

THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

MARIE BANKHEAD OWEN, *Editor*

EMMETT KILPATRICK, *Co-Editor*



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EDITORIAL

This issue of the Alabama Historical Quarterly is composed of the second and last installment of the history of Opelika, by the Rev. F. L. Cherry. The first half of the history was carried in Volume 15, Number 2.

THE HISTORY
of
OPELIKA
and her
AGRICULTURAL TRIBUTARY
TERRITORY

Embracing More Particularly Lee and Russell Counties, from
the Earliest Settlement to the Present Date.

By Rev. F. L. Cherry—"Okossee."

(The first half of this history of Opelika by Rev. F. L. Cherry, was published in Volume 15, Number 2. This installment completes the history.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

*Chewackla — Judge Robert Kellum — A Childish Wish Gratified
In Manhood — "Heaping Coals" &c.*

I must now transport my readers to the banks of the Chewackla, but by a circuitous route, against which, those who have patiently followed my meandering pen thus far, will not revolt, or they would have revolted long ago. East Alabamians love Georgia. Sandwiched between two great rivers, upon whose sineous surges float hundreds of graceful "steam palaces," transporting her products to the Gulf and the ocean and upon the banks of which loom up skyward her grand fortresses of manufacturing industry which are more effective in establishing, maintaining and perpetuating wealth, influence and power than the turreted castles of ancient, trans-Atlantic feudal times; where the music of the spindle, shuttle and loom add a fit refrain to the soft water-voice which plays around the pondrous wheels; whose scenery, from granite mountains, oak-crowned hills, pine clad forests, everglade valleys, and island-dotted seashore line, combine the beauty and grandeur of every tone with the tempature of every zone in miniature:—

Georgia! who carries proudly, yet gracefully the well-earned title of the "*Empire State of the South*," will ever be dear to the East Alabamians, as the land of the birth of their fathers.

It was in Clarke county, in a "little hut out of doors" in the woods, March 1804, that *Judge Robert Kellam* was given posthumous birth and of very humble parentage. In accordance with a dying request, he was named before he was born, for his father, the only mementos of whom he has ever had were a neglected, grass-grown grave, his mother's bitter tears in after years and his name. He had one sister and two brothers older than himself. His mother married the second time before he was old enough to realize the difference between a father and a step-father, and would never have had any personal cause to regret his father's death, if the successor to that sacred office and relationship had been faithful to his vows and responsibilities voluntarily assumed.

Judge Kellam's earliest recollections date as far back as the year 1809, when he was only five years old. The scene of these recollections was in Jasper county, Ga., and it also was a log home without any enclosure and surrounded by forest. He remained with his mother and subject to his step-father until 1818, and he was 14 years old. At this date, he was prostrated by a protracted spell of illness, which demoralized his nervous system to such an extent as to reduce him to the grade of a useless encumbrance, and as his step-father did not cherish parental ties, ignored parental obligations, which resulted in his being turned away from the only roof, humble though it was, under which he could lay any claim to protection. Though sixty-six years have intervened since that day, Judge Kellam vividly remembers this painful chapter of his early history, and his mother's tearful words at parting have been ever present with him. When she discovered the inevitable fate of her child, who, at the death of the husband of her youth, was the un-born pledge of his affection, driven out from her home against her wish and will, doing violence to the tenderest and yet the strongest ties of a woman's heart, she bundled up his little pack of clothes and following him to the yard, said: "My poor boy; all I have to give you is a mother's advice, "*Keep Out of Bad Company.*" Slow he repaid his step-father's indifference and how he followed his mother's advice will be illustrated further on.

Sick, homeless and without a cent in the world, and with scarcely decent clothing, the embryo merchant, judge and successful farmer, found shelter and kind treatment under the humble roof and at the hands of his brother-in-law, under whose care and the recuperative power of a good constitution, he was soon restored to health and vigor. He then went to work. In 1812, when he was about eight years old and living with his mother, he went one day to the town of Monticello, and there, for the

first time in his life, saw a store, two stories high and stocked with merchandise above and below. With the ingenious simplicity of a child, he clapped his hands and exclaimed: "Oh, how I wish I had such a store as that!" But what could he do? One thing he could not do: he could not forget that childish wish. It was indelibly recorded. And with it ever present in his heart, he went to work.

The first money he ever made in his life and put in his own pocket was by picking cotton at a dollar a hundred, when he was fifteen years old. This was the nucleus which in a few years culminated in the gratification of that wish, for he cherished an aching longing that it should be gratified. The sequel proved that "when there's a will, there's a way;" for fifteen years from the date of that wish, he found himself a young merchant of twenty-three years of age, the owner of that selfsame store, stocked with merchandize above and below and selling goods from behind the same counter, before which he stood on tip-toe when a boy of eight years, to receive his little homely purchases and where he recorded his childish wish. In his boyish struggle he aspired to a higher social grade than that in which he moved. He was timid, but resolved in his very soul that he would rise. He dared not intrude upon a social rank which ignored him, but set himself to work to prove himself worthy of it, as poor as he was. This was not done by mimicing those who, by virtue of superior advantages, were able to shine without any effort of their own; but instead of apeing their ways and manners by spending his money as fast or faster than it was made, he laid it up, or judiciously invested it. He took care to work and worked with care; and though his money came at first in quarters and dimes, he did not consider it too small to take care of. His start was made by "day labor," on farms, in shops—anywhere, where he could get a job; and it was soon set down by those who knew him that he was "determined to rise," and, of course, those whose good opinion was worth having was soon secured, the coast clear, the sea open, and "Bob Kellam" could get a job when and wherever it was attainable by any one.

