

HISTORY STORIES
of
ALABAMA



MATTHEWS



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Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Pitt Lamar Matthews.

HISTORY STORIES
OF
ALABAMA

BY
MRS. PITT LAMAR MATTHEWS



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TO MY HUSBAND
PITT LAMAR MATTHEWS
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INTRODUCTION

A Letter to the Boys and Girls of Alabama

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The stories in this book that you will like best are the stories of Indians, and those about the first white settlers who came to Alabama.

All historians agree that many of these stories are legendary, but in order that you may know that they are true to history I am going to tell you where I found them. It was in Pickett's History of Alabama. Although if you should read that interesting book you might say, "I cannot find those stories in this history."

When your mother makes a raisin cake, she looks way up on the top shelf of the pantry to find the raisins. In the ice box she finds the eggs, butter and milk. In one can she finds the flour, in another the sugar. Then the baking powder and spice are measured out just right. She has all the ingredients of your favorite cake, and she knows how to mix them to suit your taste. Because she loves you she is smiling inwardly, all the time the cake is baking, for she knows that you will enjoy it.

In somewhat the same manner, I gathered the facts and narratives for these Stories of Alabama and wove them together, hoping that the result would suit your taste. The pictures of Indian customs and activities are presented to you through the

courtesy of Col. Pickett's granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Austin Pickett Davidson, of Montgomery. An old book that was published more than three hundred years ago in France, was bought by Col. Pickett, while he was collecting material for his History of Alabama. It was a copy of the old book that was taken to Stanley Paulger's Studio in Montgomery, where Mr. Paulger photographed the pictures that were drawn by the French explorer who visited this country 343 years before. The other stories in this book were gathered from various books, old histories, and from newspapers.

After searching for more than a year for stories of heroes, deeds of daring, of interesting adventures and worth-while happenings in the history of our state, I came to feel that Alabama's history is so filled with glorious deeds, magnificent sacrifices, thrills and heart-throbs, that the children of the state should be told what truly great men and women their forebears were. Alabama has not commemorated her historic spots, with monuments, nor has the heroism of her great men been heralded abroad, but you can rest assured that in every epoch of history, your state has done its part nobly.

The future of Alabama depends upon the boys and girls who are now in school. And I hope that in your hearts you each feel like saying, with Miss Julia Tutwiler, "Keep us worthy, God in Heaven, of this goodly land of thine."

Your devoted friend,

MRS. MATTHEWS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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THE AUTHOR.

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PART I

History Stories of Alabama

JEAN ORTIZ

De Soto's Arrival in Alabama

IN a lonely forest near Tampa Bay, Jean Ortiz lay asleep. Now Jean was not supposed to be asleep, although it was night and he had been watching all day in the Temple of the Dead. But Indians felt no pity for their captive and this Spaniard was a captive. He had been ordered to guard the bodies of the dead Indians, but on this occasion, the watchman had fallen asleep. Suddenly, the sound of a scramble awoke him. Ortiz jumped to his feet just in time to see a huge panther carrying a child's dead body into the woods. Seizing his bow, he sent an arrow into the thick undergrowth, then he crept quietly to the spot where the panther lay dead beside the child. Ortiz carried the little corpse back to its resting place and then set out for the Indian village dragging the panther behind him. The Indians were so pleased with the white man's courage that they began treating him with kindness and respect.

Several years before this incident took place, Ortiz came with De Narvaez, a Spanish explorer,

who landed on the coast of Florida in search of gold. Ortiz, then a youth of eighteen, was sent with others on an errand to Cuba. Some time later they again reached Florida, but De Narvaez and his followers had long since perished and there was no one to befriend Ortiz and his four companions. The five



ORTIZ MAKES A GOOD SHOT

Spaniards were captured by the savages and four of them were put to death. Ortiz was bound hand and foot, for the cruel chief, Uceta, ordered that he be burned. But the Spanish youth was not killed. The Chief's beautiful daughter, Ulelah, fell on her knees at her father's feet and begged that the boy should be spared. Uceta finally agreed to let Ortiz live,

but the Spaniard was made a slave and given the task of watchman in the Temple of the Dead. It was several months later that he won the respect of the Indians by killing the panther in the forest.

Three years afterward a fierce war broke out between Uceta and a neighboring tribe. In order to appease the evil spirit which the Indians believed caused the war to come upon them, it was the custom to make a sacrifice of a human life. Poor Ortiz was selected as the victim. His faithful friend, the princess Ulelah, hearing of this cruel plan, came one night and warned him that he would be sacrificed the next day. At the dead hour of night she went with him a mile away to guide him on the way to safety. She told Ortiz to go to Mucoso, a chieftain whom she had promised to wed, and tell this chieftain that she had sent the stranger there for Mucoso's protection. He traveled all night and in the morning came to a river where Mucoso's territory began. The chieftain received him kindly and treated him well, promising that if white men ever came to that country Ortiz should return to his own people.

Twelve years after Jean Ortiz was captured by the Indians, De Soto landed at Tampa Bay. De Soto did not know that he was on his way to Alabama. He did not know that he was going to discover the Mississippi river, neither did he know he was to die in this new country, and be buried in the river he discovered. In fact, he knew nothing of the many wonderful things that were going to happen in this wild country, to which he had come looking for gold.

Of course, he had never heard of Jean Ortiz. But one day Jean Ortiz heard of De Soto and determined to find his countryman.

Soon after the Spaniards landed De Soto sent out a scouting party, telling them to capture Indians who could carry their burdens or guide them through the woods. The soldiers came upon a band of Indians one day and began slaying or capturing them. Imagine the leader's surprise when he heard a voice cry out in Spanish, "I am a Christian! Slay me not! I am a Christian!" Instantly the stout trooper drew back his lance, lifted Ortiz up behind him on his horse and galloped off to join his companions. At last Ortiz had escaped from the Indians.

De Soto was delighted to find a man who knew so much about the country and who knew the language and customs of the Red Men. Ortiz had really grown to look like an Indian and he knew both tongues, so he made the very best sort of interpreter for De Soto. He could tell the natives what the "White Chief" said, then he could repeat to the Spaniards what the Indians said.

For the first time in twelve years Jean Ortiz sat at meat with those of his kind and enjoyed food which he had never expected to taste again. It was a proud Ortiz indeed who rode forth that same day, mounted on a fine charger, wearing a coat of steel, a helmet, breastplate and shield, and armed with sword and gun. He soon learned that he was to ride in company with more than two hundred horsemen,



SLAY ME NOT! I AM A CHRISTIAN!

accompanied by nearly seven hundred foot soldiers, a score of priests and numerous workmen.

On the second day of July, 1540, Jean Ortiz rode with De Soto into what is now Cherokee county, Alabama, and camped near the Coosa river. Thus it came about that Ortiz entered Alabama with the first company of white men who set foot on this soil. Along the Coosa, then across to the Tallapoosa and down beside the Alabama river the explorers slowly made their way. And among all that glittering army there was none prouder nor gladder than De Soto's interpreter, Jean Ortiz.

A VERY IMPOLITE GUEST

The Battle of Mauvilla

ALL over the town of Coosa, the news spread like a prairie fire. "The white men are coming. Make ready for the white men," the messengers cried. The young chief of Coosa had spent days in preparing for this event. The woods and fields had given up their best for the entertainment of the visitors, and the women had been unusually busy making ready for the reception of the mighty men of Spain.

On the 26th day of July, 1540, the army came in sight of Coosa. Near the outskirts of the town, De Soto was met by the chief. The ruler rode in a be-cushioned chair which was carried by four big Indian braves. Around his shoulders was thrown a mantle made of martin skins, and his head was be-decked with brilliant feathers. One thousand warriors, wearing pleasant smiles and gorgeous plumes, marched in regular order behind their chief. Some of them played on flutes, while others sang at the top of their voices.

De Soto sat on his fiery steed, clad in glittering armor, and surrounded by his magnificent company. When the young chief met the Spanish leader, he made this speech: "Mighty Chief above all others of the earth, although I come now to receive you, yet I received you many days ago in my heart.

If I had the whole world it would not give me as much pleasure as I now enjoy at the presence of yourself and your warriors. My person, lands and subjects are at your service. I will now march you to your quarters with playing and singing." There were only five hundred houses in the little town, but the hospitable chief turned over half that number to De Soto's men, while he entertained the Spanish leader in his own royal household.

One day the young chief arose from the table after a sumptuous meal and asked De Soto to stay forever in the land of Coosa, offering the Spaniards any part of the region they might choose. De Soto responded by saying that he appreciated the offer, but ships were waiting at Pensacola for the "White Chief," and he would have to leave.

In return for the Indian's hospitality, the Spaniard made a prisoner of his host. During De Soto's stay in Coosa, and for nearly a month thereafter, the chief was not allowed out of the white man's presence. This was done in order to force other Indians to supply food and furnish slaves, who carried the white men's burdens. The ungrateful Spaniard carried the chief with him to Tallassee, where he was forced to remain for twenty days. At the end of that time, the humiliated chief was allowed to return to his own people. This he did without any show of ill-feeling.

The next Indian chief whom De Soto encountered was not quite so friendly. The name of this chief was Tuscaloosa, which means "Black Warrior".

And he was as big and powerful as his name sounds. Now Tuscaloosa did not rush forth to welcome the Spaniards with feasting and music. He remained upon his seat of state with his attendants gathered around him. It is thought that Tuscaloosa was stationed upon Capitol Hill in Montgomery. His throne was covered with woven grass matting to which was added two cushions. Over his head an umbrella was held to protect him from the sun's rays. The umbrella was made of a round deer-skin shield, upheld by a staff in the middle. The shield, which was used as a banner during war, was painted in stripes of different colors.

When the Spaniards came within six miles of Tuscaloosa's camp, the leader sent Moscoso to tell the Black Warrior that De Soto had arrived. Moscoso pranced up in front of Tuscaloosa on his fine steed. Tuscaloosa pretended not to see him at all. Then Moscoso put his horse through a number of tricks but the Black Warrior was apparently deaf, dumb and blind. At last Moscoso called out, "De Soto is approaching!" But if Tuscaloosa heard him he showed no signs of it. When De Soto, himself, rode into the presence of the big chief Tuscaloosa arose with dignity and bade him welcome.

Tuscaloosa seemed to know that he would be forced to accompany the Spaniards and he was prepared for trouble. So when the white men took their departure the Black Warrior mounted the horse brought him and rode away without uttering a word. It was a hard matter for the Spanish

soldiers to find a horse big enough for the enormous Indian. When he was mounted on the largest pack horse in the army his feet almost trailed on the ground. A gorgeous scarlet robe was presented to the chief. But for all that grandeur he knew that he was a prisoner.

A strange company rode on toward Mauvilla for several days. Historians disagree as to the location of Mauvilla but many of them believe that it was in what is now Greene county between the forks of the Tombigbee and Warrior rivers. When they at last reached Mauvilla they were ushered into the great public square with songs, music and the graceful dancing of Indian maidens. After remaining for a time with the merry-makers Tuscaloosa asked to be released. De Soto hesitated a moment before answering and with that the big chief arose and betook himself away to the house of an Indian. Before very long, De Soto sent word that breakfast was ready, and invited Tuscaloosa to join them in the meal. The chief refused to return to the Spanish camp, saying to the messenger, "If your chief knows what is best for him he will take his troops out of my territory."

The Spaniards heeded not the warning, even after they learned that ten thousand warriors were gathered in the woods nearby and that vast stores of bows, arrows, stones and clubs were hidden in the houses of the village. Blinded by their own pride and determined to conquer everything, the Spaniards proceeded to lay their plans. "We will trap this



TUSCALOOSA SCORNS DE SOTO

haughty Indian," they said. With soft words and pleasant smiles, De Soto approached Tuscaloosa. But the Black Warrior scornfully turned his back upon his enemy and walked away.

The Indians were already infuriated over the treatment which had been accorded their chief. Tuscaloosa had only to give the word and ten thousand warriors swooped down upon the Spaniards with yells of rage and a terrible thirst for revenge. A horrible fight took place that day at Mauvilla. Tuscaloosa himself was slain and five thousand of his warriors were killed. At the end of a nine-hour battle, the once peaceful town of Mauvilla presented a sight too dreadful to describe.

The Spaniard gained that victory but in the end defeat was his portion. For instead of finding the gold, which he had come to find, De Soto lost his men, his horses, his supplies and the priceless pearls which friendly Indians had given him. And he finally died without knowing that his name would go down in history as the discoverer of the Mississippi river and as "Alabama's most distinguished guest."

BIENVILLE

The First White Settlement

ON board the two vessels which sailed from Rochelle, France, one September morning, were more than two hundred Canadians. These Canadians had been over to France to help in the war against England. But now they were no longer needed and their King was sending them back to the new country across the Atlantic. But instead of returning to their cold northern home these Canadians were going to settle the country along the Mississippi river.

Three brothers formed an important part of this expedition. The oldest, Iberville, was in charge of the colonists, Sauvolle was the next oldest brother, and Bienville the youngest, was only eighteen years of age.

After a long, hard voyage the vessels entered the Gulf of Mexico. On the last day of January, 1699, they sailed into the harbor at Mobile and landed on Dauphin Island (afterwards called Fort Biloxi). But they soon sailed out again. These colonists moved to Mississippi and then moved back to Alabama. In 1702 they built a fort on the Mobile river, a few miles above the Bay, which they called Fort Louis de la Mobile. Here at what is now called 27-Mile Bluff were the first homes of white men in Ala-

bama. Nine years later the colony moved down to the present site of Mobile.

In the course of time the two older brothers died and the responsibility of the colony fell upon Bienville. The younger officer had great difficulty in providing food for his people. Strange as it may seem, he had the greatest difficulty of all in making the Frenchmen work. The Indian women raised corn simply by scratching the rich soil with sticks and dropping the seed into the ground. But grown white men sat idly by depending upon their leader to provide bread for them.

In some way Bienville managed to secure supplies for his people. He made friends with the Red Men with whom he traded. He learned the Indian language and he was kind and just to the natives. However, he had trouble with some of the tribes and he also had trouble with the English and Spanish and even with his own countrymen.

Sixteen years after the French colonists landed at Mobile Bienville found that he could establish a trading post on the Alabama river as he had long wished to do. With firearms, ammunition, provisions and presents for the Indians, Bienville and his followers left Mobile in two sailing boats. If you have ever traveled by boat up the river from Mobile, in the springtime, you can easily imagine how the country looked along the way. There are miles and miles along the river banks as wild and beautiful as flowers, trees, white sand and weeping willows ever made scenery. You can drift along

after night with the darkness above and about you, with the water stretching out on both sides of the boat, with the wild things stirring in the trees on the shore, and if you are a very small boy or girl it will be easy to shut your eyes and imagine that you are a little papoose whom the white man picked up for a mascot. Of course the country was wild and dangerous then, but brave Bienville was not thinking of danger. For he was filled with joy and pride because his long hoped for plans were at last to be carried out and the French were to have a fort within the interior.

Bienville stopped for a few hours at the place where the Tombigbee and Alabama come together to form the Mobile river. Then he sailed up the stream to Selma which was then an Indian village. In a few days he passed Montgomery and moored his boats at Coosada. There Bienville left his large boats and went in a canoe to explore the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers. On the east bank of the Coosa four miles below the present town of Wetumpka, Bienville selected a site for his fort. Then he went back to Coosada for his fleet. In a few days he returned to establish the first French fort on the river. That was the famous Fort Toulouse. For fifty years the fort, which Bienville built near Wetumpka, protected the interests of the French in that part of the territory. A century later the name was changed to Fort Jackson in honor of the hero of the Creek war.

If you should ever visit Fort Toulouse, you could stand on the bank of the river and peer down into its

depths but you will not see any signs of the cannon, buried in the mud. Many people, however, think that four of the eight cannon, which Bienville planted there, are still in the river opposite the old fort.

THE EXPEDITION THAT FAILED

French Massacred at Natchez Settlement

THE cooks were having a hard time one day at Old Fort Tombeche. For Bienville had sent a message from Mobile to the French officer, De Lusser, ordering him to have ovens built and a quantity of biscuit baked. What sort of biscuit those French cooks made there on the banks of the Little Tombigbee is a matter for thought. You probably know the quality of cooking that can be done on a smoky brick oven, out of doors. But Bienville had said "bake biscuit", and there was nothing to do but bake them, without asking the reason why.

The reason why was this: The French fleet which was bringing supplies from New Orleans to the colonists, was overtaken by a storm and a whole cargo of rice was destroyed by the salt water. In order to make up this loss, Bienville set his bakers in Mobile to work and a large supply of bread was quickly made. The commandant also sent word to De Lusser, at Tombeche, to have the same delicacy prepared before Bienville's expedition arrived. Three years before this happened Bienville had returned to Louisiana, after an absence of eight years. During that eight years the colonists had experienced so much trouble with unprincipled commandants and unfriendly Indians that they welcomed Bienville's return to Louisiana.

It was the Chickasaw Indians who were troubling the colonists and Bienville immediately began making preparations for an attack upon them. After months of hard work, delays and disappointments, Bienville's fleet was at last ready to start on its voyage up the river bringing soldiers who thought they would subdue the Chickasaws. It is said that this fleet was the largest that had ever sailed up the Mobile river. More than sixty well-laden vessels, manned by some of every class of men in Louisiana, formed the fleet. Merchants, seamen, old soldiers, big Canadians, monks, priests, gentlemen of leisure and just plain loafers, besides Indians and negroes made up the crew. In all there were six hundred white men, forty-five negroes and a number of Indians.

When Bienville reached Fort Tombeebe (or Jones' Bluff as it is now called) he found De Lusser's men trying vainly to build ovens of the crumbling black earth. "Mix sand with the dirt" some one suggested. This was done and in a short while the ovens were smoking merrily, the cooks were smiling and a savory odor filled the air.

At Tombeebe six hundred Choctaws joined the French army. The nickname for the Choctaws was "Flatheads" and their behavior on that trip justified the title. As the army proceeded on its way, a company of the French made an unwise attack upon the Chickasaws at the Natchez settlement. The French were horribly slaughtered and retreated ingloriously. The officers made desperate efforts to rally their

forces but they appealed in vain to the Flatheads. At a good safe distance those highly colored braves were sporting among themselves. While the Chickasaws murdered their white friends, these cowardly Choctaws sang, danced, whooped and fired guns into the air as though a feast day was at hand. After the French retreated the Choctaws made a great show of rushing upon the Chickasaws. But at the first volley from the fortifications the painted and plumed warriors fled in terror. The Choctaws, however, were not the only ones who showed the white feather during that battle. Some of the white soldiers took refuge in unoccupied cabins and refused to come out. A whole company of negroes, who were used as an advance guard, broke rank and sped like the wind to safety. Simon, the commander of the negro troops was no coward himself but he was unable to induce his men to fight.

That evening as the French officers sat around the camp, discussing the events of the day, one of them began teasing Simon about the desertion of his troops. Simon stood looking across the field, watching a drove of horses grazing near the Chickasaw camps. "I will show you that a negro is as brave as anybody," he suddenly declared, and with that he started towards the horses. He plunged through a shower of bullets from the enemy, ran to a beautiful white horse, threw a rope over the animal's head, and rode back to the French camp unhurt. Loud cheers from the white men greeted him and Simon was never jeered again about the cowardice of his troops.

The next afternoon Bienville put his men on the march toward the supply depot on the Tombigbee and two days later they arrived at Fort Tombeche. There he left a small force and with the main body of his troops returned to Mobile.

The expedition against the Chickasaw had failed, but Bienville set doggedly to work to make up for his losses. He took four years to prepare for his next attack upon the Chickasaws, at the end of which time a large French force set out to conquer these unfriendly Indians. The Chickasaws learned of the big army that was advancing, and in alarm, sent their chiefs to make terms with the French. So peace was arranged.

After forty-four years of labor for the colony, Bienville left Louisiana and went back to France to spend his last days. He lived to be nearly ninety years old but he never lost interest in the Louisiana colony. It is said that he met every vessel that came to his shore from the country across the sea and was always the first man to board the ship, seeking news of the empire he had tried to build in the West for France.

THE GIRLS WHO CAME TO AN UNKNOWN LAND

The First Wives for the Colonists

THREE little French girls and seven small sons of France stood on shore with their parents and watched the ship, *Pelican*, pull into harbor at Mobile. Another ship had come in, a few days before, bringing supplies to the hungry colonists, but they were all delighted to see the *Pelican* arrive, just the same. For that vessel not only brought provisions from France but had on board seventy-five soldiers, four priests, four sisters of charity, and most welcome of all, twenty-three girls. These maids were sweet, industrious little ladies who had been sent over as wives for the colonists. Since there were more than a hundred single men in the colony you may imagine that the wedding bells rang merrily during that July, 1704. In a few days all of the girls were married and somewhere within the eighty wooden houses of the fort they found homes—and happiness maybe. Not one of the girl's name is known but this much is told: one of the French girls married a man named Jousset, and their little son, Claude Jousset, was the first Creole born in Alabama. Let us hope that the days were not quite so long and lonely for the ten French children after their new little playmate arrived, and while we are

hoping, we might as well hope that all of the Jousset family lived happy ever afterwards.

Twelve Ugly Ducklings

Ten years later, another group of girls was sent over from France to marry among the colonists. There were only twelve of these girls and they did not receive the welcome in America they no doubt expected. Nature, it seems, had neglected to make them beautiful and the men there in the woods were as particular about the women they married as though women were plentiful. One of the officers wrote the French Minister that only two of the girls had found husbands. He also suggested that the next shipment of wives-to-be should be selected with more taste, hinting broadly that preference would be given to pretty maids. Whether or not the twelve ugly ducklings turned into swans and flew away to a state of bliss is not recorded. But they doubtless found a husband apiece and then made excellent helpmates for the colonists.

Girls of the Chest

Every now and then a shipload of girls came to Louisiana and they must have been very brave girls indeed to venture into the wilds of America as they did. The "Girls of the Chest" came one day in 1727. Each carried a little chest containing her simple wardrobe and because of this they were called "Girls of the Chest."

A number of Nuns came along to take care of the girls until the Prince Charmings should present

themselves. These girls were good, obedient young women who remained with the kind Sisters until the proper man took them for better or for worse.

Perhaps you wonder which of the girls who came to Louisiana Bienville married. Bienville never married. All of the love and devotion he had to give was given to his beloved Louisiana. But he was glad for the colonists to have homes and home-makers.

THE EMPEROR OF COWETA

How the French Made Friends with the Indians

HE was only a boy of eighteen but he felt as important as though he were eighty years old and the ruler of the whole world. That was the Emperor of Coweta, chief of the Lower Creeks.

The French commandant at Fort Toulouse was very anxious to make friends with the Lower Creeks and to persuade them away from their English friends in Georgia. So when it was announced that the Emperor of Coweta was coming from his home on the Chattahoochee to visit the French on the Coosa river great preparations were made for entertaining the visitors. Just before the Emperor reached Grey's Ferry, a French officer, Bossu, went forth to meet him. Bossu took the Emperor by the hand and bade him welcome. That was the signal for the soldiers to fire a salute. When the noise of the cannon roared out in the woods, the Emperor of Coweta was filled with pride and delight. He thought better of himself than ever and rode into the fort with great dignity and self-importance. But if he had known how the French soldiers, marching behind him, were laughing over his appearance, the young ruler might not have felt so proud of himself. On his head the Emperor wore a crest of black plumes. His coat was scarlet and trimmed with tinsel lace. A white linen

shirt, which seemed to be his especial pride, was quite as conspicuous as his haughty manner. The dressed-up Emperor was mounted on a splendid horse and accompanied by a number of gaily-painted braves.

The commandant, D'Aubant, made a ringing speech of welcome and did all in his power to make the visit an enjoyable one. The next day at ten



AN INDIAN PICNIC

o'clock, all of the French soldiers were drawn up in full uniform, while the Indian ruler walked past them with a grand air of inspecting them. At noon, the French and Indian officers dined together. The Emperor took his seat with a calm and superior mien. But what to do with that knife and fork at his place, he did not know. He seemed greatly em-

barrassed, but his chief adviser settled the question of table manners by seizing in his hands the breast and backbone of a turkey which he broke in two with a swift jerk. "The Master of Life made fingers before knives and forks were made," declared the chief adviser.

Behind the Emperor's chair stood his body servant. The Indian servant watched with curious eyes the mustard which the white men ate with their boiled meat. "What is that they eat with their meat?" asked the Indian, of a Frenchman. The soldier politely handed a spoonful of the hot mustard to the Indian who swallowed it eagerly. But the man regretted his curiosity the next moment. The mustard began burning him. With a wild whoop and wilder gestures the Red Man cavorted around yelling that he was poisoned. D'Aubant finally persuaded the Indian that he was not poisoned and succeeded in calming the fellow with a drink of brandy. Later on, the Emperor of Coweta and his followers returned to their homes on the Chattahoochee where, no doubt, they entertained their friends for many days by telling tales of the strange ways of the white men.

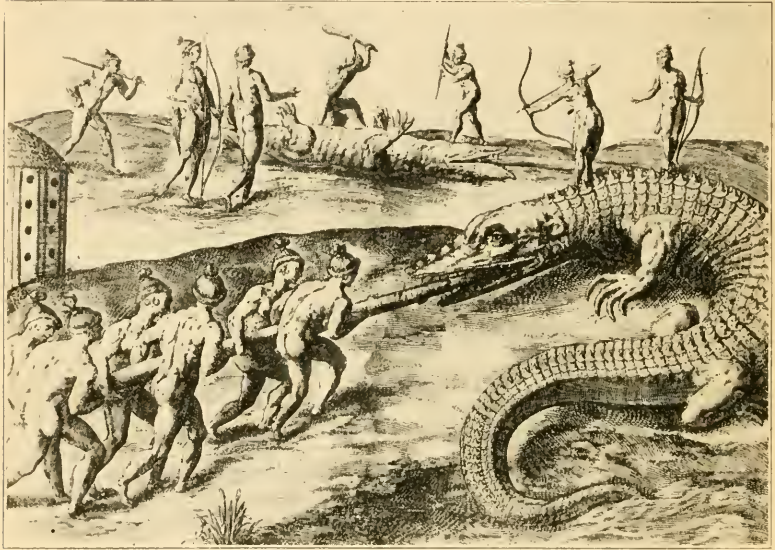
GAME LOSERS

Conditions During Early Settlement

ABOUT three months after the French captain assisted in entertaining the Emperor of Coweta, he was ordered to return to Mobile. Shortly after he reached the Gulf City he was ordered to go to Fort Tombeche which was on the Tombigbee river. It took Bossu and his men seven days to go from Mobile to the mouth of the Tombigbee, a trip which boats now make in four hours. Where the Tombigbee and Alabama come together to make the Mobile river, Bossu and his soldiers went ashore and camped for the night.

If you have ever been on the river bank in the month of August you know something about the mosquitoes there. Way back in the eighteenth century the mosquitoes were just as ill-behaved as they are today. Bossu had no mosquito nets, so to protect himself from mosquito bites, he made a little tent in which to sleep. Placing long canes in the ground he bent them over so that they formed an arch. Over this arch he threw a linen sheet which reached the ground all around. Under this tent he placed a bear skin; then he rolled himself up in one corner of the tent cloth and went to sleep. One night he took a string of fish inside the tent with him and, for safe keeping, placed them near his feet on the bear

skin. Suddenly, he felt himself jerked with great force toward the river. He sprang up calling for help. When the soldiers came running to see what was the matter they found an enormous alligator



CATCHING ALLIGATORS

dragging tent, bear skin, fish, Bossu and all off to the river. The fish and tent cloth disappeared beneath the waters of the Tombigbee before the men could prevent the loss. But the captain managed to save himself and the bear skin from the hungry alligator.

Not many days after Bossu lost the string of fish food became scarce. He sent some of his men with several Indians in the party to look for game. Before long they came upon an eagle's nest, away up in a big tree. With their axes they cut off the big

limbs and the nest fell to the ground. In the nest they found four young eagles, besides several rabbits, partridges, wild turkeys and pigeons, which the old eagles had brought home. The two old eagles were there, too, and such a fight as those big birds gave the hungry soldiers! They pecked and fought, they slapped their wings and screamed with fury. But there were more men than eagles, so at last the men won the battle. For the rest of that journey Bossu and his men had plenty of meat. They reached Jones' Bluff or Fort Tombecbe before their supply was exhausted.

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS

An Early Romance at Wetumpka

SHE may have been a Russian princess or she may not. Some people said that she was only a wardrobe maid who had learned to imitate her mistress.

The story goes this way. Alexis Petrowitz, son of Peter the Great, married a beautiful and accomplished young woman whose name was Elizabeth. But Alexis Petrowitz was a very mean, low sort of a prince who treated his lovely wife brutally. To escape from her cruel husband, the young princess pretended to die. She was buried in a tomb. But her friends came a few hours later and took her away. They put her aboard a German ship with two hundred German immigrants, all of whom came to find peace and comfort in the new world.

A French officer, D'Aubant, recognized Elizabeth, he said, in spite of the fact that she was dressed in inexpensive garments when she reached Mobile. He declared that he had seen the young woman in St. Petersburg and knew perfectly well that she really was the daughter-in-law of Peter the Great. Not very long after her arrival in America, Elizabeth and D'Aubant were married. They lived in Mobile for some time where D'Aubant had his headquarters.

One day the French officer told his wife that he had been ordered to take charge of Fort Toulouse

near the present town of Wetumpka. He kissed his wife and little daughter goodbye, promised that they should soon join him and then set out on horseback for his new post. The one-time princess waited from March until June, then she determined to join her husband. With one servant and her little daughter, D'Aubant's wife set out from Mobile in a rude little boat and traveled for days and days up the river toward Fort Toulouse. At length she arrived at the fort and received a royal welcome. D'Aubant was overjoyed to see his family again and the men of the fort began at once building a cabin for the D'Aubants.

The brick chimney of this cabin stood for years on the outskirts of the old town of Wetumpka and the residents always pointed out to visitors the place where a Russian princess once made her home. When at last D'Aubant returned to France his wife and daughter followed him, but the beautiful princess never forgot her exciting experiences in the land they called Louisiana.

HIS MOTHER.

An Indian's Courage

GREAT excitement prevailed at Fort Toulouse, for a French soldier had been killed by an Indian.

When Fort Toulouse was first established the French and the Indians had made this agreement: If an Indian is killed, the Frenchman who committed the crime must die; if a French soldier is killed, then the Indian murderer shall be put to death. As soon as the French officer heard that one of his men had been killed he demanded that the murderer be delivered at once to justice. "He is gone. We cannot find him," said the Indians. "Then his nearest relative must pay the penalty," said D'Erville, "and that is the man's mother." "But the mother did not kill the Frenchman," answered the Indian chief. "You know that is the custom of your people and you must not forget your agreement," replied the French officer. The Indians offered to pay with furs and horse loads of booty if the old woman's life was spared. But D'Erville demanded that the mother be brought into the fort to suffer death. The Indians followed the terror-stricken squaw into the fort, and wailed dismally as she was led to the place of execution. "My mother-in-law dies courageously. She has not struck the blow," cried one of her relatives.

The mother did not die, however, for the young warrior who had committed the crime burst through the cane brakes, where he was hiding, walked boldly up to the French officer and gave himself up. The story does not end happily. For the French officer ordered the young brave's immediate execution.

PRINCESS MARY

James Oglethorpe Comes to Alabama

JUST TO look at her playing there among the other Indian children you would never have thought that little Mary was a princess, but she was. She was not always called Mary. That was only her English name. The first name her mother gave her when she opened her little eyes, among the Muscogees in Alabama, was 'Consaponaheeso.

When Mary was ten years old her father took her to South Carolina and placed her in school where she was educated and instructed in Christianity. Mary went to her classes and probably knew the Catechism as well as any of the English girls. But all the time her heart was back in Alabama, where the Chattahoochee sang its song as it flowed past the Indian village of Coweta. One day Mary decided that she simply could not stand the aching loneliness any longer. So she gathered up her few special treasures and fled back to her forest home.

You can imagine her welcome among her old playmates, and you can see her running from one beloved spot to another, laughing with joy, at being back among her own people again. You can also imagine the looks of curiosity and interest in the others girls' faces as Mary showed them her English clothes and trinkets while she told them of the strange customs of the people of South Carolina.

Just after Mary passed her sixteenth birthday, Colonel John Musgrove came with his son to Coweta to make peace with the Creek Indians along the Chattahoochee river. Young Musgrove saw Mary and, of course, lost his head and his heart. He just kept on loving Mary until at last he found himself telling her all about it. Mary told him something too, but that was her own affair—and his. And so they were married and lived happy for a long time afterwards.

Mary being an Indian princess was of great assistance to her husband in building up his trade among the Creeks. She understood both the English and the Indian languages, and was therefore doubly helpful to the trader whom she had married.

Musgrove bought skins, furs, kegs of bear oil, hickory nut oil, snake root, herbs for medicine and other forest products. He gave in exchange blankets, guns, knives, hatchets, and trinkets of various kinds. After living among the Muscogees for a number of years, Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove, with their little child, moved back to South Carolina. Seven years later Musgrove took charge of a trading house in Georgia.

It was in Georgia that they met James Oglethorpe, who had brought a colony of debtors to settle in America. At that time people in England who owed a debt that could not be paid were put in prison and kept there until the money was paid. There were hundreds of poor men who were imprisoned and left without a chance to pay their debts. Oglethorpe was sorry for these unfortunate Englishmen and asked

permission to take them from prison, bring them to a new country and give them an opportunity to make an honest living.

Of course the colonists lived through many hardships and constant danger. Numbers of times the Musgroves shared their food with the colonists, and times without number Mrs. Musgrove warned Oglethorpe's settlers of attacks which the Indians had planned.

When Mary Musgrove was thirty-eight years old, and her husband had become a wealthy and influential trader, Oglethorpe decided to go on a journey to the Creek country in Alabama. These kind-hearted people gave him information about the country and the Indians and did what they could toward having him well received at Coweta, when he arrived to make peace with the Indians. The Creeks received the founder of Georgia courteously, and entertained him in the best possible manner and best of all they signed the peace treaty which he brought.

How much of his success was due to his own efforts and how much was due to the influence of the Indian princess back in Georgia is not known. At any rate he succeeded. So you see that little Consaponahesso, who first opened her eyes at Coweta, Alabama, played an important part in the history of our country.

STUNG ARM

An Indian Princess Befriends the French

STUNG ARM was furious. Something important was going on at the Village of the White Apple, and the Indian princess could not find out what it was.

Now Stung Arm was not an Alabama woman, for there was no Alabama at the time Stung Arm befriended the French. Alabama was part of the territory just north of the Gulf of Mexico and east of the Mississippi river which was called Louisiana. This land was owned by any one who was strong enough to hold it.

In Louisiana was the village of the White Apple, the pride of the Natchez Indians. For many, many years these stalwart Red Men had dwelt in this beautiful spot. But recently a French commandant, named Chopart, had taken charge of the post at Natchez and he announced to the Indians that they would have to move because he wished to build a magnificent colony where the village stood. Stung Arm knew all of that. She also knew that the Sun of the Apple, as the ruler was called, had stood up tall and straight and replied to Chopart: "My ancestors have lived here for as many years as there are hairs on my head. It is good that we should continue here."

Without even waiting for the Indian to finish his speech, Chopart warned the Red Men to leave at once. The arrogant commandant stated that the Village of the White Apple was the spot that he had chosen and the Indians had as well leave quietly and quickly. "I will call my old men together in council," the Sun answered as he walked away.

Later on the Sun of the Apple came back to tell Chopart that the Council thought it only fair that they be allowed to remain in their homes until their crops were gathered. "The corn is shot a little out of the earth and the hens are all laying eggs," said the councilmen, "If we leave now it will be a loss to ourselves and to you." But Chopart answered haughtily, "Go! Go at once!" Then the old men said, "If you will let us stay until our crops are gathered we will each give you a basket of corn and a fowl." To this Chopart agreed.

Now the Indians had no idea of giving the French commandant anything. They were only playing for time. Messengers were sent in every direction to tell the Indians that on a certain date the French were to be killed to a man. "Unless we do this", said the chiefs, "we will soon be nothing but slaves". For very good reasons, the men kept quiet about their plans, and the princess, Stung Arm, was not invited to the meetings. She usually attended the council meetings for she was a woman of wit and wisdom and her opinion was respected by the young and the old of the village. Besides she was the mother of Grand Sun, who was very fond of her.

Instead of flying into a rage and demanding her rights, Stung Arm calmly approached her son, with a smile, and determination in her eyes. "I wish you would come with me to visit a sick relative at the Village of the Meal", she told him. Then she persuaded him to walk with her the longest way round, while she made herself very interesting and agreeable. With great tact she brought up the subject of the secret council, and at last reproached him for the secrecy which he and the other Suns had observed toward her. "I am a princess and I am your mother", she reminded him. "You know that you are the son of a Frenchman", Stung Arm told Grand Sun, "but my own blood is far dearer to me than that of the strangers. You need never be afraid that I will betray you to the French against whom you are plotting." Then Grand Sun answered, "It is unusual to reveal what the old men of the council have resolved upon, and as Grand Sun, I should set a good example. But seeing that you have guessed the whole affair, I need not inform you further. You know as much as I do myself. Only hold your tongue."

Stung Arm congratulated herself on her own shrewdness and proceeded to secure more information. She declared that the French were very smart people and she feared that the Indians had not planned aright. With that Grand Sun boasted of his deep-laid schemes. "All of the nations have agreed to fall upon the French on the same day," he told the crafty woman. "The bundle of rods already

lies in the Temple on the flat timbers," bragged the young ruler.

The Indians, you know had no timepiece except the sun, and no calendar at all. So if a chief decided to make an attack on a certain day, he sent a messenger to inform his allies. To the messenger the chief gave the same number of sticks that he kept himself.



STARTING ON THE WAR PATH

The Chief placed his sticks in the Temple and every day he threw one away. The messenger also threw away one every day until all of the sticks were gone. Then they knew that the time for the attack had arrived. The same method was used for announcing feast days or other Indian affairs. So when her son said, "The bundle of rods already lies in the

Temple," Stung Arm knew that the attack would soon be made upon the French people.

While Grand Sun told her of his plans, she listened eagerly and pretended to be very much pleased. But she was silently forming a scheme to warn the French settlers. Back to the fort went Stung Arm. There she hunted up a beautiful Indian girl who was in love with a French officer, De Mace. The girl was distracted over the news which the princess brought. Stung Arm advised her to warn her lover but in no case to tell anyone else. The girl went at once to De Mace, telling him that the Indians had planned to kill every French man and woman in Louisiana on the same day. De Mace, in turn, warned the commandant, Chopart, but instead of heeding the warning, Chopart declared that De Mace was giving a false alarm and the young man was imprisoned.

Stung Arm learned of the commandant's stupidity and contrived to send other warnings. But all of the men who brought this information to Chopart were punished. In all, seven soldiers were placed under arrest for advising the commandant of the proposed attack. Then the princess became alarmed. She was afraid that her own people would discover what she had done and she was likewise afraid that the French settlers would all be murdered.

One night she slipped into the Temple and drew out several of the sticks in the bundle. "This will hasten the attack," she thought, "then the Indians will not fall upon the French all together. Some of the white people may escape and warn their friends

down the river." Sure enough when the Suns found that the sticks in the Temple were all gone they prepared to fall upon the French and to kill every one of them.

The French at Natchez were horribly slaughtered. But some of them escaped and went to their friends in other parts of Louisiana. It is quite likely that a few of them found their way into Alabama territory and thus saved the lives of the white people here.

Whether Stung Arm really loved the French people or whether she was only taking revenge because she was angry about the secret councils of the men is not known. It makes no difference as far as the results are concerned. She saved the white settlers from a dreadful fate when she slipped those sticks from the bundle in the Temple.

LACHLAN MCGILLIVRAY

English Traders Come Among the Indians

DOWN the gang plank of the vessel which had just landed at Charleston, South Carolina, came a red-haired Scotch lad, bringing with him all of his earthly possessions, which consisted of one suit of clothes which he wore, one lone shilling, about twenty cents, a stout, healthy body, and a disposition which knew neither fear nor unhappiness.

Lachlan McGillivray was sixteen years old. His parents were wealthy Scotch people, living in Dunmaglass, Scotland. They were, doubtless, kind to their son, but Lachlan had been reading and thinking so much about the new country across the Atlantic that finally he found himself aboard a vessel sailing over the sea to America.

In a short time after McGillivray landed at Charleston, he made his way out to the traders' quarters in the suburbs of the town. There he saw hundreds of pack horses, pack saddles, curious looking horsemen, and great packs of merchandise, all ready to be carried into the wilderness. These were English traders and they were starting out with their loads of blankets, knives, guns, trinkets, and more useful articles for the Indians. These they would exchange for skins, furs, and all sorts of forest products.

Lachlan McGillivray stood watching the preparations probably wishing with all of his heart that he could mount one of those big horses and ride away with the men. A keen-eyed trader noticed the boy's eager face, and presently, he went over to where the boy stood. "How would you like to go along, Son?" asked the trader. Of course the boy would like very much to go along so the next day he was riding through the woods of Carolina driving before him a string of pack horses.

When the caravan reached the Chattahoochee river way down in Georgia his employer gave Lachlan a jack-knife as a reward for his hard work and accommodating spirit. If you think the red-haired Scotch boy carried that knife in his pocket until he lost it that is where you are mistaken. Boys did not receive a new knife every Christmas in that day and time and Lachlan McGillivray had a business head on his square shoulders.

He walked around until he found an Indian with something to trade. You can imagine him showing the Red Man the big sharp blades and you can also imagine the puzzled look when the Indian jabbered something which the Scotchman could not understand. At any rate the boy made a good trade for he carried back several skins to Charleston, where he sold them. The money he received for them was invested in merchandise and again the Scotch lad went to the Indian villages to trade with the savages. In a few years Lachlan McGillivray was one of the wealthiest traders in the whole country.

His trade with the Indians brought McGillivray into Alabama. He was often seen at Fort Toulouse, which was only a short distance from an Indian village called Hickory Ground. One day he rode into Hickory Ground looking for barter, but he found another attraction which made him forget his trading for awhile. Beautiful Sehoy Marchand, whose father was a French officer and whose mother was an Indian princess, was only sixteen years old when McGillivray first saw her. Before she was seventeen she became the wife of Lachlan McGillivray. He built a home for her at Little Tallassee, four miles above Wetumpka, and took his young wife there to live. McGillivray established a trading house at Little Tallassee on the Coosa river and with the help of his wife's people he met with remarkable success in his business.

You ought to know that before Sehoy Marchand married McGillivray she was the widow of an Indian chieftain and the mother of a little girl named Sehoy. Three Sehoys also helped make Alabama history for they belonged to the mighty Tribe of the Wind and wielded much influence over their people. The first Sehoy married Colonel Marchand; her daughter married Lachlan McGillivray, and the granddaughter, Sehoy, was the mother of William Weatherford.

There was no reason why Lachlan McGillivray and his Indian wife, Sehoy, should not have been happy together for many years. God sent them a splendid baby boy, whom they named Alexander. Then came two little girls, Sophia and Jeannette.

ALEXANDER MCGILLIVRAY

A Man Whose Power Affected the Nation

A TALL, slender young man stood silent and idle, dreaming dreams of his mother's people. And his face was towards the southwest. The young man was Alexander McGillivray and the thoughts which drifted through his powerful mind were of bows and arrows, an old blow-gun, and a collection of fishing tackle. His mother's house by the side of the Coosa river, the sweet faces of his young sisters, Sophia and Jeannette, and the Indian boys, who were once his playmates, formed part of the young man's musings.

Alexander McGillivray was then in school at Charleston, South Carolina. Once before, when he was only fourteen years old, his father had sent him away to school. The boy remained a while at Charleston, then returned to his home where his father expected him to work in a counting house. But Alexander was a complete failure as a clerk in a trading house. While other clerks were hard at work young McGillivray would be sitting in some quiet corner reading books. At last Lachlan McGillivray said, "If Alexander wishes to be a scholar, a scholar he shall be." And forthwith the son of the wealthy Scotchman was packed off to school again.

His time had been well spent in Charleston and he was one of the best educated men in America, but now Alexander McGillivray was a man and the Indian blood in his veins was calling him home to the woods of Alabama. So he turned his back upon civilization and his horse's head toward home.

A royal welcome awaited young McGillivray in Alabama. For the Creek Indians were in need of a bold leader at that time and already they had been talking among themselves of Alexander McGillivray's right to leadership. Because his mother, Sehoj Marchand McGillivray, was a member of the Wind family and the granddaughter of a chieftain, the position of chief now fell to Sehoj's only son, Alexander.

McGillivray took charge of affairs with great zest. He called himself an "emperor" and ruled with such splendid airs that the Indians were greatly impressed and very much pleased. They came to look upon their leader as the greatest power in the world—and he was, in their world. They had absolute confidence in him and believed that sooner or later, he could make all of the Red Men and all of the white ones do his bidding. How much of their faith in him was justified, you shall see—as they say in story books.

When the Revolutionary War began in 1776, Lachlan McGillivray remained faithful to the King of England. He gave his efforts and much of his wealth to defeating the colonists. Alexander McGillivray also served his English Majesty and was

made a colonel, with a colonel's pay in the English army. However, the Indian Emperor was no fighter. He was a diplomat. That means that he schemed and contrived to make other people carry out his plans. It was an easy matter for him to induce the Indians to fight against the Americans. His smooth tongue and his remarkable power over men secured for the British army many Indian warriors.

