fatigued them both. To night, Mr. Otey is very unwell, complaining of a gnawing sensation around his navel, and pain in his bowels. He is very low spirited also. He is now asleep on the "tete tete" before the fire. My poor dear husband, I wish he could get well.

Feb. 9th. Snow still on the ground but melting a little. Quite cold also. Mr. Otey and Will about the same, I do not think any worse. Will is cheerful but quite weak, but Mr. Otey is very low spirited. I feel quite heart broken about them. Ella is quite sick to day with Neuralgia in her head. Father caught in

his and Mr. Otey's traps this morning three wild ducks, and this evening, three more. I sent two over to cousin Eliza. Mr. Otey had one action to day and 1 more to night.

Feb. Sunday 12th, 1865. Two days have passed since I wrote any. Friday, I forget why I did not write, and yesterday I went to town with cousin Eliza, and came home with a very bad sick headache, and was very sick all night. Gen. Kimbal gave me an order to get some sugar and whiskey. I was very glad indeed, as we can get things cheaper at the Commissary stores than we can anywhere else. I got two gallons of whiskey for \$4.30 cts. And sugar for 21cts. A pound and got 20 lbs. Gen. Kimbal is very kind to the citizens, and God knows we need a friend. Capt. Bond lost my receipt from Bellew [?] for 40 dollars. Gen. Stanley says if I will write to Col. Anderson, that he will endorse it and send it to him. Will has seemed better today than usual, but Mr. Otey has been quite sick to night. He went with Father up to Meridianville this morning and staid all day, and came back feeling very badly and got worse after dark. He complained of being very sick at the stomach, but did not throw up. He had an action and has seemed easier since then.

Feb. Sunday 19th, 1865. Well, all this week I have been sick with Neuralgia, my ? still swollen with it. On last Friday I was very ill with a spell with my heart more violent than usual. I think Will continues to improve. Mr. Otey has been very unwell and very weak all this week, and as low in spirits also. I think his spirits have great effect on his health. Yesterday morning he laid down on the "tete tete" too weak apparently to move, and I at last persuaded him to ride out in the buggy. He was gone untill 12 o'clock and when he came back he found bro. Saunders here, who spent the day here, so instead of lieing down as usual, he had to set up and talk, and Dr. Searcy and Cornelia came and spent the evening and Mr. Otey played on the violin, so he had to rouse him self and I thought he was better for it. I made him strong Red Oak tea, and that with Johnson water seemed to check his bowels. He slept well last night and got up this morning and dressed, and said he

felt better, eat a couple of eggs, two rolls, and drank a cup of coffee for breakfast, and about half an hour afterwards, he complained of being very sick, his head swimming, and it is now two o'clock, and he is lieing here sleeping quietly, his sick spell seems mostly to have worn off but he lies here and appears to sleep.

This evening got up and sat out in the gallery about an hour and a half or two hours, but complained a good deal all the time. About dark, he had a very consistent, and I thought, good action, but untill he went to bed he seemed quite sick.

Feb. 28th, 1865. Since I wrote last, Mr. Otey and I have both been quite sick, I with my heart, he with his bowels, but thanks to our Heavenly Father, we are both better now, after a very sick day last Saturday, we are both better. Mr. Otey's bowels are in a better condition than they have been in, in some time. He is drinking Red oak bark and Johnson water, they seem to control his bowels. To day he was well enough to take me in the buggy to Charley Thomas's, he came back quite tired however. Last Saturday, I feared he never would drive wagon any where. Some one stole my Turkey gobbler. I tried to day to swap my hen for one, but could not find one.

Bought 3 gallons of Coal oil last week and have used two lamps full already, had my lamp filled fresh last night. Came home to night and found Willie Walter with a sore throat and some fever, gave him Blue Moss [?] and Calomel, and rubbed outside his throat with Liniment, and Ella touched his tonsils with Turpentine. I do hope the poor child is not going to be sick much, just exactly a year ago, he was taken violently with Pneumonia, and Will seems better the last two weeks, he is now taking Halls Balsam for the Lungs, he thinks it does him good. Left some money with old Mrs. McCoa, she says I can get 75 cts. worth of butter by next Saturday, namely 1 lb. and a half.

March Sunday night 14th. My poor dear husband quite sick again to night, oh that he could be spared to us. If it were not for our poor children, I would want to die at the same time that he does.

[That was the last entry Octavia made in her journal until the day her husband died, June 2, 1865. One can imagine the pain and anguish they both went through during those last two and a half months of his life, she finally admitting to herself that he would not be spared. As if it were not hard enough for Octavia to see her husband suffer terribly and know that he would soon die, all the while caring for her ill brother, she had to bear the pain of losing her father during the final weeks of her husband's illness. John Kirkland died April 4, 1865, just a few days before General Lee surrendered at Appomattox. In the midst of all her personal sorrow, it is not surprising that Octavia did not write about the end of the War. When she again picked up her pen and put ink to paper, she wrote in detail of Madison's final hours:]

June 2nd, '65. Oh my God, what shall I do, my poor dear husband is gone, he has left me and his poor little children here all alone, how can I live without him. No earthly being can sympathize with me like he did. He has been confined to his bed about two months and a half, and bore all his sufferings with patience and fortitude that I never saw equaled. He has left an example to his family and friends that I hope his children and myself may be enabled to follow. Yesterday I talked to him about his situation a little. I told him I knew he was very sick, and asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He said I could pray for him. I then asked him if it should please God to take him from us, if he would be willing to go? He said yes, without any hesitation. I told him how hard it would be for me to give him up, and not to disturb himself about the children, that I would take as good care as I could of them. I understood him to say that God would take care of us, but it was hard to understand him sometimes, for he could not swallow for two days before his death, except with great difficulty. Last night he would not rest at all until I lay down by him and went to sleep. He thought of my comfort to the last. This morning he asked me to give him the bed pan. I gave it to him, and after a while he called me to take it... I leaned over to him and helped him arrange his pillow. In a little while I saw

him fix his eyes intently on [?]. I bent over him and asked him what he was looking at. He did not answer me, but once I felt him press my hand. He passed away in less than five minutes, without a struggle, without a sigh, and was at rest. "He giveth his beloved sleep." When I was talking to him that morning, I tried to tell him (what words could not express) how much I loved him, how dear he had been and was now to me, that he had been the dearest, best husband in the world to me, my all, my everything; and asked him if I had ever worried him, or displeased him in any way, if he would forgive me. He said immediately "Oh yes" with such a touching, comforting manner.

I am very glad and thankful that I talked to him, and I feel that it was sufficient, but my heart's constant cry is, how can I give him up. The evening before he died I went into the next room, and he sent for me directly. And when I sat down on the bed by him, he said to me, "Real, don't leave me." ["Real" was his pet name for Octavia—from her middle name Aurelia.] I know now that he was expecting death constantly, but oh my, I still had hope....Two evenings before his death, I was leaning over him or was by him, and he said "Real, I never shall get well." Then in a little while he said twice, Oh Real, Oh Real. I have no doubt now, but that then, the bitterness of death was passing. Would to God that had I known his death was so near, my eyes would not a moment have left that dear face. I regret now even the sleep I took the night before....If I had known it was death, I think I should have told him, but could I have stood it, if I had known he would certainly die? I think I should have died myself, if I had fairly comprehended his situation. Oh my darling, my darling one. Would to God, I had died for thee.

June 3rd, '65. 25 verse, 18 chapter of Genesis, "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right." Bro. Bone also read from 52 to 57 verse of 1st Corinthians. Sung Old Hundred, and at the grave, How firm a foundation.

THE STAR OF THE COLLECTION

Norman M. Shapiro

Early in the Civil War Centennial Year 1961, Huntsville's Mayor R. B. Searcy received a letter from Miss Susie Aubrey Smith of Portland, Oregon, which is transcribed below from the hand-written original:

Portland, Ore.

April 29, 1961

Mr. R. V. [sic] Searcy Mayor, Huntsville, Ala.

Dear Mr. Searcy,

In going over some boxes of family belongings that had been stored for some years I came across a number of things which the Huntsville Historical Society may like to have.

I am writing to you about this as you and I are cousins - how near or how distant I do not know - and I thought you might inquire and let me know which of the things might be acceptable. The Oregon Historical Society would be charmed to add them to its collection in the Centennial year of the War Between the States, but I think they really belong in Huntsville.

I am a granddaughter of Mrs. David Todd, who was Susan Searcy Turner before her first marriage to Henry Williamson. The house of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Turner stood at Franklin and Gates Streets. When I was a very small child I lived there with my mother, Mrs. Preston Carter Smith (Susan Williamson).