By industry, close economy, dilligence in business and an unimpeachable integrity, Judge Kellam, in 1828, when only 24 years of age had secured the confidence of his entire circle of acquaintance, and while standing behind his counter, attending to his business, his friends came to him and offered the candidacy for clerk of the Inferior Court of Jasper county, Ga., which he accepted, was elected and filled the office, and that of treasurer with honor to himself and profit to his county for ten

years. He was then elected clerk of the Superior Court of the same county and served two years. At the close of this period, his health failed and he retired to a farm in the country, being elected one of the judges of the Inferior Court of the same county.

In June 1830, Judge Kellam married Miss Elizabeth Swanson, daughter of the late John Swanson, Sr., of Morgan county, Ga. She was a sister of the late John Swanson and Dr. W. G. Swanson of Tuskegee, also of P. H. Swanson, Esq., long a merchant in Auburn, all of whom were active factors in the early development of what is now Lee county.

In Dec., 1846, Judge Kellam emigrated to Macon, now Lee county, purchasing land from the late Alfred Shorter, and moved to the place first settled by the late Jephtha Dismukes, seven miles south of Opelika and about the same distance from Auburn. This plantation lies on both sides of Chewackla creek, and embraces three varieties of soil—oak hills, creek bottoms and pine levels. The present commodious homestead stands three hundred yards from the north bank of the creek and was built in 1851, and from which all his daughters who were married, went out as happy brides, but all of whom went down to the grave in early matronhood.

Judge Kellam's contemporaries in the early settlement on Chewackla were Rev. Gideon Powledge; John Skinner, Sr.; Dr. W. G. Swanson; Elisha Tarver; Jesse Taylor; James Mitchell; Baptist John Mitchell; Methodist John Mitchell; David Parsons and B. W. Snisson, on the north side of the creek. On the south side were Bryant S. Mangham, Loxla Edwards, Abram Miles, and W. F. Dunlap, up the creek. Down the creek were Simeon Dearing, William Patterson, Noel Turner, Daniel Brinson and Jonathan Etherege. All those are now dead except Dr. Swanson, of Tuskegee, Rev. Gideon Powledge, of Florida, and Daniel Brinson, of Texas.

Judge Kellam has been a member of the Baptist Church 56 years, and clerk of the same twenty-five years, all of which period he has been one of its most useful and zealous supporters, at the same time cherishing an unusual degree of charity and Christian fellowship towards those who differing with him in opinion, agreeing to disagree with those with whom he cannot agree, but never antagonizing Christian sentiment, when and wherever he recognized it in principle and practice.

In 1870, Sept. the 20th, Judge Kellam was bereaved of the companion of his early manhood, after walking together hand-in-hand for forty years and who was the mother of all his children except one: William H. Kellam, died on a visit to Monticello, in 1854; Mrs. Julia A. Hurst, died in Atlanta, Ga., 1882, John R. Kellam died in 1838; Miss Sarah J. Kellam, died in Lee county, 1852; Mrs. Martha J. Colquitt, first wife of George Colquitt, died in Hogansville, Ga., 1871; Robert F. Kellam, of Louisiana, Mrs. Georgia S. Barron, wife of Joseph Barron, died in Hogansville, 1872, Mrs. Mary E. Colquitt, wife of F. M. Colquitt, died in Lee county, 1865, and Charles Kellam, of Louisiana. These, children of the first Mrs. Kellam, have all passed away, except Frank and Charles, lie buried at Chewackla Church, by the side of their mother. Five of these dead, married, leaving children to represent them but one. One is still unmarried.

In 1871, March 30th, Judge Kellam married Mrs. Martha A. Sledge, nee Pickett, of Opelika. The wife of his declining years has given him only one, a promising daughter, who is the one only ray of sunshine left to illumine the lengthening shadows. This last opening bud of promise is Miss Alice Gertrude Kellam, now at school in Opelika.

Judge Kellam has been an active factor in church and society wherever he has lived. The most of his active manhood has been devoted to farming on the plantation where he now lives embracing a space of nearly forty years. His influence has always been for good, and it can be safely placed on record that the tone of religious and social sentiment of the Chewackla neighborhood has never suffered or been lowered by any act of his life. On the opening of the war of the States, his son, Robert F. Kellam was a schoolboy in Tuskegee, and when the call for men came to the school room, he laid aside his books and entered the army, his company forming a part of the Regiment commanded by his uncle, Col. W. G. Swanson, M. D., and was in several hard fought battles in Virginia, but came out of the war unhurt.