But George Washington's brave soldiers won just the same. Then the Red Coats, who were not killed, jumped into their little boats and sped back to England as fast as sails could carry them. With the English army went Lachlan McGillivray with as much of his personal property as he could carry on one ship.

The Americans hated the Scotchman for the part he had taken in the war and he had to flee for his life. McGillivray's land and houses were seized by the government as part pay for the damage he had done. His wife and daughters were left penniless in Alabama. All that saved Alexander's life was the fact that he was a mighty leader of the Creeks and the Americans greatly desired peace with the Indians. When the English no longer needed Alexander's services they waved him a polite farewell and left him to look out for himself. If there was any one thing that Alexander McGillivray could do well it was to look out for himself. That was his chief business in life. He moved men around as though they were little things on a checker board and every time one moved it meant money in McGillivray's pocket.

When the British deserted him it made him furious. But he did not allow that to worry him long. He took off the bright red uniform, put back on the garb of an Indian chieftain and began scheming again. There were many rich Spaniards down in Florida with large quantities of gold. McGillivray decided that he might as well share that gold with the Spanish settlers. He managed to let them know that he was ready to do favors for them if they cared to make it sufficiently interesting for the great Indian Emperor.

The Spaniards, as McGillivray knew, were most anxious to keep the Americans out of the South and to keep the Indians from trading with them. McGillivray felt sure he could manage that. But how much would the Spanish Government pay him? "We will make you a colonel in the Spanish army with a salary of \$3,500 a year." "What else?" McGillivray wanted to know. "We will appoint you commissary man to distribute presents and supplies to the Indians," said the Spaniards. "Is there anything else?" suggested the politician. "Our Gulf ports will be open to your traders and we will assist them in sending their pelfry across the ocean," promised the Spaniards.

Then McGillivray dressed up in the Spanish uniform and went back to his admiring subjects. Almost immediately he began stirring up trouble between the Americans and the Spaniards. He would incite an Indian attack upon American settlers and another upon the Spanish. He made them all un-

easy and kept them in constant suspense while he continued to draw his salary from the Spanish government.

McGillivray was always kind to those who needed help; he was cheerful, polite and seemingly generous. He made friends by the score and then used them for his own gain. The Creeks and the Seminoles looked to McGillivray for guidance. He guided them, to be sure, and he was really more faithful to his Indian subjects than to anyone else, but he used them whenever it suited his own convenience. He made them kill and plunder in order that he might increase his own wealth and power.

The attacks upon the Americans become so frequent and proved so fatal to the settlements that finally President Washington knew that something would have to be done. So he sent Colonel Willett, a most powerful statesman, to see McGillivray and to make peace with the Indians. For everyone knew that Alexander McGillivray had more influence with the Creeks and Seminoles than anyone else in the whole country.

All of the chiefs were assembled and Colonel Willett made them a telling speech. "Our great White Chief, George Washington," he said, "has sent me to bring a message of affection to you and to invite you to his council house in New York." Then Colonel Willett told them that the great White Chief loved the Red Men and wished them to be happy, contented and protected. Even McGillivray listened with interest to this speaker and in the end he prom-

ised to take his chiefs and go back with Colonel Willett to New York to see the President. He did not promise to sign a peace treaty but expressed his willingness to listen to the President's proposal.

Before many moons, McGillivray with his nephew, two servants, and the government agent, set out on horseback from Little Tallassee. An imposing group of warriors traveled toward the capital of the United States, for chiefs joined the party along the way and all of them rode fine horses. On the way they stopped to rest at the home of General Pickens in South Carolina where they were received with great courtesy. General Pickens furnished wagons for the rest of the journey and from there the majority of the chiefs rode in these wagons. Colonel Willett was given a surrey for his journey, while McGillivray, with four body guards, continued on horseback.

When they reached Philadelphia they were entertained in splendid style for three days. For all of the white people in the country were anxious to make peace with the Indians and they knew the mission of the party to New York. From Philadelphia they went to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where they took passage on a sailing vessel to New York. When they landed at New York they were met by a gay set of Capitol folks, dressed in gorgeous costumes. With all of the noise, music, and ceremony that even an Indian could desire, they were marched up Wall street, then by the Federal Hall, where Congress was in session, and next to the home of the President.

George Washington and Alexander McGillivray met and took each other's measure. They both measured up to the standard in the matter of brains and physique. The great difference lay in the souls of the two men. Washington was planning for his country's welfare while McGillivray was scheming for his own personal benefit. But Washington outwitted the schemer after all.

A glorious day's entertainment was followed by a magnificent banquet. For days the Indians were kept in New York and shown every attention. They were frankly delighted with their entertainers and with the city. Even McGillivray felt the influence of the hospitable treatment. Probably the only thing that the savages did not like about New York was the feather beds which white people slept on at that time. The old chiefs tossed and rolled and grunted with disgust over the soft beds. At last they arose in desperation, tore open the bed ticking, scattered the feathers on the floor, and lay down upon them for the rest of the night. Some of them caught cold and one or two developed pneumonia from the effects of the city's comforts. But before they left, the peace treaty had been signed and there was Alexander McGillivray's signature in black and white, promising to keep peace forever with the white settlers.

The United States Government made McGillivray a brigadier-general at a salary of \$1,200 a year. He still kept his position with the Spanish government with a salary of \$3,500 a year. Besides, he

was the ruler of two Indian nations and he was in the trading business with a man named Panton, who might be described as "a shrewd trader." McGillivray finally became so entangled in his own web of schemes that life lost its charm and he went to his grave in sorrow and shame. But because he was so powerful at one time he has been called "Alabama's most distinguished citizen."

THE HEROINE OF LITTLE RIVER

How the Tensaw Settlers were Saved

SOPHIA MCGILLIVRAY'S dark eyes were bright with excitement and the red showed beneath the brown of her pretty face. It was her escort who had just been proclaimed the champion fighter of the nation.

A few weeks before the day of the match Benjamin Durant arrived at Little Tallassee, where he announced that he had come to find the man who was said to be his superior in strength. Durant was a young giant and he had conquered every man who had fought against him in South Carolina. Then one day a traveler told the young fighter that there was a big brawny Indian down on the Coosa river who could whip anybody. Durant decided to find out for himself. That is why the handsome Huguenot thought he had come to Alabama. But it is quite possible that he had a wild streak in his blood and could not control the wander-lust which led him into the unknown wilderness of the South. So it was arranged that the champion of the Creek nation should meet Durant in combat at Hickory Ground. The Indians came from far and near to witness the mighty struggle between the white man and the Indian.

With Benjamin Durant went Sophia McGillivray. Both were young and both were remarkably

good looking, so it is not strange that they should have been attracted to each other. You remember that Sophia's father was the Scotchman, Lachlan McGillivray. Her mother was beautiful Schoy Marchand McGillivray, and her grandfather was the French officer, Colonel Marchand. Sophia, therefore, had Scotch, French, and Indian blood in her veins. But she had been reared among the Indians.

Perhaps she hoped that the Indian brave would win the fight against the handsome stranger; perhaps she did not. At any rate, when Benjamin Durant whipped his antagonist, after a tremendous fight, and the noisy crowd cheered the conqueror, Sophia's eyes sparkled and her pulse beat high with something strangely akin to triumph.

Before very long Sophia McGillivray became Mrs. Benjamin Durant. They did not have a big church wedding with sister Jeannette as maid of honor. Durant simply took his young wife, according to the customs of the Indians, and they went to live on one of her father's plantations on the Savannah river. Durant became very wealthy as the husbands of Indian princesses had a way of doing. Later in life they came back to Alabama and settled on a large tract of land between Selma and Montgomery. "Durant's Bend" was the name given to this tract located in a bend of the Alabama river.

What may seem surprising to some good people who are inclined to talk at length about "a woman's sphere" is the fact that Alexander McGillivray had an exalted opinion of his sister's ability and often

called upon her to make speeches to the chiefs gathered in council. Sophia Durant had an air of authority and a most convincing manner of speaking. Besides this, she knew the Indian language better than did her brother who had spent a great part of his life away from the Indian nations. No matter what the Creek warriors thought of their own squaws nor how they treated the squaws, when Sophia Durant spoke, they listened with respect.

When Alexander McGillivray went with Colonel Willett to New York in the summer of 1790 to make the treaty of peace, Mrs. Durant knew that she would have to watch the Indian braves who were left behind. At that time she was living on Little river, on the line between the present counties of Baldwin and Monroe. One day a half-dead messenger staggered into the Durant home. "An attack!" he whispered, "the Indians are planning to fall upon the Tensaw settlers and put them all to death." Without an hour's waiting, Mrs. Durant mounted her horse, ordered a negro woman to follow on another horse, and with no protection, they set out on the long ride through the woods. At night they camped under the trees. By day they rode as rapidly as they dared, over the partly hidden paths, through the valleys and across the hills. On the fourth day they arrived at Hickory Ground where councils were always held.

"Assemble the chiefs at once," Mrs. Durant commanded. In a few moments the chiefs had gathered to listen to her words. "If you dare to do this

thing you are planning to do, in my brother's absence, you will answer to Alexander McGillivray when he returns," she threatened. Then with all the power of speech with which she was blessed, she addressed those painted warriors, until reason came back to them and a degree of submission showed in their faces. "Arrest the ringleaders," McGillivray's sister ordered in the best McGillivray style. So instead of leading their blood-thirsty warriors to victory over the white settlers the fiery chiefs were sent by a woman, like misbehaving children, to be punished. The attack upon the white settlers was thus prevented and Sophia McGillivray earned the title of "The Heroine of Little River."

THE CAMP ANGEL

British Refugees Wander Through Alabama

THROUGH the dismal cane brakes, which flourish along the banks of the Mississippi, a party of English people made their way. There were more than a hundred people in this party and they were not all strong men either. For there were women and children trudging through the swamps carrying their few precious belongings in their arms. Several little babies came along also, though they could not understand in the least the reason for that tiresome going, going, going.

However, there was a very good reason for the going. These fugitives had left their homes in Natchez and started on the long journey toward the British settlements on the Savannah river because that was their only hope of safety from the cruel Spaniards.

The quarrel which had gone on for so many years between the Spanish and the English, over what was then known as West Florida, had been settled for the time being in favor of Spain. But the English settlers resented being under Spanish rule and determined to overthrow the Spanish. When they heard that there was a powerful English fleet off the coast of Florida, the English settlers began a series of attacks upon the Spanish government. One night

some Englishmen arrested a messenger who was carrying a letter to the Spanish commandant. In this letter a certain Captain McIntosh begged the commandant to hold out a little longer. "Help is near at hand," he wrote.

In the English company there was a soldier who could imitate the handwriting of others. So he slyly destroyed the letter and wrote another in its place. In this letter he said, "The insurgents have dug a secret cave right under the Spanish fort. A deep ravine leads from the English fort to yours. A quantity of powder has been placed under your feet and it is ready to be exploded. All of the people over the country are flocking to the aid of the British and I advise you to leave at once." Without knowing that this trick had been played the messenger took the letter on to the Spanish commander, who believed every word of the message. He did not wait for any proof. He left.

A few days later the Spanish officer learned that he had been deceived. About this time a big Spanish force completely overwhelmed the English and the whole of Florida fell into the hands of the merciless Spaniards. The English families knew then that it meant death to remain, so they started out on their journey with their families, a few slaves and as much of their worldly goods as could be carried on the backs of horses. This was in May, 1781, while the Revolutionary War was raging along the Atlantic coast. But many of the people in what is now the Gulf States remained loyal to the King of

England. This party consisted of Royalists. They knew that Washington's army would capture them if they went up the Mississippi; the Spaniards would murder them if they went down the river; and they were afraid of the savages lurking in the forest. So they just wandered about, cutting their way through the undergrowth until they reached the Mississippi prairies. By the time they reached the prairies, the hot summer had set in, and with it came the desperate need for water. At one time they went thirty-six hours without water. The children cried continually for just a little drink of water and the older people suffered terribly. Occasionally they saw a clump of trees and rushed forward, only to be disappointed. Finally they gave up in despair.

When they most needed a guardian angel, one arose in their own midst. Her name was Mrs. Dwight, wife of the physician in the party. She besought them to keep going until water was found. Men went forth to search but returned at night half dead with thirst and fatigue. Then Mrs. Dwight set out herself to find water. Maybe God heard her praying and led her to the fountain. Where the foot of two hills came together she found a spot that made her hope. Here the men began to dig and in a few moments they found moisture. In a few minutes more the slow dripping of water was seen. Then, with renewed effort, the men dug deep into the ground and a beautiful underground fountain of water gushed forth.

A messenger carried the glad tidings and the crowd came rushing forward to quench their thirst. The horses literally pawed up the earth and the people surged around the spring, clamoring for water. But Dr. Dwight stationed a guard over the spring and allowed the people to drink only a few drops at a time until they were able to drink all they wanted. All night long the drinking went on. Next day the party filled vessels with water and started on their long journey again. Before the day was over they had camped near one of the branches of our own Tombigbee river.

Courage Wins Reward

About a month after the party of Royalists fled from Natchez, they found themselves without food. To make matters worse they had only a small supply of ammunition and that had to be saved for defense against their numerous enemies. So game could not be killed for food. Once they had nothing to eat all day except one big terrapin, divided among them.

Probably you are thinking, "It served them right for not helping the Americans." But you see they lived so far from the troubles which brought on the war that they did not feel so bitter against the King of England as the colonists did who lived in the East. Anyway you will feel sorry for the women and children and you will have to admire Mrs. Dwight's courage and common sense.

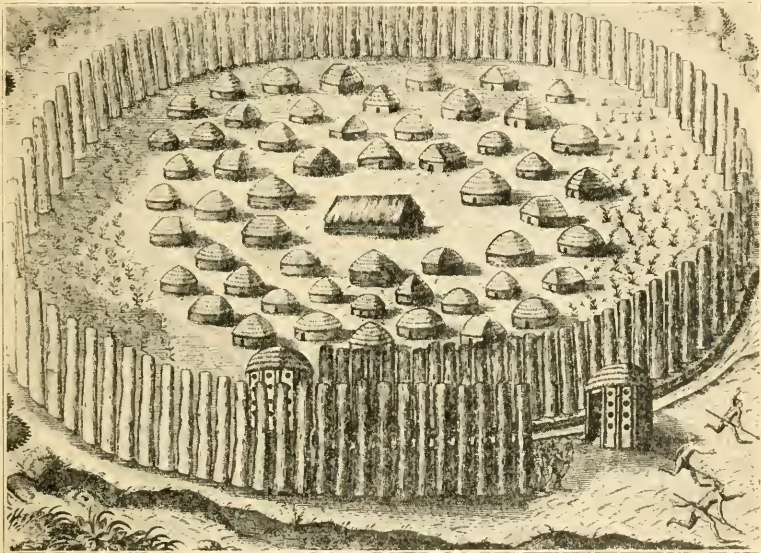
After many days of aimless wandering, these

people found themselves in the hills of Blount county, Alabama. They had crossed the Tombigbee by means of log rafts and when they reached the Warrior river they waded from rock to rock in the shallow parts and swam across the deep parts of the stream. A few days later they camped near the Cahaba river. During their journey through middle Alabama they met an old Indian trader who gave them all of his provisions. He advised them to go South instead of trying to cross the mountains of Tennessee as they had thought they could do.

The caravan, at last, reached the Coosa river in what is now Autauga county, a few miles below the Big Island. Here the river was both wide and deep, with jagged rocks sticking their ugly heads above the water. The current beat its way between the rocks and altogether it looked very discouraging to the weary travelers. They just said, "I can't," and lay down on the banks to die. But Mrs. Dwight had no idea of dying or of letting the others die. "If just one man will accompany me, I will cross the river," she cried. "Perhaps," she continued, "we will find a canoe on the other side or we may find a better crossing place." Dr. Dwight announced that he was going with his wife and one other brave man also said that he would go. The three plunged their horses into the turbid river. They reached a huge rock pile in the middle of the stream and groped their way to the end of the ledge. The men made the leap from the rock into the water below. Mrs. Dwight shut her eyes and followed them; she came

up clinging to the horn of her saddle. The three reached the opposite shore with their horses and gave a shout of joy and triumph which floated back to their anxious friends on the other side of the river.

About a mile up the stream they found an old canoe which had been cast upon the rocks. After stopping the seams as best they could, the men



AN INDIAN VILLAGE

went back after the rest of the party, leaving Mrs. Dwight alone in that wilderness with the horses. For nearly two days the old boat crossed and re-crossed the stream carrying as many passengers as it could hold. After a twenty-mile tramp, they came into the Hickory Grounds on the outskirts of the present town of Wetumpka.

Paro saves the Wanderers

With fast beating hearts, and limbs that refused to be steady, three men entered the village of the Creek Indians at Hickory Ground. They had no idea what their fate would be but they knew that further wandering without food meant death to their entire party. So they went boldly into the danger which confronted every white man who entered a strange Indian village. Just as they had expected, the white men received ugly looks and muttered threats from the savages. "Virginians! Long knives! No good," cried the Red Men viciously. Because the three men rode on the same kind of saddles which the American soldiers used the Indians insisted that the wanderers were "Whigs" who should be put to death.

Colonel McGillivray was away and the Indians would doubtless have carried out their threats had not McGillivray's body-servant arrived at an opportune moment. Paro was an intelligent negro who understood both English and the Indian language. He told the Indians that the white men were harmless and in need of assistance. He talked so earnestly that finally an old Indian turned to the white men saying, "If you tell the truth, make the paper talk." They meant that if the white men's story was true, that it should be written down on paper.

"If you have an old letter in your pocket, take it out and pretend to read what you have said about your journey," Paro whispered to the white men. One of them found an old letter and in a slow, sol-

emn tone he "read" therefrom the story of their sufferings. He told how they had left their homes in Natchez; how they had wandered through the woods and over the hills; how they had suffered for food and water, and of the dangers that beset them on every hand. By the time the reading was finished, the looks of hatred had changed to expressions of pity and the ugly knives were put away. One by one the Indians advanced to shake hands with the strangers. In a short time all of the white people were brought into the village where they were shown every kindness by the Indians.

Rested and refreshed, the party resumed their march a few days later. After crossing the Flint river, the crowd, for some reason, divided. Part of them made their way to Savannah and the others were captured by American soldiers. However, they were released and finally found homes where they were safe from the Spaniards.

It is a remarkable fact that during the five months' journey, so full of dangers and hardships, not one life was lost. But if Mrs. Dwight, "The camp angel," had not been there to direct and encourage them, they might all have been lost long before they reached Alabama.

A REAL HERO

A Negro Saves the Lives of the Immigrants

OVER the Blue Ridge mountains, came a party of immigrants from North Carolina to the Mississippi territory. They came on horseback with their families, their slaves and their household goods, into the valley of the Tennessee. At Knoxville they decided to break the hard journey by going in flatboats down the Tennessee river. They sent the horses through the country, in care of a few men, while the rest of the party boarded the crude boats and floated down the river as far as Muscle Shoals.

At that time Alabama was not known as Alabama, but the land was included in what was then the Mississippi territory. These immigrants were trying to make their way to the "Bigby Settlements." They heard of St. Stephens and started to that fort, regardless of the fact that there was not even a path to show them the way. At the Muscle Shoals they left the boats and again took up their journey on horseback. Stopping occasionally to ask directions of friendly Indians, these travelers at last reached the "Cotton Gin" on the Tombigbee river.

"We can save time by building boats and going by water," they said. They stayed at the Cotton Gin long enough to build two rough canoes, although

they had no tools except axes and grubbing hoes. Before long they had two forty-foot boats ready to launch. These they placed in the river, five feet apart, then bound them together with a kind of raft made of canes. On this platform, in the middle, they piled their household goods and the seven families crowded into the boats. The negroes clung on somewhere, probably on top of the furniture.

The children may have liked that moving day at first, but before very long something dreadful happened. The boat was struck by a huge log which extended from the shore into the river. As the current was swift, the little craft was dashed to pieces and the whole party disappeared beneath the water. Some of the men swam out, with women and children in their arms; others swam out alone, grabbed poles or vines and held them out to those floundering in the water. One little baby tumbled into that Tombigbee river but he came up alive in his mother's arms. His sister was the only white person drowned but twenty-one of the poor negroes were lost.

At length all of those who were saved huddled together on the bank. Night came on and it was freezing cold. In the trees the owls hooted dismally and in the distance the howling of wolves could be heard. Dripping wet and with nothing to start a fire the bravest of them almost gave up in despair. It was two miles back to the camp they had left that morning at the "Cotton Gin" and the way lay through a marshy cane brake.

"We will all die," moaned the women. The men

only groaned for they were utterly helpless. Then a stout young negro declared that he would go back to the camp and get some fire. Of course no one objected and the heroic black set out alone. Into the dark night the negro plunged; through the mud and water and thick undergrowth he struggled until he reached the Cotton Gin. Two hours later the weary watchers on the river heard a glad "Halloa." Shouts of joy and prayers of thanksgiving burst from the desolate crowd. Through the cane brake came the loyal servant bearing in his hand a burning torch. Cane was quickly gathered and in a few minutes they were all warming their half-frozen bodies around a roaring fire. After that night the brave negro was regarded as a hero and treated accordingly. Just one hundred and twenty days after they left their homes in North Carolina, the Murrels, Malones, Moores, Myricks, Nosworthies, and Callers established their families in Alabama.

LITTLE TEMPEY ELLIS

Tiny White Girl Rescued by "Old Milly"

BY the side of the spring, which supplied the Indian village of Auttose with water, a little white girl sat weeping bitterly. Suddenly the voice of an old squaw calling her name changed the weeping into frightened haste and the child rushed up the hill. At the top of the hill Little Tempey Ellis was told by an old squaw that some one wished to see her. The visitor was Old Milly, who had heard that the Indians held in captivity an eight-year-old white girl and that she was being mistreated by the old squaw who had her in charge.

Several weeks before Old Milly came to the rescue of the child, Tempey Ellis was visiting the Scarlett children on the Georgia frontier. In the midst of their play, a band of Indians swooped down upon the little home, murdering Mr. and Mrs. Scarlett and all of their children. Tempey crawled under the bed and lay undiscovered until all of the Indians but one had left. The ugly face peered under the bed and the child shrieked with terror. He dragged her out and lifted his hatchet to kill her, when suddenly the greedy creature decided to keep her and make some white person pay a ransom. So away he galloped, with Tempey Ellis clinging to the horse's

mane. He took her to the town on the Tallapoosa river where Old Milly found her.

This kind-hearted woman lived alone in what is now Montgomery county. If she had any other name than Milly, no one remembers it. Milly was no society queen and she may have had her faults, but cruelty and cowardice were not among them. When she heard that the Indians at Auttose held a white child captive, she immediately mounted her horse, rounded up a herd of ponies and cattle, and sped away to rescue the little girl from the Indians. Ten ponies and six cows were what Old Milly paid for the release of Tempey Ellis.

You can imagine the child's joy and gratitude and you can also imagine the gladness with which the lonely woman brought the little girl into her home to keep her company during the dreary days. Milly was good to the little girl and tried in every way to make Tempey forget the horrors of her experience with the savages.

After keeping Tempey Ellis for several years, Old Milly realized that she ought to be sent back to her own people in Georgia. One day the Creek agent came along and Tempey was sent in his care back to her parents. It was hard for the poor old woman to give up her young companion, but with all of the unselfishness of which such women are capable Milly packed the girl's box of clothes, kissed her goodbye and sent her away.

Several years later, when Tempey Ellis was an attractive woman, a young man, Thomas Frizzell,

came into her life and asked permission to remain. Tempey said "yes," and they were married. Mr. and Mrs. Frizzell lived for years in Pike county, and when Tempey Ellis Frizzell was an old woman she lived near Troy. Her grandchildren still live in South Alabama and they tell their children how Grandmother Frizzell was bought from the Indians for ten ponies and six cows.

ISAAC HEATON'S DOGS

Fort Sinquefield in the Creek War

TEN women stood at their tubs near the spring which supplied Fort Sinquefield with water. Early that morning they had brought their washing to the spring. Now the long September afternoon was drawing to a close and they were preparing to take their shabby garments back to their homes within the fort.

Probably the women talked in low tones of the suffering which Weatherford had brought upon the white settlers. Quite probably they repeated the stories they had heard of the dreadful Francis who was cutting and burning his way through the settlement in the fork of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers. Then a silence fell upon them, for just outside the fort a funeral procession stopped within fifty yards of the fort gate. Not one but twelve bodies were hastily buried. The dead were the victims of Josiah Francis, "The Prophet."

While the men were yet shoveling dirt upon the new-made graves, Francis, with one hundred warriors, sprang down the hillside toward the group of mourners. Men snatched up children in their arms and made for the fort. The entire party reached the fort and slammed the gate just in time. But

what of the women at the spring? Those within the fort realized too late that the ten women outside were left to the mercy of the savages.

With wild shrieks of delight, the hundred brutes rushed toward the helpless women. But God heard the prayer of those women that day and sent aid in the last desperate moment. Around a bend in the road came Isaac Heaton, with long whip cracking in his hand and with a pack of dogs yelping at his horse's heels. Heaton had been out cow-hunting and was returning to the fort when he saw the plight of the women at the spring. With shouts to his dogs, the lone rider swooped down upon the murderers.

"Sic him, Plato! Go for him, Juno!" yelled Isaac Heaton between his excited whistling and cracking of his whip. Those vicious dogs did their noble best, for so fiercely did they attack the band of Indians that those braves had their hands full for a few minutes, warding off the animals.

"Run! Run!" the man called to the astonished women. Together they all fled toward the opened gate of the fort. Heaton's horse was shot down and his coat riddled with bullets, but he reached the fort uninjured, barely escaping capture by the Indians. From the throats of the white people came a mighty cheer. And then came another shout of joy, as the wounded horse galloped into the fort right behind his master.

A BRAVE INDIAN

Talladega Fort Saved by General Jackson

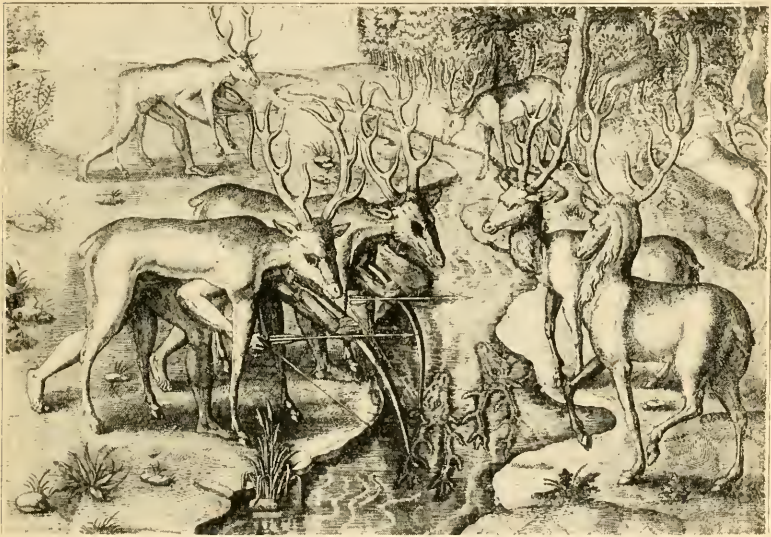
WRAPPED in his blanket, a big Indian stood in the shadow of a tree, looking out into the darkness. "It is the only way," he thought. Within the fort at Talladega, white people and friendly Indians waited anxiously for the help that would not come. Outside the fort, hostile Indians watched night and day, lest the prisoners should escape from their trap. Weatherford's followers completely surrounded Fort Lashly and waited patiently until the time for the murder of their victims should come.

General Jackson was miles away, encamped on the Ten Islands and knew nothing of the danger which threatened these people at Talladega.

When everything grew still, the friendly brave, whom you may call "Brave Indian," turned mysteriously into a hog. He threw around himself the skin of a large hog which had the head and feet still attached. Crawling on his hands and knees Brave Indian meandered toward the resting place of the enemy. He rooted and grunted around the sleeping warriors exactly as a hog would do. No one noticed him at all. Hogs rooting around a camp was a very common occurrence and attracted no attention whatever. When he reached a safe distance

in the woods Brave Indian threw off his mantle and sped like the wind to General Jackson's headquarters on Ten Islands.

Two minutes after the General learned of the danger which threatened the people at Talladega, he was hurrying with his troops to the rescue. By midnight his army was fording the Coosa river. Al-



INDIANS DECEIVING DEER

though the river at that point was six hundred yards wide and had a rocky, uneven bottom, two thousand men crossed the stream. Each horseman took a foot soldier up behind him and in this way they crossed safely and quickly.

By four o'clock in the morning, Jackson's army had surrounded the Indians outside Fort Lashly.

Four hours later the firing began. At the close of the day dead bodies of savages covered the ground for miles around. The grateful white settlers, with two hundred friendly Indians, left at once for Fort Strother. This time Brave Indian walked away in an upright position, like a splendid warrior, at the head of his company of Red Men.

THE CANOE FIGHT

Sam Dale, Jere Austill and James Smith Stage a Great Night

SWEET potatoes were roasting in the ashes and a huge piece of beef simmered over the red coals, while a dozen men sat around the fire and talked in low tones.

On the day before, Sam Dale, Jere Austill, and James Smith had set out from Fort Madison with a company of volunteers. They had determined to punish the Indians for their many outrages against the whites and already they had engaged in several fights with the savages. Now they had stopped to eat and rest.

Part of the company crossed the Alabama river in a large canoe and then the negro Caesar, returned in a small boat which would carry only three men. All at once the little group around the fire heard a loud shout. "Look behind you!" cried their friends on the other side of the river. Coming down the hill behind the white soldiers was a band of Indians sneaking toward the camp. Dale and his men sprang up from their hasty meal and made for a sand bank behind which they crouched. They fired upon the Indians and before long the Indians slipped away.

While waiting for the attack to be renewed, one member of the party spied a flat-bottom canoe glid-

ing down the river. In it eleven stalwart Red Men sat erect holding their guns in front of them. Dale's men opened fire upon them and the Indians lay flat down in the boat. Presently two of the Indians jumped into the river. James Smith shot one of them through the head. Jere Austill's water-soaked leggings slipped down around his feet causing him to stumble and fall. The Indian escaped and nineteen-year-old Jere Austill was angry and ashamed.

Sam Dale yelled to the men on the other side to come over with the big canoe. But the sight of those bloody savages was too much for the men across the river and no help came from them. Dale sprang into Caesar's little boat and Smith and Austill jumped in behind him. Their comrades begged to go but there was no room in the small boat for another man. On the way out Dale's and Austill's guns were wet by the water from Caesar's oar and refused to shoot when shooting was most needed.

All of the Indians knew Sam Dale. They admired him for his strength and courage, even though he fought against them. As they approached the canoe the chief cried out, "Now for it, Big Sam!" "Paddle up close and place your boat side by side with theirs," Caesar was told. The negro was as daring as any of the white men and he not only did as he was told but he laid hold on the two boats and held them together in his powerful grasp. Then the three white men used their guns as clubs. With all of the strength in their strong bodies, they laid on the blows. In a surprisingly short time eight In-

dians lay dead in the bottom of the boat; two more were at the bottom of the river and Austill was regretting that he had let one escape.

The men on both sides of the river were watching the fight and every time a Red Man went down, the onlookers cheered loudly. As the three men, Dale, Austill and Smith, landed on the west bank of the Alabama the woods rang with the shouts of their companions.

Since that time several generations of Alabama people have told their children how three brave men overcame eleven big Indians in a canoe fight, out in the middle of the river, with no weapons except guns that would not shoot.

KINDNESS THAT CAME BACK

The Fort Mims Massacre

MRS. ZACHARIAH MCGIRTH opened her cabin door one morning to find a strange little bundle of rags waiting outside in the cold. Inside the bundle of rags was the sturdy figure of a little Indian boy. His name was Sanota—that was all, just Sanota. He was fatherless, motherless, friendless and he was hungry. That was enough for Vacey McGirth to know about him, and she opened her arms and her heart to the wee stranger. “Come into the house, you poor little thing,” cried the kind-hearted woman, who already had a house full of her own children. The little fellow was taken into the cabin where he was warmed, fed, and all dressed up in some of the McGirth children’s clothes.

For years Sanota lived with the white family and was treated just as the eight young McGirths were treated. At last he grew into a stalwart young Indian and naturally drifted back into the ways of his own people. Then came Tecumseh into the country of the Alabama Creeks, preaching destruction of the whites and filling the Indians’ minds with all sorts of foolish superstitions. Sanota heard all about Tecumseh’s power and he probably believed the tales Tecumseh’s followers told. They

said for one thing, that Tecumseh could shake the whole earth just by stamping his foot and they offered proof of their statement.

But the truth of the matter was this: The Big Warrior was an intelligent, peaceful Indian chief and a friend of the white people. He refused to join in the attacks against his white friends, or to believe Tecumseh's false teaching. One day Tecumseh pointed his finger at The Big Warrior, saying, "You do not believe that the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall believe it. I will leave directly and go straight to Detroit. When I get there I will stamp my foot and shake down every house in Tookabatcha." The common Indians firmly believed what Tecumseh said and began counting off the days until the prophet should reach Detroit, on Lake Michigan.

One day a mighty rumbling shook the earth. The houses in the village reeled and rocked. The people ran out shouting, "Tecumseh has reached Detroit. We feel the shake of his foot!" An earthquake had really occurred just about the right time to suit Tecumseh. After that demonstration of his power, a wild wave of superstition swept over the Indian villages. The smart prophets who were working to cause an uprising among the whites, continued to fill the savage minds with magic and mysteries and their hearts with hatred of the white settlers.

At last the attack upon Fort Mims was planned. Sanota was one of the thousand painted warriors who lay concealed in the woods outside of the fort,

one August day in the year 1813, while the woman who had mothered him was inside the fort preparing dinner for her family. During that morning a hundred or more children ran from tent to tent within the fort. The girls and young men danced and sang. Some of the older men played cards and a general air of carelessness showed everywhere.

At noon the drum-beat announced dinner and the soldiers began gathering around the tables. The gate to the fort was open, as usual, for so careless had the commander become that a bank of sand had been allowed to form in front of the big gate. At the critical moment the gate would not close. With wild yells the Indians arose from the ground outside and surged into the unprotected fort. The massacre at Fort Mims that followed is a thing that is better forgotten.

Late that evening, Zachariah McGirth crept back to the fort and searched desperately for the bodies of his wife and children. In the morning he had started up the river to his plantation near Claiborne for provisions. But the firing at the fort turned him back. When he came near the fort and saw the horde of savages rushing upon the helpless inmates he realized that it was utterly impossible for him to reach there alive. All the afternoon he waited in the woods, in an agony of grief, while the battle raged at Fort Mims.

After that day McGirth became the most desperate fighter. He rushed into dangers that made other men tremble. He never hesitated at anything

that would bring destruction upon the Indians. But his wife and daughters had not been murdered as he supposed. The son was killed but the women were saved.

Sanota did his share of that butchery at Fort Mims, but when he came upon his foster mother and her seven daughters crouched in a corner of the



INDIANS SETTING FIRE TO AN ENEMY VILLAGE

fort pity and gratitude filled his heart. He threw his big body between them and the other Indians and defended the women at the risk of his own life. After the battle was over, he pretended that he was carrying the women off as his slaves. The next day, he took them to his home in the woods on the Coosa river where he cared for them as though they were really his mother and sisters.

Some time later, he told Mrs. McGirth that he was going away to fight Jackson, at the Horse Shoe, and that if he should be killed, she had better go to her friends down the river. Sanota was killed at Horse Shoe Bend and again the family of McGirths was left without a protector.

They set out for their deserted farm near Claiborne on the Alabama river. They were wandering miserably through the woods when an army officer found them. Because he was going to Mobile he suggested that they too go along, as it was safer there than in the forest.

Zachariah McGirth had drifted into Mobile several weeks before his family arrived there. A friend of his saw the pitiful group on the wharf and recognized them as McGirth's family. He hastened to find the father and told him that some one wished to see him down at the river landing. When McGirth saw the wretched woman and seven ragged girls he trembled so he could hardly stand. "My wife and my daughters!" he exclaimed. "Where is the boy?" he asked fearfully. The absence of the boy, who was killed at Fort Mims, was all that marred the happiness of the reunited family, who had been kind to a poor little Indian waif long before the massacre at Fort Mims.

THE RED EAGLE

A Reproduction of Alexander Meek's Poem of the Creek War

SINGING and swinging in the vines, Lilla Beazely watched the sun as it sank out of sight behind Fort Mims. But the beautiful girl sang on with never a thought of the danger lurking in the forest. For Lilla Beazely was in love. Her happy day-dreams of a mighty young chieftain dispelled every suggestion of gloom.

When the first little star showed itself in the heavens this "Woodland Flower" started on her way back to the fort. As she turned into the path she saw an Indian warrior, tall and straight. A red plume waved above his head; his tasseled hunting shirt was green; red leggings and deer skin shoes he wore, while in his wampum belt he carried a scalping knife and a gleaming tomahawk.

The maiden starts as if to fly,
But gazes back with curious eye,
Then utters forth a joyous cry.

The warrior was her own beloved chieftain, William Weatherford.

"Why do you linger at this dangerous hour outside the fort?" he chided. "Do you not know that the Red Men far and near are preparing to drive the white men back to the sea?" Then Red Eagle

continued, "It has been only a few weeks since our noble youths were murdered at Burnt Corn. You must know that the Indian's law is blood for blood. Even now our warriors are gathering around Fort Mims."

Then Lilla Beazely answered, "I know full well that the Red Man is my father's foe. But surely my mother's child will be safe from Indian treachery. The best blood of Indian line flows in my veins. It was my mother's grandsires who gave to your tribe this dwelling place. Besides, I thought, and so does my father think, that the Eagle Chief had ceased his fighting and that we were soon to have peace again."

Weatherford told her that peace was impossible until the White Wolf had paid with his own life for the lives of the Indian braves lost at Burnt Corn. He begged the girl to fly with him to the Holy Ground where she would be safe from the destruction that was so soon to come upon Fort Mims. Weatherford reminded her that the Holy Ground had never been entered by a pale-face because a white man would die instantly, he said, if he should set foot thereon. Weatherford also stated that the prophets prayed there continually for the safety of the Indians and the death of the white man and there the squaws with their papooses were gathered. Red Eagle ended by saying,

Then, Lilla, bid these scenes farewell
And quickly seek our sacred dell.

“No, Weatherford, no!” The girl answered furiously. “Lilla Beazely will never marry the man whose hand is red with her father’s blood. Then faltering she added, “Though I love thee, and though I pledged thee my faith, I’ll stay by my father through slaughter and famine and fire.” With a return to her first anger she cried suddenly, “Go! And remember if this blow falls upon my father, I am forever your foe.” Into the woods she sprang and ran swiftly toward the fort. Weatherford started after her but the report of a rifle rang out and a bullet whizzed by his head. Lilla Beazely’s father, “The White Wolf”, hiding close by in the woods, came very near ending Red Eagle’s life then and there.

Old Beazely was a skilled hunstman and a fearless fighter who was said to love nothing on earth except his motherless daughter. An anxious crowd met him at the fort asking if he had seen anything of the enemy. But he only growled curses upon his luckless aim and went to find his grief-stricken daughter. In their little corner of the fort he found Lilla. “Death to the dog! Don’t cry your sweet eyes out”, was all that he said to her. He had been willing for Lilla to marry Weatherford and he had felt some pride in the fact that so noble a chieftain had sought his daughter’s hand in marriage. But that was before this war cloud loomed, and now hatred for Red Eagle filled the White Wolf’s heart.

Five hundred souls waited in fear that night for the attack upon Fort Mims. But when the sun ap-

peared next morning and there was still no foe in sight the reckless commander laughed to scorn Old Beazely's warning and boldly ordered that the gate be left open as usual. About noon there came a fearful cry, "To arms! To arms!" The savage horde outside the fort rushed upon the helpless victims within and it was then too late to close the gate. A pitiful handful of people escaped the fire and murder of the Fort Mims Massacre. Lilla Beazely was one of them.

Weatherford took the wounded girl to his home in the forest and kept her there a prisoner for days and days. They both believed that her father had been slain. The White Wolf, believing that his daughter had perished, fled across the country to other settlements. "Revenge!" he cried as he swept through the forests of the South. It was the White Wolf who guided Jackson's men as they came through the South to put an end to Indian outrages. Always ready with the torch, quick to shoot and sure to kill was Old Beazely.

While her father was arousing the white settlers to avenge his daughter's death, the girl was pining her days away in a wigwam at the Holy Ground. All of Weatherford's efforts to regain her affections were met with scorn from the girl. "Vile Chieftain, away—begone from my sight!" was all the encouragement the mighty chief gained for his pleadings. In vain he told her that it was not he who slew her father.

I charged my warriors, one and all,
That safe from knife and club and ball,
They should preserve the White Wolf's form.
But Dearest, in the battle's storm,
Amid the wild tumultuous fight,
Though harmless from our rifle's aim,
He vanished from my watchful sight,
And must have perished in the flames.

This the Red Eagle told Lilla Beazely and much else besides, but she only answered, "Away!"

One night the half-crazed girl stole into the sleeping warrior's presence, slipped his knife from his belt and whispering, "It must be done", she lifted the knife to kill him. Red Eagle awoke and calmly took the knife from her hand saying, "Thou truly art fit for the Eagle's bride."

Not long thereafter the signal bell rang in the council house and Red Eagle strode through the Holy Ground toward the warriors' meeting place. Gaily bedecked and ready for war the Indians were sitting around drinking the Blackwater. Weatherford took his seat then called for his spies to report. The chief was told that Claiborne's men were camped near the Holy Ground and were preparing to attack.

The impudence of a white man daring to set foot on the Holy Ground filled them all with wonder. For they really believed that the Holy Ground was the Indian's refuge and the white man's grave. They had been taught to believe that if a bullet should strike an Indian while he was standing on this sacred ground that the bullet would split in two and fall

harmless to the earth, while any white man who stepped on the Holy Ground would die instantly. So now they boasted proudly of the destruction that was soon to come upon the foolish white men.

Weatherford knew that the Holy Ground was no safer than any other place. He very carefully sent the women and children away charging the women to take care of his own "Wild Flower," Lilla Beazely.

Claiborne's men swept into the Holy Ground and, with their guns, shot down the poor deceived Indians by the hundred. In a few hours, "The White Man's Grave" was covered with the dead bodies of Indians. A few painted warriors fled into the forest. Weatherford, finding himself alone, rode swiftly down the river bank, while his excited foes sprang after him. In front of Weatherford was the river bank, which stood high above the water below. Behind him came his infuriated enemies. Weatherford gave one glance backward, fired his gun at the foremost rider, who toppled over. Without hesitating a second the Red Eagle plunged his horse over the high bank into the water beneath. Down, down, steed and rider went! But they soon re-appeared upon the opposite shore. Weatherford gave one loud battle scream and vanished into the woods.

During the following days Jackson's army marched through the Southland carrying death and destruction to the Indians everywhere. Among the many battles the one at Horse Shoe Bend stands out in Alabama history. There it was that brave Lemuel

P. Montgomery gave his life leading a campaign against the foe. At last, the beaten, broken Red Men lay down their arms at Jackson's feet. "To each and all shall mercy be," said Jackson, "to all save one—proud Weatherford."

By General Jackson's side stood a stern-faced, gray-haired man, Lilla Beazely's father. Down near the hiding place of the women and children Lilla Beazely and William Weatherford lingered by the side of a spring and renewed their vows. The girl spoke softly to her lover,

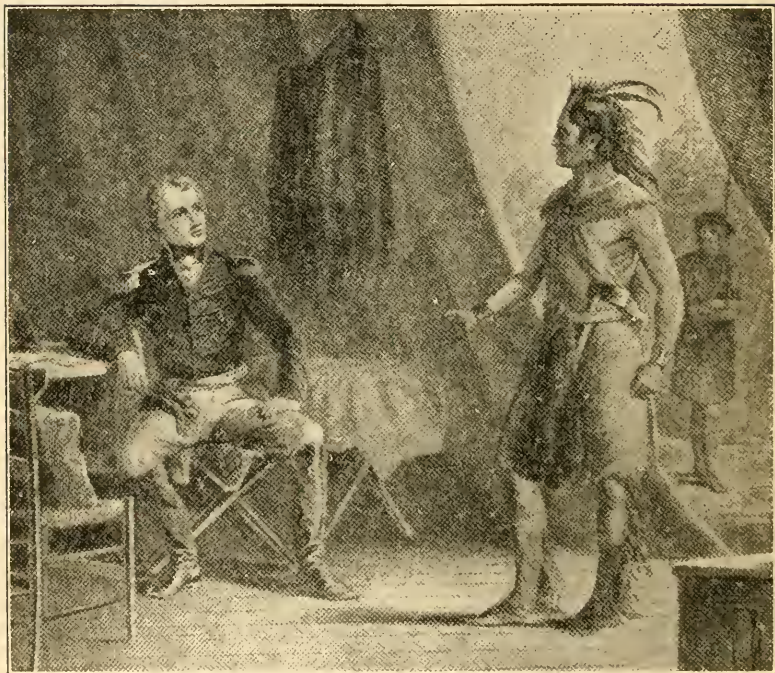
Oh, yes, my father lives,
His daughter every grief forgives,
Oh, yes! I heard his voice last night,
Ring down the glen above the fight.

