Through The Years

October 16, 1944.

Accent

By PETER A. BRANNON

No. 681.

I SAW a reference the other day to the fact that a returned Montgomery soldier still had his "Southern accent." Such comments are indeed pleasant to my ears. It gives me great joy to find some one who is not influenced by certain present day efforts to make us of the Deep South so backward, and unlettered and culture-lacking that we talk common and peculiar and altogether so characteristic that we should be educated out of our way of doing it.

An hour after I read the reference to the Montgomerian who persisted in using his own home accent, I listened to the "Army Hour" on the radio and heard five men from five sections of the United States talk from overseas. The fellow from Nebraska talked just exactly like he would if he had been at home. The Texan used language like he would "deep in the heart of Texas." There was a man from Massachusetts and he talked like it. There was one from Brooklyn and he sounded like he was. There was one from Tennessee and I could recognize him as being. It gave me great joy to hear these men, most of them had been away from home perhaps two years, still speaking the same way that they did at home. Three of these men were in Europe and I presume were in outfits where if there were ten men to the crew, there were ten sections of the United States represented (for apparently the efforts of the powers that be are that no two people born within five hundred miles of one another shall ever be placed in the same outfit) and still be able after 20 months or more contact to express themselves as they would if they got off the bus in their home town and fell into the arms of the corner drug store crowds. The next morning after the above incidents took place, I rode to town in a car with five other people, one of whom was a vivacious youngster recently married to "Jimmie" who was telling the driver about the joyful reunion with her brother the day before when he reached Montgomery from two years spent in Syracuse, New York. She said he had changed much, grown older, was a little heavier, and had an accent "about half way between that of a Yankee and a Southerner." She said though that he had not lost his "Southern ways." Of course that was pleasing to me to hear, but I wasn't pleased that he should have lost half of his Southern accent.

Southern "Language"

It is a well known fact that a Southern girl is not permitted to around and put it in the second place instead of the fifth. The final sentence means the same thing, but I am not convinced that I see any necessity for the editor to reconstruct my phraseology to suit himself. Like everything else, however, I presume he is trying to "modernize" it. If a person's name is signed to a story it's theirs, not the editors.

Our Way of Saying It

I note the use of the word or expression, "Used to be," or "used to do," in place of what would supposedly be good grammar to say "Formerly was." "Used to be" is far more in keeping with the way we would like to say it down here in the deep South. Nobody with any sense at all would ever think that we say "you all" when only one person is meant and it disgusts me to the point of exasperation for the heroes of the stage and screen to try to ram that down our throats. If we have a Southern drawl, (I have one and am proud of it, though I do not notice it) what harm is done?

Except those who have gone away from home and tried hard to acquire it, few in the South even when they have a bad cold talk from the bottom of their necks. Those throaty, deep, coarse, rough, raucous, cheap mannerisms are not admired by Southerners. Few really cultured people from Massachusetts or New England who come to the South to make an address try to change their mannerisms and I see no reason why the genuine honest-to-goodness Southerner should wish to appear other than native when away from home. We do not say "his'n," though we may often say "ain't." I don't know that I ever saw any Southerner write ain't, but I will admit that many of us say it, thoughtlessly for the most part. Of course there are mannerisms peculiar to the South as well as to Minnesota, Indiana, and Texas. I was told recently of a Montgomerian who went to West Texas to live and everybody out there "Loved to hear her talk," because she had such different a way of talking.

I sat in a hotel lobby in Missouri once in conversation with half dozen other people and a lady asked if she might "sit in" on the discussion, explaining afterwards that she was from Mobile and merely wanted to hear two of us talk. I have been often asked (I see myself falling from grace in that expression, when I ordinarily have said, "have often been asked") when I was away from home, if I was not from Alabama. I hope we talk just that differently and can be recognized when away from other children in the neighborhood have influenced it, but he is losing much of it and if he stays in Montgomery another year he will become almost a Southerner. The acquisition of our accent is not, with him a matter of intentional and purposeful effort, but rather because his playmates talk differently. He is a rather congenial, happy dispositioned, little fellow and he seems to have fallen deeply into his surroundings and environment and he talks almost like a Montgomerian. To us "Mungumreans" the most soul disturbing, heart rending, incompatible, horrible, sound which we are forced to listen to is the radio announcer saying "Mont-Gom-er-ry."

Some of us down South don't talk very loud and others don't talk very distinct and we all "don't" instead of "do not." We may chop off some words but I do not think we are much worse than our British friends who may write "Oxfordian" but certainly don't talk it. Our ways in Montgomery may be individualistic but we are not much more isolationist than the rest of the world (to my way of thinking), but if we are, I say, like Patrick Henry, then make the most of it.

day before when he reached Montgomery from two years spent in Syracuse, New York. She said he had changed much, grown older, was a little heavier, and had an accent "about half way between that of a Yankee and a Southerner." She said though that he had not lost his "Southern ways." Of course that was pleasing to me to hear, but I wasn't pleased that he should have lost half of his Southern accent.

Southern "Language"

It is a well known fact that a Southern girl is not permitted to ever become a movie star in Hollywood or an actress in New York until she had "rid" herself of her Southern accent. I am not convinced that the theater-going public or the movie-show public either demand any such. We in the South do not demand that the New Englander, or the Mid-Westener, or the Texan, or the Californian who comes to live with us shall talk like we do and we rather admire them for being natural and native and wish that they continue to use the same home expressions and say them in the same way. I have traveled in, and talked to, and been associated to some extent with people in more than one half of the American States and I never found any one in any of those States who tried to re-educate me or to change my manner of speech or the character of my accent. I have talked through loud speakers in a half dozen States from Maine to Minnesota, and have talked over the radio from St. Louis to Chicago, and talked to gatherings in Louisiana and Florida and nobody expected or demanded that I should meet the local requirements of accent and pronunciation or enunciation in any case. I have heard just as much slang in Massachusetts as in Tennessee and I have heard just as many grammatical errors in New England as in Alabama, but the collegiates will not believe that when I say so. I am not able to say to what section, or class, or character of people the Creaking Door Mystery Plays which we hear over the radio belong to or with, but I am convinced that they are not very natural conversation. The underworld gangster vulgarity and crude language attributed to the masses associated with that phase of life are perhaps natural, but my experience with it is so limited that I am not able to say whether it is or not. I do want to go on record as being opposed to professional editorial writers cutting out the individuality of the author to supposedly fit it for general public consumption.

The language of that dearly beloved American, now on the other side, Will Rogers, was that of him himself, no "body" else. Just think what would happen if the high-priced script editors would try to fix the language for Fibber McGee. Just imagine somebody telling Vera Vague how to "exclaim." What would Frank Morgan be if his monumental exaggerations were toned down by some "Editor." I heard a few days ago a man make the statement that the reason the Twenty One American Republics didn't like the United States any more was that we didn't like their language. A very good evidence of the fact that they think that we are trying to dictate to them how they should talk. A very good evidence that we are trying to recreate them into "Americans." One more of those very positive evidences of the fact that if you are going to get along with people you must let them have some little originality and individuality. Respect the other man's way of life and way of thinking and we will all be better off.

The phraseology of modern sentence writing is altogether different from what it was ten years ago inasmuch as the tendency is to take the word which was three places down the line and run it such different a way of talking.

I sat in a hotel lobby in Missouri once in conversation with half dozen other people and a lady asked if she might "sit in" on the discussion, explaining afterwards that she was from Mobile and merely wanted to hear two of us talk. I have been often asked (I see myself falling from grace in that expression, when I ordinarily have said, "have often been asked") when I was away from home, if I was not from Alabama. I hope we talk just that differently and can be recognized when away from home. That should be one of the finest Chamber of Commerce selling points. I do not think that we draw out or "drawl" out our talk near as much as do the Texans, but there may be those who do. We once had a party from Indiana who lived in our house and she always spoke of "Boughten Cake" when she meant "bought" cake. The use of "directly" or more properly pronounced, in the South, "terrectly" as a term to indicate "pretty soon," by members of my family is sometimes confusing to those out of the South who would change it to mean "right now," immediately.

Two or three days ago a lady stopped me on the street and asked me to "write a piece" on a subject about which she was interested. Several weeks ago I saw one of the editors of The Advertiser use the expression "writing a piece" so that way of phrasing it is colloquial enough to be not only expressive but of such general usage for the public to know what we mean. Of course people know what we mean when we say "don't never," but I would not recommend the adoption of that term even if it is expressive.

Our Manners

Local mannerisms are just as charming as local people. I recently talked to a young woman who said she was from Nashville. She did not talk like a Tennessean and it developed that she had merely married and went to live in Nashville with her husband who was a Mid-Westerner. She was born not far from New York City, but had lived some of her life in Indiana, some in New England, and as she grew older, got further into the heart of the South. I commend a late volume, "Supper at the Maxwell House," a story of Nashville, Tenn., to those who would like to see a picture of life which once was. That college professor at Vanderbilt who is the author of it may not have been born in the South, (I have not looked up his genealogy) but he has "hung around" Nashville long enough to become imbued with the spirit. Around the corner from me lives a little boy, who is from one of the States west of the Mississippi. When he reached here about a year ago he had a "brogue" comparable to that of a New Yorker or a down Easterner. Perhaps his youth and his association with

Through The Years

"A Glorious Old Genius"

By PETER A. BRANNON

Oct 29 1944

GOODSPEEDS'S Book Shop, in Boston, on Beacon Street, "across from the State House," issues a little monthly periodical which is now beginning its sixteenth volume and I have been one of the favored group who has during that period of years been an honored recipient of this bit of published material which each month is richly illustrated and charmingly edited by Norman L. Dodge. Perhaps Mr. Dodge will not remember it but I had the pleasure on one occasion of making his acquaintance and I enjoyed my visit and I enjoy each month the little volume which is titled "The Month at Goodspeed's." The Month is actually sort of an annotated catalog of a few special things that are for sale by the Book Shop, and which may be had for a sum of money which is generally surreptitiously set inconspicuously at the end of the statement in order that the reader does not get the crude, bold, unkind impression that the shop is trying to sell him the book for a cold sum of money which might seem exorbitant if he did not know what had already been told him in this uniquely worded above set-out statement.

All of the above to be prefatory to a reference to a volume by Charles Dickens called American Notes for General Circulation. It so happens that the Shop "on Beacon Street in Boston" has a presentation copy, auter, Dickens told of meeting Allston, "a fine specimen of a glorious old genius." On the last day of the year in which American Notes was published, from London Dickens wrote to Cornelius Felton (The Greek professor and later president of Harvard): "Will you remember me cordially to (Charles) Sumner . . . The like to Washington, Allston, and all friends who care for me and have outlined my book." Allston died six months later in July, 1843, but there was no mention of American Notes in the death certificate.

Though a great figure of his time Washington Allston may be now only vaguely familiar to some of you who read this, and so we reckon a few tastes of Raymond Weaver's model sketch in D. A. B. won't hurt. This American painter and author came from a prominent South Carolina family. As a toddler he betrayed a dismaying knack for drawing. Before he was six he locked himself in his room and painted—in oils—the eruption of Vesuvius. It was so good that his family feared he would disgrace them by becoming an artist. At seventeen he entered Harvard. Like the rest of the boys he went to the theater, danced, drank wine. Like the lunar fringe, before and since, he wrote verse, and his landlord whispered, "He has painted a woman, stark naked, going into the water to wash herself. It is as natural as

years later Allston was still working on Belshazzar's Feast.

On the last page of American Notes Dickens wrote: "It is enough for me, to know, that what I have set down in these pages, cannot cost me a single friend on the other side of the Atlantic, who is, in anything, deserving of the name." To one of these tested friends, he gave a copy of his tart travel diary—misspelling that friend's name in the presentation inscription."

"Month" Illustrations

Further the editor when he illustrates the title page with a photo of the autograph annotates it thusly:

"TO "A GLORIOUS OLD GENIUS"

From Charles Dickens, this first issue of the first edition of a book that made a young nation rear up in its galluses. The autograph of the recipient, Washington Allston, appears on the half title of Vol. II. The book is a friendly if not invariably flattering description of folks and doings at Boston, Lowell, Worcester, Hartford, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Looking-Glass Prairie, Columbus, Sandusky, and Niagara. From the Falls, Dickens swung into Canada, returning to the States for a look at the Shaker Village (Lebanon) and West Point. 2 volumes in original cloth (faded, worn, one back hinge cracked)—$500."

Mitchell, that William McIntosh was born. The Cowetas and the Tookabatchees, that is the people of the chief towns of both the Lower Creeks and the Upper Creeks, were after 1811 or 1812 consistently friendly to the white people, though such cannot be said of the main body of the Indians. Stirred up by the visit of Tecumseh to the gulf country in 1811, the natives revolted and we have in American history that episode known as an incident to the war with Great Britain, the Indian War of 1813 and 1814. McIntosh from Coweta joined John Floyd and his Georgia Militia in the campaign of November, 1813, to Feb. 1814, and Maj. McIntosh was at Horse Shoe Bend when Andrew Jackson whipped the Creeks under Memawa on March 27, 1814.

The Painting

When the Allston portrait of Gen. McIntosh was made I would not venture to say. It is not the one which is included in the Mc-

book for a cold sum of money which might seem exorbitant if he did not know what had already been told him in this uniquely worded above set-out statement.

All of the above to be prefatory to a reference to a volume by Charles Dickens called American Notes for General Circulation. It so happens that the Shop "on Beacon Street in Boston" has a presentation copy, autographed from Charles Dickens to Washington Allston, dated nineteenth October 1842. Even though Mr. Allston's name was spelled with one "L," it is a none the less interesting presentation autograph. Some might consider the asked price. Collectors of first editions which are embelished with these presentations autographs would not think so. As the opening chaper in Volume 16, Number One, Mr. Dodge says:

"In January, 1842, a young British lion landed in the good old U. S. A. As author of Pickwick, Oliver Twist, and other best-sellers, he was already a celebrity potent enough to cause a commotion wherever he went. Friendly, frank, and full of beans, he found much in our country that he liked, and said so. He found other things that he didn't like, and said so. In a mild way, on certain points, he trolloped us. Nineteenth Century America was strong and brash and fond of throwing its weight around, and we took it for granted that we were just what the doctor ordered. When a furriner wrote a book called American Notes for General Circulation, in which he gave us something less than 100 per cent, we were amazed, hurt and (in our own words) "mad." But with all his faults we loved him still, and when he returned years later we met him at the dock.

On his first visit to America Charles Dickens made many friends and found many men and women to admire. Among these was Washington Allston of South Carolina and Boston. While in America, in a letter to John Fos-

locked himself in his room and painted—in oils—the eruption of Vesuvius. It was so good that his family feared he would disgrace them by becoming an artist. At seventeen he entered Harvard. Like the rest of the boys he went to the theater, danced, drank wine. Like the lunar fringe, before and since, he wrote verse, and his landlord whispered, "He has painted a woman, stark naked, going into the water to wash herself. It is as natural as life. Mr. Allston, sir, is quite a genius." He became engaged to the sister of William Ellery Channing.

In 1801 he went to London to study Benjamin West. He painted his way through the Louvre and was off to Switzerland, and to Siena, Venice, Florence, and at last to Rome, where he began life-long friendships with Washington Irving and Coleridge. The latter said, "Had I not known the Wordsworths (I) should have esteemed and loved you most; and, as it is, next to them I love and honor you." Not quite all out, but good.

In 1808 Allston returned to Boston and married Ann Channing, but during the War of 1812 he was in England, where, as an enemy alien, he peaceably painted his greatest pictures. He was about to succeed to the master's chair of West when, in 1818, private circumstance compelled his return to Boston. His later years were marred by debt, ill health, and bereavement, and—whether from these or from a growing obsession for Puritan purity—his art suffered. With inadequate means he began to revise his huge canvas of Belshazzar's Feast. Ten friends subscribed a thousand dollars each to buy the picture when he should complete it. But Belshazzar's Feast was like the perpetual motion machine that always needs "just one more wheel." It has been said that it takes two men to paint a perfect picture—the artist and a good friend who will shoot him when the picture is finished. At the time of his death twenty-five

New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Looking-Glass Prairie, Columbus, Sandusky, and Niagara. From the Falls, Dickens swung into Canada, returning to the States for a look at the Shaker Village (Lebanon) and West Point. 2 volumes in original cloth (faded, worn, one back hinge cracked)—$500."

The McIntosh Portrait

The above biographical sketch of Mr. Allston interested me greatly. As one of the striking portraits in the gallery of the Alabama Memorial Building, may be seen the magnificent painting of William McIntosh, a part Creek and part Scotch-Indian born at Coweta on the Chattahoochee River in our present Russell County. The portrait is signed with the monogram of Mr. Allston. Maj. McIntosh figured in the Indian War of 1813 and 1814, was in the Florida campaign with Andrew Jackson in 1817 and 1818, and at the time of his death, in 1825, held the rank of a brigadier general. McIntosh was probably born about 1780 as the records indicate that he was not an old man at the date of his death. He was the grandson of Col. John McIntosh who founded a plantation on the Mobile River at what is now known as McIntosh Bluff in the northern part of Mobile County, but William McIntosh, the subject of Washington Allston portrait, was born on the Chattanooga River. This McIntosh family gave this man to what is now Alabama and George McIntosh Troup to what is now Georgia. Likewise there were several of the name who served in the American Revolution, one on the side of the Colonists and the others as Britishers. Capt. John McIntosh, an officer of the Crown, had business relations with the Creek Nation with an establishment at Coweta and it was at this point some eight miles south of the present Phenix City, and near what was subsequently Fort

Intosh from Coweta joined John Floyd and his Georgia Militia in the campaign of November, 1813, to Feb. 1814, and Maj. McIntosh was at Horse Shoe Bend when Andrew Jackson whipped the Creeks under Memawa on March 27, 1814.

The Painting

When the Allston portrait of Gen. McIntosh was made I would not venture to say. It is not the one which is included in the McKinley and Hall collection and which was made at Washington during a period beginning about 1820, though it could have been made at the same time of the one used in the McKinley and Hall group, at some time when McIntosh was visiting in the city of Washington. The General was undoubtedly a man of some financial means. He has a military retainer and perhaps some income from that source and it is known that he had three plantation homes and there were several children. Like most men of the day who maintained homes of plantations along the main traveled pathways, Gen. McIntosh's home in Carroll County of Georgia, on the upper waters of the Chattahoochee, was a tavern stop on the route from Augusta by what is now Blake's Ferry on the Tallapoosa, by old Fort Williams site, on out to the Mississippi River. Gen. McIntosh owned a reservation at Indian Springs and the path went that way and his tavern there was probably the predecessor of those places at that point which have been celebrated in the annals of the entertainment days in the South in later years. Indian Springs has been a watering place through many years.

The Allston portrait in the Department of Archives and History collection is one that coveted by the late Dr. Frederick Kunz, the celebrated gem expert, connoisseur of art and one of the patrons of the Metropolitan Museum of New York City. Dr. Kunz valued it very highly and considered it one of Allston's good pieces.

IS THAT ALL WHAT? OH-I
THAT GUY DAVE DAIY

Through The Years

Nov 6

Weeds

By PETER A. BRANNON

Nov. 5 1944

BULLETIN Fifty-Three, being a Preliminary Report on the Weeds of Alabama by Dr. Roland M. Harper, is a recent publication of the Geological Survey of Alabama. It interests me very much in the first place because I like most all of Dr. Harper's writings, and in the second place I am intrigued at the definition of a weed, so I have gotten a bit of enthusiasm out of this publication.

Quoting Dr. Harper, "Generally speaking, a weed is a plant that grows spontaneously in a habitat that has been greatly modified by human action, and especially a species chiefly or wholly confined to such habitats. (The qualification spontaneously is inserted here in order to exclude cultivated plants, which are planted purposely in artificial habitats, such as fields, gardens, yards and parks.) A weed is not necessarily a pest. It may be very objectionable because it competes with cultivated crops, or is unsightly, or poisonous, or it may be quite harmless, or even ornamental, or useful for medicine or forage. And some of our weeds have very interesting stories connected with them, calling for a page or more of text, as the reader can see in the catalogue of species.

Before the human race arrived in America, say 20,000 years ago, there could have been no weeds as such in this country, because there were no artificial clearings. But the Indian tribes, or some of them, made clearings for their villages, and for agricultural purposes, and it seems probable that several species of plants which grew naturally in rather open sunny places soon found such clearings to their liking, when the seeds were brought in by the wind, birds, etc. And it is also probable that some of them, after growing for centuries in open places with soil packed by trampling or loosened by cultivation, underwent evolutionary changes until they no longer closely resembled their wild ancestors."

A weed is something altogether different, or at least larger sometimes than most people think in using the word. I am not willing to admit that I agree with the Doctor in his period set as the time that the human race arrived in America, that is 20,000 years ago, but we are not arguing Anthropology in the first place, and the Doctor is a Geologist in the second place, (therefore he thinks the world is older than I do), and we find ourselves in accord, in much of what he has written in this bulletin.

The Bibliography

The bibliography on the subject about which the Doctor writes covers some eight pages and a period of about one hundred thirty-five or one hundred thirty-six years going back to gered their lives by eating the seed."

Pokeberries

Again you can realize that Pokeberries or the old bush that we call Poke weed, Phytolacca decantra, is one of the majority of our characteristically loose growing, extraneously distributed forms of the weed class. As is well known this plant is used extensively (or was until we began to get so many synthetic remedies) in medicine and unless used with care it is classified as a poisonous plant. Pokeberries, rich dark amethyst in color, are attractive as decorative sprays but the dye of the juice would be hard to get out if spilled on fabrics.

Yaupon Tea

Still another classified weed is our very interesting Christmas green, the "Yaupon," or Cassine plant, botanically the Ilex vomitoria, a shrub or small tree with stiff twigs and soft scalloped evergreen leaves about an inch long, which bears red berries that mature about the middle of December. The Ilex leaves possess a stimulant, and cathartic property which was known to the North American Indians and made use of by them. These leaves and the undeveloped immature branches formed the principal ingredient of the "Black Drink" of the Southern Indians. These leaves contain caffeine in practically the same amount as do tea leaves and the Ilex has been used as a substitute for tea. An effort was made a few years since in South Carolina to market the plant commercially. The foliage is highly decorative and sold in the Christmas market in great quantities. You may find the plant growing on and adjoining, practically all the Indian town sites through the central and southern parts of the State, particularly in loose moist soil. Much has been written by those who have made a study of the habits and customs of the American Indians on the use of a purging decoction made of a mixture of sixteen other plants with the Yaupon. All the early travelers wrote into their journals references to the festival of the Busque, a celebration of the ripening of the corn, that is of the time when the corn had reached the milk stage in the development of the ear. This festival lasted in small towns four days and in the larger places the ceremonies were held through the period of a whole week.

