

Hogden, L.K.

Dear Mrs. Erie -

My sister  
told me you wanted some  
doubt about the removal  
of the vault and the  
remains to Selma.

When we returned to Fla  
in 1877, we were told  
by all our old friends  
the vault was in an  
awful condition and "it  
was a shame that such  
should be the case" as it  
was at the old home of  
my mother, and she had  
many pleasant associations  
and memories connected with  
the homestead, I made it  
my unpleasant duty  
to state the facts as

pleasently as I could to all  
or most all who had hired  
his property to assist me  
in repairing the vault  
All declined, had thought  
of such would have nothing  
to do with it. So I sold  
my property in La and  
made an arrangement to  
buy the old home. It belonged  
to me grandmother under  
her brother John's Will, but  
it was always called Rod  
Kings home. She in the  
same paid all the bills  
bought the supplies and  
her brother had the credit  
of it. But to go back, I had  
to go a while and now I must  
go back. My King, William's  
widow wrote me she at an  
time had thought of buying  
the old home, but had decided  
not. And yet when all

My arrangements were made  
 The law required orphan  
 children's property to be  
 sold publicly at auction  
 in front of the city market  
 making Deeds an agent to  
 bid against me. My mother's  
 cousin Gerton Robbins  
 bid beyond my limit  
 saying he would pay it  
 himself sooner than we  
 should lose - He had  
 staid many times as  
 a child in my Grandmother's  
 house with his mother &  
 sister He really believed  
 my grandmother was his  
 mother's aunt, while in  
 fact he was my grand-  
 father's brother's children &  
 grand children

Aunt Margaret Gayle you  
knew about. Aunt Kate  
married Mr. W. Thomas. One  
of her babies was buried in  
the family burying ground.

One son John died un-  
married. Robert married  
Judge Gony's niece of Waco  
Texas, has gone to Nebraska  
or some of the new places  
I've forgotten. Bessie the  
daughter is dead I think  
leaving a son & daughter  
named Simpson, living  
in Weatherford Texas.

My mother, the other daughter  
married Dr. B. R. Hogan  
My mother's was the only  
marriage was the only  
wedding at which  
Col King could be present.  
He was always away on  
public business when the  
other girls were married.

# He could  
have been  
buried any  
where he  
wished 3

But you wanted to hear  
about the removal of the  
remains to the city.  
The city Council wrote  
to my mother as she was  
the last remaining kin  
about here, asking permission  
and promising to donate  
2 lots in Live Oak to her  
and family. But she was  
very conscientious thought as  
he desired to be buried there  
among his own family had  
made it a subject of prayer  
by the Minister in Mobile to  
live to get home and die  
and be buried among  
his family<sup>#</sup> she had no  
right to give such a  
permission. And she  
refused to give it. Then

the next we heard a buggy and  
a common I have wagon <sup>frank</sup>  
by our home going towards  
my mother's old home & in  
the evening the evening the  
parties engage in the dis-  
honorable business returned  
to the City with fodder in  
the wagon, a common county  
wagon, and as they <sup>passed</sup> us by  
my mother & sister were in  
in the flower garden admiring  
the handy work of our  
Heavenly Father, a negro  
man in the wagon waving  
his hands and arms  
shouted out "we've  
got him" just after <sup>the</sup> wagon  
passed, I think the mules  
were in a gallop, a negro  
man who used to be his  
old mistress' carriage driver  
or coachman came along  
on his way to the city.  
My mother called to him

and said "uncle Jake I wish  
you would catch up  
with those people, and  
see what they have in  
that wagon. I am afraid  
it is my old' uncle. Come  
back and let me know  
as you pass here again"

She could not imagine why  
she should take up  
such an idea, as she  
had heard no more of  
removing the body. It  
was as she imagined  
old uncle Jake told her  
later. And after they had  
left an old friend sent  
word to her that evening, she  
had heard such a noise  
of hammering iron against  
iron, she sent over to learn

what was to be done in the  
cemetery, she told us Mrs  
Evelyn King had gone with  
W<sup>m</sup> Bristol and cut the lock  
with a cold chisel. The key to  
vault was lost or misplaced  
My Grandmother had it as  
long as she lived in her old  
home. A few yrs ago the key  
was found here and it is  
now hanging by my fire place.  
When you were here did you see  
a large brass key with an  
iron handle hanging by the  
mantle as you came in  
my room from the back  
gallery? Bonnie Gayle broke  
the handle of the key and  
the old blacksmith just an  
iron one on just before the  
surrender and I suppose  
forgot to send it back to  
"ole Mrs"

The casket was taken that  
night one evening

to the undertakers when  
 it remained all night  
 I was told by a young  
 lawyer I think that  
 "a party of roughs" went  
 to the undertakers and  
 pried off the face covering  
 so they could say they had  
 seen "Alabama's Noblest  
 Son" I was not told any  
 remarks they made about  
 If I could see you ~~and~~  
 I could tell you a little  
 more I do not like to  
 write about.

