

# THE HERALD

A QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER

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Montgomery County Historical Society

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## Montgomery County Historical Society THE HERALD



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MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

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### A Letter to a Family of a Gallent Soldier Who Proudly Gave His Life For His Homeland

Robert Armstead, educated at William and Mary College, where he studied law under Judge N. B. Tucker, major of the twenty-second Alabama regiment; killed at the battle of Shiloh. He has children living in Texas. William B. Armstead, student at William and Mary College married Mrs. Eliza Knox and had issue: Elliott Knox Armstead. Rosalie Virginia Armstead married Elmore G. Fitzpatrick; both dead, leaving issue. Lizzie Rowe Armstead married Paul Tucker Sayre, and had issue. Herbert Armstead, lieutenant colonel of the twenty-second Alabama regiment, mortally wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. Lucy Boyd Armstead married Richard Goldthwaite, and had issue.

The following letter is a worthy tribute to the gallantry of Robert Armstead, major of the twenty-second Alabama regiment: Near Corinth, Miss., April 11, 1862.

My Dear Mrs. Fitzpatrick:

You have doubtless heard of your sad loss in the death of your brother, Major Armstead. I write to claim the privilege of a friend of his and yours; that of sharing in your sorrow. I was with him, after he was wounded, for some time, giving him all the attention in my power. He was struck by a grape shot in the right side, the shot passing through to the surface on the opposite side. He was conscious that his wound was mortal, but was calm and resigned. Feeling assured that he could survive but a short time, I asked him if he wished me to do any thing for him. He said nothing except: "Tell my dear sisters how I loved them, and that my last hours are spent in thoughts of them. I know how they will suffer, when they hear this." He frequently referred to this, and it seemed to be the only thought that troubled him.

When the surgeon came to him, he said:

"Doctor, I have great confidence in your opinion. Examine my wound and give me a candid answer. I do not fear death. I know I must die, but I wish to know how long I have to live." The surgeon examined the wound, but remained silent. Major Armstead understood him clearly, but no trepidation was visible, no alarm expressed. He remained calm, as if merely reclining to rest. He frequently spoke of the grief his sisters would feel. He said to me: "I have died in the right place, I hope at the right time, I know in the right cause." I am thus circumstantial, because I know every word and incident of his final hour will interest you. I did all I could to make him comfortable under the circumstances, while I remained with him.

Our cause has lost a noble and gallant defender, out State an intellectual man, society a chivalrous and polished gentleman, his friends a true and beloved companion and his sisters and brother who loved them better than

### SOUVENIR BRICK

Wouldn't you like to have a souvenir brick from the Montgomery Theater to represent the past of a house of theater entertainment from the past dating from the 1850s.

Available from the Historical Society for \$100.00.



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his own life, and grieved only for them in his death hour. I never saw such calm heroism before, and desire to emulate him, should it be my fate to die, in defense of our country, and in the hour that tries men's souls gave the strongest proofs of the nobility of his own. Rest assured that I sympathize deeply with you and yours in the sad bereavement, and only regret that I can so nothing to palliate your sorrow. May God give you and your sisters the strength to bear your loss with resignation.

Accept my kindest regards and believe me your friend.

Thomas W. Oliver

*This letter has been kindly provided for publication in the Herald by Mr. Richard Arrington. We are most appreciative of the opportunity to share this touching piece for our readers, an example of the many tragedies of those times. Editor*

## Enlightening and Interesting Talk by Edward Pattillo at the Spring Meeting of the MCHS on April 30th.

It was a pleasure to have as our speaker for the annual spring meeting of the Historical Society in April, Mr. Edward Pattillo who was raised in Tallassee. It was only natural that in his upbringing in the town just northeast of Montgomery on the bank of the Tallapoosa River that he should have learned early of the establishment of settlers along both sides of the Tallapoosa River from below the falls near Tallassee all the way down to that river to its confluence with the Coosa, their blending, becoming the Alabama River.

That area, was settled years prior to Arthur Moore building his cabin on the bank of the Alabama at the foot of what is now Commerce St. in 1814. It was only a few years later that Montgomery actually was established and began receiving settlers coming in from Georgia and the Carolinas.

Eddie told of the families who established the plantations along the river, many of whom later moved into Montgomery following its development.

Mr. W. G. Robertson in his book, *Recollections of the Early Settlers of Montgomery County and*

*Their Families*, published in 1892, tells us of this same area that was known as THE FORK.

We are including the short description by Robertson of The Fork.

### THE FORK

Commencing at the confluence or junction of the rivers and going up the Tallapoosa river fifteen or twenty miles, to the Indian line, thence up the Coosa river a few miles, thence a due east line to the Indian line again, thence south along the Indian line to the Tallapoosa river, and you have that portion of Montgomery county known at one time as the Fork. The lands on the Tallapoosa river were of the finest quality; the second bottoms was not so rich, but very level and quite productive; and still higher up from the river is a range of red hills, and at the top of these hills is a beautiful plot of level lands called table lands, very productive and easily cultivated. The wealthier class of farmers owned river plantations, and lived on these beautiful table lands. The Fork seemed to be the favorite portion of the county of the early settlers. These lands were settled by men from Georgia, South and North Carolina



Edward Pattillo

and Virginia - principally by Georgians. There were no railroads in those days, and when they left their old homes and came to the new State of Alabama, they moved by land in two, four and six-horse wagons and ox teams; and when they came they brought with them their families, their property, their morals, their religion and politics, and to a great extent they retained their religion and politics to the end.

Among the very earliest settlers of the Fork were the Wilkinsons, Taylors, Simmons, Thompsons, Westmorelands, Adkins, Butlers, Townsends, Wares, and others, who had preceded the writer. It is unnecessary to mention these good families in detail. Suffice it to say that they were a sober, moral, industrious and law-abiding people, that cleared the first lands, belted the first timber, built the first houses and fences, established the first schools and churches and opened the way to a grand future for Montgomery county.

Thank you, Eddie.



## In House News

### Memorials

**Dr. Thomas Bobo**

by Mr. James W. Fuller

**Mrs. Joyce K. Caddell**

by Mr. James W. Fuller

**Mrs. Norma Weiss Grove**

by Mr. James W. Fuller

**Mrs. Lucy D. Harper**

by Mr. James W. Fuller

**Judge Perry O. Hooper**

by Mrs. Sam Schloss  
Mr. James W. Fuller

**Miss Hellen Loeb**

by Mr. James W. Fuller

**Mr. Forrest T. McConnell**

by Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt  
Mr. Miller B. Engelhardt  
Mrs. Susan Haigler  
Mr. & Mrs. T. Bower Hill III

**Brig. Gen. John H. Napier III**

by Mrs. Sam Schloss

**Ms. Anne O'Neal**

by Betty Jo and Albert R. Cantrell

**Dr. Frederick Josiah Reed, Jr.**

by Dr. & Mrs. M. B. Engelhardt

**Mrs. Ruth Lowe Reid**

by Mr. James W. Fuller

**Mrs. Ann Stinson**

by Mr. James W. Fuller

**Mr. James P. Taunton**

by Mr. James W. Fuller

**Mr. John G. Willoughby, Jr.**

by Mr. James W. Fuller

### Special Donations

Rev. Gary Burton  
Col. Charles Cleveland  
Gen. & Mrs. David Funk  
Dr. Fletcher Hyde  
Mr. & Mrs. Seabie Kennamer  
Mrs. Mary Lynne Levy  
Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Mahan  
Mr. & Mrs. Jim Marshall  
Mrs. Mary Ann Neeley  
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Stakely  
Ms. Janet Waller

### Honors

**Mr. James W. Fuller**

by Mary Ann Neeley

**Mr. Rusty Gregory & Mr. James Fuller**

by William G. Thames

**Mrs. Billie Claire Mangum  
on occasion of her birthday**

by Mr. & Mrs. Ewell Green

**Dick Hodges**

by The Consorts of the Krewe of  
The Phantom Host

### New Members

**Allen County Public Library, Ft. Wayne, Ind.**

**Ms. Loretta W. Bach**

**Dr. & Mrs. Lee Eaddy**

**Mr. Joe Hubbard**

## Lend Your Support To The Historical Society

Benefactor	\$1,000.00
Sponsor/Corporate	\$500.00
Sustaining	\$250.00
Contributing	\$100.00
Supporting	\$50.00
Family	\$35.00
Individual	\$25.00

We sincerely appreciate our  
members who make it possible for us to collect  
and preserve the  
records of our past.