Haws and Apples

It may surprise you but the crab apple, the Malus angustifolia, and the haws, certain varieties of the Malaceae family that have escaped cultivation, are classified as natural weeds. Boyhood memories carry me back to the days of "strings" of apple haw beads, made of big red plump juicy spathulatas, strung so that the thread ran between the group of seed which made up most of the fruit. Actually there is very little "meat" in a haw, it is nearly all seed and skin. I once thought that crab apples were of no particular good use but I have since learned that they make pretty good "apple butter" and dandy jelly.

Our very beautiful Mimosa tree of the Southeast is another one of those rare plants escaped from cultivation and now classified scientifically as a weed. Somebody introduced one in the early days somewhere north of Montgomery, on the road to Wetumpka, and now if you get anywhere within two miles east of the rivers, or over around Robinson Springs or Millbrook, or in that neighborhood, you may find several of the varieties common among us. In 1840 the plant became first known in the United States, when Torrey and Gray referred to it as being cultivated in gardens and yards of Louisiana, and becoming somewhat naturalized. It is a native of Persia. Dr. Chapman did not mention it until about 1893. Our own Dr. Charles Mohr wrote about it in 1901 and said that it was a rare escaped plant from the gardens near the coast.

Partridge Peas

But getting away from these little trees and back to those things we all think of as weeds we find a very interesting discussion on partridge peas, sand burs or spurs, cockle burs, and the clovers, and such other of the little things that the ordinary run of us know a little something about. Buckeyes, Sumac bushes, and quite a number of hollys also belong in the weed class, and do the pretty little things that we call daisies, violets and pansies, and the sensitive little plant known as "Shame Brier." You may also find May Pops in that same class and the rag weeds belong there and now at this season of the year when some folks have hay fever or sneezing fever, goldenrods and such things as that are not popular weeds.

Summing up, Dr. Harper says that there are 600 species of weeds and that may seem a large number for one State, but if he used a booster method and counted every living species that grows or survives in a weedy place or escapes cultivation he might easily find as many as one thousand of these formerly domesticated plants growing now where they have no "home" and have to survive the best they can.

vation, underwent evolutionary changes until they no longer closely resembled their wild ancestors."

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The Bibliography

The bibliography on the subject about which the Doctor writes covers some eight pages and a period of about one hundred thirty-five or one hundred thirty-six years, going back to the date of Dr. James Meager, who wrote "A geological account of the United States comprehending some vegetable production, etc., etc.," and published it in 1807. Pages 217 to 304 give interesting notes on the history and properties of some American weeds that are used for forage. In the years of the century and a half that Americans have been writing on Weeds, Thomas Nutall, Stephen Elliott, Dr. William Darlington, John Torrey, Isa Gray, Dr. A. W. Chapman, Charles Mohr, Dr. Eugene A. Smith, J. T. Henderson of Georgia, J. C. Neal, Roland M. Harper, Dr. F. S. Earle, L. H. Pammel, Dr. E. N. Lowe of Mississippi, L. H. Bailey, Dr. C. A. Cary, and E. R. Miller of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, G. R. Johnstone, and quite a few others have given the world learned observations on weeds, their control and usefulness — even if many farmers don't think that weeds are useful.

Examining the list of names written above Dr. Chapman the celebrated botanist whose monument I have seen in Marianna, Fla., Dr. Charles Mohr, the interesting old Mobilian whose book, "Plant Life of Alabama," is one of the rarest and most valuable, Dr. Eugene A. Smith, Dr. Earle, Dr. Cary, Dr. Miller, and Johnstone, of Auburn, with Dr. Harper, whom we always associate with University, have been Alabamians who knew much about the botanical life of this State. When one examines this last volume, "Weeds," he finds that some things that we classify as small trees like Sassafras and Yaupon, and even Sycamores, are scientifically so classified when they have escaped cultivation. When you make a study a weed is altogether something more than just a wild, loose, one of the growing things which we generally trample under foot. At the same time those of us who were born and reared in the country can well remember that we classified the Stramonium which grew out at the back of the barn on the outside of the cow shed, as a weed. It sometimes grew much higher than your head and produced a beautiful, quite large white lily-like flower and a sticky pod to enclose its seeds, and we were cautioned not to handle the leaves and flowers, because it was deathly poison. Dr. Elliott was discussing the Datura stramonium, or common Jimson weed, as early as 1817. He said that it was very common and grew in cultivated grounds, and after devoting a page to its medicinal properties concluded that "it is improper to encourage the growth of the Stramonium near the residence of a family, as children have often endan-

habits and customs of the American Indians on the use of a purging decoction made of a mixture of sixteen other plants with the Yaupon. All the early travelers wrote into their journals references to the festival of the Busque, a celebration of the ripening of the corn, that is of the time when the corn had reached the milk stage in the development of the ear. This festival lasted in small towns four days and in the larger places the ceremonies were held through the period of a whole week.

Haws and Apples

It may surprise you but the crab apple, the Malus angustifolia, and the haws, certain varieties of the Malaceae family that have escaped cultivation, are

and the sensitive little plant known as "Shame Brier." You may also find May Pops in that same class and the rag weeds belong there and now at this season of the year when some folks have hay fever or sneezing fever, goldenrods and such things as that are not popular weeds.

Summing up, Dr. Harper says that there are 600 species of weeds and that may seem a large number for one State, but if he used a booster method and counted every living species that grows or survives in a weedy place or escapes cultivation he might easily find as many as one thousand of these formerly domesticated plants growing now where they have no "home" and have to survive the best they can.

Through The Years

No. 684

Echoes Of Col. Pickett

By PETER A. BRANNON

Nov. 13, 1949

OUR old and original historian, Col. Albert J. Pickett, wrote a very interesting story into his History of Alabama, published in 1851, about the visit of Alexander McGillivray from his home north of Wetumpka to George Washington in New York in 1790. Elizur Yale Smith contributed the reference set out below to The New York Sun and it was published in a last week's issue.

"Visiting Indians Dislike Painting of Washington. President's Tour of City With Redskins One of His Last Acts Here.

At noon, on August 30, 1790, President Washington walked out the front door of the executive mansion, 39 Broadway, around to the rear of the house, and stepped into the famous presidential barge which took him to Jersey City, on the first stage of his journey to Mount Vernon. All the Federal, State and city officials, as well as a large gathering of the populace, were on hand to say farewell. It was the last time he saw New York.

By a majority of one vote in the Senate, the Congress, two months earlier, had voted to move the capital to Philadelphia until the Federal buildings in the newly organized city of Washington should be built. The last official act of the government was the ratification of a treaty between the Greek Indians of Georgia and the accredited representatives of the Federal Government at Federal Hall, on August 13. Twenty-eight Indian chiefs listened to the reading of the treaty, grunted their approval, and were then presented with a string of wampum and a paper of tobacco by President Washington.

Earlier in the Summer, owing to discontent among the Creek Indians, the President had sent Col. Marinus Willett to their reservation to open negotiations. He brought twenty-eight chiefs and warriors back to New York with him. On their arrival they were met by the Tammany Society, arrayed in Indian costume, and escorted to their lodgings on the banks of the North River in the tavern known henceforth as the Indian Queen. During their visit they were wined and dined by the officials of the government, the Tammany Society and others. Their leader was Alexander McGillivray, a highly educated half-breed.

President Washington, their "Great White Father," entertained them one day at dinner, and after the meal took them around the city. They were dressed in all their fine feathers. Trumbull had recently finished his famous portrait of Washington for the city. Anxious to see what effect the portrait would have on the Indians he took them to Federal Hall, and suddenly into the presence of the portrait. They stood stiff and mute until one of the chiefs advanced, looked at the President, touched the cold flat surface of the portrait with his hand and said, "Ugh!" Each of the chiefs followed his example, and all turned away, suspicious of the art which could put the likeness of a great soldier, standing beside his warhorse, upon a strip of canvas. After that experience Trumbull tried in vain to paint the portraits of the Indians."

Mr. Smith's reference above gives me some new Alabama history in that he says that there was twenty-eight Indians, and I didn't know the exact number prior to that statement. I am further reminded of John Trumbull and recall the Trumbull correspondence with old Judge Charles Tait which is a part of the manuscript collections of the Alabama Department of Archives and History. Trumbull painted quite a few of the well known characters of the period and even though he was not considered the greatest of American artists, his paintings after they had been made into engravings did have a good sale. They were pretty well distributed in the early days of the 1800s and one may see them in the collections in old libraries throughout the South quite generally. Judge Tait was a personal friend of Mr. Trumbull and a number of years ago Gillivray was made a brigadier general in the American Army and allowed a salary commensurate with that rank. The Secretary of War, at the direction of the President, sent an Army officer with the gold promised in the secret treaty, down to the plantation home of General McGillivray at the apple grove, during the Fall following the return of the Indians.

A marker may be seen four miles north of Wetumpka fixing the site of the McGillivray plantation and the facts relative to the visit of Colonel Willett, the trip to New York, the return to the Nation, and incidents in the life of the McGillivrays is on the stone placed by the Alabama Anthropological Society at that site some years ago. Really it was interesting to me to note this bit of Alabama History having a foremost part in a New York newspaper.

I would like to know Mr. Smith's authority for the statement that Trumbull "tried in vain" to paint the Indians. No portrait of McGillivray has ever been found, but he died in 1793, and few if any Indian portraits had been done that early. The many used in the celebrated McKenney and Hall publication, "Portrait Gallery of American Indians," were made after 1820 when the chiefs and head men visited Washington City in connection with their dealings with the government. Those Indians "of Georgia," as the above statement sets out, were from several points in the present two states of Alabama and Georgia. On his trip to the Nation to get them to promise to visit the President, Colonel Willett met McGillivray at the home of Mr. Robert Grierson at Hilabe town (in our Tallapoosa County). He was later a "house guest" of the McGillivrays at the Apple Grove for several weeks until the time for a conference to decide on going could be fixed by so many "broken days" as the Indians did it.

The Medals

In addition to the "Strings of Wampum and papers of tobacco" which Mr. Smith writes about, we down South here know that the six high ranking chiefs also received Silver Medals, General

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Smith's Comments

Mr. Smith's statement above reminds me that even yet there may be a possibility that a portrait of Alexander McGillivray may some time come to life. If John Trumbull was working in New York at the time of the visit of the Indians from the Creek Nation here he lost a great opportunity to do some work on these Indians. If he did not take advantage of that visit to paint individual ones of the group he certainly might have made a group picture in which McGillivray would have been the dominating figure. From that you will probably have at least the nearest effort at preserving the likeness of this leader of the Creeks of that period.

Colonel Willett who came down to Alabama, or rather to the Creek Nation, to accompany these Indians back to visit George Washington must have been anxious that some record of that trip be preserved and there may yet turn out in some of those New York collections more references to this visit by the Southern Indians than we have found.

Where Mr. Smith got his data on the basis of which he writes his letter I do not know. Colonel Pickett makes practically the same comment and they both had the opportunity to use the same record but whether that record is one of those preserved in the Annals of Congress I do not know. It is certainly very interesting to know that the last official act of the United States Government while seated in New York before the removal of the Capital to Philadelphia, was the ratification of the treaty between the Creek Indians of Georgia and the accredited representatives of the Government. Mr. Smith says that President Washington presented them with a "paper of tobacco" whether he means a sack-full or a roll is not brought out. We do know that the Creeks were given a certain sum as an annual stipend and we know further that McKenney and Hall publication, "Portrait Gallery of American Indians," were made after 1820 when the chiefs and head men visited Washington City in connection with their dealings with the government. Those Indians "of Georgia," as the above statement sets out, were from several points in the present two states of Alabama and Georgia. On his trip to the Nation to get them to promise to visit the President, Colonel Willett met McGillivray at the home of Mr. Robert Grierson at Hilabe town (in our Tallapoosa County). He was later a "house guest" of the McGillivrays at the Apple Grove for several weeks until the time for a conference to decide on going could be fixed by so many "broken days" as the Indians did it.

The Medals

In addition to the "Strings of Wampum and papers of tobacco" which Mr. Smith writes about, we down South here know that the six high ranking chiefs also received Silver Medals. General Thomas Woodward writing in his late life of Sam Manac, that interesting early Montgomery Countian (although he was dead before Montgomery County was created) says that one of these medals was buried with Manac at Pass Christian, he having received it when he accompanied his relative, McGillivray, to New York in 1790 to serve as interpreter for the delegation. One was given to Efau Hadjo of Tukabahchi (Tuckabatchee) and a plow turned that out in late years.

I have seen Col. Willett's original manuscript diary kept here at the home of McGillivray and even if the date was more than one hundred and fifty years ago, the records of these incidents seem to be quite well preserved and still of fresh and live interest.

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★ THE MONTGOMERY ADVERTISER

Through The Years

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Chromolithos

By PETER A. BRANNON

THE APPROACHING holiday season is pertinently brought to mind by the canvassers who are presenting their wares of Christmas cards and I am reminded of Louis Prang, (descendant of a French Huguenot), who was the Father of the Christmas Card in America and a pioneer of the Christmas card trade. This originator of seasonable designs was born in Breslau, in Prussian Silesia, in 1824. He was an apprentice in his father's factory while in his teens and he learned how to print calico (or how to make calico "prints") which probably gave him that idea of lithographing or "chromo" making to which he, first of all, gave the name. The graphic technique is professionally chromolithography. His original cheap or cheaper way of setting a picture in colors on to cloth or absorbent paper was later forced out of public favor through the cheaper gaudy prints issued by Currier & Ives, during that era of ten and twenty-five cent picture makers. It was to Louis Prang who reached Boston in 1850 and who introduced the American Christmas card in America, in 1875, that we owe many of the pleasures of the intriguing specimen which are now so much sought by print collectors.

Louis Prang, so Mr. Norman L. Dodge of Boston says, brought to his trade "great technical skill, a commendable aesthetic standard and an insight into what the public wanted. He was an innovator who could turn his resources to the ephemera of direct advertising. He made campaign maps for the armed chair strategists of the Civil War period and he made art studies for people who had lots to learn. These people for whom he made prints supported Mr. Prang against the scoffers who said that the Yankee bourgeois wouldn't pay six dollars apiece for colored reproductions of the masterpieces of Europe. You will find many of Mr. Prang's colored imprints or Art studies, as you choose to call them, in patent medicine advertisements, in the barn yard scenes and colored reproductions of old masters, the pictures made for the common ordinary run of people during the late Victorian age of American cultural life. About the turn of the century Mr. Prang retired from business. He died in California in 1909. Boston treated his memory as those Yankees have treated that of many others who have lived among them, they named a street for him after he went away.

Prang's pictures include many Oriental subjects such as those you see on Chinese "Willow Ware" (and such other types of the "China" of the period) and they include flower and bird pictures and many of those scenic representations so pleasantly remembered from the days of the 1890s. The celebrated Walters collection of chromolithography is said to have reached its peak in Prang's illustrations or rather in his reproductions. In this collection, brought together by William Thompson Walters of Baltimore, colored prints of one hundred and sixteen brilliant colored plates make the illustrations of the Oriental ceramics included therein. Mr. Walters spent nearly forty years in assembling his collection. He spent fifteen years in making a catalog. The book has been enthusiastically criticized as "so magnificent." One reviewer speaks of "intoxicating color."

Local Collectors

So far as I know there are only a few of us print collectors in Montgomery. I would welcome correspondence with any print collectors in Alabama. Those here who do collect prints are generally of such modest means that we cannot go in for the rare high priced items of art though some of us have acquired good specimen of historical pictures and we do have some of the colored prints of the period of 1865 to 1900. These make interesting displays if we can get the consent of the lady of the house to give them a place on the walls which in the eyes of many should be adorned either with modernistic art, or left bare. With no intent to be disrespectful to my colored friends I recall that I have during many years which I have past through been often reminded that a house with too many pictures on the walls "looks liket a negro house." Unfortunately I perhaps am rated culturally low but I must insist when I go in a house where there are pictures on the walls my eyes wander, from wall to wall and I often want to ask questions and examined the subject of that framed illustration. Whether it would be interested to you or not I have seen people who wanted to know why the people had that big old turkey gobbler's picture over the mantel in the dining room. The poor fools did not have sense enough to realize that the "big old turkey gobbler" picture was a real Audubon and cost twelve hundred and fifty dollars ($1250).

Through The Years

No. 685.

Christmas Celebrations

By PETER A. BRANNON

December 10, 1944

OUR first President, George Washington, spent December 25, 1789 during the first year of his first term as President, in New York City. He went to Church. In the afternoon their home was open to visitors and the General entered in his Diary, "the visitors to Mrs. Washington this afternoon were not numerous but respectable." Elizur Yale Smith writing recently in a New York paper, makes further observations on the subject. Among them he says:

"At that time Washington was living in the first presidential mansion on Cherry Street. Although the distance to St. Paul's was not great, the President undoubtedly drove to church in his state coach, drawn by his four white horses.

On the day before Christmas the President sent a gift of $10 to the Rev. John Henry Livingston of the Dutch Reformed Church for the charity school attached thereto. The repairs to Trinity Church, after the fire of 1776, had not been completed, and so St. Paul's was still being used as the parish church of Trinity. The sermon was probably preached by the Right Rev. Samuel Provoost, D. D., Bishop of New York, rector of Trinity, and who, at the time, was the chaplain of the United States Senate. The Governor, George Clinton, attended the service, as did many Government officials, and John Jay and James Duane, the church wardens. The President was regular in his attendance at St. Paul's during his residence in New York, and records show that he never missed a Sunday, except when ill.

Even though the numerous guests in the afternoon were "respectable" the President was probably bored at the levee. The house was not cheerless, however, for little feet pattered around the mansion. With the President and his Lady on this occasion were the latter's two grandchildren, George Washington Parke Custis and Nellie (Eleanor) Custis, both of teen age, and the adopted children of the President and his wife.

During this Christmas season Washington spent many hours sitting for his famous portrait by Edward Savage, which was painted for the Philosophy Chamber of Harvard College. He rode about the city on horseback, entertained at dinner, gave another levee, at which, because it was snowing, "not a single person appeared" and ended up the festive season by giving a State dinner on the last afternoon of the year in honor of John Adams, the Vice-President, and his lady, at which Chancellor Livingston Ro-

even if not it was 1801 when this incident took place, but even so that marriage ceremony conducted in a rather informal way by Captain Bartholew Shaumberg of the Second United States Infantry, was at least the first pretext at formality in the Protestant history of this State. Obviously in the Mobile Country under the denomination of the Catholic church there had been regular and formal ceremonies long prior to that time. Alabama was not thickly populated prior to 1808 throughout the bounds of the State, in fact it was not until the later year that white people begun coming into the Tennessee Valley Country from the Carolinas and Georgia in any quantities to reach the area in the forks of the Alabama and Tombigbee. However, Lorenzo Dow was traveling in the Tombigbee Country shortly after 1800 and was in what was later the St. Stephen's district before 1803 and he found enough people there to preach to. There are traditions handed down from these families to indicate that they were having corn shuckings and log rollings and quilting parties and Christmas celebrations and I suppose drinking hard cider long before 1805.

Colonel Hawkins, the Indian Agent says that Mrs. McGillivray's negroes celebrated Christmas here on the bend of the Alabama in 1796 and he went to this celebration in company with some white traders. The Colonel was not very cordial in his reference to Mrs. McGillivray's qualifications as a manager of her plantation. He thought that the negroes were lazy and ignorant and he boldly says that they were an encumbrance rather than an asset. They spent their Christmas holidays of that year in what we might term "Riotous jolification." In other days I have known that Halowe'en time and Christmas made the opportunity for quite a laxity of conduct, and morals as well, but I was never able to see any fun in getting drunk and otherwise disgracing the neighborhood, so I never understood their reasons for these occasions when restraint was thrown to the winds and everybody tried to see how much devilment could be stirred up.

Calling at Christmas and Other Times as Well

The customs of having Levees and Open House and receiving company appeals to me greatly. I have not forgotten the times when I sometime went with my parents and our hostess was gracious enough to pass lemonade and cookies and I certainly have not forgotten the times as I grew older I was permitted to enjoy the cake and wine which was served. I have a friend at the present time into whose home I drop occasionally and there is always a candy jar on the table in which there is to be found bright colored pieces of hard candy. The lady of the family always suggests, and never has to twice, that I help myself. The old time candy jar which sat on the table convenient so that all you had to do was to take the lid off and help yourself as many times as you wanted to, has not lost its appeal to me. I hope I will never grow too old for that. As I have always had good luck in keeping my streamlined figure I have no fear that the sweets will make me fat so I am going to continue to do so. I grew up with the folks who had Eggnog on Christmas morning but I never got enenthusiastic about it. That much talked of Southern delicacy, as feature of Christmas, has never had any great appeal to me. Sugar, spirits and eggs are, all three, quite good when not mixed, when they are mixed I am not so enthusiastic about them.

The one thing that I have regretted most as I grow older is that I find fewed people "hanging up their stockings." That custom is one which should be emulated and I am sorry to see that it is now almost abandoned. Of course tin horns and mouth harmonicas (which I knew as harps) and bananas and roman candles and such other old mixtures would be rather hard on a nylon or even a rayon stocking. Even so these old traditions might be handed down so that the coming generation might see what we once had.

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On January 1, 1790, President Washington inaugurated the New Year reception of the President, which, with few exceptions, continued as a custom until the outbreak of the present war."

The language of the above referable to the honorees on the last afternoon of December 1789 is very interesting. I like the old time expression "The Vice President and his Lady." In fact a am accused of liking many old time things and I am happy to say that I do.

When one reads such old volumes as Alice Morse Earle's "Home Life in the Colonies" and her other volumes which depict character and how it was expressed here in America prior to 1800, you find many of these customs and traditions carried on even down to now. There was no Alabama prior to 1800 (and not even one prior to 1819) but the few white people who lived in the Alabama country prior to 1800 carried on the traditions which they brought from the states further East and the records indicate that the Indian women married to white husbands had learned to have a good meal and celebrate that festive day. We must assume that even in the wilderness of this middle Gulf country there was a reverence for the day and a desire to celebrate the holiday in some fitting manner. Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, a North Carolinian, living in the eastern section of the Creek Indian Nation in what is now Crawford County, Georgia, was at the home of Mr. Dixon Bailey December 25, 1796, and writes very interestingly in his Journal of the most enjoyable occasion which he spent in that hospitable home. The Baileys served two or three kinds of meat and vegetables, among them colewarts (a variety of collards) and had the drinks which we think of to accompany a good meal. The Colonel mentions the fact that the two daughters of Mr. Bailey had enjoyed the opportunity of going to school in the Tensas Country of the present South Alabama and that Elizabeth (the Mrs. Fisher of later days) could read and write. He does not say so but I would assume that Mrs. Bailey, a full blood Indian woman, had never mastered the art. These people lived on the Tallapoosa River about twenty miles East of Montgomery and enjoyed all of the comforts of country life, in fact if one will examine the Indian Agency Journal he finds that the Baileys were very well to do and possibly a little above the average of the white families of Georgia. The two boys had gone to school in Philadelphia and the two girls had attended school in the Tensas Country. Mr. Bailey was an Englishman who came to Georgia directly from the old country and I assume must have had some educational opportunities before he reached here.