At the close of the war, Judge Kellam passed through the transition state and with the pioneer element of the South, found himself very much reduced. During the struggle he was liberal to the soldier boys, and ever ready to contribute to their necessities.

In reviewing Judge Kellam's career, it is an instructive lesson to the young men of to-day. Starting life a posthumous boy, at the age of four-

teen years, sick, without home, without father or mother—so to speak—without decent clothing or a dollar to buy them, or friends to assist him. At the age of twenty-four years, he had built up an independent, but not a cumbersome competence, which, experience the world over has taught, is the acme of worldly happiness or enjoyment. The war came on and its close liberated twenty-eight slaves for him, besides those he had given to his married children. He is now in his eighty-first year, bearing the infirmities of that age, enjoys a good health as at any period of his life. Judge Kellam has been a man of peace, and has advocated harmony and a liberal social sentiment all his life. Of his nine children, he has survived them all but three. Six graves at Chewackla surround their mother's. Six bloodwashed spirits worship with her's around "the great white throne."

As a sequel to the early experience of the subject of this chapter I will relate an incident which illustrates a noble trait, when developed in any character: When Judge Kellam had reached place prosperity, his step-father, Mr. J., wished to purchase a servant woman of a dealer at Monticello, the price of which was \$500.00. On paying the money to the dealer, it was discovered that one of the bills was not genuine for the amount its apparent face called for, and was discarded by the trader. Mr. J. carried the bill to his step-son:

"Look here Bob, they tell me that this \$50.00 bill is not right. Tell me what is the matter with it."

The Judge, after glancing at the bill, answered:

Why, Mr. J., it is a five raised to a fifty by a clumsy villain. It was once worth five dollars, but now it is worth only the paper it is printed on."

"Well Bob, what shall I do? The negro wants to go with me and I want to buy her, the price is \$500.00 and I have only \$450.00. Can't you loan me \$50.00?"

"Certainly, Mr. J., and I will do so with the greatest pleasure."

The money was received with many thanks and a promise to return the same with what interest might be charged, the servant bought and carried home. In due course of time the Judge paid a visit to his mother,

which he frequently did after he began to prosper. Mr. J. met him kindly, and during the visits, paid the borrowed money:

“Here is your money, Bob, how much interest do you want for the use of it? I am willing to pay what you think proper.”

“Well Mr. J., in consideration of your great kindness towards me when I was a very poor, sick, and friendless boy, in driving me from my mother’s door, I take the greatest pleasure in charging you nothing.”

It must be said, to the credit of Mr. J., that he had a conscience, for his countenance changed to an ashy hue and his whole body trembled.—This is what the Book calls “heaping coals” &c.

There is black walnut tree standing in Judge Kellam’s yard, which was planted Mr. William Dismukes, now of Mississippi, in 1838, when he was quite a youth. It is now thirty inches in diameter, affords a pleasant shade in summer and is a prolific bearer.—Mr. Dismukes may yet, in his old age, visit the scenes of his boyhood, sit beneath the shade and crack walnuts from this tree.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

*The Lollards — Mr. Young Edwards — Methodism — Soldier
Boys — City of the Dead — Incident of '36 — Old Shady Grove.*

About the beginning of the sixteenth century there emigrated from England a family whose earlier ancestors, as far as is known to-day never affiliated, or had anything in common with the church of Rome. Neither did they affiliate with the church of England. Nor were they destitute of or insensible to that religious sentiment which is the distinctive element of man’s social and moral being. They were what in those days were called Lollards; though, what they believed as differing from other worshipers of that day and country is not known in this. But it is known that they were compelled to conceal their places of worship and themselves also while conducting their devotional exercises, or be subject to insult, arrest, imprisonment and even the stake, for opinion’s sake. The views of the bold German Reformer had taken strong root among the rural districts of Germany, France and England, and had developed in the forming of many sects in name, but in fact were essentially the same in

all the leading points of difference from the "Mother Church," all uniting in their deep seated antipathy to "Priest Craft." The discovery of the New World a century or so before the rise of Martin Luther appears, from the eternal fitness of things, to have opened a new field for planting the doctrine of the Reformation and it is a strange, yet truthful record of history that, though millions upon millions of treasure at the disposal and under the patronage of the most powerful crowned heads of the Old World were directed mainly to the establishment of Popery on a firm basis in advance in the new, during the first centuries of its discovery, "the land of the brave and the home of the free" is emphatically a Protestant country. If America ever become monarchical, it must first become papistic. A throne and a papal chair are twin-evils on the earth.

