

# THE HERALD

A QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER  
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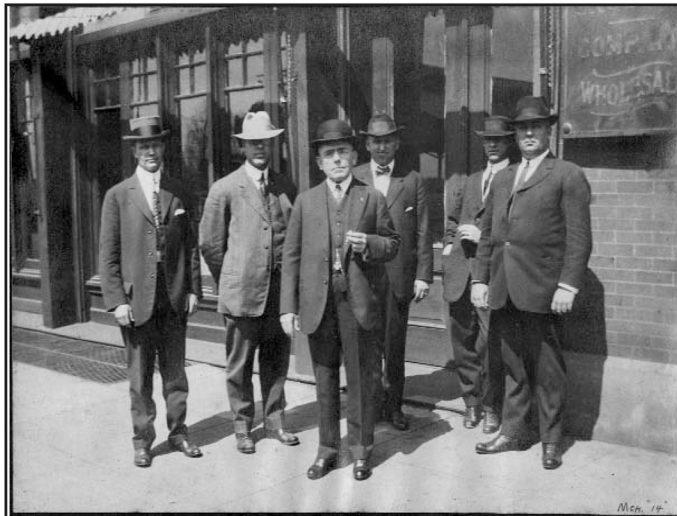
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Montgomery County Historical Society - MCHS

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This issue is especially for:



We were pleased to hear from **Mr. Ken Upchurch, Jr.** in response to the query in our last issue as to the identification of the men in the photograph. His grandfather, **Mr. John Burton Upchurch** is the second man from the right and he was a salesman with the H. M. Hobbie Wholesale Grocery Co. **Mr. Henry M. Hobbie**, the gentleman outstanding in the group was obviously the boss.

Our next issue will contain a most interesting account of a unique business arrangement of the three Hobbie brothers, **Henry, Jack, & Richard.**

The  
Montgomery  
County  
Historical  
Society  
is  
having  
a  
**BAR-B-QUE**  
on  
**JULY 17th**  
\*

Fun  
Friends  
Food  
and  
more  
\*  
**WATCH FOR  
MORE**

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Montgomery County  
Historical Society

# HERALD



VOLUME 22 NO. 2

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

SPRING 2014

## The Lady of The Old Arm Chair The Madison House and Other Things

By Hannah \_\_\_\_\_ ?

Probably from *The Montgomery Advertiser*, c 1916

Editor's Note: An old scrapbook assembled by Marie Dowe, begun in 1911, was donated to the Historical Society and contains the article below. The writer was identified only as "Hannah." Finding her last name presented a puzzle that intrigued our staff. Through a deed from Toccoa Cozart to Dr. Charles Thigpen, we found that Toccoa's mother was Hannah McIntyre, one of five children born to Dr. Peter McIntyre and his wife, Ann Seale. Dr. McIntyre and his family were living in Montgomery in 1850. Dr. McIntyre died in 1854.

Hannah was married to Wiley P. M. Cozart on July 15, 1854, in Troup County, Georgia. Their only daughter, Toccoa Page Cozart, was born August 31, 1855. They were living in Atlanta when Wiley died suddenly on November 30, 1857. He was buried in Atlanta and Hannah and her daughter returned to Montgomery to live. In her youth Hannah made many life-long friends when she attended a school taught by Dr. A. A. Lipscomb on Perry Street. As a long time resident with a wonderful memory, she wrote the long article below about her memories of Montgomery from the 1840s until her death in 1916. She remembered the burning of the Capitol in 1847 and a circus that wintered for several years on Dexter Ave. [She refers to Dexter Ave., previously Market Street, in the article as Main Street]. We hope you will find the article as interesting as we did.

Hannah's daughter, Toccoa was also a writer. In 1904 she wrote a biography of Henry W. Hilliard, a Montgomerian who had been Ambassador to Belgium, one that has been quoted many times. Montgomery was the site of the world's first streetcar. The first streetcar line was inaugurated in 1886 and Toccoa was among the passengers on the initial journey. She was also a passenger when the streetcar made its final journey in 1936. [Another article by "Hannah" will appear in a future issue.] *Researched by Billie Capell*

I see by the papers that the circus is coming back to spend the winter in Montgomery. Well, that is nothing new for our town. I well remember when the great shows of the celebrated John Robinson spent the winter here, and right on what is Dexter Avenue now! You see, the beautiful Widow Slatter owned the Montgomery Hall and married Mr. Rodgers the grocer who had a

fine store right opposite The Hall. It was on the corner of Lawrence and Maine [author refers to Dexter as Main St.] streets; you know it was a horrid whiskey saloon for so many sorrowful years. It is a beautiful fruit store now, I'm told. Well, right west of Mr. Rodgers' store, was a great vacant lot, about one-hundred feet wide, extending along the sidewalk of Main street, and about five or six feet below the surface of the walk.

Then came a three story building, I think, though I am not certain that Mr. Lakin afterward bought that building, or, perhaps, his was put on the vacant lot I'm going to tell you about. Anyway the lower floor of that building was occupied by Anderson & Gilmer, dry-goods merchants; Mr. Jack Anderson was a prominent member of Court Street Methodist Church. Mr. Charles Gilmer, his partner, was the brother of Aunt Sophie



Bibb, and built the handsome old home next-door to the Bibb residence on Moulton street; he sold it to his cousins, the Matthews family, but Captain Charley Pollard was living there the last I knew of it - still lives there, does he? Mr. Billie Ray was one of their clerks (of Anderson and Gilmer, I mean) and about this time, he married a Miss Steele of Montgomery county, and later, built the beautiful residence now owned by Mr. Ed Branch, though, they tell me that Mr. Branch had improved the place immensely. Mr. Ray's daughters had a double wedding; Matty marrying W. B. Jones and Sallie married Tom Wilkerson; Mr. Ray's son and his family still live on a part of that original lot, which ran from Court and Grove. Anderson and Gilmer kept the handsomest goods; why, in those days, women thought nothing of paying one-hundred-fifty dollars for a rich satin or brocaded velvet dress, and some times sent to Europe for a thousand dollar lace shawl! In that same building, was the china store of Mr. Billie Ware - everybody loved Billie Ware, and he 'most run the Presbyterian church in those days. He certainly handle [handled] handsomer china than can be found in this town now; and some fine specimens of his goods are still in existence. Dr. Walter Jackson, who married Frankie Bibb, bought from Mr. Ware the handsomest set of china, I suppose is in Montgomery, to give to his brother-in-law, Colonel Joseph Bibb, when he marries Miss Dike Bibb. During the Civil War, while Montgomery was the capital of the Confederacy President Davis often dined with Judge Bibb's family, and Miss Dike's exquisite plates were always used for dessert. I think Dr. Porter Bibb is the present owner of that historic china.



MRS. HANNAH McINTYRE COZART  
and her daughter,  
MISS TOCCOA COZART  
  
Courtesy of ADAH and M.A.Neeley

There were two other splendid stores along that block, between the three-story building and Perry Street. One was Phillips and Farriss' dry-goods house and the other, under the Madison House, was also a handsome dry goods store kept by Addicks and Benham. Mr. Phillips lived on Wilkerson street opposite the present Garside home. Mr. Bob Farriss bought the old Sherman house, on the corner of Columbus and McDonough streets. By-the-way, Mr. Sherman was the first engineer to bring a passenger train on the Western Railroad, into Montgomery. His grandson Mr. W. D. Judge, of this city, his daughter, Mary Ellen Sherman, told me so, just the other day, when she came to see me; yes, she lives with her son, Mr. Judge; she and I are almost all that are left of the Old Days of The Fifties. But, I have gotten clear off my subject; I was telling

about that block on Main street. Mr. William Farriss, of Phillips and Farriss, lived out beyond the woods on Court street, just where Felder street now ends in Court. I understand Mr. Will Hill has bought the place, torn down the old Farriss brick house and built a very handsome home there. Oh, there are so many changes with the passing years! The firm of Addicks and Benham had magnificent goods - the finest laces and silks, and such linens. Mr. and Mrs. Addicks were old South Carolina friends of my mother, and we saw a great deal of them. They lived in that quaint little house that has been known for so many years as the Halfman Green house. Mrs. Addicks was a Miss Withers; I am not absolutely sure, but I think she was a sister of General Withers, Chief of Ordnance [Ordinance] for the Confederacy. But - such a roundabout way of telling you about The Madison House and the John Robinson Circus! While I was bording [boarding] and attending school at the Institute, my father and mother, and little sister were boarding at The Madison House. It was on the corner of Main and Perry streets [NE corner], where the great new stores have been built. It was kept by Mr. Wash Tilley, and was the rival of the Montgomery Hall, as a "family hotel." Several delightful families boarded there, among them was that of Mr. Robert Cox. He was the principal druggist of the town then, and his handsome store was I think, just where a

# In House News

## Memorials

**Mr. G. F. “Bubber” Bailey**  
Ms. Barbara Britton  
Mrs. Evelyn Britton  
Mr. James W. Fuler  
Mr. W. R. “Rusty” Gregory  
Mr. A. J. McLemore, Jr.

