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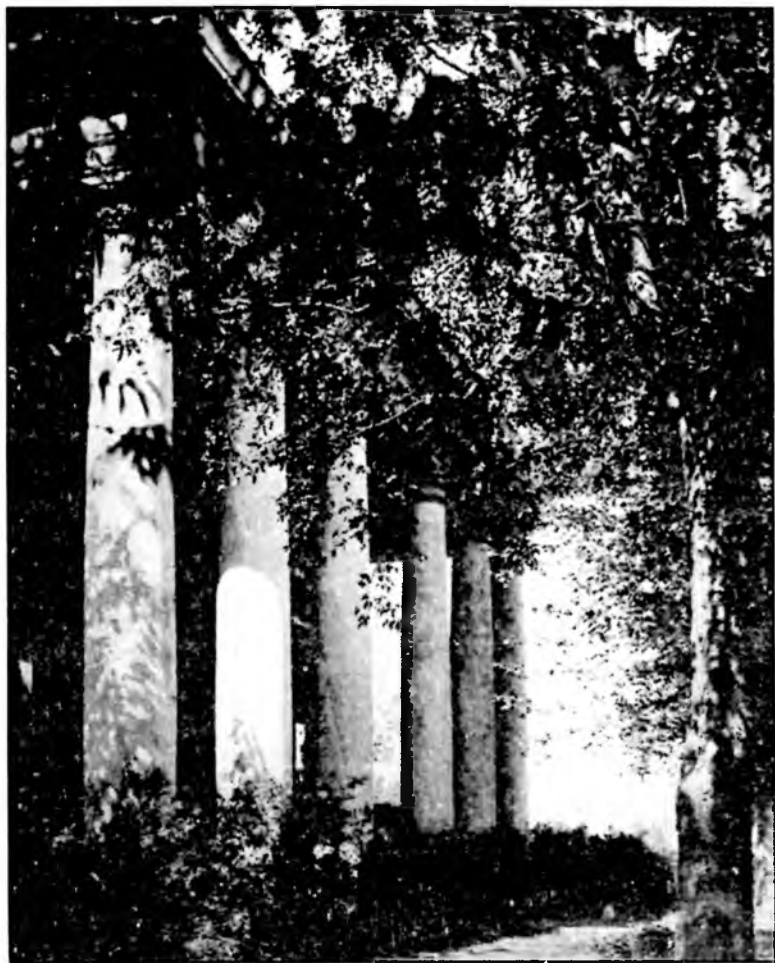
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Summer 1997

The Historic Huntsville
QUARTERLY
Of Local Architecture and Preservation



Out and About in North Alabama

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Founded 1974

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Cover: Photograph of Belle Mina, Home of Governor Thomas Bibb.
Taken from *Historic Homes of Alabama and Their Traditions*.

THE HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE QUARTERLY
of Local Architecture and Preservation

Vol. XXIII, No. 2

Summer— 1997

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From the Chair...Ben Walker

As someone much wiser than I once said, "There is nothing more certain in this life than change." The longer I live the more truth I see in this statement. This doesn't say that there are no fundamental truths and principles which stand the test of time. It does say that the things surrounding these truths and how the principles should be applied are in constant evolution. With all this said, what does it have to do with the Historic Huntsville Foundation?

Our purpose for being is, of course, to promote the preservation and restoration of buildings and sites of both historic and architectural significance and to educate the public as to their value. This is our "fundamental truth" as identified in our charter and bylaws that is unchanging. Our challenge in this rapid-paced world is to apply this in identifying what is of significance, and more specifically both significant and endangered, and to determine how to best prevent its loss. What must continually change is our review of just what is "significant."

When our organization began, of primary concern were the antebellum homes and other selected structures in our area that had reached the sacred age of 100 years. Most were in what is now the Twickenham or Old Town Historic Districts or the downtown area. Through the efforts of this and other organizations and certain individuals, much has been done to "safe" these areas. While various structures in these sections, particularly downtown, still need watching much of our job seems done. We have seen the inevitable changes many of which have been positive, as there are now several layers of protection for these areas.

All that said, have we now met our objective and can we now sit back and dwell on Huntsville's accomplishments in this area? Heaven forbid!! The hardest part of our mission lies ahead, the protecting of things that are not nearly so beautiful. We much change our perspective in many cases to recognize that the mission field for us now lies largely in other areas. In the past many of these areas have been of the

nature that "only a mother could love," but it is now up to us to protect. This will probably involve such areas as mill villages and various buildings constructed in the twentieth century, many of which we may have looked upon with disdain in years gone by.

To assume that structures of architectural significance constructed in the last century will somehow survive to reach that hallowed age of 100 years purely by random chance, would be in direct defiance of our purpose for existing. I feel strongly that we are called upon to change much of our focus so that we can point more heavily towards these areas that have been somewhat neglected in the past.

It puts me in mind of my dentist's office, "Ignore your teeth and they will go away." The same is true of these properties. During the recent visit of Dr. Dean Herrin of the National Park Service, I was somewhat astounded to realize how little physical evidence of our bast mill village history still remains and how rapidly it is disappearing. Additionally, at our current pace of demolition and reconstruction, it seems reasonable to assume that virtually none of the "significant" commercial structures of the '50s and '60s will ever reach 50 years of age, and certainly not 100.

I would hasten to add that neither personally nor as a representative of the Foundation would I advocate an anti-growth or anti-development posture. To the contrary, the preservation and restoration of our older buildings to meet today's real estate needs can be not only aesthetically pleasing, but as had been pointed out by Harvie Jones on many occasions, economically sound. Benefits to the community are many, not the least of which is to keep Huntsville from becoming another "Anytown, USA," where all streets and buildings look alike be they in California or Connecticut.

The challenge is ours and I think we are up to the task.

From the Editor...Elise Stephens

This summer issue of *The Quarterly* reflects the vacationing, warm weather mood to get Out and About in North Alabama. Since Joseph Wheeler and his daughter, Annie, are among my personal heroes, I included a visit to The Wheeler Plantation. Then I dropped over to the Bibb Mansion at Belle Mina to visit the present owner, Toby Sewell. Both of these estates accommodated the coming of the railroad—indeed provided right-of-way so that cotton could get to market expeditiously. Mindful that such economic facts as the routing of a railroad can alter more than the landscape, I dropped over to Triana—a wanna-be town with Antebellum Prospects of being a major deep-water port on the Tennessee River in the days when paddle-wheelers and flatboats were being joined by steamboats. Triana looked great on paper, it never made it into the big-time because the Memphis-Charleston railroad came through just to the east giving Madison, Alabama, the nod of money and fate.

The Wheeler Plantation is being preserved by the gift of the Wheeler descendants, the State of Alabama, the Friends of Wheeler Plantation, and some federal grants. Belle Mina is being preserved by the loving occupancy of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Sewell, who tend to its needs like solicitous parents of a new born babe. But who is preserving Triana? And what is there that should be preserved?

Nothing much is left of the Antebellum past except ancient elms and oaks and fishing holes. Where once there were scattered residences, a hotel, saloons, an academy before the Civil War, there was not enough after the war to invite growth or prosperity.

The land which was a sportsman's paradise sustained a way of life based on hunting and fishing. This was shared in by the well-to-do plantation folk as well as by poor black folk. Daniel Hundley's 1858 Diary gives the reader a picture of an Antebellum life-style of white Triana. The livin was easy!

Blacks from the time of Emancipation to the present have lived off the land and its river products. That is, until Olin Corporation's DDT plant on Redstone Arsenal drained enough toxins into the river to kill the fish and alert the townspeople that something was terribly wrong. PCBs and DDT were found in Indian Creek and the Tennessee River.

The citizens of Triana have rallied together to survive. But with few exceptions, they don't have any dreams or plans for a greater Triana. A resident referred to the life-style of too many of the older males as being a rambling one—"from one bootleg house to another." These perambulations did not lead to the Parcus places, as those were and still are by common, unspoken "understanding" White establishments.

So what should be preserved of this naturally beautiful site on the river? Lee Harless, the artist, remembers seeing the lock at the river. That might be worth investigating. On the old Toney Place which is now a park, an old rock house still stands that once served as the community's health clinic. Old timers and their children remember getting their inoculations there for smallpox. Community leader Sandra Harris helped awaken interest in the house as a possible site for a public library branch.

And then there are the cemeteries to be considered. The Black cemetery is in good to excellent condition; the White one is in a state of disintegration. Someone needs to do something before its too late.

Back in Huntsville, I discovered that two of the best books about North Alabama homes are out of print, which means that these sources of information are threatened to become extinct. Material from these books is printed in these pages, thanks to Ralph Hammond and the Alabama Members of the National League of American Pen Women.

We conclude this issue with a glance forward. The HHF has invited Dr. Martin A. Davis, professor of architecture, Clemson University, to speak to us and write an article about Reuben Harrison Hunt, an architect of vast, though little noted, significance to the face of the Southern City from the 1880s to the time of his death in 1937. A lengthy, yet undoubtedly incomplete checklist of his known designs is included. So, be on the lookout as you travel. *The Quarterly* is seeking photographs of any Hunt building sightings! Notice the invaluable structures he did for this city alone. We must preserve these buildings and find out more about this man. More later...



Picture from "Joseph Wheeler; The Man, The Statesman, The Soldier" by T. C. De Leon, Continental Book Co., 1960.

Home Sweet Home Home of General Joseph Wheeler

by

Carolyn Brandon Elliott

from *Historic Homes of Alabama and Their Traditions*. National
League of American Pen Women,
Alabama Members. Birmingham Publishing Company, Birmingham,
Alabama. 1935, reprinted 1969.

Three front gates, opening from the grove, extend the gracious invitations of flower-bordered ways leading to doors of two comfortable looking square frame houses that, together, form the historic home. The widest of vine-clad gates opens for the motorist a continuation of the drive-way from the grove to steps on east of front and rear porches of the larger house. To the pedestrian,

a central gate proffers a path of stepping stones to front steps of the same mansion erected by General Wheeler in the late 60s and now occupied by his daughter, Annie Early Wheeler. By the side of this home of the 60s, a smaller one, built more than a century ago, afterwards became the west wing of the Wheeler homestead. To this old wing the traveler wends his way from the west gate along a path whose prim box hedges seem to bind a buried record of home life during Alabama's territorial days and of pioneer life of a new State. Today, an ancient canopy strews crepe myrtle blossoms along that path, like rosy memories of a morning in 1867 when love found a way, as doors of the old house extended wide welcome to its home makers, General and Mrs. Wheeler. No earlier record of the west wing seems available, save that it was a territorial milestone erected by a family named Hickman, and that this was the first white family to live in that section after the Indians had moved their wigwams nearer trails of the Setting Sun. The house, although occupied at that time by the Hickmans, was not new the year before Alabama became a State, when, in 1818, young Richard Jones, while riding horseback from Georgia, discovered it within five miles of a chosen spot near the Tennessee River, where, in 1823, he and his bride established their life-long home. This mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jones was the birthplace of their only daughter, Daniella Jones, future wife of Joseph Wheeler.

...After the war, on February 6, 1866, General and Mrs. Wheeler were married, and a few months later moved into the home that her father had discovered in 1818.

The big house next door to the wing, where only members of his family have lived, became General Wheeler's haven, not only during days of reconstruction, but after his return from service to his country in the Spanish-American War, and between seasons of labor in Congress at Washington. The two houses, known as east and west wing, form an ante-bellum home of long halls, broad stairs, and sixteen spacious rooms. Facing the ancient grove on the north, the home is bounded on the east by a vast old-fashioned garden; on the west, by a smaller wild flower garden; on the south,

by acres of bloom, one of which is "God's Acre," the family burying ground of early days. On every side, cool green blinds open windows to sunlight while verandahs in front and rear, fragrant with flowering vines, tempt one to linger long in the great out-of-doors. However, when double doors, in response to a key of amazing size, offer entrance from front porch to ample hall, the invitation within is equally irresistible.