P. O. Box 1829  
Montgomery, AL 36102





**Best  
Bar-B.Que in  
Central Alabama  
at Smoking "S"  
in Wetumpka.**

**And Granma's  
Home Made  
Banana Pudding  
from  
Down the Street.**



**A  
party  
not to  
miss  
next  
year**



**Large crowd has great time at the  
MCHS Annual Fund Raiser  
Bar-B-Que  
at the new  
Western Rail of Alabama**

A great fun evening and lots of folks to make a time to remember. Sweet Creak Band made a fine background. Along with the pork and pudding was slaw and delicious beans. To wash it down was draft beer, wine, sweet tea and water.

Special thanks to friends and Board Members Zac Gibbs, Winston Sheehan, Chris Setzer, Seabie Kennamer, Christy Anderson, Rusty Gregory, Jack Owen, Charles Nicrosi, Dick Hodges, Susan Haigler, Luther Hill, Bob Seibels, Ray Rawlings, and also Jennifer Gibbs, Betty Pouncey, Raye Gregory and Brandon Hunt.



# Capt. Walter Bragg As Democratic Leader

By C. M. Stanley  
Editor, The Alabama Journal  
January 10, 1954

The approaching meeting of the Alabama State Democratic Party authorities in Montgomery recalls the greatest and most effective leader the party ever had - Capt. Walter Lawrence Bragg was state Democratic chairman in the historic campaign of 1874 when a stricken state was rescued from the horrors of carpetbagery.

Negros and gullible mountaineers were being used by a cruel and designing Republican leadership in Washington to make Alabama's postwar cross almost too heavy to bear.

Capt. Bragg was well fitted for the task entrusted to him by the state Democratic convention of 1874, which named him state chairman "with unlimited powers to conduct the approaching canvass."

A genius at organization he soon had every beat in the state organized and when the campaign was at its height volunteers were making between 300 and 400 speeches a day for the Democratic ticket. George S. Houston, Democrat, was elected governor by 13,000 majority and the pernicious rascals and thieves were driven from the state capitol. The vote was 107,000 to 94,000.

At the close of the campaign the people of Alabama presented and elaborate silver service to Capt. Bragg, at the Arlington Club rooms in Montgomery, the presentation speech being made

by Justice George W. Stone of the Alabama Supreme Court.

Capt. Walter Bragg was born in Braggs in Lowndes County Feb. 25, 1835, and died in new Jersey Sept. 19, 1891, while a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission to which he had been appointed by both President Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison.

He had left Harvard University as a student because of high feeling generated by the approaching North-South war.

He spent his boyhood in Camden, Arkansas, where one of his uncles lived. The story is told that a superstitious Negro playmate told the boy that if he would eat a rattlesnake's heart he would be so brave he would never be afraid of anything. They found and killed a rattlesnake and the little boy took the Negro's advice and ate its heart.

He read law in Camden, Arkansas, and began practice there. Then came the war and he enlisted as a captain under Gen. Hardee and became a famous sharpshooter. At the war's close he settled in Marion, Alabama, and at different times was law partner of such men as Napoleon and Powhatan Lockett, Pinckney B. Lawson, Judge James F. Bailey, Gen. John T. Morgan, and William S. Thorington.

He came to Montgomery in 1871 and in 1874 was unanimously elected State Democratic

chairman by the state convention. The fight of 1874 has been called "the campaign without parallel in state history." Houston was the Democratic candidate for governor against the Republican governor, D. P. Lewis, who sought a second term. The state had gone carpetbag and Republican in 1872 when Grant was the Republican candidate for president. Political conditions had become unbearable to the decent people of the state, with Alabama sunk into an indebtedness from which even now it has not entirely emerged.

Capt. Bragg resigned as chairman in 1876 but at the St. Louis Democratic convention of that year, which nominated Tilden for president against Hayes, Bragg was elected to the national committee and spoke in many states for the Democratic nominee. In 1881 Gov. Cobb of Alabama named Capt. Bragg president of the newly created state railroad commission, his two associates being Capt. James Crook and Col. C. P. Ball.

Capt. Bragg was a Mason, also the second highest officer of the nation Knights Templar and was the first president of the Alabama Bar Association.

William Temple Seibels, for more than thirty years solicitor of Montgomery County, recalls that during a period of ten years Capt. Bragg who had formed an intimate persona friendship with Major Emmett Seibels was a guest at the Seibels home at 711 S. Perry Street every Sunday night, usually for supper. Mr. Temp Seibels refers to Capt. Bragg as "a most attractive personality, a very handsome man and a wonderful talker. He had had many

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# Maximillian C. Armstrong, 1780 - 1858

## First Postmaster in Montgomery County

By Robert Armstrong  
Mathews, Alabama

Maximillian C. Armstrong, son of Martin Armstrong and his wife Mary Ann, was born in South Carolina in 1780. The men of his family have a long history of military service. His great grandfather, Joseph Armstrong, came to the American colonies in 1731 from Northern Ireland and served as a colonel in the Pennsylvania militia during the French and Indian wars. Maximillian's grandfather, Colonel John Armstrong served in the North Carolina militia during the American Revolution of 1775-1783. Maximillian's father, Martin, served as a lieutenant of Horse, Roebuck's Regiment, Captain Moses Woods Company of the South Carolina Militia during the Revolution. After the war ended, Martin Armstrong moved to Georgia according to Volume 45, *History of Warren County Georgia*. Records of the Fulson Creek Baptist Church in Hancock County list Martin as serving on the church's building committee in 1799. Georgia land records indicate that Martin owned over 2500 acres in Hancock, Jones, Baldwin and Warren counties at the time of his death in 1810. These properties were sold after his death and his children moved to the vicinity of Mt. Meigs, Montgomery County, Alabama in 1817.

Maximillian C. Armstrong married Elizabeth Veasey in Hancock County, Georgia on December 25, 1806. The Christmas day wedding was performed by Justice of the Peace, William McClelland. The couple ultimately became parents of eight children during the years 1807 to 1819. The family included only one daughter and eight boys with James W. and Maximillian, Jr. born as twins in 1818. This birth date is evidence that Maximillian, Jr. and James W. would have been the first of Maximillian, Sr.'s children to be born in Montgomery County, likely in what is now the Pintlala area.