**Mrs. Jane Cantey Edwards**  
Ms. Barbara Britton  
Mr. James W. Fuller  
Dr. Harold L. Weatherby, Jr.

**Mrs. Elizabeth Garber Fuller**  
Mr. James W. Fuler

**Mr. Harold Hatcher**  
Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt

**Mr. Holman Head**  
Mrs. Mary Haden Springer

**Mrs. Louise D. Larson**  
Mrs. Jo S. McGowin

**Mr. McDowell Lee**  
Mr. Stevenson T. Walker

**Mr. Herbert F. Jim Levy**  
Dr. & Mrs. John M. Ashurst, Jr.  
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas O. Coleman  
Mr. James W. Fuller  
Mr. & Mrs. T. Bowen Hill III  
Mr. & Mrs. Richard P. Hodges  
Mr. & Mrs. Seaborn Kennamer  
Mrs. Rufus M. King  
Mrs. Jo S. McGowin  
Mrs. Eugene T. Millsap, Jr.  
Mr. & Mrs. Charles C. Nicosi  
Mrs. Judy P. Oliver  
Mrs. Vaughan Hill Robison  
Mr. & Mrs. John B. Scott, Jr.  
Mr. & Mrs. Robert E. Seibels III  
Mrs. Natalie Chris Setzer  
Mr. & Mrs. C. Winston Sheehan  
Mr. Charles A. Stakely, Jr.

**Mr.Wylie Poundstone**  
Mrs. Jo S. McGowin

**Mrs. Sarah Lingham Robinson**  
Mrs. Jo S. McGowin

**Mrs. Grace Goodwyn Williams Thomas and Mr. Charles Stuart Lucas**

THE MONTGOMERY COUNTY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
EXTENDS ITS SYMPATHY TO THE FAMI-  
LY OF THEIR FORMER  
BOARD MEMBER,  
**MRS. JANE R. CANTEY EDWARDS**

## Honors

**Mr. James W. Fuller**  
Mrs. Mary Lynne Levy

## Welcome to

**Dr. & Mrs. Ken Blankenship**  
**Mr. & Mrs. Donald Corsino**  
**Dr. H. Ray Evans, Jr.**  
**Mr. David Gordon**  
**Mrs. Rita C. Martin**  
**Mr. Andrew C. Payne**  
**Dr. & Mrs. Duncan McRae**  
**Mr. Gerald H. Thompson**  
**Mrs. Ann P. Thorington**

## Museum Donations

**Mrs. Billie Capell**  
**Mr. & Mrs. Jim Inscoe**  
**Mrs. Melissa R. Jackson**

Museum Collections  
continued from page 18

**Mr. Ray Petty** has donated envelopes and invoices from Anderson Coal Co. and Teague Hardware Co.

**Mrs. George Mark Wood, Jr.** donated the following books: *Flags From The Confederate States of America 1861-1865; Alabama - A History* by Virginia der Veer Hamilton; *the Organization of the Confederate Post Office Department at Montgomery* By Peter A. Brannon; *Yesterday’s Faces of Alabama: A Collection of Maps, 1822-1909*, *Pioneers of Montgomery; Alabama Mounds to Missiles* By Akens and Brown; *The Land Called Alabama* revised By Malcolm C. McMillan and *Great Battles of The Civil War* By John McDonald.

**With Appreciation**  
Benjamin James Harwell, Jr.’s death signified the passing of the last member of the Barnes School for Boys , Class of 1941. He and his family with their generosity furnished the landscaping at the Figh-Pickett-Barnes School House at the time of its restoration from their Green Thumb Nursery in honor of Ben, a lasting tribute to his memory.



# Montgomery Museum of History Collections

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS OF MONTGOMERY MEMORABILIA, ARCHIVES THAT OTHERWISE MIGHT HAVE BEEN LOST.**

**Mr. Andrew Payne** donated a collection of Montgomery newspapers from the 1950s, 60s and 70s and also a phonograph collection of Ferde Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite. The newspapers were from *Alabama Journal*, *Montgomery Advertiser*, *Montgomery Examiner* and *Birmingham News*.

**Mrs. Dot Moore** donated two books, *The Cradle* by John Peter Kohn and *A Judge in the Senate* by Howell Heflin. Both books are autographed to **Mrs. Mary Lee Stapp**.

**Ms. Patricia E. Snyder** of Phoenix, Oregon donated a Gold Label Vintage cigar in a glass tube, and an advertisement for **The Elite**, established in 1911.

**Mrs. Claudia Taylor Brown** of Carlsbad, CA has donated an antique wood flute owned by her late husband, **J. Reese Brown** and earlier by **Mr. Fred Caldwell** of Union Springs, Montgomery and Louisville, KY.

**Mrs. Phillis Armstrong** contributed a postcard of the Egyptain Well at Jasmine Hill Gardens in Montgomery and a picture of the cadet corps at Starke University School.

**Miss Marjorie Wright** has lent us for copying, a collection of contemporary photographs of Montgomery buildings.

**Mrs. Fairley Haynes** presented information on her Gunter family.

**Mrs. Mary Ann Neeley** donated an autographed copy of her book, *Montgomery In the 20th Century, Tradition and Change - 1880 -2010*.

**Judge Sally Greenhaw** has donated a number of books from the library of her late husband, **Mr. Wayne Greenhaw**. *Bells and Pomegranates, 1918*, annual for Huntingdon College; *An Exhibition from The Matthew J. & Arlyn Bruccoli Collection of F. Scott Fitzgerald; A History of Montgomery In Pictures - Pioneer Society; Images of the Southern Writer; The Montgomery Theatre 1822 - 1835* by Henry W. Adams; *Recollections of the Early Settlers of Montgomery County* by Robertson; *The Early History of Montgomery* by Clanton W. Williams; *Montgomery Capital City Corners* by M. A. Neeley; *Montgomery's Historic Neighborhoods* by C. King and K. Pell; *Old Oakwood Cemetery - A Brief History - Pioneers Society; Pioneers - Past & Present 1855 - 2001*. Also an outstanding collection of photographs including, Civil Rights, Montgomery homes, early days of downtown Montgomery, Wright Bros. flight, The Red Store on Court Street, Hank Williams funeral, and other assorted photographs.

**Mrs. Eugenia E. McCoy** of Huntsville, donated two steel file cabinets as well as a scrapbook dated 1909, kept by her grandmother, **Mrs. Char. Allen Hopkins (Agnes Marks)**

**Mrs. Gerry Steiner Hails** gave us two framed pictures from the Algernon Blair collection.

**Mr. Michael Respass** has made a donation of three bound volumes of Montgomery newspapers dated 1923, 1929, 1933 in memory of **Sadie and Billy Newell**.

**Mr. Bob Canter** donated a collection of photographs taken by him during the restoration of the Figh-Pickett House.

**Mrs. Ann Stuckey Owen** of Madisonville, KY donated a clipping on **Susanna Porter Bibb** and the Bibb family of Molton Street; A Barnes School Closing Exercise Program for 1926; an obit for Thomas Ozro Nowlin of Lewisburg, TN; a clipping of a newspaper interview with Prof. Elly Barnes; a juvenile book, *The Story of Alabama* by Parks and Moore, 1950; and Barnes School annuals, Black and Gold, for the years 1925 and 1926. Ann's father **Bill Stuckey** was a student at Barnes who graduated in 1927.

**Mr. Seaborn Kennamer** gave us two articles about President John Tyler's grandchildren and an article by Albert Edward Wiggam on *Silence is Leading Us Closer to God*.

**Mrs. Betty Pouncey** has donated Robert E. Lee High School annuals for the years 63 and 64. Also a book, *The Churches of Alabama* presented by the Alabama Rural Electric Assoc.

**The Montgomery Art Guild** has donated seven scrapbooks containing records of their organization. The donation was presented by **Mrs. Sandra Hicks Larson**.

A collection of items were donated from the estate of **Ms. Muriel Sneed** including genealogical records and assorted books.

**Mrs. Harold B. Nicrosi** gave us a copy of the *Pageant Book* dated 1540 to 1922.

drug store now is located, just west of Montgomery Fair. His sign was of a Negro pounding drugs in the big mortar. What has become of that faithful Black man? I think those relics of the past should be preserved.

Mr. Cox's little daughter Annie grew up and married William Knox, the oldest son of the celebrated Mrs. William Knox, who called the first meeting of the women to help in the civil war.

I have told you that there was a vacant lot next to the three story building; well, that was the entrance to the circus grounds, which occupied all of the vacant space behind the buildings I've been describing. It was below the level of the walk, on Main street, but sloped out even on Lawrence and Monroe, and was fenced in for the privacy of the circus folks. The entrance to the circus was nearly opposite the Montgomery Hall, a platform or bridge leading from the sidewalk down to the ticket office in the middle of the vacant space on Main street. The circus had a splendid orchestra, which occupied a stand, built over the bridge, and began to give a free concert every evening, just after early supper. Montgomery enjoyed a feast of good music all the season through for, thank goodness, they knew nothing of "rag time" in those days! The very best class of music was common property and it was also before Wagner had intimidated the music world.

