CHAPTER XIX.

THE PRESENT, 1876.

THE narrative of events in a former chapter closed with the year 1875.

The great Centennial Year of the country, 1876, came here as elsewhere; although until May of 1799 this had formed no real part of the United States. The preparations for the various exhibitions of the nation's progress, in agriculture and arts and mechanism, in the city of Philadelphia, attracted some attention; but few of the citizens of Clarke were so situated as to be able to mingle in the mighty throngs of crowding millions, that from the tenth of May till the tenth of November sojourned for a season in the City of Brotherly Love.

The presidential election of the year enlisted more largely the interests of the people. The election in this county passed off quietly as usual. Of course a large disappointment was felt when the final result of that political contest was announced.

At Gainestown, after the local elections, R. H. Flinn, the newly elected tax-collector, and a few of his friends, gave, August 26, a general barbecue, invitations being issued to white and colored citizens alike. The exercises were very pleasant, and the barbecue was pronounced by participants to have been "a decided and complete success."

1877.

The present year has brought but few events of special interest to the dwellers amid the pines. On New
Years Day, along the hills of Bashi, snow fell about six inches in depth. Some snow remained on the ground for five days. The cotton crop of the year has been abundant, but the rains of November delayed the picking and impaired the quality. The quality of the sugar-cane was not equal to that of the year before; but quite a large amount of genuine, cane molasses has been made. If not perfect in quality, those who have eaten this have had the satisfaction of knowing that it was not manufactured out of glucose, and that it contained no sulphuric acid. The peach crop has been abundant. In the latter part of the year quite a number of families removed to Texas.

November closed with a lower temperature than usual. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 29 and 30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 1 and 2, were cold days, with ice in the morning, the mercury near Grove Hill being at 21° F. and at Suggsville at 16°. During most of December the weather was delightful. The following "notes," as indicating something of the loveliness of such winter weather as may be experienced in this pine belt, are here inserted. They were written four miles south of latitude 32°.

"THE SUNNY SOUTH."

Decr. 14, 1877.

If this day may be taken as a specimen day, the name above is not inaptly given. I am now on a hillside, opposite the sun, in the region of the Bashi caves. The sun is shining on the hill sides around me, and on the cotton and corn fields of the plantations, in the center of which these caves and hills and woods are situated. I find the shade on this eastern slope as
pleasant as if a June sun were shining. The air, for the most part, is still, and the stillness must be experienced to be appreciated. The air is soft, mild, agreeable. In the rays of the sun it is hot; but on this shaded slope one could lie down and sleep delightfully. A few sounds of busy or of flitting birds may be heard, some distant voices from a cotton field come occasionally, a slight rustle of a gentle breeze now for a moment is perceptible in the trees above me, and again all is silence, the silence of nature amid the warmth and glow of the semi-tropical winter. If I could only paint these massive hill-sides, where one hundred years ago the Choctaw warriors hunted; and these deep valleys, in the beds of which the sea shells have been reposing for ages; the massive rocks which are piled within them; and the sunny nooks where fair maidens have loitered with their companions; I could give a much more full idea of this charming solitude.

I said, If this day may be taken as a specimen, this is well called the Sunny South. Yesterday, as I was climbing hills and crossing limpid streams, I felt the need of an umbrella, as in summer, to keep off the glowing heat of a clear sunshine. Day before yesterday it seemed like a Northern May Day, when May is warm and very lovely. And many a bright, and still, and glorious day I have enjoyed during the last two months. There have been some cool nights and four cool days; but in a day or two the strong sunshine, "strong," irresistible in the perfect silence but majesty of its power, sends away to some northern region every breath of cold.

I have been revisiting some of the caves. I stopped on this hill-side to enjoy—this is a good climate to
rainfall. Repeated flashes of sharp lightning, followed by heavy thunder. One crash came while we were eating breakfast at J. H. Creighton's. I felt the jar on one side, and, looking immediately out, saw a large pine about ten rods off, scathed and riven” by the thunderbolt.

Leaving the shadows, the showers, and the sunshine, the following is the record of December marriages.

MARRIED.

“On the evening of the 12th inst. near Grove Hill, by Rev. J. P. Chapman, Mr. D. C. O'Gwynn, of Butler county, Ala., and Miss Emma Gordon, of Clarke.”

“On the 11th of December, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. W. W. Whatley, Mr. Charles S. Pace and Miss Lavenia S. Gwin, all of this county.” January publication.

“In Grove Hill, on the 26th ult., by Rev. J. P. Chapman, Mr. M. B. DuBose and Miss Eliza J. Wilson, all of Clarke county.

Near Grove Hill, on the 26th ult., by Rev. W. H. Dewitt, Mr. J. W. Hicks and Miss M. E. Robinson, all of Clarke county.

Near Clarkesville, on the 26th ult., by Esq. W. F. McCorquodale, Mr. J. N. Wilson and Amanda Stewart, all of this county.

Near Grove Hill, on the 26th ult., by Rev. John S. Frazer, Rev. J. S. Calhoun of the Mississippi Conference and Miss Amelia Chapman, of Clarke county.

Near Grove Hill, on the 27th ult., by Rev. J. H. Fendley, Mr. James A. Hall and Miss Mary Fleming, all of Clarke county.”
The following are the Justices of the Peace whose books were inspected by the proper authorities and found to be correct, in the spring of 1878, and who may therefore be considered the acting Justices when the year 1877 closed: James W. Dickinson, W. F. McCorquodale, M. Goodman, J. C. Chapman, A. B. Wilson, T. H. Bedsole, W. N. Molten, Stephen Tompkins, R. E. Wiggins, E. M. Portis, J. F. DeLoach, G. W. Ford, J. W. Cunningham, J. O. York, J. M. Williamson, W. H. Slade, M. Harper, D. J. Bedsole, W. M. Davis, and J. S. Deas.

COUNTY OFFICERS.


Two secret societies, resembling the noted Cowbellions of Mobile, had processions and entertainments Christmas week. These were the "H. A. S." of Grove Hill and the "Infant Knights" of Jackson, the latter organized in 1875. The latter appeared in public on the night of the 24th "and gave an interesting entertainment for both the mind and the body."

The "H. A. S." gave their first annual entertainment at the Female Academy in Grove Hill. Says the Democrat: "The procession of the 'H. A. S.' was a brilliant and grand affair, and was witnessed by a large and excited crowd, without regard to age, sex, color, or previous condition."

*The author of this work had the privilege of witnessing this procession, and was kindly furnished with a ticket which admitted him within the Academy Hall.*
At Choctaw Corner a Christmas tree furnished entertained for the children on Christmas Eve.

On Friday evening, the 28th, at the Hon. J. S. Dickinson's, a private exhibition was given to a select audience, which was creditable to "the class," the young students who gave it, and interesting to the audience.

Thus, marking certainly one hundred years of American settlement within these surroundings, if not certainly within this central table land between the rivers, thus, with showers and sunshine, Christmas gatherings and new marriage vows, with increased comforts in the present and increased hopefulness for the future, the year 1877 closed over a pleasant, a lovely, a peaceful, and a prospering portion of our land.

May the year of life close as hopefully for the dwellers in these peaceful homes, and the morning dawn for them and theirs amid the brightness of an Evergreen Shore.

GLEANINGS:

Under this heading will be found various items, some things of interest to one class of readers, and some to other classes. Especially here are some things inserted coming after 1877, the year in which, according to the title page, the proper history in this volume ends.

DOUBLE MARRIAGES.

Two interesting cases have occurred of double mar-
riages, but with more pleasant results than Tennyson's Enoch Arden or Whittier's David Matson. The intense sadness of the latter seems, indeed, almost too much for human endurance.

The first of these was in the life of Mrs. Merrill. It may be remembered that at the house of her father, Abner James, near Bassett's Creek, she was scalped by the Indians and left, with her little son, among the dead. She however revived and with him gained the fort and recovered. Her husband was at this time absent with the troops under General Claiborne. On the march to the Holy Ground he heard of that massacre, and that his wife and child were among the slain. He was himself severely wounded in that fierce battle, and the troops that returned to Clarke reported him as dead. He however recovered from his wounds, and having no desire to return to that home where all the light, as he had been credibly informed, had gone out, in the cruel death of his beloved wife and child, he made his way up into Tennessee.

Mrs. Merrill remained in Clarke and after a few years married a man named Haltom, who resided near Choctaw Corner. Here she is said to have become again a happy wife and the mother of a large family. Years passed, some of these children had nearly reached maturity, a home of abundance and of peace promised quiet and repose for her declining years. Nothing disturbed the even tenor of her way. But one night a traveller from Tennessee, with his middle-aged wife and family of children, on the way to Texas, sought a night's repose, in her pleasant, hospitable home. Surprise, and consternation for awhile, took away almost the power of utterance, when in this Tennessean she recognized
her former husband, and he recognized in her, although the dark tresses of shining hair were forever gone, his fondly loved and long lamented wife. Explanations followed, a pleasant visit was made, and then, content each with the arrangements of relations as now they were, the travelling party went on their way.

The other case was more romantic. A young man, the name John alone need here be given, had married a girl before the late civil war. Her name may be called Sally. She lived not very far from Coffeville. Her husband listened to the clarion calls that were summoning the men of the South to repel the Northern invaders from their soil, and it was reported and believed that he was left among the many dead on some Northern battle-field. Months passed rapidly by, amid the uncertainties and excitements of the times, and the hand of the young widow was sought in marriage by a widower of the county, who may here be called William. The new life for both was going smoothly along and they had reason to look forward to years of prosperity and happiness, when who should call suddenly one day upon William at his place of business but the supposed dead John? The peculiar emotions of the former may be imagined. He however greeted cordially his old friend. They entered into conversation. John was informed that they had all supposed him to be dead. Presently John rose to go, he said he must go and find his wife. Don't go yet, wait a little, said his friend. And as long as he could he detained him. Finally William said, You know we all thought you was dead, John, and Sally is married. Not an Enoch Arden, nor yet a David Matson, John's hopes were not all crushed. Anyhow he would go and see her. Well John, Sally is now my wife; but we will
leave it to her which one of us she will now have. To this John assented, and went on his way to the well known home. The meeting there is not to be here described. William followed not long afterward. As he glanced in and saw the now re-united pair, he foresaw the result. He went quietly in and inquired what she intended to do. And Sally said, "I am going to take John." And with no conflict, no quarrel, William retired from the neighborhood, leaving John in full possession of his former rights.

What nobler course could two men and a woman have followed? Who does not rejoice in the success of John? Who does not admire the magnanimity of William?*

David White manufactured for his neighborhood twelve hundred and six gallons of molasses in 1877.

Six hundred and forty-eight were of sorghum cane, and five hundred and fifty-eight were made of the true sugar or "ribbon cane." The price of molasses, in consequence of home manufacture has been brought down from eighty cents to forty cents a gallon. David White has been farming for about thirty years, and has usually raised his own corn and meat. He says that land which will raise thirty dollars' worth of cotton will raise fifty dollars' worth of corn and peas.

**PENSIONERS IN CLARKE IN 1879.**

1. Major J. Anstill.
2. Drury A. Wade.
3. Jacob Ott.
4. John B. McCoy.

*I would gladly perpetuate here the real and full names of these men, if the manner of my learning these facts left me at full liberty so to do.*

T. H. B.
5. Mrs. Nelly Perritt, widow of John Perritt who died in 1865.

All the above are pensioners of the war of 1812. The first named, Major J. Anstill, died at his home near Carney's Bluff Dec. 8, 1879. At this date three aged men remain among us as the representatives of the soldiers of that war.

Five varieties of hills are easily recognized in this county. One variety is characterized by limestone rocks in regular layers upon the hill tops, and petrified and crumbling shells abundant in these rocks. Near Chalk Hill is one of this class, the highest hill in that part of the county. A second variety presents limestone rocks broken and also in ledges, porous, spongy, and without petrifications. A fine example of this class is found eight miles from Grove Hill on the St. Stephens road. A third variety is a class of hills covered with hard, broken dark rocks, fragments of sandstone, of various sizes, resembling the remains of an old forge. A fine example of this class is near the residence of H. W. Burge. A fourth variety consists of hills covered with pebbles.

The hills of the fifth variety are covered with sandy or limestone soil. Trees grow upon them all. Deer Lick Mountain is in Cane Creek beat, a part of the county where rocky hills abound. From its top may be seen Prairie Bluff, Clifton, and Claiborne. It is said that a poor blind horse of the neighborhood, that was out grazing, was found upon the small, rocky, and precipitous summit of this hill dead. Step by step the blind animal had reached the top, had found itself unable to descend, and had there starved to death. It had gone up but it could not go down. Above it was the sky.
Round Hill, about a mile east of D. Byrd's, south of Choctaw Corner, is something like a cone or sugar loaf in form, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in height.

Salt Mountain, near Salt Creek, is quite mountain like in its fine appearance. Those who climb up its steep and somewhat rocky sides will be rewarded by a fine view of the surrounding region. Pic-nic parties often used to visit this place, and here, retired almost from the world below, have lovers wandered and talked and dreamed of their own little world of present and prospective enjoyment. Wild fruits may be found about the mountain in their season, and merry children sometimes climb the height. A scene from the top one delightful afternoon, when an autumn red sun was sinking in the distant west, cannot be forgotten. Far away across the blue valley of the 'Bigbee, and in imagination it seemed beyond the Mississippi itself, the glorious sun was passing rapidly from sight. It seemed so far off to that world of light; and valley and forest westward were magnificent in their colored hues of glory.

The White Bluff is another noted eminence. It is not far south of Woods Bluff and near the range of the Witch Creek hills. The estimated height of this bluff is four hundred feet. There is a fine view from its summit toward the west and the north. It takes its name from the white limestone. It is a land-mark on the river. It has three terraces with trees growing upon each.

INDIAN MOUNDS.

"Five miles north of Woods Bluff, in the river bottom, one half mile from the river, are two mounds 100
yards apart, raised about ten feet above the level of the bottom, covering about one acre each, built of white sand, evidently carried from the river bars, more than a half mile. A few willow oaks grow on them and about twenty mock oranges, apparently of about 300 years' growth. At a depth of six feet, nothing but white sand shows itself. No reasonable conjecture has been formed as to their use, possibly the residence of their chiefs.

Northeast of these mounds one-half mile is an old field once used by the Indians for ball plays, where there is an extensive grave yard, with a large number of Indian bones, thickly buried. It is traditionally said that many tribes tore the flesh from the bones of their dead, dried them on scaffolds and carried them hundreds of miles for burial. Again, east of this grave yard is a mound, in which were found some pieces of Indian pottery and a good many arrow heads.

A. CARLETON."

Semi-tropical as well as tropical regions are often visited by terrific storms. Missionaries have given accounts of the fearful storms of wind and rain, accompanied by lightning and thunder, that have at times proved so destructive among the beautiful coral-reefed islands of the South Sea. On our South-Atlantic and Gulf coasts the conflicts of the elements have been sometimes on a very grand scale. In 1772 one of those violent storms swept the coast south of the confluence of the two rivers of Alabama. At the mouth of the Mobile great destruction was produced. For thirty miles up the Pascagoula river "the cypress trees were prostrated and the pines twisted into ropes."

In 1791 occurred the great "Yazoo freshet," when the high water destroyed the indigo plantations of the settlers along the Tombigbee.
From time to time storms and freshets have since visited the valleys of these water courses and the table lands between. The highest water at the mouth of Bassett's Creek and in the Tombigbee, since that great freshet, is said to have been in 1874. The years of very high water in Bassett's Creek have been 1809, 1862, nearly as high in 1872, one foot less in 1874. The lightning, when, after a lovely morning and the great heat of noon, the dark storm clouds suddenly gather, often strikes the tall pines, the natural lightning rods of the pine belt, but very seldom has any one been injured by the electric fluid. Sometimes, too, the wind prostrates the pines along a narrow path, as in its mighty power it sweeps down for a moment from the dark folds of the storm cloud. At such times the roar of the tempest is magnificent, and the trees seem to go down as noiselessly as falling feathers. But no destructive cyclone or tornado, like those which have swept over Georgia, and Illinois, and Iowa, has passed for a hundred years across this river-guarded fortress. Heavy rain falls, however, quite often occur; and the many streams which bear this water to the two rivers are frequently so deep that they cannot for several hours be safely forded; and, as many of them are bridgeless, the boundaries of the beats are therefore arranged in reference to these water courses.

Besides pine timber this peculiar belt is rich not only in cedar and cypress, but to some extent in oak. The size of the large oaks, red and white, has been mentioned. From these stave timber is cut and sent to Liverpool, England. These staves bring from $25 to $100 a thousand, according to length. Those fifty-eight inches long bring $75. Those sixty-six inches
THE PRESENT.

long, $100. Some trees six and eight feet in diameter bring forty and fifty dollars. The large trees are eighty feet in height. To enable the woodmen to cut these and also the large cypress trees scaffolds are often constructed. To cut them within reach from the ground, where the large divisions for the roots have been formed, would be too laborious.