Then Weatherford told her again of his love. But sorrow also, he brought to her heart, by telling her of the doom that awaited him. "I must either die myself or let the women and children starve," he said.

He left her shortly, going straight to General Jackson's camp. Without the least fear Red Eagle stalked into the presence of the general while soldiers shouted, "Kill him! Kill him!" To Jackson Weatherford said, "I have nothing to request in my own behalf. You can kill me if you so desire. But I come to beg you to send for the women and children of the war party who are starving in the woods."

Jackson was so touched by the Indian's bravery that he answered, "Go, Chieftain. Thou shalt live." But the White Wolf had something to say about that.

No, by my soul, the dog shall die,
And go the way his victims went.
Hold not my gun—my General, No!
My ball shall lay the murderer low.



Courtesy of W. T. Sheehan and Geo. N. Bayzer

SURRENDER OF WEATHERFORD TO GENERAL JACKSON

For an instant Red Eagle regarded the speaker then he said calmly, "Thy daughter is not dead, White Wolf." As he spoke the curtains parted and Lilla Beazely glided into her father's arms "with a cry of joy all unrepresst."

NANNAWYAH

Indians are Warned of their Removal to the West

NANNAWYAH was neither a fat little papoose nor a beautiful Indian maiden. Nannawyah was a large mound which in the Indian language means "Hill Mother." The ignorant Choctaws believed that their ancestors had sprung like bees from this mound and peopled the country all around. They treated their "Mother" with great respect, for they thought that she watched over her children constantly. When they were hunting near the mound, the Choctaws always threw into the crater the leg of a deer or some other meat. They believed they were feeding their "Hill Mother."

Nannawyah was situated on a hill between St. Stephens and Jackson, Mississippi. It was a cone-shaped hill about forty feet high, the base of which covered two acres of ground. Around the base a ditch was dug.

One day the United States Government agent, George Strother Gaines, rode up to the top of the hill and looked in. While he was examining the mound a party of warriors rode by. Mr. Gaines, seeing the Indians, joined them on the road.

"Well Mr. Gaines", said Chief Pushmataha, "I suppose you have been to pay our mother a visit. And what did she say to you?" The old chief knew

perfectly well that the Choctaws were mistaken about their "Hill Mother," and he smiled knowingly as he asked the question. Mr. Gaines answered rather seriously, "Your mother said that her children have become so numerous and so poor that they had better sell their lands to the United States and move west of the Mississippi river to bigger and better hunting grounds." Pushmataha threw back his head and laughed long and loud, crying, "HOLAUBA! HOLAUBA! FEENAH!" In Indian language, this meant that not a word of it was so. But whether Nannawyah said that her children must move West or not, that is exactly what the poor Indians did a short time afterwards.

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES

Aaron Burr's Capture

ONE cold February night, in the year 1807, Nicholas Perkins and Thomas Malone were playing a game of backgammon in their cabin. Here the two young men lived together, in the little town of Wakefield, Washington county, Alabama. The sound of horses' hoofs on the hard ground outside sent the young men rushing to the door to see who was coming on that dark, cold night. "Can you direct me to Colonel Hinson's home?" one of the horsemen inquired.

The information was given; the courtly stranger thanked the young men and with his companion rode away. The spokesman wore the cheap coarse pantaloons which woodmen wore at that time, but the shapely boots protruding beneath the ugly trousers told a little story all their own. And no disguise could hide the splendid bearing and the cultured voice of the man who had inquired the way. The light from the bright fire in the cabin streamed across the horsemen outside and it was easy to see that the princely wayfarer was no backwoodsman. "That is Aaron Burr," cried Nicholas Perkins, "Let us follow him." Perkins had heard that Aaron Burr was somewhere in Alabama and that the government was offering a reward for his cap-

ture. "Man, you are foolish," replied Malone. "It is too late and too cold to start on such a ride when you have no evidence against the stranger."

But Nicholas had the instincts of a detective and he refused to listen to his comrade's reasoning. So he set out alone to find the sheriff and tell him that Burr was in the neighborhood. Sheriff Brightwell arose, dressed, and soon joined Nicholas Perkins in his night ride. Just as the sheriff and Perkins were starting on their trip through the darkness, Aaron Burr and his companion arrived at the Hinson house.

Mrs. Hinson saw them through her little window but her husband was away from home and she was afraid to answer their knocks. A cheerful fire burning in the kitchen was more than the riders could resist, so without an invitation to enter, the two men went in to the warmth and comfort of the room. Mrs. Hinson remained in frightened silence for more than an hour; then she heard Brightwell's voice. He was a kinsman of hers and she welcomed his arrival at that particular time.

Nicholas Perkins was very much excited. "I will stay outside while you go in," he told the sheriff. Aaron Burr saw me in my doorway and he might recognize me at once." But the young fellow was poorly paid for his long wait in the cold. Sheriff Brightwell went in and Mrs. Hinson came down to the kitchen and quickly prepared a tempting supper for the three men. The Gentleman Adventurer treated his hostess as though she were a

queen. He also made himself so agreeable and entertaining to the sheriff that the officer forgot his duty and left Perkins shivering in the cold outside.

After a lengthy vigil Perkins went away in disgust and sought some one else to help him capture Aaron Burr. The next morning Captain Edward Gaines at the head of a mounted company of soldiers rode with Nicholas Perkins toward the Hinson house. On the way they met the charming stranger with his companion of the night before and Sheriff Brightwell. Aaron Burr, having completely won the friendship of the sheriff, was now making use of his good fortune and hoped to escape before less friendly officers found him. Sheriff Brightwell was befriending the friendless stranger but he was not the first nor the last man who was won over by Aaron Burr's pleasing manner and intelligent conversation.

Of course you would like to know why the United States government wanted Aaron Burr arrested. It was not because Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. Although Burr had committed that crime and a great many people hated him for the murder of the popular young man.

It was because Burr was accused of treason. It was said that Aaron Burr was trying to form an independent government in the southwest with himself as the head of the new government. Burr declared that he was only trying to drive the Spaniards out of the country and that he had no intention of becoming a traitor to the United States.

Nevertheless a description of the alleged traitor had been sent broadcast over the country and every officer in every little town was on the lookout for the ex-vice-president of the United States. And so it came about that Aaron Burr was captured in Alabama. Captain Edward Gaines with the help of Nicholas Perkins made the arrest. His captors carried Burr to Richmond, Virginia, for trial. They went all the way from Washington county, Alabama, to Richmond, Virginia, on horseback. Burr's trial was one of the greatest sensations of the year, but in the end the court said, "Not guilty," and Aaron Burr was acquitted.

On a lonely road in Washington county, near old Fort Stoddart, travelers often stop to examine the spot where Nicholas Perkins and Edward Gaines captured Aaron Burr.

THE YAZOO FRAUD

Early Settlers Come into Alabama

IN the streets of Louisville a great crowd of Georgians were gathered. The governor of that territory with all of the high officials were expressing their indignation over the "Yazoo Fraud" in a very fiery manner. The bills which had been passed by the lawmakers permitting the sale of certain Georgia lands were consumed by "fire from Heaven." This was managed by holding a sun glass over the paper on which the undesirable laws were written until the heat from the sun set fire to the paper. The paper was burned by "the fire from Heaven" and the great men felt that the Yazoo Sale had been wiped out forever.

This is really what had happened. The people of Georgia believed that they owned all of the land which the King of England had granted to Oglethorpe. That grant included the territory between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers and as far west as the Mississippi. A former set of officials decided that it would be good business to sell some of that land and put the money into the Georgia treasury. So they did.

Four different companies bought these Georgia lands and altogether they paid \$500,000 for twenty-

one million acres. What was known as the Georgia Company bought a vast tract of land in the present states of Alabama and Mississippi. They paid one-fifth of the price down and the balance was to be paid later. But they really bought the land for \$250,000 and thought it was theirs. Then they began leasing portions of it to settlers who flocked in from other states. Some of the best people who ever came to Alabama were among the pioneers whom the Georgia Company brought here.

But while Georgia was selling this land with such gusto the United States government was growing excited about it. Washington was not so sure that Georgia owned all of that land. Spain also claimed part of it and tried to stop the arrangement. Among the Georgians themselves there was much suspicion and quarreling. Many claimed that dishonest deeds had been committed by the politicians and altogether there was an inglorious wrangle.

In the midst of the excitement another governor came into office and a new set of officials took their seats in the offices of state. Then they said among themselves, "This Yazoo sale is a disgrace, and we will at once undo the mischief that has been done." And that is why fire was called down by way of a sun-glass to consume the wicked document.

After so long a time the settlers stopped talking about cheats and frauds and began building schools and churches as well as homes. They cleared the lands and planted crops and gradually settlements sprang up where there had been only wild forests

and deserted prairies. Thus came into Alabama many of the early settlers. Some of them may have been your great, great grandparents whose blood flows in your own veins and whose courage and industry you are due to have inherited.

THE ONE-MAN SENATE

Alabama Becomes a Territory, Then a State

ON the first day of March, 1817, Congress divided Mississippi Territory, and two days later organized Alabama Territory. St. Stephens was selected as the seat of government. President Monroe appointed William Wyatt Bibb as Territorial governor. The governor called the first Legislature to meet at St. Stephens.

With as much dignity as though the hall were filled with stern senators James Titus sat alone in Legislative Council and decided upon questions which arose in that first Alabama Legislature.

Alabama was not a state in 1818 but the line had been drawn between Mississippi and Alabama Territory. In making the division the government decreed that all of the Legislators from Alabama who were members of the Mississippi Legislature should make up the new Legislature for Alabama. There were eleven representatives but James Titus happened to be the only member of the Legislative Council (Senate) who lived on the Alabama side of the line. So when the first Territorial Legislature of Alabama met at St. Stephens in 1818 one man was the speaker, the Chairman of all the committees and, in fact, the whole Council.

At the next meeting of the Legislature at St. Stephens, a committee was appointed to select a capital. They selected Cahaba, but agreed that Huntsville should be the capital until suitable buildings were erected at Cahaba.

As soon as the Alabama Territory was formed, immigrants from Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, and the Carolinas rushed into the new territory to settle on the rich lands. In less than two years, there were enough people to enable Alabama to be admitted into the Union as a State. Alabama was settled more rapidly and passed from a territory into a state more quickly than any other state.

William Wyatt Bibb was also the first governor of the state of Alabama. During his administration he rode out into the woods one day and while riding he was thrown from his horse and killed. His brother, Thomas Bibb, finished the term as governor.

It is a fact worth remembering that the first governor of Alabama, in his message to the Legislature, in 1819, recommended the very things that Alabamians are still trying to promote—education, building of roads, and bridges, and the upbuilding of industries in the state.

THE VINE AND OLIVE COMPANY

French Refugees Settle Demopolis

LATE one afternoon in the month of May, 1818, a boat was seen nearing Mobile Point. At that time, the arrival of a boat was an important event and a number of people gathered to watch her come in. The vessel had come all the way from Philadelphia and the passengers stood on deck, gazing eagerly toward the point where they expected to land. But the pilot, following a worthless old chart, was not steering the boat in the safe course toward the landing, but was approaching a rocky part of the shore which meant destruction to the vessel. Lieutenant Beal, who stood on shore, fired a gun to warn the sailors against the peril which the rocky coast offered. A strong wind began to blow and as night came on the wind rose higher and higher until it was blowing a gale. The little boat was tossed about and finally thrown against the breakers where she struck.

Then Lieutenant Beal with Captain Bourke and four other brave men jumped into a boat and set out across a stormy sea to help the passengers in their distress. After a fierce battle against the wind and waves the boatmen reached the stranded ship. About one o'clock the wind went down and the worst of the danger was over. The women and children

were crowded into the little boat and taken ashore. The men clung to the schooner until the waves washed her into deeper water where she could float. In a few hours all the passengers were in Mobile where they were made comfortable. In fact the people of Mobile showered attention and kindness upon these French refugees who had come into that port on their way to a settlement in Alabama.

These French people had come to America looking for homes. After Napoleon was defeated and sent to the island of St. Helena the followers of the great general were driven from France. Many of them fled to America and stayed in Philadelphia for a while. Then one of their number went to Washington and secured for his friends the privilege of settling "somewhere in the West." A grant of land in Alabama was made to these immigrants and a boat load of them left for Alabama soil.

A number of the men and all of the women and children were left in Mobile while the leaders set out for St. Stephens on the Tombigbee river. After the Frenchmen landed at St. Stephens they sent the boats back to their owners in Mobile and the pioneers began exploring the country around for a suitable place to settle. They decided upon White Bluff near the present town of Demopolis.

Boats continued to bring colonists up from Mobile and the work of clearing land and building houses went merrily on. Distinguished soldiers and queenly women forgot Paris luxuries and tried to become common laborers in a wild, new country.

Had it not been sad it would have been funny to see women in bedrabbled silk dresses and soiled satin slippers dropping corn or hanging out clothes.

Colonel Nicholas Raoul, one of Napoleon's distinguished officers, was among the French refugees in Marengo county. Colonel Raoul was not a successful farmer and in order to earn a living he ferried passengers across French creek, three miles from Demopolis. His wife, a beautiful and accomplished French woman, made ginger cakes with her own royal hands and sold them from a basket to passersby who fancied the taste of ginger cakes.

Another French officer who came to Alabama was Count Bertrand Clausel who grew vegetables down near Mobile Bay and sold them. He drove the cart to market himself and set an example of thrift which other refugees might have followed to good advantage. To be perfectly frank those French ladies and gentlemen were not successful as pioneer home makers, but they at least kept smiling. The few precious books, guitars and finery brought from France were treasured most carefully. In the evenings the settlers gathered in one of the cabins, where they danced, sang and talked in their best French style. Occasionally, boxes of luxuries arrived from their friends in France. They indeed made merry while the good things lasted.

The government had agreed to sell the French colonists one hundred and forty-four square miles of land at two dollars per acre, the purchasers being allowed fourteen years in which to pay for their

farms. The "Vine and Olive Company" was the name given to the colony because the Frenchmen agreed to raise grapes and olives such as were grown in France. Grapes and olives were planted, but they did not grow well in this soil and climate. After plots had been cleared, houses built and crops planted a dreadful thing happened to the colonists. New settlers began to arrive with government titles to the very lands on which the first French refugees had settled.

The Association in Philadelphia that had the colony in charge knew nothing whatever about the lands in Alabama. Nevertheless, they proceeded to divide the land grants according to their own ideas. They ignored the fact that settlements had already been made on some of the tracts along the Tombigbee river. The first settlers were struggling bravely to establish themselves in their new homes when in came other people who declared that the Association at Philadelphia had given them the very land which the first immigrants had cleared.

There seemed to be no way out of the confusion except for the first settlers to move and leave the plots they had begun to cultivate for the newcomers. This was done and in the course of time new lands were cleared and new homes built. A little town sprang up which was called "Demopolis, The City of the People." In later years the county was named Marengo in memory of a great French battle. Several years after the settlement was formed Napoleon's followers were allowed to return to France

and some of the settlers at Demopolis went back to their homes across the sea. However, many of France's noble sons and accomplished daughters remained in the "City of the People."

If they had known anything about the fine alfalfa hay, the big food crops and the splendid livestock that are now a source of wealth to the people of that section they could have avoided the financial troubles which so beset those early settlers. But no one was so wise in that time and many hardships which now seem unnecessary to the planters in that rich country came upon the people of the "Vine and Olive Company."

THE MAN WHO COULD MAKE COW-BELLS

St. Stephen's Prosperous Days

A YOUNG MAN, John Glidden, who could make cow-bells, came to St. Stephens in the early days of that place and was for a time the wonder of that town. Several months before he arrived at St. Stephens he ran away from his home in England. He landed at Mobile and soon thereafter set out up the river in a canoe. When Glidden first came to St. Stephens the people of the little town were using wooden hinges for doors and gates and wooden pegs for nails. He was probably too polite to laugh at the crude methods of the settlers, but he straight-way pulled off his coat, set up a blacksmith shop and proceeded to supply the country around with nails and hinges.

Not very long afterwards, John Glidden was placed in charge of a government shop at St. Stephens. Then indeed he made the countrymen open their eyes. Plows, hoes, shovels, tongs, dog-irons, pot-racks, and all of the iron parts needed in making houses or wagons were made in Glidden's shop. But the most wonderful things this young blacksmith turned out was a hollow, cup-shaped instrument made of a kind of bronze. It had a clapper which swung from the top and struck the sides of

the metal cup with a pleasant sound. Of course you know that this was a bell. To be exact it was a cow-bell. The settlers' "Old Reds," "White Faces" and "Bossies" could not hide in the woods after that, for the tinkle of the bells told the boys where to find the cows in the evenings. For two years settlers living within a hundred miles of John Glidden's shop brought their mules and horses there to be shod and ordered tools and iron pieces from the young Englishman.

Until Andrew Jackson came from Tennessee to settle Indian troubles, this blacksmith, like other pioneers, worked by day and slept with his gun in his hand at night. When Jackson came he joined him in his fierce attacks upon Red Eagle's warriors and finally saw the savages subdued. Then back to St. Stephens came John Glidden with others who had lived through the Creek War.

At the time Alabama was cut off from the Mississippi territory and changed into the Territory of Alabama, St. Stephens was known as the most prosperous town in the whole country. She was ten years old in 1817 and was rather proud of her history. The first steamboat company in Alabama carried on a river trade from St. Stephens.

The first school of any importance was the St. Stephens Academy. Log cabin schoolhouses, poorly equipped and miles apart, were the only kind known in Alabama up to that time. St. Stephens was the first and only capital of the Alabama Territory. There the Territorial Legislature met.

But for all of her prosperity, St. Stephens was doomed. The malaria of the river country made living there dangerous. And so the settlers had to move down to Mobile. John Glidden was one of the first to go. He set up his shop right where the Battle House has stood for years. He made the iron parts for steamboats that plowed the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers. He bought one slave and taught him to be a blacksmith. Later he bought other slaves and trained them in his own iron works. Gradually he bought up land and slaves until he became a rich man.

John Glidden succeeded because he knew how to supply what his neighbors needed, and because he gave his time, thought, and efforts to making the very best articles that could be made in that day. Whether he made cow-bells or the iron parts of ships, he made good ones.

JOHN HUNT'S TOWN

The Founding of Huntsville

WITH a gun, an axe and a knapsack of provisions for each, John Hunt and his companion, David Bean, made their way into what is now Madison county, Alabama. Indian traders had told these Tennessee men of a big spring surrounded by rich lands somewhere south of the Tennessee hills.

John Hunt and David Bean had left their families behind and started out to find this rich unsettled country. For weeks they trudged through valleys and over hills until at last they came to a settler's cabin in North Alabama. Isaac Criner was glad to see other white men come to the wild region where he had made his home. He told them how to find the Big Spring and doubtless wished them luck. With the help of his companion John Hunt built his cabin on the bluff above the Big Spring in the year 1804. That cabin was the first house built by a white man in Huntsville. The spring and town are both named in honor of Hunt. David Bean cleared ground and built his humble home several miles away on a creek which is still called Bean's creek.

The next year, John Hunt returned to Tennessee for his wife and children. The news he carried back home of the rich lands and the abundance of

game brought other settlers into North Alabama. In a few years' time a steady stream of immigrants from Tennessee, Georgia and Virginia were pouring into this state.

The sad part of the story is this: After John Hunt had built his home, brought his family there to live and had cultivated a big farm, the government sold the lands on which he lived to other settlers. Because he had not signed the government papers which would have made his title good, the first settler in Huntsville was forced to turn over his claims to strangers. On a small plot which they allowed him to keep John Hunt built another cabin and started all over again to make a support for his family.

Seven years after Hunt first found the Big Spring the town of Huntsville came into being. It was the first incorporated town in the state. Huntsville was the first state capital. The first newspaper published in Alabama was the "Madison Gazette" published in Huntsville. The first cotton factory in the state, of any size, was the Bell Factory near Huntsville. Probably the first hotel established in Alabama was the "Green Bottom Inn," in Huntsville, where Andrew Jackson lodged when he brought his famous horses to race on Conolly's race track. Jackson expected his thoroughbreds to win all the races but Conolly's own horse, "Gray Gander" was there and he won all the races.

More than a hundred years have passed since Huntsville was founded. Many things have come

to pass in that historic old town. Her war history would fill a book. Her industries, her culture, and her prominent men would furnish interesting material for another volume. Huntsville lived through the hard years, made the best of her advantages, and is now one of the most prosperous cities in the Tennessee Valley.

ANDREW DEXTER'S TRACT

The Beginning of Montgomery

LONG before white men set foot on Alabama soil the Indians occupied a village on the present site of Montgomery. They called this village "Ecunchate" which means "Red Earth."

Most of the famous Indians visited Ecunchate at one time or another, for it was close to Coosada, close to the Hickory Ground, and close to Charles Weatherford's famous race track between Pickett Springs and Coosada ferry. Being on the same river which flowed by many other Indian villages, Ecunchate was the natural stopping place for many travelers. It is claimed that the chief, Tuscaloosa, and De Soto met on Capitol Hill. It is also said that their meeting place was below Selma. At any rate Montgomery was the scene of many important events in Indian history.

Just after Jackson had conquered the Indians and while the savages were still lurking in the woods, Arthur Moore built the first white man's cabin in what is now Montgomery. In the fall of 1814 Moore came with his few belongings and set about felling trees with which to build his home. For years this old log cabin stood on the bank of the Alabama river. Then one day it grew tired of standing and toppled over into the river.

When men were flocking from everywhere into

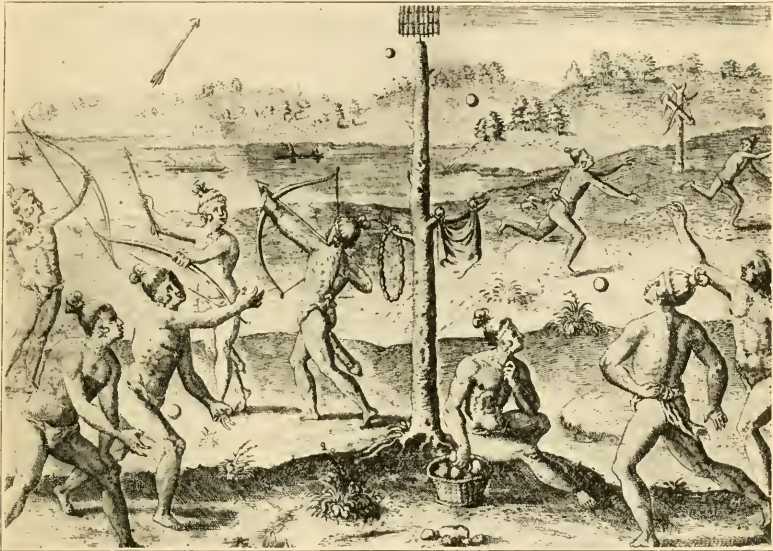
the land office at Milledgeville, Georgia, to buy government lands Andrew Dexter went there to secure his share. He bought a large tract of land just east of the Indian town, Hostile Bluff, in Alabama. The first question which Dexter considered after taking possession of his purchase was that of inducing traders and settlers to move in. He offered to give a lot to every trader who would set up a business in the neighborhood. J. G. Klink was the first merchant to accept the offer. Others soon followed and Montgomery became an important trading center.

In laying off his town Dexter set aside a plot of ground for the state capitol. He waited a long time to see his dream of a capitol building on the hill come true. But after waiting thirty years the capital was moved from Tuscaloosa to Montgomery and Dexter's plot became the capitol grounds. The town was first called "New Philadelphia" because it was such a busy, promising place. "Just like the real Philadelphia," said the settlers.

In a short time two rival towns sprang up beside New Philadelphia. One town was called "Alabama" and the other "East Alabama." Before long, however, the three were united into one town and named Montgomery in honor of Lemuel P. Montgomery, the hero of Horse Shoe Bend.

The early settlers had to have some amusements along with their hardships. They visited the races held at Weatherford's Race Track. They watched the Indian games of ball-play and they attended dancing school and enjoyed amateur theatricals.

In the Court House, which stood where the Fountain now stands on Court Square, all the public gatherings took place. Law courts, public speaking, church services, dances, and celebrations of all kinds were held in the Court House. On either side of this important building the town extended



INDIANS PLAYING BALL

up Dexter Avenue on one side and down toward the river on the other.

A little newspaper was published during Montgomery's early days. Advertisements like this were carried in its columns: "WANTED: To exchange a gun and rifle for bricks." "WANTED: Planks and shingles in exchange for a good saddle horse."

Once when the town government needed money the city fathers imposed a tax of fifty cents a year on all surplus dogs. Each family was allowed to own one dog, free of tax, but for every one over that the master was made to pay fifty cents a year each.

The first steamboat which came all the way up the river from Mobile to Montgomery was "The Harriet." She made the trip in ten days and it was a gala day in Montgomery when she arrived, loaded with merchandise. For necessities of life were very dear when they had to come over dangerous roads from a long distance.

Thirty years after Andrew Dexter set aside the grounds for the Capitol good news came from Tuscaloosa by way of the Selma stage-coach. The Legislature in session at Tuscaloosa had voted to move the capital to Montgomery. That evening a great torch light procession took place in the newly selected capital and the event was celebrated in proper style. In the fall of 1847 the state's valuable papers were packed in one hundred and thirteen boxes, loaded on one hundred and thirteen wagons at Tuscaloosa and hauled through the country to Montgomery. Two years after the new Capitol was completed while both houses of the Legislature were in session, fire broke out in the building. The Capitol was burned and many valuable papers were destroyed. Immediate steps were taken to rebuild it and by the time the next Legislature met the new home of the State Government was ready to be occupied. Later on a wing was added to the building.

Then the officials gradually increased in number until more room was needed and still another wing was added.

Montgomery is especially associated with the events of the Confederate Government. Here the Confederacy had its beginning and the name given to the city is "The Cradle of the Confederacy." From the time that the capital was moved to Montgomery, the city was, of course, concerned in every important event in the state's history. The last big events being those connected with the war in Europe. Camp Sheridan was built in 1917. There the Ohio National Guard and soldiers from other states were trained for overseas service. Taylor Field, an aviation training camp, near Pike Roads, and the Aviation Repair Depot, near West Montgomery, were both built during the war. The return of Alabama soldiers from Europe was the crowning event in the city's history.

CEDAR CREEK FURNACE

The Beginning of Iron-Making in Alabama

OVER the hills from somewhere came Joseph Heslip in the year 1818. When this iron-maker reached Franklin county, Alabama, he unhitched his horse, pitched his tent, and looked out across the acres that he was soon to possess. Most of the land was wild and uncultivated and could be bought from the government for a very small sum. Two dollars per acre was what Heslip paid for the large tract of land he purchased seven miles from the present town of Russellville.

On a bend of Cedar creek, where the water had a sharp, quick flow, a furnace was built by Joseph Heslip. It was a rude structure, built chiefly of limestone rock. The furnace and smoke stack together were not more than fifty feet high. The blast which heated the furnace was supplied by a bellows that was run by water power. Cedar charcoal was the fuel used. A settler of that early day made it his business to go into the woods, cut down cedar trees, stack them so that they would burn slowly, and thus convert the cedar into charcoal for the furnace. It is comforting to know that cedar was not as rare nor as expensive as it is now, but still such a waste seems deplorable.

The iron was not dug from the hill sides as it is now, but was picked from the surface of the earth.

Many farmers gladly gave away piles of iron ore that had collected on their farms, just to be rid of it. Before Hespil came to Alabama, the settlers thought that iron ore was good only for making dye-



MIXING IRON ORE IN ALABAMA TO-DAY

stuff which was used in dyeing breeches, blankets and various articles of clothing. But it was not long before the iron maker was supplying bar iron to the blacksmiths and making cooking utensils for the stoveless inhabitants of the hill country.

For a while the Cedar creek furnace prospered greatly. Then suddenly an epidemic of sickness that was probably malarial fever descended upon the inhabitants and a number of them died. Others moved away and the little town that had sprung up around the furnace was deserted. For two years after Heslip left old Cedar Creek the place was without an inhabitant. Many thought it was haunted. Then one day a man and his daughter from Tennessee arrived at the deserted village. Aaron Wells began making iron at Cedar Creek Furnace. He took into partnership a young man named Dobbins. A few months later Miss Wells also took Mr. Dobbins into partnership. After that Mr. and Mrs. Dobbins and Mr. Wells lived comfortably in their small cottage near the creek.

Life in that lonely bottom was too hard and too uncertain for even those brave pioneer furnace men, so they packed up one day and went back to Tennessee. A sweet baby girl, whose name was Narcissus went along with her parents and her grandfather in the covered wagon. But she did not say which she liked better, Alabama or Tennessee. After Narcissus and her people left, Old Cedar Creek Furnace was very lonely.

Various men came there at different times and tried to operate the old furnace. But they never succeeded in establishing a permanent business. Gradually the place went to decay. The smoke stack collapsed, and the furnace crumbled into a heap of ruins. It is said that underneath the weeds and

bushes there are still remains of a slag pile and pieces of pots, skillets and iron bars partially buried in the ground.

Not very far away modern furnaces are turning out huge streams of red hot iron every day and every night, but they bear only a slight resemblance to the blast furnace built at Cedar Creek. Just on the other side of the hill from the Old Cedar Creek Furnace site, there is one of the largest iron ore mines in the state. While only a quarter of a mile from the old furnace there are the big limestone quarries at Rockwood.

The foundation pillars of stone that support the Mississippi river bridges at Memphis and at St. Louis came from the Rockwood quarries in Franklin county. Two train loads of building stone go out from these quarries daily. Big blocks of stone are sawed for building purposes and the crushed limestone is used as flux in the furnaces all over the mining country.

In this same county about ten miles from Russellville and two miles from Belgreen, the old county seat, there is a most wonderful underground lake. It compares favorably with the Mammoth Cave in point of interest and grandeur, yet few people have ever heard of this remarkable cave in Alabama. Natural steps lead down about seventy-five feet at the two entrances, on the east side and on the west side of the cave. At the water's edge the bottom of the lake can be seen in mid-afternoon, but it is said that the lake has no bottom in some parts of it.

One man rowed out as far as he dared go, toward the north, tied six coils of rope together and to that tied a piece of iron which he dropped into the water. Even this long rope did not reach bottom. No one has ever gone to the north end of the lake. There is a story told of an Indian chieftain and his daughter whose boat capsized in the lake, drowning the poor Indians in that deep, dark lake underground.

There are many other caves in that limestone country. One called "The Bat Cave" is inhabited by millions of bats. It contains a long hall and several rooms. In numbers of these caves there are Indian writings showing that the Red Men used the caves for some purposes. Now that people have houses in which to dwell these caves are of little value, but it is pleasant to know that your own state contains places of interest that are really worth going to see. And to know that within a stone's throw of these places of interest there are some of the largest deposits of iron ore in the world is more than pleasant. It means advantages and prosperity for the future men and women of Alabama.

A VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Wm. Rufus King, the Founder of Selma

TEN miles from Cahaba, Alabama's second capital, there was a beautiful spot known as High Soapstone Bluff. After Isaac Moore built the first log cabin there, the place was called Moore's Bluff. Eight years later, William Rufus King came back from Europe, where he had been sent in the service of the United States Government, and was welcomed home by the citizens of Cahaba. That was in 1818 while Alabama was a territory and two years before Cahaba became the state capital.

There on the beautiful plateau, which the early settlers called Moore's Bluff, Mr. King bought a tract of land three miles square. He had decided to build a city there. He formed a land company, laid off the lots, and advertised them for sale. That was the beginning of Selma.

At the time William Rufus King founded Selma he was greatly interested in the poems of Ossian. This old blind poet was the author of "The Songs of Selma" which Mr. King admired. So the name, Selma, was selected for the town. In the Greek language, the word "Selma" has the meaning of "throne" and for that reason, also, W. R. King fancied the name for his city. Mr. King foresaw

that Selma would become a power in the state. When you read of the work done there by the Confederate Arsenal; when you learn of Selma's enormous river trade, and her growing business interests, you will admit that Selma has fulfilled her founder's hopes. William Rufus King was for thirty years a member of the United States Senate. In 1844 he was appointed minister to France, where he performed valuable service as a diplomat. In 1852 he was elected vice-president of the United States with Franklin Pierce, President. He was in Cuba at the time of his inauguration, but by special arrangement he was allowed to take the oath of office in Havana instead of at Washington. Mr. King had gone to Cuba for his health, but when he realized that he could never get well he wished to come back to his plateau-city to die. On the little river boat which plied between Mobile and Selma, Vice-President King died. But his memory will live as long as the good town of Selma stands on the banks of the river he loved.

A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

Daniel Pratt, the Founder of Prattville

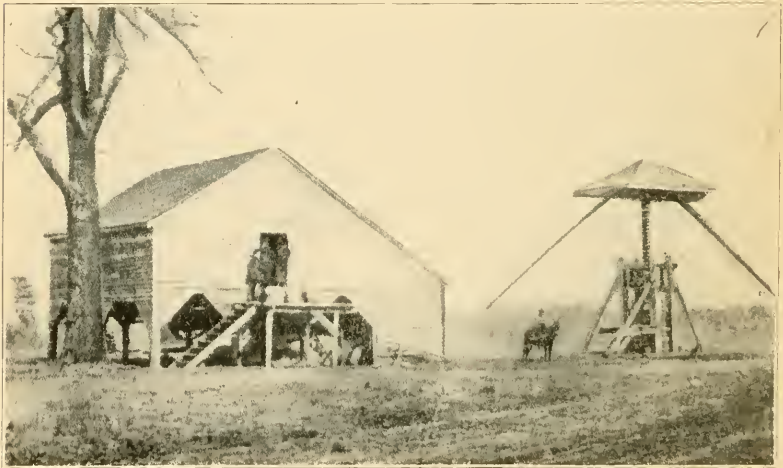
WAY up in the hills of New Hampshire a little boy grew up. His parents were poor and the boy had only ten weeks of schooling in his whole life. At the age of sixteen Daniel Pratt was apprenticed as a carpenter. Before his apprenticeship ended Daniel Pratt's employer had some sort of business trouble and had to let his young helper go. Then the young man decided to come South.

Pratt had just barely enough money to pay his boat fare to Savannah. But luck was with him, for he so impressed the boat captain that the officer returned the young fellow's passage money when they reached Savannah. This twenty-five dollars and a fair knowledge of mechanics was all the boy had in the world with which to start his career.

He soon went to work for a gin manufacturer in Georgia. In the course of time Daniel Pratt was taken into partnership with the manufacturer and together they built up a most profitable trade. Their success in Georgia caused them to try a gin factory in Alabama and they agreed to come to this state and set up a plant. But at the last moment the other man declined to move, saying that Indian attacks made life too uncertain in Alabama.

Pratt said that a little thing like Indians could not scare him and he was soon on the road to Ala-

bama with the parts of fifty gins loaded in wagons. Two slaves drove the wagons and Mrs. Pratt rode inside the covered van. They settled in a log cabin at Elmore Mills, near Wetumpka. In a remarkably short time every one of the gins were sold. Then Pratt leased a place on Autauga creek for five years. There he set up a gin factory and made gins for other white settlers.



ANTE-BELLUM GIN HOUSE AND COTTON PRESS

After some time Daniel Pratt found that there was a better location two miles up the creek from his plant. Excellent water power was there going to waste. So he bought a thousand acres right where the town of Prattville now stands and in 1834 the Prattville Gin Works and the town of Prattville began. The plant, which is one of the largest in the world today, has always made a big

profit. Even the War Between the States did not put an end to this factory. During the war Daniel Pratt gave liberally toward equipping Southern soldiers. He was loyal to the South in spite of the fact that he was reared in the North.

Daniel Pratt was one of the pioneer coal miners. One of the first veins of coal found in the state was bought by Pratt and the mines there bear his name. Pratt City grew up around Pratt mines and they are both a constant reminder of Alabama's first captain of industry.

LA FAYETTE'S VISIT

A French General, the Friend of America

THE big crowd gathered on the banks of the Chattahoochee river waited impatiently for the boat that was slowly making her way toward Fort Mitchell. At Columbus, Georgia, ten miles up the river, the little steamer had whistled the glad tidings with all her might as she pulled out from the landing and started on her way again down the river.

“She is coming!” cried one. “He is coming!” declared another. The first speaker referred to the steamboat, the second to the distinguished passenger aboard the boat. Marquis de La Fayette was on that boat and he was coming to visit the people of Alabama.

It had been forty-eight years since nineteen-year-old La Fayette came over from France to America and offered his services to George Washington. It had been more than forty years since the nobleman returned to France. But American people still loved and honored the Frenchman who had helped them win the War of Independence from Great Britain. La Fayette's tour through America was like the march of a mighty conqueror. Everywhere he went tributes of praise and demonstrations of honor and gratitude were showered upon the friend of George Washington and America.

As La Fayette entered Alabama at Fort Mitchell forty painted Indians, led by the son of the Indian General, William McIntosh, greeted the visitor as he stepped ashore. A sulky drawn by a number of Indian braves carried La Fayette to the top of the hill where the white people stood. There the braves placed the carriage on the ground and gave three loud whoops. Then prominent citizens welcomed La Fayette with speech-making and handshaking. After that the Indians entertained the crowd with an old-time game of ball play.

The trip to Montgomery was made through the country. For in 1825 there was not a railroad in the United States. About two hundred soldiers marched as an escort to La Fayette. Other men rode in carriages or on horseback behind the general. Finally the party arrived in Montgomery. A brass band played "Hail to the Chief" while the crowds on the streets sent up cheer after cheer as La Fayette rode up Dexter Avenue toward Capitol Hill. There was no Capitol building on the hill then but right on the spot where the Capitol now stands, Governor Pickens and other state officials welcomed Alabama's honor guest.

Old soldiers who had fought in the Revolution and who like the French nobleman had grown feeble and gray-haired clung to the general's hand while tears coursed down their weather-beaten cheeks. After the formal exercises on the hill the festivities began. Until midnight the merry-making went on. A big barbecue supper was served just back of the

Capitol grounds on what is now the La Fayette school grounds. At the close of the celebration a crowd accompanied the nobleman to the river landing where he again said goodbye to the people of Montgomery and resumed his journey.

Selma paid homage to the great general in true Selma style. Cahaba was the next point he visited. There every courtesy was shown the nation's guest. A few days later he arrived in Mobile and received another royal welcome. From Mobile the Marquis de La Fayette went to New Orleans. Alabamians knew they were bidding him a last farewell, for he was already more than seventy years old. But his "three score and ten years" had been nobly spent and there was nothing to regret.

After that visit the people of America never saw La Fayette again. But ninety years later, the spirit of this noble general called American men to arms. For France was fighting for freedom and for humanity and she needed America's aid. Even before the United States entered the war, Alabama men with other Americans answered the call for help. By 1917 the whole country was ready and eager to do its share while everywhere men were shouting, "La Fayette, we come!"

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY'S MISSION TO ALABAMA

Trouble with the Indians

AFTER the Choctaws, the Creeks and the Chickasaws in Alabama had signed treaties ceding to the United States government all of their lands east of the Mississippi river white settlers began pouring into the territory. The government had promised the Indians homes in the West and also that they would not be disturbed in their Alabama homes until the date set for their removal. But some of the white settlers were impatient and showed a disposition to take possession of their grants just when it suited their own convenience. Much disturbance was created and some serious trouble arose.

In August, 1833, a white man, Hardeman Owen, was killed by soldiers. The militia stationed at Fort Mitchell had been instructed to help in removing any intruders who refused to obey the marshal's orders to move. Hardeman Owen was the first victim of this order and other settlers were very indignant over his death. The Grand Jury of Russell county indicted the soldiers who took part in the killing of Owen. Governor John Gayle wrote a letter of protest to the President of the United States telling him that the people of Alabama felt that they were being mistreated.

Then the Government sent Francis Scott Key from Washington to Alabama to straighten out the trouble. First the great diplomat went to Fort Mitchell where the soldiers were stationed. He found out what he could there, then went to Tuscaloosa which was the capital of the state at that time. Mr. Key and Governor Gayle talked the matter over and came to an agreement. Francis Scott Key told the Governor that the reservations set aside for the Indians in the West would soon be ready for them and that if the settlers in Alabama would leave the Red Men alone for a short while everything could be peacefully arranged. Some degree of harmony was restored and Mr. Key went back to Washington.

Francis Scott Key was a good diplomat, but that is not the reason every boy and girl in America stands up for him. He wrote our National Hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner," long years before he came on his peace mission to Alabama.

THE FIRST RAILROAD IN ALABAMA

Experiences of Early Railroad Builders

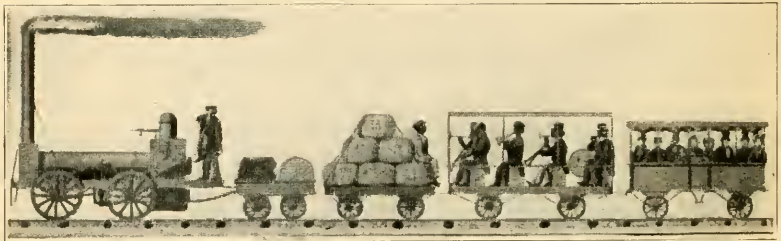
THERE was not a railroad in Alabama nor in the United States, either, when Alabama became a state in 1819. In fact, this state was nearly fifteen years old when the first railroad west of the Allegheny mountains was completed. It was only forty miles long and extended from Tusculumbia to Decatur.

The man behind this railroad was David Hubbard, a cotton planter, who lived near Florence. The planters of that section used the Tennessee river as a waterway but there was the Muscle Shoals obstructing the passage and making it impossible to send freight more than fifteen miles above Florence by water. So when David Hubbard heard of a new method of transportation that was being used in Pennsylvania he determined to make the trip to that northern state and find out about the new invention.

He left Florence on horseback and rode all the way to Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, where the first railroad train in the United States was operated. The Pennsylvania railroad was only twenty miles long and over this crude line miners were hauling coal. "If these people can move coal with such a train we can move cotton the same way," thought

Major Hubbard. He came home determined to build a railroad in Alabama. A number of people promised financial assistance for the new venture, but Benjamin Sherrod was the only man who kept his promise.

These two men schemed and planned and worked for their enterprise until all of their personal property had been put into it and their physical strength was almost gone. At last the forty miles of railroad were completed. The track consisted of parallel wooden rails with heavy iron bars fastened on top



THE FIRST RAILWAY TRAIN

of them by means of iron bolts. In this day of cross ties, steel rails and good road beds the first railroad track would seem ridiculous. But it was considered quite wonderful in 1832.

Twelve or fifteen miles a year was as much as could be built and that cost the promoters about \$5,000 a mile. When at last a few miles of the road were completed the builders bought a little locomotive, with a copper fire box, and started the first train over the Tuscumbeia-Decatur railroad. The cars were piled high with cotton; a man of courage

and daring stood at the throttle; great crowds gathered all along the route and cheered loudly as the little engine came puffing by at the rate of ten miles an hour. After a while the engine grew unmanageable and the trainmen just locked it up in a shop and ran the train with good old-fashioned horse-power.

Although David Hubbard and Benjamin Sherrod grew discouraged and thought their efforts were all for nothing, this Tuscumbia-Decatur railroad blazed the way for the old Memphis and Charleston road which sent its trains throbbing through the state twenty years later. Other railroads, which came afterwards, profited by the knowledge which the first road builders bought so dearly.

OSCEOLA

The Leader of the Creeks and the Seminoles

OSCEOLA was only fourteen years old when he led a fierce attack upon the white people whom he hated. No big Indian chief ever hated white men more than did this young warrior. Perhaps his father was responsible for the way he felt toward all white people. For his father was a white man who was none too kind to Osceola's little brown mother. Polly Copinger was the Indian mother's name. It is said that she was a high-tempered Indian princess, who resented Powell's treatment of her so much that she took her young son and went back to her own people. And she hated white people ever afterwards. Osceola did likewise.

Osceola was fierce and cruel, but he always told his warriors, "Treat women and children kindly." He was born in Macon county, Alabama. His mother's people, the Red Sticks, lived on the Chattahoochee, the waters of which were very dark, by reason of the roots of plants that lined the banks of the stream. So Polly Copinger named her little son, As-sa-he-o-la (black water). The white people pronounced it Osceola.

When the Indians fled before the white army which the government sent to Alabama and other southern states to subdue the Red Men, Osceola led

his warriors into the Everglades of Florida where they joined the Seminoles. Osceola was not very tall and not very straight, but his defiance and his unbreakable will made up for what he lacked in physique. Imagine a medium-sized Red Man, clad in a buckskin shirt that reached to his knees, a turban of gray, silver-coin ear-rings, leggings and moc-



BURIAL OF THE CHIEF

casins that were fringed and beaded, and you will have a mind-picture of the young chieftain. Osceola was very skillful with the bow and arrow, although he preferred the white man's gun, which he handled with perfection. In one battle Osceola killed forty white men with his own hands.

He became the leader of the Seminoles with two

under chiefs, Jumper and Alligator, who were as fearless and daring as Osceola himself. For fifteen years this leader of the Seminoles went from one chief to another preaching destruction of the whites and begging the chiefs to hold the land which their forefathers owned. It was on Osceola's account that the United States government spent ten million dollars and lost two thousand men in an effort to conquer the Indians and to move them to lands in the West.