The family of which I speak were Protestants, known as Baptists, and settled in New York, and it is known that the decendants of this emigrant family reached vast wealth and wide influence in that city more than a hundred years ago. About the middle of the seventeenth century, a branch of this family emigrated to Virginia, and from this stock a branch was established in Georgia, of which *Young Edwards* was a descendant, and was born in Wilkes county, in that State, August 20th, 1799, and was the oldest of a family of twelve. At the age of eighteen years, Mr. Edwards took a "new departure" from the family, which had been Baptistically inclined for centuries, by uniting with the Methodist Church, and to-day, the large family connexion in Lee county inheriting the name, are almost, if not quite without an exception, Methodists. Mrs. Long, his sister, several years younger than himself, joined with him at the same time. It was at a campmeeting held in Bibb county, Ga., in 1818. Mrs. Long died recently in Texas, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. Mrs. Clegg, of Columbus, Ga., is her daughter.

On January 20th, 1822, Mr. Edwards married Miss Mary Perdien and first settled as a farmer in Bibb county, Ga., where he lived until 1827, at which date he moved to Talbot county, in that State, and settled near Talbotton. In the Autumn of 1844, he emigrated to then Russell county, Alabama, and settled three miles southeast of Salem, purchasing land from Mr. Jack Cotton. There was but little open land on the place, the most of that having been cleared by the Indians and was known as the Derrysall field, once the home of a chief of that name, whose wigwam was standing at that date. This chief's name was given to an Indian trail still to be seen on the north bank of the Little Uchee. Here Mr. Edwards and his sons opened a productive plantation, built a

comfortable residence which is still standing, living in plenty, until 1856, he sold out to his brother, the late Wilson Edwards, and settled a place one mile east, purchasing land from his son, Greene B. Edwards, it being a part of what was known as the John C. Smith place. Here he built a comfortable residence and opened a desirable plantation. The place he first settled is now the property of Dr. J. C. Phelps.

On the 21st of May, 1865, Mr. Edwards lost the companion of his youth and the mother of all his children. She was a member of what was known as the Bible Christian Church in her girlhood, joining the Methodist Church with her husband in her young wifhood and was known to be an humble christian, a devoted wife and loving mother all the years she tarried with them. Her many unassuming and noble traits of character are a pleasing monument to her memory. On the 31st of August, 1865, Mr. Edwards married Mrs. Eliza Lawler, widow of the late Michael Lawler and sister of the late William F. Dunlap. She died Dec. 26th, 1873, leaving no issue.

On the 20th of Oct. 1876, he married Miss Letitia Taylor, daughter of the late Thomas Taylor, of Marengo county, Alabama, who survives him without issue, and holds her dower on the place where he died June 13, 1879, aged nearly eighty years.

Mr. Edwards had nine children—six sons and three daughters: Miss Georgia A. V. Edwards, died August 25, 1847, Raleigh N. Edwards—a Confederate soldier—died in Richmond, Va., May 1862, Robert D. Edwards—a Confederate soldier—killed in the battle of Seven Pines, May 1862, (his burial and grave was superintended and marked by his Captain, R. M. Greene), John W. Edwards a Confederate soldier—died in hospital in Montgomery, in 1863, Mrs. Missouri N. Hightower, first wife of Richard Hightower, died in the spring of 1873 and Miss Mary Edwards, died Oct. 17, 1868. Of these six who preceded him to the grave, three were Confederate soldiers and sacrificed their lives upon their country's altar. Raleigh died first and his body was deposited in a vault in Richmond, Va., the place of its sepulture being marked by his brother Robert, who was present at the time, and a description sent home to his friends. This was the last they heard from him alive. He fell in battle a few days after and a kind hand marked his grave. During the winter of 1862 Captain Daniel Bullard, now of Oak Bowery, on behalf of their friends went after the remains of these noble young martyrs and brought them home. They now rest in the embrace of their native soil in the

graveyard near the place of their birth in Lee county. Raleigh's place of deposit was found by the description sent by his patriotic brother Robert and the body was identified among many others by the peculiar conformation of some of the fingers of his right hand—being webbed like the feet of a waterfowl. Robert's grave was found by Captain Greene, who also identified the body by the nature and position of his wound—a bullet in the centre of his forehead and also by his uniform.

Only three sons of this large and respectable branch of the Edwards family in Lee county are now living: Mr. Greene B. Edwards and Mr. George W. Edwards, near Salem and Mrs. William H. C. Edwards, of Browneville.

Mr. Edwards had four brothers to precede him in this county, all of whom lived for many years near him, in the immediate neighborhood of Old Shady Grove Church, four miles south of Salem. Their connexion with the county was in the early years of its settlement. Mr. Michael Edwards and Mr. Wilson Edwards died some years ago, both leaving families, but I am not informed as to their having any representatives in the county, at this writing. Mr. Ambrose Edwards and Mr. Spencer Edwards moved to Dale county, Ala., about thirty years ago, where they still reside. This Dale county branch of the family is large, contributing generously to the best elements which go to build up and sustain the more substantial and refined circles of church and society.

Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, nee Trotter, nee Edwards, widow of the late Thelston Parker, residing half mile south of the Chewackla Lime Works, in this county, is the only surviving sister. The late Hon. Loxla Edwards of Opelika, was a cousin.