However, in your impressive booklet on Huntsville (sent us by Mrs. Robert Latta, a former

Portland girl who now lives in Huntsville) I do not find the house, so it must have been tom down. (I do see "Cousin" Sally Pyncheon's house.)



While in Huntsville I attended Sunday School at the Episcopal church - could you find out if the church would like to have a photograph of Dr. Bannister, one of its distinguished ministers? I unearthed one in a box - a good one.

I visited Huntsville in 1918 enroute home from Europe. As I remember, I stayed with Miss Kate McCalley and she gave a large reception for me.

Among family relics which I am not offering you is my grandmother's seal ring, a Carnelian marked SST; a miniature of Colonel Robert Searcy & Col. Searcy's certificate as Grand Master of the Masons in Tennessee dated 1800. I have also a portrait in oil of my grandmother when she was 15 & my niece has one of her brother James Camp Turner, a Lt. in an Alabama regiment who was killed in the first battle of the war - Manassas. My portrait has a bayonet wound - a Yankee straggler did it as the Yankees moved out of Huntsville. They also poured buttermilk into the grand piano.

I hope to hear about the relics at your convenience and thank you in advance for your time and trouble. A list on another sheet of people.

Sincerely yours,
/s/Susie Aubrey Smith

The items listed were: Confederate Flag, General Hardee's Sash, Pen Nib and Ink Well, Autographs of Confederate Generals Concert Program, Confederate Ribbon Badge

Mayor Searcy forwarded the letter to Dr. Frances C. Roberts who replied for the Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society and accepted Miss Smith's gracious offer. When the collection arrived, it was placed in the holdings of Huntsville's Burritt Museum. Also included were four personal letters to Mrs. Todd which appear in an appendix to this article. The copies of the portraits of Mrs. David Todd (Susan Searcy Turner) and young James Camp Turner were obtained only recently from a great, great grandson of Mrs. Todd, Preston Frazier. The portraits were painted about 1850 when Susan was 15 and James Camp was 11.

Several of the items have been on display at the Burritt Museum since they arrived. The Concert Program is a printed program of a benefit concert in which Mrs. Todd, who was an accomplished singer, participated in 1880, and the Confederate Ribbon Badge is a Confederate veteran's memento. The "star" of the collection (and it displayed twelve of them) was, of course, the Confederate flag, for fastened to the flag was a note: "General Beauregard's Field Flag at the Battle of Shiloh." The flag design is representative of the second set of flags ordered by General Beauregard for the Western Army in 1862 but whether it was actually Beauregard's personal battle flag cannot be verified from the documents accompanying the collection. We will see later, however, that it is certainly possible. The flag was carefully delivered to the Textile Preservation Co. in Sharpsburg,

Maryland, in September 1996, for conservation and minor cleaning.

The circumstances surrounding Mrs. Todd's acquisition of the flag and other relics are unknown and their investigation has involved a most interesting connection of Civil War and family history. Mrs. Todd (Susan Searcy Turner) was born in Huntsville, Alabama, 20 May 1835 to Daniel B. and Susan D. Searcy Turner. Daniel B. Turner was born about 1800 in Caroline County, Virginia, to John and Elizabeth Burrus Turner. John Turner's antecedents are unknown; Caroline County was one of the "burned" Virginia counties and only a few records survived. When a young man, Daniel Turner moved to Madison County, Alabama, where his maternal grandparents, Charles and Elizabeth Coleman Burrus, had earlier emigrated. (His sister Elizabeth also came to Madison County and married John J. Fackler, and "Cousin" Sally Pyncheon was their daughter. The Facklers enlarged the elegant home at 518 Adams Avenue; this is now known as the "Clarke-Powell Home." Charles Burrus was appointed Lt. Col. and Commandant of Madison County, Mississippi Territory's 16th Regiment on 23 December 1812. The regiment was activated from 8 to 27 October 1813, "to guard the frontiers of Madison County against hostile Creek Indians." Susan D. Searcy's father, Major Robert Searcy, was a prominent attorney in Nashville, Tennessee, and one of Andrew Jackson's aides during the Creek War.

Daniel B. Turner became a wealthy merchant and leading citizen of early Huntsville. He was Huntsville Postmaster from 1836-1841 and 1845-1847, Madison County Sheriff from 1834-1837, and Alabama State Senator 1838-1840. His two children, Susan and James Camp, enjoyed the advantages of his success, but not without tragedy. James Camp, reported to be a most intelligent and promising young man, returned from travel and study in Europe to join the 4th Alabama Regiment and died at Manassas 21 July 1861. Susan married W. H. Williamson of Savannah, Georgia, in Huntsville on 10 May 1854 and was a widow with two young daughters, Susan

and Jennie, before 1860.

Nothing is known of Susan and Henry Williamson's courtship or short married life. He is evidently the Henry Williamson, 24 years old and a merchant, shown in the 1850 Census of Chatham County (Savannah), Georgia, in the household of Madaline Williamson, 44. A John P. Williamson married Madaline J. Dennis in Chatham County on 12 March 1821. He died around the first of January, 1843. Henry Williamson's will (obtained from the Georgia Department of Archives and History) which was probated in Chatham County in 1858 leaves his entire estate to his daughters Susey and Jenny Williamson and doesn't mention his wife. In 1860, Susan Williams and daughters Susan, 5, and Jennie, 3, were living with her father in the house at Franklin and Gates which became her primary residence for the rest of her life.

One can assume that the young widow, Susan, was interested in finding a husband and a father for her young children and indeed she did marry David Humphreys Todd (of whom more later) on 4 April 1865, when the war was essentially over. During the war, however, the letters indicate she may have had other relationships. Two of the letters were from her second cousins, David Wendel Yandell and Lunsford Pitt Yandell Jr., who were both eminent physicians of their day and sons and grandsons of distinguished physicians. Their father, Dr. Lunsford Pitt Yandell Sr. married Susan Juliet Wendel, daughter of David Wendel of Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Susan's grandfather, Maj. Robert Searcy, married Elizabeth Wendel, a sister of David Wendel. Their common great grandparents were Christopher and Susannah Deadrick Wendel.

Dr. David W. Yandell enlisted at Bowling Green under General Buckner, but was soon transferred to General Hardee's command from which he was taken by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston who made him Medical Director of

the Department of the West. Dr. Yandell continued to fill the high office of Medical Director until the end of the war, serving successively on the staffs of General Beauregard, Hardee, Joseph E. Johnston, and Kirby Smith. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga. The unfortunate circumstances of Albert Sidney Johnston's death at Shiloh after being wounded by a minie ball which tore the artery of his right leg were told by his son in his biography of his father, "Dr. D. W. Yandell, his surgeon, had attended his person during most of the morning; but, finding a large number of wounded men, including many Federals, at one point, General Johnston ordered Yandell to stop there, establish a hospital, and give them his services. He said to Yandell: 'These men were our enemies a moment ago, they are prisoners now; take care of them.' Yandell remonstrated against leaving him, but he was peremptory, and the doctor began his work. He saw General Johnston no more. Had Yandell remained with him, he would have had little difficulty with the wound. It was this act of unselfish charity which cost him his life." Dr. Yandell's life and distinguished medical career before and after the war were described by his daughter in a tribute published in the *Kentucky Medical Journal*, and in a 1978 biography. He was elected president of the American Medical Association in 1871. Dr. Lunsford Pitt Yandell Jr., "Lunny," eleven years younger than his brother David, enlisted 4 May 1861 as a private in the Fourth Tennessee Regiment, but was soon appointed assistant surgeon, and subsequently surgeon, of his regiment. He afterwards served as brigade surgeon, medical inspector, and medical director. He was paroled 15 April 1865 in North Carolina, serving at that time on the staff of General Hardee. After the war, he too had an eminent career as a physician and professor at the University of Louisville. Another brother, William Yandell, who served only briefly during the war because of bad health, completed his medical studies at the University of

Louisville in 1867 and moved to Texas.

The letters from the two brothers read somewhat like love letters, and perhaps they are, but they are, more likely, examples of Victorian coquetry between well-educated cousins of that day. David's letter, written just two weeks after Shiloh, the first great bloody battle of the war, seems remarkably dispassionate about his experiences, except for his distaste for the environment at Corinth. His concern about "revealing affairs of the army" is well taken, but the absence of some description of the horror he had witnessed is perhaps unusual.

The other two letters were one from General Hardee and one comprising a poetry contribution from General Hardee's "Staff." Susan's acquaintanceship with General Hardee was probably effected through her cousins and probably at "Beechwood," the home of Col. Andrew Erwin, near Wartrace in Bedford County, Tennessee. Susan had family connections with Col. Erwin (see below). There is no evidence that General Hardee or his staff spent any substantial time in or around Huntsville but their encampment for several weeks at "Beechwood" is well documented. Rowena Webster, Mrs. Erwin's sister, tells of her hostile encounter with Union General Ormsby Mitchel while she and her niece Rosa Turner were staying with friends in Huntsville in 1863 and how they subsequently returned to "Beechwood" and of the activities there while Federal and Confederate troops were stationed at various times in the vicinity.