Prior to Maximillian's arrival in Montgomery County in the Alabama Territory of 1817, he continued his ancestors' patriotic service in the military. He served during the war of 1812; his first assignment was as 3rd Sergeant in Jones Company of Georgia Cavalry, under Captain John R. Gregory. Later he served as a sergeant in the Troop of Light

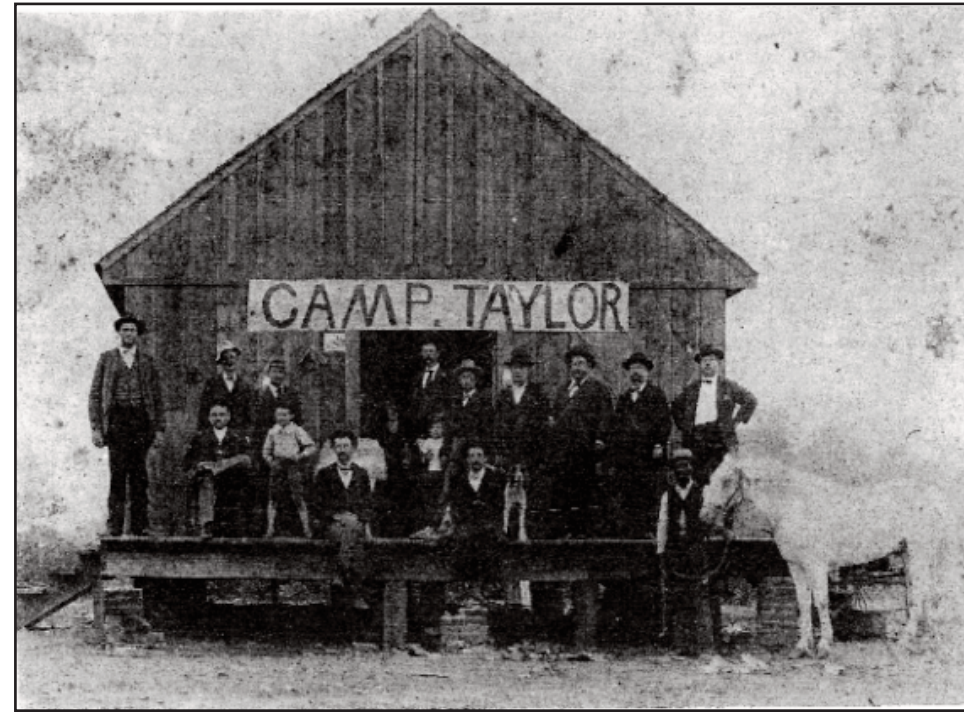
Dragoons, 9th Squadron of the 5th Regiment again under the command of Captain Gregory.

### ARMSTRONG'S ALABAMA YEARS

Maximillian Armstrong came first to the Mt. Meigs vicinity of Alabama around 1817 along with brothers James Woodson Armstrong, John C. Armstrong and sister Miriam Armstrong Vickers. On August 21, 1818 Maximillian was appointed to serve as Post Master at Manack's Tavern in the Pintlala area of Montgomery County. Two months later on October 19, Armstrong purchased 160 acres of land in Section 10, T14, R17. This is located on the east side of what is now Highway 31 at Beulah Branch. This location surely made his work at Manack's Tavern more easily accessible. The property was later sold to Sam Quarles who is shown on a map of early settlers of this area of the county. Armstrong was a founding member of Bethel Baptist Church in Pintlala as learned from church minutes signed McArmstrong. He served as church clerk beginning with his minutes dated 1819 and his last minutes were dated February 26, 1826. Armstrong requested a letter of dismissal from Bethel in November 1826. His request was denied, but two months later in January 1827 the dismissal was granted. John Pouncey replaced Armstrong as clerk at Bethel.

Family research indicates that Armstrong also owned land in Lowndes, Crenshaw, and Butler counties plus land in Tennessee. It is not clear what happened to the Tennessee property after the Civil War. Family lore relates that Armstrong was robbed on a trip to Tennessee. How long Armstrong served as Post Master at Manacks is unknown but by "April 12, 1828, he was received by letter into the Sweetwater Primitive Baptist Church in Butler County; the 1840 Butler County census includes Armstrong; and 1853 Butler County Tax List indicates land ownership by Armstrong in T7, R16, Section 15 and 1856 Real Estate Tax Book includes Armstrong as a Butler County land owner.

Armstrong family records report that Maximillian C. Armstrong died in either Butler or Crenshaw counties. He is thought to be buried in the Crenshaw County near the Mulberry Church and cemetery. The Mulberry Church has an overgrown



"Cousin Jack" Taylor, owner of the store called Camp Taylor is on the right with his hand on his hip. Ped McLemore standing third from left, short man. The horse is the one mentioned in the story.

fifteen minutes whereupon Big Bill Rives decided it was time to harass Cousin Jack. "I swear, Cousin Jack," said Bill, "I don't remember ever being this thirsty in my life. How long do you reckon it will be before that old spavined horse of yours gets back and we can start the bung on the barrel?"

"Now, Bill," said cousin Jack, "you know it won't be long. That's the fastest trotter in this county. Why, I've driven her over that road so many times I know exactly when she will be back here. In fact, I know where she is right now." He pulled out his large gold watch, opened the face, and consulted it. "She's just about crossing the Three Mile Branch at this very minute."

The game continued, and after another fifteen

minutes, Ped McLemore took his turn at making Jack Taylor uncomfortable. "Where in the world is that whiskey, Cousin Jack? Everybody here is about to die of thirst. That old horse has probably winded herself."

Jack Taylor always kept the bottom button of his vest fastened over his ample paunch, and it took considerable doing to get it loose and pull out his timepiece. "Try to calm yourself, Ped. Charles is just now leaving Mr. Wilson's, and the barrel is on the seat of the buggy. Be patient just a few more minutes."

After two more half-hearted hands had been played, Tom Oliver said, "What has happened to that old mare of yours, Cousin Jack? I swear that's the worst excuse for a trotting

horse I ever waited for."

"Don't worry, Tom," said Cousin Jack, retrieving his watch again. "I can just see he fine legs working and her hooves shining in the moonlight. I can hear the clatter of the plants, because she is just now crossing the Red Bridge and will be here before you know it."

After a long silence, Bob Etheridge finally said, "Cousin Jack, you oughta have sold that old horse while she still had a little speed and you could have fooled somebody into paying something for her. There ain't no doubt that she has got as slow as a plow mule."

This really stung Cousin Jack. Snatching out his watch somehow without even unbuttoning his vest, he glared at its face and shouted, "I'll thank you to take back that last remark, Bob, because my mare is just now pulling in here off the rock road. Charles will be in that door within the minute."

At that very moment the door flew open and Charles staggered in, covered with sweat. Holding his torn shirt together with one hand, he threw the bridle on the floor with the other and said, "Mister Jack, I just can't catch that damn ole mare!"





# THE NIGHT THE WHISKEY RAN OUT

Authorship attributed to Mr. Jack McLemore, Jr.

Old Man Jack Taylor ran a mighty fine general store. The one-room gable-ended building was located in a shady grove on the south side of Line Creek Road about half way between Three Mile Branch and Eight Mile Creek. The streams were so named because of their distances from the artesian basin at Court Square, and were used for watering places for the horses running the stagecoach line from Montgomery to Atlanta.

Jack Taylor's was the only store for miles around. After the Civil War, the store became a popular gathering place for the neighborhood farmers, where tales of the war were swapped. Several of the next generation were regular members of a later group which gathered there a night or two a week to gossip and play cards far into the night. After Jack Taylor's death and after the advent of the automobile, a few cabins were build out back by a new owner and the old store with its gabled ends and wide board floors became a "tourist camp" with the predictable name of Shady Rest. This once famous landmark of the community was finally abandoned and was demolished in the 1940s.

During the last Yellow Fever epidemic in Montgomery, many businessmen,

having sent their wives and children out of town to places such as Verbena where "the air was better," continued to work in the city, but spent the nights out in the country in the belief that the urban night air was not healthy. Jack Taylor's Store became a bunkhouse for eight of these gentlemen, who drove out from town each night in their buggies. A large cloth sign was stretched over the front door, proclaiming the place to be "Camp Taylor."