Everybody went to the circus then, just as they go to the picture shows now. Fifty cents in those days seemed no more than the dime does now. Night after night, week in and week out, the circus did business; and it was accepted even as any other business of its kind, just for recreation. The tented homes of the circus peo-

ple of course never lost their interest for us young people. I often went to my father's office, which was on the second floor of that three-story building, and hung out the window and looked down on the never wearying sight of the private life of a circus.

We grew to know the few animals, and welcomed their return in the fall; we discussed the new ones, and eagerly studied natural history to acquaint ourselves with all particulars concerning the Robinson animals. We knew personally many of the circus folk, for, some boarded at The Hall and others at the Madison House. Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson and little son, John, Jr., boarded one winter at The Hall and the next winter at the Madison House.

Now I've come to the story about Annie Cox and my little sister Annie. Nearly every little girl in Montgomery was desperately smitten by the charms of little John, Jr. Many were not on speaking terms with their best friends, but the bitterest rivalry was between the "two Annies" as they were called. They were so occupied with their callow love affair, they were totally unconscious of the merriment they were affording the grown-ups of both the Hall and the Madison House. Each had partisans. Just as the circus was packing for a trip around its circuit, the nervous tension of the two little girls reached the breaking point. Like a flash, they decided to test the merits of their claims "by force of arms," or rather of hands, for they flew at one another, scratched, slapped and pulled hair until the horrified mothers arrived upon the scene and promptly bore the belligerents to private "settlement" of accounts for upsetting the dignity and quietude of the fash-

ionable hostelry, with their private concerns! It was very amusing to watch the fine diplomacy of John, Sr., and John, Jr., they never made a mistake! Before their return in the fall [they] were gone and I know nothing further of the John Robinson circus or the Madison House as a home.

As I told you when the capitol burned [1849], I was boarding with the Punch family - by the way, their name was not Punch, but Poyntz [Poyntz?] of South Carolina vulgarized into Punch - and they lived away up by the Presbyterian church. My mother wrote us that she intended to prolong her visit to her father and family, as they had not met in years, so for another six weeks I was to be a motherless school girl. My father was a practicing physician with a very heavy clientele, and forced to be often absent when I needed his presence at our apartments. He concluded, as Aunt Punch had no room in her home for me, to board me with Mrs. Charles Abercrombie, at The Montgomery Hall. The Hall was the select "family hotel" of this city, then; the Exchange seemed to be selected by the commercial travelling element, while at The Hall, Colonel Young and Colonel Charles Abercrombie devoted their talents to making The Hall a veritable home for those who preferred hotel life, or, in coming to Montgomery to make their homes, had not decided on the location of a home. Thus a delightful social circle was established and friendships formed that have lasted down all these years. You cannot understand how simple and direct were the lives of the people of Montgomery, in those days, there was no snobbishness, everybody knew everybody else's people back for gen-



erations, or soon did, and after adoption into the Hall family, every one was happy. Mrs. Abercrombie and Mrs. Young were "socially select," and thus established in The Hall an atmosphere, in which only the highest ideals could exist; if anyone got in, who proved uncongenial, he or she soon made that discovery for himself, and made other arrangements, there was never any such cruel thing as social ostracism, not in those happy, wholesome days! I was loath to leave Aunt Punch, but very happy to be with dear Mrs. Abercrombie, so good and gracious was she; and as she had a niece, Lucy Bell, from Bell's Landing away down the Alabama river, I was doubly happy; Lucy and I were of the same age and attended Dr. Lipscomb's School together, so my recollections of life in The Old Montgomery Hall are necessarily rosy. I was well chaperoned, for my father, after the custom of that day, must have asked a married lady in The Hall "to [keep] an eye for me," and they did most [certainly]. I remember most distinctly ...stress of these gracious women [and the] airs and pretensions [pretensions] of a newcomer from North Carolina; she evidently thought she had imported with only the "manners" to be found in an out-of-the-way place as Montgomery. Well, I presume she did, but they were not the sort of "manners" the Abercrombies, Youngs, Bibbs, Tolliaferros [Talliferros], Gilmers, Holts, Merriwethers, [Meriwethers] and a host of others had always been accustomed to! Her husband was to be one of the important citizens, in later days, so he promptly realized the critical social situation for his wife, and must have finally persuaded her to change her attitude! It was years before she learned the extent to which

the people she had scorned knew more than she would ever know! This she learned by observation, for they were so well-bred and kindly that not a word was ever spoken to her except in deepest courtesy. Before she left Montgomery she had gotten her lesson.

I found the people deeply interesting, as they came and went. There was Col. James Powell, who owned and operated the stage coach line from Montgomery to Mobile and from Montgomery to Columbus, Mississippi. I did not know that later in my life, as a married woman, I would go in one of his stages to make my home in that very Columbus, crossing all the great rivers that Lucy Bell and I had studied about, on the scary ferry boats. Col. Powell took a great fancy to Lucy and me, and asked the privilege, of Mrs. Abercrombie, to call on us, now, we were regarded as nothing but little school girls, and our amazement was great that such a "grown up" should desire our acquaintance! You know, he was afterward known as "The Duke of Birmingham," as he sold his cotton patch for the site of the now great city of Birmingham.

Then, there was great excitement and preparation concerning the coming of Mr. Malcolm Chisholm with his "Northern bride." Everybody loved Mr. Chisholm, he was so genial, and cultured, then his accent was so quaint, you see, he was born on the Isle of Skye, in Scotland, and he always spoke with the Scotch accent. He had taken a fancy to me and his effort to pronounce my name Hannah was very interesting; always managed to put two h's to begin with! It was very musical. Everybody had read Caroline Lee Hentz's book "The Planter Northern Bride", and that made us think to thus

name Mr. Chisholm's bride. She proved a beautiful young woman, from Meriden, Connecticut, and we fell in love with her immediately, and the friendships made then went through life. Mr. Chisholm as comptroller of the state, occupied a high position in the official world of the capital, and both were very popular in society. Then, there was another bridal couple, who began their long life in Montgomery from The Hall; Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Gaston. She was as pretty as Mrs. Chisholm, but of a distinctly different type; he was a young medical student, just starting out to be a doctor, and everybody knows what a success he made of it.

Then, there were Col. and Mrs. J. J. Seibels and their little daughter, "Sis," as everyone lovingly called her; of course, yes, 'tis she who is now Mrs. Charles Ball. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Noble and her sister Miss Nimmie Cook, who afterward married Dr. Tichenor, the celebrated Baptist divine.

But to tell you about The Hall itself, for it was quaint and interesting. It was not only a hotel, but it was a home and partook of the characteristics of a great residence of that day, with its Negro quarters, for the slave-servants. You know that The Hall stood where the post office now stands; the front of the building was three stores high; the office was on one side of two steps that led from the sidewalk to the main floor, while the reading-room was on the other.

To the right of the main hall, were the drawing rooms, two immense rooms; on the left side, were bedrooms for public use. This arrangement constituted the main body of The Hall; then an immense porch closed the south end of the main corridor, and led to the ballroom. In

THIS AND THAT

MONTGOMERY EVENTS  
OF BY-GONE DAYS

(1823) The first meeting of the citizens to erect a house for religious worship, was held. The most active men in the enterprise were Rev. (Dr.) Moses Andrew and William Sayre, Esq.


(1829) A public mmeting was held to take steps for having a bank established in Montgomery. N. E. Benson was chairman and William Graham, secretary. A committee consisting of Messrs. John Goldthwaite, William Sayre, Louis W. Pond, Asa Hoxey and John W. Freeman, reported sundry appropriate resolutions, which were adopted.

History Around  
Town

The columned two story frame house at 333 Mildred Street facing Goldthwaite known as the Tyson House, has recently been purchased by (Col.) Ted and Judy Lowry.

They intend to complete the fine restoration done by previous owner, Mr. Fred Bush and it will become their residence.

We commend them on their dilligence in saving a Montgomery treasure.



NIMROD T. FRAZER  
SPOKE TO THE  
MEMBERSHIP  
OF THE HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY  
ON MAY 4TH



On May 4th **Rod Frazer** spoke to an enthusiastic and full house of the Historic Society on his just published book, *Send The Alabamians, WWI Fighters In The Rainbow Division*, detailing our state's outstanding contribution in WW I. He was introduced, without his prior knowledge by his son, **Nimrod T. Frazer, Jr.**

The 42nd Rainbow regiment commander, Col. William P. Screws was later to be long-time Commissioner of Public Affairs for the City of Montgomery.

Mr. Frazer's in depth work is now available from him directly for a personal inscription at his office. Call Mary at 262-2711. It is also available at Stonehenge, cor. Cloverdale Rd. and Decatur.

Prizes Announcing Music

The Montgomery County Historical Society

is going to put on a Good old-time Bar-B-Que

Thursday evening Fun

Good Eats

JULY 17 6:00

Visitating



were run through the blockade into the Confederacy. Montgomery, Alabama, was a great center for the storage of Confederate cotton. In eight warehouses in that city were stored 58,000 bales of cotton, belonging to the Confederate Government, in addition to 125,000 bales belonging to other claimants.

The general impression both North and South at that time was that all the cotton that was captured in the South would be confiscated and sold for the benefit of the war debt. In fact, Mr. Lincoln informed me at that time that such was the intention of the Federal Government. In May, 1865, cotton was selling in New York at 50c per pound. The 58,000 bales of cotton belonging to the Confederate Government that were stored in Montgomery - "500 lbs to each bale" - amounted to 29,000,000 lbs. In New York or New Orleans at market price it would have brought \$14,500,000.