A well was bored in Good Springs beat, on section eighteen, township eight, range two east, fifty-two feet in depth. For the first twenty-six feet the anger passed through red clay, clay mixed with sand, it then penetrated a very hard rock about six inches thick, and for the last twenty-five feet its course was in a bed of shells imbedded in dark blue, almost black animal remains. The water then rose to the clay, and how much further down the shells continued is not known. Five varieties of shells were found here, some of them exactly like some of the Bashi cave shells.

The intelligent reader has observed that what is generally regarded in this work as a part of Clarke was at first included in the county of Monroe. This county was formed by proclamation of Governor Holmes of Mississippi Territory, June 5, 1815. It originally included about one half of the area of the present state of Alabama, but was soon divided into other counties. In 1818 an election precinct for Monroe was established at Choctaw Bluff; in 1819 one at Nicholson’s store on Pigeon Creek; and in 1821 a precinct at Gainestown.
CLARKE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

1878.

"MARRIED."

The 11th Dec., by W. W. Armstead, N. P., Mr. Wm. Slade to Miss N. J. Kelly.

Dec. 17th, by Rev. W. H. De Witt, Mr. Jno. T. Clark, Jr., to Miss C. D. Hicks.


Near Grove Hill, the 19th inst., by the Rev. John S. Frazer; Mr. J. W. Tompkins and Miss Willie Calhoun.

Also, the 19th, near Grove Hill, by A. B. Wilson, J. P., Mr. W. J. Presnall and Miss Sarah M. Robinson.

Near Tallahatta Springs, this county, the 19th inst., by Rev. J. H. Fenkley, Mr. Jacob L. Goodman and Miss Carrie L. Wheelless, all of Clarke.

Dec. 22d, by Rev. B. C. Glenn, J. D. Coleman and Sallie E. Gwynn.

Dec. 27th, by D. J. Bedsole, Esq., J. D. Doyle to J. E. Miller.

Dec. 12th, by D. J. Bedsole, Wm. Giger to Sarah A. Truett.

Dec. 29th, by D. J. Bedsole, G. W. Knight to Sarah A. Pelham.

All of and in Clarke county."

At Grove Hill on Friday July 19, 1878, a large barbecue was given "under the auspices of 'The Colored Peoples' Memorial Society.' It was largely attended, almost every part of the county being represented. At night a procession was formed and the society marched and counter marched until a late hour. Good order was preserved and everything passed off peaceably."

Clarke County Democrat.
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SPECULATORS.

There were three men who entered land as speculators, one of whom killed the land office receiver, whose general reputation seems not to be good.

Their names need not be recorded here. As one illustration of dealing, the following is given on the authority of a credible living witness. A poor man, F. Scarborough, made a claim, opened land, raised corn sufficient for his family, and the speculator entered his land. The settler went to Mobile stated to the speculator the circumstances, and asked him if he would not take the amount of the entrance money as paid at the land office and allow him as the actual settler to retain his land. The speculator said in reply that the settler might retain his land for ten dollars an acre. But this was more than he was able to pay, and he returned home to Clarke county to provide for his family a home in some other way. Result. That land lay unoccupied for about forty years. There were no sales; there appeared no heirs. The land went to the state, probably for taxes. It has been redeemed by strangers.

Those three unnamed speculators died, and one who knew their character well says, he is afraid they are not in heaven. The United States government has always offered the public lands for sale at cheap rates, and neither in the South nor West have the pioneer settlers and their descendants held in very high honor the memory of the men who have caused them after all their hardships and privations, to pay more for their claims than the government price. At one time at St. Stephens, land was sold at sixty and even seventy dollars an acre. This was public unimproved land at the public sales in 1818 and 1819. The same high bidding
occurred at Huntsville; but when General Andrew Jackson made a bid on a valuable tract between Tuscumbia and Florence, no one would bid against him, so he obtained his at two dollars an acre.

There was organized at Grove Hill, April 2, 1879, a "Medical Society;" President A. Y. Bettis, Vice President, G. W. Files, Secretary, B. W. Bush, Treasurer, Bryan Boroughs. Delegates to the State Medical Association, B. S. Barnes and L. O. Hicks. Alternates, G. W. Files and J. W. Fleming. The seven named above, while not including all, may be counted among the enterprising physicians of the county. At Choctaw Corner reside Dr. Mobley and Dr. Bettis; and at Suggsville still resides Dr. Rivers also Dr. Krouse. At Gainestown is Dr. Davis, and at Grove Hill Dr. Chapman.

Dr. L. O. Hicks of Jackson was married November 15, 1878, to Miss Mary K. Chapman.

Dr. S. V. Webb and Dr. B. M. Allen are the resident physicians at West Bend. Both are excellent men and physicians; the one an earnest, zealous Baptist, the other a devoted, earnest, true Methodist. Dr. Allen has removed from the Mountain, and in this year of 1882 he has lost by death his noble-hearted wife.

JAMES STROTHER CALLER lived south of Suggsville. He died December 25, 1871, leaving a number of children.

Miss M. Alice Caller, one of his daughters, taught a home school for some time. Afterwards she taught at Grove Hill with her sister, now Mrs. James. She
then taught at Summerfield and at Monroe, and at length became a member of the faculty at the Tuskegee Female College.

W. Kilpatrick, A. Kilpatrick, and G. H. Kilpatrick are three brothers at Wood’s Bluff.

Silas Dinsmore was the principal surveyor in the United States survey of Clarke county.

Andrew Henshaw was a deputy surveyor and aided to run out the first lines of the government survey in this county. He married the widow of Joseph Carson.

Benge.

There was a settler of the above name on Pigeon Creek about 1815. He had at least two daughters and one son. He removed to Mobile where (in 1877) the son now lives—Harris C. Benge—being eighty-one years of age. Miss Benge, one of the daughters, was married in Wilcox county to McCurdy and removed to Mobile. Her son now keeps the McCurdy house in Mobile. He has a family of pleasant children, among them four daughters now called Annie, Pattie, Willie, and Bobbie. They will soon be educated young ladies, as they attend the city school, and they may remember that their great-grandfather, in one line, was once a resident in Clarke.

COFFEEVILLE CEMETERY MEMORIALS.

This cemetery was well selected and is well kept. Its appearance speaks well for the living. Its stone records speak of the dead.

The Malone cemetery lot is forty feet by twenty-seven, is surrounded by iron railing, and contains eleven marble headstones and one monument. This
marble monument is about nine feet in height. Erected to the memory of Dr. Henry Cobb, from Southampton county, Virginia, who died March 4, 1854.

Other records are Haywood Todd, born 1766, died June 21, 1827.


Amanda F., wife of Jonathan Foscue, died Aug. 17, 1858, twenty-seven years of age.

Mary A. Malone, wife of George B. Malone, died September 11, 1842. Forty-five years of age.

In a separate inclosure near the entrance of the cemetery is a carefully kept grave, the marble bearing this record: Mary Emeline, wife of J. Foscue, born May, 1851, died September, 1880. (She was a daughter of N. Malone.)

Other memorials. William Hawkins, born December 13, 1808, died December 18, 1858. "Farewell dear husband till the morning of the resurrection." A broad gray stone, erected doubtless by a loving wife. A small iron enclosure is around the graves.

Horace Reid Williams, born in South Carolina February 8, 1802, emigrated to Alabama 1810, died January 6, 1863.

Another stone is erected to the memory of Mrs. Jane Cowart of Bellefonte, Ala., who died April 9, 1834, in the twenty-seventh year of her age on her way home from New Orleans. An affectionate wife and a tender mother:

So the passing traveller found here a place to rest.

The Christianity that prevails here leads, not only to the discharge of the duties of life, to cheerfulness and hopefulness of spirit, but also to care in regard to
the resting places of the dead, teaching, as it does, that they will live again.

Since 1877, the two remaining brothers of the Malone family have died. James B. Malone of Mobile died early in the year 1880, and N. Malone of Coffeeville died early in July, 1881. Three sons of the latter, Charles P. Malone, a clerk in the store of J. Foscoe, and two brothers remaining at home with their mother now represent this family in Clarke county.

"TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO L. E. THORNTON.

The committee appointed to give expression to the feeling and sentiment of West Bend Church over the sad affliction we have sustained in the death of our dearly beloved young brother, L. E. Thornton, respectfully submit the following:

Leander Earle Thornton, son of Hon. E. S. Thornton, was born the 25th day of November, 1856. His disposition was so amiable and his manners so uniformly gentle, that even while a little boy, he attracted the attention and secured the affection of all good people with whom he came in social contact. And as he grew up in our midst, and approaching manhood exhibited no abatement, but rather a confirmation and strengthening of those heavenly traits that had distinguished his childhood, it was natural that we should all love him; but when on the 17th of October, 1872, he made a public profession of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ and presented himself for membership in this church, we felt that the solicitude of his parents had been mercifully rewarded; that his action had illustrated, vindicated and exemplified the great benefits of early religious training, and that his past life gave a secure pledge of his future usefulness. We were not mistaken. Entering the University of Alabama, he, on the 4th of July, 1878, received the honorable degree of Master of Arts. Returning home, he immediately
took charge of West Bend Academy which position he occupied until the 28th of July, 1888, when the "Master called him," and he is gone from earth forever!

That we should grieve for him is as natural as that we should have loved him.

That such a son should be the pride and joy, the comfort and stay of a father who is himself "treading upon the confines of eternity," and that nothing but the principles of the Christian religion could sustain his immediate relatives through such a trying bereavement none will deny. "But thanks be to God who giveth the victory," theirs is not the "bitterness of despair."—They will never behold his natural form and face again, but the grace of God will enable them to rejoin him "on the shores of eternal deliverance," and both to them and to us is left the rich heritage of a spotless life, which we confidently hold up to the world as a triumphant vindication of the Christian Faith and an example of amiability, usefulness and integrity well worthy to be imitated by the youths of our country.

J. R. Cowan,
S. V. Webb, Committee.
A. J. Pace,

Adopted in conference, August 1, 1880, and ordered to be spread upon the minutes, also that one copy be furnished to the family of deceased and one each to the Clarke County Democrat and Alabama Baptist for publication.

Geo. Parker, Moderator.
A. J. Pace, Church Clerk.

BEAUTIFUL CREEKS.

As streams of water can feel neither envy nor jealousy, it may be safe among so many flowing streamlets, so many little rivers, to name a few as specially beautiful.

1. Silver Creek, on the east side of the county. This has a pretty name, which is said to have been given
to it on account of some silver ore once found on its bank. As no silver has of late years been found there, some doubt may attach to the tradition. But the name remains. On this stream is a fall of eighteen feet, which can easily be increased to twenty-two feet.

2. Satilpa. This is a pretty, winding, and truly limpid stream which flows into the Tombigbee through the Mitchell Reserve. The road from Grove Hill to Tallahatta crosses this stream.

3. Fisher's Creek. This delightful little stream, with many a nice bathing place along its winding channel and amid thick shades, runs into Bassett's Creek, flowing between Fort Sinquefield and Shady Grove. Drury's mill is on this creek not far from its mouth.

4. Tallahatta is in the north-western part of the county. A good mill-seat is upon it, and it flows amid deep shades and also lands open to the sunshine.

5. Rabbit Creek. This is a stream which no large road crosses. It heads about three miles south of Grove Hill and flows into Bassett's Creek about four miles east of Jackson. Its course is through quite dense woods. It is shady and cool, and the water seems to be as pure, as clear, as sparkling as a mountain stream. It is the creek for paper-mills.

THE SINGLETON SPRING.

This is without much doubt the largest spring in the county.

It is on the land of J. T. Singleton, on section 14, south-east quarter, township 7, range 2 east. The spring comes up from a depth supposed to be fifty feet or more. Unfortunately it cannot easily be sounded. The reason why would be appreciated when the spring
is seen. The "boil" is about four feet across and very strong. Two principal ones appear on the surface. The spring pool is about twenty-five feet across, the ground on the north, east, and west, around it being about ten feet above the water surface. The probability is that the force in the spring, if confined in a tube, would send the water up several feet above the present surface. The stream running from the spring is rapid, averaging some six feet across and two feet in depth. And day and night, year after year, this stream of water is flowing without any cessation and feeding Rabbit Creek, into which it flows not far from the spring. The water is sometimes reddish, and sometimes has a milky appearance. But when it settles in a vessel and has again its usual clear blue or water crystal hue, very little sediment is found. It is said to contain mineral matter which makes it valuable as a mineral spring. Dr. Neal Smith, in early times, lived near this spring, having a mill not far away on Rabbit Creek, and he is reported as having had at one time about one hundred boarders at his house for the purpose of being benefitted by this water.

Rabbit Creek is probably the most beautiful stream of water in Clarke. The water is very clear, cool, and constant in its flow; the current is not impetuous but rapid; the channel quite deep for its breadth; and the whole well shaded.

Between the Singleton spring and Mrs. Mathews, and near this creek, lives Mrs. Vann, an aged woman born about 1790, living with her daughter Mrs. Abner, who also has a fine spring.

Clarke county contains forty-five school townships, which are either whole or fractional congressional town-
ships, in each of which is one township school superintended, appointed by the county superintendent. There were reported for 1879 in connection with the public school system of the State, and within the school age,

White children in the county, ....................... 2253,
Colored children in the county, ....................... 2614.
Amount of money for the children of both races ....................... $3605.02

In the most populous townships the white children are thus distributed: in township 9 range 3 east, 128; 11, 3, 129; 9, 1, 110; 11, 2, 101; 8, 2, 92; 10, 1, 90; 8, 3, 89; 8, 4, 85; 9, 2, 84; 9, 4, 84; 8, 1, 83; 7, 4, 43; and in 7, 5, 8.

The public school fund does not as yet provide very fully for the education of the children, but the interest in public schools, especially among the colored race is on the increase.

The following is the number of inhabitants in the several beats of Clarke county: (1880.)

Gainestown ........................................ 1450
Salt-works ........................................ 1440
Jackson ........................................... 1013
Suggsville ......................................... 996
Gosport ............................................ 605
McLeod's .......................................... 372
Grove Hill ......................................... 1609
Anderson's ........................................ 562
Walker Spring ..................................... 555
Bashi ............................................... 693
Choctaw Corner .................................... 1671
Campbell's ........................................ 963
There were about three thousand votes polled in the county at the late election, of which about 1650 were white and 1350 colored.

DISTANCES.

From Grove Hill to Elam 20 miles nearly, thence to Pineville 14 miles, to Tuskaloosa 8 miles, to Mt. Sterling 4 miles, to Pushmataha 14 miles, to Ebenezer 15 miles, to Meridian 13 miles. In all from Grove Hill to Meridian across the country 88 miles. From Mobile by rail to Meridian 135 miles, to Columbus 337 miles, to St. Louis 200 miles, to Chicago 280. In all from Mobile to Chicago 942 miles.

Mt. Sterling is a small, pleasant village in Choctaw county, four miles from the Tuskaloosa landing. It is distant from York on the railroad thirty-two miles, from Bladon Springs thirty-three miles, from Livingston forty miles, and from Quitman forty miles.

Its founder was S. E. Catterlin, born at Hamilton, Ohio, in 1810, who came to Marengo county in 1828 with nothing, so far as property was concerned, and
receiving twelve dollars a month for plowing, began to accumulate. He spent the first year two hundred and fifty dollars, came over into Washington county, was married in 1831 to a daughter of James Mill, founded Mt. Sterling about 1832, built saw mills, read law, became a lawyer, gained wealth, became a strong secessionist, was one of the few who in the state convention carried the state of Alabama out of the Union, and lost by the war that followed three hundred thousand dollars. In 1867 he left Mt. Sterling and now resides at Ashley, Illinois. He has been through life a temperate man, and is now energetic, active, decided and vigorous.

The finest residence near Mt. Sterling was built by B. S. Turner in 1860, costing five thousand dollars. It is, for this region, a large and stately looking mansion. It is now the residence of two brothers, Henry L. Gaines and Vivian P. Gaines. These are grandsons of Dr. Joseph B. Earle of Clarke, and grandsons of George Strother Gaines of St. Stephens, who was United States factor there and in Sumter county for fourteen years. They are nephews of Abner S. Gaines of Mobile, a son of George S. Gaines, and they are cousins of Dr. Edmund P. Gaines of Mobile, Edmund P. Gaines of the United States Army, was an elder brother of George S. Gaines, and the Hon. Francis Strother Lyons of St. Stephens and Demopolis is a nephew.

The father of these two brothers, the owners of the Tuscaloosa landing on the Tombigbee, was George W. Gaines, who died in 1853.

Where was the old Maubila?

On page 27 some reasons are briefly assigned for a location at French's landing instead of at Choctaw Bluff.
A personal interview with Commissioner J. M. Jackson, since that page was written, has secured the following facts.

1. The springs and streams are very much alike at the two places. (The reader will please let this statement correct one on page 27.)

2. Spanish bridle bits were found at French's landing. The only one of these known to be now in existence is, or was, in the possession of David Henshaw, a druggist at Boston, whose brother, Captain Andrew Henshaw, was here a number of years ago.

3. Many arrow heads are found here.

4. Much pottery has been found here.

5. An old burial ground is here. Bones have been washed out, pots of bones have been found here in the bank of the river. Well preserved teeth have been found.