For six weeks prior to the battle of Murfreesboro (31 December 1862 - 2 January 1863), Generals Hardee, Breckenridge, Cleburne, Bragg, Leonidas Polk, Joseph E. Johnston and many others were encamped within Col. Erwin's spacious grounds. Hardee also resided at "Beechwood" for periods before the Tullahoma Campaign (23 June - 3 July 1863), and sometimes staying with him were his two older daughters, Anna and Sarah. Elizabeth

Dummett Hardee, his first wife and the mother of his four children died in 1853, and since then he had been known as something of a lady's man. This is noted in Hughes biography and even in *The Freemantle Diary*. British Lt. Col. Arthur James Lyon Fremantle of the Coldstream Guards documented his three months in the Southern States in 1863 in a most interesting diary. Of Hardee he wrote, "He is a widower and has the character of being a great admirer of the fair sex. During the Kentucky campaign last year, he was in the habit of availing himself of the privilege of his rank and years and insisted upon kissing the wives and daughters of all the Kentuckian farmers. And although he is supposed to have converted many of the ladies to the Southern cause, yet in many instances their male relatives remained either neutral or undecided."

Rowena Webster notes in her memoirs that, "Every evening, after tea, the officers of all ranks would call on the ladies of the household, which consisted of Mrs. Andrew Erwin, Mrs. John G., the Misses Hardee (daughters of Genl Hardee) and various other ladies visiting from various parts of the country." Also, in discussing Hardee's penchant for drills and reviews, Hughes writes, "For Hardee, a review was not a review without a gallery, and he always went to great lengths to provide one. His reviews became an institution, and delighted Southern ladies came frequently from as far as Northern Alabama to attend them." Thus, it is not unreasonable to assume that Susan Williamson was one of these ladies as she also had close ties to the Erwin family: Andrew Erwin's first wife, and the mother of his children, was Susan's aunt, Elvira Julia Searcy. Mary J. Webster Erwin had previously married John Tate and then Col. James W. Camp, a wealth planter of Madison County. Susan's brother, James Camp Turner, was named for Col. Camp whose first wife was Mary Ann Turner, one of the many descendants of a Southside Virginia family who were early residents of

Madison County. (Rosa Turner, Rowena and Mary Erwin's niece, was also of this family.) It is also interesting to note that Elvira and Andrew Erwin's daughter, Frances Anne, married William H. Pope of Huntsville, at Daniel Turner's home, 2 September 1841 and she later married Lucius J. Polk of Maury County, Tennessee, who was Bishop/General Leonidas Polk's brother.

If Susan Williamson and General Hardee indeed had a romantic relationship, it did not develop into a permanent alliance, as Hardee married Mary Forman Lewis on 13 January 1864 and, as previously noted, Susan married David Humphreys Todd on 4 April 1865. David H. Todd, a half-brother of Mary Todd Lincoln was an enigma. On 28 September 1847 at the age of 15, he enlisted in the Third Regiment of Kentucky Infantry and served for nine months during the Mexican War. After the war, he participated in an attempted revolution in Chile and traveled to China and Japan. He was notorious in the Todd family for having a tattoo of the Chilean flag on his arm.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Mary Todd Lincoln's father, Robert Smith Todd, had fourteen living children. Six of the children supported the Union, and eight, including David Todd, supported the Confederacy. His record of service here is somewhat obscure. The place and date of his enlistment do not appear in his Civil War military files which were obtained from the National Archives. The official records however reveal that First Lieutenant David H. Todd and two other officers were ordered to report for duty to General John H. Winder in Richmond, Virginia on 1 July 1861. Brigadier General Winder was commandant of the Richmond prisons and wisely envisioned Richmond as only a receiving station from which the government would dispatch the captives to locations farther from the war zone. Accordingly, the official records also reveal that in late July, 1861, First Lieutenant David H. Todd was in

charge of transporting prisoners to Raleigh, North Carolina, which city, like Richmond, was not adequately prepared to receive them. During the three months following Manassas on 21 July 1861, the Confederates brought 2,685 prisoners to Richmond and they were confined in converted warehouses or factories near the James River and in tents on Bell Isle in the river. Most of the biographies of Mary Todd Lincoln including Baker's *Mary Todd Lincoln, A Biography* charge without documentation that David Todd tortured or was cruel to Yankee prisoners. His service record and the official records reveal no such charges or activities. A recently published book by Ernest B. Furguson on wartime Richmond does indicate, however, that "At first, prisoners who had greenbacks were allowed to send out to buy food in the Richmond markets, but Lieutenant Todd halted his practice because they had been sneaking spirits into the prison. A Union surgeon, Dr. Lyman Stone, got rowdy and caused a ruckus that brought Todd rushing in with drawn pistol to order Stone locked in irons. While this enforcement may have been necessary, one Union soldier asserted later that Todd was 'singularly vicious and brutal,' that he always entered the prison with drawn sword and at least once had struck a captive with the flat of his blade for not falling in fast enough. Some insisted that Todd encouraged guards to shoot at prisoners who leaned innocently out of windows." Furguson also suggests that "Todd may have drawn special criticism because of who he was, but in the long run his name barely made the list of Civil War villains, far below that of his orderly sergeant that summer, a Swiss-born Louisiana physician named Henry Wirz." Wirz, of course, was later the notorious commandant of Andersonville prison.

David Todd's service records indicate that he was assigned to the Field and Staff of the First Regiment of Kentucky Infantry on 19 September 1861. By letter dated 3

February 1862, he wrote to Major Crossland, Commanding First Kentucky Regiment: "Having no duty to perform in this Regt and nothing to which I can be assigned and having an opportunity of obtaining a position in our Army at New Orleans where I can render needed service I request a transfer from his Regiment to Maj General Lovell's Command at New Orleans." He then appears on Muster Rolls of the 21st Louisiana Infantry as a First Lieutenant on 9 May 1862 and as Captain, Company A, a few months later. The Regiment was engaged in the siege of Vicksburg where some of the aforementioned biographies state, obviously incorrectly, that he was mortally wounded. He was paroled on 8 July 1863 after the capitulation of the city and its garrison on 4 July 1863, and exchanged 20 December 1863. Where and how Susan Williamson met David Todd were also unknown until a copy was obtained of Susan's Mexican War Widow's Service Pension Record (also from the National Archives). Susan applied for this pension in 1887 and the record contains a copy of the Marriage License and Marriage Certificate for David H. Todd and Mrs. Susie Williamson dated 4 April 1865 in Marion, Perry County, Alabama. Also in the papers is an affidavit from William M. Brooks of Birmingham, Alabama, dated 6 March 1888, which states, "I resided with my family in Marion, Perry County, for about thirteen years ending in the year 1866; that late in the year 1864, while I resided in Marion, Mrs. Susie S. Williamson, a widow then living in Huntsville in this state, came with her two small children to my house and remained there as inmates of my family until near on or about the last of April 1865. While she was an inmate of my family, David D. [sic] Todd of Lexington, Kentucky, addressed and married her. I was present and witnessed the marriage ceremony and gave away the bride. The ceremony was performed at my house by a Minister of the Gospel, in April 1865. Mrs. Todd and David D. [sic] Todd her

husband remained at my house a few days after the marriage, and left together for Huntsville, her place of residence." In David Todd's Civil War Service Record there appears an application for "authority to appear before one of the medical examining boards, to be examined and retired, having been permanently disabled in the service of the Confederate States and in the line of duty, by Phthisis Pulmonulis (i.e. tuberculosis) caused by exposure & from which I have suffered during the past two years with frequent attacks of Hemoptysis (i.e. expectoration of blood). I have been absent from my Command unable to perform duty for the past four months." Her presence in Marion is also subject to conjecture although it was quite common for residents of North Alabama and Tennessee to flee to South Alabama to escape from encounters with Federal troops. The Erwin family, for example, moved from "Beechwood" to Lafayette, Alabama, sometime after the battle of Murfreesboro and Dr. David Yandell's wife and children stayed with friends in Marion, Alabama, until late 1864. Susan's connection with William Brooks family is unknown. Judge Brooks, incidentally, was one of the most distinguished Alabama lawyers of his time and President of Alabama's Secession Convention of 1861.