Christmas 1800

Christmas Day 1800 in Alabama has gone down in the Annals of this State in an interesting way through the recorded statements of Colonel Albert J. Pickett. Elizabeth Linder and James Johnson were married at Fort Stoddart on Mobile River about sunup that morning. We have not proven yet that Fort Stoddard was garrisoned that early but days of that year in what we might term "Riotous jolification." In other days I have known that Halowe'en time and Christmas made the opportunity for quite a laxity of conduct, and morals as well, but I was never able to see any fun in getting drunk and otherwise disgracing the neighborhood, so I never understood their reasons for these occasions when restraint was thrown to the lated and I am sorry to see that it is now almost abandoned. Of course tin horns and mouth harmonicas (which I knew as harps) and bananas and roman candles and such other old mixtures would be rather hard on a nylon or even a rayon stocking. Even so these old traditions might be handed down so that the coming generation might see what we once had.

Through The Years

Other Gaines Reminiscences

By PETER A. BRANNON

THE Mobile Weekly Tribune in 1868 was carrying a series of reminiscences which appear to have been copied from a series originally published in the daily paper. They are signed "Tumlett." I have just had the good fortune to see number three of these series which was called to my attention by D. L. McCall of Monroeville, and I think it will be interesting for the readers of this column so I am embodying it practically as he wrote it.

A careful examination of the contents of this series of reminiscences shows that it is a contribution of Col. George S. Gaines, long prominent in the pioneer and development period of Alabama.

Continuing his reminiscences:

"Col. Callier was doing his best with the few men he had at Burnt Corn, the old men were left behind to take care of the women and children in picket forts in St. Stephens. A lieutenant's command of about 40 men, from the regular army, was sent to me for the protection of the public property in my charge; a fortification was hastily constructed of pickets with bastions around the building used as the U. S. Choctaw trading house. A great many families came from Clarke County to St. Stephens and constructed a fortification on "Mount Republic," a large hill in the center of our town, enclosing huts for the accommodation of the families. This was within a few hundred yards of the one built for government purposes. I had no ladies in my fortification, as Mrs. Gaines desired to be in the one built for the families on the hill. The young men were all out on the frontier. The old men of the town and neighborhood organized themselves into a company, and elected Mr. Hand, a good old Methodist, and one of the first true Christians that settled in St. Stephens, as captain; and here let me say this worthy gentleman was the grandfather of our justly esteemed citizens, Mrs. Augustus Brooks and Mrs. R. L. Crawford.

All this occurred before the awful massacre at Fort Mimms. Mrs. Gaines was occupying a hut in the "Citizen's Fort," when a messenger was sent to me with an account of the burning of Fort Mimms. I read the dispatch in her presence, and remarked if we could get Gen. Jackson down here with his brigade immediately his mounted volunteers would soon quiet the Indians. A young man, named Edmundson, was our guest at the time, he complied with my request to carry letters to Gov. Blount and Gen. Jackson in Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Gaines said, "Mr. Edmundson ing horse, and carefully feed the one that he left until his return, and send me the bill for the same by Mr. Edmundson and I would pay the same. He had a fresh horse once a day, and performed the journey to Nashville at about the rate of 60 miles every 24 hours. Gen. Jackson was at the capitol with Gov. Blount when my messenger arrived at Nashville. When the Governor read my letter, he remarked to the General, "I am sorry you are not able to take the field." The General having read his letter, said, "I will take the field;" and instantly issued an order for the prompt rendezvous of his brigade at Nashville, in readiness to march into the Creek nation.

In the meantime, the celebrated chief, Pushmataha, hearing of the massacre of Fort Mimms, came to St. Stephens, to offer his services for the protection of our frontier. I told him I was not the war chief, but would go with him to Mobile and introduce him to General Flournoy, who was the proper person to accept his services. We went to Mobile, called on the General, told him our business. He informed us he had no authority to employ Indians. The chief said he had two objects in offering his services—one was to aid in protecting our frontier, the other to aid in flogging an old enemy—that many of his dearest friends had been massacred in Fort Mimms, and he wished to avenge their death. The General persisted in refusing his services, and we returned immediately to St. Stephens, where we were surrounded on every side by persons eager to hear what was the result of our visit to General F. While I was relating to them what had passed between us, a person was seen in a gallop in the distance, and making his way through the crowd, handed me a letter from the General, stating that after reflecting upon what had passed between us he had determined to accept the services of the chief, and as many of his warriors as could be brought into the field, urging me to accompany the chief into the nation, and give him every aid in my power.

On their arrival in St. Stephens, they would be organized into companies and regiments, and have their own officers, and be armed and equipped for the service, and be paid the same as men in the regular army. I read this aloud; it gave me great satisfaction, and the crowd, who had but a few moments before abused the General with bitterness, were now his best friends. It was now sundown. I made my way to my hut, followed by Captain Hand and many other friends. The next cock, (known well in this city in after years) Dr. Buchanan, G. F. Sallie, known now as "Paul Pry, Jr.," Mr. John Morrisett, Mr. James G. Lyon, Mrs. C. K. Foote's father, Mr. John B. Toulmin, who kept the first hardware store in that place Major R. Chamberlain, and hundreds of others known to us, but who now have gone to try the realties of another world. Our highly esteemed Congressman, F. S. Lyon, esq., is among the few left to tell what St. Stephens was. The first legislature of Alabama was held there in 1818—Mississippi Territory having been divided by a line running from Pascagoula Bay to the mouth of Bear Creek, on the Tennessee River.

The citizens of St. Stephens and its vicinity obtained a charter for a bank in St. Stephens, and I was invited to become its cashier I resigned my appointment as U. S. Factor, and accepted the cashiership, and in 1819 the bank went into operation. Through that year, 1819, the town continued to flourish. In the meantime, the survey of Public Lands progressed, and sales took place, and the wealthy people, who produced the mushroom growth of St. Stephens, began to disappear, some settled on the new purchases of land made by them in the valley of Alabama and Tombigbee Rivers, while the merchants moved to Mobile and engaged in different occupations.

The above was the cause of the decline in the prosperity of St. Stephens, and not the successive years of yellow fever, as was stated some time since in the Tribune. Yellow fever was never there unless a few cases taken from this city. One fatal case was Francis Gaines, father of Thomas St. John, of this city. In 1823 and 1824 St. Stephens was nearly deserted, now a ruin."

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Knowing almost every Indian and Indian countryman on the path between St. Stephens and the border settlements of Tennessee, I wrote circulars to each one who owned horses, to furnish Mr. Edmundson with their best rid-

accept the services of the chief, and as many of his warriors as could be brought into the field, urging me to accompany the chief into the nation, and give him every aid in my power.

On their arrival in St. Stephens, they would be organized into companies and regiments, and have their own officers, and be armed and equipped for the service, and be paid the same as men in the regular army. I read this aloud; it gave me great satisfaction, and the crowd, who had but a few moments before abused the General with bitterness, were now his best friends. It was now sundown. I made my way to my hut, followed by Captain Hand and many other friends. The next morning I was to proceed with the chief to the nation. Mr. Flood McGrew volunteered to accompany me. We were early on our path to the nation. Pushmataha's home was not far from the place where Meridian, Miss., now stands. Mr. McGrew and I left him after appointing a day and place to meet him. We went to Machulatublais district. We met Mr. Pitchlyn and Col. John McKee at the former's house. The Col. had just arrived from Nashville, upon the same errand from General Jackson as mine from General F. From Col. M'Kee, I learned that Gen. Jackson was on the march; that he intended to collect as many Chickasaws and Choctaws as he could collect in a few days, and march to the Creek village at the falls of the Tuskaloosa. Mr. M'Grew and I returned to meet Pushmataha, and were eminently successful in our aiding the chief in getting up quite a respectable army. We concentrated at St. Stephens, and history tells the rest, how our country was saved.

The battle of New Orleans, on the 8th of January, 1815, ended the war, and I obtained leave of absence to visit my parents in Tennessee. I left in May and did not return till November. I took advantage of my leave of absence and visited Washington City. Whilst there, I had a conversation with the Secretary of War on the subject of the civilization of the Indians and the influence of the Trading House in carrying on the work, which resulted in an order to the commanding officer at New Orleans to furnish me with a company from the Army to aid me in constructing buildings, at such places in the nation, as I selected for the trade. The place selected was a few miles below where Gainesville now stands. As soon as practicable, I moved all the goods from St. Stephens in barges, also my family, and commenced an active trade with the Indians.

St. Stephens after the close of the war improved rapidly. In 1818 it had become quite a large town, tho' it was irregularly built, owing to the hills and valleys in the town. It was very pretty and pleasant, some houses had their fronts resting on a hill and the back part of the houses would be ten or fifteen feet from the ground.—Many wealthy families moved there from the Carolinas and Georgia, and some from the far off Eastern States. Many settled in the country. Clary and Washington had many families awaiting the sale of the rich lands. Traders seemed to overlook the object to these settlements, and went to work actively, building fine stores and fine dwelling houses, tasteful, if not splendid. There were not less than twenty good stores in town. Capt. J. F. Ross, father of Dr. F. A. Ross, had a very fine house and store. William D. Gaines, the father of Dr. E. P. Gaines, had an elegant three-story brick building for store and dwelling, for years after his death the resting place of owls, and called "Gaines' Folly," owing to the desertion of St. Stephens. Capt. J. F. Ross's house was burned down by accident, a year or two before he moved to Mobile. There were a fine display of carriages and buggies and handsome ladies, and a great many young gentlemen. Judge William Crawford, Mr. Fitts, (Judge) Harry Hitch-

Through The Years

Dec. 25, 1974.

Old Time Drug Stores

By PETER A. BRANNON

It too often happens in some conversations, as in apothecary's shops, that those pots that are empty or have things of small value in them, are as gaudily dress'd and flourish'd, as those that are full of precious drugs.—Wm. Penn.

SOME TWO OR THREE weeks ago during "Druggist Week" I was asked to present a paper on the program arranged for the Kiwanis Club of Montgomery, by Laudon Williams, and the paper which follows is pretty much what I said. In addition to the reading of the paper as prepared for that occasion I made an exhibit of Old Drug bottles and things from some of the early Montgomery Stores. Among those things exhibited were items from old Dr. Henry's Store which was located on our South Hull Street back of the Dexter Hotel. This store was a direct successor to the original one which had been opened in Montgomery in 1819.

None of us would try to say who was the first pharmacist. The Apothecary, that is a person somewhat akin to a dispenser of medicine as well as one who compounds medicine, came before the time of the professionally termed druggist or pharmacist. In the British Museum is what we call at the present time an early prescription. It is a recipe which calls for the mixture of certain drugs to be used as a remedy for an ailment. This prescription is about 6,000 years old.

The inhabitants of certain European countries (and the British Isles are included in this area) have for a long time celebrated the feast day of the famous twin brothers Cosmas and Damien. These brothers were put to death by the sword in the Fourth Century, A.D. Their execution was ordered by Prefect Lysias on September 27th, and this is, in that country, "Pharmacy Day."

The Egyptians were compiling remedies and compounding drugs more than 3,700 years before Christ. Many of these remedies were not what we would call efficacious in the treatment of maladies, but they had mythical powers and were accepted. Some of these early nostrums contained hogs teeth, ashes of burned cats, moss from the skull of persons who had been hanged by the roadside, and many such things which common sense at the present time would tell us had no effect on the disease for which administered.

The practice of pharmacy in those primitive times was bound up with alchemy, astrology, and magic. Cosmas and Damian, who practiced their healing in Asgash in Cilicia, took no payment for their cures as they argued that they were converting their patients to Christianity. The death of these two men is attributable to that very fact. The Romans attempted to stamp out Christianity in the early years of the Christian era.

Several objects of art painted by the early Italian masters depict the practice of healing; these characters on canvas being to some extent an effort to picture the compounding as well as the administering of relief measures.

The first Papyrus of Pharmacy was written in 1552 B.C. It is known as the Ebers Papyrus. It contains a long list of drugs then in use. Among them are oil, wine, beer, yeast, vinegar, figs, turpentine, castor oil, myrrh, frankinsense, wormwood, aloes, opium, peppermint, anise, saffron, lotus flowers, juniper berries, poppy, cedar, elderberry, honey, date blossoms, iron, lead, manganese, copper sulphate, bitumen, vermillion, sodium bicarbonate, salt, mandrake, many of the precious stones, and numerous other things to make up the 700 drugs of this listing. That volume is in a measure a preliminary effort at a pharmacopeoia. Included in the volume were not only drugs and their recommended usages, but prescriptions and formulae for hookworm, tapeworm, eyestrain, and many of the common present day ailments.

Precious stones were used in many early compounds. If the patient was able to pay for it, he was prescribed emeralds, but if he was a poor man, ordinary green porcelain was ground into a powder and administered. If he was rich lapis lazuli and sapphires were used in treatment, but to the indigent were given blue glass. The Chinese prescribed green glass for the slave and jade was administered to the master.

Early English and North European peoples used animal fats obtained from various sources. Goose grease, horses hooves, pig ears, milk, and many such items were made use of in a mythological manner. Science has proven that from pigs ears and horses hooves are obtained practically all the gelatin used at the present time. It is a well known fact that goose grease is rich in nutritive fat, and when rubbed into the skin of babes and adults, who lack the proper foods which cannot be taken by mouth, it is highly efficient.

The Egyptians believed that the medicinal virtues of plants were due to the spirits which dwelled in them, thus tying magic and superstition and religion in with their alchemy and pharmacy.

boo, lotus, orange bark, chrysanthemum, whereas Dr. Watkins ordered lobelia, flowers of senna, rhubarb, burgundy pitch, tartar emetic, gentian, myrrh, opium, oxgall, and many other such of those old ancient but even then much used preparations. Dr. Watkins ordered Aleppo gall. Aleppo has an ancient and interesting story. It was the seat of one of the earliest glass-making efforts. Beads from that place were coming into Southern Europe long before America was discovered, and the European merchants sent them into this country. There was recently a meeting of distinguished men of world affairs not far from that old Syrian country.

Dr. Watkins an hundred years ago ordering rosemary, wormseed, asafoetida, logwood, cobalt, and gamboge. The wise men of the East were peddling cobalt, logwood, gamboe, catechu, myrrh, and those spices, dyes, and volatile oil producing things common to the old world, or at least to the knowledge of the more enlightened ancients when we first heard of them through Josephus. Marco Polo about 1280 brought back from China many of the medicinal herbs and some of these aromatic oil producing plants, and these went to make the early medical botany of the Mediterranean and the British pharmacists.

Locally, the sign of the negro and the mortar, the sign of the golden eagle, the sign of the golden lion, and such designating emblems to fix the location of Montgomery drugstores, of course, are past history to the laity, but there are those in Montgomery who remember the old and well established site of the drugstore at the corner of South Perry and Dexter which dates from Coster and Cox and Glackmeyer through Dr. Rush Jones and on down to Knabes of recent years. There are no old drugstores here now. McGehee Brothers advertise as Montgomery's oldest drugstore, but the oldest of the brothers and myself were at Auburn in the same class. The McGehee Brothers were formerly of E. C. Andrew's and bought the old Captain Wade McBride business about 1906.

In the memory of those now living, Mr. Ed Fowler was the oldest of the Montgomery druggists. Mr. Fowler came to Montgomery in 1866 from Tuskegee. He went out of business sometime around 1920. Mr. Andrew died shortly before that, and the present [illegible] in Montgomery is altogether different than from the time of Garside and Alexander, Alexander and Spann, Andrew's, Fowler's, Besson, McBride, and later J. Johnston Moore, (who worked a long time at Fowler's

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The Egyptians believed that the medicinal virtues of plants were due to the spirits which dwelled in them, thus tying magic and superstition and religion in with their alchemy and pharmacy. We know today that plants include certain chemicals which produce alkaloids as well as give us the very popular present time vitamins. Ginsing, the root of which is shaped so that with a little imagination can be seen the arms and outstretched legs of a man, was from prehistoric times, and is today, much used by the originals as a remedy to confer virility and strength. Early writers as well as practitioners believed in the close affinity of plants, animals, and minerals to medicine, because they thought that certain planets influenced certain characteristics, certain ailments, certain frailties, produced when these planets were prominently to the front. Thus you see the original theory of the Zodiac. Queen Schesch is the first recorded of the ancient celebrities who became bald headed, and the literature on the subject of drugs, medicines, healings, and compounding refers to her efforts to grow hair on her bald head. At that time the remedy was equal parts of the heel of an Abyssinian greyhound, date blossoms, and animal hooves boiled in oil and rubbed into the scalp. Certain other ancients used for that baldness a compound of 35 ingredients, most of which were animal fats. Snake oil has been used from the earliest times, and one of the earliest of the patent medicines sold in drugstores in America was bears oil for the hair. The early practitioners who used the famed hair growers were warned that they should wear gloves "lest the hair come sprouting forth from their fingers ends."

Pharmacy in the days of the early Egyptians and through the period of the Roman gladiators included what we term at the present blood transfusions. They used the warm blood of an immediately killed gladiator mixed with certain tinctures of what we now know as official medical plants, administering this for asthma.

The Chinese compiled a Great Herbal, being a 40 volume set, a dictionary of drugs quite alike our present pharmacopeoia, some time shortly after 2,000 B.C. They likewise had buddhas of religion, certain gods of healing, and separate ones set aside especially for druggists and doctors. The Chinese discovered the use of goose grease as a rubbing ointment. Inasmuch as the Chinese are credited with being the earliest (though some think the North Africans may have ante-dated the Orientals) as being learned in the art of the use of drugs, plants, roots, etc., it is logical to think that many of their remedies were brought back to Europe by certain travellers like Marco Polo and the merchants of China, who went West with those great caravans to Alexandria and Carthage.

Today the Chinese use 266 vegetables, 100 animals, and 30 minerals in their remedial agents, and their list reminds one somewhat of a bill for an order made by Dr. John Watkins, of Burnt Corn, Alabama, of Lawrence and Keese, a wholesale drug firm in New York City, in August, 1847. I see in the Chinese list gentian, rhubarb, oxgall, and such plants as bam-

drew's and bought the old Captain Wade McBride business about 1906.

In the memory of those now living, Mr. Ed Fowler was the oldest of the Montgomery druggists. Mr. Fowler came to Montgomery in 1866 from Tuskegee. He went out of business sometime around 1920. Mr. Andrew died shortly before that, and the present setup in Montgomery is altogether different than from the time of Garside and Alexander, Alexander and Spann, Andrew's, Fowler's, Besson, McBride, and later J. Johnston Moore, (who worked a long time at Fowler's drugstore), Hamrick, Chatfield, and the McGehees. Burke, drugstore, on the corner of Monroe and North Court, and Person's in the middle of the first block of Court, go back even farther than that of Andrew's. J. D. Burke was in business here for many years both as a seedman and as a druggist. Persons' Drugstore "on the Square" was remembered by that local designation almost as long as the Capitol Clothing Store on the other corner.

The oldtime pharmacies with their glass labeled shelf bottles along the sides of the store made an altogether different appearance from the drugstore of the present, which, according to the druggists themselves, have to sell many sundries in order to keep in business.

When I filled prescriptions I was accused thousands of times of using One-Half of a Cent's worth of chemicals in an ounce of water and charging 25c for it. That though was in the days before vitamins and high priced laboratory compounded remedies came on the market. The drugstores in Montgomery even as late as 25 years ago were filling their own capsules, buying very few ready filled ones, and the Drs. Hill wrote perhaps 50 prescriptions a day which called for a combination of pepsin and pancreatin in such a manner that the druggist could not carry them previously made up.

My first day's work in Montgomery in a drugstore resulted in compounding thirty - seven made-at-the-time prescriptions of Dr. Charles Thigpen's eyewater. This had nine ingredients, one being one-eighth grain of the chemical and none more than one and one-half grains, dissolved into the ounce of distilled water. In addition to these 37 compounded prescriptions, I filled others for an epidemic of lagrippe was going the rounds here in Montgomery on that first day of March.

While old drugstores carried in their stocks nostrums, tinctures, and such in shelf bottles arranged along the walls, nothing was more attractive than the window display bottles in three sections of different sizes with blue, red or green colored water, or some of each, and the section of the store devoted to capped jars holding leaves, herbs, roots, barks, and drugs of that nature made an altogether different picture from what the modern air-conditioned, streamlined store of today illustrates.

The old-time druggists compounded even as late as my experience his own cologne waters and aromatic sprays. Olive oil, an economic necessity, so thought, had a big part in the drugstore of the late Victorian era and even down to 1920 when it became unfashionable to be fat. Montgomery druggists, especially two of them, sold great quantities of imported olive oil.

The drug store in the old days handled the better candies, and practically all of the perfumes, as department store toiletries were not of that period. Huyler's, the oldest of the fancy candies sold in the South, was handled

in Montgomery by E. G. Fowler and in Columbus, Georgia, by Evans and Howard, later by Ralph O. Howard and in Troy by Goldthwaite and Son. Nunnaleys, the "candy of the South," made in Atlanta, was a drugstore stock but the "leading drugstore" always was the Huylers' agency.

Until well after 1900 the majority of the oldest established apothecary stores did not have soda fountains. Even as late as 1907 there was no soda dispensary at Andrew's, Flowlers, Spann's, and Burke's drug stores.

The doctor's "slate" at the drugstore where his calls were recorded by the prescription clerk who answered the phone, was a feature of the oldtime store long after physicians maintained offices with an all-time maid in attendance. Here at Montgomery, just as in most of the towns in the South, there were certain doctors' cliques or groups, and a physician belonged to Fowler's or Spann's, as the occasion might be, and the newly established druggists, who had no special doctor making his headquarters there, lacked prestige.

With the coming of the change of fixtures and the many proprietary remedies and the taking on of sundries as a part of the drugstore, the display bottles found their way to the rear of the store, and the shelves were occupied with those many things that go as accessory items rather than principal goods. The drugstore has ceased to be that place where aromatic odors, even though asafoetida and carbon dioxide predominated, permeate the atmosphere. Drugstores took on an altogether different appearance, and since that time the comfortable upfront chairs and benches have been relegated to the rear, and the old chemist or apothecary or pharmacist has ceased to be, and we either have today a drugshop or a pharmaceutical chemist striving to dispense medicines as prescribed by the doctor and to sell everything which the household wants as well.

Through The Years

January 1, 1945.