6. A great many bullets were found here. More than a peck measure full were found at one time.

7. There is an Indian mound here, circular, some forty feet in diameter. For these facts, J. M. Jackson, who lived for some years at this landing, who now resides at the Gainestown landing is good authority.

Choctaw Bluff and French's landing are but a few miles apart, and the river flows by each in the same direction.

A granddaughter of Samuel Mims, Mrs. Jane Peebles, now about sixty years of age, is living on the Alabama, near Peach Tree, in Clarke county.

A grandson of Governor Murphy, John T. Murphy, has come into the county and is now running a saw-mill.
which he commenced in 1878, on section 8, north-east quarter, township 6, range 3 east. He is doing a large business. His father, Dr. Robert M. Murphy, lived in Clarke for some years, at the present Forwood place, Gosport.

Joseph Ulmer, a pupil at Grove Hill in 1855, a mild, gentle boy then, with beautiful blue eyes, married Miss Clara Howze, a granddaughter of Colonel Alston. Miss Mary Howze was married to Melancthon Smith, who edited the Mobile Evening News. James Howze was married in Texas to Miss Jones. Some of these, once children in Clarke, reside in Lamar county, Texas.

Proper names are variously written. The first courts of Clarke county were ordered to be held, according to the territorial Acts at the house of John Laundrum. In the Clarke county records the name is written Landrum. Some write Gwynn, and some Gwinn. Some Prim and some Prym. Some write White and some Whyte. And so with many other names.

The following will be of interest to those in the county of Clarke who have noticed the changes in the ownership of land.

THE LANDRUM ESTATE.

The special interest attaching to this locality is on account of the fort and the first courts of the county.

John Landrum, sometimes written Laundrun,—the former is the deed orthography—died before 1826, probably as early as 1824.

The executrix of his estate, whose name is signed
Caty Wilson, sold to Abner Wilson, who seems to have been her second husband, for two hundred dollars, one hundred and sixty acres in section eighteen, township eight, range two east, March 6, 1828.

To the name, Caty Wilson, is affixed the significant words, "her mark." Joel Bell was then county clerk. She also sold, June 6, 1828, for two hundred dollars, forty acres more.

In 1841 William Cleaver, sheriff, deeded to James Savage three of these forties from Abner Wilson. In January, 1845, they were deeded to John E. Franklin for three hundred and forty dollars. In October, 1849, John E. Franklin deeded this land to Henry, Joseph C., and Benjamin Franklin for the same sum. Henry, J. C., and Benjamin Franklin deeded to James Valentine the three forties, Feb. 3, 1855, for eight hundred dollars. Land was then high. But, at the same time, Thomas B. Franklin, into whose hands the quarter section on which Landrum lived had come, sold that with two other forties to James Valentine for two hundred dollars. This land was probably "worn out." James Valentine died.

The three forties named with these additional forties were then conveyed in December, 1877, to Levi Valentine, a brother of James, for four hundred dollars, by Hester Ann Valentine, the widow, Frances Rebecca Porter, Sarah Ann Bumpers, and Mary Jane Valentine, daughters, and F. M., James Wesley, M. E., M. M., and John F. Valentine, sons. Levi Valentine then, in Dec. 1877, conveyed the six forties, for four hundred dollars, to John P. Booth. That Mrs. Caty Wilson, who it is inferred was Mrs. Landrum, should in 1828 make her "mark" is not strange. But it
seems a little singular that on the deed of December, 1877, there should also be found "his mark," "her mark."

The quarter section owned by James Valentine, on which Landrum lived, where the first courts of the county were held, where the fort was, and where is now the old burial place of their dead, was sold to Wesley Robinson and Stephen Chapman. This was the north-east quarter of the section.

THE WEATHER.

In July 1807 the mercury in this region did not rise above 94° F. The mean heat of the month was 86°.

The greatest cold of 1808 was in February. Then the mercury sunk to only 43°.

From the Clarke County Democrat, of Thursday January 9, 1879.

"The weather, for the past few weeks has been unusually cold and unpleasant for this latitude. Saturday morning last the temperature was 18 degrees. Early in the afternoon snow commenced falling and continued to fall until about 10 o'clock Sunday morning, covering the ground to the depth of about six inches — surpassing, we suppose, any snow-fall known here since the settlement of the county. Sunday morning was about as cold as Saturday, but by Monday morning it had grown much colder, and mercury had fallen to 6 degrees, being the lowest point we ever knew it to reach in this latitude. Tuesday morning it was at 9 degrees and yesterday morning 34."

In December of 1880 another snow-fall took place in Clarke, depth about six inches, and the temperature quite low, the snow and ice lasting several days and giving the inhabitants and the stock also quite an illus-
CLAIRKE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Illustration of a northern winter. Again in the latter part of January, 1881, came yet another fall of snow with a warmer temperature, so that the children could roll the snow into large balls and build snow men and snow forts. This snow fell to the depth of several inches, and some of it remained about a week. It was enjoyed by the children very much. In December, at the time of the snow, between Christmas and New Years, ice was formed sufficiently strong at latitude 34° to bear a mule, and at 32° to bear a man.

PERIODICALS.

The first newspaper within the "surroundings" of Clarke was called "The Halcyon," and was published at St. Stephens by Thomas Eastin in 1814.

The second was the "Mobile Gazette and General Advertiser," published by Cotton at Mobile in 1816.

The third was "The Clarion," at Claiborne in 1820.

Before any of these the "Madison Gazette" had been started at Huntsville, in North Alabama, in 1812.

The first in the county of Clarke was The Clarke County Post, published at Suggsville, by Benjamin McCary, commenced in April, 1836.

The first copy of the Clarke County Post bears date Suggsville, "Monday evening, April 25, 1836." The first article in this first issue is the Declaration of Independence made by the people of Texas in their convention held at the town of Washington March 2, 1836. The following is the published list of those for whom letters were in the post office, April 1, 1836, William F. Jones, postmaster: Capt. Jas. V. Allen, B. E.
The store of G. W. Creagh is advertised on the corner of Broadway and Pearl streets, at Suggsville; also the store of Cogburn & Lenoir, on Line street, one door north of Broadway.

This issue also contains quite an amount of Texas and Florida war news. It mentions the death of Mrs. Elizabeth O'Neal, sixty-five years of age. The last number of the Post at hand bears date August, 1837. Whether any further numbers were issued cannot now be easily ascertained. The editor removed to Mississippi where he died many years ago.

The second in the county was the Macon Banner. S. C. Stramler was the first editor of the Banner, the fifth number of which paper bears date Decr. 18, 1841.

Megginson and Stramler were publishers. At this time G. D. Megginson kept the Macon Hotel; E. J. Rollings was a coach repairer; James Lankford, John Stokes, James M. Gilbert, Abner Wilson, and Samuel Creighton had lately died; and Terrill Powers was county clerk. This number of the Banner contains an address to the farmers of the United States concerning a National Society of Agriculture, signed by Solon Robinson, "Lake C. H." Indiana, April, 1841. The author of this address, for many years a citizen of...
Crown Point, Indiana, now resides at Jacksonville, Florida. He has lived to see the National Grange. S. C. Stramler is said to be now living in Mobile.

George Washington Megginson was one of the first publishers. In August, 1846, the publishers were W. T. Megginson & Co., and in October, 1846, they were Bruckel & Megginson. In 1847, if not before, the existence of this paper was terminated.

The third paper of the county was the Southern Recorder, Gideon B. Massey editor and proprietor. The first number was issued Jan. 6, 1847, in which the editor speaks of having recently purchased the Macon Banner office with the press and all the printing material. F. A. Duvall seems to have been the first printer or compositor, and James Doyle the second. D. Daffin was connected with the office in 1849 as "publisher"—which word in this paper seems only to mean printer—and in November of this year he purchased the office and the Southern Recorder was no longer issued.

Gideon B. Massey went to Mobile. He became an officer on a river steamer, then an inventor. One of his inventions was a steam gauge, and one a new method of letting down a lifeboat. He sold goods in Mobile in the time of the war. He afterward removed to the city of New York, where, so far as known, he still resides. It is understood that from his various inventions he has realized quite a fortune.

The fourth county paper was called Grove Hill Herald, afterwards The Grove Hill Herald, Derusha Daffin editor and proprietor. The first number was issued Dec. 5, 1849. February 27, 1850, the first editorial appeared of James T. Figures as joint editor and
proprietor. In the fall of 1853 J. T. Figures died and his interest in the paper was sold, about January 1, 1854, to James W. Spalding. About March 1, 1854, D. Daffin sold his interest to a lawyer, Rufus L. Perkins, from Mobile. In March, 1856, the Herald was discontinued, and the press and material were soon after sold to William B. Crossland and taken to Monroe county where a paper was published called the Claiborne American. R. L. Perkins died about 1864 in Mississippi. J. W. Spalding has lately been residing in Montgomery.

The fifth paper of the county was the Clarke County Democrat, the publication of which was commenced January 31, 1856, and has been continued until the present time.

Isaac Grant, the Editor and Proprietor of the Democrat, came to Grove Hill in December, 1855, from Marengo county. Having been connected for two or three previous years with the Jeffersonian at Linden, and finding an opening at Grove Hill, he soon began the publication of the above named paper.

September 22, 1858, he was married to Miss Mary Melissa Pugh, daughter of E. Stewart Pugh residing near Grove Hill.

They have now two sons, Isaac S. and Bryan W., and three daughters, Mary E., Annie Lee, and Mittie May. Miss Mary E. Grant is now a young lady, and gives indications of rich promise for becoming a noble woman. She and her parents are members of the Baptist church at Grove Hill. Annie Lee and little Mittie are still in their young girlhood, but there they can not long remain. For some years the family resided in Grove Hill, but they are now living on their planta-
tion, about three miles from town, surrounded by all the comforts of this region. The road leading to the family home is a private carriage way, passing amid some picturesque scenery. The friend or stranger, who wends his way westward from the printing office and town, and finds this hospitable home, is sure of a pleasant and quiet resting place; and, if he enjoys the society of the young and knows how to gain their confidence, he will be delightfully entertained by some very lively, and lovely, and interesting children. Children in 1877, but how soon they will be amid the cares of life!

Mrs. Grant, in 1852, was a pupil of the Grove Hill Academy; and for the teachers then she still retains, in her noble nature, a living friendship.

The editor of the Clarke County Democrat is as different from the ideal formed in some parts of the country of a Southern political editor, as a man well could be. While a true son of the South, and also a firm and zealous democrat in politics, he is a clear-minded, earnest, Christian patriot, loving his country and seeking to promote the best interests of the people, urging no rash or hasty measures, but taking fair and large views of the circumstances in which the nation is now placed. He is an advocate of moral reforms, conservative and yet advancing, an officer in the church of which he is a member, an excellent husband, and father, and friend. Were there more such editors, both North and South, the political atmosphere would be far more pure. The Democrat has now been published more than twenty-one years, the other four papers scarcely filling up—from April 1836 to March 1856—a period of twenty years; and, although its subscription
list is not so large as it ought to be, it bids fair to live for years yet to come. So long as it is controlled by its present judicious and upright editor it deserves richly a large success.*

SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS.

At the head of these may be named the Masonic Lodges.

Mason Lodge No. 7 (taking the number of Russellville Lodge No. 7, disbanded) opened under dispensation in January, 1843. Isham Kimbell W.M., Robert B. Patterson S.W., George D. Megginson J.W.; James H. Saint, H. W. Coate, Caleb Moncrief, and Joseph P. Portis, brethren. Visiting brethren present, Samuel T. Barnes, Meil Ezell, George Clothier, Wm. R. Hamilton, Wm. Cleaver, Wm. B. Curtis, and Rev. C. Pritchett; all, or nearly all, members of Marion Lodge No. 12, at Suggsville, which seems to have been the first Masonic Lodge opened in the county. Henly W. Coate was elected the first Secretary, James H. Saint Treasurer, Caleb Moncrief Tyler. First initiations George W. Megginson, Wm. Kennedy, and Wm. W. Alston.

At the next meeting Wm. McConnell, Joseph Chambers, W. A. Robinson, and Samuel Forwood were visitors.

In 1846 I. Kimbell was again elected W.M., C. Moncrief was S.W., and Cyrus Allen J.W. Joseph P.

* Counting to this year of 1882 the DEMOCRAT, called from Nov. 18, 1869 till Nov. 22, 1866 "Clarke County Journal," with one editor and proprietor, himself a practical printer, has entered upon its second quarter of a century; and its editor, in one more year, will reach his silver wedding. May life and its blessings be long continued to him and his. One of the "foremost" among twenty thousand must be the man who for twenty-five years has controlled the only paper and printing-press within his county.

T. H. B
Portis was Secretary. His handwriting is unusually plain and regular. Indeed this lodge has been fortunate in having for secretaries excellent penmen, especially, after J. P. Portis, John B. Savage, D. Da\'fin, and R. J. Woodard. December 27, 1846, took place a masonic funeral, the burial services of brother Stephen Williamson. Macon Lodge by this time had quite a large membership. Among the members now was John Scarborough.

In 1847 James S. Dickinson was elected W. M. which position he has held for about thirty years.

In April 1854 W. J. Hamilton, P. C. Andoe, D. H. Portis, and Thomas Carter were elected members. In the years before this date, 1854, many prominent, useful, and Christian citizens became members of this order, and since that time a number of the same class have become working members.

Lodges were formed at Suggsville, Jackson, Coffeeville, and at Choctaw Corner; also a chapter at Suggsville. The lodge at Choctaw Corner, Oliver Lodge, No. 334, which meets monthly, the first Saturday, and the Grove Hill Lodge meeting the fourth Saturday "at 11 A.M.," are the only ones now working in the county.

Divisions of the Sons of Temperance, as already mentioned, were at one time flourishing and doing much good; also a section of Cadets of Temperance; also, afterwards, lodges of Good Templars; but now, in 1882, none of these are in existence. They are of the past. Their work is done. In this year of 1882, commencing with January 1, PROHIBITION, by legislative enactment, prevails in the county of Clarke, as also in several other counties of the state of Alabama.

Granges were organized of the order known as
THE PRESENT. 699

Patrons of Husbandry, in 1873 and 1874. In 1875 there were granges at Grove Hill, Choctaw Corner, Rural, Suggsville, Bashi, Jackson, Salem, West Bend, Coffeeville, Airmount, Tallahatta church, Gosport, Dead Level, County Line, New Prospect, Winn’s Mill, Gainestown, and Tallahatta Springs; in all eighteen. Only two of these seemed to have an existence as late as 1877. One was Rural, David Griffin, Master; the other was Bashi grange, No. 396, organized Jan. 12, 1874, present membership thirty-three, H. C. Grayson, Master: This grange is composed of farmers. They meet on Saturday before each third Sabbath, always take their dinners and have two sessions. In December 1877, they had missed but one meeting, which was on a very rainy day, and they lacked one member of having a quorum.

CENSUS FIGURES.

The following recapitulation and figures will surely present some items of interest and perhaps of surprise to all thoughtful citizens of the county.

In the year 1800 the present state of Alabama was included in the Mississippi Territory. The United States census gives to Alabama for that year, white population, 733; colored, 517.

And these are given for the county of Washington. In 1810 two other counties had been added, Baldwin, and Madison in the north of the state.

Census report for 1810.

Washington county: White, 2,010; colored, 910.
Baldwin county: White, 667; colored, 760.

In 1820 there were settlements in twenty-four counties; in 1830, in thirty-six counties; and in 1870,
when the last census was taken, there were in Alabama sixty-five counties.

There are now sixty-six counties, Cullman county, in the north of the state, having been formed in 1876.

The state at the last census had a population: White, 521,384; colored, 475,510.

Clarke county, of course, is first found in the census reports for 1820. The following are the six reports:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>White</th>
<th>Colored</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
<td>3,778</td>
<td>2,061</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1830</td>
<td>3,894</td>
<td>3,101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1840</td>
<td>4,228</td>
<td>4,412</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1850</td>
<td>4,901</td>
<td>4,885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1860</td>
<td>7,599</td>
<td>7,450</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>7,098</td>
<td>1,565</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Three counties in the state, Mobile, Madison, and Jackson, contained in 1870, twice as many white inhabitants as Clarke; Mobile containing about four times as many. Twenty-six counties contained a less number of white inhabitants. Forty-four counties contained a less number of colored inhabitants.

It appears from the above table of reports, that between 1820 and 1830 Clarke county gained,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Inhabitants</th>
<th>Inhabitants</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
<td>1830</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>116</td>
<td>334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1,640</td>
<td>711</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The business interests of the county are largely connected as formerly with the cultivation of cotton. This is yet the reliable product for obtaining money. It has a changing but a sure value. Like tobacco in the days of the Virginia colony it will bring less or more European gold every year. It is now bought by all or nearly all the country merchants, and is as good as money up to its market value.
THE PRESENT.

The amount of business done by the different merchants has not been fully ascertained.

The following are some quite reliable figures: Jackson contains seven stores. Its present annual business may be placed at $75,000.

The annual business of Choctaw Corner may be safely placed at $40,000.

James L. Clark, Bashi, about $15,000.

Lower Peach Tree, business $100,000. Annual shipment of cotton from two to three thousand bales.