Although he never married, Old Man Jack Taylor had so many kinfolk that everyone, whether related to him or not, took to calling him Cousin Jack (pronounced cud'n). His most prized possession was his renowned trotting mare. When hitched between the shafts of Cousin Jack Taylor's fancy buggy, this mare made a splendid sight indeed with her fine boned grace and her phenomenal, high-stepping trotting speed. Her fame as a paragon among fast carriage horses spread far and wide.

One night in 1915 the usual congenial crowd of card players were engaged in a spirited poker game in the store when, due to Cousin Jack Taylor's oversight, the whiskey ran out. Poor Cousin Jack, coming under

heavy fire from his friends, was mighty embarrassed by this dreadful misfortune, and determined to set things right. "Don't worry gentlemen," he said. "Your thirst won't last long enough to notice."

Cousin Jack stepped to the front door of the store and called his horse boy. When the boy appeared, Cousin Jack said, "Now Charles, the whiskey has give out here and these gentlemen are working up a mighty big thirst. I want you to go up on the Red Bridge Road to Mr. Wilson's and get me a ten gallon barrel of his best whiskey. Now I ain't talking about any mule and wagon here. We are in too big a hurry for that. I want you to go out there in the lot and catch my trotting mare and hitch her to my buggy. Her bridle is right here and the gear and harness are hanging on the front of the buggy. Tell Mr. Wilson to put it on my bill and get on back here. That's a might high spirited horse, but I recon you can handle here. Don't let her walk. Keep her trotting all the way."

"Yes sir, Mr. Jack," said Charles, picking up the bridle and hurrying out the door, grinning at his unexpected good fortune. He had never driven a fine trotting mare and had never ridden in a vehicle that was sprung. This would be a memorable experience.

After the door had closed behind Charles, the game continued for about

burial ground behind the church which has a fieldstone marker with "Armstrong" carved into it. This is separate from the Mulberry Cemetery. Local residents report that the original church at Mulberry was Pleasant Home Church. Today the Mulberry Church sits on a hill over looking a 20 to 30 acre lake created by beavers that have backed up water from a artesian well. If one looks into the lake water a concrete rectangle is visible and is likely to have been where Mulberry Church members were baptized. The Mulberry

Capt. Bragg  
continued from  
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wonderful experiences and was able to tell about them in a most interesting and fascinating way."

Capt. Bragg practiced law here in Montgomery and according to Mr. Seibels was "a leading and commanding figure in his profession. He had a peerless and forceful personality and had a host of friends all over the state of Alabama."

Capt. Bragg first married Susan Watkins Lockett of Marion, daughter of his former law partner. Their two children were Walter L. Bragg, Jr., and Eugenia Bragg who married Mr. Paul W. Smith of Montgomery. Captain Bragg's second wife was Elizabeth Marks Fitzpatrick. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Smith had four sons and one daughter, grandchildren of Capt. Bragg. They are: Col. Walter Bragg Smith, Junius Bragg Smith, Luther Hill Smith, Eugenia Bragg Smith, Eugene Bragg Smith and Virginia Bragg Smith who married John C. Tyson, Jr., of Montgomery.

Mr. Seibels recalls a great

Church and cemetery next to it are now composed of an African American congregation.

It is ironic that at the time of his death in May 1858, Armstrong was producing rum from two stills. His years as Post Master at Manack's Tavern in Pintlala and time living in the rowdy Yellow Shanks community must have made him aware of the market for alcoholic drink and the profit that it could bring. The water source necessary for production was found at Mulberry.

The grave markers in the old Armstrong burial grounds at

tragedy in the family that was one of the most shocking events in Montgomery's long history.

In April 1894, Capt. Bragg's only son, Walter L. Bragg, Jr., four years out of Washington and Lee Law school, his father dead only three years, and a highly promising young lawyer, was attending a political meeting in the old Grand theatre in Montgomery at which Senator John T. Morgan was the speaker. Sitting in front of Walter Bragg was Dr. A. J. Naftel from the lower end of Montgomery County. Both young men were high tempered and both were crack shots with pistols and guns. Young Bragg thought Naftel was moving his head purposely to obstruct his view of the speaker on the stage. He spoke about it and the head movement continued. Bragg said: "No gentleman would do that." Naftel quickly handed Bragg his card.

Next morning, which was Sunday, at about 11 o'clock, Bragg learned that Naftel was in Andrews Drugstore on Court Square where Penney's Department Store is now locat-

Mulberry at some point were destroyed. The author of this article placed new markers in this section a few years ago in hopes that they will remain visible. Maximillian Armstrong, Jr. shares a headstone in the Crenshaw County countryside.

Sources: *Armstrong Family Timeline by Will Howard, Birmingham, Alabama. Minutes Bethel Baptist Church, Pintlala, Alabama.*

Thank you, Robert, for an interesting article regarding your ancestor, Maximillian Armstrong.

ed. Entering the store he met Naftel. Both men were armed and began shooting on sight. Bragg shot Naftel twice, one bullet going through the nose, another through the shoulder. Naftel fired a bullet through Bragg's stomach.

Naftel recovered but the Bragg wound was fatal.

Bragg died April 22, 1894, as a result of what was regarded as one of the saddest and most deplorable tragedies in the city's history, for both young men were widely popular. And young Walter Bragg was especially beloved not only on his own account but on account of his father's popularity and public service during reconstruction. Temple Seibels recalls that he was a pall bearer at young Walter Bragg's funeral and he also attended the funeral of the father. Both of them were buried in Oakwood Cemetery.



Three Interesting Articles Written by  
C. M. "Cash" Stanley  
Editor of Alabama Journal

Montgomery's Ladies and  
LaFayette's Visit  
Alabama Journal  
C. M. "Cash" Stanley  
September 28, 1952

In his account there are dozens of names of the prominent men who helped in the entertainment at Montgomery and Cahawba, but only one lady's name apparently is mentioned, as part of the history of the notable event.

Even the name of Mrs. Thomas Casey, wife of the state senator from Dallas County, is mentioned only incidentally. Senator Casey wrote to Gov. Pickens at his home in Greensboro: "Would it not be well to have a Ball as well as a dinner? That would give the ladies an opportunity to pay their respects to him. ...Mrs. Casey will attend to fixing up the rooms at the State House. I feel some pride not to be outdone by the capital of Georgia."

The ladies were on hand for the grand ball in Montgomery even though their names were not listed. Writes Mr. Brantley: "The following night (Monday April 4, 1825) a grand ball, with LaFayette as guest of honor, was given in the second story of Colonel Freeny's brick building at the southwest corner of Commerce and Tallapoosa Streets. Invitations to this ball were at a premium. Only those of recognized position and influence in the state's social family, and the ranking officers of the militia, were present, with their ladies.

"The New Orleans Band charmed the assembled guests with both martial and ballroom music. It was a glamorous occasion, flavored with excitement, as it joined together in this frontier village the show and polish of French nobility with the strength and directness of pioneer democracy. The memory of this event will never perish in Montgomery."

The Montgomery committee on entertainment was composed of Col. William Peacock, Col. James W. Johnson, Benjamin Fitzpatrick, Esq., John Bailey, Esq., William Cook, Esq., Major Thomas Scott, John Dandridge Bibb, Esq., and Dr. Billingslea.



Marquis LaFayette

To keep up with all the news, men are under much greater obligation to the society editors of their newspapers than they are willing to acknowledge. Newspapers did not always have society editors, and that is perhaps the reason we know so little about the social aspects of the visit made to Montgomery, April 4, 1825 by General Marquis LaFayette, Revolutionary War hero.

Through tradition and "handed-down" data we know that the prominent women of Montgomery participated in the reception ball and dinner given to the most distinguished guest the young city had ever entertained. Yet the histories do not record the names of the ladies.