Growing Old

By PETER A. BRANNON

No. 8

YOUTH and old age—contrasted from many angles—have, in the past few months, been much in the limelight. Old politicians and youthful aspirants, soldiers hardly of age and soldiers referred to as "old Joe," are compared as to efficiency. Even so, I still argue that you are only as old as you want to be. Personally I do not have any embarrassment in telling the number of my years, but I insist that we need not lose our enthusiasm for living just because we are grandparents, or are white-headed, or a bit wrinkled.

Arthur Barner recently said:

"There are two ways of facing the passing years. One is to think that they bring us nearer to the end of life; the other is that they bring us nearer to the beginning of real life. As far back as the time of Job, this second viewpoint was held. A shock of corn or wheat is lovely in its different stages of development—"first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear"—yet it is only when it has been gathered into the garner that it commences its real career of usefulness—that of feeding the hungry multitudes."

Goldsmith said:

"I love everything that's old—
old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."

Baker, I think it was, said:

"Let me grow lovely, growing old
So many things do:
Laces and ivory and gold
And silks need not be new.
There is healing in old trees,
Old streets a glamour hold.
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?"

Clark B. Sawyer-Heath said:

"Four-score! yet softly the years have swept by thee.
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care:
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee.
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully, graceful and fair."

Jane Ellen Harrison said:

"Old age, believe me, is a good and pleasant time. It is true that you are gently shouldered off the stage, but then you are given such a comfortable front stall as spectator, and, if you have really played your part, you are more content to sit down and watch."

Contrasting the periods, George Washington Johnson said, remember another day:

"I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to, long ago.
When you and I were young, Maggie."

"To me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young."

Birthdays

I sat at dinner last week with a dear friend not much my senior, who had just passed a birthday and to whom my wife and I had sent a greeting. When asked how he felt, he said, "fine, but it is disconcerting to have birthdays, they remind you that you are getting older." Meeting another one, much younger than myself, he reminded me that he was not just "getting gray" but that he was "getting white-headed."

Euripides four hundred and fifty years, B. C., said:

"Old men's prayers for death are lying prayers, in which they abuse old age and long extent of life. But when death draws near, not one is willing to die, and age no longer is a burden to them.

"I care for riches, to make gifts
"To friends, or lead a sick man back to health
"With ease and plenty. Else small aid is wealth
"For daily gladness; once a man be done
"With hunger, rich and poor are all as one."

Marmion said:

"What find you better or more honorable than age."

If I may be pardoned for being sentimental I like to look back with James Whitcomb Riley and say:

"I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered my caress
With the written declaration that, 'as surely as the vine
Grew 'round the stump,' she loved me—
—that old Sweetheart of mine."

You well know that,

"Life does not cease when you are old, it only suffers a rich change. You go on loving, only your love, instead of a burning fiery furnace, is the mellow glow of an Autumn sun."

For

"Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest."

Still another way to say it is:

"Old wood to burn; Old Wine to drink; Old friends to trust; Old authors to read."

about 40 years old, he produced his first try-out clock, but it failed to meet the conditions of the competition. Four years later he had another shot and in 1749 another, but both of 'em flopped. In 1761, when he was nearing 70 he pulled off a winner. His son tested it on a voyage to Jamaica and back to Portsmouth. That voyage took quite some while in a sailing ship, but the timepiece lost less than two minutes during the whole voyage. John promptly claimed the first prize ($100,000). But it was another matter to collect and it took twelve years before the British Treasury paid the last of several installments."

So, I still say the impetuosity of youth does lots but I believe the conservatism of old age stableizes the world.

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Paraphrasing another, no man loves life like him thats growing old, but we all know that old age is but a second childhood. Contrasting that youth is not now sorry that it is of the present,

Frances Brown said:

"Oh! those blessed times of old! with their chivalry and state;
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate;
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told—
But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old!"

As a youth I thought my white-headed grandparent was an old man. When he died he was only two years older than I am today. My views on the subject have changed. "Tired old men" was a phrase much in use ten years ago. A celebrated doctor, once, was accused of advocating the chloroforming of all who had reached the old age of forty. The idea was so publicized—and resented—that a comedian wrote a farce titled, "Life begins at forty." Later on he changed it to read "Life begins at 8 o'clock."

Sequoyah the half-breed Cherokee Indian who devised an alphabet for his people was forty-one years old when he called the headmen together to tell them of it. He lived and journeyed for many years more.

Robert E. Lee was fifty-four years old when he took command of the Confederate Army, and Stonewall Jackson was not young.

The story of John Harrison, a Yorkshire England Carpenter is interesting. A British writer about that says:

"In the days of Queen Anne the British Government had a spasm of enterprise; something must have bitten a few M.P.'s. Anyway they offered cash prizes to any clockmaker who could make a clock, watch or any other old thing that would decide the longitude at sea; $50,000 if it got within sixty minutes; $75,000 within forty minutes; and $100,000 within thirty minutes. Now there was a Yorkshire carpenter named John Harrison who had ambitions to be a horologer. He started making clocks with wooden works and eventually produced one that struck the hours and showed the day of the month. This particular clock has a metal escapement, otherwise all the works are wood—it is in the museum at South Kensington and, I believe, still goes.

Mr. Harrison hearing of all the money the Government were ready to throw around (and you can multiply it by at least five to get the present-day equivalent) decided to try for a chunk of it. By 1775, when he was

Through The Years

No. 689.

Some Slang

By PETER A. BRANNON

January 7, 1945.

I HAVE long argued for the purity of our Southern accent and have written on the subject, and talked some on the subject. Recently there has been quite a bit about it in the papers, all apparently started from some AP man following up Mr. Walling Keith's suggestion that a society for the prevention of ill toward the Southern accent be formed—that may not be the exact title of the society, but it has that intent anyhow. Southern accent, Gulf Country accent, the soft smooth rhythmic pronunciation and enunciation of those of us who have been blessed with being brought up in the Southern sunshine makes for the very best in American cultural expressions—at least according to our interpretation—but even the slang of the South is interesting.

Much has been written in recent months on the negroes in the American Army and their use of the English language, all of which goes back to one way of saying something about the South. Many of our expressions are ungrammatical and to those of the literary world who are purists in the use of the English language, particularly is our slang of the Deep South something to be marveled at. I "read after," quoting an expression which is possibly colloquial, if not ungrammatical, an adopted Britisher who was for years connected with the Boston Transcript, and he has gotten lots of fun comparing American and British expressions. Right there in a recent contribution of his he takes up the word "gotten" and discusses at some length how the word gets on the nerves of the average Britisher. The Arizona Daily Star, of Tucson, in a story written by W. R. Mathews made some complimentary references to Lord Halifax in connection with a recent visit there and the British columnist who the ex-Bostonian is writing about, said of Mr. Mathews' reference, "this unconventional but felicitous compliment." Mr. Mathews said "he was like a shoe that pinches when new. He (Lord Halifax) has not gotten broken in and wears well and comfortably."

Use of Slang

Of course one would expect the European to marvel somewhat at our expressions like "on the rocks," or "on the beam," or "making a hit," or "pulling his leg," and thousands more which an ordinary American might think of and which he may use in a "slangy" way in the course of a day's time. "Believe it or not" most Americans do use slang. The British speak of "beans" as money. Skylark is an old English expression from the original Shylock, the money lender. The British way of saying on the rocks when a person has gone to the dogs, of course owes its origin to the nautical term expressing the ship wrecking of a vessel when blown on the rocks. If a man has nothing in his jeans he is possibly so close to the end of the month that he lacks the when you can get it, more often than coffee. I have heard Englishmen say that they took a "steep" of tea and inasmuch as they steeped the tea I guess they did. I enjoy a radio character once a week who talks an Englishman and acts like one. I never saw his picture nor have I ever seen him so I do not know whether he has ever been any closer to England than New York City, but at least he has many of the characteristics of our cousins overseas. When he recites a "pome," it is very interesting. He is a professional comedian and therefore entitled to "get away" with anything he attempts.

I once knew a gentleman who was very profane but his language was entirely free of vulgarity. He spoke pretty good English, and he used the most effective and far reaching and vigorous words to express himself which ever befell my lot to hear. Those literary purists who are sticklers for exactitude in expression could find no fault with the placing of his adverbs.

Whether "Hotziggaty," "Helluvalot," "goshdurnest," and such words as those common ordinary American language words are, should be classed as slang words or Americanisms, I don't know, but I am convinced beyond peradventure that "geeminetty" is a good Americanism. It might not classify as universal as "ain't" and "don't" and "can't" but at times almost everybody says it. We sometimes "rubberneck" and find a beautiful specimen who is "an eye full of Peacherina." While we are rubbernecking we often "get hold" of something which is not "worth a Pickyune," or not even as worth as much as a "snowball in hell," or we find a "tin horn gambler" or a girl gets "stood up," or somebody "hits the sawdust trail," or we get caught with only "chicken feed" in our pockets, but even so, most Americans know who "T. R." was and they know what the "Gipson Girl era" was, and they know what you mean when you say "speak low and carry a big stick," and calling Cornelius McGillicuddy "Connie Mack" is not slang. George Washington had a hatchet, or at least he is credited with having one, and Carrie Nation had one. Carrie left her imprint on American folklore for many years after her conduct in the Kansas saloons we were using the expression "Carrying a Hatchet" for somebody. "Hoochee Coochee" is an American slang manner of describing a vulgar dance made famous at the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893. "Fan Dancing" is American and made an American present day dancer quite famous.

But one could go on, and on, and on, rounding out these slang expressions which are not nice genteel manners of conversation, though sometimes in the the heat of passion they do relieve the sensations in no uncertain way.

when new. He (Lord Halifax) has not gotten broken in and wears well and comfortably."

Use of Slang

Of course one would expect the European to marvel somewhat at our expressions like "on the rocks," or "on the beam," or "making a hit," or "pulling his leg," and thousands more which an ordinary American might think of and which he may use in a "slangy" way in the course of a day's time. "Believe it or not" most Americans do use slang. The British speak of "beans" as money. Skylark is an old English expression from the original Shylock, the money lender. The British way of saying on the rocks when a person has gone to the dogs, of course owes its origin to the nautical term expressing the ship wrecking of a vessel when blown on the rocks. If a man has nothing in his jeans he is possibly so close to the end of the month that he lacks the necessary financial means of his daily livelihood, but we Americans do not mean he has gone to the dogs just because he is "hard up" for cash.

I learn from the quoted British writer that when we say a thing is a "white elephant" on our hands the origin must go back to the playful habit of the King of Siam who when he got sore with one of his followers presented him with an elephant knowing that the up-keep would send the poor "guy" to his ruin. I don't know where that slang word "guy" comes from, but it has Europe as well as America for its background. Bobby Burns used the expression meaning having your nose to the grindstone, but he spelled that round thing "grunstane."

British Names In Contrast

There has been much written in the past two years about the Americans finding many British place-names as well as business designations so contrasting with what they were known by at home. For many years all the writing on the subject has been done by the Britishers in criticism of what we called our things over here. Some Britishers might tell you (I certainly couldn't) why they call a place where a man can get a drink, a "Pub." Obviously in prohibition time a little hole in the wall where you might dodge into from the street, and without much noise, get a "swig" of prohibited liquor was a "speak easy" for if too much noise was made about it somebody might get "pulled," or "pinched." As a little boy, quite a few years ago, I heard the story of the minister who came upon a collection of small boys who were trying to out-do each other telling lies and who told them that when he was a little boy he never told a lie—and was given the dog. Even today we hear the expression "give him the dog," so that colloquialism, or Americanism, must be quite old.

Americanisms

I gave a lecture sometime since on Americanisms, not slang, hoping that through it I might teach some American history and was surprised to find that some of my listeners were entirely ignorant on the origin of some of the most common of our everyday used phases. I asked a young woman, just out of college, if she ever "made a hit" with her boy friend and she was quite sure she had, but she had not the slightest idea of the origin of the expression. Hoping to suggest the origin I asked her if in any attempt she had ever "made a strike." She said she had because she won two dollars ($2) once on a horse, but she still couldn't tell me that the American game of baseball originated both of these Americanisms. A popular American drink was formerly a dope and is now a "coke," logically perpetuates the characteristic of the chemical content. Coffee and tea have just as much of the main ingredients, perhaps more, but to most people they don't taste as good and this refreshing beverage is asked for a thousand to one,

Through The Years

January 15, 1945.

Prices Then Current

By PETER A. BRANNON

no. 696

IN THE old correspondence of Dr. John Watkins who lived at Burnt Corn but who traded at Bellville (the word spelled without the final "e" more often than otherwise), Mobile, Montgomery, Claiborne, and other Alabama towns in the 1850s, I find quite a few things that interest me.

A bill against the doctor, dated Jan. 7, 1856, of purchases made of William Strickland and Company, Booksellers and Stationers at 28 Dauphin Street, Mobile, shows that he bought three volumes of Calhoun's Works at two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) a volume; one volume of Bancroft's United States History at two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50); a volume called Clay's Private Correspondence for two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50); one-half ream of letter paper at one dollar and seventy-five cents ($1.75), one Whitney ink stand at one dollar and fifty cents ($1.50); one Back Gammon board at four dollars ($4); one copy of Swift's Works for one dollar and twenty-five cents ($1.25), and one "Segar Case" for three dollars ($3.00). An invoice of C. R. Hansford of Montgomery, dated in January, 1854, shows that Dr. Watkins paid seven dollars and twenty-five cents for the set of Calhoun works. He paid seven dollars and fifty cents ($7.50) two years later in Mobile. Freight was undoubtedly higher on goods shipped from the East to Montgomery than to Mobile but perhaps they received better prices in Mobile. From Mr. Hansford the doctor bought two ink stands, for one of which he paid one dollar and seventy-five cents, and the other one he got for forty cents—note that he paid one dollar and fifty cents for a Whitney ink stand in Mobile two years later. He bought a set of Bancroft's works of Hansford for eleven dollars and he paid Strickland two dollars and fifty cents for one volume. The doctor paid four dollars and fifty cents for a set of Byron and interesting to me to record is that he bought of Mr. Hansford here at Montgomery, a new original edition of Flush Times, Baldwin's inimitable volume and paid the large sum of one dollar for the same. Today you would pay fifteen dollars if you could get it.

Continuing, I see Dr. Watkins purchased in 1854 of Henderson, Burnett and Company of "Bellville" one copy of McGuffey's Fourth Reader and he paid "four bits" for the same. He purchased a geography and paid eight bits, or one dollar, for the same. The firm at Bellville receipted the "estate of Dr. Watkins for these items as of 1856, showing that in the interim the very interesting old man had passed on to another land.

H. O. Abney and Company, at Claiborne, who sold bacon, fine liquors, hats, hardware, groceries, rope and baggage, also sold Miss Sarah Watkins, daughter of the doctor, corset laces at fifteen cents each. She paid 35 bits for

an accident. I have seen some where in the Annals of the State a very interesting account of the passing of this young woman and her unborn babe. Shortly after her death Mr. Austill sold his farm at Burnt Corn, paid off some $7,000 of his indebtedness, returned two negroes given to Mrs. Austill by her father Captain Austill and giving his mother (Captain Evan Austill his father had died of exposure to insect bites while on an expedition against some of the Savannah Jack's Indians in Florida in the winter of 1818) three fine horses, all of whom died within three days shortly thereafter, he went to Mobile to be Deputy U. S. Marshall to a cripple man who had received the presidential appointment on the death of Jere's older brother who held the office for a short time.

In this same connection here is a quotation from the Mobile Tribune of 1854:

"Sensible.—Col. Jeremiah Austill, of Clarke county, has just given as good an illustration of the true principles of planting as has ever come under our observation. He plants cotton and makes good crops, but he does not confine his attention solely to that branch of culture. A few days since he brought down from his plantation a flatboat, laden to its fullest capacity with farm produce. He had a large lot of superior corn, which was sold at $1.20 per bushel, crab-grass hay at $1.25 per 100 lbs., fodder at $1.00, shucks at 75 cents, pumpkins at 3 cents, &c. These articles, except the two former—and then only for home use—are scarcely thought of by planters generally. The result is, that the majority confine themselves to cotton, and buy everything for plantation use, and remain nearly stationary, while the few Austills scattered over the State buy scarcely anything for the plantation, and have everything to sell."

"Dr. John Watkins, who was a prominent physician as well as farmer, lived about one mile north of Burnt Corn on the old Federal road. He raised quite a large and prominent family. Dr. Ben Watkins, who was a surgeon in the 44th Alabama Regiment during the Civil War. John Watkins a farmer; Dr. William Watkins who moved to Texas, also Sarah, Emma and Mary (Mrs. Ed Moseley). All the above have passed away, except Emma, who resides in Texas." The quotation there from reminiscences, years later, of Mr. Cunningham of Monroe County.

Further discussing Dr. Watkins and his expense account, one finds considerable interest in his purchases of medicine and drugs and finds that he shipped them from wholesale Drug houses to Mobile and by boat up the river to Claiborne to be hauled across to old Burnt Corn. His remedies and his drugs give a good picture of the old time drug practioner. He carried a good stock and even though he filled his own prescriptions he was apparently a very good druggist as well as a country doctor. When I recently participated in Montgomery in a program which celebrated "Pharmacists Week" I enjoyed the opportunity to use several of old Dr. Watkins invoices and the prices current then and the quantities shown as used then, in building the paper which was a part of a program put on at that time.

The old Watkins House still stands though much of the surrounding environment is in ruins. Fortunately many of the family papers have been preserved and quite a few of these and copies of others are now to be found in the Department of Archives and History.

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H. O. Abney and Company, at Claiborne, who sold bacon, fine liquors, hats, hardware, groceries, rope and baggage, also sold Miss Sarah Watkins, daughter of the doctor, corset laces at fifteen cents each. She paid 35 bits for a yard of belt ribbon and six bits for a bottle of cologne. Mr. B. F. Watkins, the old doctor's son, bought a fine pair of boots, it was a pair of fine boots as well, and paid ten dollars for them.

The Warehouse at Claiborne

I note with interest the reference to the warehouse charges of Cleveland and Pettibone, who were in business at Claiborne in December, 1859. Presumably the goods were brought up the river from Mobile and were stored there in the warehouse until they could be hauled over to Burnt Corn. A storage charge of ten cents was made on a sack of barley. Twenty cents was charged for storing a trunk. One dollar and twenty cents was the charge for storing six barrels of pork. On a bill paid on the last day, December, 1859, for charges on that trunk it appears that the warehouse paid fifty cents freight on it in 1858 and this was charged to Mrs. Watkins. As the trunk was not taken out until some time in 1859 a charge was again made, this added to the charges against it for storage. The bill as rendered and paid shows storage charges of twenty cents made twice. W. P. Leslie had a warehouse at Claiborne in 1856, S. M. Pettibone was his clerk. The firm was Cleveland and Pettibone in 1859.

Claiborne Business.

An examination of these Watkins papers will give the student a pretty good idea of Claiborne business. A man named Howard signed the receipt for W. P. Leslie's warehouse in 1857. Pettibone in 1856 and Cleveland in the first year of the War (1861). S. Rothschild and Brothers were in business there in 1855, and it was from them that Mr. Watkins bought his fine boots. M. A. Agee was proprietor of the Clairborne Southerner, a newspaper published there in the year 1856 and I find that the subscription was two dollars ($2) a year.

In much later years even in the day of my beginning to have an interest in Claiborne I knew one of these old Rothschild Brothers who still had a store at that place. It has not been so many years since he passed away. I was recently at Burnt Corn. Apparently once a place of considerable importance, much of its former glory has passed. I was very cordially entertained there by one of the present day merchants, I think there are two there now. He carried me to see the grave of Jerry Austill's first wife. A small monument marks the site of the place where she rests near an old homestead that was. The old cemetery there near the Baptist Church—Mrs. Austill is not buried in the town cemetery—is kept in pretty good condition, and one might build a reconstruction of Burnt Corn by visualizing the activities of those who are now resting in the shadow of the church at that place.

Mr. Austill's wife was Martha Hayse, daughter of a Captain Hayse who I do not identify. They were married March 9, 1820 and she died November 1, 1820 of

Through The Years

June 22, 1945

The Immortal Kossuth

By PETER A. BRANNON

No. 69

THOSE of us who are interested in collecting things and who get some of life's pleasures out of associating material things with historical incidents, have always been particularly intrigued with that souvenir of 1852 which immortalized the visit of the Hungarian patriot Kossuth to America. A calabash shaped bottle made in the same form, or one like it, of those used to commemorate the visit of Jenny Lind the year before, was turned out and these pictorial expressions are much sought today. There are three or four types of the Kossuth bottles all of which are interesting and around which is built a story.

A few days ago I stumbled on to a letter written from Washington by a gentleman who seems to have been connected with one of the congressional offices, but I am not able to identify him sufficiently well to say whether he was secretary to one of the congressmen or what his duty there was. I quote it:

Monday Evening
5 April, 1852.

Dear Daly,

The within letter has just been handed me by the young man in the office, have been out dining, and Sherrei, port: Claret, Champagne, Hock, Curracoa, marar-chini, and a host of other Liqueurs, have the ascendancy with me, this evening, so you must look over this dam'd scrawl.

have no news to give you. Kossuth the immortal. Kossuth the great. Kossuth the glorious, was received here on Saturday in a manner that would have done honor to a Clay or Webster.—no doubt but that if the Battle field could have been in reach of the patriotism of the crowd assembled to ordain him, Hungary would have bursted the fetters of monarchy, and unfurled the banners of freedom—but all joking aside Kossuth made a favorable impression upon the minds of all those that heard him. Gov. Gayle, Percy Walker, Chandler, and other distinguished men concurred with him in his views &c. and openly expressed themselves in the presence of some 3,000 persons.—

Kossuth is no doubt entitled to all the honor he has received in the U. N. States, there is no mistake of his being an extraordinary man, his firm frank open intellectual countenance, will long be remembered by those who have had the pleasure of seeing him. I have nothing more to write about. I am so full of Kossuth & Cham—(this word is probably intended for "Champagne"), that I will close. My compliments to Mrs. Daly. Write me often. Will write you again soon.

Your friend,

Kossuth Bottle

One of those American historical flasks, so designated, is before me as I write and shows a bust, full-front face of Kossuth in his uniform, wearing a Beaver-type hat from which waves, to the left, a plume. The figure is flanked by flags, one which is the American flag and I presume others representative of Hungary.. Embossed over the bust is "Louis Kossuth." On the reverse of the bottle is a good representation of the United States Steam Frigate Mississippi. It is shown riding the waves. The name of the boat, which is a side-wheeler, is impressed under it and in another line is "S. Huffsey." The maker of the mold, Phillip Doflien, has impressed his name and Mould Maker Nth 5th St. 84, on the kick-up in the base from which has been ground out the pontil. As noted above, this design is practically in shape at least, the same as the "Jenny Lind" issued to commemorate the visit of the Swedish singer who came to the United States about two years before.