In the front hall of this home, is the portrait of a kind, wise man, done by Leavitt, the likeness of a soldier in a gray uniform. ... "A Great Warrior—An Eminent Statesman—A Paladin of Chivalry, Sincerity and Gentleness—The Strongest Characteristics of His Great Nature Were Loving Kindness and Tender Mercy. Christ's Faithful Soldier and Servant to His Life's End." Such is the portrait of Joseph Wheeler's life.

...A wing chair drawn close to the fire where smoldering back logs test the strength of brave andirons, invites companionship with those in portrait frames. An exquisite Florentine mirror, more than a century old, seems to reflect girl faces of the long ago. Through open doors a long French mirror recalls "the tender grace of a day that is gone"... On the library table a photograph...

As the fire burns low memories linger in the living room, and are intimately suggested in burnished mahogany of Georgian masterpieces of cabinet art; in the grace of a Chippendale sofa or a Windsor chair, a tilt-top table, a Sheraton desk, and especially guarded by the dignified old clock that has so long chimed the fleeting hours.

...A sideboard of generous proportions claims wall space with such stately assurance, one marvels at the levity that would dare to shrink its ideals to fit modern apartments. Gracing this board is a silver coffee service with lineage dating its advent into an exclusive family circle of Colonial china early in 1700. Two china pitchers... A silver cup that belonged to the small girl, "Daniella,"...is also a cherished relic of the Wheeler dining room. Another silver cup... A large oil painting of General Lee and General Wheeler, mounted on their favorite steeds, will be kept on memory's walls as surely as

General Wheeler's crossed swords that, after so many battles, now rest in peace above south doors of the long hall.

This hall extending through the house, from front porch to wide back porch, broken only by the stairs, seems a veritable highway that binds great rooms on either side together. On the east of the hall above folding doors that seem always unfolded, is a motto thoughtfully brodered into a query: "Who Is My Neighbor?" The answer seems to echo footsteps of whom-so-ever passes that open way into the library, one time called "the front parlor." On the west side of the hall is a front bed chamber or guest room, and the dining room in the rear.

The same plan upstairs opens bed rooms to all the light and air that such high ceiled spaciousness can hold while an attic of ample portions, is the sanctum of relics great and small. Although less formal than parlors, rooms of the second floor are furnished in mahogany and rosewood of the same type. With the poise and dignity of having their positions assured, and their family connections unquestioned, stand old rosewood wardrobes with mirrors 7 feet high and 5 feet wide, for cavalrymen much taller than their commanding officer, "little Joe Wheeler"...

There are chests of drawers deep enough to hold hoop skirts and petticoats that matched the long dresses grandmothers of the 1920s had forgotten. One boudoir boasts a real high-boy; another, an old secretary like Governor Winthrop used. Just outside, thousands of apple, pear, plum, peach, fig, and cherry trees, form an Eden orchard that tempts bird neighbors to eat of forbidden fruit.

Planted in soil of the Wheeler estate are more than one million bulbs, and through these fertile grounds wind thousands of feet of stepping stones. The fossil imprint on many of these stones might encourage a modern geologist to claim relics of days when Noah and his family were spending the flood season cruising in the ark. One path leads to a vine-covered barn that stores relics of a past century. Among these, a carriage that Mrs. Wheeler's mother enjoyed in her girlhood days...



America's Family: The Wheelers of Alabama

by Elise H. Stephens

Joseph Hull Wheeler and Daniella Jones (Sherrod) Wheeler were married in February, 1866, and thus began their married life at a time when national upheaval, Southern defeat and dislocation caused the young couple to cleave to one another for a security no longer theirs by birth or inheritance.

They built together, with the aid of their relatives, a home, a family, a town, a legend. A legacy we all still share. Their children numbered seven: Lucy Louise, Annie Early, Joseph Jr., Ella (died in childhood), Julia Knox, Carrie Payton, and Thomas H. (Drowned September 7, 1898).

The Wheeler home speaks to us today of a quiet past, refined by family china, embellished by family heirlooms, and ennobled by family portraits, all under-girding family pride. There is not one air of the fashionable drawing room, rather the aura of the library. Books line the walls, nudging the portraits. Scrapbooks, still

spilling over with clippings, rest awkwardly on shelves and bedside tables. They are the historians' richest link to the Wheeler past.

Joseph Wheeler was by nature a family man, as was his wife Daniella. The Wheeler marriage was a lasting one. The two were very much alike. Raised in antebellum culture that put a premium on refinement of tastes and noblesse oblige, Joseph and Daniella both valued the written word and the spoken promise. Family loyalty and public service were the hallmarks of their marriage.

Daniella Jones was the only daughter of Col. Richard Jones, one of the richest men in North Alabama, and granddaughter of Georgia Governor Peter Early. Born in Lawrence County in 1841, raised in luxury, she attended The Huntsville Female Seminary in the 1850s. Her father would do anything for her. The story is told that when asked by her Huntsville boarder, Col. Bradford, if there was anything the Bradfords could do for Daniella, Col. Jones replied: "Anything she wishes. If she requires you to have the Courthouse moved, have it done and draw on me for the expense." (Saunders)

Joseph and Daniella seem never to have questioned who they were or what their roles were in life. Rooted firmly in the history of this country, they traced their lineage to an ancient past. During the turbulent days of Reconstruction and Redemption, genealogy became serious business to them as they together worked their lives back almost to the Ark.

Certain of their own roots planted in a time of peace and promise, the senior Wheelers intended that their children, born amidst still smoldering ashes of Civil War and Reconstruction, and still bearing the pain of the South's defeat, would bear the pride of the family's name. In the preface to their genealogical study, *American Ancestors of the Children of Joseph and Daniella Wheeler*, they wrote:

To Our Dear Children:

We have gathered the foregoing hoping it may be not only of interest but profitable to you. It will at least be a

constant reminder that every act of your will, in a measure, attach to all of your name and race.

One lineage descendant's chart shows that the children are not only in *Who's Who* but descended from Hoo de Hoo. The narrative accompanying the chart reads:

It will be seen by this chart that Anne, born 1425, daughter of Lord Thomas Hoo, and who was 12th Generation from Robert Hoo, who died 1000, married Sir Godffrey Boleyn and was great-grandmother of Anne Boleyn, who was born 1507, and married Henry VIII, and became the mother of Queen Elizabeth, who was born Sept. 7th, 1533. It will, therefore, be seen that the descendents of Phillip Newdigate and Joane Hoo are through this line related to Queen Elizabeth and also related to Lord Nelson. (The famous Lord Nelson, Admiral)

Major-General Joseph Wheeler, U.S. Army, who was born 10th Sept. 1836, is the 15th generation and his children are the 16th generation in descent from Robert Hoo, who died 1310, and Queen Elizabeth of England is the 10th generation in descent from the same Robert Hoo. (Pedigree Chart-Wheeler File, Huntsville Public Library)

As we all know, she who is raised with a silver spoon in her mouth is best fit to wed one with a gold spoon in his. And so it happened. Dani Ella Jones, while still in her teens married Benjamin Sherrod, whose vast acres adjoined the Joneses and whose fortune exceeded her own.

But this marriage of means was not meant to last, as Sherrod died early and in the words of the historian James Edmund Saunders in *Early Settlers in Alabama*: Daniella Sherrod was left "a blooming young widow." (220)

If Daniella was a "blooming young widow," Joseph Wheeler was a better than average young bachelor downright handsome in

his Confederate uniform. Other young ladies had their eyes on him too. Mrs. L. Virginia French of McMinnville, who kept a war Journal of happenings in the Middle Tennessee region, especially singled out Wheeler as a desirable escort for Mollie, a vivacious young school teacher daughter in the family. Through Mrs. French's eyes, one comes closer to the young General Joseph Wheeler, the man referred to as the "Pony Colonel," because of his diminutive size and as "War Child" because of his youthfulness.

In her Diary for Sunday, March 1st, 1863, Mrs. French writes:

Maj. Gen. Wheeler, the young cavalry hero is here—arrived a day or two since. I have not seen him—am told he is a small man—i.e., physically—as a cavalry officer he is reported great tho' some think his attacking Fort Donelson with cavalry was not very judicious. (p. 113)

Her Sunday, March 8th entry noted that she and Mollie saw Wheeler and his staff at the Episcopal Church and that Mr. Hodson of Wheeler's staff had lead the service.

On Monday, March 10 she wrote:

...about dusk Gen. Wheeler and five of his staff (came calling). I thought the cavalry had come to take us "vi et forcibus." ... The Gen. seems a pleasant gentleman—quiet, genial and agreeable, physically he is small scarcely much taller than myself—dark eyes and hair—black whiskers—around head—good forehead. He is not distingue and the suite seem to be perfect gentlemen.

On Wednesday, March 18th, Mrs. French noted that a messenger brought her "a model of the Battle Flag presented by Mme. LeVert to Gen. Wheeler. The flag" she writes, "is made from silk."—She then adds that her husband, Colonel French (of the home guard, I presume) who she called Darlin' "told me today I must now invite Gen. Wheeler and staff to supper on Friday evening. I consented to do so—and as he was going out into the country he brought me eggs and a turkey for the same."

On Thursday, March 19th, Mrs. French had to call off the proposed dinner because the Gen. and his troops were ordered by Gen. Bragg to pull out and either “fall back” or advance with the Federals who were reported moving out of Murfreesboro. On Sunday, the 22nd, Mrs. French added to her Journal the gossip that “nearly all of Wheeler’s staff were very drunk when they left. Dr. Read told the Col. so,” she wrote, “and it so disgusted him that he aid he would give up the idea of getting up an entertainment for them. ...and I was surprised...for we all thought Wheeler’s “staves” such gentlemanly men.” “Well,” she wrote, “there’s no telling who, or what you entertain these days.”

It is too bad Wheeler was called away from McMinnville because the French’s would have given him a dinner very much like the one they hosted a few days earlier for Gen. John Hunt Morgan and his new wife. Mrs. French’s Journal entry for March 17th reads thus:

“I had an elegant supper prepared—it would have done credit even to “better times.” True, I had trouble getting some of the material and had to devise many expedients—but it was, nevertheless and elegant success. Mrs. Read asked Mollie afterwards, “where in the world did Mrs. French get all that fine supper in such times as these!”

“I had the richest, clearest, and hottest coffee, light bread, biscuit, and waffles, potato cakes, stewed peaches and apples, cole slaw, chicken salad, pickles sweet and sour, golden butter, a splendidly done turkey, and fine boiled ham, and to crown the repast a very large “snow cake” that would just melt in your mouth, and a stand of the most elegant custard in silver cups.”

It is no wonder she could conclude: “We had a charming time and everything passed off completely to my satisfaction.” (p. 117)

Gen. Wheeler was back in Mrs. French’s busy Journal in May. This time he appears to be courting Mollie. “On Wed.” she writes,

“Gen. Wheeler came to take Mollie riding that evening but it had been raining and she declined going. The Gen. spent two or three hours with us.” On Friday evening, the first of May, Gen. Wheeler came to ride with Mollie. “I had a nice supper prepared but the Gen. could not stay to tea. As it was May-day I gave him some nice cake for himself and Maj. Buford. The Gen. brought me a new work just issued by Goetzel and Co. Mobile—the Confederate” and the next morning sent me “Great Expectations” by Dickens, a reprint from the same house.” (p. 133)

Mrs. French and General Wheeler had the same publisher—Goetzel and Co. Mobile—in common. She writes in her Journal regarding her work. “Gen. Wheeler tells me my book will have a great circulation—so does Darlin’—so does Mollie, ... Gen. W. has a work in press now—*Cavalry Tactics*—Goetzel is getting it out.”