Captain David Todd was paroled at Meridian, Mississippi, 15 May 1865; presumably, his request for a medical retirement had not been approved. As mentioned above, he and Susan returned to Huntsville where he apparently joined the Turner family business as he is listed as a merchant in the 1870 Madison County Census. The still substantial family assets, \$40,000 in real estate and \$11,200 in personal property, were listed for Susan in that census, Daniel B. Turner having died in January 1867. Susan had another daughter, Elise, by David Todd in 1866, but she was again a young widow when he died 3 July 1871. He was probably buried near Daniel B. Turner in Plot 4-6-5 of Maple Hill Cemetery, but their markers have not survived.

Susan Todd's Mexican War Widow's Service Pension Record contains an affidavit signed by Huntsville Mayor Edmund I. Mastin, dated 21 April 1888: "I have known Mrs. Susie S. Todd intimately for forty years. Before the war she was in affluent circumstances, but by losses incurred then and the payment of security debts since, she is now entirely dependent on the assistance of her friends. Owing to ill health, she is unable to earn a living." This supplemented an affidavit by her physician Dr. Lewis C. Pynchon ("Cousin" Sally Pynchon's husband), dated 16 April 1888: "I certify that Mrs. Susie S. Todd has been for many years under my immediately professional care, & from my knowledge of her case, I have no hesitation in asserting that she is physically incapacitated to earn her living by reason of Chronic Laryngitis." She received \$8.00 per month.

Susan Todd died 28 December 1894. Obituaries appeared in all the Huntsville papers. The one reproduced here is from *The Huntsville Weekly Democrat*, 2 January 1895.

In this city, on Friday nite, December 28, 1894, Mrs. Susie S. Todd sank to an Eternal Sleep, quietly and peacefully, after many years of suffering, and a painful illness of several weeks. Mrs. Todd was a woman of refinement, rare intellectual attainments and a talented musician. Her voice was as pure as a lute, exquisite in tone and gave much pleasure to her friends. She was a devoted mother and a zealous worker in the Episcopal Church and for a number of years raised her voice in Praise as soprano in the choir of the Church of the Nativity. When her sweet voice became mute in song, and strength failed, she still retained her usefulness preparing beautiful carols for the Festivals of the Church and training

classes to sing them. She was strong in her friendships, always accessible; hence, her home was a magnet for pleasant social gatherings. For four years she was President of the Chautauqua Circle, which she organized, and members, in sorrow, followed her remains to their last resting place. The writer always found in Mrs. Todd a faithful and sympathizing friend, and loved her tenderly. Her sweet smile of greeting and demonstration of friendship and affection are retained as a tender memory of our dear friend. That her sweet spirit has found the rest it craved, is our earnest prayer!

With regard to the relics, we do not know who donated the individual items to Mrs. Todd, but we can make some reasonable assumptions: The autographs are snippets of official correspondence. Only a few of them are dated and these dates, December 1861 - January 1862, correspond to the dates when the center of the Western Army was at Bowling Green. Also, one of the two signatures of Albert Sidney Johnston has the endorsement "Cmdg, Bowling Green, Ky." We can conclude, therefore, that these signatures were probably gathered by Dr. David Yandell who was the Army's medical Director at Bowling Green. Dr. Lunsford Yandell Jr. was at that time a regimental surgeon in winter quarters at Columbia, Kentucky. While it would be romantic to conclude that General Hardee gave his sash to Mrs. Todd, it also could have come from David Yandell as he was quite close to General Hardee and their friendship survived the war. And as Johnston's, and after his death, Beauregard's Medical Director at Shiloh, Dr. David Yandell may also have been responsible for the flag, and the pen nib and ink well which are thought to have

belonged to one of the several eminent generals with whom he served.

Finally, Miss Susie Aubrey Smith's claim of kinship to Mayor Searcy was evidently true. They were third cousins, twice removed, and their progenitors were found early in the 18th century in what is now Granville County, North Carolina. Miss Smith's line came to Huntsville through Tennessee; Mayor Searcy's line came through Georgia.

UNION PAPER, THE HUNTSVILLE REVEILLE, PUBLISHED IN OFFICES OF THE HUNTSVILLE DEMOCRAT, 1862

Patrick McCouley, former editor of *The Huntsville Times*, received an interesting transcript of the diary of Daniel E. Finn who was attached to the 10th Ohio Regimental Band during the Civil War. His granddaughter, Mrs. Rosemary Hughes, who furnished the manuscript, reports that it is a part of a series of diaries which he kept throughout the war.

Since J. Withers Clay, the editor of *The Democrat*, had to flee Huntsville when the federal troops arrived on April 11, 1862 without taking his press with him, it is evident that his print shop was available for use by the federal forces. The following excerpt from the diary covers the period from May 12 through July 25, 1862.

Monday, May 12. Travelling by train to Huntsville.

Saturday, May 26. Went to town to meet the Regiment. Gen'l Mitchel went out to meet them also. Played "Hail to the Chief" when Col. Lytle came up. Our boys were glad to see the band. Played "Gary Owen." Gen'l Mitchel addressed the band with a few appropriate words thanking them for the severe duty they performed routing the enemy completely and returning safely to camp. Capt. O'Dowd was left with a small detachment as provost guard and the rebel cavalry made a dash for them, but he was too sharp for them for he had his men posted so that they picked off the rebels so well and fast that they soon retreated leaving behind them some prisoners and horses beside the dead. They were out seven days without tents and looked quite fatigued. Two of our men were taken prisoner.

Wednesday, May 28. Over 700 prisoners parolled, arrived from Chattanooga. They presented a sorrowful appearance being ragged and nearly starved while in the hands of the rebels.

Thursday, May 29th. Went to town. Met a large number of

the Shiloh prisoners. Talked to some of them. Some of their narratives were truly heartrending. One man who put his head out the window at Tuscaloosa was shot dead. Their meat was thrown in thru the windows.

Friday, May 30. This morning all the Shiloh prisoners, about 1500, left for Nashville with a wagon train containing cotton and 200 men from the 10th reg. under the command of Major Moore.

Saturday, May 31. Col. Lytle read a dispatch to the guards that Corinth had fallen. Gen'l Mitchel ordered a National salute to be fired close to the camp of the 10th Ohio. Went to the 2nd Ohio whom we serenaded. Col. Harris was much pleased and invited us into his quarters where we participated in some of the best Applejack ever.

Wednesday, June 5. This morning went into town for Guard Mount and then to Loomis Battery where we played at a sword presentation to Capt. Loomis by his company. He read a dispatch that Jeff Davis was driven in and Pope was after the fleeing rebels at Corinth so closely that they hadn't time to burn their bridges after them.

Thursday, June 12. Had dress parade at which several persons who were court martialed were arraigned and their sentences read, among the most prominent were Capt. Marmion and Lt. Steitz, each fined \$100.00.

Friday, June 13. After playing at Guard Mount went into town to see Mr. Gaddis who is about starting a paper in the Office of the *Huntsville Democrat*. Promised him I would help him. Was all thru the office. The last paper issued was on the 9th of March. The type was removed and the hand presses partly taken off and stowed away in the 3rd story. Played at Headquarters.

Sunday, June 15. Bought the New York Illustrated News. After taps an order came for a detail of 30 or 40 men to go into town to hunt for the redoubtable John Morgan. They made a foray on the livery stable, found two horses without owners and patrolled the town all night but did not come across the veritable John.

Monday, June 16 1862. Played for Guard Mount in town and then by request the Star-Spangled Banner at the raising of the flag over the door of the *Huntsville Reveille* and afterward went to work on it. Was the first type I set for over a year. It went very well. It was a novel sight to see men with spurs on their boots running in and out, a musket and cartridge box in a corner and compositors in uniform in a printing office. There were two compositors from Loomis Battery, one from the 3rd Ohio and 2 from the 10th Ohio.

Tuesday, June 17. Went into town this morning and waited for some time before being summoned before the paymaster. Col. Burke by common consent drew all our Government pay. Had dinner at the hotel.

Thursday, June 19. The general topic of conversation in camp all day is the band. Went to town to attend a meeting in Col. Burke's office. He told us that the officers had come to the conclusion that while a few objected to the tax the balance resolved to keep the band if it should cost them half their salary. That the band was identified with the regiment and it would be too great a sacrifice to lose it.

Wednesday, June 25. Worked all day at the *Reveille*. At the invitation of Lt. Hickey took dinner at the hotel. Gaddis at the *Reveille* got a note requesting him to leave as soon as possible for the rebels were going to be here in a few days. He sent back inviting them to come on. Heard our forces were shelling them at Chattanooga.

Sunday, June 29. Worked all day at the *Reveille*. A great many rumors about Mitchell, his Division the 10th and 42nd Regiments were going to leave here and go to Virginia.