It might be interesting to know that P. T. Barnum, the great circus man, influenced Jenny Lind to come to America in 1850 to give a series of concerts which he contracted with her at $1,000 each and there was an arrangement made that if the proceeds netted more than $5,000, the two of them were to split even. Miss Lind received more than $10,000 each for the first two performances. Mr. Barnum received a like amount. The first ticket that sold brought $640. In order to guarantee his offer to the Swedish nightingale he approached his bankers in New York for a request for a loan sufficient to cover the guarantee, but was refused as the banker argued that no man should expect any house to bring $5,000 for one performance. After the great sums realized from these concerts, the banking industry in New York admitted surprise.

The name of that bottle is interesting as associated with early American history. The Spanish explorers under DeSoto who visited the Gulf country in 1540 found a particular variety of gourd which though unlike those of Spain reminded them of theirs at home and they referred to these natural native products as "calabashes." From this arose that designation of a particular shaped long neck gourd type of bottle and even down to today we have the "calabash shape."

George S. McKearin an authority on American Glass, speaking of the making of the Kossuth bottle says:

"The portrait of Lajos (Louis) Kossuth, the outstanding figure in the Hungarian Revolution of 1848-50, is found on one flask and three calabash-shaped bottles, G. I-100, 111 and 113, which appeared at the time of his visit to America late in 1851. Americans were deeply stirred by the gallant struggle of the Magyars to throw off the Austrian yoke. When the new Republic of Hungary was crushed, due to the military aid given by the Czar of Russia, thousands of Hungarians captured by the Russians were turned over to Austria to be hanged, shot or imprisoned. Of those who escaped, hundreds fled to England and to the United States. Still others, among them Kossuth, sought refuge in Turkey. With each step in the struggle the sympathy of Americans for the Hungarian patriots mounted until it reached a point where popular demand was made for intervention by the United States, for severance of diplomatic relations with Austria, and for land grants to the exiles in America, all of which were the subject of debate and resolutions in Congress.

After Kossuth fled to Turkey, resolutions were introduced in state legislatures and backed by Congress, demanding that the United States intercede with the Sultan of Turkey for the liberation of Kossuth and members of his family and companions and that they be brought to the United States in a National ship. So aroused were the people that the Secretary of State, fearing serious diplomatic consequences, instructed our Minister at Constantinople to approach the Ottoman Government with such a proposal, but the Sultan, having promised Austria to keep the prisoners a year, declined the offer. Since the agitation on behalf of Kossuth continued early in 1851 Congress passed a resolution authorizing President Fillmore to secure, if possible, the liberation of Kossuth and his companions and to bring them to the United States. The President approved this and the consent of the Sultan was obtained.

On September 10, 1851, Kossuth, with wife, children, suite, and a party of refugees, 58 in all, boarded the Frigate Mississippi for New York. However, Kossuth himself debarked at Gibraltar and went to London for a short stay, and it was December before he arrived in the United States. When he landed at Staten Island he was welcomed with the wildest enthusiasm and acclaimed as a popular hero. Dinners and receptions were given in his honor and public meetings at which he spoke for his cause were held in New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Baltimore.

From Baltimore he went to Washington, where he was received by the President, the Senate and the House, and was honored by a Congressional dinner. He even met Henry Clay, then a dying man, who like many others sympathetic to Kossuth's cause, was opposed to any intervention on the part of this country in the affairs of Europe. Gradually as enthusiasm waned, there was a growth of opposition to any attempt to involve our government in any avowed support of a Hungarian revolution, and in July 1852, Kossuth left for England. So it would seem that the Kossuth flask and bottles were made only during the 1851-1852 visit."

Through The Years

January 29 1945

Stage Travel Down The Chattahoochee Valley

By PETER A. BRANNON

No. 6 52.

(Editor's note: This story was used in this series several years ago. It is now republished by special request.)

JUDGE AND MRS. LUCIEN D. GARDNER recently presented to the Alabama Department of Archives and History a little worn out volume of a most nondescript appearance and even though half the pages are torn out, those included charm me beyond measure. The volume may have belonged to a member of the Wiley family though there are Gardner names entered. The accounts, entries, references and notations therein are given for the years 1842-44. Cash received from post routes between Fort Mitchell, Irwinton and Franklin on the west side of the river, and from Shell Creek, Lumpkin, Summerfield, Cuthbert and Cotton Hill on the east side of the river, and numerous stage line accounts, make these valuable in the development of the history of the valley, be the enquirer either an Alabamian or a Georgian. Stage transportation for a black boy from Irwinton to Fort Gaines was $3 but the stage would take a box weighing 100 pounds, all way from Columbus to Irwinton, for 45 cents.

1843 Post Records

By reference to the Acts of Congress, one finds that there was a post route in Alabama from Fort Mitchell, by Roanoke post-office, Stewart County, Georgia, Irwinton, Barbour County, Alabama, to Fort Gaines, Early County, Georgia, the mail to be carried on the west side of the Chattahoochee River. This shows that Columbus, Ga., mail to Fort Gaines which at the date of this account, July, 1836, was a place of some importance, was transported over what is today known as the River Road from the present Columbus in old Henry County, Alabama, as far north as Columbus, Ga. The road goes by our Fort Mitchell through Oswichee by Cottonton, on to Eufaula, south of old Franklin and on toward Alaga. The Florida short route of the Alabama highway system, parallels much of this way, and it touches the road at points. The Wiley-Record-Book (I shall call it a Wiley book, having no better name), enters the contract numbers of these post routes and therein we learn that the route from Fort Mitchell south to Franklin in July, 1843, was No. 5479, the route between Columbus and Fort Gaines was No. 3382. Apparently the mail contractor received his money from the postmasters for it is entered that on the 18th day of July, 1843, he received money due July 1, from the postmaster at Fort Mitchell to the amount of $36.96 1-2 from the postmaster at

time is "run away, never paid." McCall, another passenger on that day was charged the amount of $6 and A. Lovelace has entered "Paid." Mr. Lovelace was the stage driver. On the first day of July of that year, Mr. N. Gardner rode down from Florence to Irwinton. The charge was $3. He was "to pay Lovelace." At the same time, his wife and daughter accompanied him and the charge may have been for the three of them. Old Florence is not far from Eufaula so the amount should not be much. Entered is "to be settled in my account with William McLeod." In July of that year, Mr. McKay, Mr. Crowell, Mr. Wiley, Mr. Chittie, Mr. Williams, Mr. Coleman, Miss Brown, Mr. Booth, Miss Sergeant, Mr. Brocaw, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Bateman were "charge" passengers. On Aug. 5, Mrs. Wellborn and her negro girl traveled from Columbus to Irwinton and occupied one seat. We must imagine that the lady shared the middle swinging seat, always reserved for the ladies, with her little colored maid and the fare was $6. She had three trunks, one carpet-bag and one sword and the excess charge was $3.54. Mr. R. Cannon shipped some goods down by the same stage but the record shows that he never paid the transportation on them. During that August, Col. Toney (without doubt the reference is to Col. Washington Toney whose plantation was several miles north of the present Eufaula), went down from Columbus to Sandy Creek. He charged his fare as $7, for Mr. Lovelace to collect later. He brought down at the same time a bundle for Mr. Davis and the charge was 50 cents. On the 18th of August, Mrs. Gardner, Benjamin Gardner and little daughter, the three being charged for one seat through paying two fares, are shown as traveling from Irwinton to Florence. Mrs. J. B. Pigg is traveler on the coach. I do not identify the name in that section though they may belong there. John P. Harvey rode the stage quite often, Col. Hunter was a passenger quite often, Thomas Henry, Mr. Hardaway, Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Laney, Miss Murphy, Maj. McCoy, Mr. H. Winget (this name would not be spelled that way at the present time), Mr. Stow (without doubt the old hardware family of Eufaula), and scores of other names are entered. Sometimes the gentlemen traveled with a boy and the ladies traveled with a girl, showing that they carried their maid. He rarely ever charges the ladies for their maid though this does not always apply in the case of a negro boy.

As I read along through this volume, I find that one of the drivers on the line, maybe the

seems to have had less curiosity than Preston for always the "strangers" were entered by Lovelace, Mr. Preston must have asked their names. A Lovelace, sometimes entered as "A. A. L." gave way as driver to James J. Lovelace on July 1, 1843. Entered, very modestly and almost out of sight is "July 1, (no year), James J. Lovelace commenced driving." Entered more boldly is "1843, July 1, A. A. Lovelace, debtor to cash when going to Chambers, $10. Quit driving same day."

Business Accounts

As well as entering accounts against his stage passengers, the contractor injects certain other little business matters. For example, on July 1, 1943, he paid "Mr. Lomax" $8.39. This is either the father of, or our own Col. Tennent Lomax who lived at Eufaula in the forties. On July 4, is entered that Mr. Gray commenced riding the mail at $6 per mile. It is also entered that he, the stage contractor, put stock on from Fort Gaines July 3, 1843. "One horse was kept at Lumpkin (from 3rd instant, July)" and "one boy on the 4th at supper." In 1844, this contractor bought of S. Pasmore 3,664 feet of plank at $27.48. He sold the account to James H. Smith and gave his note for the amount. Several other pertinent facts come out. A credit for "by services driving the stage," one time entered as $15 for two months, and a charge to "driving the stage for two months at $7.50" gives the student an opportunity to arrive at fixed salaries for the period. Samuel M. Latimer, who ran a regular account with the stage, and who seems to have paid many passenger's fare, furnished the feed for the stage horses at $11 a month for four horses. His son, Archey, seems to have borrowed on the account for once this unknown contractor paid cash to "son Archey" $22 and another time $50.

I do not identify Col. Corcoran, but on Jan. 24, 1845, he came down from Columbus to Eufaula and paid $5 fare and $5 express on a 200-pound box of books. On Aug. 14, of that year, he paid $2 express on a box of books. In 1845, the stage fare to Columbus had been reduced from $6 to $5 each way. The contractor seems to have bought items in Columbus for his friends, charged it on their accounts and then charged express for bringing down these commodities. Thomas Cargile (who is sometimes "gle," sometimes "gil" and sometimes "gile"), had him buy tools in Columbus and bring them down. The Gordons, that well known family in east Henry must have had a bank

ty, Alabama, as far north as Columbus, Ga. The road goes by our Fort Mitchell through Oswichee by Cottonton, on to Eufaula, south of old Franklin and on toward Alaga. The Florida short route of the Alabama highway system, parallels much of this way, and it touches the road at points. The Wiley-Record-Book (I shall call it a Wiley book, having no better name), enters the contract numbers of these post routes and therein we learn that the route from Fort Mitchell south to Franklin in July, 1843, was No. 5479, the route between Columbus and Fort Gaines was No. 3382. Apparently the mail contractor received his money from the postmasters for it is entered that on the 18th day of July, 1843, he received money due 1, from the postmaster at Fort Mitchell to the amount of $36.96 1-2, from the postmaster at Irwinton, $320.91, from the postmaster at Franklin, $22.50. For the July quarter, 1844, other amounts are entered. The Lumpkin, Ga., postoffice paid more money for the last quarter of 1843 and for the first quarter of 1844 than any other postoffice in the Chattahoochee Valley. For the first 1843 quarter it amounted to $336.44 1-2. Cuthbert, of the Georgia offices ranked next.

Stage Accounts

The stage accounts in this ledger (which looks quite like, except that it is slightly larger, a blue-black spelling book) are most interesting to me and one can almost compile a census of families from these records. Either the stage driver or the contractor, seems to have kept an account against all of his passengers to most of whom he "charged" their fare and if we may accept this ledger, some of it he never collected.

On the 26th day of July, 1842, he carried one "Hamilton" from Columbus to Irwinton and charged him $6. Entered opposite his name and written at a different from Irwinton to Florence. Mrs. J. B. Pigg is traveler on the coach. I do not identify the name in that section though they may belong there. John P. Harvey rode the stage quite often, Col. Hunter was a passenger quite often, Thomas Henry, Mr. Hardaway, Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Laney, Miss Murphy, Maj. McCoy, Mr. H. Winget (this name would not be spelled that way at the present time), Mr. Stow (without doubt the old hardware family of Eufaula), and scores of other names are entered. Sometimes the gentlemen traveled with a boy and the ladies traveled with a girl, showing that they carried their maid. He rarely ever charges the ladies for their maid though this does not always apply in the case of a negro boy.

As I read along through this volume, I find that one of the drivers on the line, maybe the substitute man, was named Preston. His first name or initial was "T." The driver did not charge "round trips" but he did enter thus: "Mr. Hunt, up and down, Columbus to Irwinton." No reduced rates were made for the round trip. The stage took on passengers at Uchee Creek, a few miles south of Fort Mitchell. Apparently between regular stops, passengers were charged at a higher rate. While practically all the passengers' names are identified, occasionally we see the word "stranger," and always in that case the amount is entered as "paid." Sometimes it is "pd" and sometimes "payd."

I find many of my old friends of the records entered here. John C. Lewis, A. H. Ayer, Col. Howard, of Columbus, and I find one of my own relatives who rode with him on Sept. 13, 1842, from Columbus to Fort Gaines. The record shows that he paid his fare. John Lovelace, in this case not A. Lovelace, collected it. Mr. James Beattie has a whole page of accounts. He rode often from Irwinton to Columbus, "up and down" and in 1845 he was riding from Columbus to Eufaula. According to this Irwinton lost its name (to Eufaula) between May 9 and 18, 1944. Mr. Beattie went down from Columbus to Irwinton and returned from Eufaula to Columbus. In August, 1843, Col. Toney had a $22 charge. He went down on the 17th from Columbus "down home," the fare being $7 and he carried down 100 pounds of flour, express on same being $3. Apparently as entered at the same time, but intended to be the charge for the trip up to Columbus, is the fare from Irwinton, which is entered at $5 whereas the stage from his home on Sandy Creek is as at other times $7. The Millwards used the stage quite often. Sometimes it is charged to Mrs. Millward who carried her maid with her and then again it is charged to S. W. Millward, "wife's fare" and "negro woman's," each being entered separately. The stage fare for a negro boy when traveling by himself from Columbus is not as much as if accompanied by someone. I presume that the negro boys must have ridden with the driver on the box. "Aleson Jagchat" is undoubtedly an entry for "Allison Gachet." One interesting entry here is "Johnson's wife rode twice and himself rode three times." Thomas Cargile is charged quite often for other folk's fare. The driver, Lovelace, Archey, seems to have borrowed on the account for once this unknown contractor paid cash to "son Archey" $22 and another time $50.

I do not identify Col. Corcoran, but on Jan. 24, 1845, he came down from Columbus to Eufaula and paid $5 fare and $5 express on a 200-pound box of books. On Aug. 14, of that year, he paid $2 express on a box of books. In 1845, the stage fare to Columbus had been reduced from $6 to $5 each way. The contractor seems to have bought items in Columbus for his friends, charged it on their accounts and then charged express for bringing down these commodities. Thomas Cargile (who is sometimes "gle," sometimes "gil" and sometimes "gile"), had him buy tools in Columbus and bring them down. The Gordons, that well known family in east Henry, must have had a bank account with Mr. Cargile for I see Col. Gordon's stage fare always charged to Mr. Cargile.

The contractor, as well as running the stage line, seems to have done an advance business for here is: "Ryan's board, Oglethorpe, Columbus, $1.75." The Oglethorpe Hotel, at Columbus, was an institution which has been written into the story of that town by many who stopped there. He must have paid his driver, James Lovelace, while he was sick, for, there is a record "board one month, sick, $15." His sewing and washing was $7.72 1-2. Mr. Lovelace's small accounts, sometimes $1.50, sometimes $1.75, board at Columbus twice, $1.75 each, cash borrowed at Cuthbert and other such things are meticulously entered. His bookkeeper, however, forgot to enter charges occasionally, for at the end of an account will be such as this "same Summer, Columbus to Eufaula, $5," being an entry of a charge for transportation which apparently was not entered at the date the trip was made.

While this old ledger is for the most part an accounting of stage transportation between Columbus and Eufaula, the east side of the river entries (not many), interest me and the personnel of these entries is most interesting. The name "Brocaw" is sometimes spelled "Brokar" and sometimes "Borrars" and sometimes "Brocaw," showing four different phases in the account against L. J. Davies to whom all of Mr. Brocaw's indebtedness was charged. I have located two or three new places by name but not by site. The stage stopped at "Vinsents" and at other places. It is rather interesting to find charges against a firm, notably S. and W. Wilson for the stage fare of persons that I think must have been lawers going to court. McKay and Chisholm, Crowell, Wiley and Jones, McLane, Jordan and Wakefield and others are shown. Wardlaw came down to Irwinton. Roberts comes over from Georgetown. Kimbrough comes from Columbus, etc.

In conclusion, pocket knives were 75 cents, Summer coats, at Columbus, were $2.25, a pair of shoes was $1.50, eight yards of bleached homespun was $1.20 and one could buy three pairs of socks for "37 1-2 cents for the three."

Through The Years

Jul. 12, 1945

Peytonia Of The Forks Of The Cypress

By PETER A. BRANNON

No. 45

HENRY WORCESTER SMITH, a retired textile engineer and a long known authority on Horse Racing in earlier days, sent me a New Year's Greeting Card. It is a full sized sheet illustration, carrying descriptive text, from a recent volume, Racing in America 1665-1865, by John Hervey. The picture is the N. Currier lithograph, Peytonia-Fashion Match Race, Union Course, May 13, 1845. Harry T. Peters author of the volume Currier and Ives, 1929, and the American Color Print authority says of the picture:

"FOR MANY YEARS, 'of course excepting the clipper ships prints,' which have always had a special market, and should be considered separately, 'Peytona and Fashion,' 1845, held the premier place. The late Mr. Frederick Halsey had for a long time the only copy known. This one sold in his print sale and was bought by a group of his friends and was presented to the Racquet and Tennis Club, New York, where it now hangs.

"There are fourteen stages and carriages, one stage having the inscription 'Kipp and Brown,' another 'Broadway,' and a third 'Bowery.'" All the spectators vary. There are women with blankets of food for sale, a number of horsemen in riding clothes, mounted, arranged about the track. In fact, this is, in a way, the most interesting of the sporting prints.

"It is the best of the thoroughbred racing ones, and, I think, superior to any of the trotting ones.

"The match also had the added interest of being a race, and is so marked on the print, between the North and the South, Thomas Kirkman of Alabama, owning 'Peytona' by imported 'Glencoe'; Henry K. Toler owning 'Fashion' by 'Trustee.' The race was four mile heats, the best two out of three, 'Peytona' winning the first two heats and the race in the marvelous time of 7.39 3-4—7.45 1-4. Imagine any of our modern thoroughbreds running four mile heats, best two in three. They certainly grew hardy horses in those grand old days.

"I think Harry Worcester Smith awards it first place, in any avent he did a short time ago when he showed me his copy which he had discovered somewhere after many years' search. As his collection is one of the finest sporting ones in America I think we may fairly accord it first place in the Sporting group."

Peytona was sired by Glencoe and he walked the very fields in which she was dropped at The Forks of the Cypress, Alabama, when he (Mr. Smith) was in Florence in 1842, the guest of William Mitchell, Esq., grandson of James Jackson the breeder of Peytona.

Mr. Smith gathered, by assignment, much of the material for the Jockey Club of America's publication (Racing in America) and was "especially interested," so he says, in the print.

Racing in America, the Book.

Perhaps you would like to know more about these two volumes which are available to those who will hurry to get one of the 800 printed copies. The price is forty dollars ($40.00). The frontispiece is a full color reproduction of the Troye painting of Lexington the most potent and far reaching of American Thoroughbreds. Mr. Troye one America's really celebrated animal painters, lived for some time in Cherokee County, Alabama. The original Troye painting of Lexington is in the Jockey Club Collection. Many of Mr. Troye's paintings which he made here in Alabama have found their way East into the collections of the rich Sportsmen. Alabamians either did not appreciate them or the money they could sell them for tempted beyond resistance.

James Jackson's Plantation

A short distance north of Florence on the Tennessee River in Lauderdale County, the old mansion of James Jackson who bred Peytonia still stands. One may find a very interesting sketch of the family and the homestead in that rare volume Historic Homes in Alabama.

Look around and when you find a copy of the print told about above bring it in to me. It might be worth something to you.

Through The Years

February 26, 1945.

Judge Thomas Stocks' Trip From Georgia To Pensacola

No. 694.

By PETER A. BRANNON

"LEFT home on the 12th of April:

April 14 1819. Spent the night at Fort Hawkins

19th. Proceed on 10 miles to Fort Gaines Crossing the Lo-mocha-cho-ba about 200 Yards above the line of Early County. Fort Gains is situated on the East side of the Chattahoochee on a most beautiful eminence. The land is Good but Broken, the water pleasant Tasted but warm. it is about sixty miles above the confluence of Flint and Chattahoochee Rivers, and about 85 miles west or south west of Fort Early, here we procured some Corn at 6$ per Bushel and proceed on 6 miles on the Fort Crawford Road running nearly west and crossing the Chattahoochee at Fort Gains. and encamped.

20th. Set out Early and travelled 20. miles crossing several Branches of the Yatte-awba, land poor and water bad. Thence 7. miles to Black wood Cr. and 5 miles to Samuel Waldens thence on 2. miles and Encamped. This evening we have passed some spots free land.

21st. Proceeded on one mile to the Choctawhatche a very rapid stream about 60 yds wide, here we procured a Small Tottering Canoe and crossed the River without any accident but with considerable difficulty Thence on 12 miles to Yellow bank to dinner. This Stream is about 30 yards wide, Very Rapid and deep, we crossed it with Considerable difficulty. Thence on 7. miles and encamped. the land passed over today is poor, Except narrow stripes on the Choctawhatche and Yellow bank. water bad.

22nd. Proceeded on Early and traveled 22. miles to Pea River crossing numerous creeks and branches, land Tollerable good (for pine woods) and the water the best we have seen for several days. here we was enabled to cross without much difficulty in a publick Boat. the low grounds on this river is very narrow and the stream is about 45. or 50 yards wide and runs nearly south-east at this place. Thence on 15. miles over poor, low, Boggy Pine Flats, and encamped on a Cany Branch.

23rd. Proceeded on 2 miles and crossed Yellow River in a small Canoe, this is much such a stream and the land differs none from Pea River. thence 7 miles to the 5 runs this is among one of the worst places we have seen (God grant we may not see such an other one) 7 miles to dinner. Thence on 16. miles to Scurlocks on the Connaker River. This stream is somewhat larger than Choctawhatche the land passed over today generally poor. the Bottom land at this place narrow and sandy and subject to inun- to Fort Claybourn crossing Randans Creek land and water as described above and spent the night at Shearleys Tavern. Where I as bit so bad by gnats and chinces etc. that in the morning I changed my lodging by going to Mr. Maburys where I was some better off but still badly accommodated.