"I will not sign the treaty to give away Indian lands and I will kill any chief who signs it," he cried, when the government agent was trying to persuade the Indians to leave Florida. But in the end "The Treaty of Payne's Landing" was signed by Indian chiefs and the Indians bade farewell to their old hunting grounds.

It was impossible for the white soldiers to capture the cunning chief, for he knew the Everglades and they did not. At last he was persuaded to go to St. Augustine for a conference and while there he was put in prison. He died in chains at Fort Moultrie in Charleston, South Carolina. All good Indians, and bad ones too, believed that when Osceola's spirit passed away it joined those of other brave Indians who had gone before to the "Happy Hunting Ground." And maybe his little brown mother was waiting there too. Who knows?

WILLIAM B. TRAVIS

Leader in the War for Texas Independence

WILLIAM B. TRAVIS came with his parents from South Carolina when he was nine years old. They settled in Conecuh county, Alabama, twenty-five miles from Evergreen. William was the oldest of seven children. Schools were poor at that time, but in some way the boy managed to get an education. He studied law at Claiborne and began practicing at Old Sparta which was then the county seat of Conecuh. Being a big, handsome man, who was a gifted orator and absolutely fearless, it was easy for him to impress a jury and win his cases.

In the course of time, William B. Travis moved to Texas on the Brazos river. He soon took his place as a leader of men. When the call for soldiers in the war for Texas Independence came Travis was put in command of a company.

On the twenty-second day of February, 1836, there came upon the town of San Antonio, Texas, a shrieking band of Mexicans. About four thousand of them followed their leader, Santa Anna, into the town where they took possession.

William B. Travis with one hundred and forty-one soldiers, retreated within the walls of the old Fort Alamo. Most of those brave men were native Texans, but some of them were from other states

who had volunteered to help Texas win her independence from Mexico. For twelve days the little army within Fort Alamo fought the hopeless fight against the horde outside. Except for the arrival of Captain Smith, with less than a score of men, no assistance whatever came for the men of the Alamo. This fort was an oblong structure whose walls and buildings spread over more than two acres of ground. The walls around the fort were twenty-three feet high and three feet thick.

If you have ever read the story of David Crockett you will recall the fact that he was a Tennessean who often came into Alabama trading or hunting. He was considered the best marksman in the country. For two whole days Davy Crockett stood on top of the wall at Fort Alamo and kept one of the Mexican guns silent. He simply stood there and shot down every Mexican who tried to fire the cannon. At the end of forty-eight hours dead Mexicans lay all around the cannon and poor Davy Crockett was also dead. Then the big cannon opened fire upon the walls of the fort.

With death so close at hand, many soldiers would have thought the fight hopeless. But Travis and his men never gave up. Colonel Travis decided to send out messengers who might possibly secure help from somewhere. Young Bonham of South Carolina with two companions volunteered to run through the enemy's shower of bullets and seek assistance for the doomed men inside Fort Alamo. They made the rush and succeeded in escaping

through the Mexican lines. But no help was to be had from the outside. Bonham said, "Let's go back." But his companions replied, "To go back is worse than useless. We can do nothing and it means sure death for all of us." Then Bonham answered, "Colonel Travis sent me on a mission. I am going back to report to him." The young soldier started back alone, but he did not live to make his report. A Mexican bullet ended his life.

At last the enemy's cannon made a hole through the stone wall and the Mexicans poured into the fort. What happened after that is too dreadful to relate. Only three people escaped, a woman, a baby and Colonel Travis' negro servant, Ben. It was Ben who made his way back to the old Travis home in Alabama and told T. T. Travis of Brewton, Alabama, how his brother had fought and how he had died within old Fort Alamo. "He stood with his back to the wall and shot down the Mexicans until he dropped dead," Ben told his master's brother.

T. T. Travis went with Ben back to San Antonio and examined the ruins where the Hero of the Alamo fought his last fight.

BILLY GOOLD

The Man Who Found Fortunes for Others

BILLY GOOLD was having trouble. His head and his heart refused to work together. Billy wished to go to Australia to seek his fortune and he also wished to marry his Jeannie. Billy knew that he would never earn more than a few shillings a day in Scotland, for that was all he had ever earned in the mines of that country and all that his father before him had earned. But Jeannie set her firm young lips and declared stoutly that she would not go to Australia.

William gave up the trip to Australia and married Jeannie. But William needed watching. For no sooner were they married than he began making plans to cross the ocean. A few months after the wedding Billy Goold boldly announced to his wife that he was going to America where a man has a chance to make money for himself. Jeannie cried, of course. She cried still more when they had to sell their little home and their cheap furniture. She probably wept her heart out during the three long years that she waited for Billy Goold to send for her.

At last he saved up enough money to send to Scotland for his wife and little son whom he had never seen. In the early fall of 1854 William

Goold stood on the dock at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, waiting for Jeannie and the boy to come ashore. He had not made his fortune, but what did they care? They had each other and the boy.

Not long after his family joined him Goold saw an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper calling for coal miners at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. They set out immediately for that place. When the Scotchman reached Alabama he found the iron makers paying forty dollars a ton for Pennsylvania coal. This was hard anthracite coal which contained little soot or smoke and was, therefore, thought necessary in making iron.

Billy Goold knew something which these Alabama furnace men did not know. That was how to make coke, by burning slowly the soft bituminous coal until the soot and smoke disappeared, leaving clean fuel for the furnaces. For a long time he operated his coke ovens and supplied the iron makers with coke at eight dollars per ton. This coke was really better for heating furnaces than anthracite coal was, and since it cost only one-fifth as much, the furnace men were glad to get it.

Billy Goold was making money fast and Jeannie was happy. But summer came and business grew dull. Then for months the Goold family drifted from one place to another. When the Confederacy most needed coal and iron Billy Goold was mining coal at Helena, in Shelby county. For three years of the war he sent seventy-five tons a day to the foundry at Selma. Then Wilson's raiders burned

his mining outfit and three thousand tons of coal.

After the war was over and the South was trying to get back what she had lost in property by opening up new industries, Billy Goold was among the first prospectors who found wealth in the mineral region of Alabama. But the Scotchman found wealth for other people, never for himself.



INDIANS SEARCHING FOR GOLD

Joseph Squire was Billy Goold's partner in searching and digging for gold. These two men went into every mineral county in the state with pick axes and shovels on their shoulders. Sometimes they slept in a settler's cabin, sometimes out in the woods under the stars. But they held on until they found a rich seam of coal. "Not one dol-

lar did I have," Goold said long afterwards. "For over two months I dug night and day in the Warrior coal fields. Then one day I struck a seam that made my heart thump for the thickness of it." This was the seam which underlies the Pratt mines in Jefferson county.

Billy Goold and his partner bought eighty acres a piece of the coal lands in the Warrior coal fields. But they were not good business men and soon sold their claims for a small sum. "I sold my land for a song," the old Scotchman said, "and De Bardeleben and Aldrich put the tune to it."

It was Daniel Pratt's money, largely, that was used to develop the seam of coal which extended for miles through the Warrior River Basin. That is why it was called Pratt mines. Other prospectors knew enough about making fortunes to take advantage of Billy Goold's discovery.

The coal seam that "Uncle Billy Goold" found has supplied coal for homes, stores, trains, ships, furnaces, factories and industries of every kind. It has meant employment for thousands of people and has brought billions of dollars into the state.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Memories Recalled by Mrs. Mary Phelan Watt*

FROM our home back of the Capitol down what was then Main or Market street, our father, Judge John D. Phelan, took us with him in the family carriage to the Exchange Hotel. That was in 1860 when I was a very young girl and several months before Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as President of the Confederate States.

The Capitol was brilliantly illuminated. Every window was filled with candles in scones tacked to the window frames. All down the street the same thing appeared in every window. Bonfires in every direction were kept ablaze by men and boys who used turpentine-soaked balls of cotton, boxes, barrels and pine wood. The Exchange Hotel was crowded with the beauty and the chivalry of the South. Montgomery then boasted of three companies of militia and all of them were on parade upon this occasion.

As Mr. Davis appeared on the hotel balcony, bands played, drums beat and cheers rent the air. That was my first sight of the man who later became our president. I almost wept with excitement

*This story was written by Mrs. Mary Phelan Watt of Montgomery. She was little Mary Phelan when she first saw the President of the Confederacy. She was so small that she had to stand on tiptoe to kiss her four big brothers good-bye when they marched away to war.

when William Lowndes Yancey introduced Jefferson Davis saying, "The man and the hour have met."



INAUGURATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

In appearance, Mr. Davis was tall, thin and spare. He was as erect as an Indian with the soldierly bearing which his West Point training and his life as a soldier naturally gave him. After the speeches were over Mr. Davis came back into the hotel and shook hands with everyone present, not forgetting the children.

The next time I saw Jefferson Davis was on that great and glorious occasion—the inauguration of the President of the Confederate States of America. He was standing on the porch of the State Capitol between two large columns. A brass star now marks the spot. On the immense platform, built in front of the Capitol for the occasion, the President's Cabinet and the Confederate Congress met. A seething mass of people from all over the South filled the grounds and the streets near by. Soldiers were everywhere. Every military company in the South was represented. The cadets from Tuscaloosa especially delighted my young eyes. I thought they presented the grandest sight I had ever beheld.

On a table in front of "The Man of the Hour" lay a big Bible. My father being Clerk of the Supreme Court lifted the Bible. Then, with all the solemnity which this momentous occasion demanded, Jefferson Davis kissed the Book and took the oath of office as President of the Confederate States. Every Sunday after that while the Davis family remained in Montgomery I saw them in their pew at St. John's Episcopal Church. The pew is now marked with a silver plate.

Many years passed and then I saw Mr. Davis again. He stopped over in Montgomery on his way to Savannah to lay the cornerstone of the Confederate Monument on Capitol Hill. Never before in the annals of history had there been such a demonstration in honor of a vanquished hero. The carriage in which he rode from the station was literally lifted from the ground and borne on the shoulders of men. The expression of homage and reverence for the ex-President of the Confederacy and the display of devotion and fidelity to the "Chieftain of the Lost Cause" exceeded any ovation ever given to a martyr or hero in the world's history.

After the war Jefferson Davis was never allowed the rights of a citizen again in the United States. But he still ruled in the hearts of Southern people. "The Man Without a Country" had the whole of Dixie at his feet and the voice of the multitude seemed to cry out, "Our King can do no wrong."

SUPPLIES FOR SOUTHERN SOLDIERS

The Ordnance Department of the Confederacy

NO field artillery, very little ammunition, only a few guns, no powder mill, no laboratory, no blast furnaces, neither lead nor saltpeter in store, only one cannon foundry and two rolling mills, and no skilled labor were in the South when war was declared in 1861.

Knowing the desperate needs of the South, Josiah Gorgas resigned his position with the Federal Government and came back to Alabama. Soon after he reached his home in Mobile President Davis sent for him and asked him to take charge of the Ordnance Department of the Confederate government.

Gorgas knew what the conditions were but in spite of them he shouldered the task of supplying arms and ammunition to the 150,000 Confederate soldiers then waiting to be equipped. Gorgas had been trained in the Military Academy at West Point. He had studied abroad the manufacture of war supplies and had served on the Ordnance Board of the United States Government for twenty years. So he was well fitted to take charge of the Confederacy's Ordnance Department.

Gorgas made his plans and then presented them

to the Confederate Congress at Montgomery. When they learned what he wished in the way of supplies, they were indignant and some of them said that such an outlay of money was outrageous. "We will whip the North in ninety days", said one irate gentleman, "Why your plans are absurd!" But that did not entirely discourage Josiah Gorgas. With what means he could secure he sent a man abroad to buy arms. Skilled labor was brought from other sections. A corps of officers was organized to furnish coal and iron for the Confederacy and shortly there was such a digging of coal and mining of iron as had never been known in the hills of this state. Steam power and new machinery were installed at Mt. Vernon Arsenal while foundries in other Southern states were put in operation.

Private concerns were given contracts for supplying the army. Negroes were used as miners and in the shops. In the agricultural region throughout the South where living expenses were moderate, shops, foundries, armories, arsenals, and supply depots were established. Experts were employed in the factories to make sure that the ammunition was all right. Orders were sent out to gather all sorts of odds and ends from the homes and farms. Old lead pipes, window weights, church bells, copper kettles, worn-out tools, cooking vessels, and every scrap of iron or metal that could be found were sent to the arsenal to be made into guns and ammunition.

During the first year of the war the demands upon the Ordnance Department were much greater

than they could supply. Guns, swords, pistols, spurs, haversacks, tents, harness, saddles, bridles, bits, trace chains, horse shoes, cartridge boxes, belts, canteens and other necessities were ordered and re-ordered before they could be made. It was not long before the blockade of Southern ports cut off the shipments that had come by water while the land forces of the enemy prevented supplies from being shipped by rail or wagons.

Factories were often destroyed. Many times they were moved from one place to another. Lack of food and clothing for workmen and their families proved a serious drawback and a lack of money delayed the work. But in spite of all these difficulties, in two years time there was a string of armories, arsenals and laboratories stretching from one end of the Confederacy to the other. The old arsenal at Mt. Vernon was moved up the river to Selma which was then headquarters for skilled workmen. Selma was the natural distributing point for the Confederacy and was in easy distance of the coal and iron fields. Lumber and saltpeter were also nearby.

A number of old cotton sheds were turned into work shops while other frame buildings were quickly built. The powder buildings alone covered five acres. Machinery for making army supplies of every kind was placed in different departments and the work went on with marvelous speed. Nothing like the Selma arsenal was ever seen before in the

South. Southern men gave their knowledge, their skill and their time to the task of making supplies for the soldiers of the Confederate army and the result was a magnificent Ordnance Department that was the equal of any in the United States.

THE BOY ARTILLERYMAN

John Pelham

A FEW DAYS before the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, a boy, John Pelham, left his classes at West Point and started on the long journey to his beloved Southland. He would have received his commission from the Military Academy in another week and he had worked five years for that diploma. But the South was calling her sons to come home and this young cadet answered the summons.

No one thought it especially creditable that John Pelham laid aside his personal ambition to place himself at the service of the Confederacy. For hundreds of other young men did the same thing and thousands of older men sacrificed the work of a lifetime for the cause they knew was right.

Long before Pelham left West Point the struggle had begun between the North and the South. Both sides were preparing for the war that was sure to follow. Pelham knew that he would have trouble in crossing the line which divided the two sections. When he left New York he disguised himself as a Northern scout. He managed to slip past the guards at Louisville, Kentucky, and then he was safe in Dixie. He made his way to his home in Calhoun county, Alabama, spent a short while with

his parents, and went straight to the Confederate capital at Montgomery to enlist.

Pelham was made first lieutenant of artillery and was sent at once with the regular army to Virginia. His first taste of war was at the battle of Manassas. He evidently liked the taste. For he stood behind his gun and fired a deadly rain of shot and shell at the enemy during the whole battle. He had come home to fight and that was exactly what John Pelham proposed to do, first, last and all the time. He was as composed and as sure of himself as though he were hunting birds in the woods of Calhoun county. Older officers noted that stern young face and they also noticed the enemy fall victim to the Boy Artilleryman's skillful firing.

After the battle Pelham was commissioned to raise a battery of *horse* artillery and by the time the battle of Williamsburg was fought he was in charge of a well-trained company. All day at Williamsburg the bullets fell in torrents around him. The big guns roared and thundered. But the noise of the raging battle passed unnoticed by John Pelham and his splendid command.

It was at Cold Harbor, some time later, that John Pelham won distinction. All day long he kept three batteries of the enemy busy, answering the fire from his one lone battery. Absolutely fearless and untiring, the boy and his followers stood at their posts dealing death and destruction to the Blue Coats.

Stonewall Jackson grasped the young Alabam-

ian's hand after the battle and spoke words of praise that any soldier would have been proud to hear. By that time the whole army of Virginia was ringing with accounts of John Pelham's cold, steady nerve. General Stuart was beginning to depend upon this young officer's assistance in battle and "Leave it to Pelham" had become a sort of by-word among the officers.

When the second battle of Manassas began young Pelham appeared on the field with his guns. Without considering the danger for an instant he rode with his men to the front ranks, placed his guns just as close to the enemy's line as good sense would allow and commenced the deadly firing which the Federals had learned to respect. Oh, yes! Pelham got them. That was the reason he was in the front ranks. He mowed down the Federals like wheat and when others arose to take their places he mowed them down the same way.

It was at Fredericksburg that he won the title of "The Gallant Pelham." Just as though he were practicing he went with a single big gun to the very base of the heights on which the Federals were stationed and opened fire. Both armies saw the youthful figure standing at his post so unconcerned and so efficient. Even the Boys in Blue felt a thrill of pride in his courage, although he became a target for the marksmen on the enemy's side. At last his ammunition gave out and he was ordered to retire and take charge of the division on the right. Pelham was not injured at all in spite of the risk

he took. Shortly after the battle Robert E. Lee commended the young officer and bestowed the title which will always follow him, "The Gallant Pelham."

No, Pelham did not become a noted general and lead the Southern army to victory. This is what happened: Two years after the war began Pelham was dining one evening with friends in Culpepper county, Virginia. Suddenly the booming of guns sent him hurrying out into the yard. He heard the sound of battle and although his own men were not with him, he mounted his horse and rode at break-neck speed toward Kelly's Ford. When he arrived he found a regiment in confusion and in need of a leader. "Forward, men!" cried the young officer's voice. That was John Pelham's last order. While he spoke a fragment of a shell pierced his skull and the Boy Artilleryman died instantly.

His body rests in the old cemetery at Jacksonville, Alabama, but the spirit of John Pelham still lives. In his heart every boy wishes that he could be exactly like "The Gallant Pelham." Many times since Pelham fell, young officers have shouted "Forward, men!" and Alabama boys obeyed the command.

EMMA SANSOM

The Girl who showed General Forrest "The Lost Ford"

OUTSIDE the little frame house on their farm near Gadsden, Alabama, stood Emma Sansom, her mother and older sister. They shaded their eyes with their hands as they looked anxiously down the road at the cloud of dust approaching. "It's the Yankees!" the three women exclaimed.

Sure enough, it was the Yankees with the courageous Streight at their head. Through the hilly country of North Alabama Streight and his men were hurrying. The depot of supplies for the Southern army at Rome, Georgia, was their destination. To destroy the railroads in North Alabama and Georgia was their mission. For days, Streight's raiders had been trying to evade Forrest. Other Northern troops had tried to engage Forrest in battle so that Streight would accomplish the destruction he had planned. But Nathan B. Forrest refused to yield to the bait offered and kept in hot pursuit of Streight's raiders.

It was not an unusual thing for the Sansom family to see Blue Coats riding by and it was a very common thing for them to hear the Rebel yell and to divide their little store of provisions with the hungry Boys in Gray. Their only protector, a brother of the girls, was fighting with the Nine-

teenth Alabama Infantry and since the first year of the war Mrs. Sansom and her daughters had made their own support by working their farm and attending to the livestock they owned.

About eight or nine o'clock one May morning in 1863, the tramp of horses in the distance brought the Sansom family into the yard. There they stood watching anxiously until the Federal soldiers drew rein at their gate. "We want some water," they called. Emma and her sister hurried to the well and soon returned with a bucket of water each which they passed to the men. "Where is your father?" inquired one of the men. "My father is dead," replied the younger girl. "Have you any brothers?" another soldier asked. "Yes, I have six," answered Emma without glancing at her sister's astonished face. "Where are your brothers now?" continued the soldier. "They are all fighting in the Confederate army," boasted the girl. "Do they think the South is going to whip?" inquired the soldier, laughing. "They do," stated the young girl. "What do you think about it?" he persisted. "I think God is on our side and we will win," answered Emma Sansom. During this conversation some of the soldiers had dismounted and were searching the house. They found nothing of value but one of them amused himself by cutting the skirts off of the only saddle in the house.

Now there were gallant men in the Northern as well as in the Southern army and when an officer saw what his men were doing he called, "You men

bring a chunk of fire and get out of that house." The officer then placed a guard around the house and assured the frightened women that the guard would protect them. Presently the Blue Coats rode away toward the bridge. A few minutes later, Mrs. Sansom cried, "They are burning the bridge! I see the smoke." With that she started toward the lower end of the field, calling, "Come with me. We must pull our fence rails away so they will not be burned." But when the three women reached the spot where they could see the bridge they saw their own fence rails piled on top of the bridge sending red-flames high above the burning bridge.

With sad faces they turned to go back to the house. But a shout of "Halt and surrender!" made them forget their loss for a moment. The order was not for the women, however, but for a Federal soldier who was riding pell mell toward the bridge to join his company. Behind the Blue Coat came a dozen or more men in gray. Just as they reached the Sansom place they overtook the Northern trooper who threw up his hands and surrendered to the officer who had shouted "Halt!"

Turning to Mrs. Sansom and her daughters the Confederate officer said, "Ladies, do not be alarmed. I am General Forrest. My men will protect you." Then he asked, "Where are the Yankees?" "They are standing in line on the other side of Black Creek Bridge," replied the mother. "See, they have set the bridge on fire. Don't go down that hill, General Forrest, for they will kill the last one of you."

But the Confederate general dashed forward and both sides began firing. Forrest soon realized that it was useless to continue firing across the stream. He rode back to the house where the women had fled to safety. Sixteen-year-old Emma Sansom stood in the doorway. "Can you tell me where I can get across that creek?" Forrest asked her. "There is an old bridge about two miles down the creek," the girl replied, "but it is unsafe." Then suddenly she thought of the lost ford. "There is an old ford about two hundred yards above the bridge on our farm," the girl exclaimed; "our cows cross there in low water and I believe you can get your men across. If you will have a horse saddled for me I will show you the way." "There is no time to saddle a horse," the general declared; "Get up behind me." Forrest whirled his horse around to a bank and Emma Sansom leaped up behind him.

"Emma! what do you mean?" shrieked her mother. The girl laughed with excitement, while General Forrest called back, "She is going to show me where I can get my men across the creek in time to catch the Yankees before they get to Rome. Don't be uneasy. I'll bring her back safe."

General Forrest and the girl were shielded from view of the enemy by a thicket that grew along the way. But they soon came to a spot that was unprotected by the undergrowth. "General Forrest," said the girl, "I think we had better get off the horse now. They can see us here." Then they dismounted and crept through the bushes until they

reached Black Creek, Emma Sansom leading the way. Stepping quickly in front of the fearless girl,



Courtesy of Harper Bros.

GENERAL FORREST AND EMMA SWANSON

General Forrest said, "I am glad to have you for a pilot, little lady, but I am not going to make breast-works of you."

By that time the shot from the enemy's guns were falling like hail and the cannon balls were screaming over the two scouts' heads. "That is the way to go," shouted the girl, pointing to the place known as "the lost ford." Then she hid in the undergrowth until the firing ceased, while Forrest rode back to lead his men across the ford. After a while Emma started back to her home and on the way she met General Forrest again. He pleased her very much by asking for a lock of her hair. She was still more delighted when she received a note of thanks from the general. This note she kept until she was an old woman when she sent it to Dr. John Wyeth, who was writing a history of Nathan B. Forrest's life. Mrs. Emma Sansom Johnson then lived in Texas, but Alabama people still remember her as "the heroine of the lost ford."

Thirty-six years after the girl's brave deed, the Alabama legislature expressed their gratitude to Emma Sansom by appropriating a tract of land, six hundred and forty acres, to her. A monument was erected in her honor near the banks of the Coosa river at Gadsden and her photograph was placed in the State Capitol by the side of other great women and men of the state.

A STORY OF REAL STRATEGEM

General Streight Surrenders to General Forrest

IN less than thirty minutes after Forrest arrived at Black Creek, Streight's raiders were driven from the opposite side of the stream. The Federals hurried on to Gadsden but an advance guard of Forrest's army sped over the four miles after them. The raiders destroyed a quantity of ammunition, set fire to several houses and took all of the mules and horses they could find. But before they had entirely destroyed the commissary supplies Forrest's men overtook them and drove them from the town.

For three days and nights Forrest's men rode and fought like mad men. Some of them went twenty-four hours without food. Toward the end of the march many of the poor fellows dropped from their saddles and slept in the road while their comrades' horses walked over their bodies.

For fifteen miles Nathan B. Forrest kept the Federals on the run. Although he had only a handful of worn-out men and poor, jaded horses, while Streight had twice that number of men and a fresh supply of mules and horses which he had stolen from the farms along the way. Thirty-one miles from Gadsden, at a place called Lawrence, Streight allowed his men to stop for food and rest. By that time his men were too exhausted to feed their

horses and in a few minutes they were all sound asleep on the ground.

When a great noise was heard in the distance the officers knew that Forrest's forces were coming. Wild efforts were made to arouse the sleeping Federal soldiers. Streight and his officers shook them and threatened them with punishment, but most of them slept on. Just before Forrest came in sight about half of the command had aroused enough to shoulder arms. These were lined up and then ordered to lie down to shoot. When the gray-clad soldiers came near, Streight ordered, "Fire!" But his men were asleep again. With their guns in their hands and their faces to the foe the weary raiders went back to sleep. At this maddening moment Streight sent up a flag of truce and asked for a conference with Forrest.

Forrest was really no more anxious to fight than Streight was, for he had only a remnant of his army left. But the Southern general ordered his foe to surrender as though he had a big army at his command. "Immediate surrender" was what Forrest said. "I should like to have a few minutes in which to consult with my officers," said Colonel Streight. "All right," replied Forrest, "but you will not require much time. I have a column of fresh troops at hand. They are nearer Rome than you are. You cannot cross the river in your front and I have enough men right here to run over you."

To prove this remarkable statement, which was not true at all, Forrest had arranged a wonderful

side show out in the woods near by. Around the enemy Forrest's troopers were riding. Streight could not see them distinctly through the bushes. But to him there seemed to be thousands of mounted Confederates. It was really the same set of men who kept riding round and round and round. But Streight had no way of knowing that. Colonel Streight thought his army was literally surrounded and his officers believed likewise. With one accord they advised their leader to surrender. Then Colonel Streight ordered his men to stack their arms and surrender. Rome was saved!

FIGHTING JOE WHEELER

Hero of Two Wars

AFTER a march of three days and nights in the drenching rain, General Wheeler with less than two thousand men arrived at Shelbyville, Tennessee. Half of the firearms were unfit for use because they had been soaked by the heavy rains and the men were in a pitiable condition. But not one of them gave up hope even after they learned that the Federals were approaching with twelve thousand men.

A short distance from Shelbyville, "Little Joe" arranged his men. He ordered two regiments to dismount and check the fierce charge of the oncoming Federals. For more than an hour the two ragged regiments held their ground under the fire of the enemy's big guns. At last the Union men cut their way through the ranks of the dismounted Confederates and forced those in the



FIGHTING JOE WHEELER

rear to retreat. But they only retreated a short distance, then came back.

“Fighting Joe Wheeler” rode up and down his line, cheering his men and directing the fight. Two regiments of Federals were simply cut to pieces and before long they fell back. General Wheeler realized that the enemy would soon overpower him so he took advantage of the lull in the fight to hurry most of his men across the river. A small bridge spanned Duck River at this point. The majority of the soldiers with three pieces of artillery were sent across the bridge. The general called the four hundred picked men who stayed behind with him his “forlorn hope.” “You will probably be wounded, killed or captured,” Wheeler told the four hundred men. “Any of you who wish to withdraw may go now before it is too late.” But those men had the best blood of the South in their veins and they had no idea of leaving their general. They were not that kind. Instead they sent up three cheers for “Fighting Joe Wheeler” and then leaped into the fray. For at that very instant nearly twelve thousand Union men surged down upon the four hundred Confederates.

For half an hour the fiercest hand-to-hand conflict of the war raged. They fought with pistols, with sabers, and with the butt ends of their carbines. They fought like mad men, while their general stormed up and down the lines, shouting orders and filling the very atmosphere with his own force and courage.

This was not the first battle in which the Federals had suffered from Joe Wheeler's tactics and they wanted Wheeler's scalp. They recognized him by his uniform and the cry went up from the enemy, "That is Wheeler! That is the man! Kill him! Kill him! Get Wheeler!" The bullets began whizzing around the little general's head but a most remarkable thing took place at that moment. Near the general a group of fifty men stood. Most of them were wounded, others were too weak to fight and their ammunition had given out. There they waited, wondering how soon death would end their sufferings. Suddenly they saw their chief's danger and instantly the whole group rushed in front of General Wheeler, threw themselves around him like a breastwork, and caught the bullets in their own bodies.

Wheeler saw that it was useless to fight longer. Calling to the few soldiers left he started pell mell toward the river bridge. But alas! a broken-down wagon blocked the road across the bridge and the shots from the enemy, close behind, made an instant's delay fatal. "Into the river, boys!" yelled Wheeler. Over a twenty-foot bluff the Alabama soldiers leaped their horses. They hit the ice-cold water with a thud while a shower of bullets followed them. Only thirteen of the "forlorn hope" swam across Duck River and escaped to the woods on the other side.

The forces which had crossed the river, earlier in the day, soon joined Wheeler and another story

begins. By daybreak next morning the Confederates had rested and recovered strength to some extent. A force of about five thousand cavalry troopers from Georgia and Tennessee reinforced the Alabama regiment and they were ready to attack the Federals again.

The Union soldiers were taking a much-needed rest. They thought that Wheeler and his little band were fleeing for their lives through the woods and that it would be an easy matter to capture them during the day. All at once Wheeler's forces fell upon the astonished Federals and drove them back to Duck river. In a few hours the banks of that stream were lined with the dead bodies of the Union soldiers. The records show that in the battle of Shelbyville the Federals lost more than five hundred men, while the Confederates lost three hundred and eighty of their number. This is a fair sample of the way Southern men fought all the way through that dreadful war, and it is only one of "Fighting Joe Wheeler's" deeds of daring.

THE FLAGSHIP TENNESSEE

A Naval Battle in Mobile Bay

THERE was never a commander more proud of his victorious troops than was Catesby R. Jones of the flagship *Tennessee*. In the navy yards at Selma where three other big iron-clads were constructed, Commander Jones superintended the making of the machinery and battery of the *Tennessee*. No better ships than these four Confederate war vessels were made anywhere at that time and they were made entirely of wood and iron from Alabama's own forests and mines.

With the gunboat *Selma*, the *Gaines* and the *Morgan*, the *Tennessee* was sent down the river to guard the forts on Mobile Bay. General Page, in command of Fort Morgan, and Colonel Anderson at Fort Gaines hailed with joy the coming of the four men-of-war. The enemy also must have had a high opinion of the little fleet in Mobile Bay. For when they came to attack the forts they came with fourteen of the best war vessels in their navy. A furious defense met them at Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines. One big vessel was sunk with one hundred and twenty Union men.

After an hour's hard fighting the Federal fleet finally gained entrance to the bay. Then the four Alabama war vessels opened fire. Every gun on

both sides was kept busy for a while. The *Selma* was captured, the *Morgan* was forced to retreat up the bay, and the *Gaines* took shelter under the guns at Fort Morgan. But the *Tennessee* raised her proud head and dared the enemy to come on. For two hours Admiral Farragut's big guns boomed their fury against the one lone Southern ship. They attacked her from every direction, but her iron-clad sides resisted the shot and shell for two long hours. Then a shot penetrated her armour while another shot found its way to her steering apparatus and she was utterly disabled. Then the white flag went up from the *Tennessee* and Commodore Buchanan, with his southern crew, surrendered. Only eight of his men were lost, while the enemy had fifty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded. The gallant *Tennessee* had done her noble best, but no vessel could withstand for long the guns from so many big war vessels.

A KING OF THE HIGH SEAS

Raphael Semmes, Commander of the "Alabama"

THE plucky little ship, *Sumter*, stood in the harbor at Gibraltar shorn of her glory and bereft of her master. For six months that small vessel had represented the Confederate navy. She was named in honor of the first battle of the war and she had added glory to the name.

In broad daylight, the *Sumter* had run the blockade at the mouth of the Mississippi river. She had roamed the high seas and her noble crew had brought low the vessels of the enemy. Captain Raphael Semmes loved the *Sumter* as a good horseman loves his steed. Aboard the little vessel Semmes destroyed seventeen of the enemy's vessels. They called him "The Sea Pirate."

At last he slipped across the Atlantic and into the port at Gibraltar. But when the captain tried to secure coal enough to leave the port he was unable to buy, beg, or borrow a single load of fuel. He thought that the Federal agents had arranged this plan to defeat him. But Raphael Semmes was not to be so easily defeated. Taking most of his crew with him, he went, to Liverpool, leaving his beloved cruiser at Gibraltar. An English company, the Lairds, agreed to build a gunboat for a consideration of \$250,000. In a short time the boat was

ready and with the flag of England floating from her mast she steamed 'out of Liverpool harbor. In order to keep from violating the international laws the English ship builders arranged to turn the vessel over to the Confederates out upon the high seas. Because this ship was the 290th vessel built by the Lairds they called her the "290."

The arrangement for delivering the vessels to Semmes was this: The "290" accompanied by an English vessel, the *Bahama*, sailed to the Azores Islands where the gunboat was to be turned over to the Confederates. There were about ninety men on the two vessels and the *Bahama* was to carry back to England the sailors who wished to return. Only ten of the number went back to England; the others chose to go with Semmes.

On Sunday morning the "290" lay in the harbor of the Azores. In the early part of the day Admiral Semmes called his crew on deck, read to them his commission from President Jefferson Davis and also his orders from the Confederate Secretary of War, Mallory, to take charge of the gunboat. Just as Admiral Semmes finished reading the Confederate flag was unfurled, to replace the flag of England, and to float over the famous battleship as long as she sailed the seas. The vessel was christened *The Alabama*. Then the band played "Dixie" and the crew sent up cheer after cheer for their Southland and their leader.

For two years Raphael Semmes and his gallant crew dashed from one port to another, chasing, cap-

turing and destroying the enemy's vessels. First at the Azores, then within two hundred miles of New York, thence to the shores of Texas, now around Cape Good Hope, then sweeping across the Atlantic and back again went this madcap seaman. He captured more than fifty vessels, most of which he destroyed. He took loads of supplies and ammunition from enemy vessels and used them for the benefit of the Confederacy. Semmes wrought such havoc with the Federal commerce that the whole world watched to see what this daring adventurer would do.

At last a vessel was built by the United States Government for the purpose of destroying the *Alabama*. The *Kearsarge* was not only a bigger boat but it was iron-clad as well. She set out in pursuit of the *Alabama* and at last came upon her in French waters. Seven miles from the shores of Cherbourg, France, the *Kearsarge* waited. The *Alabama* remained in the harbor of the French port as long as the law allowed. Then Semmes knew that he must go forth to fight the enemy. In June, 1864, on another Sunday morning, just two years after the *Alabama* was christened, she fought her last fight.

When the *Alabama* left port the *Kearsarge* lay with her head off shore. But when the Confederate ship came within a mile of her the *Kearsarge* wheeled suddenly around and stood with her starboard battery threatening Semmes' wooden vessel. For an hour and ten minutes the two crews kept up

a terrific battle. The iron chains which bound the sides of the *Kearsarge* saved her from destruction. But exploding shells finally struck through the sides of the *Alabama* and water began pouring into the ship. The sailors on board knew that the ship would sink and Semmes called out, "Every man save himself!" But the sailors stood calmly waiting for death. At this point, the *Deerhound*, an English vessel, came to the rescue of the Confederates. The owner, Mr. Lancaster, won the whole South's gratitude by his kindness to the crew of the *Alabama*. Ten sailors were drowned, twenty-one killed in battle, and nine others were wounded, but the *Deerhound* rescued the balance.

Raphael Semmes and his first mate, Kell, stood on deck until the ship was ready to sink. Then they threw overboard their boots, coats and swords and jumped into the deep water. They swam far enough out from the vessel to avoid being drawn into the whirling water around the ship, then they stopped for a moment to look back at their beloved ship, *Alabama*. They rejoiced that she was going down instead of falling into the hands of the enemy. They watched her make her last struggle. "Like a living thing in agony she threw her bow high out of the water, then descended stern foremost to her last resting place," Admiral Semmes wrote long afterwards.

The friendly *Deerhound* received the ship's officers as they climbed aboard after their narrow escape. They were welcomed joyously by forty sailors

who had also reached the English vessel. One of the sailors had brought, inside his shirt, the captain's valuable papers and he proudly returned them to his superior officer. After that 19th day of June, 1864, Raphael Semmes received all the honors that the South could bestow upon him. British lords presented him with a sword as a token of their admiration. In the world's history he is reckoned as one of its greatest naval heroes.

THE DAVID AND GOLIATH OF THE SEA

The First Torpedo Boat

THE *DAVID* was the name of Lieutenant Glassell's little "cigar torpedo boat." And, by the way, this was the first torpedo boat ever made and it was built at Mobile, Alabama. The enemy's ship was not called "The Goliath" but a Goliath she was when compared with the little *David*.

About forty Federal vessels were stationed around the harbor at Charleston, South Carolina. Among them was the *Ironsides*, the biggest ship in the United States Navy. William T. Glassell decided to disable this ship and he proceeded to do so. One dark night he took a fireman, a pilot and an engineer and set out to torpedo the Federals' best boat.

It was about nine o'clock when the *David* started out on that desperate mission. The four men aboard steered the vessel through the line of Federal ships and no one tried to stop them until just before they reached the *Ironsides*, a voice hailed them through the darkness. Glassell answered with a shot from his gun. Two minutes later the *David* struck the big war vessel and the torpedo exploded six feet underneath its bottom. A column of water shot up and fell upon the frail bark, the *David*, putting out all the fires. A rain of shot was fired at

the torpedo boat, but none of the men were injured.

During the struggle which followed Glassell and Sullivan were captured by the Federals. The pilot and the fireman managed to build enough fire in the engine of the *David* to carry them back up the channel. Again the little *David* plowed its way between a line of enemy's ships and actually passed within three feet of the big vessel, the *Monitor*. A continuous fire from the enemy added zest to the retreat.

The young Alabamian had not thought of danger to himself when he decided to make that attack upon the enemy vessel, but when he found himself in the hands of the Federals he was not in the least surprised. They took him to Washington and sentenced him to be hanged, but the sentence was never carried out. After spending weeks in a northern prison he was exchanged for Federal prisoners and was then sent back to the South. He returned to his home, near Livingston, Alabama, where he remained until he had partly recovered his strength. But the exposure and hardships of prison gave him lung trouble and he was never well again. The fact that he had disabled the biggest ship in the Federal navy cheered him through his long illness. However, he was a very modest sort of hero who never boasted of the magnificent deed that he had performed.

A BOY HERO

Thomas Jones Shows His Courage

THROUGH an unbroken forest, young Thomas G. Jones rode alone, carrying a message from General John B. Gordon to a portion of the army several miles away. Night came on and the young officer was still in the forest and in the midst of Federal pickets. Just as might have been expected, a number of the Federals pounced upon the lone rider and held him captive.

Along in the chilly part of the night young Jones, being a very likeable sort of fellow, with a smooth tongue and a persuasive manner, induced the nine Federals to stack their guns, build a fire and make themselves comfortable. No sooner were the guns laid aside than Thomas Jones took possession of the arms, and with a quickness that was bewildering he forced the Union men to line up in front of him. Without further ado, the Southern boy marched the nine Northerners into General Gordon's camp and delivered them as prisoners of war.

On another occasion, near the close of the war, General Gordon's forces were fighting around Petersburg. It became necessary to send an order across the most dangerous part of the field to the Southern troops in front. "Who will carry this

order to the troops in front?" asked General Gordon. "I will carry your order, General," answered Thomas G. Jones. Across the deadliest part of the field, with thousands of Northern soldiers in full view, Tom Jones rode like the wind with that order safely tucked away in his old gray coat. He came back, wounded and bleeding, but he came back just the same and reported to his general that the order had been delivered. It was this same brave lad who was selected by General Robert E. Lee to carry the message of surrender to the Northern general at Appomattox.

KU KLUX KLAN

Reconstruction Days in Alabama

FIFTEEN hundred horsemen rode into Huntsville one day. White sheets covered the horses and the figures upon the horses. White masks with leering nose and eye holes covered the faces of the ghostly visitors. Not a word was spoken. The sheet-covered horsemen paraded the streets in silence and made figures that any well-drilled soldiers would have rejoiced to form.

The carpet-baggers and "scalawags" who had assembled the ignorant negroes there to vote knew that the *Ku Klux* had arrived and the darkies were in a frenzy of fear. Whether it were the *Ku Klux* or just plain ghosts mattered not to them. Both were horrible and they were scared. Negro soldiers who had saluted so proudly the day before now dropped their guns, walled their eyes, and prayed for mercy. One excited black fired a shot into the crowd of spectators. A riot followed. The negroes began shooting right and left. Whom they shot they did not know. The white people standing around returned the shots and one prominent "scalawag" was killed. All this time the ghouls were lined up, quietly looking on. They were merely there, that was all. It is safe to state that the colored population of Huntsville and the surrounding country stayed

at home that night. Two years later the *Ku Klux Klan* took the matter of law and order into their own hands.

During the years of Reconstruction, Alabama, like other Southern states, suffered every possible hardship and humiliation that a band of official thieves could inflict. The few horses left in the South were taken; cotton crops were confiscated; homes of Southerners were searched without warrants; negro policemen were stationed on the streets where they insulted their former masters; white men who had served in the Confederate army were not allowed to vote. These Southerners were robbed of the necessities of life, while schools and churches were built for negroes. And, worst of all, the blacks were inflamed with promises of riches and of equality with white people. As one old negro expressed it, "The bottom rail was on top."

It is generally thought that the idea of the *Ku Klux* originated in Pulaski, Tennessee. But Judge A. E. Caffey states positively that an organization for the protection of white people from negroes and carpet-baggers existed in Alabama two months after the war ended. He says that "The Order of the White Camelia" was organized in Tuskegee at that time and that he and Dr. Matt Rice were imprisoned for taking part.

The *Ku Klux Klan* which originated at Pulaski was at first a secret order having for its object the amusement and entertainment of its members. Gorgeous costumes, strange masks, and a remark-

able code of signals were adopted by the young men. They soon discovered that this ghostly performance was terrifying to the negroes. Then they told the darkies that they were ghosts of Confederate soldiers come back to haunt bad negroes. They sent forth dismal wails and made dreadful sounds by rattling bones. About one wail and a slight rattle was all that was needed to send the darkies flying homeward.

Young men from North Alabama went across the lines into Tennessee, witnessed the "curious gyrations" of the *Ku Klux Klan* and then came back home to organize a similar band. Before long this unusual form of fun-making spread throughout the South and it immediately began to have its effect upon bigoted negroes. A solitary rider had only to approach a League meeting of negroes when the gathering would vanish at once.

In 1867, when outrages upon Southern people had reached the limit, an order was sent throughout the South calling the orders of the *Ku Klux* to meet in Nashville. There these clansmen formed themselves into a serious organization for the purpose of driving out the carpet-baggers and of protecting women, children and property. The head of the *Ku Klux Klan* was called the Grand Cyclops. Then there was the Grand Wizard, with his ten Genii in each district. There were Hydras, Furies, Giants, Goblins, and other officers of the Klan. The common soldiers were called Ghouls. Insolent negroes were whipped; rascally officials were sent back

North; and when offenses merited so severe a punishment, the offender was shot or hanged by the clansmen.

After a year or two a few vicious Southern men abused the privileges of the *Ku Klux* government and a number of crimes were committed in the name of the Klan. But after all the *Ku Klux Klan* was the only real law body in the South during the Reconstruction days.

United States soldiers were often in sympathy with the clansmen and they were generally on good terms with all of the Southern people. The soldiers usually managed to arrive just a little too late to see a misbehaving negro or a "scalawag" punished by the ghostly night riders. No decent man could blame Southern gentlemen for protecting their homes and their property. And that was the object of the *Ku Klux Klan*.

WHAT ONE BOY MADE OF HIMSELF

How James Pugh Became "The Patrick Henry of Alabama"

WHEN James Pugh came with his parents to Pike county he was only four years old. Knowing the customs of the times it is safe to say that the little fellow was still wearing dresses when he came in the covered wagon from Georgia to Alabama.

Before James Lawrence Pugh was eleven years old both his parents died, leaving him alone in a new country. But James was a little man long before he grew to be a big man. He had learned to cut weeds, feed horses, and drive the cows when he was a very small boy. And he knew that he could earn his board in a neighbor's house. So he went to work for one of his neighbors where he helped with the chores and made himself generally useful. At night he read and studied. Occasionally he went to school.

In the course of a few years he was employed to carry the mail from Louisville to Franklin in Barbour county. In those days people did not expect to receive their mail every day, for it took ten or twelve days for a letter to come from New York to Alabama and several days for mail to go from one town to another in the same state. During the years that James Pugh carried the mail

there were unfriendly Indians lurking in the woods. One of the first questions the men asked the young mail rider when he reached town was, "Did you see anything of the Indians?" Sometimes the boy answered, "I certainly did and if it had not been for my pony they might have my scalp right now." More than once the savages started in pursuit of Pugh, riding alone through the woods, but his tough little horse carried the young master out of danger every time.