J. D. COWAN & COMPANY.

The above is the title of a business house near the old Bashi store, where the Bashi post office is at present kept. Business was commenced here one year ago. Amount of business for the year about $6,500.

From the store of W. H. F. Waite, the half-way place on the old Clarksville and Jackson road, are shipped to Mobile, beeswax, hides, poultry, eggs, wool, and cotton. One cake of beeswax weighed two hundred and twenty-eight pounds. A hundred dozen of eggs have been shipped in one week.

The business of Grove Hill, Coffeeville, Suggsville, and Gainestown, not ascertained.

The annual shipment of cotton from the county may be placed at from six to seven thousand bales; bushels of corn raised, about two hundred and fifty thousand; bushels of sweet potatoes, about fifty thousand.

In the year 1870 the real estate was valued at $942,296, and the personal at $282,118, making in all $1,224,414. Less than sixty-two thousand acres of land were then reported as improved, and nearly four hundred thousand as unimproved.
tains about seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand acres that report could not have been very accurate. Many of the United States census figures are not very reliable. Perhaps the census of 1880 may be obtained before all these pages are printed. It is to be hoped that that census may prove to be more reliable. In the way in which it has been taken, however, for some Clarke county items it cannot be full and accurate.

The trouble lies with the Washington officials, undertaking things which they cannot or do not accomplish. This last statement applies largely to school and Sunday-school statistics.

The mail routes from Grove Hill for the year 1877 are five, two being semi-weekly and three weekly, making in all seven mails in and seven out, or fourteen mails each week.

On all these routes the mail is carried on horseback.

Stamps sold at Grove Hill during this year amounted to about eighty dollars. Stamped envelopes and postal cards amount to about the same. There is no money order office in Clarke, Washington, Choctaw, or Monroe. In Marengo there is one, and in Wilcox one. Increased mail facilities are desirable.

ROADWAYS.

There are in this county public roads of two varieties. These lead from Jackson, from Coffeeville, from Gainestown, from Suggsville, from Choctaw Corner, to Grove Hill; and from each of these places named, either directly or by way of Grove Hill, to each other place named. Public roads also lead from these places named to a few landings on the two rivers. These roads are "posted" and worked. There are also
"settlement roads," to some extent worked, on which largely the families reside, comparatively few living on the public or "big roads."

There are also abandoned settlement roads, and also "trails," old trails and new trails, which may be safely travelled now by those who understand the geography of the county. Some of these lead across wild, picturesque, and beautiful portions of country. These pathways, old trails, and early settlement roads, cross the county in various directions. No part of the most dense wilds is absolutely pathless. These trails do not, of course, cross every square mile; but one will not travel many miles in any one direction without crossing some. The word "posted" above means having mile posts, which mile posts are, on these long and lonely roads, very agreeable objects.

Among these gleanings a few more facts are now at hand concerning early settlers in West Bend.

Lewis Mitchell came from South Carolina with a large family, making still another of the West Bend settlers of about 1809. He was a highly respectable citizen. Most of this family are now dead, a few grandchildren only being counted among the living.

Andy Martin, also with a large family, came about the same time, in 1809 or 1810. He too was a respectable citizen, probably from Georgia, and later in life became a Baptist church member. He has as representatives now many grandchildren and great-grandchildren, among the latter a young man of talent and much promise, I. Walter Martin of West Bend.

Bridges Oneal or O'Neal came here also at about the same time, and with a large family. He was a good citizen, the stoutest man physically in the whole region.
One of his daughters, now Mrs. Mobley, some seventy-five or eighty years of age, is living in the south part of Marengo, where many of his grandchildren now reside.

Sons-in-law of John White who was formerly mentioned, the head of the large White family, were Thomas Frazer and Jabez York; who became residents in West Bend at about this same time. They have grandchildren and great-grandchildren as representatives still in the county.

Aaron Brook was also a settler here about 1810. He came with his wife and four children. They removed to Conecuh or to Butler county. Of the real pioneers of West Bend there now remain John W. Thornton, E. S. Thornton, Mrs. Martha Pace, John Pace, John D. Dungan, William Pace of Camden, Arkansas, and Mrs. A. O'Neal Mobley of Marengo, all having been for many years members of Baptist churches.

THE PINE LEVEL PURCHASE.

This purchase was made October 1815, from Josiah Carney and Thomas Strang, then citizens of Baldwin county. After the town was laid off lots were sold at public sale, Abel Farrer, auctioneer. A second public sale of lots, Reuben Reynolds auctioneer, occupied three days, July 1, 2, 3, 1817. (Four of the first commissioners were Benjamin Bedell, David White, David Taylor, and Reuben Saffold.)

This second sale had been advertised for three months in the Mississippi Halcyon, the Mississippi Republican, the Georgia Journal, and the Huntsville Gazette.

Rev. William Cochran was formally requested to select a lot for a Baptist church building, and P. F.
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Bayard was requested to select for a Methodist church. One square was reserved for a Presbyterian church, and one for a Masonic lodge.

At this time the county of Baldwin, named after Abraham Baldwin, a native of Connecticut and founder of the University of Georgia, extended from latitude 31° to the fifth township line and was west of the Tombigbee, except a part between the two rivers. The Gullet Bluff and Fort Carney were therefore then in Baldwin county.

On the "river road" from Jackson to Coffeeville, about two and a half miles from Jackson is a small burial ground surrounded by a trench. Within is one marble slab with this inscription: "Elias II. DuBose, born August 19, 1796, died September 28, 1873. 'Gone, but not forgotten.'"

MARRIED DECEMBER 1879.

"Dec. 18th, by Rev. J. W. Dickinson, Mr. Frank P. Carter and Miss M. Willie Fountain, all of Clarke.

We return thanks for the large piece of beautiful cake sent us, and wish the happy couple long lives of peace and prosperity.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

On the 11th inst., by Esquire Ernest Robinson, Mr. W. W. White and Miss Mary McLean, all of Clarke.

The 17th inst., by Rev. S. M. Gilmore, Mr. J. E. Williams and Miss J. M. MeGginson, all of this county.

Dec. 31st, by Esquire J. B. Doyle, Mr. John E...
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Dec. 11th, by Rev. Wm. Hill, Mr. B. A. Prenell and Mrs. Rebecca R. Dunham, all of this county.

Dec. 21st, by Rev. J. H. Fendley, Mr. James C. Wade and Miss Laura Stephens, all of Clarke."


Portis-Barnes—On the 30th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, in Suggsville, Ala., by Rev. J. H. James, Rivers Portis to Miss Mary Barnes. No cards."

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.—RECORDS AND TRADITION.

From Frost's Pictorial Life of Andrew Jackson, 1814. "On the 26th of October he visited Coffee's camp above Fort St. Stephens and concerted the plan of action." Twenty-eight hundred men are mentioned of whom one thousand were dismounted and led to Pensacola. According to Pickett, General Jackson passed down the Alabama with troops in boats, not steamboats, in August, 1814, and made his headquarters at Mobile; and October 26 he visited Coffee's camp "opposite the Cut-Off." To reconcile these statements it is conjectured that the word "above" in the extract from Frost should be below, or that "Fort St. Stephens" should read Fort Stoddard.

Ramsay says, Vol. 3, p. 417: "A reinforcement of mounted volunteers from Tennessee, to the number of two thousand, having arrived at Mobile, through the Indian country, about the end of October, General Jackson * * * marched from Mobile with a force composed in part of these men. The men
volunteers” to Pensacola. Ramsay in his large work would not be likely to discriminate between Mobile and the Cut-Off. Pickett states that Jackson’s troops were led across Nannahubba Island, by way of Fort Montgomery, to Pensacola. Interpreting Ramsay and correcting Frost and these three writers agree. From Pensacola, according to Pickett, Jackson returned to Fort Montgomery, visited Mobile, and went to New Orleans.

There in January, 1815, was fought his great battle. But Jackson went again to Pensacola in 1818.

In March, 1821, he was appointed governor of Florida. In the spring of 1822 he returned to Tennessee.

(On the 18th of June, 1820, Jackson had just returned from a “tour to the south and south-east,” according to a letter which he wrote to President Monroe, this letter being dated June 20, 1820. How far south he had been the letter does not state.)

In 1823 and 1824 he was at Washington as state senator from Tennessee. He spent in retirement the years of 1825, 1826 and 1827. In January, 1828, he visited New Orleans. His wife died early in 1829, and in the shadow of that bereavement he went to Washington and entered upon his duties as President.

These historic facts, as recorded, are here presented on account of the tradition, so general, so persistent, and yet so conflicting, that General Jackson on one or more occasions passed through Clarke county. The question in itself is more curious, and perhaps interesting, than important; but it illustrates well the difficulty that sometimes arises in dealing with tradition and
According to the traditions, General Jackson took breakfast once on Jackson’s Creek, he took dinner at the Courtney spring near the Line Road, he took supper at Suggsville. He drank water from the spring at Nettleboro, he barbecued a horse near Vashti or the “four corners.” He obtained corn and bacon and addressed a group of school boys at Bashi. He was at Bashi with soldiers; he entered Suggsville from the west with troops. He was at the Courtney spring in a carriage with his wife or niece. He was at Suggsville without troops with his wife and niece. Again, according to some of the oldest citizens, he never was inside of the borders of Clarke.

There is not much difference in the credibility and competency of the various witnesses. All are truthful. Some of them may have been mistaken. Jackson’s march across Clarke must have been, if ever, some sixty years ago. Some of the witnesses must have been mistaken.

The years when Jackson might have entered the county appear to be 1818, 1821, and 1822. The year 1814 seems to be sufficiently set aside by the statements of Pickett and Ramsey and by the concurrent history of the events of that year. General Claiborne crossed from Jackson to Claiborne, with a part of Jackson’s army; in 1813, and probably passed through Suggsville. Tennessee troops came down through the Indian country in 1814 to act under Jackson, and they may have passed through Clarke county; but he was not their leader.

In 1818 he led troops to Pensacola. By what route? According to Parton’s “Life of Jackson” he left Nashville January 29, 1818, with two Tennessee
companies called his "guard." In eighteen days he reached Fort Hawkins, in the northern part of Georgia, he passed the village of Hartford, the Indian village of Chehaw, and reached Fort Early, in South Georgia, February 26, with his two companies of Tennesseans, nine hundred Georgians, and a body of Indians. March 9, he reached Fort Scott with eleven hundred hungry men. On his line of march he used up all the corn and all the animals fit for food. Other recorded history agrees with this. A condensed statement of one authority is this: In 1818 Jackson marched to Hartford on the Ockmulgee, marched to Fort Scott, had for food lean cattle and a pint of corn a day for his men, reached Fort Gadsden and went eastward to Tallahassee. The fort at St. Marks, which he took, is south and a little east from Tallahassee. Then he proceeded to Pensacola. With such precise records in existence it does not seem that the line of march from Nashville to Pensacola in 1818 can be questioned.

By what route did Jackson return? Possibly through Clarke.

J. M. Finch, residing on the Line Road south of Suggsville, remembers seeing in his childhood wagons and troops passing northward by his father's home on that road, which they told him were Jackson's army, and he saw a man on horseback with his arm, he thinks, in a sling, whom he understood to be Jackson himself. No records of that return march have yet been found, and until something more sure is ascertained it may be regarded that General Jackson passed northward along the Choctaw line through Clarke in 1818.

In 1821 he was appointed governor of Florida. Rid-
"Seeing that the defense of such a province would cost more than it was worth, the Spanish monarch then proposed to cede the territory to the United States. For this purpose negotiations were opened at Washington City; and on the 22d of February, 1819, a treaty was concluded by which East and West Florida and the outlying islands were surrendered to the American Government." But Ridpath neglects to say that this treaty of 1819 was not acceptable to Spain, was in fact rejected, and that the treaty by which Florida was acquired was not ratified by Spain before February, 1821. Jackson was then appointed governor of the newly acquired territory and a third time entered Florida. His wife, Mrs. Jackson, accompanied him. They went by way of the rivers and New Orleans to Pensacola, which is shown by several letters which Mrs. Jackson wrote to a friend in Tennessee, which letters have been published.

In 1822 they returned to Nashville. By what route? Probably through Clarke. J. M. Jackson, residing at Gainestown landing, who was born in 1809, states that when he was twelve or thirteen years old, an errand took him one day to the residence of Mrs. Daniel Davis, then a widow, and that General Jackson and his wife and attendants were there taking dinner. There was one travelling carriage, and there were six or seven horses. The party had crossed the Alabama at Sizemore's ferry and were on the way northward to Suggsville. They had missed the direct road and thus were brought to this house at the dining hour. He states that General Jackson rode on horseback, accompanied, as he understands, by Major Donaldson. His wife, and perhaps an attendant, occupied the carriage. That
night the party probably took supper at Suggsville, and lunched the next day at the Courtney springs, when they were seen by members of the Courtney family and by Henry Allen. The crossing at Sizemore's ferry and the dining at Mrs. Davis' rest upon the memory of Commissioner Jackson, then a boy thirteen years of age, and now a very intelligent, well-informed man, and must be accepted as well authenticated facts. One is still living who saw the party at Suggsville and two who saw them at the Courtney spring. It thus appears that Jackson possibly, probably, in 1818, and very certainly in 1822, passed northward through Clarke county along the Choctaw line road. That he ever passed through the county in any other direction or at any other time, does not, in accordance with the facts that are recorded, seem credible. The Tennessee troops that came down in 1814 may have passed through Bashi, but Jackson was not with them. The Tennesseans may have passed northward through Bashi in 1818.

The Grove Hill Academy was first opened in September 1836.

PRINCIPALS.

Rufus H. Kilpatrick, ............... from 1846 to 1851,
T. H. Ball, ...................... " 1851 to 1853,
Peyton S. Graves, ................ " 1853 to 1854,
T. H. Ball, ...................... " 1854 to 1855,
T. J. Ford, ...................... " 1855 to 1856,
Edward A. Scott, ................ 1857,
John C. Foster, ........ from 1857 to 1859,
F. C. Frazer ........................ " 1859 to 1860,
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SUSPENDED.

T. J. Ford, ......................... from 1866 to 1871,
H. M. Dawson, .................... " 1871 to 1872,
James W. Dickinson, ............. " 1873 to 1875,
M. B. Dubose, ...................... " 1876 to 1880,
S. A. Adams ....................... " 1880 to 1882.

PRINCIPALS OF THE FEMALE ACADEMY.

Mrs. Kilpatrick .................. from — to 1851,
Miss E. H. Ball ................... from 1851 to 1853,
Mrs. Graves ........................ " 1853 to 1854,
No female teacher ................ " 1854 to 1856,
Miss R. J. Underwood ............ " 1856 to 1857,
Miss Fannie O. Stearns .......... " 1857 to 1859,
Miss Annie E. Heath ............. " 1859 to 1860,
Miss Mary R. Price .............. " 1860 to 1861,
Mrs. E. H. Woodard .............. " 1861 to 1862,
Miss Josephine E. Williams ...... " 1862 to 1863,
Miss Mary L. Boroughs .......... " 1863 to 1864,
Mrs. Eliza D. Thomas ............ " 1864 to 1865,
Miss Carrie E. Woodard .......... " 1865 to 1866,
Miss Alice Caller ................ " 1869 to 1871,
Miss Mollie M. Pegues .......... " 1871 to 1873,
Miss Clara S. Powe .............. " 1873 to 1874,
Mrs. E. H. Woodard .............. " 1874 to 1879.

REPRESENTATIVES IN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS.

Reuben Saffold and James Magoffin in 1819; Origen S. Jewett in 1861; Samuel Forwood in 1865.

REPRESENTATIVES IN STATE LEGISLATURE.

William Murrell, Girard W. Creagh, in 1819, William Murrell, Girard W. Creagh in 1866, James Murrell in...

SENATORS IN STATE LEGISLATURE.


For many of the above representatives and senators the authority is Brewer.
COTTON BALE.

A bale of cotton as put up or packed at the common gins is five feet long, two and a half wide, and one foot and a half thick. The average weight is now five hundred pounds.

When rope was used it required for a bale about ten pounds of rope three-fourths of an inch in diameter. It required also seven yards of bagging. Six iron hoops are now used in the place of the rope, the iron ties being considered cheaper and better.

LANDSCAPE VIEWS.

Among the tall pines of this region, along the valleys, on the hill sides, or in the dark, deep creek bottoms, where it is difficult to see from the same spot both the rising and the setting of the sun, where from many of the homes only a few of the stars of night can be seen far above the lofty pine tops, where the full sweep of the horizon and a full blue dome glittering with thousands of shining worlds is a sight almost unknown, but few broad landscape views can be expected to be found. Yet in the county there are some very fine views. Among those may first be specified a view from the residence of T. A. Creighton, especially as it appeared at noon of a glorious autumn day, October 27, 1877. Then, after two days of rain, the sun was pouring its rich treasures of heat and light into the valley of Bassett's Creek, and on the hill sides, and on every leaf and twig and open spot of earth. The house stands on an eminence and in the edge of a grove of young oaks. The open view is of half a circle, its central point the south-east. The eye can take in the near hill top, a few walls of the Bee
sett’s Creek valley, a range of hill side and a high ridge beyond several miles in extent, and about due south, across the valley and through an opening in the ridge just to the right of Hickory Hall a distant line of blue woods marks the course of the Alabama. On the day above named the oak trees had not cast their leaves nor had any frost taken away the brightness of their summer green. The air was very still, the morning mists that hung over the valley having all cleared away, evaporation taking place rapidly; the sky was deeply blue, a few white clouds, looking as light and pure as the newly ginned cotton, floating with scarce a motion in the “upper deep.” The varied hues of green of the near oaks and of the more distant pines, the light green of the short leaves in the valley contrasting with the darker hue of the long leaf of the hills, and the many shades of the varied growth in the rich bottom, here and there a few red leaves of the maple and yellow and red of the sweet-gum, joined with the verdure of the distant opposite hill sides, all combined to make one charming picture. Surely no hues are more pleasant to the eye than the deep blue of the sky above and the shades of perennial green that mark the Southern vegetation.