Monday, June 30. Worked on the *Reveille*. Learned that Gen'l Mitchel tendered his resignation. A great many surmised that this was done because Gen'l Buell wanted to cut up his division. Heard that the rebels were firing salutes at Chattanooga. Quite a number of strange men and officers of Buell's army in town.

Wednesday, July 2. Bought a quire of paper to print circulars for a picnic on the 4th of July.

Friday, July 4. Played the National airs at Reveille this morning. At 12 o'clock Loomis fired a National salute of 34 guns. Rumors that Richmond was taken and the city on fire. Had my daguerreotype taken.

Sunday, July 6. Went to work on the *Reveille*, had dinner at the Venable Hotel. The news from McClellan was looked upon by some as favorable while others took it quite the reverse and mourn the loss of a son or brother who fell in the 4th Alabama, a regiment raised in this town.

Friday, July 11. Capt. Gaddis extended an invitation to all the *Reveille* hands to take supper with him at the Venable Hotel. The flag that recently adorned the office was taken down and presented to him by the Typographers in a neat speech by Reed and answered by Capt. Gaddis who invited us into his room after supper where was awaiting two bottles of champagne. Here with, sentiment and humor prevailed for some time in which Mr. Spencer participated. Thus ended the last ours of the *Reveille*.

GENERAL O. M. MITCHEL'S OCCUPATION OF HUNTSVILLE

By Martha B. Gabel

Ormsby McKnight Mitchel was born in Morganfield, Kentucky, on July 28, 1809, but claimed Ohio as his adopted state. He entered West Point Military Academy in 1825. Four years later he graduated in the class which included Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston who later became renowned commanding generals of the Confederate States of America. Upon graduation Mitchel was promoted to a brevet second lieutenancy in the Second United States Artillery. In the same year he was appointed Acting Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point. He resigned his military rank and professorship in 1832 to study law in Cincinnati. In 1834 he became Professor of Mathematics, Philosophy, and Astronomy at Cincinnati College, a position he retained for ten years. During this time, he urged that an Observatory be established in Cincinnati. Appointed director of the Observatory itself in 1845, he began publishing a noted astronomical journal entitled the *Sidereal Messenger*. Two years later he became Ohio's State Adjutant-General, followed by an appointment in 1848 as Chief Engineer of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. This knowledge of railroad operations was to prove a valuable asset to him during the Civil War.

Mitchel returned to New York in 1859 to serve as director of the Dudley Observatory at Albany. While there he attended the Union meeting at Union Square in New York City on April 20, 1861. His eloquent address on that occasion stirred the emotions of his audience when he declared: "I owe allegiance to no State, and never did, and God helping me, I never will. I owe allegiance to the Government of the United States." But, in a reference to the Southern States, he solemnly warned his audience:

I know these men; I know their courage; I have been among them; I have been reared with them; they have courage; and do not yet pretend to think they have not. I tell you what it is, it is no child's play you are entering upon. They will fight; and with a determination and a power which is irresistible.

With war a reality, O. M. (deemed the Ohio Monster) Mitchel turned his attention once again to military service. On August 9, 1861, he was commissioned a brigadier-general of volunteers. At the request of Cincinnati citizens, he was transferred from New York to the Department of the Ohio, which included his native state of Kentucky as well. Loyal Kentuckians rushed to join Mitchel's forces. Soon he found himself in command of a brigade, next a division, and then a column of General Don Carlos Buell's forces.

Mitchel commanded the third regiment of the Army of the Ohio from December 2, 1861, to July 2, 1862, during which time his forces were involved in the campaign of Tennessee and North Alabama. His regiment made a brilliant showing at Bowling Green, Kentucky, in February, 1862.

From Kentucky, the Army of the Ohio moved to Nashville, Tennessee. While the major bulk of Buell's forces occupied the Volunteer State's capital, Mitchel was sent forward to penetrate Alabama to Huntsville, where he hoped to sever the Memphis and Charleston Railroad line which linked the Confederate armies in the east and west. Mitchel knew that if his mission were successful, the way would be open for Buell's Army to sweep into East Tennessee. His experience in railroading enabled Mitchel to understand the necessity to destroy the Huntsville railroad. The Nashville *Daily Union*, a Union newspaper, described the situation:

This Memphis and Charleston road is the only connection left [to] the rebels between Louisiana, Mississippi and all Alabama west of Pensacola

and the Southern seaboard States. Troops can only be sent east from New Orleans, Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Memphis, Baton Rouge, or Mobile, or to those points from Virginia, North or South Carolina, or Georgia, over the Memphis and Charleston road, the only railroad line now connecting the east and west of the rebellion. Let that road be once broken and the Southern Confederacy is cut into as effectually as if a Chinese wall were built between the Gulf and the seaboard States.

As Federal forces advanced toward North Alabama, Confederate officers in Huntsville organized four companies of militia to resist the advance. When Federal gunboats penetrated as far as Florence on February 9, 1862, two Confederate companies from Huntsville went to Tusculum by train, but returned home shortly because the vessels had already departed. John Withers Clay, editor of the *Huntsville Democrat*, warned, however, that the emergency had not passed. He pointed out that Federal penetration to Florence was reconnaissance to ascertain information about Confederate defenses. "If not prevented by unexpected force, we have no doubt within a week or two they will return and fortify themselves on the Tennessee River," he predicted.

Two months later, Clay's dreadful prediction came true when Mitchel's command came sweeping into Huntsville. Rolling stock had been collected in the town for shipment to a place of less danger; but because of the treachery of a telegraph operator who withheld knowledge of the approaching Federal raid from the local officials, all was lost. To prevent its falling into the hands of the Federals, much more of the stock was destroyed than was captured.

According to General Buell's report on Federal operations in North Alabama, Mitchel's main objective was to concentrate his forces in the Huntsville area and cut Confederate communications by occupying the Memphis and Charleston

railroad. This road linked Huntsville with Buell's destination of Chattanooga. To accomplish his objective, Mitchel set out with one division with three field batteries (eighteen pieces) of artillery, a regiment of cavalry, and two companies of engineer troops, a total force of about 8,000 men.

Mitchel's march from Nashville advanced through Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, and Fayetteville, Tennessee, meeting little resistance along the way. Prior to entering Huntsville, however, Mitchel sent forward a scouting party to New Market on April 5, 1862. It is believed that these scouts were the first Federal soldiers to enter Madison County. Courthouse records meanwhile had been carried by wagon to Blountsville as a precaution.

On the march to Huntsville, Mitchel's troops passed the magnificent estate of Leroy Pope Walker, the Confederate Secretary of War whose mansion was now deserted and furniture removed. But the large number of slaves who remained on the premises gave the soldiers a cordial welcome. Among the prominent local Union sympathizers who remained in the vicinity were Jeremiah Clemens, Judge George W. Lane, Judge D. C. Humphreys, C. C. Sheets, and David P. Lewis. All of these men had gone from the Confederate to the Union side except Judge Lane, who had maintained his allegiance to the Federal government throughout the secession movement.

By this time the Huntsville area was filled with deserters from Confederate ranks following the Battle of Shiloh on April 6-7. "Tories," "renegades," and "traitors" also abounded in the vicinity, acting as spies and aiding and abetting Federal troops who pillaged and plundered the defenseless community. It is little wonder that editor Clay described Huntsville during this time as a "center of disaffection."

On April 10, Mitchel halted his cavalry about eight miles north of the town to await the arrival of artillery and infantry. He wanted to strike a decisive blow so that he could be assured of a successful railroad capture. Any apprehension he may have had was unnecessary, because his entire march had

been well concealed. Confederate leaders had been unable to obtain any positive information of his whereabouts or his destination, though they knew he was moving rapidly southward into the heart of the Confederacy.

Having been summoned to their feet shortly after two a.m. to prepare for the first thrust, the Federal troops reached Huntsville about dawn and took the sleeping town almost completely by surprise. "The clattering noise of the cavalry," wrote a spectator, "aroused them from their slumber in the dawn of the morning, and they flocked to door and window, exclaiming, with blanched cheek and faltering tongue. 'They come! They come! The Yankees come!' Men rushed into the streets almost naked, the women fainted, the children screamed, the darkies laughed, and for a time a scene of perfect terror reigned."

Two work crews had been sent with picks and crowbars to tear up the railway at the east and west sections of town, while the cavalry had moved directly upon the city and the railroad station. The plan had been successful and Mitchel had accomplished a bloodless victory indeed. A correspondent for the Cincinnati *Gazette* reported the capture in the following manner:

An advance force of one hundred and fifty cavalry, together with a section of battery, first caught sight of Huntsville, and the lovely cedar surrounding it. They were advancing upon the doublequick, when two locomotives, with trains attached, suddenly made their appearance upon the railroad. They were moving in the direction of Stevenson. The Federals shot at the first train and brought it to a halt. A shot at the second train also halted it. But in the meantime, the engineer of the first train was quietly getting up steam, and when nobody was suspecting such a thing, he suddenly started off. The cavalry went into pursuit, and actually chased the locomotive for ten miles, before it got away.