The white people were determined to move all the Indians to the West. The Red Men felt that this land belonged to them and they were very bitter about leaving the home that had been theirs for centuries. So during the years 1835-36 there was a terrible uprising among the Indians, and Alabama settlers suffered. But finally the troubles were settled by the government and the Indians bade farewell to their old homes and started westward.

James Pugh was a man in size and almost one in years when he went to Eufaula to work in a store. There he stayed for four years, working during the day and poring over law books at night. At that time Eufaula was one of the leading trading places in Alabama. "Prairie Schooners" traveled back and forth from Georgia, Florida and South Alabama, bringing farm products and carrying back groceries, drygoods and farm supplies. A "Prairie Schooner" was a covered wagon usually drawn by four big mules. Sometimes fifty or sixty of them went along together. They took the place of the freight trains of today.

People traveled in stage coaches or in steamboats. Two or three times a week coaches drawn by four or six horses left Eufaula and made the journey to Columbus, Georgia, to Fort Gaines, or to Tallahassee, Florida. Steamboats plied up and down the Chattahoochee river, bringing groceries from New Orleans. Goods bought in New York were sent South in ships and were then brought up the river on steamboats to the "Bluff City" on the Chattahoochee. So you see that Eufaula had reason to be prosperous and it is not surprising that the first railroad which came into South Alabama should have run into Eufaula from Columbus, Georgia.

Long before the railroads came and while the prairie schooners came and went from busy little Eufaula, James Pugh left the store where he was employed and went into the law office of the distinguished John Gill Shorter. Just twenty years after the four-year-old boy moved to Alabama with his parents, James Lawrence Pugh was admitted to the Bar and began the practice of law. When you learn that he was taken into partnership with Jefferson Buford and E. C. Bullock, both giants in their profession, you will realize what a successful lawyer the young mail rider became.

Of course James Pugh enlisted in the Confederate army and he entered as a private, although he was a prominent man at that time. But he was willing to share the hardships of his fellow men. During the last three years of the war he served as a member of the Confederate Congress. But it was

during the dark days of the Reconstruction that he proved himself a power.

It would take a long story to tell you how James Pugh and other brave Southern men placed Governor George S. Houston in office, in spite of the "Scalawags," and how the dear old state crept back into peace and prosperity after Reconstruction days were over. So fearless and so active was James Pugh and so valuable were his services that his friends called him "the Patrick Henry of Alabama."

THE BIRTH OF BIRMINGHAM

How John T. Milner Laid the Foundation for the Great Town

ON his way to Montgomery from Tennessee, Frank Gilmer crossed Red Mountain in Jefferson county. As he rode along the young man noticed a peculiar sort of rock on the hillsides. He alighted from his horse and filled his pockets with them. After he reached Montgomery, Gilmer showed them to his friends and told them about the reddish dust which covered the roads and clung to his horse's hoofs. "You have crossed a mountain of iron," Gilmer was told, "and every rock you have in your pocket is iron ore."

This seemed very remarkable to the young teacher from Tennessee and he put the stones away. Then he found himself a position in a school until he could secure more profitable employment. Gradually Frank Gilmer worked himself into a comfortable home with a big farm and a number of slaves. In fact, ten years after his arrivals he was considered one of the wealthiest farmers in Montgomery county. All during those years he was dreaming of a railroad that he hoped to build from Montgomery to Nashville through the rich mineral region of Alabama. Of course one man with only a small fortune could not build a railroad. But Gilmer talked and planned for his road that would open up the

mineral lands of the state until he succeeded in interesting other men in the undertaking.

When his ideas were presented to the Legislature of 1840 they would have nothing to do with the plans. They said that macadamized roads were safer than railroads, less liable to accident and less expensive. So they voted to build good dirt roads instead of railroads. Several years later another Legislature met and listened with interest to talk of a new railroad. A charter was granted for the road and \$10,000 appropriated by the Legislature for making the surveys. Frank Gilmer thought then that his dream of a railroad through the mineral region of Alabama was at last coming true.

Difficulties of the Young Engineer

Governor A. B. Moore began at once looking for a competent man to do the surveying for the proposed road bed. "John Turner Milner is the very man," some one told the Governor. A messenger was sent to find Milner who was making a survey about thirty miles below Montgomery. When the messenger told Milner that he had been appointed chief engineer of the new railroad the young engineer jumped on his horse and rode the thirty miles to the Capitol. He wore neither coat nor hat; his trousers were torn and his leggings were split; his face needed washing and his hair was shaggy, but he sprang from his horse's back and strode into the Governor's presence, thinking of nothing except the great work that he hoped to do. Governor Moore arose courte-

ously as Milner entered the office, looked the young gentleman over, then said with a smile, "Is this the young man I have appointed chief engineer of our great road?" "That is what I have been told," John T. Milner replied. Then he realized what an appearance he presented. "Well, it looks to me, Mr. Milner, as if the first thing we had better do is get you some new breeches." The chief engineer laughed and said he thought so too.

In March, 1858, the South and North Railroad Company was organized and the first steps were taken toward building the road. John T. Milner was told to make the survey and then report the cost of construction; the nature of the country to be crossed; the value of the minerals along the way; and upon other matters of importance. Milner undertook this big task with joy and enthusiasm. He worked month in and month out. He rode over the entire country that was to be the road bed for the North and South railroad and he studied the country and the minerals in the earth.

At last he brought his report to the state Legislature and asked that it be printed. The information contained in Milner's report laid the foundation for all the railroad building and mineral development that came later. But the Legislature knew very little about such matters at that time, and they thought that Milner's plans were extravagant. After much debate it was finally decided that his plans were worth considering and that his report should be printed. The young surveyor was over-

joyed when he learned that his report had been approved and that it would be published. "That was the turning point in my life and the beginning of Birmingham," he said afterward.

In 1860 the money was appropriated for building the road that Milner had mapped out. According to the blue print the road began at Montevallo, went to Blount Springs, thence to Grace's Gap on Red Mountain, and then north to Decatur. The road was completed across the Cahaba coal fields when the war broke out and stopped the work. During the war the Confederate government built several miles of track so that coal and iron could be hauled from the mines for making munitions of war.

The Trick That Didn't Work

At the close of the four years' war Frank Gilmer gathered up the remnants of his force and began work again upon the poor, little railroad that wound its way through Alabama's mineral belt. Gilmer had never stopped working for this new railroad. While Milner was surveying the land and even after the war broke out Gilmer kept right on. Some of the stockholders became discouraged and wished to sell their stock. Gilmer was so sure that the road would succeed that he bought the stock which others thought worthless.

For ten years after the war Alabama suffered with the rest of the South from carpet-bagger government. Among the men who came to the state during the Reconstruction days was a person named

Stanton. John Stanton was sent by the United States government to take charge of affairs in Ala-



MILNER'S DREAM REALIZED—BIRMINGHAM'S GRAND CANYON

bama and he seemed to think that a large share of the state belonged to him personally. He dismissed

Frank Gilmer and placed another man in his position as president of the North and South Railroad. John Milner was kept as chief engineer, but he was hampered by lack of money and by the lawmakers who interfered with all of his plans. A very crooked, zig-zag little road was the result. It cost the Louisville and Nashville railroad thousands of dollars to straighten the road in later years.

Now, during all that ten years which John Milner spent in working for the North and South railroad he was turning another plan over in his mind. It was to build a big workshop town in the valley below Red Mountain. He hoped to organize a company that would buy up a large tract of land in Jones' Valley, lay off lots, sell them to newcomers and then induce rich men to come into the town and open up new industries. The coal and the iron of the district made this plan quite possible.

Another company was building the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad. Stanton controlled this crowd and they too were planning to build a city where Oxmoor now stands. Milner and Stanton then agreed that they would build one big city together where the two railroads crossed. The site was found for the city and they took up options on nearly seven thousand acres of land in Jones' Valley near Village Creek. The work was well under way when all at once Milner heard that Stanton had broken his agreement and had decided to build a city himself. One morning just as the engineer was finishing breakfast a friend came riding into camp

and brought the news of Stanton's scheme. Stanton had changed the route of his road so that it would not cross the North and South Railroad but instead would run toward Elyton. Furthermore, he had taken up options on all the land around Elyton where he intended to build his town.

Stanton knew that Milner and his friends did not have the money to buy the seven thousand acres of land near Village Creek so he was not worrying about that part of the deal. Every man concerned was simply dumfounded. Frank Gilmer, Daniel Pratt, Alburto Martin, Bayliss Grace, James Powell and a score of other men whose names are in Alabama history waited in agony of spirit to see what the outcome would be. They waited sixty long days, then they waited for three days of grace to expire. That was the time that Stanton had in which to close the trade for the seven thousand acres in Jones' Valley.

The last minute of the last day found the stockholders of the South and North Railroad gathered in Josiah Morris's bank waiting for the blow to fall. But it did not fall. Exactly one minute after the time expired the banker, Josiah Morris, handed out of the window one hundred thousand dollars to the man who had planned the big workshop town below Red Mountain. Cheer after cheer went up from that group of Southern men. Stanton and his crowd were beaten. They had felt so sure that Milner's friends would not raise the money to buy the tract of land in Jones' Valley that they had carelessly

neglected to secure the land themselves. Milner and his friends could buy the seven thousand acres, after all, for the banker furnished the money and John T. Milner's dream-city was coming true.

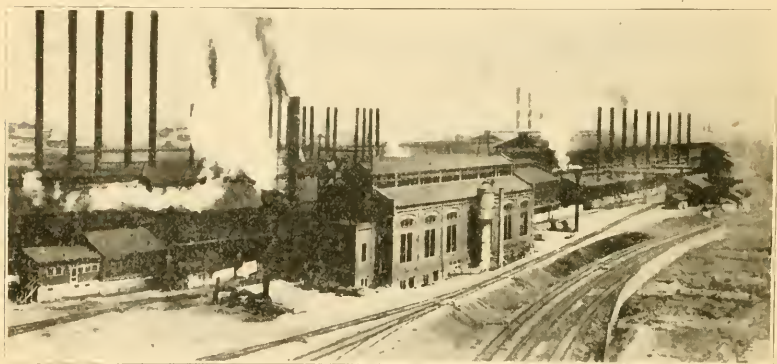
At the second meeting of the stockholders one gentleman asked, "What shall we name the city?" "Powelltown," said one. "Milnerville," another suggested. "Morrisville," still another said. When John Mudd's friend mentioned "Muddtown" they objected to that name because it was so appropriate. Josiah Morris thought of the big mining center in England and said, "Call the city Birmingham." So Birmingham it was christened. It grew and waxed strong. It earned the name of "The Magic City" and then outgrew that name. For Birmingham is no longer a boom town but a substantial center of a wonderful mineral region. It is often called "The Pittsburgh of the South."

The Greatness of the Resources of "The Pittsburgh of the South"

If today at dusk, you could stand on top of Red Mountain and watch the lights come on all over "Greater Birmingham" there would probably come to you a strange feeling of wonder, excitement and pride. Just as far as the eye can see lights flash from factories, stores, office buildings and homes. Here, there and everywhere are the smoke stacks of furnaces, foundries and rolling mills. Furnaces where pig iron is made, manufacturing plants of every kind, and an endless mass of buildings of

every size and description gives you a vague idea of the "big workshop town" in Jefferson county.

While you stand there a fiery red light appears in the sky above the city. One of the many furnaces is "making a run." That means that a great stream of red hot molten iron is pouring from a tremendous vat down into a huge trough and thence into the smaller ditches that branch in every direction. The iron, the coal and the limestone used in making this



SCENE OF ALABAMA STEEL MILLS

pig iron all come from the hillsides that surround Birmingham.

One day a Birmingham man stood on Red Mountain looking over the district. "This hill," he said, "upon which we are standing is one mass of iron. It is a thousand feet high and the iron goes down no one knows how deep. It runs all along the side of the valley. Those hills over there on the opposite side are composed of good coking coal and between the coal and iron is the great bed of limestone. We

can run the coal and iron down the hills to the furnaces and the limestone lies right at hand. There are iron and coal mines running for miles along the two sides of the valley and there are steel making plants going up everywhere. There are scores of furnaces and I can stand on the top of any one of them and with a common rifle can shoot into a bed of coal, iron or limestone without turning around."

The steel plants of the Birmingham district played an important part in the war with Germany. The demand for steel rails, steel cars, motor trucks, barbed wire, powder tanks, steel shells, camp equipment and various munitions of war taxed the steel plants to their limit.

When the United States Steel Corporation took over the big plant of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company at Ensley, they spent \$32,000,000 for improvements. A few months later \$11,000,000 more were spent in enlarging the plant so that the government's orders would be filled rapidly. And that is just one of the many plants that worked directly or indirectly for the government during the war. In 1915, before war was declared the annual output of steel in the district was 715,485 tons; that of iron was more than two million tons. While more than fifteen million tons of coal were produced.

Greater Birmingham is twenty miles long, six miles wide and has a population of more than two hundred thousand. So you see that Milner's dream of a big workshop town not only came true but the town grew to be a large and wealthy city.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

The Founding of Anniston and of Jacksonville

NOT very far from Anniston in Calhoun county is an old furnace site where one of the first furnaces in the state was built. It was situated on Cane Creek in what was then Benton county and bore the name of Polkville Iron Furnace. Its builders were Moore and Shepperd. Noah Goode was the young superintendent who conducted the business for a number of years. The iron was hauled with teams to Wetumpka until the plant was destroyed by Federal soldiers during the War of Secession.

After the war Noah Goode with Dan Crow and E. G. Morris built a foundry on the same site and in this they were successful for a while. Although the only signs left of the old furnace and foundry is a pile of debris under the brushwood these crude plants were the forerunners of the big iron works for which Anniston is now noted the country over.

Sam Noble and Daniel Tyler were the men who really built Anniston. While the War of Secession was going on all of the iron that could possibly be mined was made into supplies for the army. Sam Noble's father and brothers were making iron at Rome, Georgia, while he was superintending the iron works in Cherokee county, Alabama. He was a giant in strength. He often worked all day in his

iron works, rode forty miles during the night to Rome and was back again next morning by sunrise at his Cherokee county foundry.

The ruins of an old furnace which was burned by the Federals stood on the road which Sam Noble traveled as he went back and forth to Rome. It was surrounded by a beautiful country and Noble often looked longingly upon the rich lands thereabout. One day as he rode with a friend by the place he said, "If I am ever able to build a town that is the spot I shall choose."

The end of the war found Sam Noble in the same condition that all Southern men experienced. They were penniless, homeless and without means of making a support. He, however, gathered up samples of iron ore, took them to New York and succeeded in interesting Northern capitalists in the mineral wealth of Alabama. They were induced to furnish enough money to buy the old furnace site, together with one hundred thousand acres of land, but that was not enough for Noble's plan.

Sam Noble made another trip, later on, this time to South Carolina to see Alfred Tyler. When he arrived at Tyler's office the younger man's father happened to be there, also. Daniel Tyler was seventy years old, but his business sense was just as good as ever. He listened to what the Alabama man said about the minerals in his state. Then the old man said, "If I can find property that has everything on it for making iron without buying raw material elsewhere I might be tempted to go into busi-

ness again." "You will find iron ore, limestone, and coal all there together on my land," Sam Noble said. A few weeks later the elder Tyler made the trip to Alabama through the country. When he arrived there was no place to sleep except a little shack and not a home comfort of any sort was there. But he accepted conditions without complaint and really enjoyed riding around over the rich mineral lands with the younger man. By the end of his visit he was so impressed by the richness of the mineral region that he invested a large sum of money in Noble's scheme to build a town.

The Woodstock Iron Company was formed with Alfred Tyler as president. The Tyler money was used to develop the town which grew up around the furnace. Mrs. Alfred Tyler's name was Annie and it was in her honor that the town was named Anniston.

The first white settler in the territory now occupied by the city of Anniston was James Teague who came with his wife from Georgia. It was in 1828 when Teague drove his ox-team across the hills and pitched his tent among the Indians at Woodstock Spring. His tent was built of brush and of quilts which his wife had made before she left her father's home in Georgia. In the course of time Teague built a small log cabin above the spring and cleared a tract of land on which to grow food for his table. Settlers began to gather around him and his family made friends with the Indians. Before many years a comfortable neighborhood grew up around old Woodstock Spring.

About two years before Teague settled in his Alabama home Christie Green built two log store rooms in what is now the town of Jacksonville. Green sold trinkets and other things to the Indians who camped near the big spring. The Indians were already disposing of their land rights for they knew that they must soon go to the far west. Christie Green was a shrewd business man and he took an active part in the first real estate deals in which the white people of that section were concerned. From this small beginning grew the beautiful old town of Jacksonville which was for a long time the county seat of what was formerly Benton county. Now it is in Calhoun county and Anniston is the county seat. In Jacksonville there are now thriving industries and beautiful homes where the first rude cabins stood. A splendid Normal school for the training of teachers is also located in this beautiful little city. Here in Jacksonville you will find almost everything that makes life pleasant and satisfactory.

Besides being the scene of many interesting events in the history of the early white settlers Calhoun county is quite famous in Indian history. In the northeastern part of the county there is a stream called "Ball Play Creek" which runs through the lands called "Ball Play." Here in the days of the Red Men the braves gathered for sport. They gambled away their land rights on games played by tribal teams. While the men played or gambled on the game the squaws cultivated small tracts of corn and kept the home fires burning.

Near Oxford, there is a small lake known as Blue Pond about which there is a legend that may or may not be true. It is said that long ago when a band of Creek Indians were camped at the spring near the place where the pond is now, two spotted children upon whom the whole tribe looked with awe and suspicion had been born in the camp. It was determined in Council that these poor children should be cast into the fire in order to avert the curse which the savages believed the Great Spirit was threatening to send upon them. Word went forth that a dance was to be held on a certain day on the spot now covered by the waters of Blue Pond. This place was then a regular assembly ground. A great feast was to be enjoyed at the close of which the two children who bore the leopard spots were to be burned.

The dance proceeded and the Indians were getting ready for the horrible sacrifice. But the program was suddenly interrupted by the caving in of the earth beneath the feet of the dancers. Chiefs, warriors, spotted children and all were hurled to their death and buried underneath the ground. The water that now forms Blue Pond rose above them, making a lake that is seventy-five feet deep.

A tall pine tree that stood near the center of the assembly grounds was thrown top downward, leaving the roots standing slightly above the water's surface. This tree stood there for more than a hundred years. Men who were boys during the War of

1861 declared that they had scrambled on the roots of this tree while bathing in the pond.

Some folks say that they have seen in the waters of this pond, two spotted fish, with queer shaped heads, and those who believe in mermaids and water sprites think the spotted fish somehow represent the poor little Indian babies whom the big Indians planned to destroy.

Less than a hundred years after Indian warriors with their families camped on the grounds near An-niston, Oxford, and Jacksonville, American soldiers camped during their training for the War with Germany. With seventy-five thousand khaki-clad men preparing for the struggle across the sea, Camp McClellan bore no resemblance to the Red Men's camping grounds. But Calhoun county shared largely in these widely different happenings.

Drill grounds, company streets, barracks, kitchens, officers' quarters, and warehouses were alive with the tremendous effort to rush soldiers to the battle fields of Europe. While furnaces, foundries, rolling mills, machine shops and munition plants roared forth their tale of work well done for our country. It was no small part which Governor Kilby's home town and home county played in the greatest of all world events.

HOYT SMITH

A Bare Foot Boy who made Opportunities

HOYT SMITH bundled up his few belongings into a bag, swung the bundle across his shoulder upon a stick and set out, bareboot, to tramp his way to the outside world and to fame. The boy had lived with his cousin on a little Clay county farm, near Talladega, since his mother's death, but he was now sick of the farm work and the monotony of his life. The only town that he knew anything about, besides Talladega where he was born, was Oxford. So he walked the thirty miles to Oxford where he arrived without a penny.

He soon called on a merchant and planter in Oxford whom he knew, told him the truth about his finances and asked for work. "Son, I have no work that you can do," said the kindly merchant. "But I must have a job, Mr. Gunnells," Hoyt declared. "I know how to attend to horses and cows and how to work on a farm. I can chop wood, build fires in your house and do anything that needs to be done." "Well, then, I guess I shall have to try you," said Mr. Gunnells. "But the only work I have that you can do is hard, dirty work." "That's the kind I am used to," Hoyt replied. So Mr. Gunnells showed the boy the barn yard and told him to clean it.

The hateful task was finished in such a short time that the merchant thought the boy had slighted his work. "It is impossible," the man said to himself. "A strong man could not have done it in so short a time." But the merchant was agreeably surprised when he went to inspect the work. Another hard job was finished with the same speed and thoroughness, and Hoyt Smith won a place in the business man's heart. The boy worked all that year on the farm, living with his employer's family and learning all that he could from these cultured people.

The country lad had an idea that people went to school to learn English grammar and he kept wondering how he could manage to go to school so that he might learn to speak correctly. Finally he told his employer that he wished above all things to go to school. Mr. Gunnells arranged for him to go to school half the year and work the other half. So one day Hoyt Smith entered the school where Professor John L. Dodson presided. He informed the teacher that he had come to study English grammar and at the same time presented an old tattered grammar that was out of date even at that early time.

Unfortunately, the new pupil had to begin the study of grammar with an advanced class and the lessons were hard in the middle of the book where he started. But he studied as no boy ever studied in that school before. He led his class and one night just before his first examination he studied all

night long. Professor Dodson was so surprised he asked, "Hoyt, when did you find time to learn all this?" "I finished it about daylight this morning," was the answer. Hoyt Smith's success in school was not limited to grammar. His brilliant mind took hold of everything and he outstripped all of his classmates.

In the course of time Hoyt Smith began thinking of better opportunities and a bigger world. He remembered his step-father and three half-sisters who moved to San Francisco and he recalled the fact that his step-father was an educator. "Surely a young man could find his big chance in the Golden West," he thought. His benefactor agreed to lend him two hundred dollars for the long journey and the young fellow set out to go to San Francisco.

He was delighted with his kinsfolk he found there and he loved the beautiful California country, but that two hundred dollar debt weighed on his mind. He went to work at once and saved every nickel he could until he repaid Mr. Gunnells who had loaned him the money without so much as a note of security. As soon as the debt was paid Hoyt entered college. His strides in education were so remarkable that in two years' time he had graduated with honors from one of the best colleges in California. A few years later he went with his young wife to Harvard where he took a course in law and finished as usual at the head of his class. When Hoyt Smith delivered his class declamation an eminent lawyer was in the audience. He was so

impressed by the young graduate's intellect and power that he immediately offered him a partnership in his big law firm in New York.

It was about this time that the young lawyer decided to change his name. His father whose name was Smith had brought shame upon the boy and his sweet, lovely mother when Hoyt was a little baby and the boy had never forgiven him. The mother's name was Lucy De Friese, so the son took the name of Hoyt De Friese.

Hoyt De Friese was sent to London by his firm as their chief counsellor where, it is said, he was often called upon for advice by Queen Victoria of England. As a lawyer of superior ability he became known on two continents and he was regarded by many as the greatest of all international lawyers.

This story of a genius was first recorded by J. A. Roberson of Anniston, a well known writer. Mr. Roberson says, "Hoyt De Friese never lost his poise of mind and character. He was never puffed up by his success. The friends of his childhood were never forgotten and they all rejoice in the splendid achievements of the once barefoot boy of Clay county who forged his way to success."

CHARLES VAN DEPOELE'S GREAT INVENTION

Montgomery Has the First Electric Street Car

UP Court Street in Montgomery, at three o'clock in the morning came the astonishing spectacle of a street car propelled by electricity. That was in 1886, when the first successful experiments with electric street cars were being made. Charles Van Depoele, a Belgian inventor, had been at work on his wonderful invention for five years or more, when Joseph A. Gaboury became interested in trying out an electric street car in the capital city of Alabama.

Mr. Gaboury went to Chicago to investigate this "new-fangled idea," which most people declared "dangerous." He became so enthused over Van Depoele's experiments that he asked the inventor to come to Montgomery and make an experiment on the street cars of that place. So it came about that J. A. Gaboury, his son, Charles Van Depoele and a number of Montgomery men and women stayed awake one night, when everyone should have been asleep, in order to try the new electric street car. Van Depoele himself acted as motorman, the young son of Mr. Gaboury turned on the current. With a startling and most inspiring sort of noise, the car leaped forward. It glided up Court street to Grove, then across to Hull. After going three blocks up Hull street the excited passengers enjoyed the ride back to town.

Miss Tuccoa Cozart, an Alabama writer and educator, was among the passengers on that early morning ride. She says that the watches of the passengers were magnetized, despite the fact that the motor was walled in on the front of the car, to shut out the danger, and that the motorman wore rubber gloves.

Miss Cozart related the story of Gov. Thomas Seay's riding down Dexter avenue on a fine white horse, which was instantly killed when his iron shoes touched the street car tracks on Court Square. After that, she said, numbers of mules and horses were killed by the current in the tracks. Then the people of the city held an indignation meeting, saying that it was an outrage for a trail of death like that to be allowed in the city. Then Mr. Van Depoele had to invent some method of running street cars in safety.

Several cities claim the distinction of having operated the first electric street cars, among them Richmond, Virginia, but Alabama historians say, "Joseph A. Gaboury is distinguished as having constructed the first practical and successful electric street railway system in the United States." In 1887, there were eleven miles of electric street car track used in Montgomery, which was much more than any other city had built. There are still many people in the Capital City who remember the excitement and the thrills of their first ride, and the fear of being electrified which was justly felt. That was the beginning of great events in the world, and Alabama is rather proud of her share of the glory.

THE HERO OF THE MERRIMAC

Richmond P. Hobson in the Spanish-American War

WITHIN the harbor at Santiago de Cuba the Spanish Admiral, Cervera, waited with his fleet. There was nothing else to be done. For just outside Santiago Bay the American sailors stood at their guns ready and anxious to fire upon the first Spaniard who showed himself.



LIEUT. RICHMOND
P. HOBSON

The only way a ship could pass from the sea into the port of Santiago was through a narrow channel to the bay and thence into the harbor. Steep hills come down to the mouth of the harbor on both sides. On one of these hills was an old Spanish fort, Morro Castle, and on the other side were Spanish earthworks. Such was the situation while the American sailors blockaded the Cuban seaport, Santiago.

The Americans did not rush through the channel and across the six-mile bay, for that would have meant the useless sacrifice of American lives. The Spaniards did not come forth because they knew better. So there the American soldiers had to stay to keep the blockade. This was during the Spanish-

American War in 1898. The whole United States was indignant because it was thought that Spain had destroyed an American vessel, the *Maine*. "Remember the *Maine*" was the slogan of the war.

The *Maine* really had been sunk in the harbor at Havana and a number of lives were lost. Then the United States Army was sent to drive the Spanish rule from Cuba and to relieve those suffering Cubans from the cruelties which the Spaniards had inflicted upon them for years. Several battles had been fought before Admiral Sampson thought of bottling up Cervera's fleet in Santiago Bay. Admiral Sampson suggested the idea to Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama. "If one of our ships could be sunk in the narrow channel that leads to the bay," said the Admiral, "then it would be impossible for the Spanish fleet to come out. Our blockade could be removed from Santiago and the American fleet used to make an attack elsewhere."

Lieutenant Hobson had spent years in studying the science of ship building and he was something of a genius in the operation of vessels. Therefore he was selected to prepare the plans for sinking the *Merrimac* in the channel. This the young officer did and when his plans were ready they were submitted to Admiral Sampson who approved them at once. Then Lieutenant Hobson asked for the privilege of sinking the *Merrimac* himself.

The plan was simple enough, although it looked like certain death to the men who should undertake

it. The *Merrimac* was to be taken into the channel, right in point blank range of the Spaniards' guns. There she was to be anchored lengthwise across the channel and torpedoed. The only means of escape for the sailors was a small boat which would have to pass through the fire of the enemy's guns. All of this was explained to the three thousand men gathered on deck to hear Hobson's plans. When the officers asked for volunteers to assist in the dangerous undertaking the entire three thousand men volunteered. Great was the disappointment when only nine were chosen to go.

The *Merrimac* was at once stripped of everything valuable. Torpedoes were fastened to the starboard side and connected with electric wires on deck. It was understood that when the vessel should swing slowly across the channel the men were to touch off the torpedoes, leap overboard, crawl into the small boat and row for their lives.

About midnight of the second day of June the *Merrimac* was on her way to the sacrifice. She entered the channel and plowed on toward her doom. Suddenly the Spaniards began firing upon her. From a picket boat a Spanish soldier aimed his rapid fire gun at the rudder and steering gear of the *Merrimac*. Then a mighty cannonade from the Spanish guns on the shore began. The men aboard the American vessel made heroic efforts to carry out instructions, but all of Hobson's plans were upset while the Spaniards kept up their firing. Torpedoes were exploded underneath the hull of the

Merrimac and she finally went down. She sank in such a manner that the channel was only partly blocked but this proved more effectual than a complete blockade. For, later on, the Spanish ships ventured through that narrow opening, one at a time, whereupon Admiral Schley calmly captured every one of them.

The heroes of the *Merrimac* escaped death by a miracle. They spent the rest of that night in the cold waters of the channel. At daybreak a Spanish vessel steamed into sight. Admiral Cervera was aboard the launch. He immediately took on board the half-dead Americans, saw that they were warmed, fed and clothed. They were treated with respect until they were sent as prisoners of war to Morro Castle. Hobson and his men were in Morro Castle when the place was bombarded. Mortar and bricks fell all around them and the firing was dangerously close, but somehow they escaped death again. The American army took possession of the town after a lively battle and the heroes of the *Merrimac* were exchanged for Spanish prisoners. It was Admiral Schley who said of Richmond Pearson Hobson, "His name will live as long as the heroes of the world are remembered."

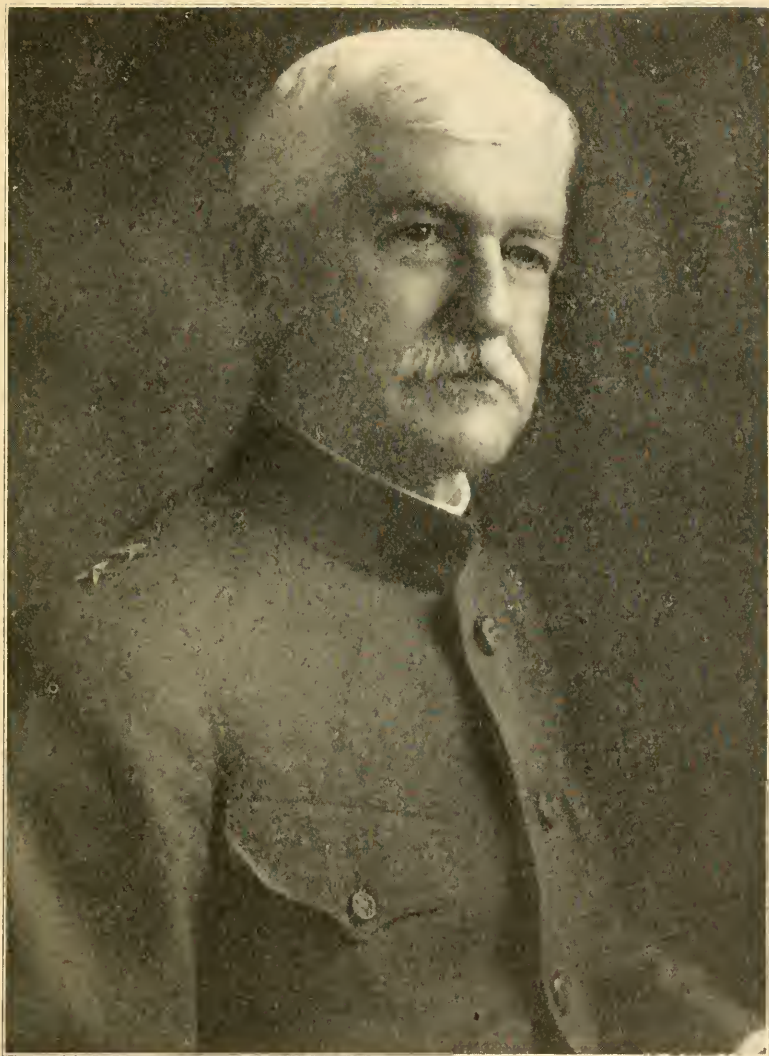
WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS

The World is Taught a Lesson in Sanitation

HIS conquest over disease was the achievement which placed William Crawford Gorgas of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in the list of great Americans. When Cuba was pest-ridden and reeking with yellow fever, Dr. Gorgas was sent there to wage war against these enemies of mankind. He was not the first scientist, by any means, who had tried to rid the island of disease, but he was the first one to start a vigorous clean-up campaign with the law to help him to enforce his orders.

In one year after Dr. Gorgas was placed in charge of the sanitary department in Cuba he had run all of the mosquitoes and yellow fever out of Havana. For the first time in one hundred and fifty years there was not a case of yellow fever in the city.

Old marshes were drained; houses were cleaned and disinfected; yellow fever patients were screened in, while other people were forced to screen their houses to keep out the mosquitoes. Inspectors were employed to watch every part of the district and to report immediately any sickness among the people. All of this happened just after the Spanish-American War. For it was while our soldiers were there



WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS, SURGEON-GENERAL U. S. ARMY

in 1898 that the United States government realized the dreadful conditions in Cuba.

After his success in fighting disease in Cuba Dr. Gorgas was sent to Panama to take charge of the sanitary department there. Before his clean-up campaigns were started people thought that the Isthmus of Panama was a plague spot and always would be. They proved that statement by telling how the French government had spent two hundred and sixty million dollars in that very canal zone and the money, they said, was worse than thrown away.

When Dr. Gorgas arrived the governor of the zone told him that the resources of the government were at the services of the sanitary department. The governor also said that trying to dig a canal while fevers were raging among the people was utter folly. He said publicly that people would no longer be begged to screen their houses and clean up their premises, but they would be forced by law to do so. Dr. Gorgas gave orders and the governor saw that they were carried out properly and promptly. The same precautions that had been used so successfully in Cuba were used in Panama.

A certain kind of mosquito was known to carry malaria; flies were known to be typhoid carriers; rats spread the dreadful bubonic plague and the deadly pneumonia of that country was caused by the unspeakable filth that existed.

A campaign of insect and rat killing was carried on. Every house in the Zone—four hundred and forty-eight square miles—was disinfected.

Kerosene was poured into the marshes and the swamps were drained. Undergrowth where mosquitoes love to hide was cut down and burned. Inspectors went every day into every house to see if orders were obeyed or if any sickness developed. If sickness increased too rapidly in any neighborhood the inspector for that district was held responsible. Dr. Gorgas would not allow any slack methods; whatever was done was done exactly right. Food was examined and so was the water. As a result every possible source of contagion was destroyed.

Until the Americans began living in Panama the place was a dense forest. It was just a neck of land made up of mountains and valleys. These were covered with thick undergrowth and formed vast jungles where insects swarmed, vermin crawled, and small animals roamed at will. Bodies of stagnant water and bottomless quagmires were additional breeding places for pests.

Heretofore when people who were not accustomed to that region moved in, more often than otherwise, the undertaker moved them out. Lack of precaution increased the spread of disease and the grim specter of death had stalked daily through the desolate country.

Before the task given to Dr. Gorgas in Panama was completed, the residents boasted of the fact that their country was as good a health resort as Palm Beach, Florida, and just as attractive in every other way. People living in other unhealthful places began saying, "If such a miracle can be wrought in

that death hole, it is needless for us to suffer from disease any longer." South Africa, where miners were dying of pneumonia and la grippe, called our Dr. Gorgas to come to their rescue. The fever-ridden people of Ecuador cried out in their agony for the relief the great sanitary expert could bring.

In Dr. Gorgas's own home town the people said, "We will make Tuscaloosa absolutely free from insects and disease." And they set to work to clean up the town. Every old tin can was destroyed; every mud hole was drained or filled up; every hollow tree was treated with kerosene; houses were disinfected and screened; and the breeding places of flies which are the carriers of typhoid and filth were cleared away. Every intelligent person in Tuscaloosa did his part toward keeping the town free from insects.

It was President Woodrow Wilson who appointed Dr. Gorgas Surgeon General of the United States Army. Under his direction, in the big camps all over the country, the army doctors tried hard to keep disease away and keep the soldiers strong and fit. The doctors were not satisfied with keeping the camp grounds clean, but for a distance of miles around woods, marshes and swamps were cleared of flies and mosquitoes. This was not all, the people in general, were taught more about health and sanitation than they ever knew before. Even the children began to realize that absolute cleanliness brings good health.

HIDDEN TREASURES

The Minerals of Alabama

FIVE slaves went into the stone quarries near Decatur and worked there every day until each had carved a big granite column. The task set for these skillful slaves was the carving of a huge post from blocks of stone. The granite from which the columns were made was hewn from boulders on the hillside at Trinity. The stone was rolled down to the river bank below by means of trees used as wheels and levers. Here, near the banks of the Tennessee River, these faithful negroes worked day in and day out until five columns were ready to adorn the bank building at Decatur for which they were made.

Trinity is only a few miles above Decatur, but in that day of river transportation and rough dirt roads it was no small matter to move five enormous columns of stone. At last the columns were set in place and the new State Bank at Decatur was completed. All of the slaves in the community were given a holiday and they came in wagons for miles around to join in the celebration of the opening of the bank. The president of the bank made a ringing speech and then motioned to the negroes who had carved the granite columns to come forward. They advanced and knelt in front of the president who

gave each one a legal paper that made him a free man forever.

The first bank building at Decatur is still standing, although it is no longer used as a bank. The handsome stone columns are often pointed out to visitors, for a great deal of Decatur's history is connected with that building. The quarries at Trinity supplied the granite that went into the Court House at Chattanooga, Tennessee, and a number of railroad bridges. Large quantities of granite have been shipped from Morgan country to various states.

Another interesting fact about that quarry at Trinity is that you can enter the mountain side there through a long, dark passage, three miles long, and come out on the other side of the mountain. The entrance to this cave is about two feet wide. If you are brave enough to take a torch and grope your way through the narrow passage you will find it is forty feet high in some places, while it is only eight feet high in others. Carvings on the face of the rocks prove that the Indians used the place as a cave long ago. After the Indians were all gone runaway slaves used it for a hiding place. During the War Between the States ammunition was stored in this passage.

Near this historic spot is another place where the Indians dug silver from the ground, so say the legends of the Red Men. They claim that silver bullets were made from the silver of this mine. If an Indian chief became offended he went on the war path with a silver bullet for his enemy. The legends

tell you that it meant sure death to the enemy. There really are signs of silver, gold, copper and other ores in the hills near Decatur.

Another discovery, valuable to the savages, was the "medicine rock" found in this neighborhood. From crevices between rocks a black tarry substance oozed out. This crude asphalt was used by the Indians as salve for their wounds. This is said to be the first asphalt found in America. It is used, in modern times, for building roads, paving streets and for many other valuable purposes.

Altogether the hills of Alabama are very valuable. There is no telling what you may find buried in their depths. They offer unlimited opportunities to boys and men who are ready with scientific training to search for the treasures hidden in them.

Graphite

Graphite is one of the minerals of Alabama which has attracted so much attention since the European War began. It was found in Talladega mountains during the War of 1861, and this is how it came about: When the Confederate Government found itself at war without any equipment whatever there was nothing to do but go to work and find material for equipment south of the Mason and Dixon line. It was in Alabama that most of this material was found. The coal and iron came from the hills around Birmingham, Tuscaloosa and Montevallo.

The Confederate Government sent Professor Gessner to the old copper mines in Talladega county

to find the chemicals necessary in making gun powder. Sulphur ore was the first mineral shipped from the Talladega mountains to Selma where gun powder was made for the army. Believing that



AN ALABAMA GRAPHITE MINE

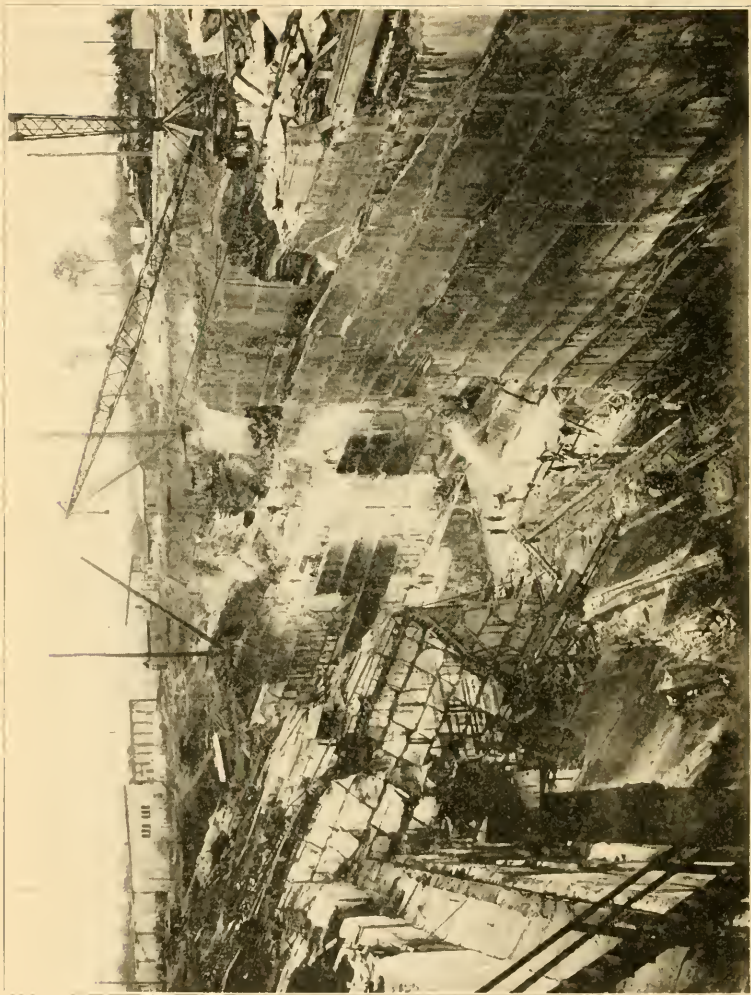
other valuable minerals could be found, Professor Gessner explored the mountains for miles around. Graphite was one of the things he discovered. But it was years later before it was successfully mined.

In the year 1916 a fever of graphite mining swept the state. Graphite mines were opened in Clay, Talladega, Cleburne, Coosa, Chilton and other counties. In making steel parts of a ship it is necessary to have a vessel for molten iron that will not break under intense heat. Graphite, mixed with a certain kind of clay, is the substance used in making these crucibles. It is the hardest substance known, except the diamond, and it is used not only in making crucibles but in making lead pencils, paints, lubricants, and a number of articles found in factories and furnaces. It looks like a coarse gray powder after it is separated from the ore. The chief difficulty in producing graphite lies in the fact that pure graphite is hard to separate from the finely ground ore. Little particles of rock mixed with graphite makes a low grade product.

Prospectors have spent a great deal of time and money trying to find the best way to separate the pure graphite from the ore. But in spite of this difficulty the state produced in 1915 nearly three and a half million pounds and no one knows how much graphite there is yet in the mineral region of Alabama.

Marble

To the hills of Talladega county came the Italian sculptor, Moretti, where he found what he had been hunting for seventeen years. Moretti made the statue of Vulcan which represented Alabama's mineral resources at the St. Louis Exposition. From Birmingham he started on a little tour of explora-



ALABAMA MARBLE

tion through the mineral region of this state. When he reached the old McKenzie place, near Talladega, he found, to his great joy, a big supply of the finest white marble in the world.

There are only three places that produce fine white marble. One is in Carrara, Italy, one in the state of Vermont, and the other in Talladega county, Alabama. Moretti said that the Alabama marble is the best in the world and there is an immense quantity of it. The sculptor made a marble slab, nine feet long, two feet wide and one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The slab was translucent, which means that one could almost see through it. Moretti sent this exquisite sample to Milan, to be placed in an art exhibit.

From the Talladega marble, Moretti carved his famous "Head of Christ." He made other beautiful statues also. The best art galleries in Europe contain statues made from Alabama marble. There are other kinds and grades of marble in the state, and vast quantities of it. There are gray marble, yellow marble and black marble. Just the marble alone in the state is worth millions and millions of dollars. The Post Office at Mobile is one of the handsome buildings that has been built of Alabama marble.

Gold and Precious Stones

People had known for years that there was gold near Jemison in Chilton county and looking for gold was a sort of pastime. One day a farmer discovered

grains of gold in a stream about seven miles from Jemison. The particles of gold were rough and jagged, so the man knew that the vein must be near. For if the gold had been washed a great distance the pieces would have been worn smooth. A careful search, however, failed to reveal any signs of the long-sought vein. Finally the man gave up the quest and threw his crowbar into a bunch of small trees to stay there until the spirit moved him again to take up his search for gold. But as the iron bar fell it struck something hard. This something proved to be a rock which was part of a vein of ore forty feet in width. At last a vein of gold was found. Gold mines were soon opened there and at other places near by and a good grade of ore that is fairly profitable is mined.

Nobody has ever grown rich by mining gold in Alabama, but money has been made by digging this precious metal from its hills. It is said that De Soto found gold in the country which is now Alabama; but the state was ten years old before the gold fever struck the prospectors who flocked to Georgia and Alabama.

Iron pyrites is a mineral resembling gold that is found in Alabama. This ore has deceived many miners who were looking for gold. But up to this time the iron pyrites are more valuable than the gold found in this state. It supplies the acid phosphate used in making fertilizer.