Mrs. French no doubt was impressed with the young bachelor general who in the midst of war could find time to write a book and court. In her May 18 entry she notes that a Maj. Chaffie is interested in courting Mollie, but she writes, “I had much rather Mollie had captivated Gen. Wheeler.” (p. 140)

The tides of war cast Wheeler so far a field that he had to catch romance on the wing. From his original moorings down in Pensacola as Artillery Lt. he went to Corinth via Huntsville, taking command as Colonel of the 19th Alabama, then to Kentucky as a Brigadier Gen., back down to Middle Tennessee as Chief of Cavalry becoming Major General in 1863. From Murfreesboro to Chickamauga, to Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Knoxville, Dalton, Gadsden, Resaca, Atlanta, Macon, Savannah, Columbia, SC: the course of war bearing the tides of defeat carried Wheeler along, always ready to fight, to do his share or more, to lead raids when called upon or to pull up the rear, guard the flanks, scout out the enemy and advance the flag, always sticking close to the main body of men his cavalry were assigned to protect.

It may be argued that the hours Wheeler spent in the saddle, awake and alone, exceeded those of any other command. His unit always contended that they fought more, marched more, suffered

more, cost their government less, and inflicted greater injury on the enemy than any other cavalry command in the Confederate army.

Yet he, like countless others, refused to be daunted by the devastation—the death and dying that became so much a part of their every day. Schooled in chivalry as much as in cavalry tactics, Wheeler sought the refuge of a young lady's companionship when possible.

Wheeler's Raid into the Sequatchie Valley in October of 1863 ended with Wharton's division going through McMinnville (where Mollie lived), while he ended up struggling across the Tennessee River near the home of his future bride. One of the men in his command recalled that the General had one quirk: he would go miles out of his way to stay at a white house. Perhaps it was this idiosyncrasy that brought him to the home of Colonel Jones.

Romance took over at the door of the Jones home. Wheeler's biographers including Saunders, DeLeon and Dyer have General Wheeler meeting Daniella Jones and the two falling in love at first sight. DeLeon reports that Mrs. Sherrod was initially "interested by the self-forgetfulness and sadness of the victorious leader, on receiving reports from his subordinates of killed and casualties." The Wheeler's daughter Annie has confirmed the love-at-first-sight story. There are those who speculate that Joseph Wheeler was as careful in selecting his wife as he was his horses. No doubt Daniella was well-bred and rich. But this historian, being a romantic, opts for love.

There is in the State Archives a letter Wheeler wrote to Daniella, addressing her as "My dear Friend" and signing himself "Your devoted friend. J. W." His timidity and sensitivity are matched only by his tact and sincerity.

My Dear Friend,

I was delighted a few minutes since at receiving your letter of April 21st, and as a courier leaves by daylight tomorrow, I write immediately to give you my thanks.

You say you cannot write about yourself without being accused of egotism. I will not bring the charge my dear friend. The letters are for myself alone and no other subject can be as full of interest to me as that.

It is nearly seven months since I first met you and some chilling fears gather around, which tell me that I trouble you with my letters. Talk plainly with me on this point and tell me if you have still the same regard for me expressed the sad day I left Caledonia, you know what I asked and what you said you would try to do. Tell me, I pray you, if I weary you by calling these things to your mind.

Sometimes I think you never had any more regard for me than for anyone to whom you wished to be polite—and then again I flatter myself that you regarded me a little nearer. I only know as I have before expressed myself how highly I regarded and esteemed you. I know very little of ladies' ways of expressing themselves and must beg you to tell me if your feelings have changed.

Do not fear you will hurt me by so doing, as nothing will cause my friendship for you to cease, and there is no way in which you can show your friendship for me as much as by relieving my mind upon this point.

I have written 2 letters to you since April 3rd—one was sent yesterday. I regret you never received my letter of February—possibly your letters would have been different. I have a copy of that one preserved which I am tempted to send you tonight, but I will now wait until I hear from this. I was deeply pained to hear of the brutal treatment of the Yankees and trust the forces now sent in that direction will prevent a recurrence of their brutalities.

Please write me quickly and tell me all about yourself. Nothing can be more interesting to me. As I am

your friend who will delight in your happiness, and I trust may at least call you friend, can I not? You know how I would talk if with you—try and talk to me as freely—But it is very late—so good night.

Your devoted friend, JW

He is a general, and she a wealthy young woman. One is satisfied that the young man inside the General is smitten and in love with the young girl inside the rich widow.

The marriage of Daniella Jones (Sherrod) to Joseph Hull Wheeler assured Col. Jones that his daughter would be well taken care of. Joseph Wheeler took his young bride to N.O. a retreat of a handful of Confederate generals including Beauregard, Longstreet and Hood. We get a view of the young couple—a rather jaundiced one I fear from Varina Davis, wife of still impressionable Jefferson Davis in *First Lady of the South* by Isbel Ross. (He tried his hand at the hardware business, but it was rough going—a struggle, involving tooth and nail.)

Winnie was ill in New Orleans, and she feared measles for her. She saw Dick Taylor and quarreled with him and then made up. It was strange to see what her husband's former generals were doing. Beauregard did not call, she noted. Longstreet was engaged in a commission business. "Little Wheeler"—formerly General Joseph Wheeler, of the cavalry command—was in a small hardware shop—measuring out nails, and tacks, and such little things, smiling and deft with his fingers—he has a sweet little shy pink-faced wife—just bearing the same relation to the body social, as he did to the cavalry service, presentable, but neither influential, imposing or efficient. However, Varina wished these two babes in the woods safe-conduct to their haven. Otherwise they would "eat blackberries and die." (p. 287—Harper Bro., 1958)

In 1869, at the urging of Daniella's father who was constantly concerned for the couple's health in fever-infested New Orleans, the Wheelers moved to North Alabama. Joseph found occupation as a planter, read law, became an attorney, a stockholder and director of The Memphis & Charleston RR, and a Democratic spokesman.

In 1880, he ran for Congress. The Alabama Democrats of the 8th District took 25 ballots before they selected Wheeler to be their candidate to run against the popular incumbent William Lowe of Huntsville. But once the momentum was his, Wheeler went about the business of campaigning for office as he had campaigned in war. He rode circles around his opponent, speaking at every turn. He was a little man and he sought to be remembered in little ways as he championed the little fellow.

The Republicans and Independents and Greenback party folks called him a corporation man, a hard-money man, a military man with no experience in civil affairs. His opponent, making fun of his size, threatened to "take down the little General's political breeches and lay him across my lap for correction."

The outcome of the 1880 election is still debated. According to the Democrats, Wheeler won the seat from the maverick independent Lowe—or so it appeared. It is doubtful if any election in all of Alabama between 1866 and 1900 was conducted without voter fraud, but the 1880 congressional race in the 8th District was so close, with both sides indulging in such questionable practices, that both sides cried foul. Wheeler only won—or Lowe only lost—by 43 votes out of 24,773. Yet the election judges had thrown out 601 Greenback-Independent-Republican ballots because they had markings on them other than that prescribed by State law. As *The Huntsville Gazette* put it, paraphrasing Hamlet:

To count or not to count, that is the question. Whether 'tis better in the end to suffer the pangs of sorrow and inglorious defeat or to take arms against a sea of ballots, and by rejecting end them. (Dec 6, 1880)

The wheels of justice turn slowly and Wheeler served ten of 11 months of the congressional term before he was ruled against. In that time he had established himself as a creditable legislator. When Lowe died in 1882, the opposition couldn't find a candidate as attractive as the earnest, hard-working Wheeler.

An article from the *Los Angeles Times* August 27, 1900 vividly portrays Congressman Wheeler as "biquitous," always running up the stairs, taking three at a time, starting his work day at 6:00 and not ending it before 10:00 p.m., employing dozens of clerks and stenographers, mostly young women, "transcribing letters from stenographic notes dictated the night before, :addressing and stuffing envelopes with packets of seeds."

When he was at home at Wheeler, NOBODY rested. Daniella wrote daughter Annie in May 1884 (Yet another view of the family scene):

[3 May 1884]

Dear Little Annie,

I expect you think letters from home are like angel visits in one respect at least _____. "Few and far between" but if you knew how everlastingly busy we are you would not wonder.

We have to get off scores of letters and papers for Papa every day and when he is away he leaves something to do for every moment and then we have had cotton buyers by the dozen for a month and have had to board and mount them ad nauseum.

Uncle Tom has at last sold and we will send you \$100 in a day or two. Aunt P was delighted with the patch you sent and your letter. I hope you are well, you do not say how you are. I will get Papa to order some preserves sent you from Baltimore. Wish I knew what kind you preferred but do not want to wait and will order.

As a young congressman, Wheeler quickly acquired a reputation for feverish endeavor. A *New York Times* article called him “a marvel of activity ...always dodging into the committee rooms, then out into the corridors, talking one moment with a constituent, and the next over to the Supreme Court looking after some local interest, and then when least expected he will be back in his seat in the House.” (scrapbooks)

If ladies of the period found relief by pouring their hearts and thoughts into daily diaries, Joseph Wheeler made of the Congressional Daily Record a repository for all of his concerns. “Just one minute to say just one word” became the catch phrase for Congressman Wheeler, and a standing joke as everyone knew that the next day his “one word” would cover several pages in the *Record*.

To better represent and reach his constituents, he not only made maximum use of the *Record* but also of the United States mails. “He sends out more matter through the mails than any other 3 members.” He would purchase from urban-area representatives their allotments of government seeds and distribute the seeds with instructions for planting and other agricultural documents to farmers in his district.

The story is told of him: Once General Wheeler was traveling in a buggy along a road in Alabama. He overtook a mail carrier groaning under the weight of an enormous sack of matter and invited the man to take a seat by him.

“Why don’t you have a horse?” he asked.

“I have had 3 at different times, but they died. The work was too heavy.”

“You mean that burden of the mails was too great?”

“Yes, that’s it. There’s a fool Representative from this district who sends out such a lot of trash that the

mails are loaded all the time. This bag is full of such stuff—books and such.”

“How much money would buy you a horse?”

“Horses are high now. I couldn’t get a good one for less than \$30.”

Wheeler counted out \$30 and gave it to the man and drove off.

As a legislator, his reputation for having all the facts and figures became legendary. One historian went so far as to say:

“His statistical information was wonderful, and when accuracy on all great issues was needed, it became a proverbial suggestion about the capitol at Washington to “ask Wheeler.” Frequently, he could give offhand a long series of statistics, and was resorted to as an encyclopedia.” (p. 231 Riley, B. F. *Makers and Romance of Alabama History*.)

Wheeler may have been accurate but he was rarely succinct. In fact, if the truth be known, he was pompous in his speeches to the point of being a pedant and a bore. It would not be surprising if the real reason he acquired and most certainly kept the sobriquet “Point” not because there was so little to him, or that he graduated from West Point, but because he was so slow in getting to or in making his point.

One speech on the tariff—given Friday, May 4 and continued on Saturday, May 5, 1888, took up 142 pages of small print. The points Wheeler wanted to make were given on pages 4 and 5, the rest was historical, statistical and exceedingly tedious. Wheeler’s tactic as a Democratic congressman was to bowl them over with facts and to deaden protest with profuse verbosity.

A sampling of letters from his constituents gives the flavor of the man and his times. Typical of thousands is one from Danville, Alabama.

Jan. 13, 1888

Hon. Joseph Wheeler

Dear Sir,

Will you please send me, from the proper departments, whatever garden and farm seeds this region ought to try; also, the pension laws of the United States, also the Constitutions of the states; you may also have sent whatever meteorological apparatus the Signal Department furnishes to volunteer observers in this part of Alabama. If you can think of any government documents that would be really useful in a country school library, have them sent also; I promise that they will be used.