4th. Spent this day in viewing the Town and the adjacent neighbourhood. Fort Claybourn is situated on the east bank of the Alabama, on a most beautiful Bluff. In the Town there is several Bluffs springs of pleasant water and it's probable the Inhabitants may enjoy good health, but in the adjacent Country It Cannot be as healthy, the land generally is rich water not very good and moss plenty and long. Ft. Claybourn is about 40. miles east of Saint Stephens, and is in the Sixth Range & Seventh Township. Latitude. 21..36.

Wednesday 5. Set out from Ft. Claybourn for the Catawba Town proceeded on 2. miles and crossed Limestone Creek thence 2. miles Flat Creek bothe these streams are rapid ones and very full at this time swimming from Bank to Bank. 11. miles to Colo. Arthur Fosters. From Ft. Claybourn to this place the land is good, water Bad, moss, long and plenty. here we left the River Trail and pursued the one called Roses. 15. miles and encamped.

6th.. Travelled 33 miles to Pine Barron Creek, crossing Pusley Creek and several others of considerable size here we were much difficultied in swimming thence on 2 miles and encamped. today we have travelled many miles over as rich and beautiful land as I ever beheld. Water scarce and as bad as can be. Moss plenty and long.

7th. Proceeded on 10. miles to Ceder Creek. 4 miles to Roses 5. miles to J. Saffolds 5. miles John Lowells and 5 miles to Cohawba. land passed over today as rich as I ever beheld water Generally very bad moss plenty—and spent the night at Mt. Youngs in Cohawba. (here I paid an uncoshionable Bill, say 5$ for supper and breakfast without lodging.)

8th. Spent the day at Cohawba Town, it is situate immediatelt at the Junction of Allabama, & Cohawba, Rivers, and laid off so as to include the Point of the Ford and Both banks of the Allabama, the place allotted for the Publick buildings is on the west side immediately below the Junction of the Rivers. It is in the 16th Township 10. Range. the Bluff Springs in the Town limits is tollerable good. But the water in the neighbourhood generally is very bad. Cohawba is in Latitude 32.15. Prospect for health Gloomy. in point Soil generally this neighbourhood is not surpassed in the Territory. left Co- from the Falls to this place we have crossed 2 Large Creeks, called Six mile Creek & Mohans Fork. at this place the land cannot be surpassed in point of looks of Soil, but the timber is mostly low and very scarce the water of the pure Blue limestone thence on 10. miles and Spent the night. the Cohawba Valley runs about No. 45. east is 50. miles Long from 2. to 8 miles wide land and water much such as described above.

Sunday 16th. left the Valley Road and Turned a south eastwardly direction 7. miles to Moore 8 miles to Hickens 12 miles to Rucker and Dennis on Big Mulberry Cr. Township 25. Range 13. 4 miles to William's on Bag Cr. and spent the night. the land Travelled over today generally poor. Except on the water courses water but Tollerable

17th. Proceeded on 4 miles to the west Branch of Attauga 3. m East Branch 10 miles to a fine Spring 5 miles to the pine Flat in 16th Range & 10th Township 8 miles to the Hickory Levil. 8 miles to Fort Jackson the land traveled over today is mostly poor until you approach near Fort Jackson where the land is good but the water and timbe are bothe Scarce and not very good Prospect of Health in this neighbourhood not Flattering.

18th. Proceeded on by Mr. Haglers, Felders and Grahams down to west side of the River to Bejamin Pearces. On Attauga Creek. the land of a second quality off from the River the water Tolerable good, Prospect of health rather unfavorable.

19th. Visited the River land Generally from Haglers Bluff to Hall's Bend the River land is surpassed by none I ever saw, but the Black Swamp is wide and Crawfishy, the sub land levil but not very rich. Prospect of health not Flattering. I have not seen any situation on the Alabama River equal in every respect to many situations on the Warrior.

20th. Visited Mr. Johnsons neighborhood and returned to Mr. Pearces the land is Tollerable good Quite levil and the water none of the worst.

21st. Set out for Home Proceeded on 10. miles to Tatums Ferry (13) 4. miles to Gilereans, 10. miles to Evans (14), on Milleys Creek. and spent the night. from Tatums Ferry to Evens we passed through a most Excellent Body of rich Levil land. Badly watered and Timbered. Very thickly settled with a wealthly population. The Prospect for health in this neighborhood is unpromiseing.

22nd. Proceed on 4. miles over a rich level Country to Abbercrombics on line Creek. from this place to Georgia the Indian title

crossed Yellow River in a small Canoe, this is much such a stream and the land differs none from Pea River. thence 7 miles to the 5 runs this is among one of the worst places we have seen (God grant we may not see such an other one) 7 miles to dinner. Thence on 16. miles to Scurlocks on the Connaker River. This stream is somewhat larger than Choctawhatche the land passed over today generally poor. the Bottom land at this place narrow and sandy and subject to inundation. Water Tollerable good here we procured some Corn at 6$ a Bushel.

24th. Proceed on 18. miles nearly down the Conaker to Fort Crawford the land is generally free sandy soil with a tollerable prospect for Health. Fort Crawford is situated on Murder Creek about 2 miles from where it mouths into the Connaker on a beautiful Bluff with fine water. Thence on 15. miles crossing the Little Escamba and encamped. This stream is about 40 yrds. wide the land a perfect sand bank to the waters edge and is at this place one mile about the Florida line.

25. Proceeded on 4 miles and crossed the Big Escamba Water good land much such as on the little Escamba. 18 miles further to Pine Barron Cr. to dinner thence on 12 miles and encamped today the land Generally is of the meanest Quality it is beyond description. Water plenty and Good. about 10. oclock at night it commenced Raining and continued untill day we had a desperate bad time of it.

Monday the 26th. Traveled 20 miles over the porest pine Barron Country I ever saw and arrive at Pensacola.

27th and 28th. Spent these two days in Examining the situation of Pensacola. there is nothing very remarkable or uncommon to be seen here, The Town is about 3 Quarters of a mile in length, and a half mile in width The Houses very thickly stanced. It is well watered having two excellent Springs. It is situated immediately between the Perdido, and Escamba Bays, on the sea shore. It has one of the best Inlets and harbours in the Southern States, the water is 24 feet 6. inches deep at low tide. It is difficult to describe the Customs and Language of the Inhabitants of the place. the Frenche Spanish and English Language is spoken nearly in Equal Proportion. Manners mostly Spanish & French in regard to health I do not think I have seen this place equalled by many, and surpassed by none, from 8. o'clock in the morning to 11. or 12 at night you have a strong current of air from the Sea which Renders a coat comfortable at all times.

29th. today we were detained by rain.

30th. Set out Early and Travelled 15 miles on the Fort Claybourn Road to Manuels. 18. miles to McDades 10. miles to Hadlys and spent the night. The land from Pensacola to this place as poor as can be conceived of water Tollerable good.

Saturday 1. May we were detained all day by rain and a sick horse.

2nd. Set out and proceed on 14 miles to Taits Cowpens here is most Excellent water this Spring is said to be The Head Source of Perdido river. Thence on 4. miles on the Federal Road leading from Fort Montgomery to Georgia. Here major Porter, Lumpkin and Battle left us, and Intends making the best of their way to Georgia. Thence on 8 miles to Richard Ferbins crossing little river a very Rapid Stream 30 yds wide, land yet poor and water Tolurable good.

3rd. Set out and travelled 16 miles to William Booths crossing Baileys and Beavers, Creeks, land good plenty of long moss water uncommonly bad thence 8. miles Ford and Both banks of the Alabama, the place allotted for the Publick buildings is on the west side immediately below the Junction of the Rivers. It is in the 16th Township 10. Range. the Bluff Springs in the Town limits is tollerable good. But the water in the neighbourhood generally is very bad. Cohawba is in Latitude 32.15. Prospect for health Gloomy. in point Soil generally this neighbourhood is not surpassed in the Territory. left Cohawba at 3 o'clock and spent the night at Major Brownings.

9th. left Major Bys and Proceeded on 25. miles to Colo. Edwin D. Kings, for the first 10. miles the land was very rich and of the Perary Soil, the 2nd 10 miles entirely Perary fine and rich but no water the last 6. M. good land and water. for the first time I have seen Bothe Together since I left the settled limits of Georgia. This is an admirable part of the country.

10th. I spent the day in Viewing the land in Col Kings neighbourhood this is a Pleasant part of the Territory. It has the advantage of Good land and water. No moss the land nearly of the Same Quality of that in the neighbourhood of Greensboro. Colo Kings residence is in the 8. Township and 19. Range.

11th. Set out from Col. K's and proceeded on 12. miles to McCuskys 6 miles to Rissells 6 miles Kenyards 6 miles to Whites and spent the night the land passed over today is much such as is common in Morgan, Jasper & Jones as to Soil, water equal to Morgan & Jasper and prospect of health Flattering.

Wednesday 12th. Proceeded on 2. miles to McAlpins 8 miles to Big Creek, 5 miles John Sharpes on 5. mile Creek. 6. miles to McMillans and Spent the night, today we have passed over a Body of very superior land. in the aggregate it possesses more advantages than any part I have seen.

Thursday May 13. Proceeded on 5 miles to McCowns Bluff, on the Warrior; 3.m. to Rev. Knalls, on big Sandy 5 m. to Ringoes 3 miles to Hoopers and 7. miles to the falls of the Black Warrior. the land passed over today of an excellent Quality possessing much the same Quality of Soil and water as that passed over yesterday. an spent the night at the Alabama Hotel kept by Mr. Lewin. The Falls of the Warrior is a beautiful place and handsomely watered the Town of Tuscaloosa is situate on the East Bank of the Warrior in Latitude. 32.20. It has every apparent prospect of being a very Flourishing & healthy Town.

14th. left Tuscaloosa 18 miles nearly due East to Conzics 10. miles to Hills and Spent the night. in 10 miles of the Falls of B. W. we came to poor pine woods and continued to this place.

15th. Proceeded on 8 miles to Tabers on Shoultz Creek 8 miles to the Falls of Cohawba where the land is some better. The Cohawba River at the Falls is about 80 yards wide it is situated in the 23rd Range and 9th Township. Thence on 15. miles to Judge Stephens in Cohawba Valley in the 12 Range and 24th Township, 10. miles to Evans [illegible] leys Creek. and spent the night. from Tatums Ferry to Evens we passed through a most Excellent Body of rich Levil land. Badly watered and Timbered. Very thickly settled with a wealthly population. The Prospect for health in this neighborhood is unpromiseing.

22nd. Proceed on 4. miles over a rich level Country to Abbercrombics on line Creek. from this place to Georgia the Indian title is not extinguished consequently I shall cease making any remarks as to soil etc. 15 M. to Coleebe Swamp. 3. miles to Old Curnall's To Ft. Hull at Pissimmon Swamp 1. mile 12. miles to a spring and Encamped here we had all our Provisions Stolen. the prospect of procuring more some what Doubtfull.

Sunday 23rd. Proceeded on 8. miles to Fort Bainbridge 18 miles to the natural bridge 6 miles to the Uchy Bridge. 1. miles to Sucky Randalls where we procured provisions at High Prices.

24th. Proceeded on 10 miles to Kennards on the Chattahooche. 10 miles to the Hollowing Kings 14 miles to Gibsons 1 miles and encamped.

25th. 8 miles to James Marshalls 1 mile to Cowetah Hargoes 1 mile to Milliam Marshalls 8 miles to Jo. Marshalls on Flint River 10 miles to Shoal Creek 8 miles and encamped.

26th. Proceeded on 2 miles to Potatoc Creek. 15 miles to Little Towaligah 16 miles to Scotts Ferry and encamped.

27th. 17 miles to Monticellov 25 miles to Maddison 16 miles Home."

Judge Thomas Stocks of Greensboro, Georgia was prospecting in Alabama. Traveling from the Indian Agency on the Flint River he passed through South Alabama to cross the Conecuh River at about McGowin's Bridge of the present time. His journal fixes the route of the Military Road of 1816 from Fort Crawford to Fort Gaines—that is east from our Brewton, discounting the suggestion that it went through old Montezuma. The Judge reached Pensacola over the same route as traveled by Alexander McGillivray in 1793 when he went from his Plantation on Little River to visit his friend William Panton in whose home he died. Claiborne and Cahawba are not spelled just right by the Georgian but you know where he spent this time. Tuskaloosa was the State Capital six years after the visit. Fort Jackson of 1819 was a visionary village of Isaac Ross. It occupied the site of the French post, Fort Toulouse and was surveyed and platted for a town by Gen. John Coffee shortly after the abandonment of the military post renamed "Jackson" for Gen. Andrew, in 1816. Hall's "Bend" above referred to was Bolling Hall's plantation at Coosada of today. "Evan's on Milly's Creek" was "old Milly's Tavern" long a travel stop on the Federal Road some fourteen miles east of Montgomery of the present time. Fort Hull was south east some four miles of Tuskegee (not then in existence) and Fort Bainbridge was four miles north of Hurtsboro in Russell County of today. The Natural Bridge was three miles north of Seale of today. It is a phenomenon which was existant at a spring on the roadside, even as late as ten or twelve years ago. "Uche Bridge" where, he stopped just before reaching the Chattahoochee River, is the old Haynes Crabtree Tavern stop at the junction of Big and Little Uchee Creeks, just west of Fort Mitchell.

Through The Years

March 5, 1945

More About Sevier

No. 695

By PETER A. BRANNON

(Having been told on many occasions by Herbert P. Tresslar, Senior, Colonel Paul Sanquinetti, Doud the painter, and others who were there, about the removal of John Sevier's remains to Knoxville, I always accepted their statement that it was "1888," when to my great surprise my attention is just called to the Advertiser Story about it and I find it happened June 17, 1889. In addition to this the paper ran several prior stories about Sevier and gave press notices of the arrangements for the exercises. There was also a well written editorial on the subject. I am republishing the Story as it has much which will be of interest to present day readers. P. A. B.)

SEVIER'S SACRED DUST REMOVED FROM ALABAMA TO THE SOIL OF TENNESSEE.

The Trip to the Lonely Grave Yesterday—The Party Escorted by the Military — The Governors Speak at the Grave—What was Found at the Disinterrment—The Remains Placed in a Casket and Carried to Knoxville.

The remains of General John Sevier, after sleeping in a lonely grave near old Fort Decatur over seventy years, have been removed to Tennessee.

The dust of the brave old warrior and statesman will be mingled with the soil of the State in whose service he lived and labored and died.

It is right, and it is beautiful.

Governor Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, and staff, the committee appointed by the Legislature and committee of citizens, of Knoxville, accompanied by invited guests arrived on Sunday morning at 7:45 and registered at the Exchange Hotel, the following being a list of the distinguished party:

Governor Robert L. Taylor, of Nashville.

General Marcus Frankle, of Shelbyville.

General Laps W. McCord, of Nashville.

General H. Schubert, of Knoxville.

General John Boyd, of Knoxville.

Colonel W. B. Crunk, of Fayetteville.

Colonel W. W. Eckles, of Springfield.

Colonel Jos. H. Hardwick, of Cleveland.

Colonel Granville Sevier, of Nashville.

Hon. W. L. Clapp, Memphis, Speaker of the House of Representatives of Tennessee.

Hon. H. C. Jarvis, Rogersville, state senator, second district.

Hon. A. J. Patterson, Bluff City, representative from Sullivan county.

Hon. J. W. Andes, Sevierville.

Hon. R. T. DeArmand, Knoxville; and the citizens committee Rucker, Shelbyville. Elbert F. Sevier and Taylor Sevier of Chattanooga, and Master Raphael Frankle of Shelbyville accompanied the party.

Governor Seay and staff, with an escort from the Grays and True Blues met the distinguished party upon their arrival, and took carriages for the Exchange Hotel, where they proceeded to make themselves comfortable.

Governor Taylor and quite a number of the party attended services at the First Baptist Church, after which Gov. Taylor dined with Gov. Seay at his residence. The rest of the day was spent by the visitors in looking over our beautiful city.

A Salute to the Visitors

Yesterday morning the Montgomery Field Artillery fired a salute to Gov. Taylor and staff. They used the steel guns and they worked very unsatisfactorily. They used government ammunition, and the powder was put up in cloth of close tough fiber. When the cannon was fired some of the wrapping was blown back into the vent and choked it, causing much trouble and annoyance. This much in explanation of the only hitch that occurred in the entire program, and which was altogether unavoidable.

Forming the Troops

At 8 o'clock yesterday morning, details, from the Grays, True Blues and Artillery, under command of Col. Thomas G. Jones, formed in front of the Exchange Hotel and, preceded by the Second Regiment band under Prof. Courtney, the governors of Tennessee and Alabama, with their aids and invited guest in carriages, were escorted to the Union depot by the military.

There awaiting them was a train made up as follows of four coaches: First coach containing casket; second, soldiers; third, guests; fourth, governors and their aids. All the cars were appropriately draped in emblems of mourning, entwined with Union flags. The train was in charge of Engineer O. F. Jennings and W. W. Mangum, conductor. They left at 8:15 with a salute from the artillery, and after a quick run reached the crossing about one mile west of Cowles' Station, where the entire party debarked, and under the leadership of Capt. William B. Jones of this city, they proceeded to the grave, which was found located in a cotton field about one mile from the railroad. The walk was hot and dusty, yet the soldiers kept good time and, cheered by the inspiring music of the band, the distance was soon covered.

The grave was found in a neat condition, surrounded by an iron picket railway; with a marble slab at the head, upon which was inscribed:

J. SEVIER
DIED:
SEPT. 24. 1815.

Watauga, (beautiful waters) and took the leadership, and at once began his great life.

Under his leadership a segment of the British army was defeated at King's Mountain. The army of the Colonies had been beaten back and were disheartened; but this wonderful victory inspired confidence in every bosom and new courage, and to his success we are indebted for the possession of the blessings today we so much enjoy.

We receive the dust from your excellency, the Governor, and friends and will take it back to the State where his great life's work was done, and will erect a monument cut from the mountains to his memory. His body is dust but his memory is alive. Sleep on Sevier, sleep on."

A photograph was made of the group, and also of Hon. R. T. DeArmond, of Knoxville, who then proceeded to break the earth covering the remains. The plum tree was then cut down and fell a prey to the souvenir-hunters, not a twig remaining The iron fence was removed, and under the direction of W. C. Campbell, the undertaker, the earth was carefully removed. Much speculation was indulged in as to whether the gave contained any evidence of the presence of the old hero, but still the work went on, and notwithstanding the intense heat, the pick and spade was plied, and at a depth of about four feet it became evident that the grave was found. It was believed by many that the remains were simply enveloped in an army blanket and thus deposited. But such was not the case. At the depth of four and a half feet, the exhumers came upon a hollow place the length and width of a coffin. The dead hero had been decently interred, and the earth becoming firmly packed before the coffin had rotted, preserved all that was to be found. It consisted of two pieces of the thigh bone about six and eight inches long, a number of teeth, some five or six, and quite a quantity of shaled pieces of bone among the earth. All the earth of this character was carefully gathered up, and as well as the teeth and more perfect pieces of bone, were placed in the casket. About a dozen nails were found in the earth containing the bones, and these were taken in charge by Dr. J. M. Boyd, of Knoxville, who will present them to the Historical Society of Tennessee.

After everything likely to contain any of the remains was obtained, the casket was closed and the excavation was filled in and another view of the governors and staffs and committees was made by the photographer.

A wagon having been secured the cortege moved in the following order, the Second Regiment Band playing the funeral march

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General Laps W. McCord, of Nashville.

General H. Schubert, of Knoxville.

General John Boyd, of Knoxville.

Colonel W. B. Crunk, of Fayetteville.

Colonel W. W. Eckles, of Springfield.

Colonel Jos. H. Hardwick, of Cleveland.

Colonel Granville Sevier, of Nashville.

Hon. W. L. Clapp, Memphis, Speaker of the House of Representatives of Tennessee.

Hon. H. C. Jarvis, Rogersville, state senator, second district.

Hon. A. J. Patterson, Bluff City, representative from Sullivan county.

Hon. J. W. Andes, Sevierville.

Hon. R. T. DeArmand, Knoxville; and the citizens committee of Knoxville; Colonel W. L. Ledgewood, Hon. G. L. Maloney, H. T. Cooper, Esq., of The Knoxville Journal, Mr. Jno. T. Hearn, of the Knoxville Sentinel, and Messrs. C. H. Dobson, W. F. Gibbs, W. T. Osborne, S. Newman, C. J. McKinney and Lloyd Branson. Mr. S. M. Frame and W. G. W. Mangum, conductor. They left at 8:15 with a salute from the artillery, and after a quick run reached the crossing about one mile west of Cowles' Station, where the entire party debarked, and under the leadership of Capt. William B. Jones of this city, they proceeded to the grave, which was found located in a cotton field about one mile from the railroad. The walk was hot and dusty, yet the soldiers kept good time and, cheered by the inspiring music of the band, the distance was soon covered.

The grave was found in a neat condition, surrounded by an iron picket railway; with a marble slab at the head, upon which was inscribed:

J. SEVIER
DIED:
SEPT. 24, 1815.

Near the foot of the grave grew a wild plum tree.

At the Grave

Gov. Taylor, with his aids, standing at the head of the grave, and Gov. Seay attended by his staff, at the foot, the ceremonies were begun with remarks by Gov. Seay, as follows:

Gov. Seay's Speech

Your Excellency, Tennesseeans and Alabamians:

Nearly a century and a half ago freedom presiding at the birth, swore a human being to the cause of human liberty—a more solemn invocation than that which called Hannibal to the destruction of Rome and akin to that which gave Samuel to the Lord.

For 70 long years, from 1745 to 1815 John Sevier gave his life to the Republic, and here, on this spot, 74 years ago he was laid to rest. Imagine the scene! A soldier's funeral! The war whoop of the Indians had hardly died away. By the open grave stood the few surviving soldiers, and here and there the stalwart and silent form of a friendly savage. The startled hare and the frightened squirrel perhaps stared at the strange cortege which brought him to his rest. Silent and kindly nature has kept him since. Seventy-four years of this guardianship has not been broken, for Alabama has adopted for his grave the benediction of Prentiss for that of LaFayette: "Let no cunning sculpture nor monumental marble deface with its mock dignity the patriot's grave; but rather let the unpruned vine, the wild flower, the free song of the uncaged bird, and all that speaks of freedom and of peace be gathered about it."

But now very justly, not for Sevier's sake, nor for his fame, but for the sake of the republic, for the education and inspiration of her sons. Alabama surrenders these sacred relics to Tennessee.