When I left Montgomery in January, 1865, I had obtained a list of every bale of cotton in the warehouse and a list of the claimants of the cotton. At the confab held at the White House that night it was suggested by Mr. Lincoln that I be appointed treasury agent at Montgomery to take charge of all the Confederate cotton and ship the same to the markets, to be sold on account the Federal Government; also to act as treasury agent for the cotton claimed by other parties. Accordingly the papers were made out and signed by the Secretary of the Treasury and endorsed by President Lincoln.

I also received protection papers for my property in Alabama direct from Mr. Lincoln. The papers were signed by him 15

March, and they were the last papers of the kind that he ever signed. I reached Mobile April 2, and started from Mobile over-hand "horseback" for Montgomery. I overtook General Wilson's troops at Selma, on the way to capture Montgomery, then pushed on ahead; the army reaching Montgomery April 8. Montgomery was then in command of General Wirt Adams, "a Confederate general."

I immediately had a consultation with the parties in Montgomery controlling the bulk of the cotton in store there. Knowing that the Confederate general was going to evacuate without a fight, we waited to try and induce him to leave the cotton intact. We found him as stubborn as a mule. Every effort was made to save the cotton from the fire brand. He was offered two million dollars in Confederate money to leave it, or \$100,000 gold, but all to no purpose. At 12 o'clock that night the eight warehouses were all afire by his order and forty-five million dollars in cotton went up in smoke, without a cent of insurance, and a great portion of it belonging to the poor people of the South. Twelve hundred bales of that cotton belonged to my brother and myself. Those were days of enormous losses and vast gains. Abraham Lincoln's wife was a Miss Mary Todd, a native of Kentucky. Her brother, Thomas Todd, lived in Selma, Ala., during the war. On April 25, 1865, while in Montgomery, I received a personal letter from Mr. Lincoln requesting me to attend to a little matter between Mrs. Lincoln and her brother, which I did. That letter is dated April 14, 1865. That night at 10 o'clock, President Lincoln fell by the assassin's hand.



# Wanted

## BOOK BINDING HONOR DONATION

The Historical Society has in its library a number of Montgomery City Directories dating from 1900 that are not in the best of condition. If any of our members would like to make a special donation of \$60.00 for each, we will be able to have a book binder do the repairs on those in bad condition.

City Directories are a most popular research tool for locating residences, employment, family relationships.

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You may call us on Monday or Wednesday 264-1837

the corridor, were the main staircases leading upstairs. Just behind the lefthand bedrooms was the diningroom, a great apartment about seventy-five feet long, and wide enough to accommodate two tiers of tables; this room ran along the edge of Lawrence street, just as the postoffice does now; it had two rows of great windows, one on the street and one on the west side, next to the ball room. Just behind the drawing rooms, were private apartments of the Young and Abercrombie families; here played the little Young girls, Emma, Clara, Mollie and Fannie; they were pretty little things, not one so old as Lucy Bell and I; they grew up and as you know, Emma became Mrs. Glazier, Clara married Mr. Virgin of Macon, Ga., Mollie married Billy Westcott - Dr. Westcott is her son and Fannie married John Clisby - you remember she was killed by those magnificent horses she would insist on driving to her carriage. To resume my story, the ballroom was in between the dining room and this private wing where we all lived. As the land slopes up Lawrence street, the building conformed to this fact, so the level of the ballroom floor was about four steps up from the level of the main corridor; it had a "promenade gallery," where the dancers could flirt and escape for a moment from the eyes of the vigilant chaperones. Out of doors were the great kitchens and store-rooms, while on the south side of the big interior yard - a regular courtyard - were the servants' houses, whose outside walls ran along Lawrence street and then down Washington street to the ice-house. Yes, we had an ice-house in those days. I do not know how the supply was obtained in the winter-time, but it was stocked so as to last from

one year's end to another; and in the summertime we had ice-cream for dinner every Sunday! In the winter, we had boiled custard, or "clotted cream," oh, you don't know how good things were in those days, we had a plenty of everything, and there was no reason to stint in the making, these are times when everything has to be counted as to cost, and things taste "stingy!"

Every now and then Mrs. Abercrombie would have the liv-ery stable send up a great handsome omnibus, almost as big as our first street-cars, to which were hitched six magnificent bay horses, and all the lay-boarders and the children were taken for a drive. We went everywhere, all over Montgomery, and out on the few good roads, but not very far. We would go out the Mt. Meigs road, for so many prominent citizens had plantations out there, and it was a good drive, we had no dangerous bridges as you have now, for the only railroad Montgomery had in those days, was the line from Montgomery to West Point, Ga. Then you staged it to Lagrange where you boarded the Western for Atlanta; it was fifteen miles by stage, from West Point to Lagrange.

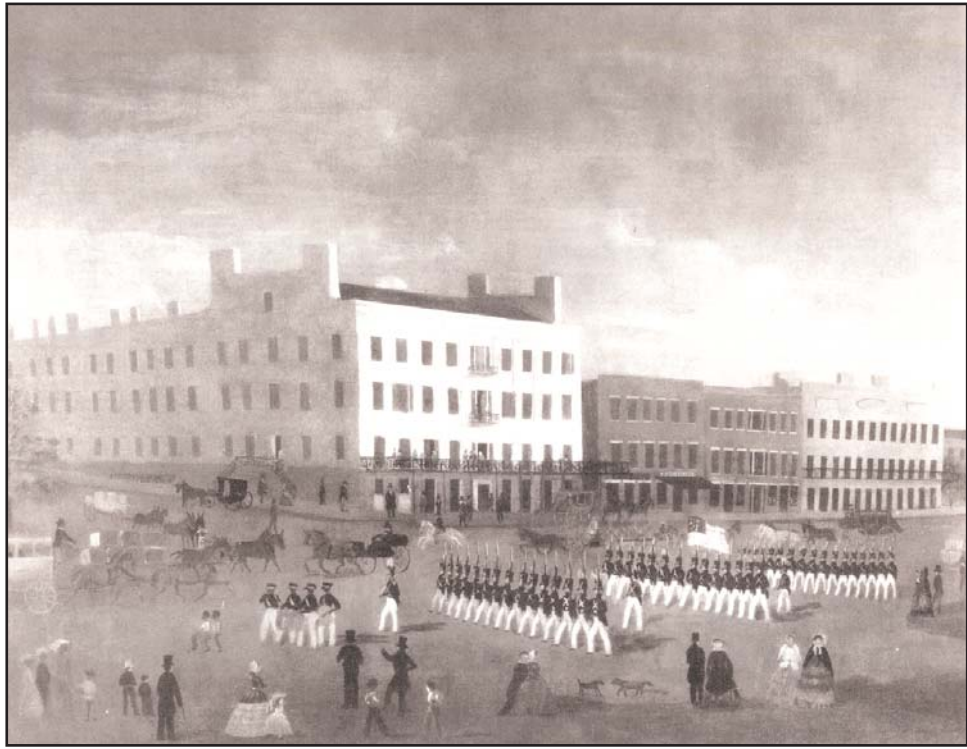
But I was talking about our rides around Montgomery. You can scarcely realize that South street constituted the southern corporate limits of our city, and Perry street ended right there, while a mere thread of a country road went winding down the hill, through a heavy woodland, which covered all the slope where so many handsome homes on Perry now stand. The Widow Goldthwaite, mother of Judge George Goldthwaite, lived on all the block that corners on Perry, and the gates to her wonderful gardens were right where Colonel Troy's home now stands. This was the show-

place of the town, for it was laid out in true English fashion, with winding walks bordered with well-clipped box; every flower and shrub that would grow, grew there, I think! Mrs. Goldthwaite's gardener lived across the road from her home, and the whole place was enclosed in a high fence that produced a sense of mystery about a man, who it was said, had come over from England by being shipped on board the vessel in a barrel, any way, he was always called "Old Man Barrel," and Mr. W. K. Pelzer's house stands now just where his quaint English cottage used to stand. The road wound down the hill, crossed into what is South Court street now, and kept on out for about two blocks when the avenue to the Hutchinson home turned to the left and wound up to the terraced entrance. This home was a bower of flowers, and Mrs. Hutchinson, a frail invalid, always loaded us with flowers and fruits. My mother afterward bought this place, and it remained in our family until sold in 1897 to Dr. Charles Thigpen, who erected the handsome home now occupying the crest of South Perry Hill.

We did not always stop at Mrs. Hutchinson's, but drove on out across the beautiful levels southeast, to the Norman Bridge Road, and out to the fine new mansion of Mr. Peter Mastin, called Fairview, the avenue leading up to the house was a quarter of a mile long and set with cedar trees. Some times we went on down the Woodley Road to the home of Mr. Percy Gilmer, the brother of "Aunt Sophie Bibb." They tell me that the old home is still standing, right across, south of the Woman's College.