If I can do anything for you over here be sure and command me.

Very truly,
Ed E. Fluckstern

P.S. Be sure and send beet, tomato, carrots, parsnips, vegetable, oyster, cabbage, peppers

Long Island, Ala
Feb 6

Honorable Co. Wheeler,

I send you a correct list of Voters Who getes Male at my office. I have filed it out as near as I was able to. There is a good many Who getes Male hear who is not Legal voters. Mr. R. E. Wiswell is a Tennessee Voter but gites his male hear but lives in Ten. I will count the papers of seeds and distribute them correct. Will you please send me a few varieties of Garden seeds, I am not a Voter but a good Lessinerer.

Will promise to do all I can fur you. I never can
forgit you for enterduceing the bill to increase the
compensation of fourt class Post officis as I am one Who
does a great deal of Work & gites but little for it and I
am quite ready as I am a widdow. Please call on me at
any time and any infirmation I can give you will taik
apleasur in doing so.

Yours & Mrs. Angeline Thraux

Scottsboro, Ala
May 9, 1888

Honor Joe Wheeler

Dear Sir, it is with the gratest of pleasur that I drop you a
few lines to let you no we air all well and I feel under
many obelegathions to you for being so kind in working
after my clame. My Boy that is named after you is
alooking for a present from you. I think he ought to have
a nice present for he is all the Boy in this county that is
named after you. I am all the union solger that has
named a boy after you if you send the baby a present you
sent it to the post offes. I will bring my short letter to a
clos by saying I hope you will run again.

Your affectiant frind
David Welbankes

His correspondence was not limited to constituents, however.
People from all over the country and different parts of the world
wrote to him about odd and sundry.

As a Congressman, Wheeler steadily grew in stature. He
became one of the beloved characters on the Hill. His politics,
always with an eye to the folks back home, became increasingly
national in scope. He favored a low tariff, an increase in currency

circulation, and federal support to public education. He served on such diverse committees as Territories, Interior, Military, and Ways and Means.

Wheeler was at the height of his political power and seniority when the Spanish-American conflict over Cuba careened toward war. Seeing the drift, Wheeler hastened to offer his services. His gallant gesture and McKinley's subsequent appointment as Major General of Volunteers symbolically, for the whole nation, brought down the final curtain on the Civil War. The Nation's wounds were healed. It was fit to fight again.

Wheeler was so popular when he came home from Cuba, his name was bandied about for the governorship, the Vice Presidency, and even the highest office of the land. One widely suggested slate that may have gone farther in our T.V. age was "The Hero of Manila and the Savior of Santiago: Admiral Dewey for President, Wheeler for Vice President." When asked his opinion of such a combination, Dewey is quoted as saying: "Gen. Joe Wheeler has been mentioned as my running mate? Well, Well, that is lovely. A fine mess we two would make of it!"

When Wheeler was asked about his political future, he was quick to say that President McKinley had given him "the highest compliment that anyone could give me, and I will act as he directs. I will stay in the service as long as he wants me to do so, and when he indicates that there is no longer actual need of my services, I will leave."

When all is said and done, Joseph Wheeler was first and foremost a soldier. He was trained to it and he experienced the fullness of life best through it. It made a man of him yet ironically, it enabled him to keep in touch with the "little boy." As he said at age 62: "I prefer the army life to the life of a member of Congress. I am full of life as a soldier and but a gray haired man as a civilian. I feel as young as when I was a boy." Then with an extra twinkle in his calm, dark eyes, he would add: "Although some little discussion has been raised to my age, I hope to be old enough soon to make a good soldier."

Now it is time for us to pay our respects to the family's enormous contribution to American history and Alabama pride. We can do that by joining The Friends of Wheeler Plantation and by spreading the word that the Wheeler home is a North Alabama tourist attraction, a shrine to liberty and family solidarity.

...TO BE CONTINUED



Governor Thomas Bibb House Belle Mina, Limestone County, Alabama

Architectural Description:

This plantation house has a front portico with six widely spaced Doric columns. The one-story wing, consisting of slave quarters and kitchen, is joined to the side of the house. In Alabama these are usually separated from the main house and lie off to the rear.

The slave quarters and connecting colonnade are of unusual design and suggest the island type of architecture.

A brick wall originally surrounded the plantation house, but has disappeared. The fireplace mantels and the interior trim show hand plowed mouldings, done by the slave labor of the time.

Source: E. Walter Burkhardt, District Administrator, HABS.
Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Alabama.

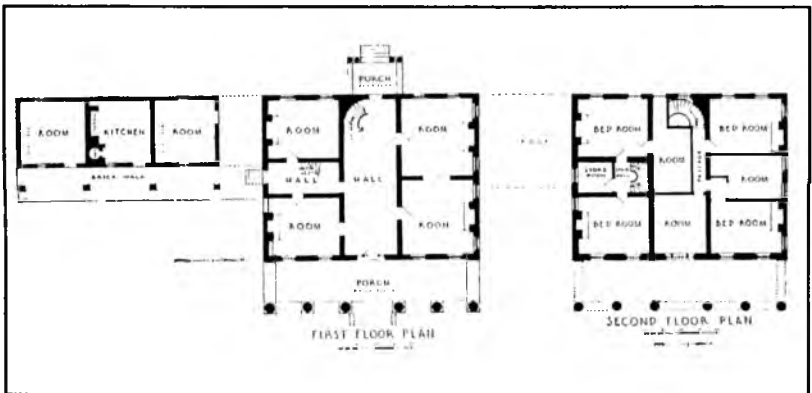


*Front view showing Portico.
From "Ante-bellum Mansions of Alabama."*

Belle Mina Gov. Thomas Bibb House

Brick (Flemish bond), 60'0" (5-bay front) x 60'0" including portico, also semidetached ground-level 3-room service wing (72'6" x 26'0") on east side, two-stories (service wing 1-story), hipped roof originally surmounted by balustraded deck, 4 exterior end chimneys, full-height hexastyle Tuscan portico across front with brick-paved stylobate, fanlight doorway with triple window above, small predominated entrance portico at rear, covered passage along north front of service wing; center-hall plan with side hall and secondary stair, exceptionally fine Federal period woodwork including spiral stairway, Adamesque mantels, paneled reveals. Built ca. 1826–35 for Thomas Bibb (1783–1839), planter, lawyer, and second governor of Alabama. House and grounds formerly surrounded by 5' brick wall (razed during Civil War); rooftop deck destroyed and other damage in tornado of 16 July 1875. Renovated 1941, including installation of wall paneling in southeast first-floor room: E. B. Van Keuren of Birmingham, architect; again renovated 1967, including construction of kitchen wing and carport, installation of raised paneling above chair-rail in main hallway, other minor interior modifications. Name also spelled "Belmina" in 19th century. One of earliest and most sophisticated of Alabama's plantation mansions.

From: HABS on Microfiche, Huntsville Public Library



*Above: Original floor plans.
From "Ante-bellum Mansions of Alabama."*

Belle Mina: Belle Mina, Alabama

Ralph Hammond

from *Ante-bellum Mansions of Alabama*.

Architectural Book Publishing Co., Inc. 1951.

“Thomas Bibb—1826” These are the words, hand-tooled upon the brass knocker, which greet you even today as you call at the transom-lighted door of Belle Mina, the plantation home of Thomas Bibb.

And a baby’s footprint also welcomes you. The builder of Belle Mina took his baby girl, Eliza, to the kiln on nearby Limestone Creek where slaves were making the brick, and upon one of the soft red squares was imprinted the outline of her foot. The brick was then placed in the porch floor directly in front of the main entrance. This very human episode must have given the father much joy as years later he showed the impression to visitors.

Thomas Bibb came from one of Alabama’s great families—the one which more than any other shaped the early destinies of the state. Elected presiding officer of Alabama’s first senate, which was organized at Huntsville in 1819, Thomas Bibb automatically became governor when his brother, William Wyatt Bibb, was thrown from a horse at Coosada and killed, only eight months after he had become Alabama’s first governor.

Even though the new state capital was at distant Cahaba in the south central part of the state, Bibb spent much of his time on his great 2,500 acre plantation of rich red clay land at Belle Mina in Limestone County.

Bibb was born in Amelia County, Virginia, in 1783, and made his first trip to the Tennessee Valley in 1808, via Mobile and the inland river transportation system. The pioneer region appealed to him greatly and he soon returned to Alabama and brought plantation land other than that at Belle Mina, but the latter he was forever to call home. He is recorded in history as the largest pioneer land owner in all north Alabama.

Bibb was two years building his grand mansion which was in keeping with his social, political and economic status. He approached the task with perseverance, improvising and changing plans whenever materials demanded, though never at a sacrifice of quality workmanship. Bibb knew that there was no sawed wood, no ready made brick, no skilled artisans on hand. These handicaps he faced with the same determination as he did the task of making Alabama into a state to take its place alongside Georgia, Tennessee and the Carolinas. He set about building a sawmill, a brick kiln, and carefully searched the slave markets until he found a highly skilled mason to oversee the brick making—years later in his will Bibb mentioned this slave mason as possessing valuable skills—and an expert carpenter to supervise the sawing and cutting. But Bibb himself was the coordinator, the man with the ideas.

It is interesting to note that so many of the slaves were trained in the artistic manner. As is pointed out elsewhere in this book, some of them built spiral staircases which until this day draw admiration from designers and architects.

Bricks were made by the tens of thousands. The walls of the house are three feet thick. Then there were the slave quarters, the kitchen and numerous auxiliary buildings and sheds. But probably more bricks than everywhere else combined, went into the building of the massive wall, six feet high, around the entire two-acre tract where the mansion and garden stand. During the Civil War, Federal troops who were camped nearby, used a portion of the bricks from the wall for building purposes. Then when peace came, the Bibb's gave what remained to hard pressed neighbors for the building of homes.

With customary precision, he built the mansion on a rising hillock in the dead-center of his plantation, and it is said that the land extended one mile in every direction. Bibb was master of all his eyes beheld. He had already accumulated a fortune, as well as a family of nine children, when he moved into his new mansion. It is a house which hews severely to the simplicity of the Doric order. And it might be noted here that the Tennessee Valley mansions built in the 1820's follow more closely the Jeffersonian advocated

Doric and Ionic orders, than the mansions which were built during the two following decades in central Alabama, where much of the Corinthian and Composite is to be found.

The six great Doric columns are said to have been made each from a poplar log, surrounded with specially designed brick, and plastered. Adding further to their magnificence is the spacing. The span between the two center columns is wider than between the others, thus making a broader opening for the handsome entrance.

The entablature, too, is severely plain, and the hipped roof above drops pleasingly and not too abruptly to the front. Windows across the entire portico are rigidly plain and without overhead decoration—all harmonious with the entire Doric unity. Only the doorway, with its leaded sidelights and sunburst transom, offers a delicacy which suggests the elaborateness that lies within.

Not until 1941, when it was purchased by Dr. and Mrs. Berthold Kennedy, did Belle Mina leave ownership of the Thomas Bibb family. By then the once proud mansion had suffered greatly from the wear of time and the weather and the neglect of upkeep.

But the Kennedys have done nothing short of a miraculous job of restoration and repair. Ceilings were lowered for easier heating, as well as to hide the newly added plumbing and lighting fixtures installed for modern convenience. Rooms and halls were painted and papered throughout; floors were refinished, and furniture of the period and of



exceptional quality and refinement was moved in. Much of the antique furniture had been in the New York apartment of the Kennedys, Mrs. Kennedy having been an ardent antique collector for years. Belle Mina is today one of the most beautifully furnished ante-bellum mansions in all

Alabama. Every piece of furniture and every item of decoration, whether it be sets of prismatic lustres, Victorian sofas, or candelabra, seems to fit exactly where it is placed.