As specimens of valuable things found in Alabama, Dr. Eugene Smith, noted geologist, has in his

collection at the University of Alabama, a half dozen beautiful turquoise stones. These stones are about the size that a man would wear in his ring and they are the color of a robin's egg. Dr. Smith found these stones in Clay county. Another stone which the geologist found there was a beryl. It is set in a ring that was made of gold dug from the foothills of the Talladega mountains.

Lignite

All of the gold and most of the other minerals in this state are found in the mineral region of North Alabama, but in Coffee county there are large deposits of a mineral called lignite.

Before coal is coal it is something else. Decayed logs, leaves and plants stay in the ground for hundreds of years, until they become "peat." The poor people of Ireland burn this soft, wet sort of fuel. The next stage of development is lignite. After that it is the bituminous coal so plentiful in Alabama coal fields and the last stage is hard anthracite coal found in Pennsylvania.

For years the farmers around County Line burned the black soil under their syrup kettles. Then Dr. Eugene Smith examined this and pronounced it "lignite." Samples were sent to manufacturers in Europe who were delighted with the "briquettes, clean as a parlor floor," which they made from the samples. Nothing has ever been done to develop these lignite mines. But the lignite fields extend for several miles. The vein is forty feet

deep and it is quite likely that some of the boys who read this story will one day make a fortune right there near the line between Coffee and Pike counties.

Limestone

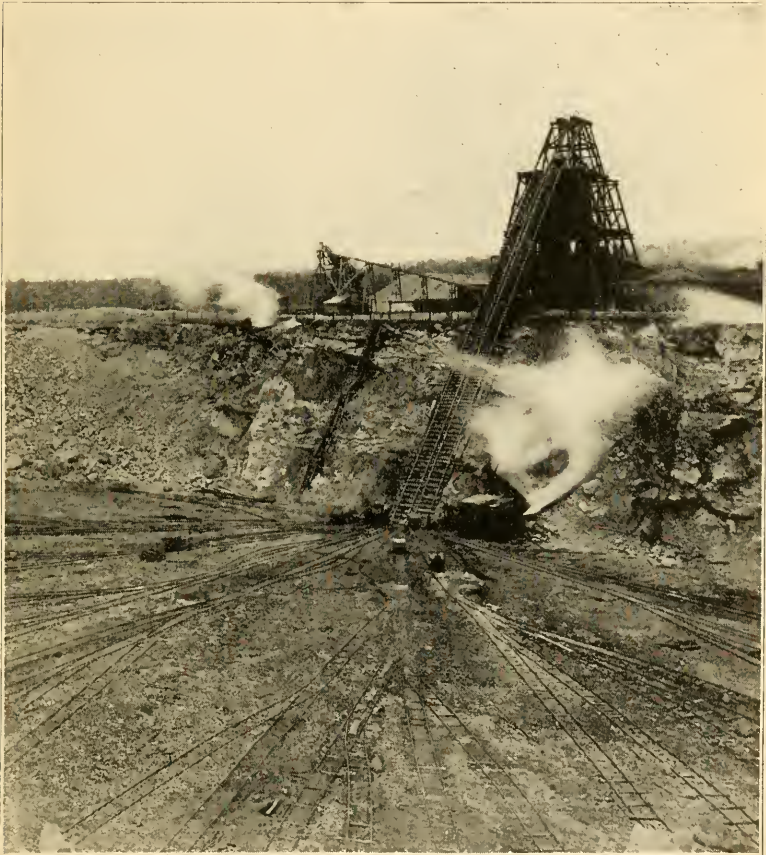
In Clarke county, where the big trees grow and the fields are white with cotton in the summer time, there was, in the years gone by, one vast stretch of water. For Clarke county, like the rest of the Gulf Coastal Plain was once under the sea. All that remains now of the sea, however, are the fossils that have been dug from the limestone quarries. In many homes there are flower stands, which are nothing more than the petrified bones of monstrous sea animals. The limestone found in this part of the state is soft until exposed to the sun and air for awhile then it becomes very hard. It is used largely in making cement.

Salt

One of the most interesting relics of Clarke county is the old salt wells. In a story which Professor T. L. Head wrote about the Salt works there he said: "Had the reader been on almost any public road in Clarke county during the years 1852 to 1864 he would have wondered where all those wagons were going. Some had two horses, many had four mules hitched to them. Each wagon was filled with old kettles, bedding, food stuff, provisions, poultry and whatever else could be eaten or bartered.

"A planter or his overseer was in the wagon and barefooted negroes followed on each side. Clouds

of dust hung continually over the earth. There were hundreds of such equipments on their way to the Salt Works. For miles before arriving at the



ALABAMA LIMESTONE QUARRY

Salt Works, one would pass large wagons loaded with wood, some drawn by as many as six mules, some by oxen. This wood was used in boiling down the salt water.

“When they reached the works, the mules were fed and arrangements made for a place to build a furnace and dig a well. Some of the negroes were set to work digging a well, others were sent with the wagon a mile or two to haul rock. A rude furnace was hastily built, wood hauled from wherever it could be secured and the work of salt making begun.”

There were private salt works, county works and state works. At all of these great crowds were engaged in making salt. The state did not store much salt at the works. For as fast as it was made it was shipped to Mobile, Demopolis, Selma, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Talladega. From there the home-folks and the Confederate soldiers were supplied with the salt which they so much needed.

Ochre and Clay

The largest ochre deposit in the United States is near Jackson. Ochre is a yellow ore. It is dug from the earth, hung in racks to be kiln-dried, then loaded, like coal, into cars and shipped away to be used in making paint.

Our state is rich in clays of all kinds. The coarser grades are used in making drain pipes and bricks. A fine clay, called Kaolin, is used in making insulators, pottery, etc. There is an inexhaustible supply of Kaolin in the mineral section of the state and during the late war there was a big demand for this high grade clay.

This story of hidden treasures really has no end. If every ton of coal and iron in the state could be removed, Alabama would still be one of the richest mineral states in the South. There is oil and natural gas, saltpeter, sulphur, copper, mica, graphite, pyrites, gold, silver, tin, manganese, asbestos, emery, soapstone, all sorts of clays, in fact, and all standard building stones. Indeed there are great stores of wealth waiting undisturbed in the hills of the state until the men of the future shall bring forth Nature's marvelous gift to Alabama.

THE LEGEND OF MUSCLE SHOALS

An Ideal Location for a City—Florence*

In the beginning of the world, so the Cherokees said, a beautiful water sprite, the Goddess of the Tennessee, was imprisoned by the Great Spirit beneath the rushing waves of Muscle Shoals. Throughout the ages the Prince of Power of the Air hovered near whispering his love upon the perfumed evening breeze or venting his despair in storm and tempest. Although his beloved flashed back her smiles and murmured tender secrets which only a lover could understand she could never come forth from her hiding place.

Just why the water sprite had been imprisoned the Cherokees did not explain but they believed this to be true. They said that the Prince of the Air and the Goddess of the Tennessee could never be united until there should appear a mighty magician who with a wave of his wand would bring together these spirits of the water and of the air. Then, thought the Red Men, there would follow such a reign of peace and plenty upon the earth as had never been known before.

It was not the Indians, alone, who felt the promise of this region. The white men also fell under its spell. In 1818 three Tennesseans, traveling through

*Adapted from Mrs. Emmett O'Neal's version of this story.

what is now Lauderdale county, Alabama, told each other that some day a great city would arise at the foot of Muscle Shoals on the hill where Florence now stands. These three men were General John Coffee, who won fame in the Battle of New Orleans, Judge John McKinley, who became a Supreme Court Judge of the United States, and James Jackson, a wealthy turfman, whose thoroughbred horses became known the world over.

They bought up the land for miles around from the Indians and they organized "The Cypress Land Company." They had the town of Florence surveyed and plotted and then they advertised a big land sale. Among the purchasers of lots there in the woods near Muscle Shoals were three presidents of the United States—Madison, Monroe and Jackson, and the records show that they paid a fancy price for the land they bought.

Although no one dreamed in that day of the enormous value of water power, still the Tennessee river was regarded as a prime factor in the growth of Florence. And so the town started with a boom and prospered greatly for forty years. Then came the War Between the States in which the people of North Alabama suffered more than those of other sections, and Florence furnished her share of the South's heroes. Later she furnished her share of the State's governors. Governor Patton, Governor Moore, Governor Edward O'Neal, and years later, his son, Governor Emmett O'Neal came from Florence to the State Capitol as its executive head.

After the war and after the Reconstruction, Florence again awoke to the value of her water power. The little water sprite was still flirting with the Prince of the Air and they were both waiting for the Magician's wand to set her free.

Then one day came General George Goethals, sent by the United States Government, to build a canal at Muscle Shoals so that boats might ply up and down the Tennessee river. But General Goethals did not even know that the Goddess of the Tennessee was imprisoned beneath the waters, because only children and forest folks know anything about sprites and fairies. Just a plain general could not be expected to understand all of that. After the great man had completed as much of his work as the government would allow he left Florence and later on became famous for his work at the Panama Canal.

Sometime afterward, men of science began seeing visions that consisted chiefly of water power and electric currents. And every one knows that at Muscle Shoals is the best place in the world to see visions of that kind. Every time the big men stood on the banks of the Tennessee and talked about nitrate, water power, electric current and matters of that nature, the Prince of the Air perhaps took heart and whispered low to his sweetheart beneath the rushing waters, " 'Twill not be long, little Goddess of the Tennessee!" Then maybe she would nod and smile and say things which only a beautiful water sprite knows how to say.

Commercial Value of Muscle Shoals

When the big guns in Europe were booming forth their demands for ammunition, the United States Government appropriated \$20,000,000 for building plants to manufacture nitrates. For you see, Ammonium Nitrate is a high explosive that is used in filling shells. In the fall of 1917 the Government undertook the building of two nitrate plants on the Tennessee river, near Florence, Sheffield and Tusculumbia—"The Tri-cities."

A few months later President Wilson authorized the development of the Muscle Shoals water power by the Government. You must know that the water power at Muscle Shoals is so great that it could run every factory in Alabama if it were properly harnessed. The power furnished by the big dam that was built there turns the wheels which operate the dynamo and the dynamo supplies the electric current which takes the nitrogen from the air.

Not only ammunition but fertilizer also is made at Sheffield Nitrate Plant. When a farmer wishes to grow large crops he of course fertilizes his land. If fertilizer can be made by taking nitrogen from the air and changing it into plant food the farmer can buy his fertilizer cheap. Four-fifths of all the air is nitrogen and there is enough nitrogen over the smallest county in the state to keep the human race going for centuries.

Taking the nitrogen from the air by means of the electric current is a wonderful discovery. Using water power for putting nitrogen in shape for plant

food will help to end the high cost of living. For the farmers can raise many times as much food on the same amount of land if they can buy cheap fertilizer. Then of course they can afford to sell their crops for less.

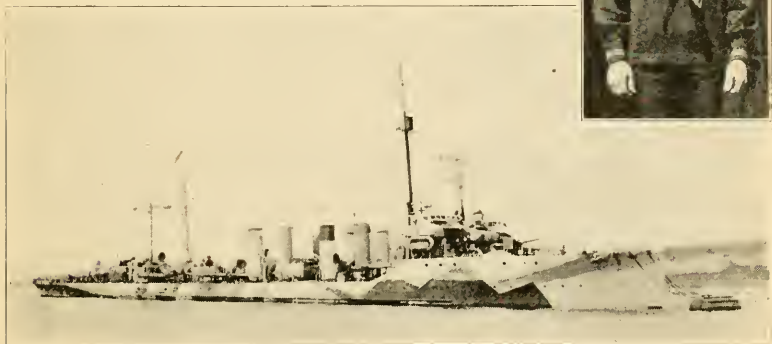
The shoals in the Tennessee river were made by little fish called "Mussels." (Also spelled M-u-s-c-l-e). For thousands of years mussel shells piled up layer upon layer, until there was a mountain of mussel shells built up from the bottom of the river making the stream impassable for boats.

Besides furnishing fertilizer to the farmers and ammunition to the warriors, the big project at Muscle Shoals will perform another great service for all the people. Two huge concrete dams are being built (1919) that will change the river at that point into a deep narrow lake nearly seventy miles long. When the big dams are completed water will pour into the lake thus formed until the channel is deep enough for the boats to go over the shoals without touching the mountain of shells in the river. Then boats can go the whole length of the Tennessee into the Ohio and thence into the Mississippi river down to the Gulf of Mexico. Altogether the Muscle Shoals project will mean billions of dollars for Alabama people. Next best to that, the little Water Sprite has been set free to join the Prince of the Air and "live happy ever afterwards."

ALABAMA'S SHARE IN THE GREAT WORLD WAR

The Daring and Adventure of the Brave Boys of Alabama

OSMOND KELLY INGRAM stood at his post as gunner's mate on the American destroyer, *Cassin*. The ship's crew had expected a German submarine to appear at just any hour of the day or night. When young Ingram actually saw the submarine a short distance away he forgot everything except that his vessel was in danger. When he saw



OSMOND KELLY INGRAM AND THE U. S. S. CASSIN

the torpedo coming straight toward the American vessel, quick wit and a spirit of sacrifice prompted Kelly Ingram to perform his heroic deed. Seizing a quantity of high explosives the brave sailor lad

threw them into the sea so that they would fall between the torpedo and the *Cassin*. When the torpedo struck, Ingram was blown overboard by the force of the explosion. But not another man on board was killed. A few days later word came to the mother in the little home at Pratt City, Alabama, that her son had given his life for the country he loved. Then Mrs. Betty Ingram answered as a hero's mother would, "I'd rather give my other sons also than to have Germany win."

Alabama furnished nearly three thousand men for the Navy, with about forty naval commanders; among them were Rear Admiral John Hood, Richard Harrison Jackson and Henry A. Wiley. This state also sent men into the Aviation section, the Tank corps, the Marines and the Regular Army. In the War with Germany, eighty thousand Alabamians wore the uniform. This number was furnished from a population of two million, three hundred thousand.

Alabama blood darkened the waters of the Marne, the Oureq, the Meuse, and men from this state went to the Rhine. It was an Alabamian, in command of the Second Army Corps, who told the French commander that "American soldiers would not understand the order to retreat," and added, "We are going to attack." They did attack and drove back the enemy at Chateau Thierry. From that moment American forces went steadily forward, never losing ground, and the quick end of the War dated from the time when Robert Lee Bullard of Opelika refused to retreat.

In the War with Germany Alabama furnished one Lieutenant-General, five Major-Generals, six Brigadier-Generals, more than seventy-five Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels and such a long list of Majors, Captains and Lieutenants that it would take a whole book to tell you about them. The names of the highest field officers are: Lieutenant-General Robert Lee Bullard, Major-Generals William L. Sibert, William C. Gorgas, Frank McIntyre, R. E. Noble, and Ernest Hinds; Brigadier-Generals John B. McDonald, Robert E. Steiner, Eli D. Hoyle, George Estes, Jr., Sedgwick Pratt, and Mathew C. Smith.

The 82nd Division of the American Expeditionary Forces contained as many Alabama men as did the Rainbow Division. They fought in some of the fiercest battles of the war and quite distinguished themselves in the Argonne Forest, which was the greatest battle fought by Americans. In the 81st Division there were enough Alabama soldiers to make up an entire regiment if such a regiment had been desired. They fought nobly at Chateau Thierry and in Ar-



ROBERT LEE BULLARD
LIEUT. GENERAL

gonne and won distinction there. There were Alabama men in other divisions and wherever they fought, they fought like the sons of Southern soldiers, brave and true.

Alabama's "Fighting Fourth"

The men of the "Old Fourth Alabama" Infantry Regiment were by no means the only Alabama soldiers who won honor and glory on the fields of France, but they were the first to go overseas. Theirs was the first regiment in the American Expeditionary Forces to receive a Medal of Honor and theirs was the first American unit to capture German prisoners without aid from the French or British. They were the first to take over a complete sector of trenches on the front line. And they stayed longer on front line duty than any other regiment from America.

These men of the "Old Fourth Alabama" saw service on the Mexican border in the fall and winter of 1916-1917 when troops were sent there by the United States Government to put an end to Mexican raids upon Uncle Sam's territory. Then they came back to Montgomery where they continued their training for real warfare. With Colonel William P. Screws in command, the regiment left Montgomery the latter part of August for Camp Mills, on Long Island. There the "Old Fourth Alabama" became a part of the Rainbow or 42nd Division, after which the regiment was known as the 167th Infantry.

It was a dark day for Alabama and indeed it was a dark day for the whole world when thirty-six hundred Alabama men sailed from New York in the fall of 1917, knowing that they would never come back until Germany was beaten and shorn of her cruel power. It was early in December when they reached France, where the 167th Infantry spent its first Christmas overseas. There the officers gave the little French children a real American Christmas tree and all the soldiers had a regular Christmas dinner.

About the middle of February, 1918, the regiment had its first taste of European warfare. A German bomb was dropped near their headquarters and a few days later the regiment moved into the trenches in the Lorraine sector.

The reckless daring, the impudent attacks, and the cold, steady nerve of the Alabama boys in "No Man's Land" caused great glee and satisfaction in the camps of the Allies. "No Man's Land" meant any strip of land that lay between the German line and the Allies' line. Sometimes it was a forest, at times it was only fifty yards wide.

Our men stayed in the country around Luneville and Baccarat until July. During that time they repulsed raids and captured many prisoners, but they lost a few of their own number. On leaving this sector, the regiment moved by railway and by forced night marches to the Champagne front, near Chalons, where on July 15-18 it met and repulsed one of the most vicious attacks ever launched by

the German army. Then moving by foot, by rail and by trucks, the regiment hurried to the edge of a big forest northeast of Chateau Thierry, where they took part in the worst hand-to-hand fight of the war, at Croix Rouge Farm.

During the last days of July, our troops reached the Ourcq river, where the Second Battalion dis-



STAFF OFFICERS OF THE 167TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

Sitting: Lieut.-Col. Walter E. Bare; Col. William P. Screws; Major Herbert B. May; Major John M. Smith.

Standing: Lieut. P. W. Austin; Lieut. Lechartee (French Liason Officer); Lieut. Pricebur (French Interpreter); Capt. George W. Spann; Major William I. Cole; Major Robert Burns; Lieut. Bryant Snyder.

Third Row: Lieut. F. W. McKron; Lieut. J. I. Cole.

tinguished itself by crossing the river in the center of the Division in the face of terrific artillery and machine gun fire. After the fighting near Chateau Thierry the regiment was ordered to rest, but early in September it was again moving by night marches to take part in the St. Mihiel drive. The 167th

was in the middle of the 42nd Division, which delivered the main blow in this offensive. Shortly afterwards the regiment stormed and captured two mighty German positions. One was known as "Cote de Chatillon" and the other was called "Hill 288." The Huns thought these places could never be taken, but the Americans smashed through Hindenburg's line and put to rout the Kaiser's forces.

Then came the desperate fighting through the great Argonne Forest. On the date the Armistice was signed the 167th regiment was in a few miles of Sedan on the Meuse river. Those who survived went with the "Army of Occupation" and began their "Watch on the Rhine."

In the early part of May, 1919, Colonel "Bill" Screws brought his boys back home. Not a man among them showed any disposition to seek honors. In fact, the men who were decorated for bravery said, themselves, that others deserved the medals just as much as those who were cited and the officers declared that there was not a coward in the regiment.

Many stories are told of wounded soldiers who stayed at their posts and continued to fight until they fell and of young officers who led their men straight into the jaws of death and did not falter even when they were hurt. Wounded men carried their half-dead comrades to safety. Brave fellows crawled through gas and fire to drag back their mates who had fallen. Unspeakable days and nights were spent in the filthy trenches and in long

watches in the cold and rain, without food and without shelter. Mere boys stood by their guns, aiming straight and true, while cannon roared, bombs burst, and the dead lay all around them. Many young fellows drove through terrible dangers to carry food to the army or to bring back those who had fallen in battle. And cooks stood in the midst of shot and shell serving drinks to the fighting men. These are the men who came back to Alabama or who now "lie sleeping where the poppies grow."

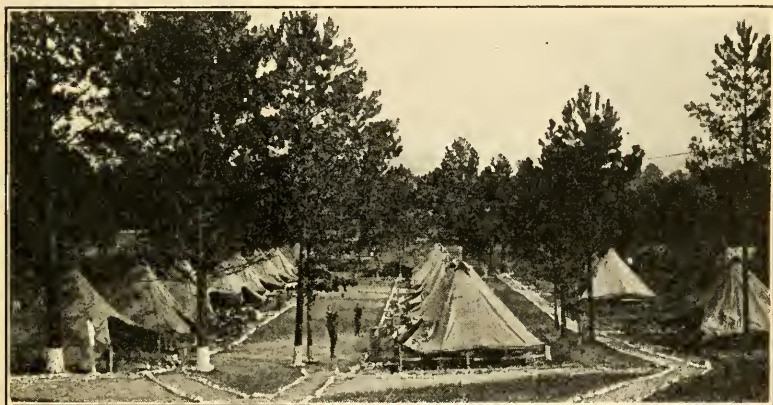
In order that you may understand just why the 167th was called "the best fighting regiment in the army" a few stories of the heroic deeds our men performed are here given:

At daybreak on the 15th day of July, 1918, German troops were seen advancing in great waves toward the point in the Champagne sector where the 167th Infantry regiment was stationed. Company G and Company H met them first. All about shells burst, tearing big trees to pieces and hurling them about; trenches were caved in as if by an earthquake; shells exploded, filling the trenches with their horrible gas and pieces of shrapnel flew about like bees in a swarm.

It was in that fighting that Corporal Major D. Riley sprang up to the parapet of his trench while bullets fell around him and with his rifle picked off the German who was firing the big gun opposite. Another German took the gun but Riley jumped up and shot him. Five times this same thing happened. Then a French officer pulled young Riley down and

kissed him on both cheeks. Another German took the gun and Riley leaped to his perch again. But this time the enemy's bullet struck him on the head and Corporal Riley's brave heart stopped beating.

In that same battle, over on another road, Corporal William S. Hughes saw a column of Germans advancing. He could not handle his gun to the best advantage in his cramped position in the trench so he climbed out in spite of the artillery fire, pulled



A COMPANY STREET AT CAMP MCCLELLAN, ANNISTON, ALABAMA

his gun from its emplacement, put it on the parapet and waited until the Huns came within two hundred yards of him. Then he opened fire. Germans began to fall and very soon they were retreating at full speed.

It was in this battle, also, that Brock Hill of Gadsden shot down the first German airplane that was brought to earth by an American soldier's rifle. While thirty-eight enemy airplanes flew low over the

American lines some of the soldiers suggested to Brock Hill that he could bring one down. He missed his aim the first shot but the second killed the pilot in one of the planes. In a few moments the expert rifleman from Gadsden saw the Hun plane crash to the ground just before it reached the German lines.

During this very battle of Chalons in the Champagne, Walter F. Russell of Anniston earned the gratitude of his regiment and the highest praise from his commander. A number of Mechanic Russell's comrades were lying wounded in the front line trenches. Without a thought of danger the Anniston soldier rushed through the lines to rescue them from death. Back and forth he went carrying out the stricken men. Bullets whizzed around him, shells burst, and deadly gas filled the air. Russell found that he could not work fast enough with his gas mask on so he threw aside the mask and worked steadily on until he had saved all of his comrades that he could. Several months later he marched with some of them into Germany with the victorious Army of Occupation.

After Captain Mortimer H. Jordan received the wound which caused his death the men who ran to his assistance heard him say, "Don't trouble about me. Look after those wounded men out there."

At three o'clock on the afternoon of July 25, 1918, the men of the 167th Infantry, after an all night ride in trucks, advanced toward the enemy's stronghold in the Forest de Fere. Two American divisions with a noted French division were already

there and sorely in need of the help which the 167th brought. The thick woods were filled with snipers and machine gun nests. Enemy aviators flew over the lines, dropping bombs or carrying back information to the Germans. Heavy artillery fire mowed down the front lines and poured shot and shell into the concentration point in the rear where fresh troops were brought up.

On the northern edge of the great woods was the Croix Rouge (Red Cross) Farm. In the center of the farm was the farm house, a huge walled-in affair of stone and mortar, that was like an old-style fortress. This farm house afforded protection for the Boches who were pouring constant fire from their big guns into the French and American forces. The enemy held the woods all around and on the high places guns were hidden from which continuous fire fell upon the Allied army. Night came on and the artillery fire continued. To make matters worse a cold rain set in. "Fox" holes scooped out of the earth or a roadside gully were the only shelters our men had. Early next morning patrols were sent out to discover what they could about the enemy. Numbers of Alabama men gave their lives that day in patrol work and no one ever knew just what chances they took nor how great was their sacrifice.

On the afternoon of July 26, about four o'clock, Colonel William P. Screws received an order saying that his men were to "go over the top" in about one hour. Lieutenant-Colonel Walter E. Bare of Gadsden was told to deliver the order to Major John Car-

roll and Major Dallas B. Smith who were in command of the front line battalions, two miles away, and then to take charge of the advance lines during the attack.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bare jumped on his motorcycle and rode like the wind most of the way. Heavy artillery fire fell all around him but he kept right on. When he was within half a mile of the First Battalion a large tree was shot down across his pathway, so he left his motorcycle and set out on a run with the order.

The First Battalion received the order at forty-five minutes past four o'clock and five minutes later they "went over the top." In another five minutes the Third Battalion had received the order and had obeyed it too. The First Battalion was given the task of clearing a strip of woods that adjoined the farm. The Third Battalion was ordered to clear another strip of forest that lay between it and the farm, to take the farm house and then swing across another strip of woods and take the Croix Blanche Farm.

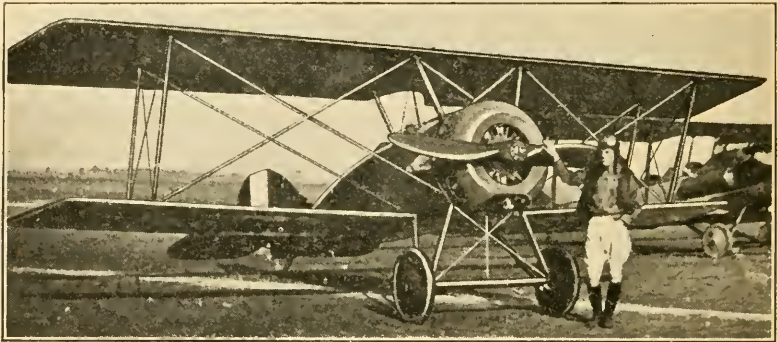
Nothing more dreadful than that fight in the Forest de Fere has ever been known. Red lines painted broadly on tree trunks facing the advancing Americans were afterwards found. These were the resting places for the enemy's guns. With their guns laid in these bands they had only to pull the trigger and keep feeding their weapons. So the German gunners sat in their hiding places and without even having to take aim fired their murderous guns, while our men, facing shot and shell, pushed steadily

forward toward the hated foe. Among the first to fall was Captain Julien M. Strassburger, the gallant commander of the 167th Machine Gun Company. Hundreds of our men were killed or wounded but the battalion forged ahead.

The enemy's fire was so terrific and the loss of Alabama troops so great that men of less spirit and courage would have fallen back. But our men did not falter. In what seemed the worst moment of the day's battle Lieutenant Ernest E. Bell with fifty-eight men of Company D and Lieutenant Robert Espy with fifty-two men of Company B made a wild charge to take the enemy's position. Across the bare road these two platoons rushed pell mell shooting and yelling like young demons. The Boche saw them coming and panic seized them. Under Captain Bryant Whitehurst, who took command of the new arrivals, they captured twenty-seven machine guns and routed the Huns completely. All but twenty-three of Lieutenant Bell's and eighteen of Lieutenant Espy's men were lost, but their reckless daring put new courage into the hearts of the Allies.

The Third Battalion in the meantime was having like experiences. They lost so many men that victory seemed very far away. But the reserve battalion under Major Everett Jackson was ordered to their assistance and some splendid Georgia troops were on the scene. In the face of heavy machine gun fire that was poured from enemy guns within the stone farm house these Southern men charged and actually put the Germans to rout.

It was during the last onslaught of the Huns that day when Major John Carroll shouted to his grim-faced fighters, "Save your fire, men! We'll give them the bayonet!" American soldiers soon found out that Germans could not stand before cold steel. The sight of those gleaming bayonets in the hands of war-mad foes was more than the Huns could face. For an instant they stood as if stunned and then turned and fled for their lives.



A SCOUT PLANE MADE AT THE AVIATION REPAIR DEPOT, MONTGOMERY

By eight o'clock, on the evening of the 27th, the Croix Rouge Farm and a good part of the Forest de Fere was in the hands of the Americans. The big guns in the forest were silenced and a mighty fear was in the ranks of the Boche. It was after that battle that a German officer said of the Alabamians, "They fight machine guns with their bare hands." Victory for the Allies seemed very much more certain after that time when the Fourth Alabama Infantry Regiment wrote its name in the history of the war

by driving the Germans back at Chateau Thierry and the Croix Rouge Farm.

The Battle of the Oureq followed the capture of Chateau Thierry and the Rainbow Division was thrown into the line. It waded through the German army until it reached the Oureq river. Along with the rest of the Rainbow Division came the 167th Infantry and Corporal Sidney E. Manning of Company G. Corporal Manning was in command of an automatic rifle squad during an attack on the heights that overlooked the Oureq river. In the advance on the hills along the river Corporal Manning's platoon commander was killed. Then the platoon sergeant was wounded and Corporal Manning took command.

The Germans were strongly entrenched in a position that dominated the entire Oureq Valley. They were surrounded by barbed wire and defended by machine guns. Manning had only thirty-five men left in the platoon but he knew that the German stronghold had to be taken if there was to be any victory for the Americans in that battle. His platoon was near the center of the assaulting line and under constant fire. But Manning's men followed their leader right up to the enemy's strong point. The withering fire killed all but seven of those brave lads and Manning was repeatedly wounded.

While these men held on with grim determination to win or die fighting a squad of Germans approached to relieve the besieged position. They came within fifty yards of Manning's heroic seven but few of them ever reached the German stronghold. For

Manning set up his automatic rifle and kept up such a murderous fire into that group of Huns that he kept them back for hours.

Not until the entire American line had reached the crest of the hill and consolidated its strength to beat down the Huns did Corporal Manning quit his post and crawl back to shelter. He was the only man left of the whole platoon and he had nine wounds when the surgeon found him.

In the whole 167th regiment there were two men who were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor which is the highest honor our government can bestow. A soldier from Idaho was one of them and Sidney E. Manning of Flomaton, Alabama, was the other. Corporal Manning came back to Alabama and the people were very proud of his Medal of Honor but he was too brave to boast. He said that any other man would have done the same thing.

A good story was told of an Alabama man who was wounded during the St. Mihiel drive. His name is unknown but he would tell you himself that it does not matter about the name since a hundred other fellows would have done the same thing had they been given a chance. That is the way all the returned soldiers talk.

This Alabamian was hit in the leg and had to be sent to the hospital. Two Hun prisoners who had been captured also had to be sent to the rear. It seemed a pity to the wounded fighter for a perfectly good man to be taken from the fighting line to carry the prisoners away. So he volunteered to take them

to the rear himself. A litter was found, the Alabamian was placed upon it, and with a pistol in one hand, he forced the prisoners to carry him all the way. On arriving, he turned them over to a guard and then he was carried to the hospital.

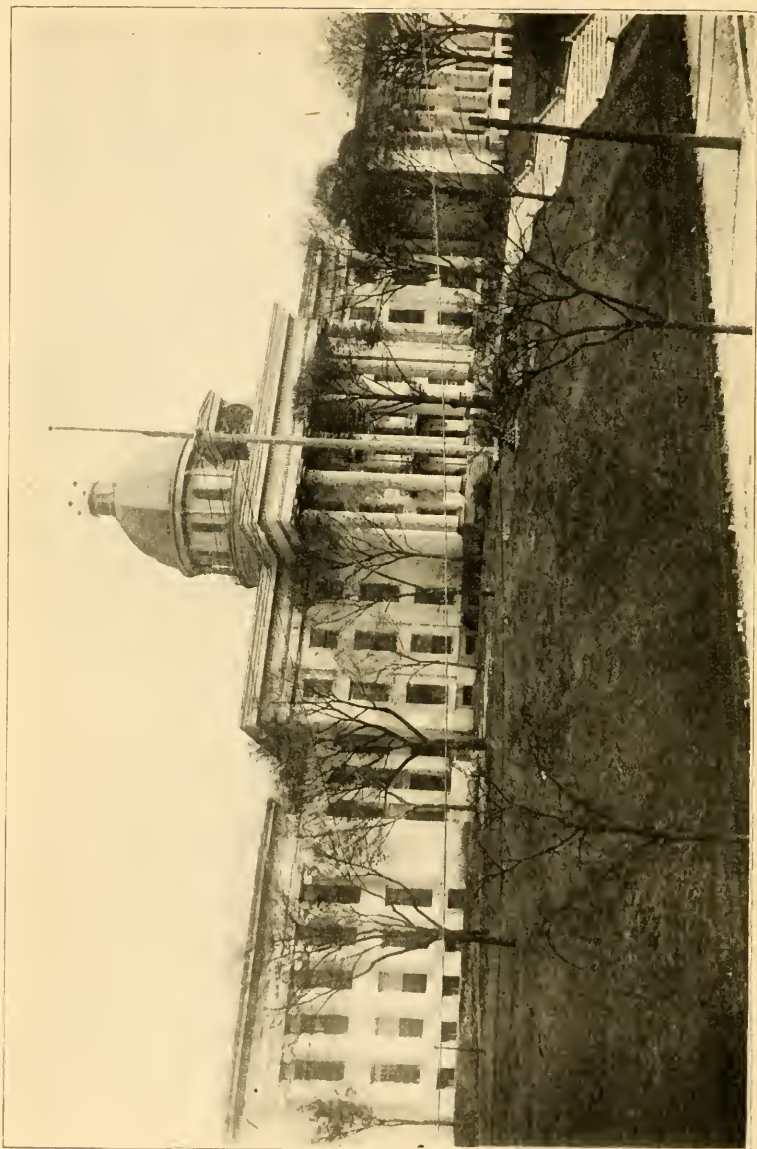
On the 14th day of October the Second and Third Battalions of the 167th Infantry with other troops attacked the enemy in his strongest position. The Germans thought the Allies could never take the Cote de Chatillon in the Argonne Forest, for it was strongly fortified and protected by heavy artillery with a large force of men. But the Germans were disappointed. They were driven out and their machine gun nests cleaned out by the reckless advance of the Alabama and Iowa soldiers.

Right behind the first wave of the attack came Sergeant Ralph Atkinson and his Stokes Mortar Platoon. When the Germans fell back Sergeant Atkinson found himself with part of his platoon at the most advanced point reached by our troops. Then came the news that more than two hundred Huns were a short distance away advancing for a counter attack. There was no time to "dig in" and set up the big gun properly. But Ralph Atkinson knew that Stokes gun had to be fired. Calling to Sergeant Talmage May and Sergeant Austin to help him, one gun was placed in position. There was no chance to plant the gun securely or to attach the barrel to the elevating stand. Crouching and placing the barrel of the gun between his knees, he told his comrades to load for him. Holding the barrel with his hands

and guiding and directing the fire by eye, Atkinson kept a steady downpour of twelve-pound shells dropping and bursting among the enemy. A few such shells were enough. Those Germans were smart enough to run and they did. As they fled Atkinson coolly lifted his range and kept firing as long as there was a chance to hit a Hun. Of course he was given the Distinguished Service Cross and his mother was the happiest woman in the city when it was pinned on him at the State Capitol during the celebration of the Old Fourth Alabama's Homecoming.

Thirty-five other men of the regiment were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross overseas. Ten received the Croix de Guerre. Lieutenant Edward W. Wren of Talladega won the Belgian "Order of the Crown," and Charles S. Maas of Selma won the Military Medal which Belgium bestows, and one hundred and twenty citations for bravery have already been accorded to other Alabama soldiers in the 167th regiment. But nothing can compensate for the twenty-six hundred wounded men or the six hundred dead who lie in heroes' graves. It was the great General Foch, in command of all the Allied armies, who said, "God bless Alabama."

Because Alabama men fought so fiercely, the French soldiers called them "The Tigers," but the little French children called them "Les bons Americains" which means "The good Americans."



STATE CAPITOL

PART II

Important Events in Alabama History

SPANISH EXPLORATIONS

THE man who discovered Alabama was Hernando De Soto. In his youth he had gone to Peru with Pizarro and aided in the conquest of that great country. Returning to Spain, he was made governor of Cuba and granted the right to explore the region known as Florida.

De Soto believed, as did other Spaniards, that the land was filled with gold and precious stones. He had no trouble in finding companions for his journey, and in May, 1539, he landed with a thousand men on the shore of Tampa Bay. He slowly made his way to where Tallahassee now stands, and then westward to Pensacola Bay. At this point the Spaniards were told that gold was to be found to the north, and they marched into what is now Georgia. De Soto's army wandered over many miles of forests in Georgia, sometimes without food, and often weary and discouraged. At last they came to the Coosa River, which they followed downstream. On July 2, 1540, they entered the present state of Alabama in what is now Cherokee County.

So far as is known this was the first time that white men had set foot on Alabama soil.

The most disastrous happening of De Soto's wanderings through Alabama was the battle of Mauvilla. Tuscaloosa, "The Black Warrior," resented the cruel treatment of the Indians by the newcomers, and led ten thousand warriors in an attack



COLUMNS LEFT BY DE SOTO

upon the Spaniards. The chief himself was slain and his warriors defeated, but the Spaniards also suffered heavy loss.

It was in April of the following year that De Soto discovered the Mississippi River. The next winter, after a vain search for gold, he returned to the banks of the Mississippi River. There he died and his body was buried in the river that he had discovered.

FRENCH COLONISTS

MORE than 150 years after De Soto's disastrous expedition another attempt was made to settle the land called Florida. La Salle, a French Canadian, floated down the Mississippi from the Great Lakes and in the name of Louis XIV of France took possession of all the land drained by the great river and its tributaries. He named the country Louisiana, in honor of the French king. He convinced King Louis that colonies along the Mississippi, uniting with the French colonies in Canada, would lay the foundation of a French empire in America.

The first French colonists sent to Louisiana entered Mobile Bay in 1699. Iberville, a French Canadian, was their leader. His two brothers, Sauvolle and Bienville, assisted him. They sounded the channel along Massacre Island (now Dauphin Island), examined the shores of the mainland, and then made a temporary settlement at Biloxi. This location was not satisfactory and in a few months the colonists came back to a place on the Mobile River.

At Twenty-seven Mile Bluff, on the Mobile River, the first permanent white settlement in Alabama was made in 1702. Iberville ordered a fort built and in a short time rude cabins for the settlers were erected. He named this settlement Fort Louis

de la Mobile. Iberville died and the work of directing the colony fell upon Bienville. On account of the overflows from the river, the fort was moved down to the present site of Mobile, which was founded by Bienville in 1711.

Bienville was in charge of the colony for nearly forty years, although during part of that time other Frenchmen were allowed to assume authority and to interfere with Bienville's plans for the colony. Once he was recalled to France, where he stayed for several years before returning to his people in Louisiana.

English traders began coming into the forests and English settlers moved into the rich country. Troubles arose and each nation tried hard to keep the friendship and the trade of the Indians. The French were usually kind and just to the Red Men and most of the tribes were friendly toward them.

In order to control the trade with the Creek and Alabama Indians, Bienville, in 1714, built Fort Toulouse on a neck of land between the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers, four miles below Wetumpka. Twenty years later Bienville built Fort Tombeebe, near Jones' Bluff, on the Tombigbee, to protect French interests among the Chickasaws.

QUESTIONS

Who led the first party of white men into the land that is now Alabama?

Why did the Spaniards come to this country?

What Indian chief led his warriors in an attack against the Spaniards?

What famous battle was fought between the Spaniards and Indians, on Alabama soil?

Who was La Salle? Where was the land he called "Louisiana?"

Who brought the first white settlers to Louisiana?

Where was the first permanent white settlement made in Alabama?

Who was the great leader of the French colonists?

When was Mobile founded?

Where was Fort Toulouse? Who built it? Why?

What fort was built on the Tombigbee about twenty years later?

DISPUTES OVER TERRITORY

THE country lying in the Mississippi valley, called Louisiana, was the cause of endless disputes. France, Spain and England each claimed parts of the territory and their claims overlapped. There were really no definite boundaries and the territory changed owners several times.

After the French and Indian wars, in which the British were victorious, France lost all of her possessions in America. All of the territory east of the Mississippi except the Isle of Orleans fell to the British by the Treaty of Paris, thus giving Mobile to the British. Florida was divided into two provinces, East Florida and West Florida, separated by the Appalachicola river. By a secret treaty France had ceded to Spain all of her territory west of the Mississippi and the Isle of Orleans.

In 1765 the English began the purchase of lands from the Indians. This opened West Florida and the whole Southwest territory to white settlement. Trade increased and business flourished in spite of storms, sickness and quarrels over the territory.

In 1779 England declared war against Spain. Galvez, the Spanish governor of Louisiana, made a dash upon the English forts in the South and captured all of them. Mobile fell into the hands of the

Spaniards and remained a Spanish stronghold for thirty-two years. Spain also occupied West Florida.

The Treaty of Peace between the United States and England, after the War of the Revolution, gave to the United States all of the territory east of the Mississippi and north of 31° north latitude. And by the Treaty of Madrid, Spain gave up her claims to West Florida south of 31° latitude.

In 1799 Andrew Ellicott was sent by the United States government to survey the boundary line. "Ellicott's Stone" was set up below St. Stephens to mark the line between Spanish and American territory. The Spaniards were not satisfied with this division of territory and gave the American settlers a great deal of trouble.

In 1800 Spain secretly ceded back to France all of Louisiana except that portion lying south of 31° latitude and between the Perdido and Mississippi rivers. In 1803 the United States bought from Napoleon, ruler of France, all of the French possessions in America. This was known as the Louisiana Purchase. But Spain claimed that Mobile, lying in the territory between the Mississippi and Perdido rivers, was not properly in Louisiana. The United States claimed the Perdido river as the eastern limit of the Louisiana Purchase. General James Wilkinson moved against the city and captured it, and since that time Mobile has remained under American rule.

During the War of 1812, between the United States and England, the Spaniards became especially troublesome. The Creek War in the South was really part of America's war with England, and General Jackson was giving his attention to suppressing Indian outbreaks in the South.

THE PASSING OF THE RED MEN

THE famous ruler of the Creek Indians was Alexander McGillivray. He was the most influential man in Indian history and the cause of grave concern to the Government during George Washington's time. Through him the Creeks were finally persuaded to sign a treaty with the whites, giving up a large part of their lands and promising peace between the two races. This was when McGillivray and his chiefs made their trip to New York upon the President's invitation.

The United States Government employed capable men to take charge of Indian affairs in various places. George Strother Gaines was the agent whom the government sent among the Indians of Alabama. He was not only a splendid government agent, but a real friend to the Indians.

A Land Office was established at St. Stephens and immigrants in large numbers came from other states to settle the land grants they had received from the United States Government. As white settlers moved in the Indians were gradually crowded out. But the government tried to make some sort of satisfactory returns to the original owners for their lands. Money, provisions and homes in the West was the usual payment.

The principal Indian tribes who lived in Alabama

and who gave up their lands to white settlers were the Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws and Cherokees. The Chickasaws ceded 350,000 acres of land in the bend of the Tennessee River. The Cherokees granted a mail route from Knoxville to New Orleans while the Choctaws, at Mt. Dexter, gave up 5,000,000 acres. The whole Mississippi Territory, of which Alabama was a part, was then open to American settlers.

Creek chiefs granted the right of a horse-path through their country and agreed to build ferries, bridges and accommodation houses for travelers. The Choctaws signed the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek. Not long thereafter the Chickasaws and Creeks also signed agreements to move west of the Mississippi.

The Cherokees signed a treaty in which the United States Government agreed to give them \$5,000,000 and homes in the West in exchange for their lands.

The white settlers insisted upon moving into their new homes before the Indians were ready to leave for the West. Difficulties arose and the noted Francis Scott Key was sent by the government to bring about a satisfactory understanding. For hundreds of years the Red Men had roamed at will over the broad acres which were their natural birthright. But in 1838 the last of the Indian tribes, the Cherokees, removed to the West.

Descendants of Indian leaders are still living in this state. Among the honorable names are Me-

Gillivray, Weatherford, Osceola, Stan Watie, Colbert, Ridge, Ross, Tait, Sequoyah and McIntosh.

The encroachment of the whites upon Indian lands and the influence of Tecumseh and other Indian prophets who hated the white men led to outbreaks and savage attacks upon white settlers. The campaign against the Indians in the South, which lasted for more than a year, is known as the Creek War. William Weatherford, "The Red Eagle," was the mighty leader of the Indians before and during this war.

Pushmataha, noted as an orator, and chief of the Choctaws befriended the white people and led his warriors against the Creeks. General Andrew Jackson led the American forces to subdue them. General John Coffee, "the right arm of Jackson," distinguished himself in this war. He afterwards settled in this state and became a surveyor in North Alabama.