Take all that is left of him; convey it gently and kindly to his own dear mountains of Tennessee, and under their protecting shadow, beside the Holston, let your monument lift its proud head that men may know that loyalty to man's best interests is never unrewarded.

We of Alabama love Tennessee. She was the frontier from which came Jackson and his Tennesseeans, and before these, John Sevier, to make the civilization which we now enjoy.

We have broken the quietude of this faithful tomb to surrender to Tennessee his sacred dust, but we surrender not the interest of every Alabamian and of every American in the memory of the illustrious dead.

Governor Taylor's Speech

In response Governor Taylor said:

Your Excellency, the Governor of the great State of Alabama and Alabamians:

I did not expect to speak until the end of our pilgrimage, and until the dust of the hero was deposited in Tennessee soil, but I cannot let this opportunity pass to thank you for the kindness and courtesies so magnanimously and generously extended to us. John Sevier will live so long as history shall last. He came from Virginia to the settlement of

some five or six, and quite a quantity of shaled pieces of bone among the earth. All the earth of this character was carefully gathered up, and as well as the teeth and more perfect pieces of bone, were placed in the casket. About a dozen nails were found in the earth containing the bones, and these were taken in charge by Dr. J. M. Boyd, of Knoxville, who will present them to the Historical Society of Tennessee.

After everything likely to contain any of the remains was obtained, the casket was closed and the excavation was filled in and another view of the governors and staffs and committees was made by the photographer.

A wagon having been secured the cortege moved in the following order, the Second Regiment Band playing the funeral march, the soldiers with arms reversed.

The Montgomery Greys, Lieut. M. S. Watson in command.

The True Blues, Lieut. Lukenbeel in command.

The Mounted Rifles, Captain A. A. Wiley.

The Montgomery Field Artillery, under Lieut. Wm. R. Taylor.

Then the wagon containing the casket, following which came the Governors of each State and their respective staffs and invited citizens.

The return was by the way of a beautiful shady road, and after waiting an hour or more the train arrived and the party returned to this city.

Escorted by the military they went direct to the Exchange Hotel, and the soldiery and band dined there.

The Casket

The casket was an elegant satin-lined one, trimmed with rosewood, and with four massive silver handles with silver tassels on each side, and also silver handles on the end. The top was magnificently decorated with a silver wreath and other ornaments, and contained an engraved plate on which was inscribed:

John Sevier
First Governor of Tennessee

On account of the short time to wait the casket was not removed from the car.

The party left on the 6:30 train for Knoxville via Calera. They will be joined at Chattanooga by a delegation of citizens, and the remains will be reinterred at Knoxville on Wednesday, the 19th inst., with appropriate ceremonies.

At 6 o'clock the distinguished party were escorted to the depot by the military, and there a large concourse of people had assembled to do them honor and the happiest scene of the day then occurred. Speaker Clapp, of the Tennessee House of Representatives; Senator Spark and Governor Taylor responded to loud calls for them, and in eloquent, warm and feeling sentences expressed their appreciation of the distinguished consideration and marked attention, which had

'he Years

945

Sevier

RANNON

Watauga, (beautiful waters) and took the leadership, and at once began his great life.

Under his leadership a segment of the British army was defeated at King's Mountain. The army of the Colonies had been beaten back and were disheartened; but this wonderful victory inspired confidence in every bosom and new courage, and to his success we are indebted for the possession of the blessings today we so much enjoy.

We receive the dust from your excellency, the Governor, and friends and will take it back to the State where his great life's work was done, and will erect a monument cut from the mountains to his memory. His body is dust but his memory is alive. Sleep on Sevier, sleep on."

A photograph was made of the group, and also of Hon. R. T. DeArmond, of Knoxville, who then proceeded to break the earth covering the remains. The plum tree was then cut down and fell a prey to the souvenir-hunters, not a twig remaining. The iron fence was removed, and under the direction of W. C. Campbell, the undertaker, the earth was carefully removed. Much speculation was indulged in as to whether the gave contained any evidence of the presence of the old hero, but still the work went on, and notwithstanding the intense heat, the pick and spade was plied, and at a depth of about four feet it became evident that the grave was found. It was believed by many that the remains were simply enveloped in an army blanket and thus deposited. But such was not the case. At the depth of four and a half feet, the exhumers came upon a hollow place the length and width of a coffin. The dead hero had been decently interred, and the earth becoming firmly packed before the coffin had rotted, preserved all that was to be found. It consisted of two pieces of the thigh bone about six and eight inches long, a number of teeth, some five or six, and quite a

been shown them by Alabamians, and they all assured the vast assemblage that their remembrance of this occasion would last as long as memory lived. They were deeply impressed with their reception and they have warm places in their hearts for the governor and Alabamians. The long train pulled out amid the booming of the guns and the shouts of the people, and the remains of the illustrious Sevier began their journey to the home he had left so long ago.

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The tools used in excavating were given to the visitors by Undertaker W. C. Campbell.

Alabama feels a double interest in the removal of Gov. Sevier's remains from the fact that his wife is interred in Russellville, in this State, any many of his direct descendants are residing there now.

At the request of Gov. Taylor, W. C. Campbell accompanied the remains to Tennessee. Mr. Campbell did his part well, and volunteered his services.

Gov. Seay and staff went as far as Birmingham with the party, whence they go to Tuscaloosa to attend the commencement exercises of the University. This prevented their going to Knoxville, as was their original intention.

(Copied from The Daily Advertiser, Montgomery, Alabama, Tuesday, June 18, 1889, page 7, columns 1, 2 and 3.)

Through The Years

March 18, 1945

Waste Paper

No. 696.

By PETER A. BRANNON

THE BI-WEEKLY paper salvage drives and the many different phases of propaganda used at the present time to enlist the aid of the public in saving waste paper, perhaps, made me give a little more attention to an article which I read in a New York newspaper a few days ago concerning certain sources of yankee paper. On reading the story, I was reminiscent of my childhood days and Mr. Gus Ray's meat market.

But perhaps it is better first to give you the story, which is:

"Mummies Source of Yankee Paper

"By Elizur Yale Smith

"Many a New York housewife, three-quarters of a century ago, carried home her roast from market unaware that it was wrapped in paper that might once have swathed the body of Potiphar's wife or an Egyptian princess.

"Nor did the Washington Square merchant know that the newspaper he read might have been printed on paper that once encased the body of a daughter of Tut-ankh Amen, or possibly even of Cleopatra.

"An ingenious Yankee, from down Maine way, discovered that the dahabeahs on the Nile and the Egyptian railroads were using mummies as their sole supply of fuel. This was during the civil war when the supply of rags for papermaking was scarce, and before the successful manufacture of paper from wood pulp. So I. Augustus Stanwood imported several shiploads of Egyptian mummies to Gardiner, Maine, and from the woven wrappings and the papyrus which were stripped off he manufactured a good grade of wrapping paper, used by butchers and other merchants. The unwrapped mummies were scattered over the farms and used for fertilizer. Maybe that is the reason Maine potatoes are noted for their excellent flavor. Dr. Isaiah Deck, a New York scientist of a century ago, stated that it was by no means rare to find the wrappings around a mummy to measure 300 yards in length, and to weigh, when bleached for papermaking, 30

her with a decisive—**your fiber, madam, if you please, the mill is idle!'"**

Mr. Ray, a one-armed Confederate soldier, who, I think, was wounded at Chickamauga, had a meat market in the small village in the eastern part of the State where I was reared, and he used for wrapping paper a coarse, heavy, brownish yellow fine quality paper, the like of which I have not seen in many months. Mr. Ray bought his paper in Columbus, Ga., and I am strongly impressed with the resemblance of it to that "Yankee" paper made of wrappings of Egyptian mummies about which Mr. Smith writes. Of course the wrappings of the mummies as a source of material probably gave out between 1856 and the period of about 1890, or a little earlier, when I remember it best, but at least that tough good quality paper was certainly far superior to the present day wool pulp variety which we are so accustomed to use.

Rock Island Mills

The Rock Island Paper Mills, founded by the father of Joseph S. Winter, who spent his last years in Montgomery, was organized in 1849 and capitalized at $50,000. White's Historical Collections of Georgia says that the company consumed 3,000 pounds of rags and turned out 2,500 pounds of paper per day. I have in my own collection a few of the old envelopes and several sheets of the paper made at the old Rock Island Mills, these having been given me by the son of old Thomas Gilbert, long time head of a printing establishment at Columbus, Ga., and one-time proprietor of the Columbus Sun. White's Historical Collections show a picture of the Chattahoochee River at Lovers' Leap, a romantic spot on which was located the paper mill, and which had a wide reputation with much traditional interest in its connection with the Lower Creek Indians up to the date of the construction of the Bibb Manufacturing Company's plant (which, by the way, was erected by Algernon Blair) at North Highlands just above the City of Columbus after 1900. Martin's History of Columbus

grade of paper at Tuscaloosa. He further goes on to say that the enterprise did not survive the War Between the States. A paper mill was started on the Spring Hill road three or four miles outside Mobile in the 1850's, but it was of small capacity and attempted only the interior lines of manufacturing.

In 1867 the Chickasaw Bogue Manufacturing Company was started with a capital of $100,000, which was subsequently increased to $125,000, and the purpose of this company was to build a first class paper mill. The location was at Beaver Meadow in Mobile County, as that point afforded water supply both for the washing machines and power for running the Fourdinier paper machine. This encyclopedic article says that the paper mill was built and fitted out in the best manner. W. G. Clarke was president of the company. The mill had three washing and beating machines of 400 pounds capacity, one beater of the same capacity, and one washing engine carrying 650 pounds. The power for the rotary boiler washing and beating engines, pulp machines, etc., was furnished by a battery of four large boilers arranged in pairs so as to be used by twos or all together. This furnished a steam engine of 125 horsepower. The capacity of the mill was 4,000 pounds, per day of 24 hours, of printing paper, 5,000 pounds of heavy wrapping paper, and 6,000 pounds of blotting paper. The company commenced operations in 1868 and found an outlet for the product at paying prices in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. They bought rags in Genoa, Smyrna, and Constantinople. The principal run at the Mobile mill was of printing paper (I presume the writer meant newsprint), but finer qualities of stock was made into a fair quality of book paper. The soft rag blotting paper was of excellent quality, and met with a ready sale in New York, to which place the surplus was shipped. They made a good quality manila paper from rope and bagging stock, and also made a poor quality wrapping paper.

The Chickasaw Bogue Manufac-

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"Earlier than that the Daily Standard, of Syracuse, N. Y., in its issue of August 19, 1856, published the following, on its editorial page:

"'An Onondaga county man, worshipful of the golden eagle and not the Egyptian ibis, has put upon the market **paper made from the wrappings of mummies.** Could anything better illustrate the practical character of this age, and the intense materialism of America?

"'With an intense materialism that shears right through sentiment, and the world's ideas and usages, this American sees fiber in all mummied dead of Egypt. He would not ask for nor accept moral instruction, political teaching, artistic suggestions, or historical learning from the preserved and garnered generations of rulers, warriors, architects, and mechanics of the foremost state of the Old World. It is fiber he wants, and nothing but fiber. He would pass the cerements of Cleopatra through a paper mill as quick as he would the shirt of a Winnebago. Pharoah would be to him so many reams of "demy", "commercial post", or "satin note". He would not question him about the first fugitive slave law, nor the Nile granite quarries, nor the Pyramids. He would curtly ask him for his fiber. If Potiphar's wife tendered to his ear a whispered confession, he would interrupt

[illegible] pounds of paper per day. I have in my own collection a few of the old envelopes and several sheets of the paper made at the old Rock Island Mills, these having been given me by the son of old Thomas Gilbert, long time head of a printing establishment at Columbus, Ga., and one-time proprietor of the Columbus Sun. White's Historical Collections show a picture of the Chattahoochee River at Lovers' Leap, a romantic spot on which was located the paper mill, and which had a wide reputation with much traditional interest in its connection with the Lower Creek Indians up to the date of the construction of the Bibb Manufacturing Company's plant (which, by the way, was erected by Algernon Blair) at North Highlands just above the City of Columbus after 1900. Martin's History of Columbus gives the Lovers' Leap legend and White's Collections gives the legend together with some history of the place, further making the statement that the Rock Island mill occupied that site as well as a section on the river on the Alabama side. I presume this latter statement must refer to the abutment of the dam on the Alabama side, as the paper mill was a water power operated plant, and the building of this dam fixed the location of the highest upstream of those power developments at Columbus. The one which furnishes power for the Eagle Mills was built several years prior to the paper mill dam, the Eagle factory being one of the earliest industries connected with the Chattahoochee Valley. Dr. T. B. Rice of Greene County, Georgia, made the statement a few years ago that State aid was given to a paper mill, grist mill, and a distillery, all under one operation, in Greene County in the year 1810, when the Legislature of Georgia authorized a loan of $3,000 to Zachariah Sims to complete a paper mill on the Oconee River. In 1815 this early effort at making paper in Central Georgia was sold to the highest bidder for $75.

On March 10, 1849, the Greensboro, Ala., Beacon ran a statement that the Tuscaloosa papers were announcing the erection in that city of a paper mill which had already commenced operation, and was manufacturing wrapping paper. The Beacon announced that it was impossible to get paper of the quality needed, on which to print the paper, at Mobile or any other place, therefore as soon as the Tuscaloosa mill began the manufacture of printing paper they would purchase from them. An article, unsigned but titled "Cotton and Paper Mill" and published in the Memorial Record of Alabama, says that the writer visited all the mills then in operation in Alabama in the Spring of 1849, and that he found the first mill of its kind, and then the only one of its kind, a paper mill of small capacity, manufacturing a low

[illegible] pounds, per day of 24 hours, of printing paper, 5,000 pounds of heavy wrapping paper, and 6,000 pounds of blotting paper. The company commenced operations in 1868 and found an outlet for the product at paying prices in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. They bought rags in Genoa, Smyrna, and Constantinople. The principal run at the Mobile mill was of printing paper (I presume the writer meant newsprint), but finer qualities of stock was made into a fair quality of book paper. The soft rag blotting paper was of excellent quality, and met with a ready sale in New York, to which place the surplus was shipped. They made a good quality manila paper from rope and bagging stock, and also made a poor quality wrapping paper.

The Chickasaw Bogue Manufacturing Company sold its plant and franchise in 1872 to the Gulf City Paper Company. This concern operated for four years, but was eventually forced out of business, partly on account of the discovery of the adaptability of wood pulp for the manufacture of paper. Freight rates from Cincinnati and St. Louis to New Orleans were lower than from Beaver Meadow on Mobile Bay to New Orleans, the latter distance being only 165 miles, and the Mobile company had difficulty in getting shipments of material, and the northern and western mills, stimulated by the great demand which sprang up after the War Between the States, caused the Mobile concern to retire from business. The Gulf City Paper Company had no debts except to its stockholders, who resolved to close down the operations temporarily, but in 1892, the date of the publication from which this data is drawn, the machinery had been lying idle for more than 15 years.

The paper mills at Tuscaloosa and Mobile of today are obviously not successors to those earlier efforts, but at least they are reminders of these historical episodes in Alabama's industrial history.

The technique of the manner of the collection of paper today, when the small boys and girls, almost from the kindergarten age, through the period of Boy Scout size, and the junk and scrap collectors are all zealously vieing with one another to pile up material with which we can carry on the war effort, be it to make synthetic rubber, or to manufacture cartridges or explosives, will go down in the annals of American history as something long to be remembered. I fear sometimes that some in their patriotic impulse may overdo the thing and throw away some valuable documnest, but in this opinion I am almost alone, and sometimes I am accused of being lacking in vision.

Ancient swordsmen used tungsten for keen-edged blades.

Through The Years

March 26, 1945.

Alabama Yellow Hammer

By PETER A. BRANNON

ALABAMA has observed "Bird Day" since 1907 when the program for celebration in the schools of the State was instituted by the late Honorable John H. Wallace, then game and fish commissioner. The selection of a date each year is governed by a proclamation of the Governor, and this date is a day each year near the birthday of John James Audubon, that world known ornithologist, who was born May 4, 1780.

Alabama is rich in natural beauty. Her peculiar geographical situation enhances this God given character. From "her southern shores where groweth by the sea the orange tree, to the northern vale where floweth deep and blue the Tennessee" there is no Goodlier land. Miss Tutwiler sang, years ago, of the quarries of white marble which waked to life the poet's dreams, and of the golden jasmine which wooed the treasure laden bee, and she pictured the magnolia groves where the perfumed southwinds whispered and asked God in Heaven to make us worthy of this goodly land. The mountains and the streams, the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, all, make life more worth while. Alabama's birds are so much a part of that statewide picture, and Mr. Wallace was so appreciative of the State's wildlife, and I like to think of him, and be glad that I knew him and enjoyed with him his interest.

The Alabama Bird Day Book, started by Mr. Wallace as commissioner of game and fish, was a feature of the work of the department for many years. The Bird Day program was not intended to encourage the love of birds solely, but to stimulate the youth primarily, and the aged as well, to see the woods, the country, and to enjoy the environment of that great out of doors that was given to us, and which was made to be beautiful. Dr. Pierce Harris, writing in The Atlanta Journal a few days ago, on "Beauty is Good for the Soul," among other good things, said:

"The world hungers for beauty. Edward Markham said you can take three things and make a happy world: Bread—Beauty—Brotherhood. Even when there is bread and to spare, the world grows hungry for beauty and brotherhood. So much of beauty has been blasted away in these war-torn years, one renders a service to the hungry souls of humanity when he encourages beauty to express itself.

"A gifted writer has lamented that, 'The flower and the birds and the butterflies are all that the world has kept of its golden age—the only perfectly beautiful things left on earth—joyous, innocent, and half divine.' The more of their influence we can bring into the lives of people who carry heavy loads, lie on hospital beds, or sit by desolate firesides with their bitter memories, the nearer we come to being a blessing in the world.

"When we permit 'a sound economic principle' to set aside an impulse to do a generous, extravagant thing, we are impoverished by our very effort to enrich ourselves. When we stifle the urge of devotion and generosity to express themselves, we dry up the springs out of which the bright streams of blessedness, flow. Beauty is medicine for the soul."

Love Of Birds

As I grow older, I am more disappointed with those who do not enjoy the flowers and birds, and the creek banks and beaches, and fish (even sand crabs), and do not see beauty in its most glorious demonstration in the wildlife that we have right in the City backyards. Since General Nathan Bedford Forrest's campaigns into Kentucky in 1862, Alabama has been known as the "Yellow Hammer" State, and the Flicker—the "Colaptes auratus auratus" of the Ornithologist—was adopted as the official State Bird by an Act of the Alabama Legislature September 6, 1927. "Flicker" is a more commonly used name for the "auratus Colaptes" than "Yellow Hammer." The nickname "Yellow Hammer State" has been used since the incident (in Kentucky during the days of the Confederacy) when the Huntsville outfit under Captain D. C. Kelly reached the Army wearing their fresh new uniforms bedecked on the sleeves, collars, and coattails with bits of yellow cloth. As the Company of Cavalry rode past Company "A" Will Arnett (a Private in that Company) cried out in greeting, "Yallerhammer, yallerhammer, flicker, flicker." This humorous exclamation brought laughter, and originated the designation which many Alabama troops carried throughout the War. After the close of the War, many of the organized Confederate veterans wore a Yellow Hammer feather in their hat bands.

The "Colaptes auratus" is a "Woodpecker," sometimes called the golden winged. The male and the female, both, have a red crescent on the nape of the neck, and a black crescent on the breast. The male has a black mustache. The linings of the wings and shafts of primaries and tail-feathers of both are golden yellow. If you will look quick when one bounds by, you will see a white rump patch. They are very fond of ants, and frequent the ground to catch these little insects on their long tongues which are sticky toward the tips. They are also fond of chinch bugs—not bedbugs, but the one which frequents plants—and the stomach of one Flicker has yielded as many as 1,000 undigested lice. The usual number of eggs laid by this bird is six, but they are persistent, and there is a case on record of one nesting bird laying 71 eggs in 73 days when after each laying the egg was stolen from the nest.

Bird Day

Birds occupy a fourfold relation to man; an economic, esthetic, a mythological or symbolic, and a scientific relation. They are nature's most effective check on the increase of noxious insects, and destroy harmful rodents. They devour the seeds of weeds, and they act as scavengers. They make life on the Globe possible, and they add immeasurably to our enjoyment of it. Visit some wooded beauty spot, even in the City—for birds like the companionship of man—and you will be convinced that nowhere else can you find that marvelous combination of beauty of form, color, grace, and power of motion, intelligence, and musical ability which charms our ears, delights our eyes, and appeals to our imagination. To encourage a more intelligent study of birds, we set aside these "Bird Days," and form Audubon Societies, and Ornithological clubs.

Birds influenced primitive man equally as much as they have us. Look at the archeaology of prehistory and one sees innumerable evidences. Right here at home in Alabama, the Ivory-billed Woodpecker is pictured in many ways, and flying things in mythological expressions include the rattlesnake with wings. Man strove until just a few years ago to fly like birds. The folklore to the present day reflects man's investment of birds with supernatural powers, they talk and act as humans and are characterized in many ways.

William Bartram, the Naturalist, noted the "Picus auratus," Golden-winged Woodpecker, as a Winter resident from the South, in Pennsylvania, as early as 1775. This reference is perhaps our earliest in history to the Alabama State Bird.

Through The Years

April 2, 1945

Scrapbooks

By PETER A. BRANNON

No. 698

"A LITTLE Southern boy met General Grant during the last year of the war, and he said: 'General, where are you going?'

"'Well,' replied the General, 'Maybe to Richmond, or perhaps to Petersburg, or I might even go to heaven or to the bad place.'

"Answered his questioner: 'You can't go to Richmond, because Lee is there, and you can't get in Petersburg, because General Johnson's there, and you never could near heaven, because Stonewall Jackson is there, but you might go to the bad place, because there is no Southern General there to stop you.'"

Excerpts like the above, old letterheads, originals of the old Confederate days, original manuscripts, Confederate documents, prints, photographs, and cuts by the hundreds, and, clippings galore, form the contents of a scrapbook kept by the late Major A. C. Oxford, and which came to the Department of Archives and History from Mr. William H. Brantley of Birmingham recently.