The library is one of the few paneled rooms in the state. Painted a soft sea green, it is indicative of the culture and refinement which Thomas Bibb brought with the years to Belle Mina.

The chandeliers throughout the house add a lustrous, sparkling finish to the entire appointment. The spiral staircase of carved cherry wood is of major interest. A fanlighted transom over the door leading into the garden, brightens the rear of the great hall.



Belle Mina is one of the state's very finest plantation-type mansions. Regrettably though, its statesman builder was to live there but thirteen years. He died September 20, 1839—age 56, ending what might have been many more years of useful and worthy service to his family and his state. He was buried in the family cemetery on the plantation, but twenty years later was moved to the Bibb plot in Huntsville's Maple Hill Cemetery, where he rests near four other Alabama governors: Clement C. Clay, Samuel Moore, Reuben Chapman, and David P. Lewis.

Belle Mina: A Gentle, Measured Way of Life

by
Toby Sewell

When asked to write about what it is like to live in a historic home, I thought, “Well, this shouldn’t be too hard. At least I’ll be describing something that I know a little bit about.” However, having reflected on the matter, I realize that, although we moved into Belle Mina Hall nine years ago, I don’t “live” here yet. We’re still settling in. It’s that way with old houses. There is no time to “live” because there is always something that needs to be done!

We moved into Belle Mina from a house that we had designed and built ourselves. It was my “dream house” and had a closet for everything, central vacuuming, electrical outlets everywhere, and all the modern conveniences. It was a real shock to accept the reality of living in a house that was built in 1826 and had one closet downstairs. There is also an aura that hovers over these old houses that makes them have a spirit of their own. We found ourselves whispering to one another as we tiptoed around. All in all, it was an overwhelming move.

Like many other naive families jumping into the old home game, we thought we would move in and do nothing to the house for a year. We would take our time, recover from the move itself, and then proceed at our pace to do whatever we decided to do to the house. That plan went out the window the day we moved in when the door knob came off in my hand when I tried to lock up for the night. This began the steady stream of workmen who paraded through here for a year.

We started with the locksmith because every door used a different key. I literally was handed a “wad of keys” when we moved in. I still haven’t discovered what some of them unlock, but I am guarding them fiercely because I have learned to expect the unexpected. We progressed from the locksmith to the electrician

after we learned the hard way that you can't turn on any outside lights and use the oven at the same time. You also can't turn on the microwave oven and use a hair dryer in any upstairs bathroom. To say that the house was wired creatively is an understatement.

While the workmen came and went, I was busy purchasing all the items we needed to "adjust" to living in an old house. I bought miles and miles of heavy duty extension cords because no room had more than two electrical outlets. I bought flashlights, candles, and lanterns because the power went out every time the wind blew. To me, the most important thing I bought was a chain saw! Overgrown bushes and too many trees had blocked any ray of sunlight that tried to come into the house. We lived in perpetual gloom. I soon chain-sawed my way to freedom and things were better after that.

I soon learned that old houses don't give up their secrets easily. Not knowing where your septic tank is can be tricky! Also, trying to discern the "ins" and "outs" of two completely different heating and cooling systems would baffle an engineer. We have to buy air filters in four different states. Some of these sizes are so hard to find that it is necessary to have them custom made. I'll admit that I had dreamed of some day owning custom made shoes or clothes, but NOT air conditioner filters! My war with the house continued for the rest of the year. My son finally brought me to my senses as he witnessed by frustration in trying to "whip" the house into shape. "Mom, he said, "this house has been here nearly two hundred years. It's always going to win. Relax and try to enjoy it."

I have tried to take his advice. I have accepted the fact that I can only have telephone jacks where the house will let the phone man drill through her two-foot thick brick walls. I have learned that you can get clean with very little water pressure. I have learned how to change a light bulb in a fixture that hangs in the center of a two-story stairwell. In other words, I have learned to adjust to the rhythm and feeling of the house, and it has made all the difference in the world. I now concentrate on the goose bumps I get on my arms when I walk through the large foyer that was a local gathering

place during Reconstruction following the Civil War. I marvel at the work it must have been to cook large meals using the open fireplace in the old kitchen. I can imagine trying to bake cakes, pies, and breads in the bee hive oven. I stand by the window in my bedroom and look over the tree tops into cotton fields that must look the same way today as they did a hundred years ago. A gentle, measured way of life existed here. I can feel it.



“A gentle, measured way of life;”

Excerpts from the Diary of Daniel Hundley—1858

Wednesday, April 28

Went Hunting.

Thursday, April 29

Spent the day in the company of Mrs. H., at the residence of Mr. James Tucker. Had a quite and agreeable time, and a very good dinner.

Memo: Another time not to eat too much when I have a good dinner.

Friday, April 30

Spent the day with Dr. Pickett, who married wife Mattie Blackell, a cousin to my wife. Nannie & Maud accompanied and we enjoyed ourselves very much as there were several ladies & gentlemen there most of the time. We rode home after sun-down, but before dark, and the ride was most delightful. There was such a May freshness and sweet balminess in the air—it seemed that all nature was enriched with smiles and breathed of happiness.

Ah! glorious native Southern Land!

Saturday, May 1

Went Hunting

Sunday, May 2

Owing to the illness of sister Mollie, and mother's going up to see her leaving my wife no means of getting to church, I remained at home & kept the latter company. It was a lovely day, and we feasted on strawberries and cream—the first of the season.

Mother returned just at night and I am glad to learn that sister Mollie is much better.

Monday, May 3

Went Hunting.

Tuesday, May 4

Went Hunting.

Wednesday, May 5

Went Hunting.

Thursday, May 6

According to Southern fashion we had a houseful of company today, who remained all day. I had in consequence to remain at home, tho I cannot say as pleasantly as I could have wished for, the reason that I have grown too fond of out-door life to be in-doors a whole day...

Friday, May 7

Went with Nannie & Maud to see Mrs. Clarissa Toney, a wealthy widow lady, a Christian, and one of the best friends I have.

We spent a most agreeable day, with a few exceptions.

Saturday, May 8

Went Hunting.

Sunday, May 9

As mother's carriage is now at the carriage maker's undergoing repairs, sister Toney called by & took Nannie and myself to church. We first attended the meeting of the Disciples, and attended to the breaking of the Loaf, after which we went to hear the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, a Cumberland Presbyterian. He was endeavoring to frame that a man is saved by faith alone. He read James where he says, "A man is justified by works, and not by faith only." and he turned round and taught just contrary doctrine, and misquoted several passages of scripture in support of his false position.

I do not know when I have been so mortified at a minister's dereliction of duty.

Monday, May 10

Went Fishing today, with eminent success.

Tuesday, May 11

Went Hunting.

Wednesday, May 12

Went Hunting.

Weather quite cool and frost was seriously apprehended last night.

Thursday, May 13

Went fishing and remained all day. We had about twenty in the party, and we had what is called in Southern parlance, a "fish-fry"—that is, we fried the fish we caught for dinner, and eat them on the spot.

Friday, May 14

Eat too much fish or something else yesterday, and in consequence was not quite well in forenoon. ...afternoon went to Mr. James Tuckers, in order to take a deer hunt on tomorrow with his son Charles.

Saturday, May 15

Went Deer-Hunting, had considerable shots but killed no deer.

Highlights of the History of Triana

by
Charles Dillard Lyle

With an Introduction by his Son

by Charles Polk Lyle, Sr.

My daddy, Charles Dillard Lyle, was born in Triana in 1883 and lived there with his mother and father, three brothers and one sister until he was a young man in his late teens. He envisioned, as everyone there at the time, that Triana had a great future and there was not doubt in anyone's mind that it would indeed outgrow Huntsville as it had deep water to make a fine river port city. Of course, it lost out because the train took the place of the river barges for hauling grain and cotton up the river. Some of the prominent families that lived there I remember him saying (late 1800s) were the Dillards, Toneys, Halseys, etc. His mother was Laura Halsey.

Maybe Triana's losing out in its proposed future caused my dad to take a clerk's job with the railroad in Memphis. He later went out west to Lawton, Oklahoma, with the railroad. At the time this was Indian Territory; rough and tough with saloons and the whole bit. A friend of his talked him into a business proposition in which the two of them would go to Mexico and set up a business making shoes using cheaper labor. They went to Mexico City and started working on the deal. One night they were riding around in a sort of topless cab. His friend had had too much to drink and started shooting his gun in the air and laughing. The police stopped them and took them to jail. My dad was not drunk, but he couldn't speak Spanish like his friend so they locked them both up. They got out the next day, unlike a black man from the South, who had been imprisoned for a very long time because he had no money, but fortunately was released with them. In a few weeks my dad became ill with typhoid

fever and fought it for several months and came close to dying in a Mexican hospital. After this, he worked his way back home.

He entered business with his brother Roy, to replace his brother Harry who had died of a heart attack. The business known as Lyle Feed and Seed Company had become a thriving business with a branch store in Decatur. At that time the family was recognized as quite financially well off and owned the first Lincoln in town. But prosperity ended with the Depression—the business went bankrupt. My dad never really completely recovered financially from this misfortune. He became a silent partner with Solon Tidwell as a food broker. The company's name was S. W. Tidwell & Company. I will always remember him as a gentle, kind, and generous man. He always spoke well of his fellow man, hardly ever criticizing a single person.

Late in life he had a keen interest in history and wrote several articles and a brief history of his home town, Triana. He died in the Spring of 1958, just nine months after my mother, Madeliene. He was seventy-four.



*About 1943 on Newman Avenue
L to R: Dad, Me, Grandmother & Jimmie.*



Charles D. Lyle, about 1939.

Highlights in the History of Triana

by

Charles Dillard Lyle

Triana was named for Captain Triana (pronounced Treeana) who commanded one of the three ships making up the convoy of Christopher Columbus, discoverer of North America.

When the first settlers explored Madison County about the time John Hunt built his cabin above the Big Spring in 1805, they found in the midst of an immense forest growth, a tract of land as clear of timber and undergrowth as a town meadow.

This cleared spot was once a large Indian town known to the few Indian traders who preceded the white settlers as Chickasaw "Old Fields" and called Big Prairie by the Indians. It was on this spot later that the town of Triana was built.

According to Judge Taylor's history, between 1805 and 1809 large numbers of wealthy and cultured slave owners came into Madison County, principally from Georgia, Virginia and South Carolina. About a year after the creation of Madison County by proclamation of Governor Robert Williams of the Mississippi Territory on December 13, 1808, provision was made by the Federal Government to have this land sold at public auction in Nashville, Tennessee. Then anyone could get a title to the land. There seems too little history written about Triana from the time of the land sale in 1809 until the town was incorporated in 1819.

For days after the inauguration of Governor Bibb, Alabama's first governor, at Huntsville on November 9, 1819 a bill was passed by the Legislature incorporating the town of Triana. On December 20, 1819, this act was amended to provide for a governing board consisting of five trustees. Shortly thereafter the trustees proceeded to lay off the town, into streets, lots and blocks. Prior to the incorporation of the town, several large land owners owned immense

tracts of land in the Triana township, an area about six miles square. Among those mentioned in Judge Taylor's history were Merriweather Lewis, J. Q. Dillard, and the three Toney brothers, Harris, Calab and Edmund.

At this time the best cotton land in the country was located along the Tennessee River from Whitesburg, then known as Ditto's Landing, extending to a point three miles west of Triana. Madison County, as we all know, has led all counties in the State in cotton production practically without interruption since its creation in 1808. In 1816, it produced ten thousand bales for the market which, according to *The National Intelligencer*, was twice the production of any county of its size in the U.S. The big problem now facing the cotton merchants was transportation. With no railroads, the only means of transportation was by navigation. As early as 1815, the leading businessmen of the county were making plans to meet the situation. Cotton had to reach the Tennessee River to be loaded on steamboats and transported to New Orleans, via Paducah, Kentucky, down the Ohio River to Cairo and thence into the Mississippi for its ultimate destination. Triana was an excellent site for a port, being located on a high bluff, at a point where the wide and deep Indian creek emptied into the Tennessee River.