Mitchel listed as captured about 200 prisoners, fifteen locomotives, a large amount of passenger, box and platform cars, a telegraph, and two Southern Railway mails. From his headquarters in Huntsville, he ordered the Ninth Brigade under Colonel Joshua Sill to drive the Confederates out of Stevenson. The Eighth Brigade was sent to seize Decatur and Colonel John B. Turchin's troops converged on Athens. By April 16, it was all over and Mitchel exultantly thanked his soldiers by saying:

You have struck blow after blow with a rapidity unparalleled. Stevenson fell, sixty miles to the east of Huntsville, Decatur and Tuscumbia have been in like manner seized, and are now occupied. In three days, you have extended your front of operations more than one hundred miles, and your morning guns at Tuscumbia may now be heard by your comrades on the battlefield made glorious by their victory before Corinth.

For his achievements in the North Alabama campaign without the loss of one life, Mitchel was commissioned a Major-General of Volunteers. With orders to report directly to the War Department, his force was constituted an independent corps.

But what of the telegraph operator who had aided Mitchel? According to an Alabama newspaper, *Spirit of the South*, the operator was treated thusly:

In Huntsville when that city was captured by the Federals, there was a Yankee Operator (Telegraph) who suppressed from the citizens the news of the approach of the enemy so that they had scarcely an hour's notice of their danger before they were under Yankee rule.

That smart operator, after his cute Yankee trick, soon made it convenient notwithstanding the presence of Mitchel forces, and the surrender of the city, to retire, to enjoy in his fresh won laurels, in a more Northern latitude.

Huntsville fortunately did not suffer as much terrible destruction of war that was inflicted on other battle-shattered towns across the South. Nevertheless, the possibility of battle always loomed in the background because each time Confederate troops moved within striking distance, the Federals in Huntsville would immediately fortify the town against an assault. The result was always the destruction of homes or property located at strategic points. There were also threats by some soldiers to set the entire town on fire, but General Mitchel and other officers took measures to protect homes which were used for their quarters.

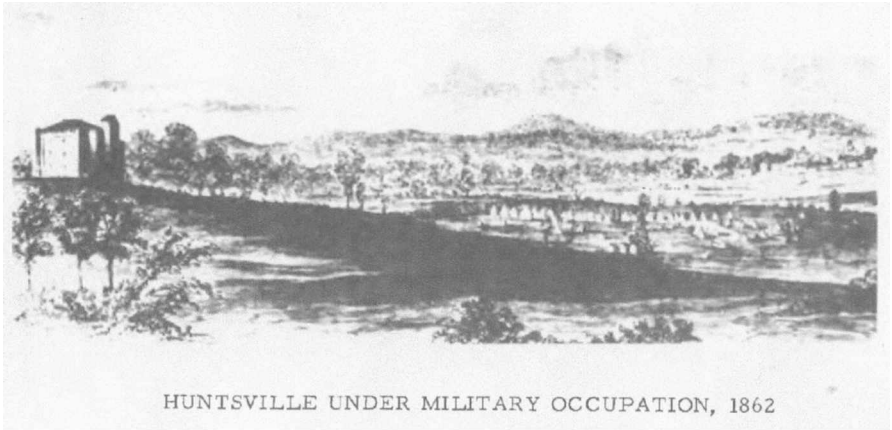
Federal officers confiscated homes of Confederate soldiers who were away at war. They commandeered rooms in homes of Confederate sympathizers, which in some cases amounted to most, if not all, of the entire house. Mitchel chose the William McDowell home as his residence and headquarters. He set up his desk in the large room in the southwest corner of the house.

The Federals kept close watch over the activities of local citizens during the occupation. Mitchel demanded an oath of allegiance to the United States before passes were granted to leave the town. Provisions were also forbidden without the oath. Confederate money generally lost its value. Food prices in Huntsville were outrageously high. Based on Federal currency, poor quality green tea sold for \$4.00 per pound, common rough trousers were \$13.00 per pair, boots were \$25.00 per pair, and shoes ranged from \$5.00 to \$12.00 per pair.

In addition to their resentment of the oath, local citizens found other reasons to be hostile to the military occupation. Without taking a pledge to denounce the Confederacy, no

citizen could send to mill, bring in provisions, or buy food. Mitchel's declared intention to starve the city into submission further widened the gap between him and the populace.

Since Huntsville did not have a public hospital, Federal troops used the imposing and roomy mansion of Meredith Calhoun. Because of the kindness of Huntsville ladies to the wounded and sick Federal soldiers, the Yankee surgeon published a card of thanks. Smallpox broke out in the army in June, 1862, causing one local citizen to note sadly that "we are literally visited by 'pestilence and sword.'"



This sketch was made by an officer of General Mitchel's command. The view is looking north toward Adams Avenue.

Most Huntsville women refused to socialize with the Union soldiers. There were only four or five homes in the town where the officers were received on terms of social equality. Among those who entertained the Federals were Judge and Mrs. Lane. William D. Chadick, a local citizen, said that General Mitchel complained that the ladies of Huntsville had given Federal officers the "cold shoulder" by not accepting them socially. She described one incident in which Union sympathizers gave a picnic and invited two of Mitchel's officers. Deeply offended, local citizens attributed the arrest to

jealousy because Michel was not invited himself.

General Mitchel's family arrived in June. Furniture, beds, table linens and a piano were taken from the local hotel to furnish the Clay house for their reception. Statuary and paintings were also removed from the Calhoun home to complete the furnishings. The family apparently adjusted well to Huntsville and even remained a short time following Mitchel's departure to his new assignment.

During the summer the Federals were harassed almost constantly by small bands of Confederates scattered across North Alabama. The fighting was in the nature of skirmishes. General Philip D. Roddy, known as the "Defender of North Alabama," led a small body of mobile troops in guerilla type warfare to confuse and confound the enemy. The most noted leader of these hit and run activities was John Hunt Morgan, a native of Huntsville, whose raiders roamed North Alabama striking Union troops and seizing Federal mail from Huntsville to Nashville. Mitchel became infuriated about the Confederate guerillas and asked the War Department for permission to send prominent local Confederate sympathizers to Northern prisons. He said that Jeremiah Clemens and Judge Lane advised such a measure. Permission was given to transfer the sympathizers to Boston Harbor when Mitchel persisted in his request. General Mitchel and his subordinates held the citizens responsible for damages inflicted by Confederate forces in their section of town to bridges, trestles, and trains. As a result, the provost marshal at Huntsville, Colonel Harmer, selected a number of prominent citizens to answer certain political questions, who, if their answers were not satisfactory, were to be expelled from the country.

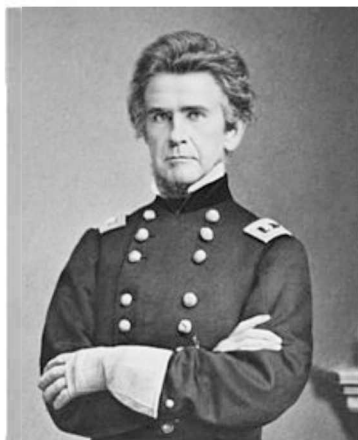
According to General Buell, habitual lawlessness prevailed in a portion of General Mitchel's command. Mitchel himself described it as "terrible outrages - robberies, rapes, arsons, and plunderings being committed by lawless brigands and vagabonds connected with the army." Although he was granted authority to punish the offenders by death, nobody was punished. Not only straggling individuals, but a whole

brigade, under the open authority of its commander, engaged in these acts. Obviously, he could not apply the means of repression when his command was the offender and the people of the country were the innocent victims. As one local citizen recorded in her journal, "I never expected that it would come to such a pass that we have to submit to a reign of terror. We are not allowed even to walk in the streets." The terrors of the situation were compounded by the so-called "homemade" Yankees, deserters who donned blue uniforms and searched and robbed houses under Federal disguise.

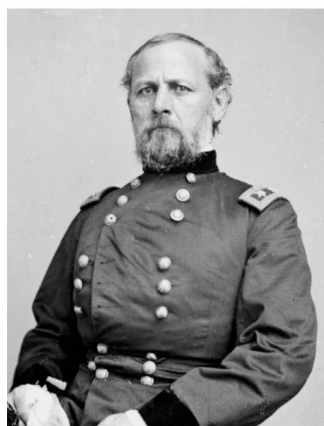
From Huntsville, Federal troops fanned out in all directions to capture and fortify the area. One regiment was sent east to Bridgeport to drive the enemy out and destroy the bridge. Confederates, under General E. Kirby Smith, strongly resisted but were routed after thirty minutes of shelling, losing sixty-three men killed and many wounded. They left 300 prisoners and two pieces of artillery behind them as they fled across the Tennessee River. General Mitchel led the Federals personally in this engagement.