Many a Montgomery family even today takes pride that "great grandmother danced with LaFayette," but her name is not in the history books.

The intimate friend of President George Washington was 68 years old when he attended the Montgomery Ball as guest of honor in the old Tavern at the corner of Commerce and Tallapoosa Streets, and if he danced with all the ladies tradition says he danced with, he must have been holding his age well.

Montgomery had less than 2,000 [people] in 1825 and the exact number attending the ball is not recorded though the historians record that 300 ladies attended the LaFayette Ball in Mobile, and that there were many more men than ladies at the event.

The best and most authentic records of the LaFayette visit are of course in the correspondence of Gov. Israel Pickens: "I do hope there is not a man in Alabama that would be base enough to receive a cent emolument for the performance of so pleasing a duty."

One of the best and most authentic accounts of the LaFayette visit is that of William H. Brantley of Birmingham in his book "Three Capitals: The First Three Capitals of Alabama."

for "The Butterfly Fete."

"THE BUTTERFLY FETE"

I didn't know what a "Butterfly Fete" was, but it sounded hideous. I was later to realize that all my anticipations were real threefold and then some.

"The Butterfly Fete" was an entertainment for some worthy charity - the Old Woman's Home, I believe. It was a series of ballets in which all Montgomery society took part. There were belles and beaux in it. They were subdebs and whatever collegians were called in those days. And then there were dances for the children.

I was in the Tennis Ballet. That hurt. I regarded tennis as a sissy game, in which girls indulged, a game unworthy of my prowess. I little knew then that my idol of those years, no less a person than Pompadour Jim Corbett, was a tennis devotee and is to this day. That might have helped some.

We were to wear costumes, long white duck trousers, white shirts with big collars and huge bow neckties, each of a different color. I remember I was assigned to wear an orange tie and never since have I been particularly fond of oranges.

The Fete was in charge of a professional, a Mrs. Travis, and I guess she must have been the finest organizer and instructor that the world ever saw, for she made eight or ten balky boys dance and dance with girls, and more or less made them like it.

THE RETORT GALLANT

Mrs. Travis would stand no foolishness. Our ballet was danced largely with polka step. In the polka one foot is extended far beyond the other. It offered an excellent opportunity for a boy to kick the boy in front of him in the

seat of the trousers. I so kicked Walter DeBardelaben one afternoon and got the bawling out of my life.

I was practically hopeless. I resented the fact that I was being made to dance and tried to be just as stiff and awkward as I could - which was plenty stiff and awkward.

One afternoon while we were rehearsing in the clubrooms of the old Joie de Vie Club on North Perry Street, Mrs. Travis asked me politely if I were made of wood.

I had been reading Sir Walter's novels and was surcharged with gallant defiances such as knights of old wound use. So I replied to her in a most cavalier manner, "No, madam, a man of iron with a heart of gold." I didn't think that Ivanhoe himself could have put tongue to a better answer and I thought it would crush Mrs. Travis, but she burst out laughing and took me aside and gave me a little talk that did a lot toward relieving me of bashfulness. I know that it made me her slave and I was even willing to learn to dance for her and I think she liked me.

Anybody likes to conquer an unruly colt.

THE NIGHT OF THE SHOW

The Fete was given at the old Montgomery Theater and we played to a capacity crowd. In our ballet I recall Walter DeBardelaben, Jim Kirkpatrick, Jesse Beale and Tom Jones. Walter, I recall, danced with Marian Winter and Jim danced with Marie Alexander.

My partner was a radiant little thing named Foy Chastain. We had rehearsed together for weeks and so unutterably terrified was I of girls in general that

I don't believe that I ever addressed a word to her, and of course, she paid no attention to me than she did to the back door.

But on the night of the show, just as we were to go on stage, she asked me to tie her shoe. I did and the ice was broken. I found that she could be talked to without my being utterly destroyed.

We got through with our dance perfectly and as the curtain descended I slapped my thigh in my joy that we had knocked 'em dead, as the vaudevillians say. That drew a rebuke from Mrs. Travis but she tempered it with a compliment.

While on the subject of the Butterfly Fete, something comes to mind that shows how indelibly some infinitesimal small thing is impressed on the mind while other and weightier things go fleeting through the brain never to return.

ANOTHER PERFORMANCE

I remember it just as well as if it happened yesterday that while we were waiting in the wings to go on, Olive McDonald, Gordon McDonald's daughter, who was in another number, came to Ed Mahoney, the stage manager, and asked him if her paint had been put on properly. What caused that incident to stick to my mind is beyond me of anybody else's scope of comprehension.

"The Butterfly Fete" was so successful that it was put on again out at the Coliseum, a vast building built for bicycle racing. The program was varied a bit. The show was opened with a grand march led by my cousin, Edwin Howell Lewis, Montgomery's social arbiter, and Mrs. Travis.





# REMINISCES OF MONTGOMERY: DANCING SCHOOL

BY FUZZY WOODRUFF  
Montgomery Advertiser 1919

I don't know how it is in these days of the 19th amendment and women athletes and women statesmen, but in my day and time a boy was a very superior being.

He considered himself far, far above any member of the opposite sex, creatures who couldn't throw baseball and wouldn't fight and cared about their clothes and generally demeaned themselves.

The normal boy looked on the girls of his acquaintance pretty much as the Indian chief looked on his squaws. They were human beings but hardly worthy of human consideration. But somehow or other he feared them, was abashed in their presence, was struck dumb as to tongue when he was called on the converse with them and always avoided their company whenever it was physically possible.

For that reason, I have always maintained that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should always take charge of parents who insist on sending sons to dancing school before they have reached the age when girls seem attractive.

I don't know how much money my mother spent in trying to have me taught to dance before I was ready for Terpsichore. I do know she wasted a lot of time and energy and I know she caused me untold agony.

## COMPENSATION

The first dancing school I recall was located on Dexter Avenue over a store. It was in a large room and was otherwise used as the armory of the Montgomery True Blues and the only compensation in the dancing school was that when we attended it we could gaze on the muskets and swords that were in racks on the walls and study the pictures of military dignitaries both past and present.

If I remember correctly this dancing school was taught by Mrs. Blanton, but I am certain about the pictures on the walls. I recall enlarged photographs of General Holtzclaw, my uncle, Captain Ferguson, Col. Thomas G. Jones and Col. Alex Garland. They were all in full regimentals and

seemed in their crayoned portrayals to be very debonair cavaliers.

That's about all I do remember of the dancing school, except that every now and then I was forced to leave my haven against the wall and try to go through the motions of dancing with Mrs. Blanton. Occasionally Mrs. Blanton would make the boys ask some of the girls of the class to dance. I always asked Inez Tatum, not that I was attracted by Inez, who I was later to recognize as one of the rarest beauties Montgomery ever produced, but because I had known Inez all my life and I knew I could be as clumsy as I like and Inez wouldn't care particularly.

## NOT ALONE IN MISERY

We were given a variety of dances to learn, the waltz, the polka, the scottishe, the lancers, but they were all Greek to me and remained Greek. I have heard that any strong-minded man can resist the power of any hypnotist. I know that any mule-headed boy can go to dancing school for years and never get an inkling of the first step.

I don't remember how long I attended that dancing school but I know Mrs. Blanton must have thought me not only the clumsiest but the dumbest boy alive and I didn't care. Nearly all the boys were in the same fix. For even as I suffered, so they suffered, and even as I rebelled, so they rebelled.

Then I remember being sent to a dancing school in a hall in old Prof. McDonald's opera house. I don't recall that very vividly. In fact I remember nothing about it save that the pianist [said] "Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys" interminably. I was getting big enough then to go to dancing school unescorted by parent, aunt, or other supervision, so I promptly started going A.W.O.L. I would knock around town until the hour of the dancing lesson was over and then report back home and I don't think anybody was the wiser and I was a great deal happier.