A small landscape, taking in one fifth of the horizon, including a portion of the Tallahatta valley, appears from the front of the residence in 1877 of J. R. Bettis. The pines on the opposite hills are from one and a half to three miles distant. Sycamore and willow oak are in the valley and other oak beyond. From a hill top near is a yet larger view. From a number of hill tops in the county, and from hill sides east of
A very fine view can be obtained of one half of the horizon and a large valley and ridge landscape and a distant line of blue woods, from a high hill on the farm of Stephen Drury. The view opens south-eastward. The following is an extract from some "notes."

"In the afternoon of Nov. 27, 1877, the bright sun shining, the air being still and warm, with a slight tinge of smoke in the atmosphere, the scene was beautiful, as I came upon the brow of the hill, emerging from the pines on the west. The range of vision extends over a long reach of hillside, beyond the valley of Bassett's Creek, and extends for many miles eastward to some far distant blue woods.

I do not know how much beauty some may behold in such a scene, but for myself I feel the power of such native loveliness, the loveliness of the scenery that God has made, mantling valley and hillside, woodland and untilled field even, with such sunny brightness,—I feel its influence upon my soul like cool water to my lips when thirsty; and I linger with such a scene before me, feeling that in this sunny South and amid these pines and magnolias and ever running streams, streams so silvery, so pure, so perpetual, existence in the month of November even is delightful."

There is a fine landscape view from a hill top on the plantation of John A. Bolen, section 31, township 8, range 2 east. Commencing at the south the view extends beyond the river, distant six miles, northward to the Mitchel-reserve bend, distant eleven miles, and passing then eastward it extends some seven or eight miles due north, and then to the north-east and east the distant view is cut off by some intervening tall pines. But for them probably the range of vision..."
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would extend to Grove Hill. Several places can be distinctly seen, as Mrs. Pugh's on the St. Stephens road, the location of the first court-house, the store of W. N. Moulton, and the site of Old St. Stephens. The north, near valley view is picturesque and also wild. The south-west valley view is beautiful, the sunsets here are magnificent.

Mrs. Pugh, named above, is now a widow residing some seven or eight miles from Grove Hill. Her daughter, Miss Virginia Pugh, a pupil of the Grove Hill Academy, was a pleasant, promising girl; and has become a noble woman. She was married to one of the Callier family and now lives some distance up the Alabama river, in the rail-road region. She is one of those whose names should have a place among the "Sketches of Women," but definite information was wanting. Some record of one so true and noble is gladly inserted here, that her name may have a place among the daughters of Clarke.

SOME MORE "NOTES."

"March 25, 1881. At the Howze place.

Twice in the spring of 1881, (some matters connected with this work taking me yet again into Clarke) I crossed this remarkable plantation. The first time I came up from the south on the second row from the east of sections in range one east. That approach is imposing. One enters the plantation, after passing through an old-field-pine growth, through a large gate, and passing among young cedars in a pasture comes to large and aged looking cedars and rocky terraces, and reaches at length the high rocky terrace on which
dated dwellings now. Cedars are here by the thousands and rocks by the millions."

This is that noted plantation called "The Rocks," noted beyond any other small region for its immense amount in early times of the zeuglodon remains. The "notes" continue. "My second approach was also from the south leaving the Coffeeville road near the residence of —— Williams, and following an old road now but little more than a trail near the range line between ranges one and two. This is a lone and wild route, evidently well travelled many years ago. A foot log across a little stream was decayed and looked as if it belonged to a former generation. After passing about one mile and a half northward the worn pathway was almost lost in a wilderness of cedars. Finding it again at the foot of the long cedar covered hill-side, I entered once more on section thirty-six a cultivated part of the plantation of rocks. Following the track of an old road-way and looking over the fields where the colored men and women were plowing, singing and whistling at their toil, I could imagine for the moment that I was back in the old days, the days of Creagh or Howze occupancy; but turning to the uncultivated portions of this limestone soil and seeing so many hillsides given up to the cedars where once the cotton grew, that illusion vanished.

Following the old pathway where once the wealthy owners would ride on their valuable hunting horses, the old Latin saying came forcibly to mind, mutatis et mutandis. Things have changed and they yet must change. And again Tennyson's words ringing in memory's ear, "The old order changeth." I passed on, and finding to quench my thirst a little clay basin of
clear cold water, colder than the spring that was used thirty years ago, from which it is not likely any lips but mine ever drank. I came again to the high central rocky terrace. I remembered the old times, as seated on one of the rocks I wrote these notes, the old times when here I used to see Mrs. Howze, Miss Anne Alston, and the children, and when with Miss Emma Alston and the younger children I used to gather in these woods the rich upland muscadines. But this once pleasant home spot, from which so often the carriages would leave with their fair and richly dressed occupants is desolate looking now. Here lie and for some time to come here yet will lie these strange, hard, limestone rocks, many of them full of holes, from one-fourth of an inch to five inches in diameter, as though bored for amusement."

"Mrs. Coxwell now resides at The Rocks. Her husband came from Monroe county. She said she did not know why the plantation had its name, but when she reached it she soon found out. I am indebted to her for kindness, and for some fine fossil specimens.

Good bye to the Rocks."

W. W. Rotch is the present owner of about two thousand acres of this old plantation. One particular portion is still called "the shell field." The shells are small fossils. Near the old home spot are some singular appearances called *human footprints* in one of the rocks. There are but two, and the heel of one is out of the rock. The one is straight before the other, as the footprints of Indians are said to be; and the appearance is as though an Indian maiden, with mocasins on her feet, when these rocks were soft lime, had
and sticky for comfortable walking had withdrawn her foot, stepped one side and gone around. A facetious youth here once pointed out these marks in the rock to an acquaintance and said. "This is where Mrs. Noah stepped out of the ark." But the probability is that Mrs. Noah's feet would have made broader prints than these. They are distant apart the length of the printed space on one of these pages and four lines more, the length of the entire one is twice the length of this printed page—the top and bottom margin not measured—wanting four lines, the depth of the prints in the rock is about three inches. The toe part is too narrow for a bare foot, too narrow for any natural human foot only as enclosed in a fashionable boot or ladies' shoe, or for an Indian girl's foot in a moccasin. They are curious places in the rock, an irregular triangle four feet one way and four and a half feet the other; they look as human footsteps in soft rock made as indicated above might be supposed to look; but it is not probable that they are the real imprint of any human feet.* There are no indications of any tools having been used upon this now hard rock. These excavations are not artificial. Either some natural cause washed out the rock in these two foot-print-like forms, or something, animal or man, stepped here when the rock was soft.

It is said that Indian arrow heads, pottery, and

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* I made a drawing of the rock and of these two impressions and took measurements with the intention of giving a cut of them on this page. But it would be almost impossible to get an exact representation, and he who would form an independent opinion concerning these appearances would need to study them in the rock or in a good fac-simile. I have noticed human footprints made in soft ice or in melting snow and then becoming frozen. I have observed especially the prints of bare feet in soft or clay after being washed by rain. The great objection to these, as I think, is, they are too narrow.

T. H. B.
human skeletons have been taken from a mound near these rocks; whether remains of the mound-builders so called, or of the Indians of the present cannot now be determined. It is also said that a canister grape shot, imbedded in the ground, was found here in 1822.

On section thirty-four, township ten, range one east, where no known engagement in any war has ever been, there was plowed up about 1868 an iron ball weighing some three pounds. Its diameter is about three inches. Its surface is quite rough, having been probably deeply corroded by rust, or by the gnawing tooth of oxygen. How it came where it was found is unknown. Many arrow heads with broken points have been found on the same plantation. It is near the track of De Soto's north-western march from Maubila.*

Near this place, on the plantation of J. W. Brewer, was found by him in his field a singular fossil. It weighs about three pounds and seems evidently to be a piece of petrified wood. The singular part of it is that it contains petrified worms, either the common white wood worm, or the earth worm called angle-worm. Some of these worms now have a reddish color. A number of these worms remain in the stony wood, looking as natural almost as life. Wood seems to petrify readily and rapidly in parts of this county, and that in quite recent if not in the very present time.

In digging at one of the salt works the workmen came upon a large bone four feet in length, said to have resembled a human thigh bone. Large teeth also were found there. It seems a pity that these remains could not have undergone some accurate, scientific investigation.
Combined here are two editorials taken from the Clarke County Democrat, a paper whose editor prizes and appreciates historical research above many, and who has been for now eight years—from 1874 to 1882—a firm friend and helper of the researches contained in this volume. The one has for its heading Volume 25th. The other has Volume 26th.

"To-day we commence the 26th volume of the Clarke County Democrat."

We issued the first number in January, 1856—long ago. Great changes have taken place since that time in Grove Hill, in Clarke county, in Alabama, in the United States, in the civilized world.

Of the male residents of the town when we came here, the Hon. Jas. S. Dickinson and Judge R. J. Woodard, alone, remain. The others have all died or moved away—H. W. Coate was Probate Judge; John R. Bumpers, Sheriff; Derusha Daffin, Circuit Clerk; Robert Hill, Tax Assessor, and Joseph B. Pogue, Collector—all dead but the last named, who resides in Texas.

Among the inhabitants of the place, at that time, were J. A. Coate, W. T., J. A. and A. J. Megginson, W. S., Dan. and Jack Williams, Jas. J. Goode, D. H. Portis, W. Burge, all of whom are dead.

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witt, R. M. Thomas, W. Jacob Parker, Rial and Daniel Noble, B. C. Foster, John Cunningham, John Bell, Mathew Cox and many more whose names we cannot now recall.

John Anthony Winston was then governor of Alabama. He is dead and his successor, Andrew B. Moore, also; and so is John Gill Shorter, his successor.

Franklin Pierce was president of the United States, and the ship of state was sailing smoothly and grandly; and few dreamed that the storm of civil war was so near and was to drench the land in fraternal blood. Franklin Pierce has, long since, passed away; as have his successors in the presidential office, Buchanan, Lincoln and Johnson.

These reflections, though sad, are pleasant and profitable. They remind us that we are all hastening to the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns"; and that our positions of honor and responsibility will be filled by others, and our names, in a little while, fade from the memory of men and cease to be spoken in the land.

Few newspapers in Alabama have been published for so long a time by the same proprietor."

OLD ST. STEPHENS.

Having been at last, after different unsuccessful efforts to reach the place caused by high water and general inaccessible ness, where the Spaniards and probably the French once held possession on the noted limestone bluff, having meditated among the cedars that now mark the spot of Spanish occupancy, I take the liberty of inserting the following notes as they were originally written, even if repeating thus some statements already made. Very few prospering state capitals of our country have yet become what St. Stephens now is. (The statement may be made here, as it is not given in the notes, that..."
Judge Crawford’s daughter cost, according to good authority, $5000.)

1881. “Tuesday, April 12. Ten A. M. I am alone on the top of the large limestone bluff that marks, on the river side, the site of the first capital of Alabama. It has a grand foundation and wall of solid limestone. The river is now high. I should think it was fifty feet down to the water. It is said to be one hundred. Red cedars are abundant here, skirting the very edge of this rocky height. Pines and oaks are also here, and the whole height with the entire locality of the old town of St. Stephens is all well wooded. There is now here no “capitoline” glory. The flowers of spring are here, even the yellow blossoms of the sorrel; the birds are here; the pleasant breeze, the sunshine, and the shadows, for the day is not cloudless, the ever flowing river, these all are here, as they were in the former almost forgotten years; as in the years when on this height where now I am alone, the youth and maidens walked in the cool of eventide; where but a little way from here were heard the merry voices of childhood, as boys and girls were playing in the now almost obliterated streets; where the hum of business from thirty stores was heard at midday; and where at nightfall mothers gathered their little ones in, and heard their prayers, and laid them to rest on their white couches, and night settled down over the town and the stars above gave light. But now solitude, grandeur, gloom, with the uncorrupted and undefiled magnificence and beauty of nature, reign here. At the landing below the bluff, now called Gordy’s landing, the steamboats often stop. A little house is standing there to receive some freight, and close by is a soft limestone quarry. A pathway leads
across the site of the old town. The long line, of what was probably the principal street, is yet distinct. The rock foundations remain of many buildings that were probably showy and imposing in their day. Nearly every trace of any wood work has disappeared. In 1820 the town had its growth. Decay soon commenced; and in 1850 it had ceased to be.

The resting place of many dead is here. Some records are:—I have now left the bluff and the river's bank, and am on a hill or wooded ridge, west of the once busy streets and homes of the living, where rests the dust of the dead—'Sacred to the memory of Davis H. Mayhew, (a native of Massachusetts) who departed this life on the seventh day of September, 1822, in the 40th year of his age.' The resting place of this son of Massachusetts is covered with mason work, stone and brick. The marble head-stone is broad. The moss of years is around at the bottom but not over its face.

Of another the fallen and broken stone says, the full name not being legible, 'born in North Kingsbury, died at St. Stephens May, 1820, aged 31. He died far from those to whom he was endeared by ties of kindred.' The now fallen stone was erected to his memory by 'a nephew.' Soon will all his memorial perish from the earth. It is as true of these as of those who sleep in the desert oasis solitude of Palmyra, who have slept for ages, they lived, they loved, they passed away.

A tall marble slab marks the resting place of Cornelius M. Van Patten of Schenectady county, New York. The monument was 'erected to his memory by his surviving brother.'

'We were two, who hand in hand,
Wore strangers journeying in the land;
Age 26 years.

Another broad, tall gray marble says, 'Sacred to the memory of Dr. Middleton Dougherty, of Charlotte, N. C. who died July 16, 1835, while on a visit to Alabama.

He was skillful as a physician, exemplary as a Christian, and beloved as a man.' What better tribute does one need than that?

A large horizontal slab over a brick enclosure says, 'Sacred to the memory of George Kaiser, born in Philadelphia 7th April, 1801, died at St. Stephens, Alabama, 8th August, 1826, aged 25 years and 4 months.'

There is a singular stone to the memory of Martha Robeson, 1817, wife of John Robeson.

There are dilapidated enclosures here. The masonry work done with stone and brick remains, but the woodwork is rapidly disappearing. This was the burial place of Alabama's first capital, and many nameless as well as some distinguished dead sleep here. It is on a high, broad ridge. It was evidently a roomy place, as was fitting for a capital cemetery. It is secluded now, well wooded, and, although it bears fully the aspect of a deserted spot, it does not seem likely that it will soon be desecrated. Its present condition ought to be of some interest to the citizens of Alabama. They all ought to read whatever lessons there may be in the fact that Montgomery is their fourth capital, and in the fact that Old St. Stephens is such a desolation now: and yet not a desolation, for while traces of man's presence and work and life and death are here, the whole locality has been surrendered back to nature again, for her to clothe afresh as with its earlier beauty, as in the days before
the Frenchmen or the Spaniards came. What nature re-clothes in her own mantle of beauty is not *desolate*. And in this spring time, when the lighter shades of the budding and half grown leaves are in contrast with the darker evergreens, when the rich green sward of the old streets or gardens, perhaps, is literally blue with flowers, when the earth is mantled with beauty, the cultivated and meditative stranger, who knew nothing of past history here, would say today, as the April breeze is very fresh and the sunshine is warm, and a cool bath in a little stream near by is a luxury,—that these “ruins” are picturesque, these woods lone and wild, this bluff and this river beautiful and grand, and this whole locality an attractive solitude. And he would wonder when man was here, and why he went away.

Leaving the cemetery I found, passing along what was probably its border, the trace of a very old, straight road. I followed it southward, perhaps one hundred and fifty yards, and came to a small field enclosing a hill-top. Keeping the direction of the road I went to the central summit, and was surprised to find there a rock foundation fifty feet long and twenty-four feet wide. * * * * . A tree growing within it eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, has been within a year or two cut down. The varieties of green over the densely wooded near southern valley are the most singular and weird-looking that I have yet seen.”

“At night. At new St. Stephens.

They say here, that the hill-top building was the St. Stephens’ Academy. * * * Well! the gay school girls of Washington and Clarke had a breezy and pleasant spot for study.”
steamer, Mary Boyd, I met with John W. Baker, born in 1827, a native here, son of John Baker and grandson of John Baker.—Saw some hunters bring in two wild turkeys which they had just shot on the grounds or the suburbs of the old capital.