The idea of building a canal from Huntsville to Triana using the Big Spring branch and Indian Creek seemed to be the solution. I find the records in conflict as to the time this canal was dug. One historian claims the canal was open to flatboats in 1827, being drawn by mules walking along the banks. These barges or flatboats were called keelboats capable of carrying 80 to 100 bales of cotton. Another claims that no definite action was taken as to the canal's construction until the Indian River Navigation Company was incorporated December 21, 1830, and that the project was later abandoned. It was found impossible to obtain sufficient water, even with a system of expensive locks to operate these flatboats, except at certain seasons of the year, when the water supply was plentiful. I guess it will remain for future historians to settle this point.

Regardless of the fact as to whether the canal was a failure or a success, enthusiasm ran high and two years later in 1832, when the canal was completed there was a wild scramble to purchase property along the Tennessee River in Triana. City lots were sold at prices ranging from \$700 to \$1,400. Warehouses, public buildings, a bank, hotel and stores were built. Triana was on a boom. It was thought that Triana would become the principal inland shipping point for cotton in the South. Triana Academy was chartered in 1832.

Alas for the hopes and aspirations of its people, Triana's doom was sealed when the Memphis and Charleston Railroad was extended some years later from Decatur to Chattanooga.

The foregoing seems to cover the highlights in Triana's growth and development. From now on I would like to tell you about some of its outstanding families.

There is one family in particular that Judge Taylor refers to in his history, the Toney Family. There were three brothers, Harris, Caleb and Edmund. They came into Madison County in 1818, and were among the first to buy land in the Triana vicinity. These three brothers were men of considerable means (as judged by the standards of that time) and quickly identified themselves with the development of Triana. Harris Toney was the eldest and the leader. He first engaged in the merchandising and cotton business, later investing his ample means in farm lands and Negroes. He was far in advance of his time in his methods of farm development and was laying plans, so extensive they would have overshadowed all other agricultural enterprises of his time, but unfortunately he did not live long enough to see the fruition of his undertaking. He died according to Judge Taylor's history in the prime of his manhood. (Don't know just when that was.) He evidently was never married as his lands and properties were inherited by a Mrs. Coons and Mrs. Barclay.

The next oldest brother, Caleb, died at an early age. The youngest of the three, Col. Edmund Toney, was one of the best

businessmen of his day, possessing excellent judgment and sound business sense. It was said of him that in his whole life he never was known to make a financial blunder. While the war stripped him of slaves and his land ran to waste, yet at the close of the war, he was out of debt and able to embark in the General Merchandising business in Triana. He died in 1877, at age 77 and is buried in Maple Hill Cemetery.

The writer was well acquainted with the next generation of Toney's. They were all large land owners. Caleb Toney, as far as I know, had only one son, also named Caleb. Edmund Toney had three sons—Harris, Edmund and Charlie—and two daughters, Mona and Mary. Both of his daughters were educated in Philadelphia and both married Jews. Mona married a Mayer and Mary a Mr. Rugg, who was Colonel of an Ohio regiment during the Civil War. Mona had two children, Charlie and Rosa. Rosa was a beautiful girl and much sought after by the young men of her day. She spent much of her young girlhood in Huntsville, and was extremely popular at the dances at the old Huntsville Hotel. She was said to be one of the most beautiful women in the South. She was also educated in Philadelphia, and like her mother, also married a very wealthy Jew by the name of Mundell who was a shoe manufacturer in Philadelphia. Mary Rugg lived in Philadelphia, and I never knew any of her family. She did have one daughter, Jessie, who married a New Yorker by the name of Morrell Goddard, who was editor of the *New York Sun*.

An interesting incident in the life of Mary Toney was related to me by Mrs. Roy Mitchell, a granddaughter of Mr. Harris Toney. While living in Triana, she kept a diary and when the town was invaded by Yankee soldiers during the Civil War, she hid the diary in a vase which was stolen by one of the soldiers. Several years after the war, the vase showed up in a pawn shop in some Northern city and was bought by a man, whose name she does not recall. This man, when he found out that the diary was written in Triana, corresponded with Mr. Harris Toney and insisted on delivering the case and diary in person, which he did, a little later on.

The three sons of Edmund Toney—Harris, Edmund, and Charlie—were all graduates of the University of Virginia. Mr. Harris Toney also studied abroad, taking special courses at both Oxford and Heidelberg. Col. Edmund Toney died shortly after his marriage to Miss Annie King, of Nashville, Tennessee, a most charming and brilliant woman, prominent in Nashville's social circles. After her husband's death, she married his younger brother, Mr. Charlie Toney. They lived on a farm near Triana until their death some twenty-five or thirty years ago.

There were a number of other prominent families in the Triana area, with whom I was acquainted as a child. To mention a few: The Lewises, Roundtrees, Rowes, Arnetts, McCrarys, Henleys, Watkins, McIntoshes, Balls, Dillard and Lyles. Merriweather Lewis was a direct descendant of the Lewis who, with Clarke, opened up the Oregon Territory. Quite a lot of history has been written about the Lewis and Clarke expedition.

James Q. Dillard, father of my Uncle (by marriage), of the same name inherited the Triana Inn from his father, Joshua Dillard. This property was deeded him in 1847, and was later converted to a residence and housed four generations of the Dillard Family. It was torn down, probably fell down, some ten years ago. You might say it died of old age. My uncle's father married a Miss Nancy Brown, daughter of Nancy Pope, a sister of Leroy Pope.

Sorry I was unable to get any information on these other families, I am sure some of them must have had as interesting a history as the others I have mentioned. My father, John H. Lyle, and J. Q. Dillard bought the business of Toney and Grantland about the year 1870, and continued in business in Triana until the fall of 1890, when they moved to Huntsville and engaged in the Wholesale Grocery business, under the name of Halsey-Dillard and Lyle; having taken in a partner, Mr. Robert Halsey, my mother's youngest brother. Their place of business was located on the South side of the square, in the building now occupied by Ira Terry.

After the Civil War, Triana suffered the same fate as the rest of the towns in Madison County. Their slaves taken away from them and their lands devastated, they had to make a new beginning. As previously mentioned, Col. Edmund Toney, youngest of the three pioneer brothers, with his keen judgment and foresight managed to salvage enough money to go into the mercantile business. He later took in as a partner, Mr. Henry Grantland, grandfather of Grantland Rice, the poet and dean of sport writers. In a book recently published by Grantland Rice—*The Tumult and the Shouting*—he mentions an incident in his grandfather's life which turned out to be the foundation of a large fortune which he eventually made in the cotton business in Nashville, Tennessee. At his death he was reputed to be a millionaire.

When the Civil War started he had six bales of cotton which he stored in a large cave on the property where the store of Toney and Grantland was located. The Yankee invaders never found the cotton, and after the war he was able to sell it for \$1,000 per bale. [With] The \$6,000 realized for the sale of the cotton (and this was quite a fortune in those days immediately after the war), he went to Nashville and engaged in the cotton business.

I was born in Triana in 1883, and my family moved to Huntsville seven years later in 1890. My recollection of the town is that it was typical of any other small town in Madison County, with some few exceptions. There was still evidence of the town having been laid off in streets and blocks and still standing was the ruins of an old brick building formerly used as a bank building. My father used to tell me something about the social life of the community when he first moved there from Morgan County in 1870. It was quite a little cultural center. The men for the most part spent their time in reading the classics and had fine libraries. They played a lot of "Whist" which later was called Bridge-Whist. Then there was quite a lot of musical talent among the ladies all of whom had pianos and at their gatherings they would indulge in what little gossip the town and surrounding community afforded, at the same time keeping their hands busy with embroidery, crocheting and the like.

The men, those who could afford it, spent most of their leisure time in hunting. Wild game was plentiful and the feasts they had on quail, squirrel, wild turkey, etc. would make your mouth water just to think about it. There was also, definitely a religious side to the community. There were two churches, a white Methodist and a colored Baptist. Also a white school. One of the preachers I remember was a Mr. Charlie Herrin, who is now living in Birmingham, and still very active at the age of 90. Huntsvillians will remember Mr. Herrin as pastor of the Holmes Street Methodist church some years ago.

Shortly after the turn of the 20th Century, most of the old families died and their children realizing there was no future for them, moved out. Thereafter Triana, once a thriving little town seemingly destined to become a large city, soon passed out of the picture and those who have visited it lately, I believe will agree that it is now a "Ghost Town."



Clippings from Triana Municipal Files: Welcome To Town of Triana “The City of Wonders”

Looking Back on the Past and Looking Forward to the Future
Triana, Alabama, 1964

The fatal blow came to Triana when the railroad at Madison took the cotton straight to the river. The thriving Town was no more. Triana became a ghost town. Population dropped to 50 people. It would be many years later before Triana would recover from the economic depression that gripped the small town. Triana remained an unthriving city, lost and almost forgotten until 1964 when a young man had the courage and foresight to dream that the town that once was in fact could be a reality again. Mr. Clyde Foster was that man. He, along with other members of the community, set out to rebuild the Town. Triana's charter was revived on July 13, 1964. Foster became the town's mayor working day and night to bring basic services to the deprived community. Triana was growing again. The growth brought in running water, adequate housing, electricity, sewage, industry and eventually street lights.

Triana was on the road to becoming a viable community until 1978 when contamination was discovered in the Wheeler Reservoir. The reservoir served as the main source of water and food for the town residents for many years before running water was available. The contaminants DDT and PCB had been present many years before they were ever detected. The Town was devastated. Mayor Foster sought the assistance of TVA. TVA made an assessment of the environmental impact the contaminant had on the community. One of the needs that was identified was the Town's land base. TVA made funds available to purchase 155 acres of land. The acquisition of the property provided a basis for developing a 10 acre fish pond that was to be used as a source of food and recreational activities. Triana is now in a position to develop the remaining acreage into an industrial park that will create economic growth and development. [One industry is presently located there, with others in prospect.]

Census Data

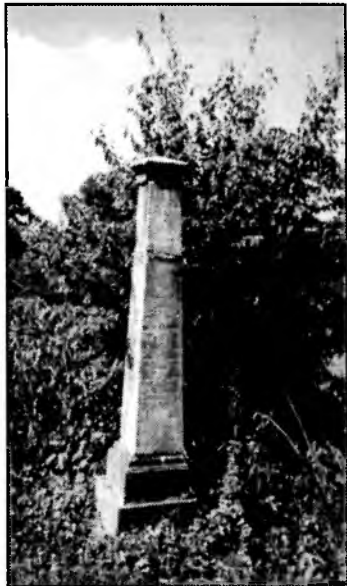
The Town of Triana is located in a relatively isolated rural area of Madison County. According to 1990 U.S. Census data, the Town had a population of 499. This figure represents a 75% increase from the 1980 population figure. The Town has a 94% black population. In 1990, the Town had a 38% population of persons ages 0 to 17 years. The median family income for the Town in 1989 was \$19,643. The median family income for the City of Madison, which is approximately 10 miles from Triana, was \$51,839. The median family income for the City of Huntsville, which is approximately 15 miles from Triana, was \$39,961. In 1989, 31% of the Town's total population had incomes below \$10,000. Census data also revealed that 53.9% of the Town's population age 25 or older were high school graduates, and 8.6% of the same population had a bachelor's degree or higher. The nearby City of Madison where Town residents attend school, had a 92% high school graduate rate and a 49% college graduate rate.