But my crowning humiliation came one Spring afternoon while I was playing with our billy goat - himself a sardonic beast - in our back yard and my mother told me I was to report for practice

The committee selected a subcommittee to join in the reception for the general when he crossed the Chattahoochee River from Georgia into Alabama. It was composed of John B. Bibb, William Sayre and Henry Goldthwaite. Three men served as co-chairmen of the Montgomery committee: Benjamin Fitzpatrick, Henry Goldthwaite and William Cook.

Gen. Thomas S. Woodward is credited with one of the best accounts of the river reception in his "Reminiscences." He says, "It was the most imposing show I ever witnessed."

Mr. Brantley records: "When the Georgia escort approached the east bank of the Chattahoochee river they were met by Chilly McIntosh, son of William McIntosh, Creek chief of Coweta, and 50 Indian warriors 'stripped naked and finely painted.'

"The Indians had a sulky to which drag ropes were attached. The general entered the sulky and was drawn on the ferry by the warriors. When the ferry reached the Alabama side of the river the Indians seized the drag ropes and rapidly hauled the sulky with the Marquis aboard, some eighty yards to the top of the river bank where stood the Alabama delegation.

"Chilly McIntosh now stepped in front of his warriors and introduced LaFayette to Gov. Pickens' representative, Bolling Hall, with these words: 'General LaFayette, the American friend. Mr. Hall of Alabama.' Mr. Hall then presented the other members of the delegation to General Lafayette."

The trip through the Creek Indian country to Line Creek, the nation's border, now the east borderline of Montgomery County, was dramatic. The dashing troops of cavalry from Montgomery, the general's own aids, the Indian warriors, all made a gallant picture and a tremendous impression upon the French visitor. The guest spent the night at the Lucas home halfway between Line Creek and Mount Meigs.

A great reception was held on Goat Hill in Montgomery where the LaFayette public school now stands. Ladies had assembled precious furniture and family treasures to equip the Freeny Tavern and make it attractive during the general's stay, and many items of this equipment are still treasured in Montgomery homes as well as being exhibited in the LaFayette room in the State Department of Archives and History.

LaFayette lived until 1834, nine years after his Montgomery visit. He was 77 years old at the time of his death.



## Alabama Jurist at Lincoln Inaugural

Alabama Journal

C. M. "Cash" Stanley

August 5, 1951

One of the great names in Alabama's judicial history is that of John Archibald Campbell. He was born in Georgia and appointed to West Point by John C. Calhoun but resigned after three years upon the death of his father, came to Montgomery to study law in the offices of the Goldthwaite brothers and was admitted to the bar in 1830. His brilliance and erudition were phenomenal. In Montgomery he married a sister of the Goldthwaites and built the home at 553 South McDonough St., where Col. and Mrs. Vince Elmore now live. (near the corner of Grove St.)

Removing to Mobile he served a term in the legislature in 1842 and was appointed associate justice of the United States Supreme Court where he served until May 1861. He cast his lot with the Confederacy, became assistant secretary of war in the Confederate government, and was confined at Fort Pulaski, Georgia, refusing to apply for pardon.

Judge Campbell's name is intimately linked with Alabama history in many ways. As a youth he succeeded Gov. Fitzpatrick as law partner of Henry Goldthwaite, and later he became associated with Chief Justice George Goldthwaite, and married a sister of those distinguished Alabama jurists.

Recently I had the pleasure of seeing a letter written by Justice Campbell in 1861 to his mother while he was still in Washington. The letter was shown me by William Temple Seibels, many years solicitor of Montgomery County, and a grandson of Chief Justice George Goldthwaite of the Alabama Supreme Court.

Other Seibels grandchildren of Justice Goldthwaite include: Miss Annie Laurie Seibels of Montgomery, Admiral George Goldthwaite Seibels of New York, Robert Emmet Seibels of Montgomery and Henry G. (Ditty) Seibels of Birmingham.

The Goldthwaite-Campbell-Seibels connection in Alabama is so large and has figured so prominently in state history that the Campbell letter now preserved in the



Department of Archives and History should be of interest to many of the present generation of Alabamians, as showing how an Alabama man in Washington regarded the inauguration of Lincoln as president March 4, 1861.

The text of the letter is as follows:

WASHINGTON CITY, March 6th,1861.

“My dear mother,

“The last week had been full of stir in this city. In Congress recrimination and violence have marked the debate. But moderation finally prevailed in the legislation although the spirit of moderation and peace was absent in counsel.

“The inaugural took place Monday. Col. Lay resigned Saturday before. We concluded that events have become so menacing, and his position was one of delicate responsibility that we thought it was better to avoid the chance of evil.”

“We were absent from the city Monday and the hearts of the family were heavy. None attended but myself. The court attended as a court, but I could not separate from my friends and honored associates. The speech of Mr. Lincoln was a stump speech, not an inaugural message. It is wanting in statesmanship - of which he had none - and of dignity and decorum. I should call it an incendiary message - one calcuated to set the country in a blaze. He is a conceited man - evidently has been a great man - in Springfield, Ill. Mrs. Lincoln is a tidy woman, with the face of one who had managed domestic affairs discreetly - and has positive opinions upon affairs about her.

“I was presented to her and shook her hand, cordially. She is opposed to her husband’s party - at least the violent ones.

“None of my family attended the inauguration ball or have called on the President’s party.

“The cabinet is objectionable - still the policy will be supremely pacific and not an opportunity will be given for collusion or bloodshed. The tone of the message will be followed, its recommendations will be allowed to slide; so are the expressions common to that class of thieves, known as politicians. Major Anderson will be voluntarily withdrawn from Fort Sumter and Stevenson from Fort Pickins within thirty days, and if conciliation is met with conciliation we shall have peace. None here are willing to believe a reunion is impossible and if peace is

sought for as the great boon on the other side - and the hope that by conciliation, kindness and complete assurance of security, a reunion may be effected or be permitted, it will not be difficult for the two confederacies to get along for the next three or four years under some agreement as to the terms.

“I do hope that PEACE, PEACE, PEACE will be the first and the last thought of every responsible person in both sections and that the passions of the rulers will not allow to interfere with the great blessing.

“My own positon has been one of a good deal of trial these years. I am fully aware of the [word missing] and reproach that has been upon me. But I am fully aware that I have done right and no one has exerted more labor and has been heard more respectfully than myself this season, in the courts and conciliation and peace. My letter of resignation has been prepared to be delivered the 14th. But I have been urged by men of every conditon and class from the border states to withhold it. Crittenden, Hall, Hunter, Seddon, Wickliffe, Pearce of Maryland, and others like them insist that I should wait - Governor Seward sent me a message yesterday that everything would be right if a little time be given. This referred to the matter of coercion.

“I have procured for you a letter of Old Abe to our Marshal, appointing an hour when we should return his call on the court. Some people can judge others from their handwriting - I give you a chance to judge the President of the Confederacy.

“I send you a photograph of Mary Ellen and one of Henrietta.

“My love to Sarah and her family.

“Very affectionately your son,

“J. A. Campbell.”

The Southern Historical Society of Richmond in its biographical section contains this additional information about Judge Campbell:

“In 1861 he strongly opposed session and endeavored to bring about a compromise. These efforts made him unpopular in Alabama and were not sincerely met by Seward, with whom he was negotiating. Feeling that he had been tricked by Seward, he resigned in 1861 and became Confederate assistant secretary of war.