Then, again, we would drive out west on the bluffs to the home of Judge Mays, who





### THE MONTGOMERY HALL

WAS ON THE SW CORNER OF DEXTER AND LAWRENCE ST.  
REFERRED TO BY THE AUTHOR AS THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF DR. THOMAS M. OWEN  
AT THE ARCHIVES IN THE CAPITOL BLDG.

PARADE OF TRUE BLUES MARCHING ON MARKET STREET (DEXTER)

lived up on the heights back of the Cowles house. [Cottage Hill]

Coming back to the Hall we were ready for that good supper; for the water-grown grits, or hominy, as we called it then, for the brown fried chicken and waffles, for the big biscuit, made of home-raised flour, for the peaches and cream - such cream as a separator never saw - I'll never believe it!

Then in the ball room there were many receptions offered to distinguished visitors, and such celebrations of national holidays! Oh, we were very patriotic in those days, a Fourth of July, and The battle of New Orleans were always great occasions for people to assemble and use the ball room of The Hall.

My mother came home and after a while we went to housekeeping and my happy experience at Old Montgomery was over. Yet, I always regard-

ed Mrs. Abercrombie as another mother. The Hall always held a tender place in my memory. I am so glad to hear that Dr. Thomas M. Owen at the capitol has a painting of the Old Montgomery Hall, with the True Blues marching by; I would like to see it but that is impossible. The Old Arm Chair and I are stationary now.

Now, now, you've gone and made a mistake! I didn't tell you that Mr. James Ware built the house that the Teagues own now, on Perry street; I said he bought it: a Mr. Berry Owen built it and lived in it. His wife was cousin to Callie Mastin, who married Capt. Hannon and went to Texas to live after the war. Mrs. Owen was a beautiful woman and had the handsomest carriage and finest horses in the city. I went away to live in Georgia, and never knew what became of that Owen family; when I returned, the James

Ware family owned the place. Now, get it straight, and be sure of your statements.

Somehow, lately, I have been thinking of the homes that used to be down on Jefferson street. That was such a pretty part of our city. So many nice people lived on Jefferson, and the corners of North Court; Dan Frazer lived on the southeast corner; he was called the "gin wizard," he was so skillful in the making of gin-saws; he did all the work for Mr. Barnett's cotton-factory, at Tallassee; his lot ran along Court street and clean to Madison Avenue; on that corner was his gin-shop, and a lot of noise he kept up! Just beyond him, toward the middle of the block, on Jefferson street, was the home of Mr. Dave Shuler, who married Sallie Chisholm. Mr. Shuler was a big cotton-buyer, or "factor," they were called in those days. You know the most of the big planters shipped their cotton direct to Mobile or New Orleans, followed it, on the steamboats, and sold it themselves, sometimes direct to Liverpool; and there was no middleman to gather in all the profits of the crop. Mr. Shuler after the war, was a partner of Mr. Mac Copeland, in the cotton business.

Just opposite the Shuler house was the first home of Henry W. Hilliard; here it was he brought the art-treasures he collected in Europe, and that afterward adorned the splendid home he built at the eastern terminus of Washington street - the house where Mr. Dave Whetstone's father died of yellow fever in 1873, and where Mr. Nicrosi now lives. [later White Chapel Funeral Home] O, that was a wonderful place; Hilliard built it, hoping that the state would buy it for the governor's mansion; but the war came on, and

When the Confederate government moved to Richmond from Montgomery, I presented the carriage to President Davis, who was about leaving for Danville, N. C. They remained in Danville some time. When they left, the carriage was left behind. During the fall of 1872 I was in Danville and found the English carriage on the street. I took a ride in it for "Auld Lang Sine."

The fact about the carriage was that it was built at New Haven, Conn. When I bought it I removed the plate that was on it with the name of the maker and place of its manufacture. Some "wag" started the story that the carriage had just been imported from England, where it was built. I don't remember ever having disputed or contradicted the story.

I remained in Montgomery till the fall of 1864, when matters became rather warm in my line. Mail and other contracts had exempted us from military duty, but it had become a case of "root hog or die." Every male from 14 to 65, or "from the cradle to the grave," was in the Confederate service. Being a native of Massachusetts I decided upon a change of climate for my health and personal freedom.

I left Montgomery January 4, 1865, arriving in New York on February 7, having left quite a large property in the South. I then proceeded to Washington, D. C., armed with letters from Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts; Governor Gilmore, of New Hampshire, and an affidavit from General Ben Prentiss, who, together with his staff, I had befriended during their confinement as prisoners of war in Alabama in

1863. My idea was to get protection papers for my property in the South, when it was captured by the Federal army.

It was some time before I could get an audience with President Lincoln. I succeeded, however, and happened to be the last one admitted before the closing hour. Seven years had elapsed since I had met him. When I entered his presence he sat with his long legs resting on the desk, his feet incased with a pair of carpet slippers. As I entered he sat there as if looking at something a thousand miles away. His heavy features, deeply furrowed, with wrinkles and sallow with fatigue of heart and brain, seemed lifeless for a few moments. There was something in that strong face that arrested me. It was worth any man's while to study such a face as that. He looked so tired and careworn that I hesitated to trouble him.

For full two minutes he sat there and never moved a muscle, evidently in deep thought. Then, turning and picking up my card, in a kindly voice, said, "Well, my dear friend, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. President," I rejoined, "you look too tired and care-worn to do anything for anybody. I am sorry to trouble you."

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied. "What is it you want?" I laid my papers before him and he commenced to read them. As he was reading General Prentiss' letter he stopped, arose and took my hand, and exclaimed "Where's your wife? Your wife saved my life. Where is she? I remember you well, and Ben Prentiss has told me about your kind treatment to them while prisoners of war."

And, swiftly, as if the keeper of the lighthouse had kindled the great fire, his whole face began to light up and glow with radiance. "I've tried that rum cure a number of times," he said, "and it has always fetched me out all night. And I have given the recipe to a lot of my friends that have been under the weather. You must come up tonight and take tea with mother and me. I want to talk with you, as Ben Prentiss tells me you are posted with matters in the South."

I gladly availed myself of the invitation to tea. And before we got through it proved to be quite a Cabinet meeting. During the war, by having a number of contracts with the Confederate Government, I was enabled to frequently "peep behind the scenes," and was posted on the working of the Jeff Davis combination.

I was enabled to give Mr. Lincoln some information about the Confederacy that he knew nothing about, and upon which he immediately acted. He sent for Secretary of the Treasury Fessenden. The confab lasted till nearly morning. Before we got through quite a scheme was outlined. During the war the Confederate Government had amassed an immense amount of cotton and held it as government property.

From the commencement of the war, every planter raising cotton was taxed one-tenth of all he raised. It was called 'tax in kind.' The cotton was stored in every nook and corner of the Confederacy. Cotton was the only thing in the South at that time that was worth a dollar. It was sent through the blockade to Europe and sold or exchanged for munitions of war or supplies of all kinds which



# Unpublished Stories of Abraham Lincoln

By George P. Floyd

This story appeared in the Philadelphia Inquirer on May 26, 1901. It was written by former Montgomerian George P. Floyd, and tells of his meetings with Abraham Lincoln before the war and after. It also tells his involvement with the Jefferson Davis inauguration and the burning of the cotton in Montgomery before General Wilson arrived.

Although hundreds of reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln have been written, yet there are some ungarnered incidents that have never found their way into print.

During the summer of 1858, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were campaigning in the State of Illinois for the Senatorship in joint debate. The contest was a hot one between the two giants. They met in debate in prominent cities all over the State.

Mr. Lincoln proved his superiority both in intellectual power and soundness of moral position. While Mr. Lincoln was abstemious, the little giant Douglas was generally pretty well "loaded," and he seemed to stand the racket and outdo Lincoln in physical ability.

They reached Quincy, Ill., September 15. An immense crowd was in attendance to hear the debate between the two great statesmen, and it seemed to be "nip and tuck" between them as to which had the precedence. The continued strain was beginning to tell on Mr. Lincoln.

After the debate had closed he partly collapsed. At that time, I was proprietor of the Quincy House at Quincy. It being near, Mr. Lincoln was escorted to the hotel. A room was prepared for him. As he sat resting in a chair he remarked to his friends,

"Well, I'm very nearly overboard. I reckon I'll have to quit and give it up."

My wife stood watching him, and being one who believes in old-fashioned remedies, she suggested that he be treated to a rum sweat. "Rum sweat," said Mr. Lincoln, "I never drank a drop of rum in my life.""You don't have to drink it," rejoined my wife; "it is an outside treatment."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "if you think it will help me, crack your whip and go ahead, for I'm pretty well petered out."

The treatment was prepared and given as directed by my wife. It is composed of New England rum, placed under a cane seat chair. The patient is placed in the chair and covered all over with woolen blankets, and then the rum is set afire. The vapor of the rum enters the body through the pores of the skin, which produces profuse perspiration. The patient is put to bed between blankets and a decoction of vinegar, molasses, pepper and butter is given hot. Generally it is a dead shot.

The next morning Mr. Lincoln made his appearance quite early. When asked how he was feeling he replied, "Why, I am feeling like a fighting cock. I can jump a six-rail fence. I declare, I've heard of drinking rum and rubbing the body with the bottle for ailments, but I have never

before heard of driving the liquor through the pores of the hide to get a man full. I wish Mrs. Floyd would go along with us during the campaign and prescribe for me. If she would, I think we could clean Judge Douglas out, slick and clean."