Among the very earliest insertions is a telegram of condolence dated September 19, 1898 from Mr. Oxford as Adjutant of Camp Jeff Davis, U. C. V., of Birmingham to Mrs. Jefferson Davis at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island, sent on the death of Miss Winnie Davis. Included in the very great group of interestings pasted into this Memory book are quite a few original documents, one dated September 20, 1861, being a notification from B. N. Clements, Chief of Appointments Bureau, Confederate States of America, Post Office Department, addressed to some post master, whose name is not filled in, notifying him that his official bond and oath of office having been received, he herewith forwarded his commission. The blank is one of the original ones intended for issue at Montgomery, but inasmuch as the Capitol had been moved to Richmond, the Montgomery has a line run through it. Something entirely new to me is a transportation pass on an Alabama Rivers Steamer. One man is provided transportation from Montgomery to Selma, by order of E. H. Harris, Major and A. Q. M. A. J. Noble, Provost Marshal, grants through another official order, permission to Jacob Smith to visit Montevallo from Montgomery on August 15, 1862. He was on his honor, and was not to communicate in writing or verbally anything that might prove detrimental to the Confederate States. The patriotic letterheads, and these same illustrations were used on envelopes, show the Confederate flag in several designs, these pictures illustrating a flag very seldom if ever actually seen. That is, the Stars and Bars adopted here at Mont- that time Emmett had been living again at his hometown for about six years, but that was what his own people knew of him—or did not know

Daniel Decatur Emmett was born October 29, 1815 at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and he died there on the evening of June 28, 1904, while the orchestra at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, who played it during their programs nightly, was rendering Dixie. Mr. Emmett was the grandson of a revolutionary soldier who fought under Morgan at the Cowpens. His father, a blacksmith, participated in the War of 1812 in a regiment commanded by Lewis Cass. He composed Old Dan Tucker when he was about 15 years of age. A year or two later he enlisted in the United States Army as a fifer. He served one full enlistment. While many may know more than is brought out in this story of Dan Emmett, it has furnished some startling information (at lease to me) and it has interested me to learn that as early as 1843, Emmett had organized a sable quartet with violin, banjo, tambourine, and bones, and named it the Virginia Minstrels, after having first carefully looked up the word "minstrel" in a dictionary to assure himself that it could be applied appropriately to his organization. The costume of the troupe consisted of white trousers, striped calico shirts, and blue calico coats with exaggerated swallowtails. The author of the story from which these notes are made says that regulation evening dress was adopted as the costume most suitable to the mock dignity of minstrelcy some years after this date. An illustration accompanying the article is a signed statement on a copy of Dixie, labeled Dixie's Land, wherein Emmett writes, "After the original copy composed by me in the year 1859 in the City of New York." Included in Mr. Oxford's scrapbook are still other references to Dixie, and to other songs, ditties, and folk rhythm.

Quartermaster Items

The offices of Labor Impressment and Tax-in-Kind collection, as well as several other official Confederate military blanks are among the pasted-up material. The estate of John Blakney and the estate of I. Curtis furnished slave labor for work under the military officers in charge of government work in West Alabama. A. R. Christian, agent for Depot Number Five, Tax-in-Kind collector, receipted Mrs. Mary Blakney of Marengo County, for 103 sacks of corn weighing 10,659 pounds. On two pages in the book Confederate money to the amount of $681.00 is displayed. An interesting item is an $1.00 bill from the Commercial Bank of Selma, the center illustration of the piece of currency being a fine engrav- ing of William R. King, late Vice- practically all other writings of Father Ryan have been entered. The famous photograph of the priest, the one showing him with disheveled hair, is that one which most Alabamians remember.

Major Oxford Himself

Allen Christopher Oxford certified to the tax assessor of Jefferson County in 1907, when a census of Confederate veterans was being made, that he was born at Aliceville, Pickens County, Alabama, in 1835 (although other records indicate that it was 1837), and entered the service of the Confederate States at Columbus, Miss., Nov. 14, 1861, under Capt. McCaa in a cavalry command. This outfit subsequently became Company D, Eighth Confederate Cavalry Regiment in which he served throughout the period of the war. He was at Macon, Ga., detailed with the regimental baggage that he never surrendered that he "just evaded Wilson's men," and the United States adjutant general's report says that there was no record of capture or parole for him. His business card, dated May 27, 1867, at Macon, suggests that he must have stayed in Macon, Ga., for a time after the war.

The Birmingham Iron Age published in 1876 a letter dated "Blount Springs" and transmits a picture of a large rattlesnake, which picture was made by Mr. Oxford, and there are clippings in his scrapbook to indicate that he was at times in business at Marion and at Selma before he went to Birmingham. An early Birmingham clipping shows him as one of the pioneers of Birmingham, and quotes him as saying that he paid $250 for a lot there which he bought from Mr. Earle, who had just purchased it for $225, and which very shortly thereafter he (Mr. Oxford) sold for $6,000. He was in business in Birmingham for 25 years as a photographer. Until his retirement, he was for many years adjutant of the Jeff Davis Camp, U. C. V., and later was a member of Camp Wilcox.

If one follows the many clippings in the book, he finds that Mr. Oxford attended all of the reunions, and took part in much that pertained to Confederate activities. He was twice married, the second time to Miss Fannie Spiva of Wilcox County. He died Sept. 30, 1925.

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"Our banner's up, and there will stand,
Until the vandal horde,
Is driven from our Southern land
By the avenging sword."

"Dixie"

A most interesting story of the Dan Emmett, giving ilustrations of his home and environments in Mount Vernor, Ohio, is included. Gustav Kobbe, author of a series of Famous American Songs, Number Five being Dixie, recounts that Mr. Emmett was quite interested that his "walk-around" should be used as the "Battle Hymn" of this new republic. The story brings out the fact that when he wrote Dixie, he was already known as the composer of Old Dan Tucker. According to this story, Emmett composed Dixie between Saturday night September 17, 1859 and the Monday following. The statement is here made that it was first sung from the stage of Bryant's Minstrels showing then at 472 Broadway, New York City, on Monday night September 19, 1859. Mr. Emmett is quoted as stating that he received $500.00 for the copyright of Dixie. He is further quoted as saying that for all his other writings put together, which included Old Dan Tucker, he received about $100.00. The author of this article concluded that during the 89 years of his lifetime, Emmett received for his compositions about $600.00.

The interesting story is told that in 1894, a minstrel manager thought that the composer of Dixie might be profitably utilized as a venerable figurehead in his show, and succeeded in tracking Emmett to Mount Vernon. He inquired for him as "Dan Emmett, the composer of Dixie." The townspeople assured the man that he had struck the wrong place, that there was a Dan Emmett living there, sure enough, and that he used to be with some show, "but never composed Dixie or anything else." At

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Cuts

The inserts of pictures are especially attractive. Mr. Oxford being a photographer by profession, appreciated a good picture, and the selection and arrangement is quite indicative. The colored prints are rich and sharp, and he has included quite a few photographs. Like most of the scrapbooks prepared as a hobby, the clippings carry no credit to the newspaper or magazine from which they were clipped, and none are dated. A handbill advertising Mr. Oxford's Photograph Gallery, bearing date, Macon, May 27, 1867, is a good illustration of the printing of the time. The notice in the Columbus, Mississippi, Index announcing the marriage of Allen C. Oxford, formerly of Columbus, and Miss Althea A. Whitlow, of Springhill, Marengo County, Alabama, has been, as they often did in those days, reset in a sort of dignified handbill manner for circulation to their friends, and one of these finds a place in the book. The couple were married by the Rev. T. L. Abernathy on Nov. 4, 1869.

Lee Items

Scattered throughout the volume are numerous references to Gen. Robert E. Lee, and pictured are his homes, both at Washington College and at his birthplace. There is an excellent picture of the office of the president of Washington College at Lexington, and the statement is made that it remains just as he left it a few days before his death which occurred in 1870. Few photographs of Gen. Lee are in existence which show him out of uniform. Included in this scrapbook is a very good one of Robert E. (in civilian attire) and Mary Custis Lee, showing them just before they passed on. Obviously included is Father Ryan's poem "The Sword of Lee," and

adjutant of the Jeff Davis Camp, U. C. V., and later was a member of Camp Wilcox.

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Through The Years

April 9, 1945.

The Old Style Button

By PETER A. BRANNON

No. 699

CORLISS ARCHER, according to the radio, was recently partial (until her mind was changed for her) to the opinion that the zipper was the most important invention which man had ever conceived. I will admit that it is a long way better than the skewer and is much more to be depended on than the hook and eye, but I am still cordial to the use of buttons.

The New Orleans Picayune, in 1907, had this to say:

"To Button Her Waist Behind"

She stood at the glass and she tried with her might
To button
Her waist
Behind;
The movements she went through were surely a sight—
To button
Her waist
Behind.
She would reach and she'd tug, she would sigh and she'd groan,
And after each effort she'd let out a moan;
She twisted and squirmed till she strained every bone,
To button
Her waist
Behind.

She would take a long breath and then stand on her toes,
To button
Her waist
Behind;
She strained at the risk of ripping her clothes,
To button
Her waist
Behind;
She had a contortionist beaten a mile,
She would bend like a jackknife then straighten awhile,
And wonder why nightmares like that were in style—
The waists
That button
Behind.

For an hour she labored in wildest despair
To button
Her waist

which necessarily was left in the waist of the garment in order that the figure which was then stylishly more curved than now might get into that small waist band. At the present time "your slip is showing" is pretty much the same type of warning as the aforementioned traditional "saying." Today there are those who pretend to get fiercely mad when they are told that the underslip dips two inches to the left. All this may be attributable to that present day custom of wearing elastic in the waist band and shoulder straps which are so modishly natural in color as to be pretended not to be seen, and her using buttons with substantial over shoulder bands which would solve the problem, and at the same time be more comfortable.

Button Fads

Several years ago when the collecting of buttons was young as a present day hobby, I wrote a story which appeared in this series but in recent weeks I have been asked by several people to redo that one or write another one, so those who read these lines if they have gotten this far will please accept this as another one rather than a re-doing of the old one.

(I make the above statement in self defense as, like last week, sometimes a party comes in and says "I am one of your regular readers who goes clear on through the story." Meaning I suppose that many who are not particularly interested in historical goings on read a few lines to see what it is about and then jump on to something they like better).

But, getting back to the question of buttons, it might interest you to know whereas, say five years ago, stamp collecting was universal throughout the world and there were far more stamp collectors than all of the rest of the hobbiests added together, such is not the case today. We are told now that many more people collect buttons than anything else and that the trade and facturer "slipped up" on the proposition as Mr. Roosevelt did not visit Asia about 1910 when this button appeared, though the manufacturer might have decided that he was anticipating it and so issued a button accordingly.

Much is to be learned of the many thousand different types of buttons through a dozen books which are available to those who collect. There is one which is called the "Button String," another one which is the "Button Collectors History," another one called "Button Classics," another one called "Button Handbooks," and perhaps a half dozen more.

Charm Strings

Many charming stories were written seventy five years ago about "charm strings." This hobby of the youth of that day was a fad of having a collection of buttons all on one string, every button being given to you by a different friend and there was something sentimental woven around that particular button. The custom is perhaps similar to the Heart bracelets of the latter days of the 1890s. On the charm bracelet of the 1890s every friend inscribed his or her name on the little gold or silver heart. Today as you know, the girls have everything from spiders and horntoads, elephants, dice, military insignia, to gold hearts and crosses. I have seen charm strings more than two feet long (and there is a very handsome one in the Museum of American History in the Department of Archives and History) and the buttons from my mother's string which I now possess form a much nicer looking group than would one find in any collection of modern "fasteners." That zipper referred to above, or even the custom of just sewing it together, would fit modern conditions for we are living too fast for every one to use button holes to hold it on.

"Hubby—Did you sew the button on my coat, dear?

Wifey—No, darling, I couldn't find a button, so I just sewed up the buttonhole!"

"Frogs" wherein the knotted piece of tape slips through the loop on the other side, the kind of fastener used on old type lounging robes and after dinner jackets, not dinner jackets, (and I have seen them used on a butler's coat) are probably the direct successors to the Skewer of olden days. This object in itself was nothing more than a peg, or piece of bone, or medal, pushed through the right hand side of the garment if the man was right handed or through the left side of the garment if he was left handed. This perforated part then to be pushed up through a hole in the other side of the garment and the peg put through the first perforation, so as to keep the

groan,
And after each effort she'd let
out a moan;
She twisted and squirmed till she
strained every bone,
To button
Her waist
Behind.

She would take a long breath and
then stand on her toes,
To button
Her waist
Behind;
She strained at the risk of rip-
ping her clothes,
To button
Her waist
Behind;
She had a contortionist beaten a
mile,
She would bend like a jackknife
then straighten awhile,
And wonder why nightmares like
that were in style—
The waists
That button
Behind.

For an hour she labored in wild-
est despair
To button
Her waist
Behind.
Her face became red and all loos-
ened her hair
To button
Her waist
Behind.
She wept, and the tears splashed
down in her lap,
While for life and its pleasures
she cared not a rap,
When she went to the office a
hideous gap
Was there
In her waist
Behind."

Some Folk Sayings

I recall as a small boy that there was an expression considered somewhat impolite to use in mixed company and it should be whispered even in private, "your placket is showing." For the benefit of the mothers and fathers of today (as well as the boby socks youth) that meant that the underskirt, always then white, was showing through the aperture story which appeared in this series but in recent weeks I have been asked by several people to redo that one or write another one, so those who read these lines if they have gotten this far will please accept this as another one rather than a re-doing of the old one.

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One would be obliged to go into the question of costume more deeply than intended in this paper to explain the ornamental use of buttons but this phase of the use is much more recent than the utilitarian purpose. From the beginning of the custom of fastening the garment around, under, or over the head or shoulder, the button, or hook, what ever you call it, has been primarily intended for a practical purpose to make the garment or covering more effective and to save energy in keeping it in place.

The British are credited with the use of the first military buttons. Collectors of historical buttons have a wide field as not only the military side of the picture is considered, but likely the Teddy Roosevelt one, there are great opportunities in photographic buttons for picture buttons in many cases today bring good prices, if you can strike the right collector.

Through The Years

Aug. 16, 1945

Arbor Day

No. 6

By PETER A. BRANNON

"The South-winds shake the mimosa awake
With a shiver as soft as rain;
The South-wind dies, the mimosa sighs
And sinks to silence again.

And oh, but the scent that is faintly lent,
By the stirred mimosa bloom!
One's heart nearly breaks with the thought it awakes,
Oh tender, oh cruel perfume!"
—Miss Howard Weeden.

William Rufus King, whom we claim to be an Alabamian, even though he was born in Sampson County, North Carolina, during the course of 34 years of public life for Alabama, served once as United States minister to France. While in that country he gathered some acorns from a great oak tree on the estate of Prince Charles and on reaching home planted one on his estate southeast of Selma. Great oaks from little acorns grow and Mr. King's "Prince Charlie Oak" has during more than a hundred years proven that from little seeds great things may come. I was on the old King plantation two weeks ago going there for the express purpose of seeing the Prince Charlie Oak. It is not in a healthy condition. The middle branch has decayed and time has effaced it. The trunk of that beautiful specimen of flora, at the height of my head, is more than six feet in diameter and the spread of those limbs is quite expansive.

After it was decided to enlarge the Capitol building and the south wing was provided for, Col. Sam Will John, an old gentleman who I remember very pleasantly after I first came into the service of the State, decided to place a "living memorial" on the grounds, and as well, to add beauty to that section which prior to that time had been a source of much concern as it detracted from the environment of that classical old building, which crowned the hill at the head of Dexter Avenue. Col. John brought from Fort Stoddert on Mobile River two small magnolia trees and planted them where today as you approach from the Washington Street side of the building you see them at either side of the steps. There are those who think that the Magnolia grandiflora litters the premises and is not suitable as a city tree, but I have long argued and still hold the opinion that few of us need worry much about that. These magnolia trees on the capitol grounds have been there more than 40 years and

Jackson, so Alabama has a claim on him.

John Muir said:

"Any fool can destroy trees. They can not run away; and if they could, they would still be destroyed — chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns, or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much towards getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown in the place of the old trees—tens of centuries old—that have been destroyed. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees in these Western woods—trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forest of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time—and long before that—God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he can not save them from fools—only Uncle Sam can do that."

It was an Alabamian who wrote of the passing of William Weatherford, the well known Scotch-Indian of our early territorial days, "he rests quietly in the forest of his native land beneath where flowers bloom, and where the mysterious note of the whippoorwill is heard at even tide, and where the gentle south winds sings a requiem over his grave. Though fierce his deed and red his hand, he battled for his native land." Meek, the poet, referring to this resting place in the forest of his native land, writing many years after his passing, said:

"They carved not a line, they raised not a stone, but left him alone in his Glory."

If the reader will pardon a personal allusion, when my old grandfather bought a little farm some three miles north of the present Seale in 1855, and then purchased the timbers of old Glenn Chapel Church of which to build himself a house, he went into the adjacent wooded country near the old natural bridge on the Federal Road and selected seven water oaks, planting these south of the residence. In fifty years they had grown to be great oaks. A few years ago when I was there three of them were still growing.

The Live Oak in South Alabama and the Water Oak in the sandy part of the middle section of the State make handsome specimens if you will give these

of home and its surroundings and to beautify our gardens and plant trees and make more lasting and fitting inspiration to all of our people, is a memorial to J. Sterling Morton, the founder of Arbor Day. Mr. Morton was born in 1932 and we Southerners and Democrats at least, remember him best as the secretary of agriculture in the cabinet of President Grover Cleveland.

A writer has said that "other holidays repose upon the past, Arbor Day proposes for the future." We plant trees as living memorials. We raise flowers to cheer and beautify, but they leave memories of those happy incidents.

Emerson said: "Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and to make knowledge valuable you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet tempered."

The American States have been celebrating Arbor Day for many years. The 1914 bulletin issued by the superintendent of public education in California makes a statement that even that early the day was being celebrated by every State in the American Union. The editor, Prof. Edward Hyatt, said that it was celebrated at various times from January to December, but chiefly in the month of April. In the Western States they celebrated Arbor Day and Bird Day both on the same day. In Alabama this year the Garden Club of Alabama is sponsoring a program and I have been told that the Conservation Department of the State has plans tentatively underway to start agitation for the selection of an Alabama State tree. We have a bird and a flower, and a song, and a flag, and it is quite fitting that we have a tree.

Gov. Bibb Graves in 1929 when he was asked by our State forester, Col. Page S. Bunker, to proclaim an Arbor Day, said among other things that "trees and forests render exceptional and important benefits to the health of individuals and communities and to the civic, social and recreational welfare of the State," and that "trees and forests are among the bounties of Providence at the disposal of mankind to fill numerous needs of humanity," and then the Governor said other things and designated March 1, of that year, as Arbor Day.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke once said:

"He that planteth a tree is a servant of God;
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen

Will John, an old gentleman who I remember very pleasantly after I first came into the service of the State, decided to place a "living memorial" on the grounds, and as well, to add beauty to that section which prior to that time had been a source of much concern as it detracted from the environment of that classical old building, which crowned the hill at the head of Dexter Avenue. Col. John brought from Fort Stoddert on Mobile River two small magnolia trees and planted them where today as you approach from the Washington Street side of the building you see them at either side of the steps. There are those who think that the Magnolia grandiflora litters the premises and is not suitable as a city tree, but I have long argued and still hold the opinion that few of us need worry much about that. These magnolia trees on the capitol grounds have been there more than 40 years and they are not very large yet and until they get to be a hundred I don't think we need to concern ourselves about the great number of leaves that are going to fall and litter driveways thereabout.

A Connecticut Yankee, Josiah Blakeley, about 1812 bought himself an island up Mobile River, and shortly the village of Blakeley, some time county-seat and some time a place of commercial importance, came into being. God may not have planted the live oaks in that old site there in the Tensaw swamps, but at least he raised them and today when you look down Washington Avenue, in what was once Blakeley (there is no semblance of a town left now) you may see to the right, going from what was once the center of the village toward the bay, the largest live oak tree in the world. I hope it is still there, it was when Jimmy Faulkner of Bay Minette, carried me to the old site some two or three years ago.

God's largest living things today perpetuate the memory of Sequoia, a crippled Cherokee Indian who gave to his people an alphabet through which they might communicate with each other. Years after Sequoia made known his invention of this means of assemblying characters to express thoughts, he went to live in the West and died in California and the great Redwoods of the Sierras ware named for him. The Sequoia gigantia and the Sequoia sempervirens are the largest growing things in the world.

We do not claim that Sequoia was born in Alabama, for we know that he was born near the Nickajack, but he grew to be forty years old here, and he brought his Cherokee people to Sauta, then the county seat of [illegible] ing many years after his passing, said:

"They carved not a line, they raised not a stone, but left him alone in his Glory."

If the reader will pardon a personal allusion, when my old grandfather bought a little farm some three miles north of the present Seale in 1855, and then purchased the timbers of old Glenn Chapel Church of which to build himself a house, he went into the adjacent wooded country near the old natural bridge on the Federal Road and selected seven water oaks, planting these south of the residence. In fifty years they had grown to be great oaks. A few years ago when I was there three of them were still growing.

The Live Oak in South Alabama and the Water Oak in the sandy part of the middle section of the State make handsome specimens if you will give these trees a free opportunity to develop. I would not venture to even guess how old the oak trees which grow along Government Street and out at Spring Hill near Mobile are. I would think though that they were there quite many years ago. William Bartram, traveled from the Chattahoochee across the State and on to Mobile in 1776 and in that charming volume of Travels he has left a literary reference to the beautiful things which grow in this State which it behooves present day Alabamians to read. Mr. Bartram was the first of the several great naturalists who have traveled in our State, others like him, Mr. Timothy Conrad, of Philadelphia, Mr. Phillip Gosse of Great Britain, Sir Charles Lyle and in the memory of the present generation, Dr. Charles Mohr, that interesting old Mobilian, have too told us much of our God given beauties. We of Alabama have been fortunate in having our flora so excellently interpreted. Even so often the State Geological Survey, through the pen of Dr. Roland Harper, than whom no more interesting a Botanist lives today, has given us interesting contributions on that most intriguing subject.

Celebrating Arbor Day

Alabama celebrated Arbor Day on Feb. 9, and we have dedicated ourselves to observe National Garden Week April 14th to the 22nd. The effort to make our people more conscious of a love bama State tree. We have a bird and a flower, and a song, and a flag, and it is quite fitting that we have a tree.

Gov. Bibb Graves in 1929 when he was asked by our State forester, Col. Page S. Bunker, to proclaim an Arbor Day, said among other things that "trees and forests render exceptional and important benefits to the health of individuals and communities and to the civic, social and recreational welfare of the State," and that "trees and forests are among the bounties of Providence at the disposal of mankind to fill numerous needs of humanity," and then the Governor said other things and designated March 1, of that year, as Arbor Day.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke once said:

"He that planteth a tree is a servant of God:
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him."

Inasmuch as the season in the gulf country is so much more advanced than in some other sections of the United States, officially, Arbor Day comes early with us. By proclamation of Gov. Sparks, Victory Garden Week has already been observed, but National Garden Week—to encourage civic beautification, is now being celebrated.

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