One of the largest family burying grounds in Lee county, known as the Edwards cemetery, is situated about two and a half miles south of Salem, to the right and in sight of the road leading from Salem to the Shady Grove locality, which has been the place of burial for this family since 1844, the first interment being that of a little child during that year, since which date, thirty-five of the name have been buried there, besides many others from the surrounding neighborhoods. It is neatly enclosed and many of the graves substantially covered over, and to the passing traveller, is suggestive of a veritable "city of the dead." There is no attempt towards ostentation or display, but simplicity, neatness and restful quiet is the ruling taste. Four generations lie buried here. It does

not require repeating here that, eighty years ago, educational facilities were meagre; hence, all these old worthies were men of the soil. They were of the advance guard of civilization in that portion of what is now Lee county, opening the forests and building of society for those who should come after them. These sunbrowned pioneers were not men of books, further than the Book of God and the book of Nature. With these, they were familiar. They accomplished the work assigned them and broad fields, flourishing towns and rising cities are the crowning outcomes. And the work I am now doing is a feeble attempt to do them justice. And I labor in hope that this work will be a durable monument to their memory for many generations to come.

I am not definitely informed as to Mr. Edward's service in the war of 1836, even if he served at all; but I am informed that some of his brothers did; among whom was Mr. Spencer Edwards, now of Dale county, who volunteered and went in a company from Talbot county, Ga.

While this company was in camps at Sand Fort, a few miles southwest of Columbus, Mr. Edwards, who was then living in Talbot county, came over and visited his brother Spencer, remaining with him one night, in camps. He was accompanied by his son, Greene B. Edwards, then a lad of twelve or fourteen years, now a silver bearded patriarch, residing three miles south of Salem, who remembers the following incident of that visit: It was a day or two after the murder of Mr. and Mrs. McKizzie, by the Indians, on the Big Uchee, and a squad was detailed to visit the locality and bury the dead. Mr. Spencer Edwards and two young men, named respectively Price and Oliver, were on this detail. These two young soldiers did not relish the duty assigned them and set their wits to work to get out of it, if possible. Oliver resorted to his accommodating friend, the colic, and, just before the squad was ready to set out, was suddenly seized with a most violent attack—so very violent were the gripings that his case appeared serious, and, of course, he was relieved from the duty by a substitute. He continued to grow worse until after the party left. About this time, Price was discovered to have had access to enough whiskey to make him helplessly drunk and totally unfit for any duty but to quietly sleep it off, which he was humanely permitted to do, and another substitute appointed. When the party had been gone a sufficient length of time, the accommodating colic cautiously held upon its victim, the contorting paroxysms gradually subsiding and in an hour, he was quite well, feeling grateful to his friend, the colic, for relieving him of the worst fit of fear he ever had in his life, laughing in

his sleeve the while, at the success of his stratagem. Price did not escape so easily, as it was suspected that he had designedly got drunk in order to be relieved from this duty. During the night, some of the soldiers procured some blacking and while he was snoring off his heavy top load of whiskey, laid on a thick coat, completely obscuring the natural color of his face and neck, substituting the complexion of a full blooded African. The next morning, when he awoke, sufficiently sobered to congratulate himself on the success of his ruse, he was astonished to find the entire camp greeting his appearance at reville with an uncontrollable round of merriment, which he could have gladly joined, but saw nothing to laugh at. The more he looked, the more he didn't see it, and the more ludicrous did he appear. When he did realize the situation, instead of joining in the laugh, he endeavored to console himself with the scornful reflection, that it was "a poor joke to play on a fellow soldier." But he soon learned that the joke was not so poor, that its poverty could not descend several grades at a single move, which was speedily done. On retiring to his tent and calling for soap to assist in removing his new color, the boys handed him a piece of tallow, cunningly shaped to resemble a cake of yankee soap. And the work of washing, scouring and scrubbing began. But the soap wouldn't "lather" worth a cent; and when the eighth of an inch of tallow, thoroughly incorporated with the blacking, was laid on in the effort to make it later, before the luckless victim made the discovery, he was disgusted at the extreme poverty of the joke. And before that tallow and blacking was removed, Price concluded that the price of relief from detail duty was a little too high.

As stated before, Mr. Young Edwards was a Methodist, and it may be well to add here that he was a Methodist after the "land-mark" order, which is now supposed to have almost passed away, as there are but few of that type still living and none of sufficient strength of character and weight of influence to successfully check the deleterious innovations which are stealthily creeping into that church. But of this I should not further speak in this connexion. The spot where the cabin stood, serving as a church the congregation which afterwards built up Shady Grove, is located nearly a half mile west from the Trotter place. This cabin was built close on to the close of the war of 1836, for a backwoods school-house. The first sermon ever preached in it was by the venerable William Mizell, who was one of the very earliest pioneers of the Gospel and of Methodism in East Alabama, of whom I have voluminous and instructive notes which will appear in a future chapter of this history.—Rev's. Gideon Powledge, Isaac Faulkenberry, David Lockhart, Morgan C. Turrentine,

John W. Talley and Elias B. Story, are also among the early ministers who preached in this little backwoods school-house.