Among the principal battles of the Creek War were the Battle of Burnt Corn, the Massacre at Fort Mims, the Battle at Talladega, the Battle of the Holy Ground, and the Battle of Horse Shoe Bend. It was in the last named battle that Major Lemuel P. Montgomery was killed. In his honor Montgomery was named. After the Battle of Horse Shoe Bend, Weatherford surrendered to Jackson.

It was only after this victory over the Creeks that they agreed to cede their lands to the Whites and to move westward. Some of the chiefs refused even then to sign the Peace Treaty and afterwards

gave the government some trouble. However Weatherford's power was broken in the South and eventually all of the Indians left the state. On the site of old Fort Toulouse, General Jackson built a new fort and called it Fort Jackson.

QUESTIONS

Who was probably the most famous ruler of the Creek Indians? Give a brief account of his life.

Name the principal tribes that lived in Alabama.

Name some families in Alabama to-day that are descendants of noted Indian tribes.

What is your opinion of the treatment of the Indians by the white people?

TERRITORY AND STATE

THE Mississippi Territory was formed by act of Congress in 1798. The present states of Mississippi and Alabama made up the one territory. Georgia claimed the country that formed the Mississippi Territory except a twelve-mile strip along the northern border. It was because the King of England had given this land to James Oglethorpe that Georgians claimed the land. Others thought that the land was not the English king's to give. However, the law makers of Georgia believed that they had the right to sell tracts of land in the territory which afterwards formed part of Alabama. This was known as the "Yazoo Sale." Later the sales were cancelled and the United States Government took the matter in hand. The Government paid to Georgia \$1,250,000 for these lands. The sale brought a great many new settlers into the territory and improvements resulted. The Land Office at St. Stephens became the center of business. St. Stephens was laid off in town lots in 1807 and a road was cut from St. Stephens to Natchez. Cotton gins were built and farm lands cleared.

On the first day of March, 1817, Congress divided Mississippi Territory and two days later organized Alabama Territory. St. Stephens was selected as the seat of government. President Monroe appointed

William Wyatt Bibb as Territorial governor. The governor called the first Legislature to meet at St. Stephens. All of the members of the Mississippi Territory Legislature who lived within the limits of the new Alabama Territory made up this Legislature. One Senator and ten members of the lower house constituted the first Legislature.

At the next meeting of the Legislature at St. Stephens a committee was appointed to select a capital. They selected Cahaba, but agreed that Huntsville should be the capital until suitable buildings were erected at Cahaba.

As soon as the Alabama Territory was formed, immigrants from Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, and the Carolinas rushed into the new territory to settle on the rich lands. In less than two years there were enough people to enable Alabama to be admitted into the Union as a state.

In 1819 the State Convention met in Huntsville and prepared a State Constitution. The "Enabling Act" of Congress was the act that gave the people permission to prepare this Constitution. Congress accepted the Constitution and on December 14, 1819, Alabama was admitted into the Union as a state. Alabama was settled more rapidly and passed from a territory into a state more quickly than any other state.

The first State Legislature convened at Huntsville in 1819 and the Supreme Court of Alabama held its first session at Cahaba in 1820.

The capitals of Alabama have been as follows: St. Stephens (Territorial Capital), Huntsville, Cahaba, Tuscaloosa, and Montgomery.

QUESTIONS

What was the Yazoo Sale?

Of what big territory was Alabama a part before the Territory of Alabama was formed?

When was Alabama set apart as a Territory?

What was the first and only capital of Alabama Territory?

When did Alabama become a state?

Name the state capitals in the order in which they came.

Where did the French colonists, called "The Vine and Olive Company," settle?

Who was the founder of Huntsville? Selma? Montgomery?

FORTY YEARS OF STATEHOOD

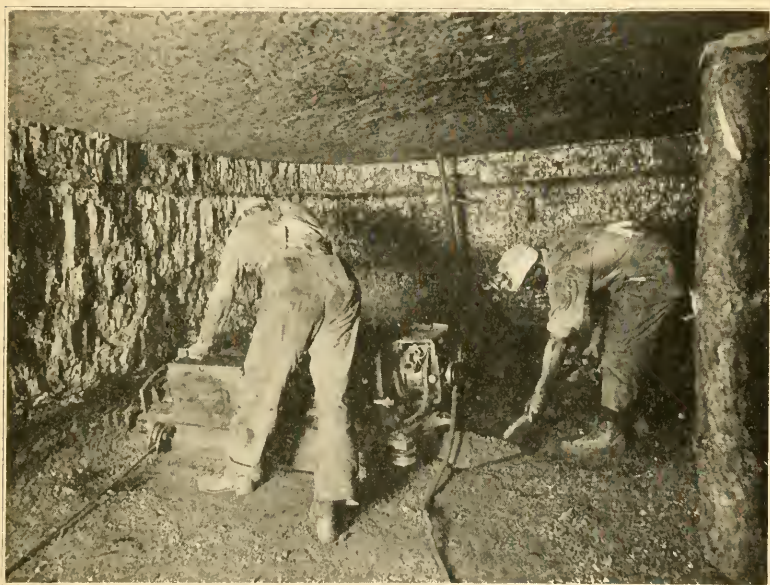
FROM the time that Alabama was admitted into the Union until the trouble between the North and the South began the state gradually grew in wealth and population. Especially notable was the increase of population during the first ten years of this time. Farming was the chief industry. The comfortable homes on the big plantations were places of good cheer and culture. The majority of the negroes were well cared for and happy. A general trend of progress and prosperity was evident in the days before the war. The Indians had removed to the West and a number of good schools—among them the State University, had been established.

In 1828 Congress granted 400,000 acres of relinquished lands in North Alabama for the improvement of Muscle Shoals. Relinquished lands were those which the government had taken back from the settlers in payment of their debts. Many of the early settlers contracted for big tracts of land during the "Yazoo Sale" and other sales. When the government took the matter in hand part of such purchases were returned to the government as payment for the land that was retained.

The first canal in the state was completed in 1832, connecting Huntsville with Looney's Landing

on the Tennessee. And about the same time the first railway track west of the Alleghenies was completed. It extended from Tusculumbia to Decatur and now forms part of the Southern Railway system.

A new capitol building was erected in Montgomery and the records and archives were moved



COAL MINES, EDGEWATER, ALABAMA

Man and Crew Undercutting Coal with Electric Machine

from Tuscaloosa to the present capitol city in 1846.

While both houses of the Legislature were in session in 1849 the Capitol caught on fire and was destroyed. The source of the fire was unknown. Many valuable papers were lost. Immediate steps for its rebuilding were taken and the work was completed

in time for the next Legislature to hold its meeting two years later.

The Shelby Iron Works near Montevallo were built by Horace Ware. In 1859, he built one of the largest and best equipped rolling mills in the United States. The first iron ties for cotton made in Alabama came from this rolling mill and it supplied much of the material for the Confederate armies. Professor Michael Toumey, the first State Geologist, found rich deposits of coal, iron and other minerals, in 1847. Coal mining in the vicinities of Montevallo and Tuscaloosa was carried on successfully. The mines are still the most valuable and productive in that location. Extensive improvements began. Building of towns, roads, railroads and the opening of mines went on. In 1852 the Legislature made big appropriations for improvements but Governor Winston who was called "the veto Governor," vetoed the bills.

Two years later the North and South railroad was chartered. But it was several years after the War before the road was completed. It is now part of the Louisville and Nashville system.

The Alabama Insane Hospital was established at Tuscaloosa, largely through the influence of Miss Dorothea L. Dix a philanthropist who came to Alabama in the interest of unfortunate people whose minds were affected. Dr. Peter Bryce was appointed superintendent of the Hospital which opened its doors in 1861, and he remained in charge until his death thirty-one years later. This institute

is now called "The Bryce Hospital." An institute for insane negroes was established at Mt. Vernon, in Mobile county in 1901.

QUESTIONS

Who was the first governor of Alabama?

What noted Frenchman passed through Alabama on his tour of the United States in 1825?

Who was Osceola?

Where was the first canal in the state?

Where was the first railroad in Alabama built? When?

Where was the first cotton factory built in the state?

Who was Daniel Pratt?

How long has the State Penitentiary, at Wetumpka, been in use?

What happened to the State Capitol in 1849?

What valuable discoveries were made by Prof. Michael Toumey?

Tell something interesting about the early coal mining in Alabama?

Tell something about the first iron makers in this state.

What Alabamian was elected Vice-President of the United States?

What two charitable institutions were opened in Alabama just before the War of Secession?

ALABAMA AT WAR

THE WAR WITH MEXICO

WHEN Texas belonged to Mexico the American people living in what was afterwards known as "The Republic of Texas" were very much mistreated by the Mexican government. At last these Texans rose in revolt against Mexico and naturally the citizens of the United States rushed to their aid. Among others, a number of men went from Alabama to assist the oppressed people of Texas. It was at Goliad that so many brave Alabamians laid down their lives.

In 1836 Santa Anna, the Mexican leader, fell upon the old Spanish mission, the Alamo, near San Antonio, and killed every white man in the fort. William B. Travis, "the Hero of the Alamo," was reared in Alabama.

When Texas declared her independence and was finally annexed to the United States, Mexico thought herself misused. Attacks upon American citizens brought about the Mexican war in 1846.

This war was of deep interest to the people of Alabama and many of them volunteered for service. One regiment under Colonel John R. Coffey, one battalion under Colonel John Seibels and a company from Limestone county were allowed to go.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

In 1860 William Lowndes Yancey made a tour of the country speaking on the subject of State's Rights. He felt that the South was discriminated against by the national law makers and that her industries would be hampered and her progress retarded by the methods which Congress proposed. Many southern people had voluntarily freed their slaves. And it was not a question of slavery which brought about the South's withdrawal from the Union, as much as it was a question of the states' right to have a voice in the making of laws under which their citizens would live.

Henry Washington Hilliard opposed secession and he used every effort to prevent Southern states from withdrawing from the Union. He thought that the Federal government could be induced to give the South justice and that war could be prevented. He, like Mr. Yancey, was a noted orator and both were men whose influence was felt throughout the nation. After Alabama actually withdrew from the Union, Mr. Hilliard cast his lot with his own people and did all in his power for the Confederacy.

William Lowndes Yancey advocated the forming of the Confederate States and wrote the Ordinance of Secession. The Secession Convention met in Montgomery on January 11, 1861. Delegates from six states met in the Capitol in February and formed the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America. Jefferson Davis was chosen

President and Alexander H. Stephens was chosen Vice-President. President Davis selected as members of his first cabinet: Robert Toombs, Secretary of State, S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, Judah P. Benjamin, Attorney-General, John H. Reagan, Postmaster-general, C. G. Memminger, Secretary of Treasury and Leroy Pope Walker, Secretary of War. On the 18th of February the officials were inaugurated. Four months later the capital of the Confederacy was moved to Richmond, Virginia.

On April 15, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, declared war. Alabama men came home from other states to enlist with Alabama Troops. This state furnished 122,000 men out of a population of 526,271. Officers and men from this state took part in every important battle and no soldiers ever fought more bravely than did the Confederate soldiers from Alabama.

Governor A. B. Moore ordered state troops to seize Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines at the entrance of Mobile Bay and also the arsenal at Mt. Vernon.

The counties of Jackson, Marshall, Madison, Lawrence, Franklin (now in Colbert), Limestone and Lauderdale suffered most when the Federals invaded North Alabama in 1862.

General Phillip Dale Roddy won distinction by his daring raids upon the enemy. He harassed the Federals across the state, captured their supplies, destroyed bridges and made numerous successful attacks.

Raphael Semmes was commander of the *Sumter* and then of the *Alabama* which boats constituted the greater part of the Confederate Navy. He destroyed Federal vessels and confiscated their supplies for Federal soldiers until the *Alabama* was sunk by the *Kearsarge* off the coast of France.

One of the greatest naval battles of the war took place in Mobile Bay in 1864, when eighteen Federal vessels made an attack. It was there that the flagship *Tennessee* held her own for several hours against the Federal fleet.

In 1865 Wilson's Raiders left Lauderdale county for the purpose of destroying Selma as well as everything on the way. Iron works, coal and supplies of all kinds were burned or taken by the Northern army. It was Colonel Croxton who burned the University buildings, library and all. The gallant young cadets went forth to give battle to the invaders but the enemy's force was so much greater than that of the University boys that the teachers ordered them back and the young soldiers retreated most reluctantly to a place of safety.

Croxton burned factories, foundries and other buildings in Tuscaloosa. At Selma, where the Ordnance Department of the Confederacy was located, destruction followed the advent of Wilson's raiders. After destroying Selma, they marched to Montgomery where thousands of bales of cotton were burned.

The last fight in Alabama was at Fort Tyler, near West Point, in Chambers county. General

Richard Taylor, commanding the Department of the West, surrendered at Citronelle after Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

QUESTIONS

What Alabama statesman made a tour of the country, speaking in behalf of the rights of Southern states?

What Alabama statesman opposed Secession and used his influence against withdrawal from the Union?

Why was Montgomery called "The Cradle of the Confederacy?"

Who was chosen President of the Confederacy?

How long did the capital of the Confederacy remain in Montgomery?

When was war declared by President Lincoln?

What forts were seized by state troops?

Who was the Governor of Alabama when the war began?

Where was the Ordnance Department of the Confederacy?

What part of the state suffered most from the invasion of Federal troops?

Name as many as four Alabamians who distinguished themselves during this war.

What great naval battle took place on the Alabama coast?

Name three towns that suffered heavy loss from Federal fire during the last days of the war.

RECONSTRUCTION DAYS

PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN announced that the war would close and the Southern States would be restored promptly to their accustomed place in the Union as soon as Southern people quit fighting. The people of the South realized that the Confederacy was a "Lost Cause." They accepted the defeat of their armies and yielded sadly but sincerely to the necessity of submitting to whatever conditions the United States might impose.

President Lincoln was assassinated by a crazed actor and others in authority at Washington were not so kindly disposed toward the South. It was then that the hardest days of all began when the people of the South were placed under military rule. Alabama of course suffered with the rest. A very obnoxious State Constitution was forced upon the people of Alabama. This Constitution abolished slavery, repealed the Ordinance of Secession and repudiated the war debt. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments which were ratified later by "the Black and Tan Legislature" gave the negro the right to vote and hold office. These amendments also denied the right to vote to many white men.

Alabama, with Florida and Georgia, made up what was called the Third Military District. Con-

gress refused to recognize the state government or to allow Alabama representatives to take their seats in Congress. "Carpet-baggers" and "Scalawags" organized the ignorant negroes into "The Freedman's Bureau" and the "Loyal League." Humiliations and indignities were forced upon Southern people until in 1867 when such matters had reached a climax, the Ku Klux Klan was organized for the protection of homes and property of the white people.

Slowly but surely the strong men of Alabama convinced the negro that he had better remain away from the polls and leave the voting to intelligent citizens. The Carpet-baggers were finally intimidated and in some instances the ballot boxes taken away from them and disposed of properly. After a rather stormy election, George S. Houston was adroitly inaugurated as Governor and the corrupt rule of Reconstruction officials came to an end.

Dr. John Witherspoon Du Bose gave the following names as being the giants of that tremendous struggle: James H. Clanton, James L. Pugh, John T. Morgan, Robert McKee, Walter L. Bragg, Ryland Randolph, F. C. Randolph, J. W. A. Sanford, Edward C. Bullock and John P. Hubbard.

During the Reconstruction period the state made some progress despite the Carpet-baggers. A number of schools, mentioned elsewhere, were established. The city of Birmingham was laid out. Railroad building and mining of coal and iron flourished. The South and North Railroad (now Louisville and Nashville) was built.

Dr. Eugene Allen Smith was appointed State Geologist and he began making agricultural and mineral surveys. John G. Cullman planted the German Colony in what is now Cullman county. William Goold found the marvelous seam of coal that underlies Pratt Mines.

The Fourth Constitutional Convention met in session in Montgomery. It was composed of able, intelligent men. Constitutional Conventions have been held in this state during the following years: 1819, 1865, 1868, 1875 and 1901.

Arrangements were made for the settlement of the state debt left by "The Black Man's Party." By a compromise the amount was reduced from \$30,037,563 to \$9,000,000.

The Code of 1876 was prepared by Wade Keyes, Fern M. Wood, and John D. Roquemore. The Alabama and Chattanooga railroad was sold at public auction. This road was Stanton's enterprise which almost ruined John T. Milner's plan for founding Birmingham.

Confederate generals from Alabama were as follows: Major-Generals, John B. Gordon, Robert E. Rodes, Josiah Gorgas, William Wirt Allen, Daniel Leadbetter, Cullen A. Battle, James Cantey, James T. Holtzelaw, James H. Clanton, Henry D. Clayton, Sterling A. M. Wood, and James A. Longstreet. Brigadier-Generals John Herbert Kelly, Young Marshall Moody, Archibald Gracie, Edward Asbury O'Neal, James Desbler, John Winston, Phillip Dale Roddy, Zach C. Deas, Birkett D. Fry, Charles Miller

Shelley, John C. Calhoun Sanders, Edward Dorr Tracey, Edmund Winston Pettus, William H. Forney, John Horace Forney, George D. Johnston, John Tyler Morgan, Jones M. Withers, Moses Wright Hannon, James Hagan, Isham W. Garrot, Evander McIver Law, Michael Bulger, Alpheus Baker, Pinckney D. Bowles, William F. Perry, and George P. Harrison, the youngest general in the Confederate Army (22 years of age).

QUESTIONS

How did President Lincoln propose to adjust the government of Southern States after the war? Why were his plans not carried out?

What was "The Black and Tan Legislature"? "The Freedman's Bureau"? "Ku Klux Klan"? Who were the "Carpet-baggers"?

What governor's administration marked the end of the Reconstruction period?

How was the state debt left by the "Black Man's Party" adjusted?

In what years have Alabama Constitutional Conventions been held?

What industry made marked progress during the hard times that followed the war?

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

THE war between the United States and Spain was brought on by the cruelty and injustice with which the Spaniards treated the people of Cuba. The direct cause of the declaration of war, however, was the destruction of the *Maine*. American lives were lost and it was generally believed that the Spaniards had deliberately torpedoed the vessel.

Governor Joseph F. Johnston called for volunteers for the Spanish-American War. Thousands of young men in Alabama volunteered but only a few were allowed to enlist. Alabama furnished two white regiments and one negro regiment. Colonels E. L. Higdon and J. W. Cox commanded the First and Second Regiments of Infantry. Colonel (now General) R. L. Bullard was in command of the negro troops. General Joseph Wheeler, General William C. Oates, and Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson rendered distinguished service.

WAR WITH GERMANY

On August 29, 1917, the Old Fourth Alabama left Montgomery as the 167th Regiment of the Rainbow Division which later won distinction for service in France. Other Alabama men joined other units and served in every branch of service. When the

whole nation was thoroughly aroused over the situation in Europe and every effort was made to send relief to our soldiers and the sufferers across the sea, Alabama contributed her full quota to every cause. The Red Cross, The United War Work, Belgian Relief, the French Orphan Fund, Liberty Bonds, War Saving Stamps, Thrift Stamps, and numerous other patriotic undertakings received generous support in this state as matter of course.

The State Food Administration under the direction of Richard M. Hobbie, the National Council of Defense under the direction of Lloyd F. Hooper, and other organizations too numerous to mention performed the same service in this state that was rendered in other states. Cantonments were located at Anniston and Montgomery. An Aviation Field was established at Pike Roads in Montgomery county and an Aviation-Repair Depot at West Montgomery. Congressman S. Hugh Dent, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the House, in the National Congress was influential in the matter of locating training camps in his home state. Congressman Dent was a conspicuous figure in National affairs during the War in Europe.

In January 1918, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company at Birmingham which is a part of the United States Steel Corporation bought 14,000 acres of land five miles from Mobile to be used for the purpose of shipbuilding plants. A model city sprang up on the outskirts of Mobile. Twenty million dollars was spent in building the shops, shipways,

homes and other buildings at Chickasaw. In eight months after the first ground was broken there were 4500 men working in the big plant. The managers said they could build a 9600-ton steel ship every ten days.

The principal parts of the vessels are fabricated at the steel mills in Fairfield, near Ensley, and shipped to Chickasaw where they are put together. Mobile has had for years several well established plants for the building and the repair of ships, but the one at Chickasaw ranks among the largest and best equipped in America. The city of Mobile has the distinction of owning the docks.

QUESTIONS

What provision is made by the State for the care of Confederate veterans or their widows?

Tell all you know about the Confederate Monument on Capitol Hill.

What two United States Senators from Alabama died in office in 1907? Who succeeded them in office?

What question agitated the Legislators of 1909, 1911, 1915? How was it finally settled?

What Alabama man was candidate for the nomination for President of the United States in 1912?

Where were the Government training camps located in Alabama?

Tell something of Alabama's share in the Great World War.

What do you know of the service of these men: William C. Gorgas? W. L. Sibert? Robert Lee Bullard?

Name five Alabama officers in the World War.

Name five Alabama heroes in this war.

FIFTY YEARS OF POLITICAL PROGRESS

IT is a common saying that the War between the States robbed the South of fifty years of growth. More than fifty years have passed since that war came to an end and two other wars have cast their shadows over the fortunes of Alabama but the state has developed so rapidly that it has made up for the lost years in many ways.

In addition to the industrial and educational development, referred to elsewhere in this volume, there have been some important political events and happenings of general interest. The work of the Legislatures consisted chiefly of making revenue laws, the appropriation of funds for various institutions and improvements, the passing of laws for the general welfare of the public and the creating of new offices and administrative boards.

Among the important officers and boards that have been created are these: State Board of Health in 1879, Board of Dental Examiners and State Railroad Commission in 1881, State Department of Agriculture in 1883, Office of State Examiner of Public Accounts in 1885, Board of Pharmacy in 1887, State Department of Insurance, Office of State Tax Commission, Chief Mine Inspector, and Regulations pertaining to the safety of miners were provided in 1897. State Department of Archives and

History was created in 1901. Dr. Thomas M. Owen was made Director and he has held this office since that time. The Game and Fish Commission was created in 1907. John H. Wallace was appointed Commissioner and has served in that capacity since the office was created. In 1911 the Court of Appeals, State Board of Agriculture, State Bank Department, Office of the State Prison Inspector, and the State Highway Commission were created. The



PERRY STREET, MONTGOMERY, EXECUTIVE MANSION
IN FOREGROUND

State Tax Commission was abolished and the State Equalization Board was created in 1915.

Other important events are as follows:

- 1879 The State Bar Association was organized.
- 1882 The State Teachers' Association was organized.
- 1883 Anniston and Sheffield were founded.
- 1885 The Confederate Monument Association was incorporated.

- 1886 Jefferson Davis laid the cornerstone of the Confederate Monument in Montgomery. In 1889 the Confederate Monument was unveiled on Capitol Hill. This was the expression of appreciation which the Ladies Memorial Association offered the Confederate soldiers. There is a Home for Confederate veterans at Mountain Creek.
- 1887 Bessemer was founded.
- 1889 The Alabama Midland (now the Atlantic Coast Line) railroad ran its line through "the Wiregrass region" of Southeast Alabama and Dothan was founded.
- 1889 Appropriation was made for pensioning Confederate soldiers and the widows of Confederate soldiers.
- 1893 Hilary A. Herbert was appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Grover Cleveland.
- 1901 A new State Constitution was prepared and ratified by vote of the people.
- 1902 The two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Mobile was celebrated in Mobile and at Twenty-seven Mile Bluff.
- 1907 Senator John Tyler Morgan, "Father of the Panama Canal," died in June. In July Senator Edmund Winston Pettus also died. Hon. John H. Bankhead and Ex-Governor Joseph F. Johnston were chosen to succeed the deceased senators in Congress.

- 1907 The Mobile Basin and Tennessee River Association was organized to promote the improvement of waterways in Alabama.
- 1910 The United States Government began improvements on the Coosa-Alabama and Warrior-Tombigbee rivers.
- 1911 The Legislature appropriated \$100,000 for the improvement of the State Capitol. A new wing was added to the building. \$75,000 was appropriated for the purchase of a Governor's Mansion. The Sabel home, including sundry furnishings, at 702 South Perry street in Montgomery was bought by the state for \$46,500.
- 1912 Oscar W. Underwood, candidate for the nomination for President of the United States received 130 votes in the Baltimore convention.

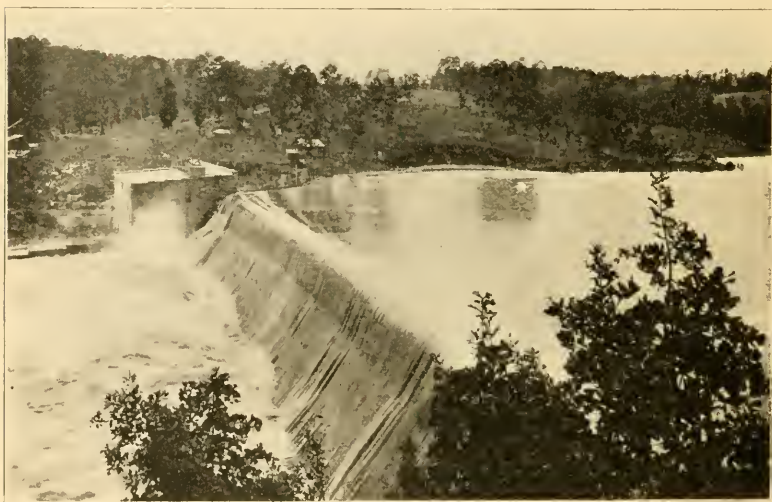
The Legislatures of 1907, 1911 and 1915 were concerned largely with the question of Prohibition. The subject of railroad regulation and rate-fixing were also live issues in 1907 and 1911.

The first Statewide Prohibition law was passed in extra session of the Legislature in 1908. This law was repealed by the Legislature in 1911 and local option was restored. In 1915 Statewide prohibition laws were passed and since that time National Prohibition has gone into effect.

During the last few years remarkable strides have been made in the development of Alabama's

resources. Especially notable is the change in agricultural conditions. Diversification of crops with the attention that has been given to raising foodstuff and livestock has wrought wonders on the farms in the state.

Alabama's forests have for generations afforded timber and naval stores for home consumption and for shipping. But, after the war in Europe



POWER PLANT AT TALLASSEE FALLS

began every lumber mill in the state was taxed to its utmost capacity and many new ones built. Large shipments of tar, pitch and turpentine were made. Manufacturing of every kind increased and Alabama products were converted into food, clothes, farm tools and munitions of war to help supply the world-demand.

The building of locks and dams on the Coosa, the Tallapoosa, the Warrior and the Tennessee rivers has been the means of supplying factories, foundries, street railways and cities with electric current. Lock 12, on the Coosa river near Clanton, was completed in 1914. Lock 17, on the Black Warrior near Tuscaloosa, was completed in 1915. Muscle Shoals developments on the Tennessee near Florence, Sheffield and Tuscumbia are of great importance.

The dam at Tallassee Falls, on the Tallapoosa river near Cherokee Bluffs, was built in 1900. It supplied current for Montgomery and vicinity for street cars, lighting, etc. The United States Government furnished money for the improvement of the rivers. The Alabama Power Company has spent millions of dollars in middle and north Alabama in building power plants, transmission lines, etc.

Prominent men have made continuous efforts to secure government aid to make the rivers of the state navigable. Birmingham people are especially interested in digging a canal from Birmingham to the Warrior river and the deepening of the Warrior river channel so that freight can be sent down the Warrior and Tombigbee rivers all the way from the mineral district to the port at Mobile. Another project is the removal of rapids in the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers and the deepening of the Alabama river to furnish another water route to Mobile.

The building of good roads in Alabama has occupied the attention of progressive people for many years but only in recent years the Federal and State

governments have furnished money for extensive improvements in road building through our state.

Senator John H. Bankhead is called "the Father of Good Roads." As an appreciation of his efforts for good roads, the national highway which runs from Washington, D. C., to California was named, "The Bankhead Highway." This road passes through Alabama and the Jackson Highway, from Chicago to New Orleans, passes through North Alabama. The Dixie-Overland Highway, from Savannah, Georgia, to San Diego, California, passes through this state and also the Forrest Highway, from Rome, Georgia, to Pensacola, Florida.

State Senator John Craft of Mobile has led the campaign for good roads in Alabama. The State Highway Engineer, W. S. Keller, has given his best efforts toward improving the roads. In 1915 the State Legislature passed the "State Trunk-Road" law which designates a system of roads passing through every county in the state. The law requires that all state aid money be spent on these trunk roads until the system is complete.

After the war with Germany shut off the supply of certain chemicals which formerly came from Europe American people had to invent ways and means of securing chemicals of a like nature from our own resources. Among the improvements which resulted from this necessity was the installation of by-products ovens near the furnaces in the Birmingham district. Coke is the chief product of these ovens. The surplus gas which was formerly allowed

to escape into the atmosphere is converted into fuel for a certain kind of furnace. Tar, sulphate of ammonia, naphtha, naphthalene, benzol, toluol and several other by-products are taken from the gas prior to its combustion.

Toluol was of great value to the government in the production of the high explosive known as TNT. Other by-products are used in making fertilizers, paints, and motor fuel. Coal tar is used in the open hearth furnaces in making roofing material, in road building and in making pitch, aniline dyes and heavy oils.

AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT IN ALABAMA

PLAIN AND FANCY FARMING

FARMING began in Alabama with the Indians, no one knows how long ago. With sticks or sharpened stones the Indian women tilled the soil and dropped the grains of corn into the rich earth. When Bienville brought the first white settlers to this land he succeeded in a measure in persuading some of the lazy Frenchmen to grow grain. The first settlers who came to the "Bigbee Settlement," to the rich lands in the Tennessee Valley and to the country along the Alabama river built their rude cabins and then cleared farm lands where food for their families could be grown.

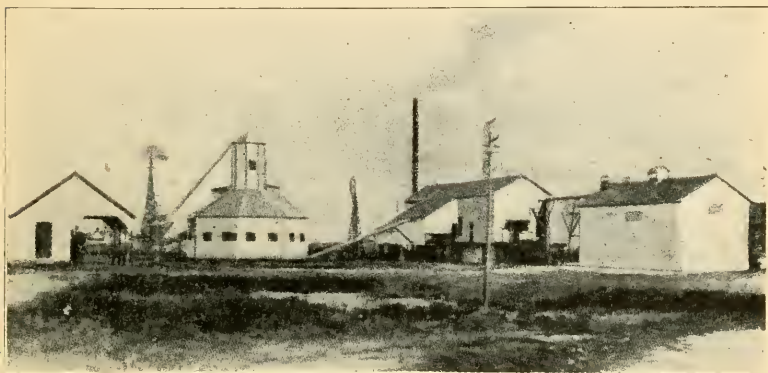
When the first boat load of 120 negro slaves was brought to Mobile from Guinea and sold for \$176 each, farming received a new impetus in Alabama.

In 1810 the first cotton gin in Alabama was built. Abram Mordecai, a Jewish trader, built this gin just below the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers. He had some trouble with the Indians who burned the gin and it was never rebuilt. Six months later John and William Pierce erected another cotton gin at the Boat Yard on the Tensaw river.

From the early days of small crops and crude methods farming gradually improved until eight

million acres of Alabama land has been put in cultivation and on many plantations the latest improved methods of planting, cultivating and harvesting are used.

The State Department of Agriculture was created in 1883 and it has been of great service in aiding the farmers along lines of production. In 1911 a State Board of Agriculture was created. At the same time it was decided to appropriate \$25,000,



OUTSIDE VIEW OF A MODERN COTTON GINNING PLANT

received from the sale of Fertilizer Tags, to Farm Demonstration work. Each county has a Farm Demonstration Agent who supervises the cultivation of a plot of ground according to government methods. He also visits and advises farmers concerning questions pertaining to the farms. Since 1915 the Markets Bureau of the Agricultural Department has aided greatly in selling the crops.

For seventy-five years cotton was the principal crop in the state. Since the appearance of the boll

weevil, however, South Alabama has turned its attention largely to food crops but cotton still remains the money crop. In the northern part of the state the boll weevil has not done so much damage as in the southern counties and more than half the cotton in the state is now grown in North Alabama. In 1914 an era of "Diversified Farming" began. Men who know all about fertilizers, improved farm machinery and the best methods of making the soil



WHEAT HARVEST, TYPICAL OF NEW DIVERSIFIED FARMS OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY

produce the best-paying crops went all over Alabama telling the farmers how to recover from the effects of the boll weevil and why they should plant less cotton and more food. The newspapers, schools, bankers, merchants and other business men talked about "Diversification and Rotation of Crops."

The figures below, given by F. W. Gist, of the United States Bureau of Crop Estimates, will give you some idea of the productiveness of the farm

lands in the state. During the year 1918 the thirteen principal crops of Alabama represented money value as follows:

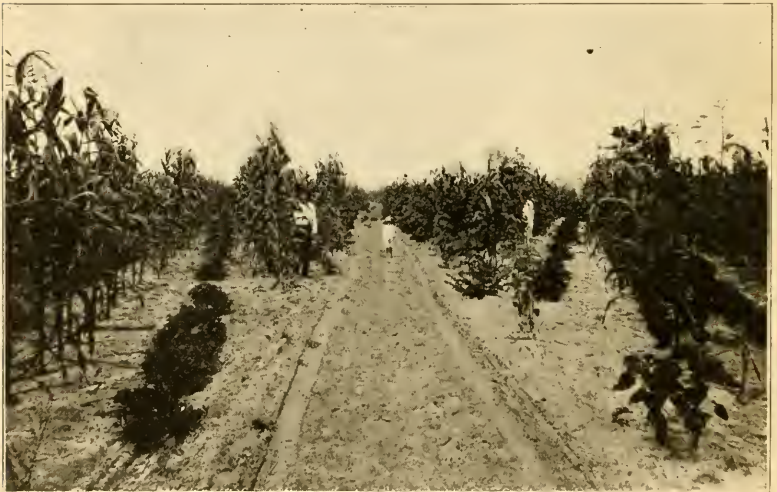
Cotton, (820,000 bales) \$114,400,000; Corn, (67,460,000 bushels) \$102,700,000; Cotton seed, (360,000 tons) \$25,150,000; Peanuts, (17,400,000 bushels) \$21,000,000; Velvet beans, (400,000 tons) \$8,200,000; Cowpeas, (3,150,000 bushels) \$6,500,000; Hay, (1,200,000 tons) \$29,400,000; Sorghum syrup, (9,500,000 gallons) \$6,900,000; Sugar-cane syrup, (8,100,000 gallons) \$7,800,000; Irish potatoes, (4,700,000 bushels) \$10,200,000; Sweet potatoes (14,700,000 bushels) \$13,200,00; Oats (threshed) (8,100,000 bushels) \$9,200,000; Wheat, (1,300,000 bushels) \$3,800,000; Total value, \$358,600,000.

On the first day of January 1919 there were in this state 459,000 horses and mules, valued at \$67,473,000, 494,000 milk cows, valued at \$28,652,000, more than twenty million dollars worth of other cattle and nearly thirty-eight million dollars worth of hogs.

THE WIREGRASS REGION

Back in the eighteen-eighties the "Wiregrass Region" in Southeast Alabama was called the "Cow Country." It was a vast stretch of waste land that few would buy. On a large portion of this land a tough wiry sort of grass grew. Great herds of cattle grazed on the grass and small plants in the forest and the early settlers gave scant attention to this section.

Long before railroads made their way into the counties of Dale, Geneva, Henry, Coffee, Houston, Covington and Crenshaw wagons came over the sandy roads bringing the pioneers. Troy is not in the Wiregrass Region but it was the trading center for the early settlers in Southeast Alabama, West Florida and parts of Georgia. Troy was once a village called Zebulon. Later its name was



AN ALABAMA CORN FIELD

changed to Centreville and finally it was called "Troy." In 1839 the Court House was moved from Monticello and the town took on new growth.

About twenty-five years later the Central of Georgia built a little branch road from Columbus, Georgia into Troy. Then indeed did business begin to prosper. Long lines of wagons drove in and out of Troy bringing cotton and other farm products

and carrying back merchandise for the homes and cross road stores. The old camping grounds below Troy, where teams were unhitched and travelers lay down for the night are familiar landmarks. People came for fifty miles, in all kinds of weather, to bring their crops to market and to buy what they needed for their families.

In 1889 the Alabama Midland (now the Atlantic Coast Line) railroad ran its first train past Dothan into Georgia. There was no Dothan on the map at that time however. A little post office called Poplar Head was all that the road builders found of the present county seat of Houston. Five men owned 160 acres each around Poplar Head. After the railroad was built those men grew rich. Land increased in value a thousand per cent. An unheard-of rush of moving in took place. One week a new street was laid off, the next week frame houses were going up on both sides of the street and a few weeks later children were feeding chickens in the back yard of the new homes. The name given to the town was taken from the Bible. It is said that a minister found inspiration in this verse, "For I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothen.'" And so the magic city of the Wiregrass Region was called Dothan.

The farms in the Wiregrass Region have made Dothan what it is today. There are no great fisheries, no mines, no developed water power or no giant waterways. The country was settled by men who came there with determination to make big crops

and cotton has been "King." During the past five years immense crops of corn, potatoes, sugar cane, peanuts and hay have been grown and the raising of livestock has become a leading and most profitable industry. One of the largest packing plants in the South is located at Andalusia, in Covington County, while the hog sales at Ozark, in Dale County, have made Ozark famous.



HARVESTING PEANUTS NEAR DOTHAN, ALABAMA

The abundance and value of the peanut crop in Alabama and particularly in Southeast Alabama during the years of the great war is nothing short of marvelous. Ever since the year 1872 the little boys of South Alabama have numbered among their possessions at least one pair of "Killebrew breeches." During that year T. J. Killebrew came with his father to Newton, in Dale County. They

erected a little frame building and began spinning wool into thread. Years later, a modern brick building was erected down by the old mill pond near the depot. The pond has been the swimming hole, the fishing place, and picnie parties' chief attraction for generation after generation.



ALABAMA PEANUT-FED HOGS

A big old-fashioned over-shot water wheel was used at first to run the mill and it was still used after steam was put in the factory when there was enough water flowing over the dam.

During Alabama's early days, the hills and woods of Dale, Coffee, Geneva and Henry counties were literally covered with sheep. These sheep fur-

nished about three pounds of wool apiece every year. In May and sometimes in August the wool is cut from the sheep's back. The farmers bring it in sacks and dump it in the warehouse at the factory. First it is cleaned and scoured, then the impurities are removed by boiling and rinsing the wool. It is then placed in dye pots. Next it is carded and then it is ready to start through the spinning and weaving machines. Cutting and sewing machines were put into the factory in later years so that the material could be made into garments there in Newton.

FOUNDING OF GENEVA

Henry Young built the first cabin in Geneva the same year that Alabama became a state. The first settler probably selected this site for his home because he could stand in his cabin door and see the Pea River, the Choctawhatchie, and Double Bridge Creek, and he knew that from any one of these streams fish could be caught any day.

Across Pea River in a low place Henry Young built another small house which he used as a store. Here he sold salt and other necessities to the Indians and to settlers who followed him into Geneva County. Around that small store the town of Geneva grew up. But the "Lincoln Freshet" in 1865 washed the town away. The citizens gathered up their few remaining possessions and moved to a higher place where they started all over again.

This part of the state is especially noted for the fine sugar cane and excellent syrup. The farmers

in Geneva County were the first in the state to use modern methods in making syrup. From land that produces 360 gallons of syrup to the acre, the cane is gathered. Instead of having an old mule walk round and round pulling the mill that grinds the juice from the cane the progressive farmers throw the cane into a big machine where huge steam rollers press out the juice. The juice flows into a big vat. Copper pipes carry steam through the bottom of the vats and the juice comes to a boil. The refuse is skimmed off and the juice sent on to another vat. The steam supplies the heat that boils the juice into a thin syrup. Again the skimming process takes place and the thin syrup passes into another big vat. In the last vat the syrup is cooked to exactly the right thickness. Then it is drawn off into cans or into barrels, piping hot, and sealed up air tight.

THE "SINGLE TAX" COLONY

A big land company bought up thousands of acres of land across the bay from Mobile and induced colonists to come there from the North. They neither sold the land nor rented it, but the land owners said to the colonists, "Come and live on one of our farms and pay just so much every year. That amount will cover your rent, state and county taxes, schooling for your children and other expenses that any land owner would have. Your lease is good for ninety-nine years. If you die your children will have the first option on the land and their lease will

be made for ninety-nine years more." Because of this one yearly tax covering everything in the nature of a tax, the settlement is called "the Single Tax Colony."

THE GULF COAST COUNTRY

If you look on your map, you will see that this settlement now known as Fairhope is only one of the many little coast towns that extend along Mobile Bay where people go every year to enjoy the fishing and bathing. Besides being a place of pleasure and plenty the coast country has a big trade in fish, lumber and farm products. Farmers ship great quantities of fruit and vegetables to nothern markets from all the counties near the Gulf.

In the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, when land went begging at fifty cents an acre in South Alabama, lumbermen went into the pine forests and bought miles and miles of land for almost nothing. Turpentine men bought the turpentine rights and many of them made fortunes by gathering and selling the turpentine that dripped from the pine trees into boxes or buckets provided for that purpose.

At various times land companies bought tracts of land near the Gulf and induced settlers to come there to live. Western men, Northern men, Swedes, Norwegians and Germans moved in and wrote back home that three crops a year could be grown in that climate. Among these who came to this land of flowers, sunshine, and gulf breezes was a man from

Wisconsin. He was crippled with rheumatism and was glad to escape the cold winters of his own state. He bought a farm and built a home at Fruitdale. In the course of time he planted an acre in cannas, those big red or yellow flowers whose leaves resemble elephant ears. "I am going to have a flower farm," he told his astonished neighbors. The old time Southern farmers thought the man crazy and even the shrewd northern and western truck growers shook their heads over his "folly." But when the "Flower Farmer" sold one variety of canna to a Mississippi florist with the exclusive privilege of producing it for \$1,000 the farmers opened their eyes. In two years' time two acres had been planted in cannas and gladiolas and the Wisconsin man was making about \$3,000 a year from the sale of his bulbs and flowers.

The cutover pine lands afford excellent soil for strawberries. Castleberry, in Conecuh County, is especially famed for its strawberries. It is hard to imagine a thousand acres of strawberries, but much more than that amount of land is planted in these luscious red berries in Conecuh and adjoining counties. Cullman, in Cullman County, and Thorsby, in Chilton County, further north, are also famous strawberry towns. Grapes also thrive in these places. In fact, you can make a list of all the good things that ordinary people have to eat and you may be sure that the best of their kind can be grown in our own state.

The citrus industry of South Alabama dates

back to the year 1897, when Mr. Legere, of Mobile County, planted the first Satsuma orchard. In 1898 Mr. Samuel White, of Boston, planted the first Satsuma orchard in Baldwin County, Alabama, near Battles. From that time till 1909 small plantings were made in various parts of both Baldwin and Mobile counties. At this time, however, the planters had no idea of making the Satsuma a commercial proposition in this state. Not until the years 1909 and 1910 did the plantings on a commercial scale begin. During the years 1911-12-13-14-15-16 the plantings increased heavily, so that at the end of the planting season of 1916 there were 12,500 acres of Satsumas planted in South Alabama representing an actual value of \$500 per acre or a total value of \$6,250,000. A conservative estimate of the crop for 1919, providing the season is normal, should be one hundred carloads.

EVERGREENS

There is an unusual industry in the country around Evergreen and that is the gathering and shipping of evergreens to decorators in the North. A train wreck near Evergreen in 1883 caused the beginning of this industry. A northern woman who was traveling through the South was delayed there several hours by a train wreck. She strolled off into the woods nearby and amused herself by picking violets and gathering ferns. In a magazine article which she wrote later she told of the beautiful evergreen country in Alabama. "Violets bloom

in the dead of winter and green plants are to be found the year around," she wrote.

One of her readers came to Alabama to see for himself. He began shipping smilax, mistletoe, cedar and other greens to florists in the North and in the course of a few years other men joined in the work of shipping evergreens. At first the farmers gave the stranger all of the smilax, mistletoe, etc., he cared to haul away, but when they realized what a profitable business it was they used their spare time to cut and pack the evergreens on the land for shipment. When the mules and wagons are not busy with the peach crop or the other big crops in this part of South Alabama they are hauling loads of evergreens to the station. The checks that come back are constant reminders of the wealth in the woods.

All the year round there is something to be shipped away to market from the counties near the Gulf. Fruits, vegetables and all kinds of foodstuff are sent every month to the North, while on the boats and trains going south, lumber, naval stores, cotton and food crops are sent away to foreign countries.

TENNESSEE VALLEY AND THE BLACK BELT

The Tennessee Valley has been famous for its grain crops, corn in particular, for more than half a century. All standard crops, besides fruit and vegetables, are also grown in profusion in the rich lands of the Tennessee Valley. One of the largest

nurseries in the world is the Chase Nursery, near Huntsville. Fruit trees, grown in this nursery, are shipped to various states of the Union and to foreign countries.

“The Black Belt,” which was the great cotton-growing section, until “Diversified Farming” was introduced, is very proud of its record as a hay country. Alfalfa, cow peas, velvet beans, Johnson grass and other forage crops are grown extensively.



AN ALABAMA DAIRY HERD

Pure bred livestock has become a matter of utmost importance to the farmers all over the state. The country around Demopolis has won national fame as a livestock and alfalfa region. In fact, every county in the state, even the mineral counties, afford exceptional opportunities to any farmer who will take advantage of the soil, climate and conditions which Mother Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon Alabama.

AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION SERVICE

THE strongest force, in the teaching of scientific agriculture to the men, women, boys, and girls of Alabama is the Agricultural Extension Service. Dr. J. F. Duggar, the director of this great work, had this to say, in a recent article, regarding his department:

“The Extension Service is the joint representative of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and the U. S. Department of Agriculture in matters relating to the giving of instruction in agriculture and home economics in Alabama. It is an institution created in accordance with the Act of Congress, approved May, 1914, that makes provision for co-operation between the national department of agriculture and the state colleges of agriculture in giving instruction on these two subjects to persons who are not resident in such colleges. Thus the work done is entirely separate from the college work, and entirely different from school work. The purpose is to carry the message of improved methods of farming and home keeping primarily to the farmers while they are at their farms and to the farmers’ families. In short, it provides for free practical home study courses in agriculture and home economics without text-books, and chiefly by means of demonstrations in the field or in the home.

“Unlike the work of the schools, Extension work is intended for people of all ages. It reaches the gray-headed farmer by demonstrations in his own field or barn given by the farm demonstration agent or specialist of the Extension Service; it reaches the housewife, young or old, by a visit from the home demonstration agent to the housewife’s kitchen, pantry, or garden; and it also carries instructive and inspiring lessons to the pupils of the elementary and high schools, especially through the work done for enrolling the young people in corn clubs, pig clubs, poultry clubs, and other organizations for boys and girls.

HOW SUPPORTED

“The Extension Service is the organized outgrowth of the first years of farm demonstration work. Under the Smith-Lever Act of Congress the farm demonstration work becomes a part of a much larger agency for helping farmers and homekeepers and young people,—namely, the Extension Service.

“The Smith-Lever Act provides a Federal appropriation to take care of a little more than half the expense of conducting demonstration and other Extension work. This Federal support is available only on condition that the other half of the necessary support shall come from the state. The Federal fund increases by a fixed amount annually, but no state can receive this increase unless it also increases, dollar for dollar, its financial support of Extension work.

MAIN DIVISIONS OF EXTENSION WORK

“Extension activities may be roughly divided into four groups, as follows:

- “1. Farm demonstration.
- “2. Home demonstration.
- “3. Boys’ club work.
- “4. Girls’ club work.

FARM DEMONSTRATION AGENTS

“There is a farm demonstration agent in practically every county. It is his business to help the farmer by every practicable method with a view to increasing the yields, the profits, the comforts, and satisfaction of farm life. The farm demonstration agent makes his visits to as many farmers as possible, and in their own fields and barns makes practical demonstrations and advises with them on such subjects as the selection of seed, suiting the fertilizer to the soil and crop, methods of cultivation, and especially the use of labor-saving machinery. If there is a neglected orchard he begins the actual pruning and spraying, possibly leaving the farmer to finish it according to the practical instruction he has just received from the agent. Likewise, if a barn or silo, or other farm structure, is needed, the agent is available to help in planning it, and often to start the construction.

HOME DEMONSTRATION AGENTS

“In nearly every county there is employed for the whole or a part of the year a home demonstra-

tion agent. These workers among the women are popularly known as 'canning club agents,' the name given them because one of their first and principal activities has been the organization of girls into canning clubs, and the demonstration of how the surplus vegetables and fruits from the summer garden and orchard may be made to feed the family throughout the winter. Canning is, however, only one of their many activities. They also give instruction to canning club girls in sewing, cooking, care of poultry, and other matters intended to afford the farm girls an independent source of revenue, or to enable them to better provide for the feeding of the family."

BOYS' CLUBS

"By means of boys' clubs of various kinds the boys on the farms are encouraged to vie with each other and with their fathers in the endeavor to produce the largest yield of corn, peanuts, or other crops, or to raise the finest or most profitable hogs or other livestock. The object is not alone to cause the farm boy to contribute his part in increasing the agricultural production of the state, but also to enlist his interest in better methods of crop production and in pure bred livestock, so that a larger proportion of boys may become farmers, and that most of these may become the best farmers of their respective communities. In 1918 the enrollment of white boys in boys' clubs and in other forms of agricultural production was more than 22,000.

GIRLS' CLUBS

Every summer since 1911 girls have been busy in some part of the state gathering tomatoes and canning them. The first canning clubs were formed in Pike and Walker counties. Just 240 girls agreed to plant one-tenth of an acre in tomatoes, do all the work except the plowing and with the help of a teacher to can all the tomatoes that could be spared from the home table.

Girls in ten counties were doing this splendid work in 1912. Every year thereafter the work grew and in 1917 when the Government was urging people to grow food crops and to preserve all the food possible a large sum of money was appropriated for this Home Demonstration work. Girls and women in every county of the state by that time were growing all sorts of vegetables and fruits and canning great quantities of good things to eat. In 1918 more than a million and a half dollars worth of food was canned by these girls and women on the farms. The Home Demonstration Agents helped them sell their products and numbers of girls have gone to school on the money they made themselves at home.

Luther N. Duncan has been in charge of the boys' and girls' club work since it was first begun in 1910, when the first boys' corn clubs were organized. The champion member of the Boys' Corn Club is Walker Lee Dunson of Alexander City. Two years after the club was started this fifteen-year-old boy planted one acre of corn according to government instructions, cultivated it according to direc-

tions and produced 232½ bushels of corn. And this is the world's record.

QUESTIONS

How was Birmingham founded?

What minerals have brought wealth and fame to the Birmingham district? Name other minerals found in Alabama.

What changes have taken place in farming during recent years?

Tell something about the By-products ovens in the Birmingham district.

Tell something about the shipbuilding at Mobile.

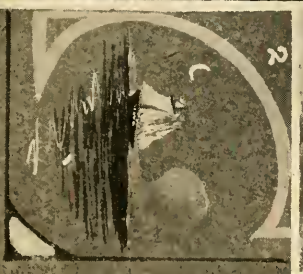
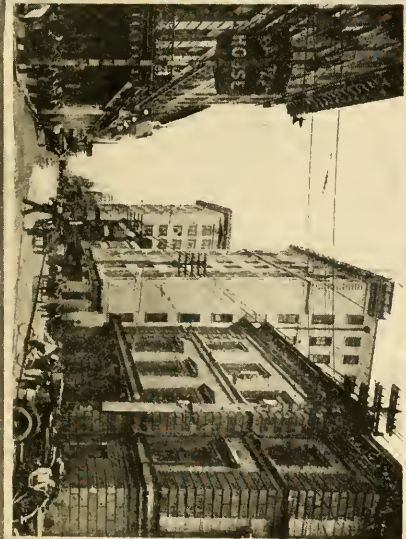
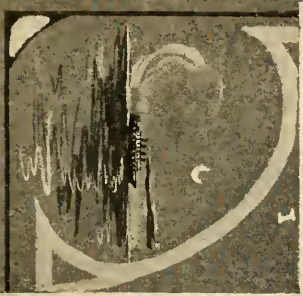
Where is Lock 12? Lock 17?

Of what value to industry are the dams that have been built in the rivers of the state?

What big government plant was built on the Tennessee River during the War in Europe?

Why do the business men of the state want the waterways improved?

Tell something of the work for good roads in the state.



MOBILE, ALABAMA (1) Bienville Square. (2) Bay Shell Road. (3) Royal Street

PROGRESS IN EDUCATION

STATE SCHOOLS

THE first English school, with John Pierce as teacher, established in Alabama, was opened at the Boat Yard, on the Tensaw River in the year 1811, but Washington Academy, at St. Stephens, and Green Academy, at Huntsville, were the first schools of any importance in this state. The first attempt to establish public schools in Alabama was made in Mobile in 1826. About twenty-five years afterwards, Barton Academy was completed and a good school system was in operation. In 1854 Alexander B. Meek of Mobile introduced a bill in the Legislature providing for public schools throughout the state. W. F. Perry was the first State Superintendent of Education.

In order to have good schools it is necessary to provide good teachers. For that reason Normal Schools were established at Jacksonville, Livingston, Florence and Troy, where regular courses of study and special training for teachers are given. What is known as the "Class B" Normal Schools were established at Daphne and Moundville. Schools for the training of negro teachers are located at Montgomery, one near Huntsville and one at Tuskegee. An Agricultural School has been established in each of the Congressional Districts of Alabama.

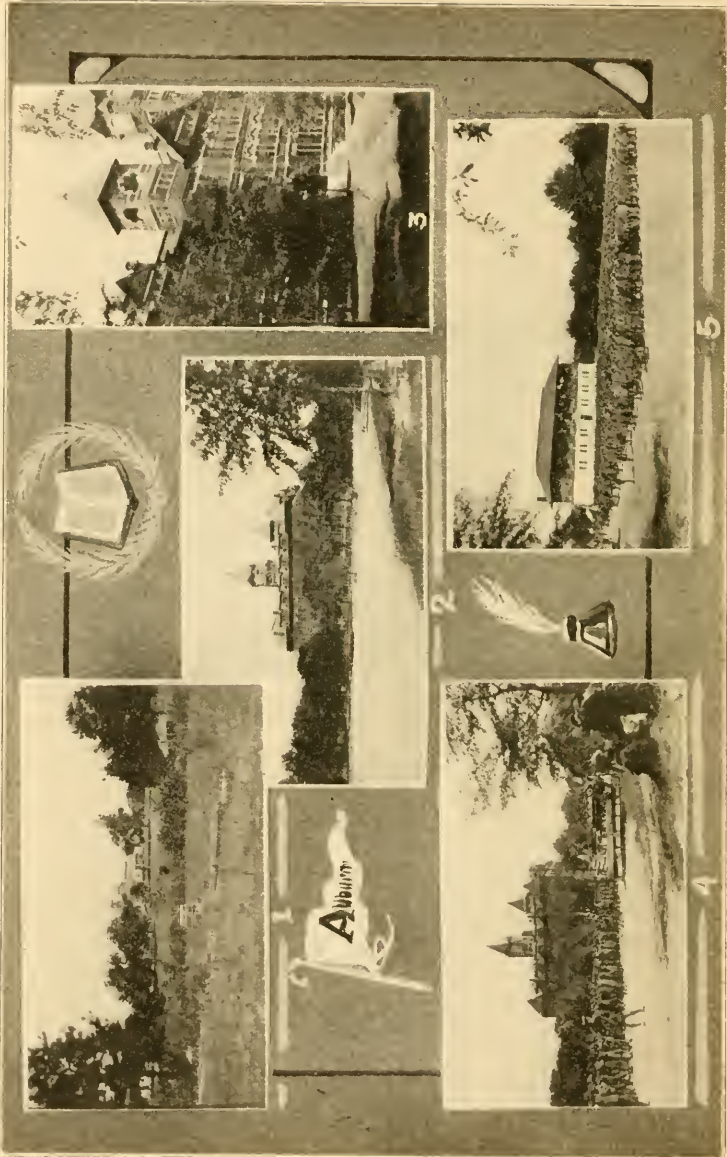


UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

(1) Smith Hall. (2) Comer Hall. (3) Morgan Hall

The locations of these schools are at Jackson, Evergreen, Abbeville, Sylacauga, Wetumpka, Albertville, Blountsville, Athens and Hamilton.

There are three higher institutions of learning established and maintained by the state. These are the University of Alabama, the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, and the Girls' Technical Institute at Montevallo. Of these the University of Alabama is the oldest. It was chartered in 1821 but it was ten years thereafter before the first session actually began. Dr. Alva Woods was the first president and he was succeeded by Dr. Basil Manly. The University buildings were burned by Federal troops in 1865, but immediately after the war steps were taken to rebuild them. Nearly twenty years later the United States Congress appropriated forty-six thousand and eighty acres of land as payment for the burning of the buildings by Federal soldiers. A large part of these lands has been sold and the proceeds used for new buildings and equipment. In addition, appropriations have been made from time to time by the state. Thousands of young men and young women have taken advantage of its splendid courses in academic branches, law, engineering, teacher training, and in medicine. The Medical Department of the University is located at Mobile. In 1893 the doors of the University were opened to women. It was due largely to the influence and continued efforts of Miss Julia Tutwiler that the University and the Polytechnic Institute introduced co-education. She also established the Normal School

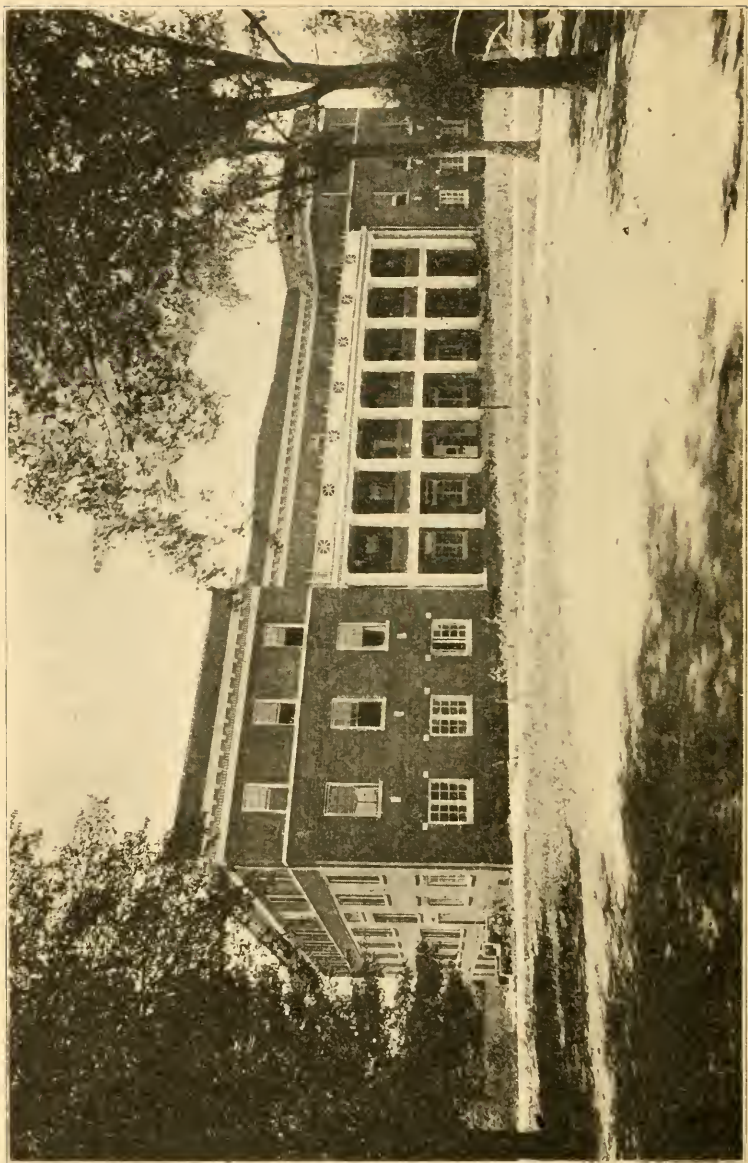


ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, AUBURN

for Girls at Livingston. A Summer School, chiefly for the benefit of teachers, was opened at the University in 1904 and since that time the other state schools have opened summer schools. In fact, the four "Class A" Normal Schools now operate twelve school months in the year.

The Alabama Polytechnic Institute was established at Auburn in 1872 in the building which had been the home of the East Alabama Male College. The name of the new state institution was the Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College. Dr. I. T. Tichenor was the president for ten years and was succeeded by Dr. William LeRoy Broun. Under his leadership the school grew greatly and new courses were introduced. Since the death of Dr. Broun, Dr. Charles C. Thach has been president of this Institute. The school has attained a national reputation and is considered one of America's leading scientific schools.

Following the establishment of an Agricultural Department at Auburn, an Agricultural Experiment Station was installed. Much of the progress in farming in the state is due to the teaching of scientific agriculture. New methods of planting, of fertilizing, of cultivating, of harvesting and of marketing have been gradually accepted by farmers. Movable schools for farmers, summer courses for farmers' housewives, for boys and girls are among the successful undertakings of the Agricultural Extension Department. Corn clubs and pig clubs for boys, tomato clubs and poultry clubs for girls and



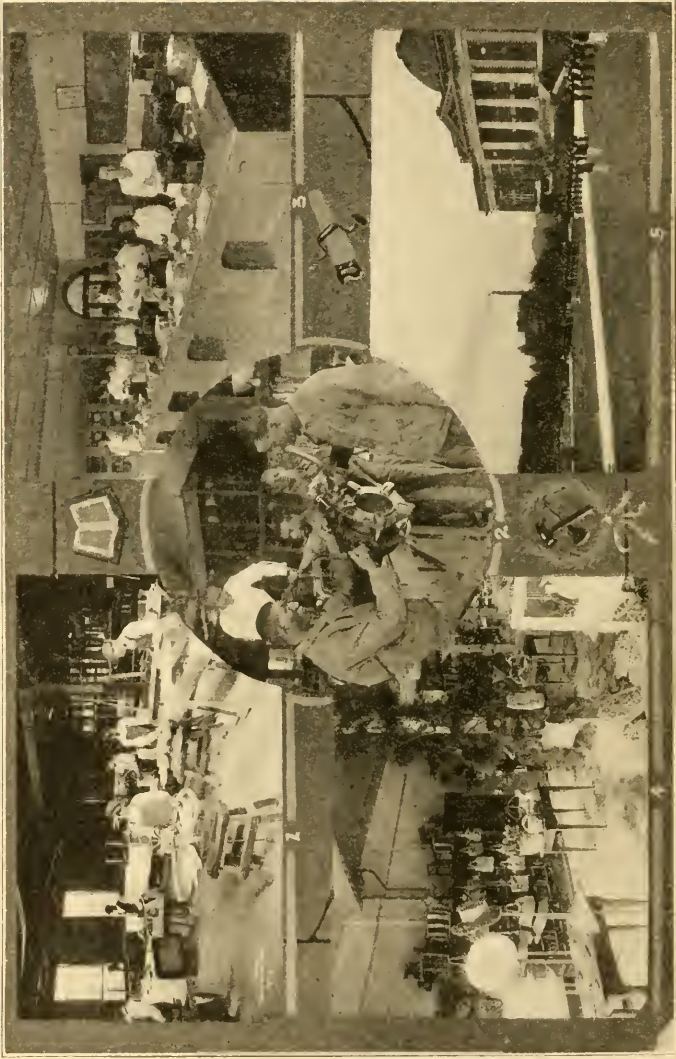
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA

instruction in Home Economics for women and girls have developed into big forces for prosperity and happiness in the rural districts of the state.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute for negroes is to the negro race what the Polytechnic Institute at Auburn is to the white race. Booker T. Washington came to Tuskegee long before the state had recovered from the effects of the war and began his school for negroes in a little old frame building. Before he died, his school had become known in all parts of the United States. Its founder was probably the most noted and most honored member of his race. He is buried on the campus of the school that he established.

In 1896 the Alabama Girls' Technical Institute was opened at Montevallo. Its purpose is to give the girls of the state the training necessary to make them self-supporting and to teach them the art of home-making. In addition to academic branches, the school gives courses in business, pedagogy, cooking, sewing, canning, nursing and various other branches pertaining to Domestic Science.

The Legislature made an appropriation of \$3,000 in 1899 to buy land and erect buildings for the Boys' Industrial School at East Lake. Larger appropriations have been made since that time and the institution, which is a reform school, has taken care of many boys who needed strict discipline and industrial training. An Industrial School for Girls in Birmingham secured a small appropriation from the Legislature in 1915. This institution has grown



TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA

- (1) Wheelwright Division.
- (2) Machine Shop Division.
- (3) Class in Domestic Service.
- (4) Division of Handicraft.
- (5) Battalion and Dining Room



GIRLS' TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA

- (1) Peterson Hall (Infirmary). (2) Bloch Hall. (3) Conservatory of Music. (4) Dormitory

in usefulness and popular favor. A reform school for negro boys is conducted near Mt. Meigs, in Montgomery County. The school for the Deaf and the Blind at Talladega was established before the War of Secession. It teaches the dumb to talk and educates the deaf and the blind so that they can be independent and often self-supporting.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

In addition to the schools which are supported by the state, there are numbers of good private and denominational schools. Among the most important of which are the Alabama Presbyterian College at Anniston; Howard College at East Lake and Judson College at Marion, Baptist schools; the Southern University of Greensboro and the Birmingham College combined to form the Birmingham-Southern University at Birmingham; Athens College for Young Women at Athens, and the Woman's College of Alabama at Montgomery, Methodist schools; Spring Hill College at Mobile and St. Bernard College near Cullman, Catholic schools.

Large appropriations were made by the Legislature in 1907 for general educational purposes. All state institutions of learning received good appropriations for their work. The building and repair of school houses was encouraged by an appropriation of \$1,000 per year to each county. The money could be used only by communities that contributed a like amount for building or repairs of their own school houses. An appropriation of \$3,000 a year

was made to each county for the maintenance of a County High School. The county had to furnish the school property and to comply with certain state regulations in order to secure this money. As a result of this act there are now 57 County High Schools in the state besides several city High Schools which are supported by city governments.

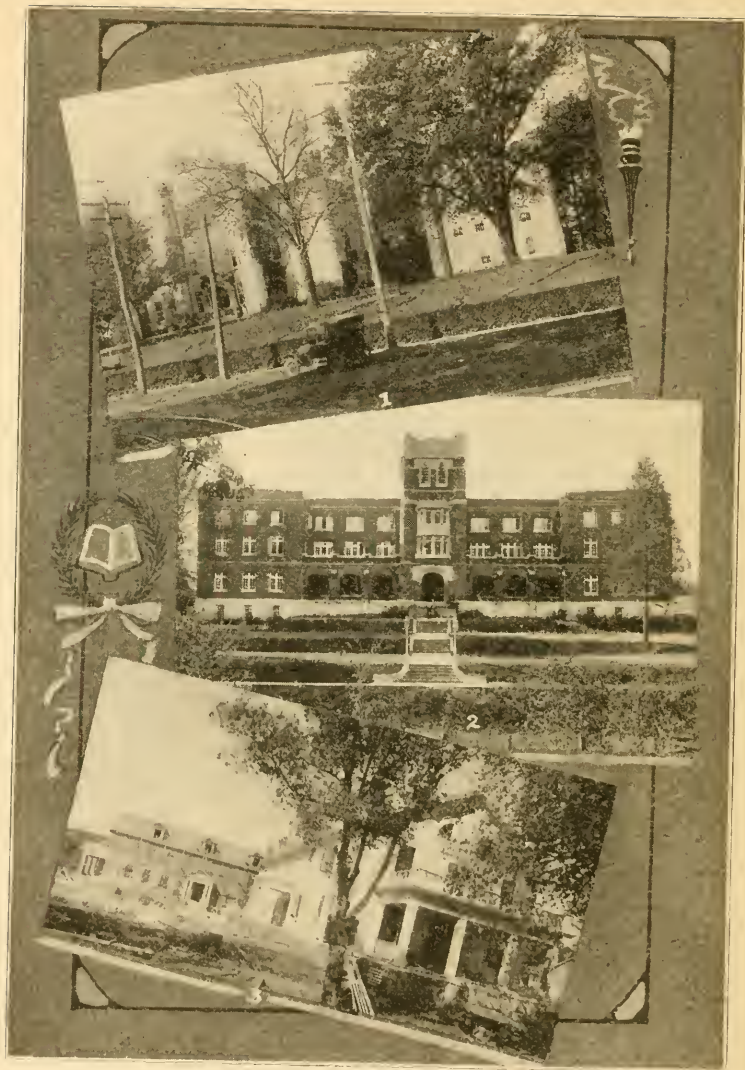
The first uniform system of text-books for the state schools was introduced in 1908, and the first



DORMITORY FOR WOMEN, STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
LIVINGSTON, ALABAMA

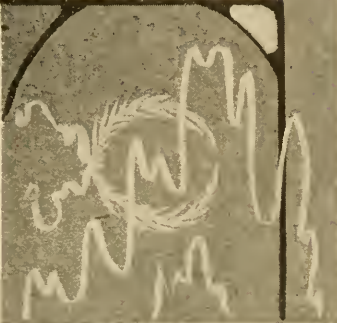
meeting of the Text-Book Commission was held in Montgomery in that year.

The Legislature has provided for the holding of teachers' institutes in every county each year. State aid for Rural School Libraries is provided by the state so that every community may receive the benefit of a Circulating Library, which is sent out from the State History Department. A Normal School



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FLORENCE, ALABAMA

- (1) Administration Building. (2) Woman's Dormitory. (3) Striplin Hall, and Florence Hall for Women



(1) SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, TALLADEGA. (2) SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, TALLADEGA

Board has been created and other measures looking to the improvement of the teaching force have been passed by the Legislature from time to time.

A Compulsory Education Law was passed in 1915 which compelled all children between the ages of 8 and 15 (now 8 to 16) to attend school eighty days during each school year. This same Legislature also passed laws for the general welfare of the children in the state. Factory inspectors, working under the direction of the State Health Department, were provided. The duty of these inspectors is to prevent the employment of children under legal age in factories, stores and other places of business and to demand good working conditions for those who are employed in such places.

An Illiteracy Commission was created and continuous efforts have been made to teach every person in the state over ten years of age to read and write. Since 1919 this work has become a part of the State Educational Department work. Adult schools have met with astonishing success, the most far-reaching result being the interest created in the education of the young. The pride and happiness with which the middle-aged and elderly people of the isolated places have received this instruction has made worth while the sacrifice on the part of the volunteer teachers of the state. Industrial training has been introduced into the schools recently. The United States government has joined forces with the state in teaching trades to disabled soldiers as well as to boys and girls. The creating

of County School Boards, who have supervision over the various county schools and appoint the County Superintendent, and the passage of a three-mill tax law, were conspicuous bills in the 1915 Legislature.

In a recent report issued by the State Department of Education the following statements were made regarding the progress of education in this state.

Alabama is unique in that it gives a larger per-



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, TROY, ALABAMA

centage of its taxes to its schools than any other state in the Union. Of a total of $6\frac{1}{2}$ mills authorized by the Constitution for the state, 3 mills go directly to the schools, together with a flat appropriation of \$350,000. Besides there are the several appropriations which go to institutions of higher learning and the many others which go for the support of special projects. The state school revenue is further increased by the poll tax and some modest funds accruing from school lands, escheats, and the like.

In addition to the state funds every county, according to the Constitution of 1901, is authorized to levy a one mill tax for school purposes and approximately 36 counties are exercising the privilege at this time. In 1915, as a result of a continuous propaganda for more money and the right to levy it locally, a constitutional amendment was submitted and ratified, authorizing every county by popular vote to levy a tax of three mills for school purposes, with a further proviso that a school district in any county should be permitted to vote an additional tax of three mills for the schools in the district.

The attitude of the people of the state toward education is nowhere more directly reflected than in the readiness with which the counties have responded to this opportunity. Already 66 counties are levying the tax.

It should be stated in conclusion that Alabama has not reached, but is traveling toward a system of free, universal education for all her boys and girls, an education that will make it possible to prepare not only for citizenship and for culture, but for the practical touch and training in the very work which the individual is to do when he leaves the school.

The people of Alabama are awake as never before to the meaning of education and to the value of the school. With a little improvement of machinery and a larger investment of money, which are both sure to come rapidly, the educational as well as the economic, physical and moral destiny of the state is assured.

QUESTIONS

Where was the first English school established in Alabama?

Who introduced the public school system in this state?

How long ago was that?

Where are the four "Class A" Normal Schools in the state?

Where is the State University?

Tell something of its history.

Where is the Alabama Polytechnic Institute?

Why was the Alabama Girls' Technical Institute established?

Where?

What woman did so much for the education of the girls in the state?

Who was Booker T. Washington?

What school was located at Talladega a short while before the War of Secession?

Tell some means that have been introduced of late years to educate or train all classes of people in the state.

Appendix

GOVERNORS AND OTHER OFFICERS

GOVERNORS OF MISSISSIPPI TERRITORY

Winthrop Sargent, of Massachusetts.....	1798
William Charles Cole Claiborne, of Tennessee.....	1801
Robert Williams, of North Carolina.....	1805
David Holmes, of Virginia.....	1809

GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA TERRITORY

William Wyatt Bibb, of Georgia.....	Sept. 25, 1817
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GOVERNORS OF THE STATE OF ALABAMA

William Wyatt Bibb, of Augusta.....	Nov. 9, 1819
Thomas Bibb, of Limestone.....	July 15, 1820
Israel Pickens, of Greene.....	Nov. 9, 1821
John Murphy, of Monroe.....	Nov. 25, 1825
Gabriel Moore, of Madison.....	Nov. 25, 1829
Samuel B. Moore, of Jackson.....	Mar. 3, 1831
John Gayle, of Greene.....	Nov. 26, 1831
Clement Comer Clay, of Madison.....	Nov. 21, 1835
Hugh McVay, of Lauderdale.....	July —, 1837
Arthur Pendleton Bagby, of Monroe.....	Nov. 21, 1837
Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Augusta.....	Nov. 22, 1841
Joshua Lanier Martin, of Tuscaloosa.....	Dec. 10, 1845
Reuben Chapman, of Madison.....	Dec. 16, 1847
Henry Watkins Collier, of Tuscaloosa.....	Dec. 17, 1849
John Anthony Winston, of Sumter.....	Dec. 20, 1853
Andrew Barry Moore, of Perry.....	Dec. 1, 1857
John Gill Shorter, of Barbour.....	Dec. 2, 1861
Thomas Hill Watts, of Montgomery.....	Dec. 1, 1863
Lewis E. Parsons, of Talladega.....	June 21, 1865
Robert Miller Patton, of Lauderdale.....	Dec. 20, 1865
William H. Smith, of Randolph.....	July 14, 1868
Robert Burns Lindsay, of Colbert.....	Nov. 26, 1870
David P. Lewis, of Madison.....	Nov. —, 1872
George Smith Houston, of Limestone.....	Nov. 24, 1874
Rufus W. Cobb, of Shelby.....	Nov. 28, 1878
Edward Asbury O'Neal, of Lauderdale.....	Dec. 1, 1882
Thomas Seay, of Hale.....	Dec. 1, 1886
Thomas Goode Jones, of Montgomery.....	Dec. 1, 1890
William C. Oates, of Henry.....	Dec. 1, 1894
Joseph F. Johnson, of Jefferson.....	Dec. 1, 1896
William J. Samford, of Lee.....	Dec. 26, 1900
William D. Jelks, of Barbour.....	June 11, 1901
Braxton Bragg Comer.....	Jan. 14, 1907
Emmet O'Neal.....	Jan. —, 1911
Charles Henderson.....	Jan. —, 1915
Thomas E. Kilby.....	Jan. 18, 1919

UNITED STATES SENATORS

William R. King.....	1819-1844	Gabriel Moore.....	1831-1837
and	1848-1853	Clement C. Clay.....	1837-1841
John W. Walker.....	1819-1822	Arthur P. Bagby.....	1841-1848
William Kelly.....	1823-1825	Dixon Hall Lewis.....	1844-1848
Henry Chambers.....	1825-1826	Benjamin Fitzpatrick...	1848-1849
Israel Pickens, Apr. 10-		Jeremiah Clemens.....	1849-1853
Dec. 21.....	1826	Clement C. Clay.....	1853-1861
John McKinley.....	1826-1831	Benjamin Fitzpatrick...	1853-1861

CONFEDERATE STATES SENATORS

William L. Yancey.....	1861-1863	Clement C. Clay.....	1862-1864
Robert Jemison.....	1863-1865	Richard W. Walker.....	1864-1865

UNITED STATES SENATORS

George S. Houston.....	1865*	James L. Pugh.....	1883-1897
Lewis E. Parsons.....	1865*	Edmund W. Pettus.....	1897-1907
John A. Winston.....	1867*	John Hollis Bankhead...	1907
Willard Warner.....	1868-1871	Joseph Forney Johnston..	1907
George E. Spencer.....	1868-1879	Frank S. White.....	1914
George Goldthwaite.....	1872-1877	Oscar W. Underwood....	1915
John T. Morgan.....	1877-1907		
George S. Houston.....	1879-1883		

*Elected but not seated.

JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT

Chief Justices

Clement C. Clay.....	1820	Elisha W. Peck.....	1868
Abner S. Lipscomb.....	1823	Thomas M. Peters.....	1873
Reuben Saffold.....	1835	Robert C. Brickell.....	1874
Henry Hitchcock.....	1836	George W. Stone.....	1884
Arthur F. Hopkins.....	1836	Robert C. Brickell.....	1894
Henry W. Collier.....	1837	Thomas N. McClellan.....	1898
Edward Spann Dargan.....	1849	Samuel D. Weakley.....	1905
William P. Chilton.....	1852	John R. Tyson.....	1907
George Goldthwaite.....	1856	James R. Dowdell.....	1908
Samuel F. Rice.....	1856	John C. Anderson.....	1914
Abram J. Walker.....	1859		

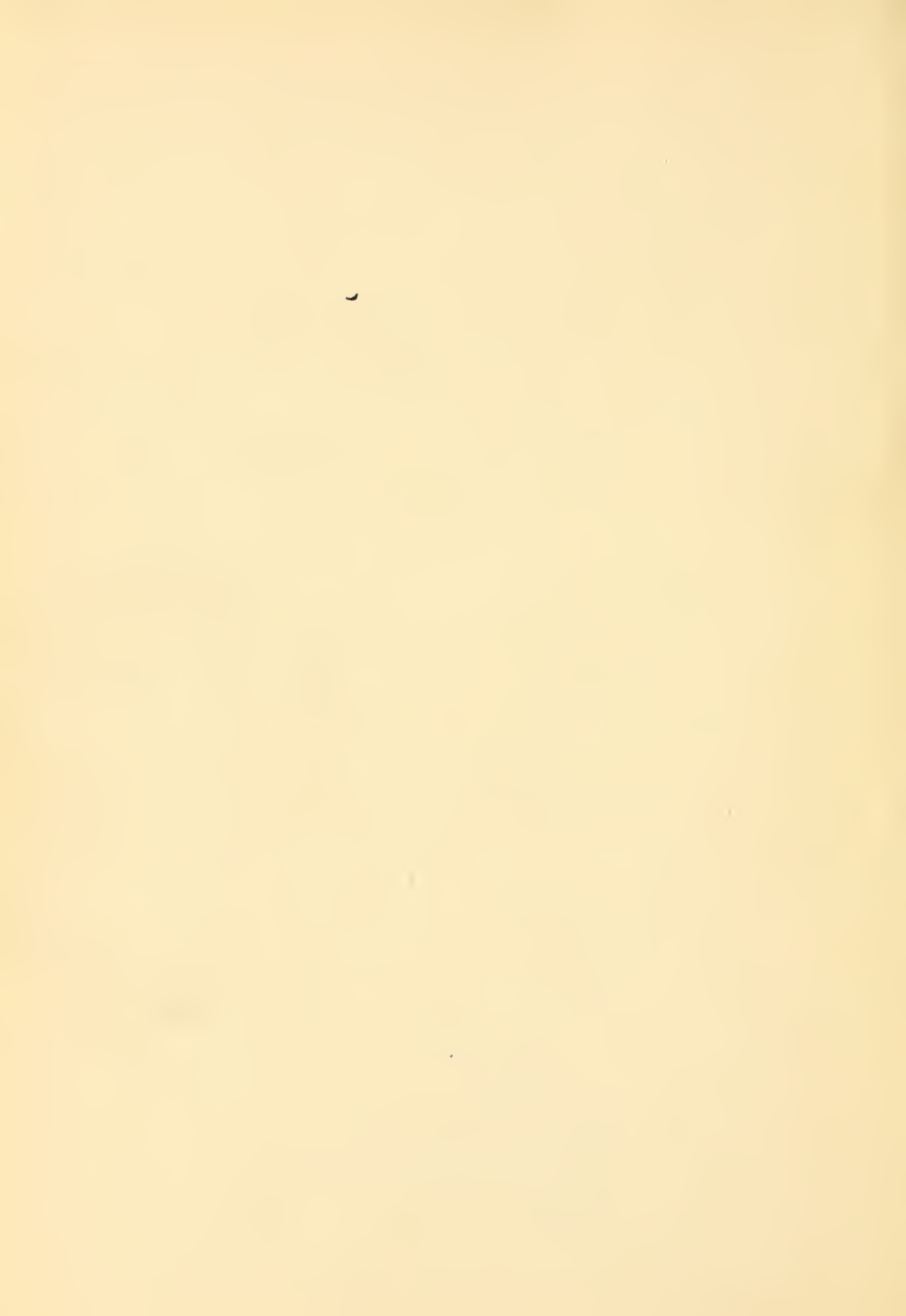
SUPERINTENDENTS OF EDUCATION

William F. Perry.....	1854	Solomon Palmer.....	1884
Gabriel B. DuVal.....	1858	John G. Harris.....	1890
W. C. Allen.....	1864	John O. Turner.....	1894
John B. Taylor.....	1865	John W. Abercrombie.....	1898
John B. Ryan.....	1866	Harry C. Gunnels.....	1902
N. B. Cloud.....	1868	Isaac W. Hill.....	1903
Joseph Hodgson.....	1870	Harry C. Gunnels.....	1907
Joseph H. Speed.....	1872	Henry J. Willingham.....	1911
John M. McKleroy.....	1874	William F. Feagin.....	1914
LeRoy F. Box.....	1876	Spright Dowell.....	1917
Henry C. Armstrong.....	1880		

COUNTIES OF ALABAMA

Name	When Formed	For Whom Named	From What Territory Taken	County Seat
Autauga	Nov. 21, 1818.	Indian name.	Montgomery.	Prattville.
Baldwin	Dec. 21, 1809.	Abraham Baldwin.	Washington county.	Bay Minette.
Barbour	Dec. 18, 1832.	James Barbour.	Pike county and Creek cession.	Clayton
Bibb	Feb. 7, 1818.	William Wyatt Bibb.	Montgomery and Monroe.	Centerville.
Blount	Feb. 7, 1818.	Wm. G. Blount.	Montgomery county and Cherokee cession.	Oneonta.
Bullock	Dec. 5, 1866.	E. C. Bullock.	Barbour, Macon, Montgomery, Pike.	Union Springs.
Butler	Dec. 13, 1819.	Capt. William Butler.	Conecuh and Montgomery.	Greenville.
Calhoun	Dec. 18, 1832.	John C. Calhoun.	Creek cession of 1832.	Anniston.
Chambers	Dec. 18, 1832.	Henry C. Chambers.	Creek cession of 1832.	LaFayette.
Cherokee	Jan. 9, 1836.	Indian tribe.	Creek cession of 1832.	Center.
Chilton	Dec. 30, 1868.	Judge W. P. Chilton.	Cherokee cession of 1835.	Clanton.
Choctaw	Dec. 29, 1847.	Indian tribe.	Autauga, Bibb, Perry, Shelby, Sumter and Washington.	Butler.
Clarke	Dec. 10, 1812.	John Clarke.	Washington county.	Grove Hill.
Clay	Dec. 7, 1866.	Henry Clay.	Washington county.	Ashland.
Cleburne	Dec. 6, 1866.	Gen. Pat. F. Cleburne.	Randolph and Talladega.	Hellin.
Coffee	Dec. 29, 1841.	Gen. John Coffee.	Calhoun, Randolph, Talladega, Dale.	Elba.
Colbert	Feb. 6, 1867.	George and Levi Colbert.	Franklin.	Tuscumbia.
Conecuh	Feb. 13, 1818.	Indian word.	Monroe.	Evergreen.
Coosa	Dec. 18, 1832.	Indian tribe.	Creek cession of 1832.	Rockford.
Covington	Dec. 1, 1821.	Gen. Leonard W. Covington.	Henry.	Andalusa.
Crenshaw	Nov. 24, 1866.	Anderson Crenshaw.	Butler, Coffee, Covington, Lowndes, Pike.	Luverne.
Cullman	Jan. 24, 1877.	John G. Cullman.	Blount, Morgan, Winston.	Cullman.
Dale	Dec. 25, 1824.	Gen. Samuel Dale.	Henry and Covington.	Ozark.
Dallas	Feb. 9, 1818.	A. J. Dallas.	Montgomery.	Selma.
DeKalb	Jan. 9, 1836.	Gen. Johann DeKalb.	Cherokee cession of 1835.	Fort Payne.
Elmore	Feb. 15, 1866.	John A. Elmore.	Autauga, Coosa, Montgomery, Tallapoosa.	Wetumpka.
Escambia	Dec. 10, 1868.	Escambia River.	Baldwin and Conecuh.	Brewton.
Etowah	Dec. 7, 1866.	Indian origin.	Blount, Calhoun, Cherokee, DeKalb, Marshall, St. Clair.	Gadsden.
Fayette	Dec. 20, 1824.	Gen. La Fayette.	Marion, Pickens, Tuscaloosa.	Fayette.
Franklin	Feb. 6, 1818.	Benjamin Franklin.	Chickasaw and Cherokee cession of 1816.	Russellville.
Geneva	Dec. 26, 1868.	Swiss city.	Coffee, Dale, Henry.	Geneva.
Greene	Dec. 13, 1819.	Gen. Nathanael Greene.	Marengo and Tuscaloosa.	Eutaw.
Hale	Jan. 30, 1867.	Stephen F. Hale.	Marengo, Greene, Perry, Tuscaloosa.	Greensboro.

Name	When Formed	For Whom Named	From What Territory Taken	County Seat
Henry	Dec. 13, 1819.	Patrick Henry.	Henry, Dale, Geneva.	Abbeville.
Houston	Feb. 9, 1903.	Gov. Geo. S. Houston.	Cherokee cession of 1816.	Dothan.
Jackson	Dec. 13, 1819.	Gen. Andrew Jackson.	Blount.	Scottsboro.
Jefferson	Dec. 13, 1819.	Thomas Jefferson.	Fayette and Marion.	Birmingham.
Lamar	Feb. 4, 1867.	L. Q. C. Lamar.	{ Chickasaw and Cherokee ces- sion of 1816.	Vernon.
Lauderdale	Feb. 6, 1818.	Col. Jas. Lauderdale.	{ Chickasaw and Cherokee ces- sion of 1816.	Florence.
Lawrence	Feb. 6, 1818.	James Lawrence.	{ Chickasaw and Cherokee ces- sion of 1816.	Moulton.
Lee	Dec. 5, 1866.	Gen. Robert E. Lee.	{ Chambers, Macon, Russell, Tal- lapoosa.	Opelika.
Limestone	Feb. 6, 1818.	From creek with bed of lime rock.	{ Chickasaw and Cherokee ces- sion of 1816.	Athens.
Lowndes	Jan. 20, 1830.	Wm. Lowndes.	Butler, Dallas, Montgomery.	Hayneville.
Macon	Dec. 18, 1832.	Nathaniel Macon.	Creek cession of 1832.	Tuskegee.
Madison	Dec. 13, 1808.	James Madison.	{ Chickasaw and Cherokee ces- sions, 1805 and 1807.	Huntsville.
Marengo	Feb. 6, 1818.	French battle.	Choctaw cession of 1816.	Linden.
Marion	Feb. 13, 1818.	Gen. Francis Marion.	Tuscaloosa.	Hamilton.
Marshall	Jan. 9, 1836.	Chief Justice John Marshall.	{ Jackson, Blount, Cherokee ces- sion of 1835.	Guntersville.
Mobile	1812.	Indian.	Louisiana Purchase.	Mobile.
Monroe	June 29, 1815.	James Monroe.	{ Washington county and Creek cession of 1814.	Monroeville.
Montgomery	Dec. 6, 1816.	Lt. Lemuel P. Montgomery.	Monroe.	Montgomery.
Morgan	Feb. 6, 1818.	Gen. Daniel Morgan.	Cherokee Turkeytown cession.	Decatur.
Perry	Dec. 13, 1819.	Com. O. H. Perry.	Marion.	Marion.
Pickens	Dec. 19, 1820.	Gen. Andrew Pickens.	Tuscaloosa.	Carrollton.
Pike	Dec. 7, 1821.	Gen. Z. M. Pike.	Henry and Montgomery.	Troy.
Randolph	Dec. 18, 1832.	John Randolph.	Creek cession of 1832.	Wedowee.
Russell	Dec. 18, 1832.	Col. G. C. Russell.	Creek cession of 1832.	Seale.
St. Clair	Nov. 20, 1818.	Gen. Arthur St. Clair.	Shelby.	Ashville.
Shelby	Feb. 7, 1818.	Isaac Shelby.	Montgomery.	Columbiana.
Sumter	Dec. 18, 1832.	Gen. Thomas Sumter.	Choctaw cession of 1830.	Livingston.
Talladega	Dec. 18, 1832.	Indian word.	Creek cession of 1832.	Talladega.
Tallapoosa	Dec. 18, 1832.	Indian word.	Creek cession of 1832.	Dadeville.
Tuscaloosa	Feb. 7, 1818.	Indian.	{ Chickasaw and Choctaw ces- sions, 1816.	Tuscaloosa.
Walker	Dec. 26, 1832.	Senator John W. Walker.	Marion and Tuscaloosa.	Jasper.
Washington	June 4, 1800.	Gen. George Washington.	Choctaw cessions.	Chatom.
Wilcox	Dec. 13, 1819.	Lt. Joseph M. Wilcox.	Dallas and Monroe.	Camden.
Winston	Feb. 12, 1856.	Gov. John A. Winston.	Walker.	Double Spring



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