“In 1865 he was a member of the peace commission sent to meet Lincoln and Seward; and in 1887 he published his recollection of his

never grew cold, just as the soup pot in France. But the Brazilians had a horror of milk in coffee, exclaiming, "Milk make poison in coffee! It kill the liver."

Gran's sons had finally gone into the raising of sugarcane and the making of sugar, this had appeared more familiar than the handling of perennial cotton. Dr. Key had found grace in the eyes of Don Pedro and had finally become "Dentist to the Imperial Family." The Judkinses, McDades and Farleys had followed Charles Gunter into the interior, whence after futile attempts to adapt themselves they had drifted back to Rio, and finally back to dear old Alabama. It was a pleasant thought that, amid the varying fortunes of the little colony, "Gran" fared well and though her days in that foreign land were numbered, they passed peacefully away. A little over a year after her family was comfortably established, "Gran" grew tired of her long earthly pilgrimage, so she folded her hands that had been so tenderly administrative to others and let them fall upon the invisible "staff and rod that comforts" and supports even unto the "pastures ever green."

Again the family group in Montgomery gathered around the Old Arm Chair while listening from Rio telling of "Gran's" last journey. A soft sigh paid tribute of and each tear-dimmed eye turned toward the Chair, while tender smiles of memory made sunshine through the rain, and hands stole out to strike

its sturdy frame with reverence, it so breathed of its former saintly occupant now gone from earth.

A holy silence fell over the group, presently there was one missing from around the Old Arm Chair, then soft chords came stealing from the music love to her sweet, departed influence, room, while the voice of the singer of the family was borne to them, uttering the thought common to them all:

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare

To chide me for loving that Old Arm Chair

We've cherished it long with a holy care,

For the sake of a Mother, who once sat there !"



GATHERINGS  
IN PINTLALA

Our event at Pintlala to gather the archives, photographs, genealogy from those living in that area was a big success and a number of citizens attended for the scanning and coping of their family archives to be preserved in connection with the 200th anniversary of our county. Events in other areas will be announced-soon.

Montgomery County  
Historical Society

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WITH APPRECIATION

The MCHS is indebted to **Mr. Michael Respass** for his continued kindness in providing to our archives various items of a historical nature that otherwise might be lost but instead find a secure location in our archival vault.

We are pleased that **Dr. Richard Bailey** and **Mr. Gary E. Atkinson** have preserved and donated to the MCHS the ledger dating from 1905 used by Mr. Victor Tulane in his grocery store located on High Street at Jackson.



with carnage when brother forgot that brother shared the land wrung from them by the privations of a common ancestry!

When the four years of awful struggle were over, "Gran" and her family looked abroad with afrighted eyes upon the horrors of what has been writ down as "The Reconstruction." There were many others who felt even as "Gran" and hers. Among the very first to slip away to investigate some other possible land of abode was Charles Gunter of Montgomery. As Brazil was still a slaveholding country, and very friendly in its attitude toward the south, Mr. Gunter went to Rio de Janeiro to "spy out the land." Verily did it seem a "Promise Land" to those still unconvinced of the error of their cause.

Upon his return to Montgomery there rallied around Mr. Gunter a goodly band of representative citizens, who joined heartily in his plan to form a colony to settle on lands that Dom Pedro of Brazil was to provide. He was enthusiastically joined by Dr. Key and his large family, by Capt. Jim Judkins and family, Dr. McDade and family, by Dr. Farley and family and "Gran" and her sons and their families. But - to take "Gran" for that long voyage and a new home on foreign soil among a strange people whose language she could not understand! The relatives who were not going stood aghast at the proposition, but "Gran" was of heroic mold, spiritually, if of tiny frame. Her forebears

had been those hardy Argyleshire men, those "Campbells", whose "coming" had spread terror over the English border, and has been writ down in song and story. So she heroically hid any personal feelings and bravely encouraged her sons to go forward in whatsoever seemed good to them to do.

Once more "Gran" and her family were the guests of Montgomery relatives and the Old Arm Chair came along with "Gran" though it had been decided that it could not be carried with them to Brazil.

As "Gran" sat in it for the last time she gave it into the keeping of a favorite granddaughter whose family was to be left behind in Montgomery. "Now," said she, in parting injunction, "You must let your mother (a widowed daughter-in-law) enjoy this chair, though I really give it to you. I hope it will prove as great a comfort to her as it has to me. It is stout North Carolina wood, stout and enduring like the men of that state; it will last through Anne's time and serve you too, my dear." And so it has.

From Montgomery, the little colony went to New York to sail for the new home; there was a weary waiting of six weeks before that ship sailed; then another weary six weeks out upon the bosom of the mighty deep, before they sighted those friendly shores beckoning to them. Every passing ship brought messages from the journeyers upon the waters. Somebody got a letter from some loved one, and it was common property to all interested in the lit-

tle colony. Those letters usually read somewhat thus: "A ship has just been sighted, and the captain tells us to write our letters quickly, for the mail bag must be ready when he 'heaves to' whatever that may be, so we write to say that we are standing the voyage splendidly, while 'Gran' is doing finely and is quite spoiled by the passengers and officers of the ship. Write us soon, we will be very lonely in that new country."

Then Anne, the daughter-in-law, sat in The Old Arm Chair, placed there by her daughter, the owner of the chair, and read aloud to the assembled family the letter that finally came, telling of the settling down in the new home. Strange pictures were drawn of that faraway country; of the waving banana leaves so gigantic, the laden orange-boughs, holding a dozen luscious fruits on one slender stem; the strange cotton - not plants, but trees that did not need planting every year; the sugar cane that also was perennial - all you had to do was to cut it and fertilize the fields, then cut it again! Most topsy-turvy of all were the customs of the great city of "Rio". Here the cow was driven from door to door and milked "to order", while her calf bawled at her heels, tied to her tail! The great Negro men who carried such immense loads on their heads, as they trotted along knitting beautiful laces! Then, the coffee! Such coffee as even the best Southern housekeepers had never known! Here the coffee pot

conference.

"After Richmond was evacuated Campbell secured from Lincoln a sort of quasi-recognition of the Condederate state governments as a basis for reconstruction. After Lincoln's death this promising plan was discarded. For nearly a year Campbell was imprisoned in Fort Pulaski.

"After his release he practised law in New Orleans and in the federal courts. In 1877 he was one of Tilden's counsel before the electoral commision. In private life Judge Campbell was noted for his strong friendships and for his religious convictions."



A Very Old Chimney  
A Very Old Cemetery  
Alabama Journal  
C. M. "Cash" Stanley  
June 19, 1955

An old Friend, Charles E.Ingalls, asked me the other day if I had ever seen the huge brick chimney out in North Montgomery close to the river. It resulted in an interesting two hours journey.

This huge old square brick chimney built of the soft brick of years ago stands isolated on land belonging to the estate of the late Eugene S. Carter, father of Judge Eugene Carter.

It appears to be sixty or seventy feet high. At its base are three openings, all of them small. One aged Negro nearby said there was a shovel factory out there before he was born, but he didn't know whether there was any connection between the shovel factory and the big chimney. Adjacent to the chimney is what appears to have been a ferry landing in years past.

We passed by an impressive brick shell of what was once a big electric power plant built by "Dick" Tillis, utility promoter in the days when Montgomery had three electric companies and monthly bills were \$1.50 regardless of the amount of current used.

Those were the days when utilities went bankrupt by such intense competition and electric service was sketchy.

On the way out we stopped at the Excelsior brick factory, which had been in operation in North Montgomery more than fifty years. The two sons of Frank Rhodes (Billy and

Spears) now operate it, turning out brick by the million with modern equipment and machinery. The elder Rhodes retired some years ago and now lives at Lake Arrowhead in California.