Our friend said to us "I  
 do not see how rustling  
 ever could rest after  
 making that dreadful <sup>noise</sup> un-  
 braking the lock, I would  
 be always hearing it sleeping

or wake" Next I heard of  
Ery King she was in  
Selma with her daughter  
Alice trying to raise  
money as a tragedian to place  
a monument for the  
memory of her Grandfather  
Col. W. R. King. Poor old  
bachelor! How do you  
think "Miss Nancy" his  
nick name in the Senate  
behind his back would  
have liked such?

He never could manage  
to address a young lady  
and then to be given a  
kind of crazy grand-  
children

I must stop or I will  
write a book - Sister joins  
me in love to you. Kind regards  
to Mrs Gage & family. Come  
again - Your friend  
L. K. Hogan

Dear Mrs. Frie

My sister told me you wanted some data about the removal of the vault and the remains to Selma. When we returned to Ala in 1877, we were told by our old friends the vault was in an awful condition and it was a shame that such should be the case as it was at the old home of my mother, and she had many pleasant associations and memories connected with the homestead, I made it my unpleasant duty to state the facts as pleasantly as I could to all or most all who had hired his property to assist me in repairing the vault. All declined, had thought of such, would have nothing to do with it. So I sold my property in La and made an arrangement to buy the old home. It belonged to <sup>my</sup> grandmother under her brother John, Will, but it was always called Col. King's home--She run the home paid all the bills bought the supplies and her brother had the credit of it. But to go back, I had to quit a while and now I must go back. Mrs King, William's widow wrote me she at one time had thought of buying the old home, but had decided not. And yet when all my arrangements were made the law required orphan children's property to be sold publicly at auction in front of the city market Mrs King sends an agent to bid against me. My mother's cousin Gaston Robbins bid beyond my limit saying he would pay it himself sooner than we should loose. He had staid many times as a child in my grandmothers house with his mother & sister. He really believed my grandmother was his mother's aunt, while in fact he was my grandfather's brothers children & grandchildren. Aunt margret Gayle you knew about. Aunt Kate married Mr. W. Thomas. One of her babies was buried in the family burying ground One son John died unmarried. Robert married Judge Young's neice of Waco Texas, has gone to Nebraska or some of the new places I've forgotten. Baseltha the daughter is dead I think leaving Aden & daughter named Simpson living in Weatherford Texas. My mother, the other daughter married Dr. B. R. Hogan. My mother's was the only marriage was the only wedding at which Col. King could be present. He was always away on public business when the other girls were married. But you wanted to hear about the removal of the remains to the city. The City Council wrote to my mother as she was the last remaining kin about here asking permission and promising to donate 2 lots in Live Oak to her and Family. But she was very conscientious thought as he desired to be buried there among his own family, had

made it a subject of prayer by the minister in Mobile to live to get home and die and be buried among his family, He could have been buried any where he wished to. She had no right to give such a permission. And she refused to give it. Then the next we heard a buggy and a common 2 horse wagon pranced by our home going towards my mother's old home & in the evening, the parties engage in the dishonorable business returned to the City with fodder in the wagon, a common-county wagon, and as they passed us by my mother & sister were in the flower garden admiring the handy work of our Heavenly Father, a negro man in the wagon waving his hands and arms shouted out "we've got him" just after the wagon passed, I think the mules were in a gallop, a negro man who used to be his old mistress' carriage driver or coachman came along on his way to the city. My mother called to him and said "uncle Jake I wish you would catch up with those people and see what they have in that wagon; I am afraid it is my old uncle. Come back and let me know as you pass here again" She could not imagine why she should take up such an idea, as we had heard no more of removing the body. It was as she imagined old uncle Jake told her later and after they had left an old friend sent word to us that evening, she had heard such a noise of hammering iron against tin, she sent over to learn what was being done in the cemetery, she told us Mrs Evelyn King had gone with Wm. Brisbain and cut the lock with a coal chisel. The key to vault was lost or misplaced My grandmother had it as long as she lived in her old home a few years ago the key was found here and it is now hanging by my fire place. When you were here did you see a large brass key with an iron handle hanging by the mantle as you came in my room from the back gallery? Tommie Gayle broke the handle of the key and the old blacksmith put an iron one on just before the surrender and I suppose forgot to send it back to "Ole Miss"

The casket was taken that night or evening to the undertakers where it remained all night I was told by a young lawyer I think, that "A party of roughs" went to the undertakers and pried off the face covering so they could say they had seen "Alabama's noblest son" I was not told any remarks they made about If I could see you I could tell you a little more I do not like to write about.

Our friend said to us " I do not see how Mrs King ever could rest after making that dreadful noise in braking the lock, I would be always hearing it sleeping or wake" Next I heard of Evy King, she was in Selma with her daughter Alice trying to raise money as a tregedian to place a monument for the memory of her Grandfather Col. Wm. R. King. Poor old bachelor! How do you think "Miss Nancy" his nick name in the senate behind his back would have liked such?

He never could manage to address a young lady and then be given a kind of crazy grandchildren.

I must stop or I will write a book--Sister joins me in love to you. Kind regards to Mrs. Gayle & family. Come again.

Your friend.

L.K. HOGAN