I learn from him that his grandfather, coming from Virginia, settled a few miles above here, near what is now Wilson's landing, in 1780, choosing to settle among the Choctaws rather than among the Spaniards; that the Spanish fort, some of the earth-work remaining, was near the river on this bluff among the cedars where I was yesterday; that the American fort and Gaines' trading house, the foundation of the latter remaining, were further from the river, in what are now the pine woods; that on one of the foundations now traceable stood the Crawford family mansion; and that the old brick bank was the last building remaining here, the brick from which were removed in 1862 to make arches at the salt works.

From John W. Baker I have thus five places identified, to which the academy site being added will make six. The family homes and the business houses once standing upon the rock foundations which I observed yesterday, and upon the little earth hillocks, and along the lines of those dimly outlined streets among the pines and cedars and deciduous trees, cannot be specified by names. Little remains here of the works of man above the surface of the earth except the hard, dark gray, limestone rock, the brick work, and the memorial marble. French, Spanish, British, and American, and the long Indian times, have passed over this apparently sightly and attractive spot, but no human being dwells here now. It is said to have become un-
healthy. And there is a tradition here,—the current statement being that the last, the American inhabitants, never erected a house for worship—there is a tradition that there came into the then prosperous town one day an aged, venerable looking minister, that the citizens extended to him no hospitality, that the gay, pleasure loving young people made sport of him, and that he predicted then and there the coming, utter desolation of their gay capital. I do not vouch for the truth of this statement, but it comes to me from good authority. It is certain that death became here a very frequent visitant, that in early life even the transient visitors were cut down by disease, that the county-seat as well as the capital was removed and that the hum of business life and all sounds of gayety and of human existence passed away. And now the inquiring tourist, the meditative stranger, can experience some of the emotions with which such look upon the buried cities of Central America—they claim five thousand inhabitants here once—or upon the old deserted spots like Memphis, Baalbec, Palmyra, or Babylon, of the Eastern world, as he may spend a sunny day in rambling over the very quiet, secluded wooded, grassy, and rock-bedded solitude of Old St. Stephens."

NEW ST. STEPHENS.

The present county-seat of what is now Washington county dates back to about 1845. The best houses of the old town were taken down and transported to Mobile where they are still standing. Judge Bragg held court in the old town as late as 1848.

The new town is still a small village. It contains a good hotel and hotel J. A. Runyon, who is also mercer, general storekeeper and blacksmith.
chant, postmaster, and a local Methodist minister. The traveller and visitor will find at this house a pleasant resting place and a well spread table.

The court-house here is a small, neat structure, and the village church is a comfortable, substantial building. Fine oak trees are abundant along the ridge on which the village stands. A public road leads directly to Mobile, distant, due south fifty-seven miles, by the road sixty-four miles.

Crimes have been committed by both whites and blacks, in the region of which this volume treats, as evil natures are here as well as elsewhere. No large spot of earth has yet been found, however beautiful the foliage or luscious the fruit or balmy and delightful the climate, where man never trespassed on the rights of fellow man. For the most part, in this volume, blank and black oblivion has been allowed to rest upon these black deeds. Some have been horrible, as committed by blacks upon whites, upon feeble, defenceless women, and swift and well deserved has been sometimes the punishment inflicted; and blacks upon blacks and whites upon whites have committed their share of crime; but over all may now the curtain of darkness fall.

Thousands have lived here, in these last hundred years, unharmed; and mercy, peace, and truth, and love, have met around the hearthstones.

"Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King."
CHAPTER XX.

LITERARY PRODUCTIONS AND CONCLUSION.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

The literary productions of this county have been few.

In 1839 Rev. Joseph Talbert published a small volume of one hundred and seventy hymns. The first one hundred and nineteen of these were written by himself; the following thirty-nine were written by his wife; eleven were written by his brother, Rev. John Talbert; and the last one, the one hundred and seventieth, was written by himself. Probably few copies of these hymns are now to be found.

A poem, or a little volume of poems, was also published many years ago by Lewis Sewall. This seems not now to be extant.

Dr. Denney, of Suggsville, also published a pamphlet, of which he was the author, on the Indigenous Plants of Clarke. This too, it is to be regretted, seems to have perished.

In later years some occasional poems have been written in the county, many of them connected with obituary notices. As these OBITUARIES make up quite a large part of the literary productions of this region, a few of them, taken from files of old papers or from personal observation, are here inserted, with different variety of style.
are here given. And as a thoughtful and meditative traveller, in visiting some foreign country or ancient city, fails not to walk, at some quiet hour, among the resting places of the dead, examining the strange monuments and reading the inscriptions on the monumental stones, so let the thoughtful reader meditate along these few pages where are reproduced the last loving words of friends concerning their departed friends.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I.

"Died, at Grove Hill, on the 31st of October, 1863, of diphtheria, DORA CARLETON, aged eleven years.

With womanhood's patience she endured her fearful sufferings. When struggling with the last, slow torture, her mother asked, 'Dora, do you wish to die?'

'Yes ma'am,' was the quiet answer, 'I can't live.'

When life was fast receding her face beamed with unearthly brightness, like the glory angels leave, and, with a radiant smile, she exclaimed, 'I love, I love you all.' Then came a broken, childish prayer, and her last whispered word was 'Jesus.'

How weary our way, how dark our sky,
As one by one our treasures die—
The blows are thine—oh, help us God!
To pass beneath thy heavy rod:
Around thy throne our sunbeams keep,
While in our hearts the shadows sleep.

Though claimed by Heaven we cannot forget
Our darling! our darling! Dora—our pet!
And daily we'll sigh for the cheek so soft,
The little hand we've clasped so oft,
For the little form to fill again
The vacant chair that waits in vain.
When childish lips to ours are pressed,
And bright heads nestle on our breast,
Small arms about our neck are wound,
And busy feet are flitting round,
'Tis then we'll miss thee, gentle child,  
With face so sweet and ways so mild.

But the freedom thine of the angel wing,
And thine the bloom of eternal spring;  
Go, clasp thy hand with little C——
Through the summer long he awaited thee,
When earthward thy bright steps would stray  
He'll lead thee down the spirit way.

Farewell bright one! 'tis but for a day,
That thou art gone from Lizzie and May.  
When angels draw you bars of blue,
And Heaven's glory bursts in view,
Oh then we'll know the reason why
So soon thy home was made on high.”

She who wrote this, containing such true and beautiful poetry, Miss Josephine Carleton, afterwards Mrs. Grayson, now herself also sleeps in death. She was truly one of the gifted and lovely daughters of Clarke, and here, beside the memorial of little Dora, let her own monument remain.

The "Lizzie" mentioned above is now Mrs. J. Y. Kilpatrick of Wilcox, and "May" is Miss May Carleton, now an intelligent, polite, sociable young lady, one of the beautiful girls of Bashi (1877).

II.

"F. Leland Taylor, only child of S. Parker Taylor and Sarah, his wife, born October 21st 1856, after a painful illness of nine days, departed this life on the 26th of January, 1861, aged four years, three months and four days.
Death is always a suggestive fact, even when it reaches the aged and infirm. It presents to us anew the stern truth that ere long we too shall be called to meet its fearful realities. The dark vapor which hangs like a pall o'er the 'valley of the shadow of death' is too dense to be pierced by mortal eyes. Apart therefore from revelation, we know nothing of the thither side of the grave, yet marked circumstances—coincidences perhaps—have at times led to the impression that it was permitted to some to look into the future. 'Twas so with Leland. A few days before his illness, in conversation with his grandmother, and without previous reference to the subject, he told her he was going to God. In the earlier days of his illness he said to those around his bed, he was going to that big house, it was so pretty; later he said to his father and aunt Carrie, he 'heard the boat coming' which was to take him to the big house. On the day before he died he told his father and aunt that 'the boat had come and he was going;' told his father that he 'must make mother come too;' he then presented both hands and said, 'here, father, take them,' and so fell asleep.

But yesterday little Leland was a bright, precocious child, the hope and the joy of his parents. To-day,

God's image freed from clay,
He shines in heaven's eternal light
A star of day.

*     *     *     *     *     *     *     *     *

F. L. S."

The Taylor Family lived at Jackson, near the river. "The boat" therefore, of which little Leland spoke, was not probably the mystic ferry boat of old heathen
mythology; but the palace steamer coming down the river and going to the large city.

GIRLHOOD.

III.

"Died—On the 11th ult. of Yellow Fever, Martha E. Savage, aged about sixteen years.

Such are the simple words which announce that the beautiful and the beloved has passed from earth forever! When they were whispered mournfully in our ear, we repeated them mechanically, over and over, before the brain received their terrible import. They were uttered in low tones from friend to friend, until each face was shrouded in gloom, and many eyes, unused to tears, glistened in manly sorrow. For here was Miss Savage known and loved with an homage as sincere as it was unusual. Here was her budding girlhood passed—here, expanded into almost more than mortal perfection, the flower whose opening loveliness gave such brilliant promise. We knew and loved her well. Many a pleasure have we enjoyed together, when life was new and hope was bright. Many fairy dreams have we woven, that have long since faded, like the lines on a summer cloud. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, virtue never found a holier temple, beauty never veiled a purer sanctuary. Earth seldom beholds a fairer vision. Death seldom claims a prouder trophy. Oh! who does not grow faint and oppressed, with the sense of his own littleness, when those whom we have enshrined upon our inmost hearts, are thus rudely torn from our sheltering arms: Though her beauty of person and graceful presence of manner have shone with such bright luster, on
all who saw her, yet only those, who were admitted to her intimate friendship, could appreciate the priceless jewels enshrined in this enchanting casket.

Alas! the sweet flower, just bloomed into maturity, is plucked from the parent stem by the rude hand of death, and lies wilted in the cold grave by the side of the once lovely sister, Mary, who went just before her, and the fond parents, who came just after!

*' * * * * * * * * * *

'Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leamy nest,
And the deer crouched in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only sound of weeping
From watchers round a bed;
But rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet dead!'

Grove Hill, Ala.

D. D."

The above notice was written in the fall of 1853, when Grove Hill was so fearfully desolated by the yellow fever; and the writer, D. Daffin, as elsewhere mentioned, closed some years ago his own comparatively brief career.

Amid these records, as in Westminster Abbey, or in some rural cemetery, where there is woodland beauty and the traveller beholds the gray, moss-covered stone, we read alike the old teaching, "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever."

It is true that many lovely ones have passed away, of whom the one named above may be taken as a representative, and not even their names can be recorded, although their images yet live in many loving hearts; but the dead are not remembered in vain; it

places. As in nature, so beautifully expressed in Bryant's Hymn, so in the human race, *beauty lives on.*

**YOUTH.**

IV.

"Died, in Richmond, Va., Nov. 3d, 1861, of typhoid fever, after an illness of fifteen days, ROBERT BLAKELY FLEMMING, of the Grove Hill Guards, aged nineteen years.

Seldom is it our duty to record the death of one so noble in life, so lovely in death. Of high moral bearing, never condescending to the low or trifling, he lived beloved and died lamented by all. He was always one of the most promising school boys, affectionate brothers, and obedient youths, that ever lived. His mind was, I verily believe, in some respects more than ordinary; and his morals and veneration for religion and religious people such that one might easily have supposed he was deeply pious. Indeed, I know he was seriously concerned and anxiously thinking about religion when the company left Grove Hill, and from information the most reliable he never slackened his inquiries or ceased to be the same high-minded youth, amid all the immoralities of camp life. Captain Hall says of him, 'The disease which terminated his life was doubtless brought on from exposure in the too faithful discharge of his duty as a soldier. Amidst all the trials and temptations of a soldier's life where so many, even older than he, are so liable to err, Robert never forgot the lessons of morality which were taught him at home. No impropriety in language or conduct was ever reported of him, but his conduct
distinguishes the gentleman. To his fellow soldiers he was kind and affable, and no one in the company enjoyed their good opinion to the same extent as himself. He was ever ready to seek my advice and to listen to my counsel, and for no one in the company had I a warmer attachment. Thus has fallen the young, the noble, the patriotic Fleming, a martyr to his country.

For my own part, although he went away before becoming a member of a church or professing religion, yet I shall always cherish sweet hopes of his being in a better world.

Very many such, in the course of years, among the youth of Clarke have fallen, not only on the tented field, amid the din of strife, but in peaceful homes, surrounded by loving friends. Before the years of manhood had enabled them to secure renown, they passed from the scenes of earth; and who now could record either their virtues or their names?

MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

V.

"Died. In Grove Hill, Clarke county, Alabama, March 12th 1868, Mrs. Josephine M. Foster, daughter of George D. and Sarah Megginson, and wife of Rev. J. C. Foster, aged twenty-seven years and eight months.

The subject of this brief memoir was the youngest child, and for many years the only daughter of fond and affectionate parents—her only sister died in early youth, leaving for her all the boundless affection of doting parents, and the immeasurable love of six noble
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Thus peculiarly situated in her pleasant home, never feeling a care, or having a wish ungratified, the object of the most devoted love of the home circle, it would not have been strange if the unfolding character of the cherished one had been warped and marred; but we find her in these early years obedient and attentive to her parents' wishes, watching by the bedside of her mother during her last protracted illness, with all the fidelity of one of mature years, until the stern messenger released the willing spirit of the mother and left the daughter an orphan. We also see in her daily intercourse with her brothers all the strength and purity of a sister's love; gentle and kind, ever ready to accomplish any plan they might propose, or gratify any wish they might suggest. By nature possessed of a delicate organization, she was sensitive to the least word, or look of unkindness or disapproval, and her love of truth and candor was so great that whenever she saw the least dissimulation, or duplicity in others, she withdrew instinctively from their society.

During her schooldays, she was a favorite both with teachers and schoolmates, her fond, loving nature endeared her to all hearts. In music she was particularly gifted by nature, and improved by early and careful culture, she excelled in that rare accomplishment. It was truly delightful to listen to her bird-like voice, entrancing the soul with its exquisite melody. But the days of happy childhood passed swiftly away, and ere the threshold of womanhood had scarce been crossed, she became a lovely, loving bride. Never had she seemed so fair a flower as upon this eventful day, when in the freshness and purity of her early
A few months after her marriage she made a profession of her faith in Christ, and united with the Horeb Baptist Church.

Ten years of life were all that remained to her, during which time she was frequently called to mourn the loss of loved ones from the family circle. Four brothers and three infant children were borne to the silent tomb. All these visits of Death rent her affectionate heart, but it seemed only to draw her nearer to the Throne, and she was led to see the wisdom of God in thus early removing her jewels from earth to heaven.

For more than a year previous to her decease, her health declined, and days and nights of suffering were hers; but meekly and patiently she bore all, waiting for her release to come. As the trying hour drew near, her intellect seemed to brighten and her mind remained clear and vigorous to the moment of dissolution.

She expressed her entire trust in the Savior, and her perfect resignation to his Divine will. Her prayers were for the church, and she exhorted the members to be faithful to the cause of Christ, and be faithful to their pastor, to uphold and support him in his ministerial duties. Her last hours were very solemn and impressive, and her parting words to her husband and darling little boy, were touching and pathetic. Those who witnessed the scene can never forget it. As the fragile flower droops and dies, so passed our dear sister away, leaving naught but the sweet memories of her life with us who mourn her departure. Such is the brief and imperfect sketch of the life of our valued sis-
remain strive to emulate her virtues and consecrate ourselves anew to the service of our Divine Master, that our last days may be peaceful as were her's, and our meeting in heaven be full of joy.

ONE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HER WELL.

March, 1868.

VI.

"Died, in this County, on the 7th instant, NEAL CALHOUN, aged fifty seven years.

The deceased removed from Cumberland county, N. C. to this county, in the Jackson's Creek neighborhood, in the year 1819. Though of a quiet and unassuming nature, and not disposed to render himself conspicuous or herald his own merits, it is questionable whether a better citizen ever resided the same length of time in Clarke county. The writer of this humble tribute to his memory first knew him twelve years since as a class leader and Sabbath-school teacher. The church, (of which he had been a member for upwards of thirty-five years) class meeting, Sabbath school, and prayer meeting, found in him an earnest and devoted member. In all the relations of life he deserved and won the esteem of those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

During the short span of human life, we are engaged in so many different pursuits, and our minds are led away by so many attractions, that we seldom attempt to form an estimate of the worth and merit of our friends until they have gone into the eternal and unchangeable state—until the picture of their lives is reflected back by the dark shades of death. It is then that the lingering hand of friendship is exerted to trace the path of good by those who have been dear to us in
fond and melancholy remembrance, over each incident, as they are presented through the lapse of years that are past, and endeavors to trace the outlines of the picture which we fondly cherished while it was animated by the spark of life.

That meek Christian spirit which had borne him through the severe trials and afflictions of this life, deserted him not in his last moments. His protracted and severe illness he endured patiently, and the flight of the spirit was as the dying of the wave along the shore. * * * *

'Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.'

D. D.

These six are all the sketches of this class which the plan of this chapter allows; they have been selected, for the most part, on account of their style; but it should not be inferred that many others among the hundreds have not been as well written, perpetuating the memory of those who were as lovely and as good.

The following poem was written by Miss M. D. Parker, of Grove Hill, To the memory of her father, Elder W. J. Parker.