Abe Lincoln never forgot a favor. When the Civil War broke out in 1861 it found me engaged in the stage and transfer business in Montgomery, Ala., although my birthplace was Massachusetts. As is well known, the Confederate government formed at Montgomery and remained there four months before it moved to Richmond, Va. Jeff Davis was elected President of the Confederate States and inaugurated February 15, 1861.

The carriage that conveyed Jeff Davis and Alex H. Stevens, "Vice President," from the Exchange Hotel to the State Capitol in Montgomery, where Davis made his inaugural address, the six horses, also the man who drove the team, were owned by this writer, and were furnished for the occasion.

The carriage was a facsimile of an English make then in use in London. I purchased the carriage in Mobile just as the war broke out in 1861. It was known in Montgomery as the "English carriage," and was kept "on tap" at our stable exclusively for the families of the Confederate officials.

we had other uses for the state's funds. But it would have been magnificent; for the house was specially designed for entertainments, yet the privacy of the house was beautifully preserved. The house stood on the highest of several terraces, with marble steps connecting them, throughout the spacious grounds that occupied a whole square, or city block; these grounds were adorned with every plant known to the art of the landscape gardener; Mr. Hilliard had secured the advice of artists in this line, in Brussels, while he was minister to Belgium. The gleam of marble vases and statuary, amid the luxuriant growth of every shrub and flower that would flourish in this climate, made it very, very beautiful. Alas, it is gone! And there is nothing like it in Montgomery.

But, I was telling about Jefferson street, and here I have gone strolling away out Washington! Diagonally, across the street from Dan Frazer's house, on the northwest corner of Jefferson and Court, lived the Elsberry family; Dr. Jim Elsberry was the secretary and treasurer of the Tallassee Falls Cotton Mills; afterwards the family went up to Tallassee to live for awhile, but in a few years, they came home again. After Dr. Elsberry's death, the family bought the ten-acre place on the corner of Felder Avenue and Gilmer Lane, and William Elsberry (who married Mattie Clitherall) built him a home on that corner. Then, Mrs. Elsberry and daughter, Mrs. Maggie Patterson, and the rest of the family bought the old James Powell place, the quaint, beautiful old colonial house that Mr. & Mrs. Jack Thorington occupied until it was burned.

Back to the old Jefferson corner once more! On the cor-

ner north of Dan Frazer - the northeast corner of the street - lived dear Mrs. Chisholm; no relative of Mr. Malcolm Chisholm; she was an old settler of Montgomery, and such a fine specimen of true South Carolina womanhood! She was Sallie Shuler's mother. Another daughter, Lou, married Mr. McCants, a big cotton buyer; she was a great friend of Dike Bibb; they were all members of the little Protestant Methodist Church [Bibb St. Methodist Church]; another daughter married Capt. Jesse Cox the great steamboat captain of the Alabama river. The war played havoc with us all, but none fared worse than the Chisholm family. Bravely, the mother opened her home and the bounties of her fine housekeeping to "boarders" and thus eked out the scanty income. Her home was soon filled and others clamored for admittance, but, while she "mothered" the southern boys who drifted into Montgomery, seeking occupation, she turned the key in her door, relentlessly, on the "Yankee" whose money was abundant and who eagerly sought admittance! Among those homeless youngsters, far from their own firesides, whom she delighted to mother, was Sam Inman, afterward the cotton king of Atlanta, Ga. His father, Mr. Shadrack Inman, had just moved from Tennessee to Atlanta, and become the neighbor of my mother in law, so I grew to know them, as well as Sam himself, and I followed his career with keen interest; he was to the day of his death, the "beloved citizen" of Atlanta.

Now I want to tell you about Capt. Jesse Cox and the steamboats of the Alabama. Those were the days when a railroad was a curiosity; people traveled either by stage coach,

private conveyance or steamboat, and that was the luxurious way, for the steamboats were leisurely and afforded all the comforts of a first class hotel of that day. Captain Cox's boat was the "Southern Belle" and she really was too large for the Alabama river, but he managed not only to bring her to Montgomery, but went on to Wetumpka; O, yes, I have had many a jolly trip to Wetumpka and back, for Captain Cox was a great friend of my family, and always included me in his invitations for his private parties. Such dancing, such music, such moonlight, such torch glare and weird shadows! The calling of the figures of the dances, mingled with the calls of the Negro deck hands, who beat time to our music and thus participated in the fun. Then came the sumptuous supper! How they could ever have prepared all those good things - in such profuse abundance - will always remain a mystery to me. Many times, there were "state occasions", when the boat was used for so many miles down stream and back again. Then, the crowd was a most distinguished one; everybody, who was "anybody" was there and the atmosphere of refinement of an elegant home affair was duly preserved. You should have seen the costumes; the richest silks the finest India tambou [tambour] embroideries, the filmiest French mulls - and such laces! and such fans! carved Ivory, inlaid with gold, or carved sandalwood, all the way from the Orient. The supper? Of course, we had supper; and a royal feast it was; that table was as exquisitely appointed, in every detail, as that of the most exclusive home in the city; the only difference was the silver was plated. Every fashionable dish was served in perfection



and everything was so pretty!  
and so good! Dear, dear, would-  
n't it look good today, and  
wouldn't it taste better! Alas!  
They are all gone; the gallant  
captain and his fine boat - it is  
at the bottom of the Mississippi  
river, and all that goodly compa-  
ny. I can only whisper to myself  
the words of the old song:

*Where is now the merry party,  
I remember long ago,  
Dancing by the light of candles  
Brightened by the fire's glow;  
Or in the moonlight, summer  
evenings,  
On the river or the shore -  
They have all dispersed and  
wandered*

*Far away - far away!*

No one has told me, if  
anything has been done to the  
old Charles Gunter place, over  
yonder, on the corner of Clay  
and Whitman. Oh, yes, you  
young folks may think that a  
rather dilapidated part of town  
now, with the railroads so near,  
and mills and shops shrieking of  
"Progress," but in the old days  
that was by far one of the pretti-  
est parts of town. You see, there  
was no railroad; after awhile,  
the Pensacola road was west of  
that hill, and the Atlanta road  
was away over in what is now  
North Montgomery. There was  
no noise, no dust, just green  
quietude and peace and plenty!  
Neighbors were close enough for  
comfort, and the children had  
somewhere to play, and the river  
was a thing of beauty as well as  
of usefulness. How sweet the  
long notes of the beautiful boat  
whistles used to sound, as they  
rounded the bend, below town!  
We used to know just where the  
boat was, from the use of the  
whistle; then, when it was near  
enough for the music to be waft-  
ed to the city, the steam-piano  
was set goin'. Steam piano?  
Yes; a "calliope" it was called in  
those days, and it made good

music, too. It didn't play like  
the fire engine going to a fire,  
neither did it know anything  
about what you youngsters call  
"rag." It played all the grand  
opera airs of that day, Strauss'  
waltzes, and I see they are "com-  
ing back into fashion," how kind  
of these little touch-and-go folks  
to patronize composers who  
have pleased the whole cultured  
world! Oh, well, I started to tell  
about the Gunter place and here  
I am talking foolishness, for all  
of this is the "day's journey," and  
I want to tell you how quaint  
that place was. You have seen  
places built to slope from the  
front toward the back, that is,  
having a basement at the back  
of the house; now, the Gunter  
place reversed this precedent,  
and was built so that the back  
yard was higher than the level of  
the back door! It was pretty; the  
great roof, not only extended  
over the front porch, but extend-  
ed over the back one as well,  
and the stout brick walls that  
held up the terrace of the back  
yard and framed the back porch,  
also held up the columns of the  
back porch. All this sounds very  
complicated, but it wasn't, it was  
very simple, and instead of floor-  
ing the back porch, it was paved  
nicely with brick. Yes, Mr.  
Gunter didn't spare the use of  
brick. I never saw more elabo-  
rate walls and fences. Then the  
terraces were set with flowers  
where they belonged, pomme-  
granates and figs and other  
fruits, where they would flour-  
ish, and then, in front, fine  
shade trees. Dear Mrs. Gunter,  
I loved her very much, and  
always felt it was such a loss to  
her friends, for her gentle life to  
close so soon. The two oldest  
boys, Tom and William, had  
married, Harriett was scarcely  
grown, when the burden of car-  
ing for her invalid mother and  
two little brothers and two little  
sisters fell upon her. Then the  
cruel war fell upon us all; we

scarcely know how we lived  
through it. Then Hattie married  
Captain McEachern and went  
with Capt. Gunter and the little  
family to Brazil. I don't remem-  
ber how long Hattie stayed in  
Brazil, but she and the Captain  
came back and after living on  
the plantation, down the Norman  
ridge [Bridge] road, for awhile,  
moved over to Robinson Springs.  
Yes, she has been gone a long,  
long time to join "the colony"  
above.