*Old Infirmary and Playground
Triana, Alabama*





Neglected
“White Cemetery”
Triana, Alabama



*Well-Tended
“Black Cemetery”
Triana, Alabama*



Searching for Extant Ruben Harrison Hunt Buildings: A checklist

Courtesy: Chattanooga-Hamilton County Bicentennial Library

China

Hwanghein	Baptist School
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Alabama

Ashland	Ashland Baptist Church
Birmingham	First Baptist Church
Birmingham	South Side Baptist Church
Birmingham	Fifth Avenue Presbyterian
Bessemer	First M. E. Church South
Decatur	First Baptist Church
Ensley	Methodist Church
Florence	First National Bank
Gadsden	First Baptist Church
Guntersville	First National Bank
Guntersville	M. E. Church
Huntsville	Office Building
Huntsville	Grade School—Colored
Huntsville	Huntsville Daily Times Building
Huntsville	First Baptist Church
Huntsville	Huntsville Times
Huntsville	High School building
Huntsville	Monte Sano Manor
Mobile	Dauphin Way Baptist
Mobile	St. Francis St. Baptist
Montgomery	Methodist Church
Russellville	First Baptist Church
Scottsboro	Jackson County Jail
Scottsboro	Office Building
Selma	Selma Military Institute
Talladega	Alabama School for the Deaf
Talladega	Talladega High School

Talladega	First M. E. Church
Talladega	County Club House
Tuscaloosa	First Baptist Sunday School Building
Tuscaloosa	Monnish Memorial Baptist Church
Tuscaloosa	First M. E. Church South

Arkansas

Arkadelphia	Ouachita College
El Dorado	Trimble, J. D.—Residence
El Dorado	First Presbyterian Church
Fort Smith	First M. E. Church
Frazier	Schoolhouse & Baptist Church
Jonesboro	Girls Dormitory—Jonesboro College
Jonesboro	High School Building
Jonesboro	Jonesboro College

Florida

Alachnia	First Baptist Church
Fort Myers	First Baptist Church
Miami	First Baptist Church
Panama City	Bob Jones College
Jacksonville	First Baptist Church
St. Petersburg	First Baptist Church
Tampa	First M. E. Church
Tampa	First Christian Church

Georgia

Atlanta	Atlanta Tabernacle
Atlanta	Second Baptist Church
Atlanta	Nurses Home
Atlanta	Broughton Institutional Church
Atlanta	Fourth Avenue Presbyterian
Atlanta	North Avenue Presbyterian S. S. Building
Atlanta	First Baptist
Augusta	Bank and Office Building

Canton	Baptist Church
Calhoun	First Baptist Church
Chatsworth	Grammar School
Chickamauga	Gordon Lee School
Eastman	First Baptist School
Fitzgerald	First Baptist Church
LaGrange	Dunson Mills
Macon	Vineville Baptist Church
Macon	First Baptist Church
Madison	First Baptist Church
Moultrie	High School
Ocilla	First Baptist Church
Rossville	Baptist Church
Sylvania	Baptist Church
Trenton	Morrison Bungalow
Trion	Auditorium, Trion Factory
Washington	School House
West Point	First Baptist Church

Kentucky

Barbourville	First Baptist Church
Berea	First Baptist Church
Bowling Green	State Street Methodist
Cadiz	Trigg County Courthouse
Cadiz	Auditorium & Gym
Columbus	Baptist Church
Harlan	Baptist Church
Letcher County	Stuart Robinson School
Mayfield	First Presbyterian
Mayfield	Hall Hotel
Mayfield	School Building
Owensboro	Third Baptist Church
Owensboro	First Baptist Church
Paris	Baptist Church
Princeton	First Baptist Church
Shelbyville	First Baptist Church
Somerset	First Baptist Church

Louisiana

Kentwood
Pineville

School Building
Louisiana College

Mississippi

Aberdeen
Alcorn
Belzoni
Belzoni
Blue Mountain
Blue Mountain
Canton
Canton
Clarksdale
Clinton
Clinton
Clinton
Clinton
Columbus
Columbus
Columbus
Columbus
Columbus
Columbus
Columbus
Columbus
Corinth
Georgetown
Greenville
Greenwood
Greenwood
Greenwood
Greenwood
Greenwood
Hattiesburg
Hattiesburg

M. E. Church South
Alcorn College
Belzoni M. E. Church
High School
Blue Mountain College
Baptist Church
School Building
First Baptist Church
Clarksdale High School
Mississippi College Library
Mississippi College Gym
Clinton Baptist Church
Dining Hall—Mississippi College
School Building
Gymnasium for I. I. and C.
Columbus Banking & Insurance Company
First Baptist Church
I.O.O.F. Building
School House
First Baptist Church
City Hall
First Baptist Church
Bank Building
High School Building
Stein Hotel
Leflore County Courthouse
Hospital
School Building
Elks Home
Y.M.C.A.
Bay Street Presbyterian

Hattiesburg	Mississippi State Normal
Hattiesburg	Forest County High School
Hattiesburg	Store & Office Building
Hazehurst	First Baptist Church
Houston	Carnegie Library
Houston	Chickasaw County Courthouse
Jackson	Deaf & Dumb Institute
Jackson	Hospital for the Insane
Jackson	First M. E. Church South
Jackson	Major R. W. Millsaps Bank Building
Jackson	Jones Remington Company Store Building
Jackson	M. E. Church
Jackson	College Building
Jackson	Merchants Bank Building
Jackson	Calvary Baptist Church
Laurel	First Methodist Church
Laurel	First Baptist Church
Leaksville	Addition to Courthouse
Lexington	School Building
Meridian	Central Methodist Church
Meridian	Fifteenth Avenue Baptist
Monticello	Lawrence County Courthouse
Natchez	Carpenter Memorial School Building
New Augusta	School Building
Starksville	A&M College
Vicksburg	First Presbyterian Church
Winona	First Methodist Church
Winona	Methodist Church
Woodville	Methodist Church
Yazoo City	City Hall
Yazoo City	School Building
Yazoo City	Trinity Episcopal

Missouri

Carothersville	First Baptist Church
Dexter	First Presbyterian Church

Oklahoma

Ardmore	Broadway Baptist
Bristow	M. E. Church
Collinsville	Presbyterian Church
Morris	Baptist Church
Ponca City	First Baptist Church
Sapulpa	First M. E. Church

North Carolina

Ashville	Central M. E. Church
Durham	First Baptist Church
Lenoir	First Methodist South
Lenoir	Lenoir Presbyterian
Lincolnton	First Baptist Church
Marion	First Methodist
Thomasville	Methodist Protestant Church

South Carolina

Columbia	First Presbyterian Church
Columbia	Presbyterian Church
Columbia	Y.M.C.A. Building
Greenwood	Graded School Building
Greenwood	First Presbyterian Church
Greenwood	Williamston Female College
Greenville	First Baptist Church

Tennessee

Athens	Athens Stove Works
Athens	Wesley College
Benton	Polk County Courthouse
Benton	High School
Blount County	School Building
Bristol	Remod. First Presbyterian
Bristol	Central Presbyterian Church
Brownsville	First Baptist
Carthage	Baptist Church
Cedar Hill	High School
Chattanooga	Alton Hotel Building

Chattanooga	Atlantic & Pacific S. M. Building
Chattanooga	Athletic Field, Central High
Chattanooga	Avondale Baptist Church
Chattanooga	Avondale Methodist Church
Chattanooga	Avondale School Building
Chattanooga	Auditorium
Chattanooga	Baptist Tabernacle, Dodds Avenue
Chattanooga	Bagwell, Mr. & Mrs.
Chattanooga	Brainerd Junior High
Chattanooga	Bright School
Chattanooga	Carnegie Library
Chattanooga	Central Baptist
Chattanooga	Central High School
Chattanooga	Central High Addition & Remod.
Chattanooga	Central High Gym & Vocational Building
Chattanooga	Chattanooga Savings Bank
Chattanooga	Chattanooga Stamping & Enameling
Chattanooga	Chattanooga Railways Car Barn
Chattanooga	Chattanooga Vocational School
Chattanooga	Christ Church
Chattanooga	Children's Hospital
Chattanooga	City High
Chattanooga	Contagious Diseases Hospital
Chattanooga	Concord Baptist Church
Chattanooga	East Chattanooga School
Chattanooga	Eastdale Methodist
Chattanooga	Eastdale Church & Sunday School Building
Chattanooga	East Lake Baptist
Chattanooga	East Lake M. E. Church
Chattanooga	Ellis Hotel, Market & King Streets
Chattanooga	Electric Power Board Distribution Building
Chattanooga	Engine House No. 5
Chattanooga	First Baptist Church
Chattanooga	First Christian Church Annex
Chattanooga	First M. E. Church
Chattanooga	Fire Hall No. 1
Chattanooga	Florence Crittenton Home
Chattanooga	Frances Willard Home

Chattanooga	Hamilton County Schools
Chattanooga	Hamilton County Bank, 7th & Market
Chattanooga	Hamilton Bank, Main & Market
Chattanooga	Hamilton National Bank
Chattanooga	Hardy Junior High
Chattanooga	Henderson, J. C., Residence
Chattanooga	Henson G. E., Residence & Garage
Chattanooga	High School Building
Chattanooga	Highland Park Baptist Alterations
Chattanooga	Highland Park Grammar School
Chattanooga	Highland Park M. E. Church
Chattanooga	Hunt, R. H.
Chattanooga	Loft Building
Chattanooga	Medical Arts Building
Chattanooga	Miscellaneous
	Mascot Stove Co.
	Truck & Trailer Service Co.,
	Broad Street Garage Show Room
	Zero Products Co.
	G. W. Bagwell Preserving Co.
	Lookout Oil Refinery
	O. B. Andrews Industrial & Office
	Ernest Holmes Co.
	Pound Office Building
	Volunteer Electric
	Times Building, Decatur & Cleveland
	Dome Building
	Central Y.M.C.A.
	Signal Mountain Methodist
	Cumberland Presbyterian, Red Bank
	Red Bank Presbyterian
	Lookout Mountain Baptist
	U. C., G. Russel Brown
Chattanooga	Lafayette High
Chattanooga	Municipal Building
Chattanooga	Myers, Thomas S., Residence
Chattanooga	National Funeral Home
Chattanooga	Ninth Street Widening, R. R. Underpass

Chattanooga	North Chattanooga Baptist Tabernacle
Chattanooga	Northside Presbyterian
Chattanooga	Nurses Home, Erlanger Hospital
Chattanooga	Odd Fellows Hall, East 9th Street
Chattanooga	Orchard Knob School
Chattanooga	Park Imp., P.W.A. Project #1253
Chattanooga	Pilgrim Congregational
Chattanooga	Power building, 6th & Market
Chattanooga	Provident Building
Chattanooga	Purse Printing Company
Chattanooga	Red Bank Methodist
Chattanooga	Ridgedale Grammar School
Chattanooga	Rossville Avenue Widening
Chattanooga	St. James M. E. Church
Chattanooga	Salvation Army Building
Chattanooga	Second Baptist Church—14th & Grove
Chattanooga	Southern Dairies, Inc.
Chattanooga	Street, T. G.—Residence
Chattanooga	Third District School
Chattanooga	Trinity M. E. Church
Chattanooga	U. S. Post Office
Chattanooga	Wesley Memorial
Chattanooga	Wesley & North Side Presbyterian
Chattanooga	Wise Creamery
Chattanooga	Y.M.C.A. Squash Courts
Clarksville	Colored School
Clarksville	First Christian Church
Cleveland	Bradley County Court House
Cleveland	First Baptist Church
Cleveland	Centenary College
Cleveland	M. E. Church
Coalfield	Morgan County School
Collegedale	Southern Jr. College
Cookville	Tennessee Polytechnic Institute
Crossville	High School
Covington	School Building
Covington	School Building
Covington	Baptist Church