In our home circle, sad and cheerless,
Often have our poor hearts bled,
When we spake of our dear father,
Who is numbered with the dead!
Oh, he was a loving parent!
But our heavenly Father gave;
And He saw fit to take him —
Now he slumbers in the grave.

When at home oh how we miss him!
How we miss his dear voice leading
In our hymns at evening prayer.
Yes we miss him here at evening
When the birds so sweetly sing;
But we'll meet him up in Heaven
Where the angels' voices ring.

Oh he loved to tell of Jesus,
Loved to tell of how he died
On the cross for us poor sinners,
On the cross was crucified.
But he'll no more tell of him
Or his wondrous love for man;
For he's gone to meet the Saviour,
In a bright and happy land.

When his work on earth was o'er,
He thought it better to depart,
And be with Christ on your bright shore,
Where dwell the pure in heart.
And we hope one day to meet him
In the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest. M. D. P.

Since the death of Elder Parker, of whom a memorial will be found on pages 598 and 599, his two sons have been ordained as ministers of the Gospel and are now active pastors. Miss Mollie is very nearly blind, and no wonder that she wished to present her tribute to the memory of her "dear father."

The following was written by W. B. Williams in memory of his uncle John Creighton.

Death has taken from our band,
A husband, a father, and friend;
He was grasped by the icy hand,
The angel of death doth send.

His proud, manly form well known,
CLARKE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

The vigor of life just come,
   The cherished dawn of life's hap'ness,
When he by death was carried home,
   To dwell in realms of brightness.

He resigned life at death's call;
   At the sound of the awful knell,
He closed those loved eyes for the pall.
   But God doeth all things well.

His spirit has gone to rest,
   In the bosom of him he loved;
There he will be forever blest,
   In eternal realms above.

Beloved wife, you should not mourn
   For your loved, but departed one;
His presence from you only torn,
   You'll meet when life's race is run.

Children you should try to gain
   A place by your dear father's side;
In heaven alone there is no pain,
   No cares our life to betide.

When we've done God's holy will
   Here in mortal and sinful clay,
He will say to our breath "be still,"
   Our souls shall be borne away.  

W. B. W.

Besides the few works mentioned in the first of this chapter some works of fiction have been lately published by one who was for a time a resident here, Mrs. Maria Darrington Deslondes. The first is a novel, quite a large volume, "The Miller of Silcott mill," Georgia scenes, a very well written work of its kind. Published 1875. The second is called "John Maribel."
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Each throbbing pulse my friend felt too.
The hours in contemplation spent
Were rendered cheerful by her voice,
To each, she magic fleetness lent
And bade my wearied soul rejoice.

In toilsome journeyings when those
Who bore the cherished name of friend
Had vanished from my ardent gaze,
This one of all alone remained
My counsellor, my constant guide.

How oft from her I've wisdom sought,
Assured I should not be denied
Each lineal feature might have taught.

'Twas then I loved my gentle friend,
Who did not from my side depart;
Our lives in union seemed to blend,
And every pulse in concord start.

But ah, how sad—one day I gazed
Upon that dear familiar face,
'Twas mute and still, no feature stirred,
The pulse beat not, each throb had ceased.

And now my soul to grief give birth,
All, all that yielded joy hath fled,
That life which is of priceless worth
Has gone—my friend alas is dead.

A close companion now no more,
My hours must pass without a token;
No hand to guide life's journey o'er,
The mainspring of my watch is broken.

GROVE HILL, Nov. 1851.  
E. H. BALL.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

My heart is sad and weary,
Weary and alone
Within—without is dreary,
Dreary, sad and lone.

Hushed in the solemn hour of midnight dark and drear
Strange fancies round me hover,
Hover soft and low,
Fain would my soul discover,
Discover all they show.
Blest message from the spirit land, it cheers my drooping heart.
And yields its soothing power to aid and brighten every part.
Instead of grief it giveth,
Giveth joy and ease,
Hope from despair receiveth,
Receiveth joy and peace.

"Whatever seems the saddest will surely brighter grow,
And where the cloud hangs heaviest will gleam the brighter bow."

Thus came the welcome tribute,
Tribute to my heart.
And bade its floods of sorrow,
Sorrow e'er depart.
From whence the Oracle appeared or whither fled away
Is not for mortal here to know, its dwellings none may say.

GROVE HILL, ALA., Jan., 19 1853. E. H. BALL.

GEMS.
This world with all its countless throng.
Of sad and joyous hearts,
With all the varied phase of mind
That crowd its spacious marts—
Has treasured gems for every eye,
Gifts for each eager grasp,
For young and old, for rich and poor,
And each fastidious taste.
Some seek the gems which glitter most,
The diamond's brilliant glare,
The golden ore, the precious dust,
And rubies rich and rare.
Some prize the mind which soars aloft,
And seeks in storied fame
To build a monument to worth
A bright ancestral name.
Some think in Friendships path awaits.
While Love holds out the lurid baits
To tempt the choice away.
Some covet beauty's fickle glow,
"Though fragile as a flower,"
They bow to shrines of mortal clay,
And own their "magic power."

But not for these, no none of these.
Would life be worth the strife,
With yearnings deeper, deeper far,
The immortal soul is rife.
One gem alone gilds all the rest,
Presides o'er every sense,
Sheds forth its beams from heaven to earth
The Pearl of price immense.

Grove Hill, 1856. E. H. Woodard.

Among these fugitive pieces, and belonging strictly to the county of Clarke, the following are also inserted, not for any special poetic merit, but because of associations in the county connected with them.

The first records an actual Clarke county incident of 1851. The others belong to the fall and winters of 1877 and 1879, and have this peculiarity that they were, with the exception of a few lines in one, written in the open air beneath the blue sky, as the writer was journeying from place to place. They claim nothing therefore in the line of polish:

MY MOCKING BIRD.

I caught a royal prize,
A bird with brilliant eyes,
With plumage fair and bright;
Child of the "Sunny South,"
Bird of the mocking mouth,
I held it with delight.

Into the house I bore,
Alas! it left my hands,
Foresook those friendly bands,
Into the fire it flew.

Vain then was human aid!
Though efforts kind were made,
Its little life to save;
But soon the glowing embers,
Crisped all its tender members,
'Twas rescued for the grave!

Alas poor little bird!
No one thy wailing heard,
Cruel, but quick thy death;
Hushed soon thy melody,
Soon was thy spirit free,
Quick fled thy little breath.

And now, my bright, lost treasure,
Could I in sweeter measure,
Like thee a carol sing;
Soft, plaintive, sad, and free,
It should thy requiem be,
Bird of the spotted wing!

GROVE HILL, December, 1851.

T. H. B.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Written Nov. 16, 1877, Friday afternoon, during three and a half miles travel between the Woods Bluff road and Clarke's store, the pommel of the pony's saddle being the writing desk.

The world is dark with none to love;
The world is dull with naught to do;
And without light from heaven above,
In vain earth's pathways we pursue.

There must be hope for better things,
There must be hope for brighter days
While round feet still affection claims.
There must be hope to cheer the soul,
If we surmount the cares of life,
And keep the wounded spirit whole,
And lose not courage in the strife.

And hope there may be, for us all,
Hope to the soul like anchor strong,
A hope not dim, nor frail, nor small,
A hope for aye and ages long.

Long reaching, on and on for aye,
A hope that gilds life's darkest night,
That shines along the loneliest way,
With beams of heaven-born loveliest light.

And work there is for all to do,
Work suited to each heart and hand,
Abiding work, secure and true,
In every corner of our land.

And there is ever One to love,
The Good One, Father, Saviour, Friend,
Who sends to us the Heavenly Dove,
Whose love for us need never end.

And there are hearts to love and bless,
Sweet lips to sing some soothing lays,
Earth-forms to love and to caress,
Kind friends to cheer us all our days.

These may not wear the brightest hues,
Of earth-born beauty, beauty rare,
But we may always find and choose,
Those that are gentle, good, and fair.

Then let us work, and love, and dare,
Earth is not dull nor dark nor lone,
We sow, in hope that we shall share
Rich harvests from the seed well sown.

T. H. B
Written for David A. Chapman and Miss Lillie H. Woodard and presented to them on their bridal eve.

Tonight within this home there's light;
   It is the light of love;
And love forever will make bright
   The home that is above.

But earth-born love needs heaven-born grace;
   And when entwined in one,
Then children of this human race
   Find happiness begun.

Two lives within this home tonight,
   Are blending into one;
True hearts and hands we here unite,
   Pledged till life's work is done.

Once, in the land of Galilee,
   To Cana's village small,
A Jewish marriage rite to see
   There came the Lord of all.

Though not within a princely hall,
   That bride, I think, was fair;
And Jesus Christ himself they call,
   And his disciples there.

Here, in this broad and sunny land,
   Home of the fig and vine,
Within that Saviour's love we stand,
   And on his arm recline.

His blessing therefore we expect;
   In confidence we pray;
His words we do not dare neglect,
   But heed them day by day.

Young wedded pair, I wish you joy,
   Serene, abiding, true,
Which nothing earthly can destroy,
   Which love will give to you.
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Trials and cares you're sure to meet,
It is the earthly lot;
No path is trod by human feet,
On which God sends them not.

They may be light, they may be few,
But should your hearts be tried,
At faith's pure altar love renew,
And kneel down side by side:

Yes, kneel and to your Father pray,
And he will give you light,
Light that can cheer your darkest day,
And gild your gloomiest night.

Remember what a power is love;
Remember what a friend is God;
Tho' sometimes from his throne above,
He lays on us his chastening rod.

Remember that to purify,
To cleanse from earthly dross,
Is one of the great reasons why
He lays on us some cross.

Then bravely by each other stand,
Be strong when comes the "weary day,"
And, as you have been joined in hand,
So may you be in heart alway.

—T. H. B.

Written for Miss Genie H. Woodard and Dr. Gross Chapman on the
occasion of their marriage at Grove Hill.

Almost two years have swiftly glided by,
Since here we met on Lillie's bridal day;
And I suppose again I ought to try,
To weave a little, simple, joyous lay.

To-night our Genie is the radiant bride,
She gives to-night her hand with heart of love;
Lovely and sweet, not marred by earthly pride,
I have not heard upon this quiet night,
The carol of our garden mocking-bird;
But I have caught the glances of eyes of light,
And bird-like music in some hearts has stirred.

The sky above this home to-night is blue,
The stars of glory now are shining there;
And if our hearts are brave and pure and true,
The sky of life, far up, will still be fair.

The household circle is unbroken yet,
Father and mother, brother, sisters dear;
And one is added, one, the household pet,
For Lillie's little Hattie Strother's here.

That Lillie with her husband here should stand,
And bring their little one is surely meet;
Bright's the home where dwells her loving band,
And where she guards the tread of little feet.

"A heritage" are children "from the Lord;"
Sweetly the echoes of their voices sound,
And bind our hearts with love as with a cord,
Where health and plenty spread their comforts round.

We train our daughters up and they go out;
Upon them beams a Providence benign;
In a few years is heard the joyous shout
Of children in their homes at day's decline.

'Tis sweet to have a home, an earthly home,
And when at night around the household tree,
All meet beneath the stars of heaven's blue dome,
Content and light and love ought there to be.

Yet sweeter and more joyous will it be,
To enter in to the Celestial Home;
An ecstasy of joy, it seems to me,
Will then fill hearts that oft in sadness roam.

Now Genie from her childhood's home must go;
She enters upon woman's destined lot,
To be for man a help and not a woe:
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For her, and for her chosen guide and friend,
Now let us breathe a fervent, earnest prayer,
That when for them at length shall come life’s end,
They may find light beyond this viewless air.

T. H. B.

Explanatory notes. On the night of the marriage of Miss Lillie Woodard, in December 1877, a mocking-bird in the evergreen peach tree in Judge Woodard’s garden sang a spring-like song, as though rejoicing at the event. The allusion is to this song in the third stanza.

The home alluded to in the sixth stanza is the residence of David A. Chapman, three miles from Grove Hill, where with them his mother resides. Outwardly beautiful in its surroundings it is indeed a home, a fine specimen of what a Christian home may be.

Hattie Strother Chapman, referred to in the fifth stanza, was Judge Woodard’s first grandchild, in whose dark, earnest eyes a world of wonder lay, a very quiet and winning child, now in Paradise.

Written for Miss Georgia Williams of Bashi and George Megginson.

“This world is full of beauty
Just like the worlds above,
And if we did our duty
It might be full of love.”

These words, by some one spoken,
Contain a living truth;
But bright ties oft are broken,
That bind our hearts in youth.

We do not do our duty,
In filling earth with love;
We drink not in the beauty,
That glows around, above.

But, Georgia, I am trusting
That you may gain success,
Your heart and life adjusting
To Scripture righteousness.

The dew-drop of the morning
Soon dries beneath the sun;
To us it giveth warning
That life’s race soon is run.

While earthly life is fleeting,
You have a hope of meeting
Where comes no setting sun.

The dew-drop in the lily
Spoils not its fragrance sweet;
But when the night grows chilly
Some flowery petals meet.

If then the tears of sorrow
Should dim your lustrous eye,
Be mindful that the morrow
Finds love still nestling nigh.

This truth will bear repeating,
That in the soul lies worth;
For girlhood's charms are fleeting,
They fade like things of earth.

And may you, now possessing
This youthful heart and hand,
Both find and prove a blessing;
By her in trials stand.

Your single life is ending;
You're husband now and wife;
And may your two souls blending
Share a loving, happy life.

Be faithful to each other;
In joy and sorrow pray;
You have a Friend, a Brother,
In the realms of perfect day.

In him through life believing,
You will find that life is sweet;
And from him grace receiving,
In Heaven at last you'll meet.

T. H. B.
TO MINNIE.

Eight years of age, daughter of the Hon. J. S. and Mrs. Alice Dickinson, of Grove Hill, Alabama.

I'm glad I've seen you, Minnie,  
And touched your auburn hair,  
And looked into your dove-like eyes,  
And on your cheeks so fair.

I'm glad you live here, Minnie,  
Though in a world of care,  
To help to make some pathways bright,  
And help some griefs to share.

I hope you'll learn well, Minnie,  
And seek for words of truth,  
And treasure up bright gems of thought  
In these sweet years of youth.

I trust you'll right do, Minnie,  
And ever shun the wrong,  
For truth and right, combined in one,  
Forevermore are strong.

May you be happy, Minnie,  
In loving what is fair,  
And spend your years of earthly life,  
Outside the clouds of care.

But best of all now, Minnie,  
I hope you'll love one Friend,  
Who loves his own disciples here,  
With love that does not end.

And if you love him, Minnie,  
The Saviour of our race,  
He'll fill your heart with living love,  
And grant you his rich grace.

And then in Heaven, Minnie,  
In Paradise above,  
You can learn at length the meaning,  
Of love that is love for evermore.
A LETTER.

My dearest, darling one,
Great blessing of my life,
Child reared beneath this sun,
My own sweet, chosen wife;—

It seems to me I hear
A little plaint of sadness,
Because I am not near
On Christmas, day of gladness;

Because I've staid away
So long from home and thee;
Because, day after day,
My form thou canst not see;

Because I tarry here,
In this bright sunny clime,
Where many friends are near,
And swiftly flies the time;—

It seems to me, I say,
As though my ears could hear,
A little plaintive lay,
That breathes in sadness drear.

My darling, do not grieve.
This air is soft and mild,
But can one e'er believe
It has my heart beguiled?

These woods are bright and green;
These running streams are clear;
The joyous birds are seen;
But thou, thou art not near!

And here are sunny eyes,
And they seem fair to me.
Their pleasant looks I prize,
For they are near to thee.

Dear kindred these of thine,
Who of like blood partake;
I call them also mine;
I love them for thee.

My life seems long since day
Of gladness, home and thee,
Till Christmas, days and years
Serve but to strengthen thee.
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But here awhile I tarry,
If all my work were done,
To see our Lillie marry,
Beneath December's sun.

And I have work on hand,
This toilsome work of brain,
Searching the records of this land,
That once belonged to Spain.

This "land," I mean this South,
At first called Flowery Earth,
Where birds of mocking mouth,
And bright-eyed girls have birth.

It is not native beauty,
That holds me like a dream;
It is the voice of duty,
Not sun, nor bird, nor stream.

Then, darling, do not grieve,
Because I am not near:
Upon this Christmas eve
I send thee words of cheer.

My work is almost o'er,
I hasten back to thee,
I count the weeks no more,
Swift may the moments be.

The evergreens I leave,
'Mid which I love to roam;
This little lay I weave,
'To say, I'm coming home.

GROVE HILL, Alabama, December, 1877.

CONCLUSION.

Rapidly now are these pleasant labors drawing to a close, and, as in the Introduction, so here, in this conclusion, the author takes the liberty of presenting a few personal remarks.
rial which has been wrought into these pages, welcomed at the firesides, and at the hospitable boards, of so many pleasant families whose kindness and courtesies will never be forgotten. Indeed, the visit of two months in 1874, to which allusion was made in the introduction, although I have enjoyed delightful visits in New York City, in New England, and in the West, was to me the fairest and richest type of an entrance into Paradise, that I ever expect to experience in this world. Several peculiar circumstances, which can never all unite again, made it such.