Mitchel reported that he could not have held the railway from Tusculumbia to Bridgeport as long as he did had it not been for assistance from slaves. Near Huntsville he found a carpenter who had worked along the entire line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and knew many slaves on plantations on the railway route and Tennessee River. This man was employed to organize his slave friends into bands of informers, who were to report any hostile Confederate movements which they observed on the river and railroad. Release from slavery was promised to those who gave important information. In this way Mitchel often checked incipient movements against his posts against the information provided him by the slaves. On June 28, 1862, General Buell transferred his headquarters for the Army of the Ohio to Huntsville, arriving there with General Alexander McCook and Richard Johnson with a part of their army. Buell intended to move to Chattanooga but he became unduly worried about his supply situation. Also, he was naturally concerned about

the activities of Morgan, who had been relentlessly raiding Federal communications, although Buell's own situation was not directly affected. Nevertheless, for two weeks the Union army marked time in the Decatur-Huntsville area.



Major General Ormsby
McKnight Mitchel



Major General
Don Carlos Buell
Commander of Army of
the Ohio and Mitchel's
Commanding Officer

Major General Ormsby McKnight Mitchel; Deemed the "Ohio Monster," he was the commanding general of Union forces in Huntsville for three months during the spring of 1862.

Major General Don Carlos Buell; Mitchel's commanding officer and adversary, his arrival in Huntsville in June, 1862, precipitated Mitchel's immediate resignation and reassignment to Hilton Head, South Carolina.

During this time Buell and Mitchel engaged in sharp exchanges on military issues concerning the North Alabama campaign. Though he did not regard Mitchel as insubordinate, Buell thought him "restless in ordinary service, ambitious in an ostentatious way, and by temperament unsuited to an important independent command." The conflict between the two men was aggravated by Mitchel's insistence that they move on quickly with the campaign. By reaching Chattanooga, he hoped to aid East Tennessee by

destroying Confederate forces at Knoxville, Greenville, and Cumberland Gap. His plans also included destruction of the foundries at Rome, Georgia, and breaking up the railway connection between Chattanooga and Atlanta (Andrews Raid). But none of these plans became reality because of Buell's cautiousness in committing men and arms to the campaign.

William S. Furay, a correspondent for the *Cincinnati Gazette*, wrote the following article from Huntsville on July 6, 1862, of the dissension between Buell and Mitchel:

God grant that he (Mitchel) may yet triumph over his enemies! I was recently inclined to think him indifferent upon the great question of Human Freedom, but I am now certain that all his seeming inconsistency upon that matter arose from the orders of General Buell, who cares more for guarding a rebel cabbage patch, or re-enslaving a liberated servant, than he does for gaining a triumph over the enemy. It is a common remark in the army now, that there is not a traitor in Huntsville or vicinity who would not be received at Buell's headquarters with greater consideration and respect than any Union officer.

The differences between the two commanders finally resulted in Mitchel's recall to Washington where he was reassigned to the command of the Department of the South at Hilton Head, South Carolina. He assumed this command on September 17, 1862, and found the area swarming with about 5,000 disorganized and idle refugee slaves. He organized the slaves into a work force and had them build a small village called Mitchelville on the plantation of the Confederate General Thomas Drayton.

Upon completion of this project, Mitchel again turned his thoughts toward military planning, conceiving an advance on

Charleston to destroy the Charleston and Savannah Railroad near Pocotaligo. Before his plans could be completed, however he was struck with a disease similar to yellow fever. He retired to a more healthful locality in Beaufort, South Carolina, but his condition declined rapidly and he died on October 30. From Beaufort, Michel's remains were transported to Brooklyn, New York, where the body was interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

A HOUSEWIFE'S PERSPECTIVE ON THE INVATION OF HUNTSVILLE

Mary Ione Cook Chadick was the wife of the Reverend William Davison Chadick, minister of the local Cumberland Presbyterian Church and a colonel in the Confederate Army. She lived in the 400 block of Randolph Street and kept a diary throughout the four years of the Civil War. Her diary is considered one of the important records of how life was carried on in a city which was occupied.

April 11, 1862. On the morning of April 11, General Mitchel's division (Federalists) took possession of Huntsville. There was no opposition, there being only a few wounded and sick Confederate soldiers in the town.

They entered at daybreak, first taking possession of the railroad and some 15 engines. The southern train was just coming in, having on board 159 Confederate soldiers, some wounded, going to their homes, and others, who had been on furlough, rejoining their regiments.

The train endeavored to make its escape but was fired into by two cannons. One of the firemen was seriously wounded. All aboard were taken prisoners. The well soldiers were confined in the depot house, and the wounded remained in the cars.

The telegraph office and post office were next seized. Many wounded soldiers quartered in town and many prominent citizens and refugees made their escape during the day. Among them was the secretary of war, Pope Walker, the Hon. John Bell and others. There was a great deal of excitement and consternation among the citizens, as it had not been generally believed that the enemy would come here.

About 7 o'clock, in company with Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. Mayhew, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Tony and other ladies from the college, we waiting on Gen. Mitchel to ask permission to visit our wounded soldiers he had taken on the cars. We were ushered into his august presence in the parlor

of the hotel at the depot. He received us politely, remarking that he was always glad to see the ladies, provided they "did not rail at him as they had done at Fayetteville."

The object of the visit then was stated to him by Mrs. Bradford, when, instead of a direct reply, he went on to speak of the very great surprise he had given us that morning and expressing great surprise on his part that we had no reception prepared for him! I had it in my heart to let him know "that we had one grand reception prepared for him at Corinth," but considering that "discretion was the better part of valor," kept silent.

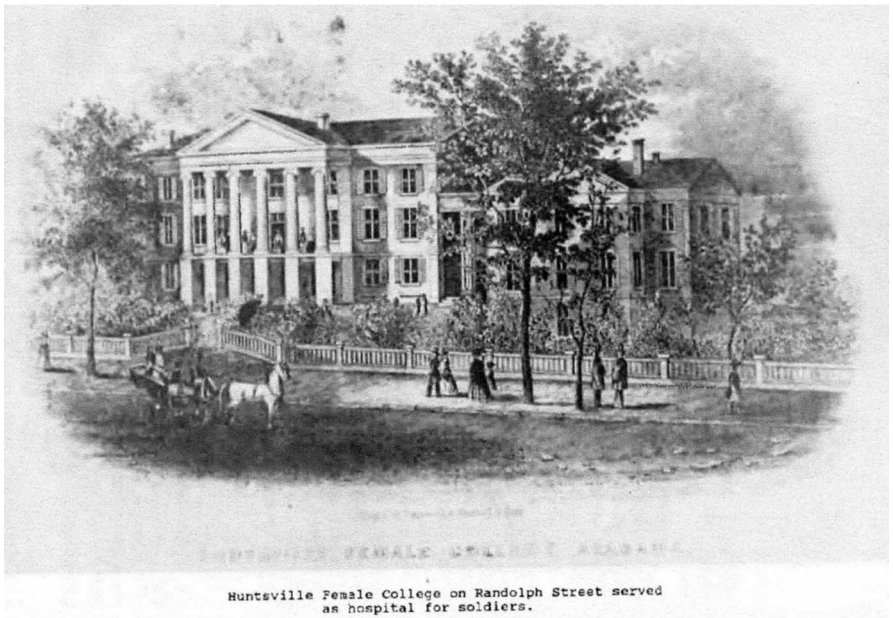
He went on to enumerate the towns he had taken in his route, saying that he did not know how much farther south he should go. He expressed surprise that we had so few provisions here (all our government stores had been removed) and said that we should be compelled to call on the North for help. He also said he blushed to speak of some Southern ladies who had taunted his soldiers with our late victory at Corinth, all of which was very magnanimous on the part of a great general going forth "conquering and to conquer," especially where he had no armed force to oppose him.

He, however gave us permission to visit our wounded and do what we could for them. We found them still on the cars in a very uncomfortable position, and many of them suffering dreadfully, and having no nourishment in two days!

Among them we found three Confederate officers - Major McDonald and Cpts. Means and Byrd, who by their gentlemanly bearing, refinement and severe wounds, received in the Battle of Corinth, enlisted our deepest sympathies and interest. We also visited the well prisoners in the depot house and found them suffering for something to eat.