The initial members of old Shady Grove, now remembered by the living, are Ambrose Edwards, W. G. Flake, Loxla Edwards, William Trotter, Spencer Edwards, Posey P. Brooks, Wilson Edwards and Michael Edwards and their respective families, some of whom still survive.

Early in the forties, a large hewed log house was built about two hundred yards west of the Trotter residence, on a lot donated by the late William Trotter. This was a place of worship for the Methodists of that section for forty years, and was known throughout East Alabama as Shady Grove. The venerable oaks which still stand there and will be permitted to stand until removed by natural causes, were mere bushes forty-five years ago. Mr. Edwards connexion with this church began in the fall of 1844, and immediately took rank as one of its leading and most influential members, which position he held, both in an official and private capacity for a period of thirty-five years. The records of the circuits to which Shady Grove was attached during all these years, show his name marked "present" at every Q.M., except three. In 1848, the log house being insufficient to accommodate the rapidly increasing congregation, a neat and commodious framed building was erected on the spot occupied by the old one. From this date until the opening of the war, in 1861, Shady Grove was recognized as one of the most flourishing and wealthy country churches of any denomination in East Alabama. The known piety of the members of this church was of a high grade and uniform.—There were fewer spasmodic professors and less friction in the administration of church discipline than is generally met with. The average attendance, both on pastoral and local worship was uniformly large, and on Quarterly Meeting occasions larger congregations have assembled at old Shady Grove Church, than ever seen at a country church in the county.

Immediately following the close of the war in 1865 came a visible decline in the prosperity of this church, resulting from deaths and changes of residence, which, in a few years caused it to lose the center of the circumference of its remaining worshipers. Young Edwards remained and thro' his influence it may be said, the little remnant was kept together and the house remained open for stated worship several years longer than would have been without it. In fact, the church never dissolved until after his death in 1879. In 1882, the old house, after having remained in desuetude two years, was sold, taken down, reerected and rededicated as

a house of worship by the freedmen of their old masters who worshiped in it so long, and who nourished them from their infancy and taught them the first principles of christianity, so the old church has renewed its youth and entered upon a new life of usefulness. Mr. Edwards was an active man all his life, enjoying almost uninterrupted health down to a ripe old age, and though he never reached or even reached after what is called wealth, he lived comfortably, keeping a substantial and liberal, but not an extravagant board. He was never a slave-holder either by inheritance or by purchase, but early in his Alabama life, a family of free negroes voluntarily placed themselves in his charge, under his care, protection and control, recognizing him as their lawful master until the close of the war in 1865.

In reviewing the character of this excellent man and estimating his intrinsic value in the private social walks of life, in church and society, it must be said in simple justice to his memory, without detraction to others, and for the encouragement of his numerous posterity, that he was the peer of the best in the sphere in which he moved, and though he sought no honors, he was honored and trusted by all classes. The wealthy respected him for his integrity, the poor loved him for his virtues and all cherish his memory for the good he has done in the world.

His children can never recall one act of his which can lower the standard of piety, moral and religious principle and business integrity which he practically sustained, both by precept and example all the years of a long life. At his death, his posterity, reaching to the third generation, numbered over one hundred.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Welch Emigration — The Kenon Family — Rev. H. J. M. Kenon — Miss Louisa Kenon — Miss Martha H. Kenon — Dr. Warner P. Kenon.

During the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when emigration from the east comprised some of the best brain and muscle of the Old World, there came from Wales an emigrant, who was the founder of *The Kenon Family* in America. This was William Kenon and first settled in Virginia, and was the grand-father of the family of that name of which this chapter will treat. This man is recognized by his descendants as being of high social standing, as he became connected with one of the

first families of the "Old Dominion."

On the 10th of January 1776, a few months before the Declaration of American Independence, he married Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of Virginia, a sister of General W. H. Harrison, ex-President of the United States. The father of the East Alabama family of the name was *W. W. Kenon*, the second son of this marriage, born in Virginia, April 1779, and in early life settled in Columbia county, Ga., and married Miss Elizabeth Leverette, of Lincoln county. Four children issued from this marriage, all born in Jasper county, Ga., all of whom moved to Russell county, Ala., in 1835 and 1836.