Ducktown	Kimsey Jr. High
Dyersburg	First Baptist
Fayetteville	M. E. Church
Harriman	Harriman Hospital
Henry County	School Building
Hixson	Hixson High School
Jackson	Union University
Jefferson City	Baptist Church
Johnson City	Bank Building
Johnson City	East Tennessee State Teachers College
Johnson City	Hunter, R. C.—Residence
Johnson City	State Normal School
Knoxville	Central M. E. Church
Knoxville	O. B. Andrews
Lenoir City	Borg-Warner Data Prints
Lookout Mountain	Presbyterian Church
Lookout Mountain	Judge and Mrs. Chambliss
Lookout Mountain	Lookout Mountain Hotel
Madisonville	High School Building
Memphis	Burlyn M. E. Church
Memphis	Temple Baptist
Murfreesboro	First Baptist Church
Murfreesboro	High School
Nashville	First Baptist Church
Niota	M. E. Church
Ooltewah	Southern Junior College
Ooltewah	Ooltewah School Building
Ovoca	Knights of Pythias Home
Paris	Paris High School
Paris	School Building
Paris	Henry County Courthouse
Pikeville	First M. E. Church
Pikeville	Dr. & Mrs. C. L. Ferguson—Residence
Pleasant Hill	Boys Dormitory Building
Pulaski	Alt. & Add. to School
Pulaski	Martin College
Red Bank	Red Bank Baptist
Rockwood	School Building

Rogersville	First Baptist Church
Shelbyville	School Building
Signal Mountain	Hardie Residence
Silverdale	Silverdale Buildings
Soddy	Soddy Baptist
Soddy	Alterations to Soddy School
South Pittsburgh	Methodist Church
South Pittsburgh	Cookmore Hotel
Spring City	High & Grammar School
Sweetwater	Baptist Church
Tracy City	First National Bank
Tyner	Tyner Junior High
Winchester	Baptist Church
Winchester	Church of Christ

Texas

Amarillo	Polk Street Methodist
Arlington	Centenary M. E. Church
Beaumont	South Park High School
Beaumont	Home Economics Cottage
Beaumont	Park Avenue Baptist
Belton	First Baptist Church
Belton	Baylor College
Brownwood	Junior High School
Brownwood	Gymnasium
Canadian	Store Building
Canadian	Presbyterian Church
Cisco	First Baptist
Corpus Christi	First Methodist
Corsicana	First Methodist
Dallas	Churches
Dallas	First Baptist Church
Dallas	Baylor College
Denton	First Baptist
Denton	First M. E. Church
Desdemona	Baptist Church
Houston	Trinity Baptist
Houston Heights	Baptist Temple

Lufkin	First Baptist
Nederland	High School Building
San Angelo	First Baptist
San Angelo	First Baptist S. S. Building
San Marcos	San Marcos Academy Gym
Sugarland	Sugarland Baptist Church
Waco	Austin Avenue M. E. Church, South
Waxahachie	Gymnasium
Wichita Falls	Fourth Street Baptist

Virginia

Abingdon	Stonewall Jackson College Campus
Abingdon	Stonewall Jackson College Gym
Danville	First Presbyterian Church
Danville	Coca-Cola Company
Darlington	Spring Creek Baptist Church
Loganer	Dunson Mills
Newport News	First Baptist Church
Norfolk	First Baptist Church
Pennington Gap	M. E. Church
Portsmouth	Court Street Baptist Church
Richmond	Baptist Tabernacle
Richmond	First Baptist Church

West Virginia

Bluefield	Bluefield College Grounds
Bluefield	Bluefield College
Huntington	First Avenue Baptist
Kimball	M. E. Church

**Advertisement from the
Chattanooga Star, August 31, 1907
R. H. Hunt, Architect**

REFERENCES

Churches

Broughton Institutional Church—Atlanta, Georgia
First Baptist Church—Chattanooga, Tennessee
Second Baptist Church—Atlanta, Georgia
Broadway Methodist Church—Louisville, Kentucky
First Baptist Church—Birmingham, Alabama
Central Methodist Church—Ashville, North Carolina
Court Street Baptist Church—Portsmouth, Virginia
State St. Methodist Church—Bowling Green, Kentucky
Third Baptist Church—Owensboro, Kentucky
First Baptist Church, Newport News, Virginia
First Methodist Church—Gadsden, Alabama
Baptist Church—Fayetteville, Tennessee
First Presbyterian Church—Jackson, Mississippi
Second Presbyterian Church—Chattanooga, Tennessee
Methodist Church—Cleveland, Tennessee
Baptist Church—Cedartown, Georgia
Second Baptist Church—Knoxville, Tennessee
First Presbyterian Church, Selma, Alabama
First Baptist Church—Paris, Texas
Methodist Church—Millersburg, Kentucky
Baptist Church—Hazlehurst, Mississippi
First Christian Church—Georgetown, Kentucky
First Baptist Church—Athens, Georgia
Methodist Church—Monroe, Louisiana
Presbyterian Church—Monroe, Louisiana
Baptist Church—Humbolt, Tennessee
Methodist Church—Laurens, South Carolina
Baptist Church—Elberton, Georgia
Baptist Church, Madison, Florida
St. Barnabas Episcopal—Tullahoma, Tennessee
Trinity Episcopal—Yazoo City, Mississippi

Baptist Church—Murfreesboro, Tennessee
Presbyterian Church—Greenwood, South Carolina
Baptist Church—Russellville, Kentucky
Methodist Church—Greenwood, Mississippi
First Baptist Church, Meridian, Mississippi
Methodist Church—Winona, Mississippi
First Baptist Church—Natchez, Mississippi
Baptist Church—Winchester, Tennessee
Methodist Church—New Decatur, Alabama
First Baptist Church—Pine Bluff, Arkansas
Presbyterian Church—Florence, Alabama
Baptist Church—Harrodsburg, Kentucky
Perry Street Methodist Church—Montgomery, Alabama
Baptist Church—Laredo, Texas
Central Baptist Church—Chattanooga, Tennessee
Jewish Synagogue—Huntsville, Alabama
Jewish Synagogue—Pine Bluff, Arkansas
Baptist Church—Summerville, Georgia
Baptist Church—Marshall, North Carolina
First Presbyterian Church—Greenwood, Mississippi
Central Presbyterian Church—Bristol, Virginia
Baptist Church—Williamsburg, Kentucky
Second Presbyterian Church—Hattiesburg, Mississippi
Bute Street Baptist Church—Norfolk, Virginia
Second Baptist Church—Jackson, Mississippi
First Presbyterian Church—Vicksburg, Mississippi
Baptist Church—Winona, Mississippi
Catholic Church—Winchester, Tennessee
First Baptist Church—Memphis, Tennessee

Hotels

Lemon Hotel—Jackson, Mississippi
Hotel—Tate Springs, Tennessee
Hotel Dalton—Dalton, Georgia
New Hotel—Monteagle, Tennessee
The Wellington—Georgetown, Kentucky

Schools

Terrill College—Decherd, Tennessee
Science Building—University of Mississippi
Millsaps College—Jackson, Mississippi
Winchester Normal School—Winchester, Tennessee
Sweetwater Seminary—Sweetwater, Tennessee
Rucker Hall—Georgetown College, Georgetown, Kentucky
Columbus Hall, I.I.&C., Columbus, Mississippi
Columbus Annex, I.I.&C., Columbus, Mississippi
Infirmary, I.I.&C., Columbus, Mississippi
Music Hall, I.I.&C., Columbus, Mississippi
Graded School Building—Bainbridge, Georgia
Graded School Building—Scottsboro, Alabama
Graded School Building—Washington, Georgia
Graded School Building—Spartanburg, South Carolina
Graded Schools—Columbus, Mississippi
Graded School Building—Greenwood, Mississippi
Graded School—Chattanooga, Tennessee
Graded School—Greenwood, South Carolina
Graded School—Yazoo, Mississippi
Graded School—Lexington, Mississippi
Graded School—Columbia, Mississippi
High School—Chattanooga, Tennessee
Science Building, A&M College of Mississippi
Dormitory—A&M College of Mississippi
Engineering Building—A&M College of Mississippi
State Normal College—Florence, Alabama
Deaf and Dumb Institute—Jackson, Mississippi
Willamston College—Greenwood, South Carolina

Courthouses

Courthouse—Greenwood, Mississippi
Courthouse—Cleveland, Tennessee
Courthouse—Winchester, Tennessee
Courthouse—Ooltewah, Tennessee
Courthouse—Elberton, Georgia
Courthouse—Sparta, Tennessee
Courthouse—Paris, Tennessee

Courthouse—McMinville, Tennessee
Courthouse—Greenwood, South Carolina
Courthouse—Starkville, Mississippi
Courthouse—Columbus, Mississippi *City Buildings*
City Hall—Chattanooga, Tennessee
City Hall—Yazoo City, Mississippi
City Hall—Columbus, Mississippi
Central Fire Station—Columbus, Mississippi
Central Fire Station—Chattanooga, Tennessee

Business Houses

News Building—Chattanooga, Tennessee
Merchants Bank Building—Jackson, Mississippi
Capitol National Bank Building—Jackson, Mississippi
Jones-Kennington Building—Jackson, Mississippi
James & Company Building—Chattanooga, Tennessee
Miller Block—Chattanooga, Tennessee
VanValkenburg Block—Huntsville, Alabama
Duncan Block—Spartanburg, South Carolina
Merriam Block—Chattanooga, Tennessee
Tate Block—Elberton, Georgia
Jones Block—Elberton, Georgia
Bloomfield Building—Chattanooga, Tennessee
Lann & Carter Building—Aberdeen, Mississippi
Masonic Temple—Pensacola, Florida
Masonic Temple—Columbus, Mississippi
Cannon Building—Dalton, Georgia
Manix Building—Nashville, Tennessee
Elks Home and Opera House—Pine Bluff, Arkansas
Columbus Insurance & Banking Company—Columbus, MS
Odd Fellows Building—Columbus, Mississippi
Carter Building—Hattisburg, Mississippi
James Building—Chattanooga, Tennessee

Reuben Stone of Bloucher's Ford, Alabama

Reviewed by Dorothy Scott Johnson

Author: Sharon Brakefield
Published: by the author, 1997
Price: \$18 plus \$2 postage
Pages: 8-1/2 x 11, 94 pages plus full-name index
soft cover, perfect binding.
To Order: Sharon Brakefield
2611 Kildare St.
Huntsville, AL 35811

Chapter One begins with a fascinating history of Bloucher's Ford the area in which Reuben Stone settled. In its scope, it is the most detailed genealogical-historical narrative this reviewer has seen on that particular area. Mrs. Brakefield's extensive research, fully footnoted, includes people not only of her own genealogical line, but also those who had a decided effect on the community in which Reuben Stone lived. Included is an interesting review of Joshua Boucher for whom the area is believed to be named.

Chapter Two begins with Reuben Stone's Application for Pension for Revolutionary service. The author then shows detailed pictures and maps chronicling the places Reuben fought in, or was stationed at, during his war service. She even has a narrative on, and a picture of, Thomas Pickney, the man who signed Reuben's 200 acre land grant in South Carolina.

Chapter Three is a brief chronological historical review of Reuben Stone's life from 1755 when he was born. The author then lists a number of people whose Bloucher Ford accomplishments must have had a profound effect on Reuben's life. It is also a chronological account of major events in the Bloucher Ford Community such as: "1809. Richard Shackelford bought the land where Patterson Mill would later stand."

Chapter Four is a compilation of Reuben Stone's genealogy from John Stone, Reuben's father who died in 1787, to the present generation. The author has used a numbering system allowing the lines and the generations to be more easily followed. Several photographs, welcome additions to any genealogy, are included in this chapter.

The profits from this book will go the Tennessee Valley Genealogical Society to purchase the microfilm of the Applications for Pension for Revolutionary Service—a worthwhile project.

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Sharon Brakefield

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