One of the indispensable men at this brick plant is said to be Frank Spears, an elderly Negro whose life ought to make a good story. Son of a favorite cook in the Spears family of Mrs. Ethel Rhodes, wife of Frank Rhodes over in the Marion Junction region, Frank Spears as a boy was turned over to "Miss Ethel" when she married Frank Rhodes and came to Montgomery.

Here the young boy became every day and year more useful. He was a chore boy, houseboy, yard boy, cook, and when the Rhodes children were born took up the duties of nurse and entertainer of the babies. He grew up with the two boys who now operate the brick plant and through the years has made himself useful and familiar with all of the ins and outs of the plant from end to end, and works closely with the two husky men whom he nursed when they were babies.

OAK HILL CEMETERY

Returning from various meanderings in North Montgomery we drove through the Wetumpka road gate of historic old Oak Hill Cemetery, entering near the tomb of the late Mayor Wm. A. Gunter, which stands close to the roadside.

This cemetery has served Montgomery for more than a hundred years and its weathered stones bear names of hundreds of old Montgomery families. We stopped long enough to read a few of the inscriptions of revered names.

Apparently the two tallest shafts in the cemetery are those to Henry Martin Hobbie and John J. Flowers. Very prominent is the shaft above the grave of William Lowndes Yancey, famous orator and statesman who did so much to arouse the South to secession, and died while the war was in progress.

On a massive iron gate that is part of a heavy iron fence around a long narrow plot of the cemetery is the name "Knox." Here lie the remains of William Knox the famed Montgomery banker of pre-Civil War days who made the first loan to the Confederate government, and built for himself the house that afterwards became the first White House of the Confederacy and the Montgomery resident of President and Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Adjoining Mr. Knox's grave are those of several other members of his family.



Nearby is the tomb of Gov. Thomas Hill Watts and kinsmen. Down a pathway a short distance is the mausoleum "Naftel," last resting place of a one-time great merchant of Montgomery. The inscription recites that Mr. Naftel was a grandson of a former governor of England's Channel Isles, and a nearby Oak Hill tombstone is above a member of the family born on the Island of Guernsey.

One modest tomb we saw recorded the death of a lady born in Roscommon County, Ireland. She was a distant relative of Mr. Ingalls' mother who was also born in Roscommon County on the Emerald Isle.

A plot containing an unusual number of graves bears the name Elbert Holt.

There are many graves of members of the Hill family in Oak Hill Cemetery. One of the most elaborate monuments is that above the remains of the first wife of the Rev. Luther Leonidas Hill, progenitor of the family that has been so prominent in Montgomery for nearly a century.

The Rev. Mr. Hill's first wife, Mary Walton Hill was the grandmother of the late Walton Hill, Montgomery banker, and the great-grandmother of Walton Hill's children, Marjorie (Mrs. Francis Kohn) and Algie (Mrs. John H. Neill).

The Mary Walton Hill monument depicts an angel shielded by a marble canopy upheld by four marble pilasters and surmounted by a marble spire. This monument, which was carved in Philadelphia, was brought by ocean vessel to Mobile, by steamboat to Montgomery and by sturdy mule teams from river to cemetery.

Nearby are the lots where are interred two of the sons of the Rev. Mr. Hill, Dr. Luther L. Hill, father of Senator Lister Hill and Dr. Thomas Bowen Hill, father of Thomas Bowen Hill, Jr., Dr. Luther Hill and Inge Hill. The most recent of the second generation to pass on was Judge Will W. Hill, probate judge of Montgomery County.

Not far from these graves is a large Bellingrath mausoleum.

Wandering about this old cemetery the most impressive thing is that so many people are buried there whose birth dates are before the year 1800. There are graves bearing birth dates prior to the Revolutionary War.



# The Empire is the Only System of its Kind in the World

The Montgomery Advertiser, July 22, 1919

A trip by a newspaperman through the Empire Theater reveals some extraordinary things in connection with this big amusement and pleasure-giving house, which probably, very few Montgomery people know anything about.

Oh, yes, the people of the capital city of Alabama all know that there is such a place as the Empire Theater, but they have never taken the time, or have never enjoyed the opportunity of seeing just exactly what it is from top to bottom. They have heard about it. They have felt its cooling ozone passing through the building even on the hottest summer days, but they have never known fully just what there is in Montgomery in the way of a comfortable and modern picture theater.

It is the only one of its kind in the world. That is a broad statement to make, but there is undoubtedly, here in Montgomery, a theater which is far different from anything in the world, because it had been modeled, designed and constructed with the one idea of perfect ventilation in mind from the very beginning.

And if there is any such thing as ventilation that is perfect, that is what the Empire has.

The Empire's system of ventilation is not like that of any other house ever visited by this newspaperman. It is not a single system of ventilation. It is a combination of systems, which combination brings the best features of two systems together and perhaps makes the most nearly perfect ventilation system to be found in America.

The Empire is really a resting place for the tired, hot, burning pedestrian who may be on the way home at the close of the day, or looking for a pleasant place to spend an hour and be entertained at the same time.




Another Montgomery loss.

# The Lady of The Old Arm Chair

No. 3

## “Gran”, Robert’s Crossroads, the Colony in Rio, Brazil

By Hannah McIntyre Cozart  
*The Montgomery Journal*  
Sunday, July 16, 1916



Hannah Cozart and daughter, Toccoa

Inquiries have come in as to the title of these sketches and "why the title of The Old Arm Chair?"

So, now the story of the chair itself will be told - at least, that part of it that pertains to Alabama. And in the course of the story will be found another story, that of three women who have owned and sat in The Old Arm Chair.

In a certain home in this city there is an old arm chair of historic interest, and old white-hickory chair, with wide-spreading arms that have sheltered four generations of one family.

In this chair, there came to Alabama, from the old Scotch settlement of North Carolina, a revered grandmother with a large family of men, women and children. She made the slow but pleasant journey seated in this, which had been placed in a spring wagon. 'Twas a long caravan that crept along the torturous and uncertain roads of that pioneer day; heavily laden wagons heaved and groaned beneath their burdens; flocks and herds gave full occupation to yelling, sweating Negro drivers, while the spring wagon and its companion, a great "carry-all", suffered



Mrs. Cozart' arm chair could have looked very much like this, but white

the dust and heat of the continuous movement. Night was hailed with delight by all, lowing cattle [and] grunting swine that seemed to have inherited the Biblical tendency to "rush" where sure destruction lay! Negroes hap-

pily lit their campfires, and after a hearty supper, slept as only carefree Africans can! "Gran" had been lifted from her chair and carried to the friendly and hospitable shelter of some wayside home, whose occupants had cheerily called out, "Why, light, stranger, and rest your bones!" How good their homely fare had tasted to the weary travelers, while their provisions, coming thus from a far country, tasted equally well to the shut-in country folk whose roof had been offered with such evident friendliness.

After weeks spent thus on the road, the weary family reached their goal - Montgomery, and the warm welcome from relatives. Here The Old Arm Chair was set up for "Gran" until her sons could decide upon a location and a plantation not too far from the city. Finally, one was chosen down near "Robertson's Cross Roads" and near the historic old Presbyterian Church, which is known in the denomination's annals as Old Providence. To this beautiful home "Gran" and her chair were carried and established in the snuggest corner, next to a great open fireplace, where hickory logs sent a fragrant incense up from the altar of home, and sang a hymn of peace and plenty from the heart of the Great Black Belt of Alabama.

Peaceful, prosperous days glided swiftly by and formed themselves into happy years. Then, alas! War clouds darkened the horizon of all the land, and shadowed even that godly household, for relatives went away and joined the forces along the historic borders of The Southland. Mason and Dixon's Line took on a new significance, while the mighty stream ran red