Rev. H. J. M. Kenon, M. D., married Miss Maria Hardy, and by this marriage, became brother-in-law to the late Rev. David Lockhart. His first settlement after marriage was where Salem now is and engaged in teaching, living in rented log cabins several years. About 1841 or 1842, he went to Mt. Jefferson and taught school and engaged in merchantile pursuits some years. During his residence at Mt. Jefferson, he read physic at the office and under the tutelage of Dr. Tucker, who recently died in Dale county, past ninety years of age. The system of *Medica Materia* which Dr. Tucker taught and practiced was then known as the Thomsonian system. It is now known as the eclectic system. About 1847 or 1848, Dr. Kenon settled as a Physician, at Greentown, six miles southwest of Salem and practiced, in copartnership with his brother Dr. W. P. Kenon. In 1850, he moved to Salem and built the house now occupied by Mr. John S. Nelms, when he sold out and moved to Dale county, Ala. This house has changed occupants so often and in such rapid succession since that date that I have been unable to trace them correctly. Mr. William Guy bought it in 1871 and occupied it with his son, Jerry Guy, until 1879, it was rented to Mrs. Brooks and Mr. Bascom Brooks two years, followed by Mr. John Aldridge. In 1882 Mr. W. H. Reynolds bought it and held it one year when it became the property of Mr. Nelms. During the first years of the late war, Dr. Kenon was Chaplain of the 15th Ala. Reg., commanded by Col. W. C. Oates. His health failing, he resigned and moved with his family back to Salem and practiced medicine with his brother in 1863, occupying the house in which Dr. White lived at his death. In 1864, Dr. Kenon left forever the Salem neighborhood, the scene of the most active and useful years of his life, moving to Carthege, Texas, where he died in 1866 or 1867. During his residence in Dale county, he was bereaved of his first wife, and afterwards married Miss Adaline Mizell, who lived but a few years. After his removal to

Texas, he married the third time, of which I have no notes further than the supposition that his widow still survives. Only two of his children are now living, both in Texas.

As a physician, Dr. Kenon was successful, and as local minister of the Methodist Church, very useful, and in both these callings, was more than ordinarily popular and his memory is cherished by the old residents of Salem and surrounding country as associated all that is pleasant and agreeable during the years of the country's greatest prosperity.

The second member of this family was *Miss Louisa Kenon* who married Mr. Benjamin Collier, a distant relative of the Collier family of Opelika, and settled near Dover in Lee county, about 1836, and died there in 1856, having two children, both of whom, and their father, now reside in Coosa county.

Miss Martha K. Kenon, the second daughter and the baby of the family, married Mr. Isaac Magee and settled in Girard in 1835, and opened a hotel, the first enterprise in that line ever undertaken in that town. It was a framed building and stood one hundred yards west from the bridge, on the north side of the street. Here she lived until the war, during which, she died. Shortly after the war, Mr. Magee moved to North Alabama and died in 1874. There are none to represent this branch of the family in Lee county. They have a son residing in Atlanta. *Dr. Warner P. Kenon*, the youngest son and only survivor of his generation of the family, was born in Jasper county, Ga., May 30, 1814. In 1832, when eighteen years old he commenced life in Columbus, Ga., as a clerk in the first warehouse ever opened in that city, the firm name of which was Haywood & Co., where he remained until 1834, when he went into business by himself as a merchant, continuing two years. In 1836, he came into Russell and settled near Dover.

On Feb. 27, 1840, Dr. Kenon married Miss Elizabeth Story, daughter of the late James Story. The first two years of his married life was spent on the place now owned and occupied by Mrs. Moore half mile east of Mott's Mill. In 1843, he went with his brother, Dr. Isham Kenon, to Mt. Jefferson and read medicine with him, under Dr. Tucker. In 1845, he came back to Russell and commenced the practice of medicine at Greentown, near Shady Grove. In 1846 or 1847, he went to Wacoochee Valley and practiced there eight years. This was during the palmy days of that burg. His next move was in 1856 or 1857, to where Hugh P. John-

son now lives, practicing his profession and farming two years. In 1859 or 1860, Dr. Kenon returned to Salem, and lived on the north side of the Railroad. The houses were burned some years ago and the lot is the property of Mr. W. J. Brewington. He afterwards lived on the John Adair place south of the cross street, and the north side. He then bought the place built up by the late John McCarter, on the corner, east from the blacksmith shop, and opposite, south of the Railroad. He finally purchased the Adair place and remodeled the houses, and materially improving the whole place, where he lived until about five years ago he purchased the place opposite from W. J. Brewington, Jr., where he now resides. This place is now one of the most desirable residences in Salem. During the war, Dr. Kenon served as surgeon in company K, 34th Ala., commanded by Col. Mitchell, and also as Brigade Commissary. After the war, he resumed the practice of medicine in Salem and continued until 1877, when he retired to the privacy of home as a farmer and merchant, associated with his sons. The wife of his manhood and declining years, who is still by his side, has given him twelve children, three of whom died in infancy. One son, Dixon H. L. Kenon was killed in battle in Maryland, during the war. I think this was the oldest son to reach manhood and was unmarried. Eight still live: Mr. Warner P. Kenon, Jr., merchant in Salem and Columbus, residing in Salem, Robert L. Kenon, associated with his brother in business, residing in Salem, Franklin P. Kenon, farmer, residing in Salem, Mrs. Louisa Dowdell White, widow of the late Dr. W. R. White, now residing with her father. Mrs. Julia D. Dunn, wife of Mr. W. A. Dunn, Jr., of Salem, Mrs. Martha H. Hill, wife of Mr. Samuel Hill, associated with his brothers-in-law in business, residing in Columbus, Mrs. Emma F. Head, wife of Dr. W. J. Head, of S. W. Ga., and Miss Betty B. Kenon, the baby, who still keeps the sunshine of filial love bright under the home rooftree, in all weathers. If there is any couple of their age who have lived in the same neighborhood nearly fifty years and raised a large family of sons and daughters to manhood, and in their old age have ample cause to be proud of their children, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Kenon is that couple.