At the end of the block,  
down toward the river, - you say  
Captain Odom and the Volun-  
teers occupy the corner? Well,  
well, it was a nicely built house  
of brick, in its day, and a fine  
man lived there - Major Pitkin.  
He had a beautiful daughter,  
who used to visit in Troy during  
the war; her name was Texas,  
and she was a gay belle among  
the soldiers, with her cousin,  
Ann Coombs, afterward Mrs.  
John Hubbard and mother of  
Gen. Graff Hubbard, up at the  
capitol. I have forgotten whom  
Tex Pitkin married.

That is over there near  
Clayton Park near the site of the  
old Cowles place [north end of  
Goldthwaite St. at the river], and  
near the home of one of  
Montgomery's fine old druggists,  
Mr. Joseph Hale. "Hale &  
Dingley," the druggists, built the  
handsome but odd structure on  
the north side of Dexter avenue,  
next to the Old Central Bank  
corner [Klein & Son], as it has  
been known for over fifty years.  
What? Mr. Mike Cody? Perhaps  
so, but I am too old for your  
modern ways. I shall always  
think of it as John Henley's  
Central Bank. He was the man  
who, during the war, could  
always get things through the  
"blockade," how, no one ever  
knew, but he did! I know he  
safely sent all our Confederate  
bonds to England - and there  
they are yet!

But I was telling about

Sir Henry used to have the big bell  
rug occasionally just to see what  
his brave laddies could do in the  
matter of handling the equipment  
entrusted to them as fighters of  
Montgomery fires.

Quarterly inspections were the  
regular order, but there was an  
element of uncertainty as to just  
what days they were to be held.  
By this method it always stood the  
fireman in hand to "keep their  
armor bright."

On those occasions when the time  
for the quarterly inspection came  
Sir Henry would have the big fire  
bell struck and then time the vari-  
ous companies to see which one  
was first to get down to Court  
Square, get a line connected and a  
stream playing on the imaginary  
fire.

This imaginary flame usually  
played around the Moses Brothers  
Bank building, which stood where  
the First National bank now  
stands. It was almost as tall as  
the First National bank building.  
If we take into consideration the  
spire that towered for a consider-  
able distance about the main roof.

To put a stream of water over the  
top of the Moses building was the  
test of supremacy, as only an  
occasional gush would reach the  
top of that structure. When the  
company succeeded in playing a  
stream on the top of the building  
for even a few seconds at one time  
there would go a loud cheer from  
hundreds of interested spectators  
and admirers of that particular  
company.

At the sound of the alarm the  
Lomax company would come clat-  
tering down from the Scott street  
station with a great volume of  
black smoke curling from the  
steamer's stack, the firemen cling-  
ing to the vehicles, looking the  
gallant laddies that they were, all  
dressed up in their natty uni-  
forms.

The Dexter company and the  
Steamer company each usually  
appeared at the square about the



Volunteer Firemen  
on fire drill at Court Square

time the Lomax company reached  
there. Grey Eagle, the Negro com-  
pany, was seldom the last one to  
arrive. Often they were the first  
ones to reach the scene amid  
shouts and cheers.

The Grey Eagle company did not  
have a steamer, but they had an  
old-fashioned hand pump with  
two long hand-poles to which fif-  
teen or twenty men could hold at  
the same time and work the mam-  
moth pump. This large hand-  
pump aided the water pressure  
and enabled them to do very effec-  
tive work in fighting fires, real and  
imaginary.

One night when the fire drill was  
at its highest pitch on Court  
Square and the competitive spirit  
was running high among the fire-  
man, as the crowds cheered and  
applauded, one of the faithful  
Negroes, known generally as  
George, attached to the Grey  
Eagle company, was seen to reel  
and fall as over come from  
exhaustion. Several of his com-  
panions ran to him and dashed  
water in his face in an effort to  
revive him, but all efforts to revive  
him were in vain - he was dead.  
The general headquarters of the  
volunteer fireman was on Madison  
avenue near where it is today,  
though considerable change has  
been made in the appearance of

what was then the city market  
building and police headquarters.  
Much of the older structure has  
been burned down and other  
parts have been made to look  
quite different to what they did  
then.

The fire inspections occasions  
usually wound up with a big  
dance by the white fireman and  
their friends at the social rooms  
on Madison avenue, while the  
Negro company celebrated in the  
usual African manner at their  
headquarters on the southwest  
corner of Dexter avenue and  
McDonough street.

The brave fire laddies of  
Montgomery's efficient paid  
department today usually get to  
the fire with almost lightening-  
like speed, and they remain on  
the job of fighting the flames as  
long as there is a vestige of fire to  
be found. But with all their alert-  
ness, training and fine up-to-date  
equipment the brave men of the  
paid department seldom make a  
better showing against a fire than  
did the old volunteer boys against  
the flames in the old-time build-  
ings of Montgomery, many of  
which were frame structures.



The Historical  
Society is  
planning an  
old-fashioned  
Bar-B-Que  
at  
the Figh-Pickett-  
Barnes School House

July 17th.  
MORE DETAILS  
SOON



DO YOU REMEMBER THIS?

GLIMPSES OF

OLD MONTGOMERY

Alabama Journal July 11, 1929

The following interesting letter came to the writer of the "Do You Remember" articles from **Veteran S. Jones**, a former citizen of Montgomery, who now resides at Frisco City, Ala., Monroe County:

Dear Mr. Harrison:  
"Do your remember this?

"Yes, and a good deal more."

"I, the writer of this letter, being a confederate veteran, age 84 years on April 16, this year, [1929] remember having seen the first electrically-operated street car ever run in the United States. It was run in Montgomery.

"I remember my father telling me about his having married Elizabeth Stacey in Montgomery in 1818. Many interesting incidents were recalled by him as he talked of the earlier history of Montgomery. In his day there was but one magistrate and only three stores in Montgomery. The houses, even the three store-houses, were built of logs. My father constructed his dwelling of the same sort of material just where the Bell building now stands.

COW PEN AT EMPIRE

"Just across the road from his residence he built his cow pen, having obtained the rails from near the lake where the Court Square basin is now located. This road was known then as the Mobile road, but now it is called Montgomery street.

"My father was the father of seven sons and everyone of us volunteered in 1862 in the war between the states. All volun-

teered from Alabama. I am the only surviving member of the family.

"I remember seeing a brick store torn down on the corner of Commerce street and Court Square. [Belshaw's Corner] The magnificent Moses building was then erected on the lot. I later saw that great building torn away and the First National bank erected at the same location.



Belshaw's Corner  
Commerce St. - Regions Bank Cor.  
Times Gone By

"I also saw the old Exchange hotel torn down and the one now standing erected later on the same spot where the older one had stood. I was present at the laying of the corner stone of the Dexter Avenue Methodist church, which you mentioned in a former article in *The Journal and Times*.

"It was in 1887, if I remember correctly, that I moved to Montgomery. The following year I became a subscriber to the *Montgomery Evening Journal*. At that time it was but a small paper and the subscription price delivered in the city was 10 cents a week. Today, I am reading the

same paper, which is now very dear to me.

"You might consider me a native of Montgomery, for I lived there for many years. I was formerly familiar with nearly all faces there, but now 'tis rather sad. When I appear on the streets most of the faces, in fact nearly all of them, are strange to me.

"If at any time you wish to publish this letter I will be glad to see it in print."



above built 1848  
The Exchange Hotels  
below built 1907



OLD-TIME FIRE DRILLS

Who among the older set does not remember those glorious afternoons and nights, back yonger [yonder] when the gallant volunteer fire fighters of Montgomery held their quarterly reviews and fire drills?

Henry F. Erwin, now with the Montgomery postoffice, was fire chief in those days. He had a nifty red buggy with the letters "M.F.D. Chief," in beautiful gold letters on the side. His horse was a beauty, even among the many fine horses seen on the streets of Montgomery at that time.

the Hale family. Well, now, that is a big job! Did you know they were related to the great Chief Justice of England, Sir Matthew Hale? and to Nathan Hale, whom the British murdered in New York, and to Edward Everett Hale of the north? Well, they are, but they are the nicest, most modest people, and never show their big book of family record, unless you force them! They are so busy being good citizens and church members, and helping Dr. Stakely run that great church [First Baptist] on Perry street, they haven't time for anything else. One of the daughters, Maggie, married one of the celebrated Figh family. Now, talking about building, these men were a blessing to Montgomery! They set an example of high integrity, of the simple dignity of honesty, of faithfulness to trust, that might well be emulated today. Their bricks never crumbled, their walls never tumbled! Their chim-

neys! Oh, when the winds began to whip and worry, how many chimneys in "modern Montgomery" now stand the test? Yet, we so constantly hear of "improvement;" why, child, there can't be any improvement upon honesty, in any of its applications! Nearly every handsome old building in the business district was erected by these men. I am not certain but, I have an idea that they had a hand in the building of the capitol after it burned in '49.

Anyway, they built the handsome old house that Elly Barnes now has dedicated to educational blessings, and that is known as the Old Pickett Place. [Home of the

Historical Society]  
Why, the basement floor is paved with marble tiling, saved from the wreck of the burned capitol! How else, did they get there, if the Fighs did not at least help

build the new state house? The Figh family lived there for years. The paved basement room was a grand dining hall. Warren D. Brown was a young man then, and boarded with the Figh family; his beautiful young sister from Clayton came over to visit him and I was invited to the Fighs to take tea. It was later that the Fighs sold the handsome home to Colonel Pickett when he moved his family to Montgomery from Autauga county. As the Pickett girls grew to young womanhood, there were gay doings in the splendid home - dances, suppers, notable dinings, and then weddings - you know Miss Tookie Pickett married Sam Harris, who afterward became the famous Episcopal bishop. I'm tired good night.