I have been aware while preparing the manuscript and correcting the proof sheets for this volume, that besides the more mature minds of those who would look over these pages, there were in the county of Clarke many promising boys growing up into manhood, and many bright eyed girls, among whom were those of my acquaintance whom I have ventured to call Golden Hair, Sunny Look, Dimpled Cheeks, the Little Violets, Ruby Lips and Daisy, the White Fawn, Diamond Eyes, the Quiet Students, Rose Bud, the Dove, the Lily, the Gazelle, and the Snow Bird, besides many with whom I had formed no acquaintance, who may be expected to read this with the keen insight of ingenious youth; and I have even thought, (for what author does not expect his work to live?) that children who are yet to be, whose names are known only to the Omniscient One, would grow up in this beautiful abode, and refer with some true delight to these pages, as containing a trustworthy record of their great-grandparents. Of all these I have thought as the true critics for whose searching eyes and cultivated judgment this volume is destined.
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For them, especially for those whom I shall never see, I have these words to add: that I have loved this region and this work, if not with the love of one born and reared amid these pines, certainly with the love of one whose dearest earthly friend found her childhood's home among the noted spots referred to in this book, where were born, some three hundred and fifty years ago, the Indian maidens led away in De Soto's train after the destruction of their city; and certainly with the love of one who loves all glorious beauty. And while I may reasonably hope yet to meet in the dear home circles some for whom I write, and enjoy bright hours when the mocking birds are singing, or the figs are ripening, or the cane maturing, I hope yet to meet those whom I have learned to love, and those who will one day take their places here, amid still lovelier scenes and in a yet brighter clime, where all pure affections and the high enjoyments of an exalted and ennobled existence will know no weariness and reach no end.

THE AUTHOR'S NOTE, 1877.

Leaving the landing at Jackson, after midnight of December 30th, that is in the early morning of December 31st, arriving at Mobile about twelve hours afterwards, and witnessing the magnificent pageants of the three great societies of Mobile on the streets that night, when was represented the Triumph of Aurelian,—enjoying exceedingly the quiet and order, the beauty and magnificence, the urbanity and refinement, of the city of Mobile that night,—early in the morning of January 1st, I left the orange groves, the singing birds, the flow-
After daylight, January 2, 1878, I left St. Louis on a Chicago bound train, and never did the Grand Prairie of Illinois seem so dreary, so bleak, and so uninviting, as on that day, clothed in wintry garb, it appeared in such marked and vivid contrast with the sheltered hills and valleys among the pines. On that same night was reached the home at Crown Point, 1879, 1881. Not proceeding as rapidly as was anticipated in placing the gathered material in its present form, I spent the fall of 1879 in the county of Clarke, returning home just before Christmas, and publishing in 1880 the Lake of the Red Cedars, spent the winter, and spring of 1881 in the South. The fall, winter and spring of 1881 and 1882 being spent in the county of Clarke, now at last, in the summer of 1882, the last chapter of this work goes through the press.

Here fittingly may be recorded the names of two friends in this county to whom I have been indebted for financial aid in carrying this work through the press, the Hon. James S. Dickinson, now no longer of earth, and the Hon. Eli S. Thornton of West Bend. To these I add the name of one in the county of Lake, state of Indiana, who has aided in the same way, Oscar Dinwiddie of Plum Grove, postoffice Orchard Grove, a member of the National Grange. Three better friends than these could not easily be found.

For constant interest and encouragement in this work I repeat here the name of a good friend, Isaac Grant, Editor at Grove Hill; and also for early encouragement and a constant interest and for free access to his library, I must add the name of the Hon. John W. Portis of Suggsville. To add to these five any other names would be to find no place to stop. General ac-

...
knowledgements are therefore added to all who have so kindly encouraged and helped.
Saturday, August 26, 1882.

THE MAP.

The citizens of Clarke will surely be gratified to possess even a small sectional map of the county. The author cannot claim that it is perfectly accurate; but it is the closest approach to accuracy which circumstances would enable and allow him to make; and he is sure it is the most free from inaccuracies of any map of the same region yet made. For the course of the rivers and the general outline and some locations he has depended upon Latourrette’s Map of Alabama, which is considered good authority. For the course of the creeks he has depended mainly upon the sectional map made in Mobile, for the County Commissioners, in 1874, a map which claims to have been made from original surveys and official documents. For the boundaries of the beats he has followed the official boundaries in the records of the Commissioners’ Court, transferring word boundaries to a map outline; a work which was found to be tedious and difficult, requiring patience, perseverance, and some ingenuity; and if a tolerable accuracy has been secured here those who know the nature of the difficulties can appreciate the success.

Other maps have been consulted with profit and especially a late township map issued by the United States Government from official sources of information. Pickett’s statements and delineations have also been
ties. A number of localities the author has obtained by his own efforts while making researches in 1877, and of the accuracy of these he is very sure. He hopes that the imperfections which may be found will not impair seriously the usefulness of this map, a map which has cost no little labor.

From the map it may be seen that the width of the county at its northern limit is twenty-four and a half miles; that through the centre of townships ten, or from a mile south of Lower Peach Tree to West Bend, the distance from river to river is thirty-eight and a half miles; and that the greatest width of the county is a mile south of this line and is nearly forty miles. Also, that on the line between the townships eight and nine, just south of Grove Hill, the distance from river to river is thirty-four miles; that between St. Stephens and Gosport it is twenty-five and a half miles; and that between Fort Carney, or Carney's Bluff, and Gaines-town it is only twelve miles. From river to river at the Cut-Off it is about four miles; From the Cut-Off due north to Fort Carney it is about fourteen miles; and from the Cut-Off, on the first range line east, to the northern limit of the county, it is fifty-five and a half or two-thirds miles. It also appears that the water-shed line or Choctaw limit, once the eastern boundary of the county, distant from Tombigbee, a mile south of Fort Carney, only about two miles, runs in a north-easterly direction, comparatively near to the Alabama, and is distant from it, opposite Lower Peach Tree, only six and a half miles, when it bears north-west and crosses the county line fifteen miles from the Tombigbee and twenty-one and half miles from the Alabama. It also appears that Choctaw Bluff, Grove Hill, Choctaw Cor
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ner, Clay Hill, and Shiloh, are on nearly the same meridian; and still further north, and but a few miles east, are Tuscumbia and Chicago.

The meridian of St. Stephens, coming up from the Bay just east of Mobile, corresponds very nearly with one of the counted meridians of the earth. According to the official authority of the General Land Office at Washington, it is two minutes west of the eighty-eighth meridian from Greenwich and a very little more than two minutes east of the eleventh meridian west from Washington.* From the Greenwich eighty-eighth it is distant about a mile and a half and from the eleventh meridian of longitude it is distant about a mile and three quarters. The three lines for general purposes and on ordinary maps may be considered as one line. Brewer gives the west longitude of Alabama as 10° 88'. It extends beyond 11°.

This combined line, this eighty-eighth meridian, seems to find no town of any size in its path from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.† Leaving St. Stephens, which like the Troy of old — *Troja futit — was but is not, this meridian passes close by the north-western corner of Alabama, cuts the south-western extremity, "the pocket" of Indiana, passes a few miles west of Chicago and Milwaukee, crosses the extreme south-western portion of Green Bay, and passes northward through the center of Lake Superior. It seems to be a townless meridian, but probably some villages are situated upon

*The author gratefully acknowledges the receipt, from J. A. Williamson, Commissioner, of a township map of the State of Alabama, on a scale of twelve miles to the inch, compiled from official records in the General Land Office, and published by that office in 1878.

†Elliott's Corner is a large stone placed in position in 1805 where the St. Stephens meridian crossed the base line or latitude 31°.
it. Pineville in Marengo is close beside it. Returning once more to the map, the sections will be found numbered in the northwestern township, which is township twelve, range two west. The sections in all the other townships have corresponding numbers. The ranges are numbered at the bottom of the first row of townships and the townships on the margin. Grove Hill is on section thirty-three; township nine, range three east. It is, then, east of the St. Stephens meridian, about fourteen and a half miles, or one-fourth of a degree; a degree of longitude being, in latitude thirty-one and a half, very nearly fifty-nine miles. (On the equator a degree of longitude is now said to be sixty-nine miles and one hundred and sixty-four thousandths of a mile. At latitude twenty-nine degrees it is sixty miles and a half. And in latitude forty-three degrees it is fifty miles and sixty-six hundredths. The degree of latitude between thirty-one and thirty-two degrees is sixty-eight miles and eighty-eight, nearly eighty-nine hundredths. The northern boundary of the county is therefore almost exactly the parallel of thirty-two degrees. The town of Jackson is in latitude thirty-one and a half degrees.

A number of places will be found located on this map, never probably designated on a map before. Others would have been added to them if the sections and townships could have been ascertained.

On the whole, the author hopes that the map will be acceptable to the citizens of the region which it illustrates, and a contribution, however small, to the true geography of our country.

CITRONELLE, nearly west of Fort Stoddart and Mt. Vernon, thirty miles from Mobile, is a settled by
CHARLES C. LANGDON. He was editor of the “Advertiser,” a Whig representative to the state legislature, and for a time mayor of the city of Mobile. He founded Citronelle before the civil war, and engaged in horticulture, raising fruits and vines, planting orchards and vineyards, having retired from public life. He was opposed to secession, but maintained his allegiance to the State of Alabama.

Near, probably just below the Sun Flower Bend, as marked on the map, is Oven Bluff. This is in Clarke county, on the east side of the river. This bluff was fortified and troops were stationed there for most of the time during the war. Above this bluff but a short distance, and on the east side of the river, in Clarke county, was located the Confederate States Navy Yard, where workmen were building several war vessels in the spring of 1865. After the close of hostilities these were burned by the Confederate authorities. Near this navy yard were situated the Old Salt Works, the Central being near Salt Mountain, and the Upper near Old St. Stephens.

St. Stephens, which is shown upon the map, was “one of the grandest and most picturesque bluffs on our rivers.” Its establishment, and growth, and importance as the first capital, and its decay, are mentioned in the history. Says the Clarke county editor:

“The magnificent bluff was often promenaded by joyous crowds of the young, the gay, and the more meditative, also; but soon after it was shorn of its capitolian glory, it waned, and waned, and died. And now there is hardly left one stone upon another to mark the site where stood the proud capital of the growing territory.”
is the county seat of Washington county, is three miles inland and west from the deserted town.

On Nannahubba Island a road is marked. Along this road, in the earlier times, many travellers and many troops have passed. Here in October 1814, Jackson's army of two thousand and eight hundred men, passed from their camp on the west side of the river under the command of General Coffee, and stopped for rest at Fort Montgomery, on their way to capture Pensacola. General Jackson himself on the 26th of October was at Coffee's camp. Fort Montgomery, near the desolated Fort Mims, was built under the superintendence of Colonel Thomas H. Benton.

Glancing up the river the eye falls upon Choctaw Bluff, and not far above is seen French's Landing. The location of the old Maubilia has been assigned to these two places.

A short distance above occurred the Canoe Fight. Returning to the west side of Nannahubba Island, there, May 10, 1865, Commodore Farrand surrendered to the United States authorities the steamers Nashville, Southern Republic, Morgan Heroine, Black Diamond, and the Baltic, the boats then remaining of the Confederate navy.

Baldwin county, which appears upon the map, extending from Little River southward to the Bay, is the largest county in the state, is larger than the state of Rhode Island, and is "a vast pine forest." It contains already many lumber mills and exports considerable lumber. Upon its soil have bivouacked the armies of Bienville; of Packenham, and Weatherford, of Jackson; and of General Canby.
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places which are historic. Spaniards, French, British, Indians, Americans, have left marks and mementos not soon to be effaced or forgotten.

Married by Rev. T. H. Ball, in Clarke county, Alabama:

1. Peter Gwynn to Sarah B. Holder, April 6, 1854.
2. William G. Fountain to Margaret M. Creighton, February 16, 1859.
3. Francis P. Martin to Margaret C. Dawson, December 15, 1859.
5. Dr. Gros S. Chapman to Eugenie H. Woodard, November 26, 1879.
6. George S. Megginson to Georgia L. Williams, December 11, 1879.

CHURCH DIRECTORY. 1879.

BAPTIST.

Grove Hill Church meets the Saturday before the 1st Sabbath in each month. Public worship on the 1st and 3d Sabbaths of each month.

Sunday school every Sabbath at three P.M. Judge Woodard, Superintendent.

Pastor, Elder James W. Dickinson,
Clerk, R. J. Woodard,
Treasurer; J. W. Cunningham,
Deacons, J. S. Dickinson, Isaac Grant, J. Tompkins.

Horeb Church has public worship on 2d and 4th Sabbaths in each month. Sunday School meets in Dec...
CLARKE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Pastor, Elder William Hill,
Clerk, John Dacy;
Deacons, J. H. Creighton and George W. Hill.
Amity Church meets on Saturday before each 3d Sunday in the month and on 3d Sundays.
Sunday School at
Pastor, W. H. De Witt,
Clerk, J. Foreman;
Pleasant Grove Church meets on the 3d Saturday and Sunday of each month.
Pastor Elder Robert De Witt.
Clerk John Pettit;
Deacons John Pettit and Robert Bumpers.
Sabbath School meets at nine o'clock every Sunday morning.
Superintendent John Pettit.
Not complete.

METHODIST.

Suggsville Circuit.
Saturday before 1st Sunday at Mrs. Phillips on Pigeon Creek.
1st Sunday at Gosport.
Saturday before 2d Sunday at Fort Madison.
2d Sunday at Suggsville.
Friday before 3d Sunday at Bethel.
Saturday at Rockville.
3d Sunday at Gainestown and Barlows Bend.
Saturday before 4th Sunday at Shady Grove.
4th Sunday at Amity.
Preacher in charge Rev. J. H. James.
Grove Hill Circuit.
Saturday before 1st Sunday at Wesley’s Chapel.
1st Sunday at Union Camp Ground; evening at Mt.
Zion.
Saturday before 2d Sunday at Hopewell.
2d Sunday Jackson.
Saturday before 3d Sunday Mt. Pleasant.
3d Sunday Coffeeville.
4th Sunday Grove Hill.
Preacher in Charge Rev. I. F. Bilbro.
Not complete.

COURT DIRECTORY. 1879.

Chancery Court is held at Grove Hill the 3d Mon-
day in May and 1st Monday in December of each year.
Three days each term.
Judge A. W. Dillard.
Register John E. Morriss.
Circuit Court is held at Grove Hill in March and
September, on the 4th Monday.
Hon. H. T. Toulmin, Judge.
Thomas B. Morriss, Clerk.

Postoffices in Clarke for 1882: Choctaw Bluff,
Gainestown, Gosport, Suggsville, Jackson, Walker
Springs, Grove Hill, Nettleboro, Rural, Choctaw
Corner, Bashi, Tallahatta Springs, Marvin, Wood’s
Bluff, Coffeeville, Dead Level, Cherry, Pickens Land-
ing, Carney’s Bluff, Vashti, Barlow Bend, Salitpa,
Singleton, Winn. Twenty-four, and not a money
order office in the county nor near its borders. The
Department at Washington ought to make Grove Hill
such an office. Vashti, named above, is at present dis-
Population of Clarke according to census of 1880, 17,806.

The following are distances given by some early authority: From the junction of the two rivers to Mobile Bay, fifty miles. From the Bay to St. Stephens, ninety-three miles. To Tuskaloosa, two hundred and eighty-five miles. To Columbus, three hundred miles. Length of Tombigbee river, about four hundred and fifty miles. From the Bay to Claiborne, one hundred and ten miles. To Montgomery, three hundred miles.

Distances from Mobile on the Alabama river, according to S. Berney's Hand Book of Alabama, in which the distances are given from the best river authorities:

Choctaw Bluff 104 miles, Gainestown 120, French's Landing 125, Dr. Lindsay's 131, Cedar Creek 137, Gosport 142, Claiborne 146, D. Lee's 151, Hamilton's Bluff 156, Presnall's Landing 157, Dr. Maiben's 157½, M. Cobb's 164, Bell's Landing 174, Peeble's 181½, Lower Peach Tree 183, Yellow Bluff 190, George Gullett's Gin 200, Clifton 213½, Prairie Bluff 225.

Distances on the Tombigbee: Bull Pen 75, Frank Payne's 79, Oven Bluff 85, Salt Works 90, Carney's Bluff 100, Mouth of Bassett's Creek 107½, Jackson 110, Parkers 111, A. M. Wing's 111½, Mouth of Stave Creek 114½, Mouth of Jackson's Creek 118, St. Stephens 120, Beckhams 123, Hatchatigbee 130, Coffeeville 140, Thornton's Lower Landing 143, E. S. Thornton's 147, May's Woodyard 148, Turner's Shoals 152, J. Cowan's 156, Cunningham's Gin 156, Davis' Bluff 159, Wood's Bluff 160, Pickens 169, Nanafalia 191½.

Distances on Mobile river: Fort Stoddart 45 miles, Head of Mobile River or junction of Alabama and Tombigbee 50 miles from Mobile.
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