Dr. Kenon's war experience in 1836 was stirring and somewhat exciting. Being only twenty-two years of age and full of the spirit of adventure, a rough soldier's life suited his temperament, and he went into the excitement both from patriotism and for the "fun of the thing." In May of that year, while at supper at his father's house near Dover, a courier came to warn them of the impending danger, stating that the Indians were playing havoc on the Uchee, killing and burning indiscrimi-

nately and for them to pack up and flee without delay, if they wished to save their lives. In confusion and haste, the family packed up what they could conveniently carry, and got away that night, crossing the river at Nettle's Ferry and stopped at the Harris county camp-ground. After getting things straight on the other side, he came back, and a company was formed, electing Hon. B. H. Baker captain and went for the Indians. As far as Dr. Kenon now knows, all of that company are now dead except himself. This company picketed the country around Salem until the Indians left that immediate vicinity, when it was dissolved, the Doctor returning to Georgia. Captain Brown was in camp at Hardeway's Ferry, awaiting orders and Dr. Kenon joined his company, which was made up mostly of Alabama refugees. They made several trips over in Russell, watching the houses, and about the time the stages were burned, Dr. Kenon was on picket duty on the north side of the Little Uchee, near Moffetts Mill. While on guard, he heard the Indians passing, laughing and jabbering all night. Being relieved at sunrise he reported to Capt. Brown what he had seen and heard. He and a comrade were detailed to reconnoitre, which resulted in the discovery that a large number of Indians had crossed the creek that night, going towards Wetumpka Town. It being contrary to orders, they could not cross the creek and returned to camp that night. A day or two after, a large party came over and considering themselves strong enough, crossed the creek to Wetumpka Town, finding the wigwams in good keeping, but no Indians. On cautiously looking round, they were discovered concealed in the woods. Dr. Kenon recognized Tuskoona Fixico and made for him. The chief ran and the Doctor made chase and an exciting race followed. There had fallen a vast amount of rain and the earth was full of water. The wily Indian took to the marshes and boggy places, knowing that his pursuer's horse would sink in the mire, and this only saved him. He made his escape, though Dr. Kenon was within fifty yards of him at one time. On returning to the Indian town they found large quantities of plunder concealed in their wigwams, which had been stolen from the deserted houses of the refugees. This they took charge of and on their return to camp, made storage of it at the house of Mr. Eli Stroud, with instructions to deliver the goods to their respective owners when called for. The party on reaching Fort Brown, found everything quiet, and having nothing to do, requested their Captain to make an effort to have them discharged, as they were in the U. S. service. With this in view, they went to Columbus, and that night, a courier came in with the startling intelligence of the burning of Roanoke and they were ordered down there. The Indians were followed to a point below Lumpkin, where they heard firing and were

ordered to "double-quick." As they advanced, they met Maj. Jernigan retreating, the Indians being too strong for him. On meeting re-inforcements, the Major turned back and on reaching the battle ground, found one man killed and several wounded, but no Indians. The sign indicated that several Indians had been killed and carried off. One of Jernigan's wounded men died the next day. Being ordered to pursue the Indians, Dr. Kenon tells a good joke just here at the expense of his Primitive Baptist friends. The night before, in anticipation of a fight the next day, they were consulting as to how they should best protect themselves against the Indian mode of warfare. Some suggested that it would be best to get behind a tree, as that was a way the Indians had. The Primitive said that was foolishness, for if they were going to be killed, they would be killed anyhow, tree or no tree, and it was no use to try to avoid their fate. The Doctor, though no professor, said that would not suit him and if necessity required, he would hunt a tree. The next day, sure enough, at Eachaway-notchaway creek, the fight opened, and the Primitives ran for the biggest trees on the battle field, and when the Doctor went to hunt his tree to shield him from the Indian bullets, lo, he found a Primitive Baptist "schrouched" behind all the large ones, leaving only a slim sapling between him and the foe!

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Kenon (concluded) — Family Relics — Samuel Andrews —

John Haygood Frazer.

The Indians retreated and the troops pursued, overtaking many children abandoned by their parents to whatever fate might befall them. The mouths of the little papposes were filled with moss and dry grass, placed there to prevent them from crying, and thereby preventing them from betraying their whereabouts. The point where the Indians made a stand was peculiarly adapted to their mode of warfare. The cane was high and thick. The foe could hide and pop away at their pursuers without being seen. Tom Carr, a friendly Indian chief and brother of Paddy Carr, would climb a tree and discover the whereabouts of the Indians and by moving his hand, direct the soliders what direction to pursue them successfully. By this means they were finally driven out of the swamp, which was about four miles wide at that point, being near the junction of two large creeks.