Positivism Of Mister Elly

The Montgomery Advertiser

Author unknown

Professor Elly Barnes operated The Barnes School for Boys from 1907 until 1942 at the beginning of WW II, at its location at the corner of Clayton and Molton Streets.

This article resulted from a three-hour interview done most likely by a writer with the Montgomery Advertiser and regrettably we only have the "continued page." There is no date but it was likely just following the close of the school. Ed

"I have been in this county 134 years," he is fond of saying...

The families of Mr. Elly's grandparents - Elkanah Barnes and Mary Lumpkin (Mac Ilwaine) Barnes - settled near Strata in the southern part of Montgomery County in 1818. They had one son, Justus. (The name "Elly" is derived from Elkanah.)

One day in 1856, young Justus - he was 20, and the ink had barely dried on his sheepskin diploma from Bethany

College - opened the doors of the first Barnes school, rather pretentiously named The Strata Academy.

The first class at Strata consisted of 13 pupils - children of neighbors and neighboring farmers.

For some 25 years Strata Academy flourished. One of its advertisements proudly proclaimed: "Male and Female - boys and girls, young gentlemen and young ladies are received as students."



PROFESSOR ELLY BARNES

Some of Montgomery's early developers and pioneer businessmen were Strata graduates - among them, N. J. Bell 1st, for whom the Bell Building is named. He studied there in the early 1870s.

continued next page



HIGHLAND HOME  
In 1881, School Master Justus Barnes and his two brothers-in-law, Samuel Jordan and Col. M. L. Kirkpatrick, his partners, moved their school six miles south and developed a new school village. They christened it Highland Home.

Young Elly was 10 when the school was opened at Highland Home. For 17 years his father managed to pay the bills. "But he was more a philanthropist than a businessman," and it could hardly be said that Highland Home College was a financial boom. So, father and son decided to move to Montgomery. Highland Home College remained there under a different principal.

In 1898, The Barnes School had its modest beginnings here, occupying rented buildings for the first four or five years. Mr. Elly, with a diploma from Highland Home, took over as principal in 1904.

"My father didn't retire - he wasn't the kind of man to do that - he just quit coming down to the school," Mr. Elly recalls.

OLD PICKETT HOME  
In 1906, Mr. Elly bought the old Pickett home (now occupied by Colonial Motors)[in the 1950s] at 2 Clayton Street. This was to be the home of the Barnes School until it closed in 1942.

When Mr. Elly ascended to the position of the family's presiding pedagogue, he caused a minor domestic crisis right off. He converted from a co-educational school to a school exclusively for boys. "When I did that, woopsadoodle, that was a rough time!"

His father, a staunch advocate of co-educationalism, argued: "God Almighty put them here together and they ought to be educated together."

HE STANDS FIRM  
But young Elly was no longer his father's understudy. He was "Mr. Elly" now, a title of respect he acquired early in his teaching career. And he didn't give an inch to his father.

Here was an early outcropping of one of Mr. Elly's dominant traits - his positivism, which was to serve him well through the years that followed.

It was this positivism that generated much of the character and tradition of the school. Some of Mr. Elly's ideas may have been archaic, but he was never wishy-washy - nor forever vacillating from one teaching method to another, nor constantly changing objectives.

Mr. Elly believes this trait was largely responsible for his success as an educator: "I was wrong many times, I know. But I won by being positive."

Once, in later years, when the spell of modernity had suddenly gripped the nation, one of his students balked at using the old Spencerian pen-staff in his writing exercises. He insisted on using his modern fountain pen, which was outlawed by Mr. Elly.

The rebellious student explained that his father, when told of Mr. Elly's penmanship regimen, compared such out-of-date practices to "driving an oxcart in the day of the automobile."

Whereupon, Mr. Elly informed the miscreant, in effect, that if he could not convince his father that driving an oxcart, in some circumstances, was preferable, he needn't return to school the next day. And that was that.

Another time, early afternoon newspaper headlines screamed that a hurricane from the Gulf was due to hit Montgomery at "13 minutes after 11," as Mr. Elly recalls. (Often, when he wants to convey

an exact time, which he does not remember, he used 11:13 as the hour.)

Mothers descended in masse on the school, beseeching Mr. Elly to release their boys from peril.

"I told them that their boys were free to leave, but that an unexcused absence would be marked against them. They called me the cruelest-hearted man they had ever known."

There was no hurricane, and Mr. Elly saved half a scholastic day. Anyway, he reasons, the boys would have been safer with him if the blow had hit here.

Another of his edicts that caused talk of insurrection was his necktie order. Some parents resented his intrusion in matters of dress. But he looks back on that with a self-satisfied smile: "I still believe that some of the little things are bigger than the big things."

USED PADDLE, TOO  
Mr. Elly was a stern taskmaster, and, in extreme cases, would resort to the paddle. "But I always gave them every chance to avoid the paddle before I used it," he says.

His boys remember him as "rigid, but always just." His decisions and his disciplines were never emotional, but cool, calculated judgments. Mr. Elly was wrong sometimes," one alumnus said, "but he was fair. He would always hear us out."

Once a delegation of five boys appeared before Mr. Elly to plead the cause of the star center on the football squad. The center had flunked an exam, and Mr. Elly refused to permit him to go with the team to play Troy.

"We are a committee ...." The five defense lawyers began. And Mr. Elly heard them through their arguments. Then, after due consideration of the

merits of the case, he said simply: No. Appeal denied.

WARM . . . HUMAN  
Mr. Elly's classroom humor was more of the warm, human kind than the biting sarcasm of the classic schoolmaster.

And he could take a joke on himself, if it was genuinely funny, not impudent, and in keeping with the general climate of the school.

One of his favorite expressions was: "I'll bet you my airplane ..." Once he walked up to one of his star pupils working an algebre problem at the blackboard. (Mr. Elly won't use names of his boys, for fear of appearing to single out favorites. Such would be, he says, "an invidious comparison.")

"Snicklefritz," Mr. Elly recalls saying, using the pseudoym he requently employs to hide the identity of the hero, or victim, of the classroom drama he's relating - "Snicklefritz, I bet you my airplane that 16 x you've got there is wrong."

Snicklefritz, pretty sure of his algebraic prowess, turned and said: "Mr. Elly, you don't have your airplane anymore. Don't you remember, I won it from you last week."

Mr. Elly laughs as heartily retelling this one on himself as he did when it happened.

SPELLING CONTESTS  
Spelling contests were part of the curriculum all through high school. And algebra was always taught - "historically taught," as he puts it - by Mr. Elly himself. And he taught the overflow from all the other classes. His staff was usually eight instructors - all college graduates and except in a few instances, all men. The average enrollment was about 130.

The staff curriculum included: arithmetic, algebra, geometry, solid geometry, trigonometry, physics, English, English composition, history, and Latin (a good, heavy dose, four years of it - Caesar, Virgil, and for some very apt students, Horace.)

One of the most excruciating experiences Barnes boys remember was the annual Founders day ceremonies featuring speaking and athletic contest. Either at this event, or at some time during the year, every boy had to make a speech. Mr. Elly had both his sons teach for a year in the school. He believes that the experience of imparting knowledge to others is one of the best ways to learn to think for yourself. One son, Dr. J. M. Barnes is a prominent Montgomery physician. The other, Dr. Bowling Barnes, is a nationally-recognized research physicist in the East.

Seeing me to the door, Mr. Elly said, "Wait, there's something else I want to show you. You should have given me a month to prepare myself for this interview..."

He returned with a small book, which he usually carries with him when he goes downtown to meet with members of the "Loafing Club" (whose names he will not reveal).

In the book, neatly written year-by-year, beginning with 1904, the year he became principal, were the names of each year's graduates.

On the porch, he turned to his wife, who was sitting in the warm sun, and said: "I don't know what in the world we're going to read about me in the Sunday paper."

Mrs. Barnes replied, "Well anything he says about you will have to be nice."

"Well, thank you, my

dear. You may kiss me for that."

She did.



From:  
***The Montgomery Alabama Journal and The Times***  
[Joint papers at that time]

## ROAD CONDITION

July 1929

**Troy:** Paved through Snowdown and rest of the way over county road through Ramer to Orion is very bumpy in places. **Orion** to Troy paved.

**Columbus:** Very bumpy in places this side of Line Creek but from there to Tuskegee is paved.

**Tuskegee** to Auburn rough in places. Past Auburn good, paved in places.

**Tallassee:** Detours around-washouts between here and Wetumpka improved. Past Wetumpka is very good.

**Selma:** Good all the way.

**Andalusia:** Go through Snowdown, Luverne and Brantley over good road all the way.

Editors note: I remember in the mid 30s you would never attempt Highway 14 between Wetumpka and Tallasee following a rain. Red mud would never permit ascending a hill.