In the evening, we returned to them with milk, wine, soups and a great quantity of provisions - enough for all. Some of the Federal officers informed us that their wagon trains would not be in for two days (so forced had been their march), and that they would have to tax the citizens for food for their own men.

Through Dr. Thumesd [sic], we obtained permission to move our wounded to the hospitals. Mrs. Harris and myself, accompanied by Mr. Brown (Methodist minister), were deputed to set the house and beds in order, while Mrs. Bradford and some others remained behind to superintend their removal. Everything was soon arranged and, before night, they were all on comfortable beds and their wounds dressed. They declared that they were the sweetest beds they ever lay down upon - poor fellows! One of them was wounded in nine places and was perfectly helpless. Miss Clapham and Miss Danils from the college went around and washed all their faces and hands which they declared was another luxury.



Saturday, April 12. Truly our town is full of the enemy. There is a sentinel at every corner. Everybody keeps the front door locked, and I make it a point to answer the bell myself, not permitting children or servants to open it.

They have been searching the houses today for arms. We

have not been molested. Servants are giving information of all the arms and soldiers who have been concealed.

Visited the wounded prisoners. One poor fellow had his hand amputated today. His name is Gregory. Promised him a shirt tomorrow. Found three or four others suffering immensely from their wounds, the Federal surgeons having neglected to dress them. Went for Dr. Sheffey to attend to them. Gave the major a bouquet and promised him some butter.

April 13. Visited the well prisoners at the depot. Our visit seemed to delight and cheer them very much. Many of them asked us to write to their wives and friends and gave some of their valuables to us for keeping. As yet, they have no food, only what we carry them. The wounded officers were removed this evening to the college. One of the prisoners at the depot (Duncan of Louisiana) gave me a little tea bell as a keepsake.

Had a conversation with a Federal officer, Capt. Doughty, in the course of which he remarked that the "Western men who form Mitchel's division are fighting for the right of secession, and whenever we become convinced that the slavery question is involved, we shall lay down our arms and go home."

April 14. Some arrests have been made today of prominent Secessionists. Among those were Matt Steele, but they have been released.

Visited the hospital and was mortified to find that many of our wounded men had taken the oath and were going home. Expressed our mortification and disappointment in the presence of the Federals and exhorted the others never to do likewise. Those who had not taken the oath said they would die first. The prisoners at the depot refused nearly to a man thus to disgrace themselves, and the ladies openly commended them for it. Some of them have made their escape.

April 21. Messrs. Wilson, Bannister and Maghers have returned from Corinth. The latter brought me news from my dear husband. He is well. This is some consolation, yet a letter

would have delighted me exceedingly. His absence has always been painful, yet I would not have him here now at the mercy of the enemy. It must be so humiliating to the men – reckon some of them wish they had gone to the war and saved their reputation.

Mr. Wilson has been arrested, not giving the information desired, and has been kept in confinement several days.

Two prisoners at the depot made their escape in this way: they put on Yankee uniforms and walked out of doors, stood a while and then went back. Whereupon, the guard ordered them out, telling them that “they had no business in there” so they went quietly out and walked up town and made their escape! As soon as it was known, the remainder of the prisoners were hurried off to Camp Chase, Ohio.

April 28. General Mitchel has been in a rage all the week on account of the cutting of the telegraph poles and lines, the tearing up of the railroad tracks, firing into trains, and holds the citizens responsible for the same, having had 12 of the most prominent arrested. It is probable that the work of our cavalry has annoyed him excessively, as they are constantly picking off his men.

Great depredations have been committed by the Federal cavalry in the country surrounding Huntsville, and the citizens of Athens have suffered terribly. We are all “prisoners of hope” and are in daily expectancy that Gen. Kirby Smith or Gen. Morgan is coming to our relief. News of an exploit of the latter near Pulaski has reached us. He took a son of Gen. Mitchel prisoner, paroled him gave him plenty of money, telling him “that his Union money would be of no use to him here,” and sent him to his father, asking for the exchange of his brother, Charleston Morgan. Gen. Mitchel was quite surprised at such magnanimity from such a desperado as Morgan.

May 10. There has been a small fight at Bridgeport, which the Federals claim as a great victory. They brought down a great many wounded and 41 prisoners, who are in the West Huntsville Methodist church. Have been to see them, carrying

them flowers and food. They are a fine-looking set of men, and from the account of one of them, they fought bravely against fearful odds. Our Gen. Ledbetter acted cowardly, burning the bridge and running. We have also furnished them with a change of clothes and had their washing done. Rinehart and Clayton are the officers and are Georgians.

May 12. There has been some fighting at Athens. The enemy has brought up some wounded men and taken a few of our men prisoners. One of the Federalists at the hospital told me that our cavalry took an entire company of their men prisoners, including the officers.

Gen. Mitchel has sent Lts. Rhinehart and Clayton and Capts. Byrd and Clare to Gen. Beauregard to affect an exchange of prisoners. I have sent by Capt. Byrd a letter to my husband to assure him of our health and safety, and trust that I shall have the happiness of receiving one in return.

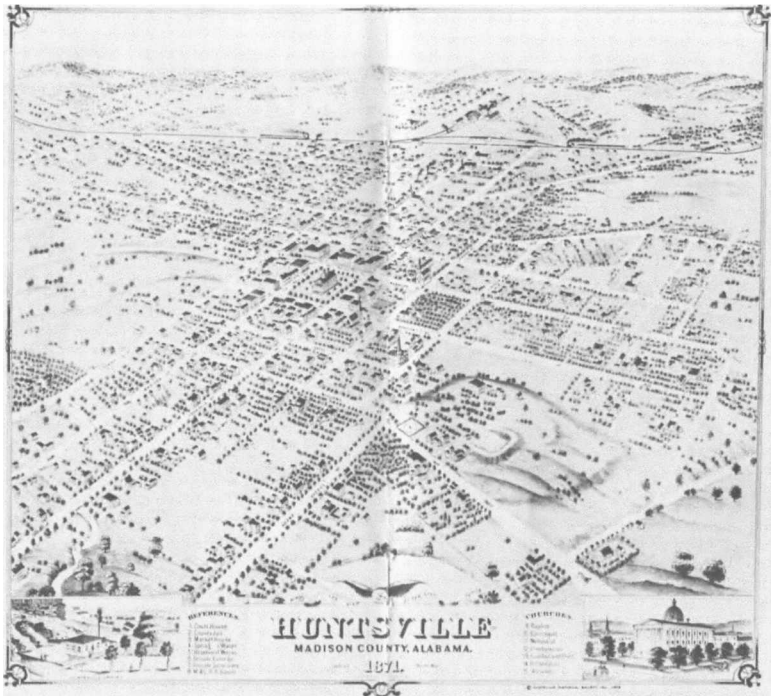
Our officers in the college are now nearly recovered from their wounds and able to walk about but are not allowed to go beyond the boundaries of its walls. They have received great attention from the ladies, and we are proud that we have such men in our army.

General Mitchel complained that the ladies of Huntsville have given his officers the "cold shoulder" by not having received them into the social circle! Some of the Unionists gave a picnic and invited two of his officers, who he had arrested. Some folks were malicious enough to attribute it to jealousy because he was not invited himself.

Although not a native-born southerner, Mrs. Chadick nevertheless was an ardent supporter of the Confederacy throughout the war. As a diplomat, she was able to help many citizens of Huntsville resolve their difficulties with the Federal troops by being brave enough to present their causes to the commanding generals. She was criticized for commanding generals. She was criticized for accepting Union soldiers as boarders in her home in order to provide for her family's necessities. She also permitted her eldest daughter, Susan, to be courted by Captain Samuel W. Fordyce of the Union army.

After the war, he returned to make her his bride and established himself in the banking business before moving to St. Louis, Missouri, and Hot Springs, Arkansas. The Chadick family later moved to McMinnville, Tennessee, where they spent the rest of their lives.

SOURCE: This diary was first published by The *Huntsville Times* in 1937 and again in the Sesquicentennial Edition in 1955. Its publication was made possible through the courtesy of Mrs. Chadick's grandson, Colonel John R. Fordyce of Little Rock, Arkansas.





Huntsville Female Seminary, closed as a
school when Huntsville was occupied,

For 46 years, the Huntsville Historical Review has chronicled the origins and history of Huntsville and Madison County. Now, as Alabama celebrates its bicentennial, the Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society has assembled a collection of articles from past issues of the Review, spanning Huntsville's history during Alabama's 200 years. This second volume covers the years between Alabama statehood and the Civil War, as Huntsville grows into being the "smart place" it's known as today.

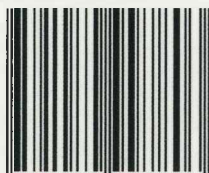
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