

MEMORIES AND HISTORY
OF
NEW MARKET, AL

VOLUME II

VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

Ruth Pugsley

This history has been written from memories and information handed down from parent to child. No attempt was made to prove facts.

We want to thank all those in the community who helped compile this information, and who shared old pictures to add interest to this book. Some names were mentioned; some were not. We only regret not having more time to compile more stories, pictures, and information.

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The late Kathleen Paul Jones, descendant of Matthew H. Bone, 1842 settler of Hurricane Valley. Married to the late Howard C. Jones, direct descendant of Isaac Criner, first white settler (1804) in Madison County.

The New Market Volunteer Fire Department wishes to dedicate this History to Kathleen Paul Jones. Mrs. Jones was a genealogist who spent many years preserving the historical records of Madison County, as well as other counties in Alabama.

Many of these records are on file at the Huntsville-Madison County Library. Other writings of family stories, autobiographies, and memories of the early history of the area are owned by the children of Kathleen P. Jones and are copyrighted by them. Some of these narratives are included in this History with the permission of the Kathleen P. Jones Estate.

Mrs. Jones was descended from the Rev. Matthew Houston Bone, who came to Hurricane Valley in 1842. Her husband, Howard C. Jones, was a direct descendant of Isaac Criner, who settled in the northeastern part of Madison County, probably early in 1804 before the coming of John Hunt.

BONE FAMILY

and

WALKER FAMILY ARTICLES

- INTRODUCTION -

Following are articles from four generations of one family. The reader will be enthralled to read about the lives of these early families: Rev. Matthew Houston Bone, Hugh Phillips Bone, Lillian Bone Paul, and Kathleen Paul Jones. Of course the 1800's families, as a rule, were very large families; therefore, many "characters" are a part of the stories written. The careful reader will feel a part of the entire family as the authors share their lives in a very personal way with us.

After the Bone family articles are personal letters of the Walker family used with the permission of the owner, Mrs. Ralph Williams, great-granddaughter of Lucy Matilda (Walker) Higgason.

MADISON COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI TERRITORIAL PERIOD, 1804-1817

by
Kathleen Paul Jones

My interest is in people, in tracing families, but to do that one must read all sorts of records, naturally picking up impressions of the conditions under which they lived.

About 1805 Thomas Freeman and Pharoah Roach began to survey the land in what is now Madison County, but even before that people in East Tennessee had heard of this rich, new country; John Hunt had come on a hunt, and carried the word back. Judge Taylor tells of a personal interview he had with Isaac Criner who had come with his uncle, Joseph Criner, and another kinsman, Stephen McBroom, apparently early in 1804, as he told Judge Taylor that in the fall of that year John Hunt and David Bean spent the night with them. Next morning, his uncle's wife baked bread for them, and they went on to Huntsville's Big Spring, built a cabin, and then returned to Tennessee.

But before that, earlier in the year, Samuel Davis and some of his sons had been to the Big Spring, cut poles to season, then had gone back to Tennessee for their families. A great-grandson of Hunt wrote that when Hunt went to build his cabin, he found a pole lean-to which, he thought, Ditto had abandoned. He built his cabin and went for his family, bringing them in 1805. But almost surely the lean-to was made of the Davis logs. When the Davises got back and discovered a cabin had been built of the poles they had cut, they were furious. Samuel Davis angrily said he would never live neighbor to a man who'd use another's logs, so they came back and settled near Plevna.

The family tradition of the Criners is that they went first to the Big Spring, did not like the water, and so settled on Mountain Fork. Many years ago an old riverman said that, as a boy, he frequented Cooper's Tavern in Huntsville, where the "first comer" was often discussed. The general agreement was that Criner, Ditto and Hunt all came about the same time, but that Hunt was a hunter, Ditto an Indian trader and riverman, and the Criners the first to clear and till land.

The first comers picked out a likely spot, built cabins--these were called their "improvements"--and prepared to farm. Sadly enough, when the land was put on sale in August 1809 (it had taken that long, because the rattlesnakes were so numerous, surveying could only be done in certain months), many were unable to make the required payments, and unable to bid high enough, so lost the land and their labor. Much land was bought by wealthy speculators, as is generally the case. The minimum bid allowed was two dollars an acre, plus three dollars down for each quarter section, or five dollars for a section, to pay for the surveying. One-fourth of the price had to be paid in forty days, with the balance in one, two, and three years, with interest.

Everything shows that cash was a very scarce article in those days. Barter, and promissory notes, were usual. Most of the early lawsuits were efforts to collect past due notes, many of which had passed through several hands, much like endorsing a check today.

Madison County of that day had not been a residence area for either tribe of Indians, Cherokees or Chickasaws, who claimed it, but was used as a hunting ground by both. The old maps all show the Indian Boundary lines, and deeds mention them. Mr. G. W. Jones told that one man refused to give the surveyors a drink of water, so they told him they'd run the line around him, and leave him on Indian land--and they did. He showed us the place, but I could not find it now, but it is on the maps.

An effort was made to prevent squatting on Indian land, and soldiers were stationed here to remove those who did; but many, and the Criners were among them, when removed, went right back. They had two cabins, one in Madison County proper, the other east of the line, and merely moved back and forth. No effort was made to burn them out, although history said that was often done by the soldiers.

The Indians here were never hostile, but they did pick up things left lying around. The Criner women had their loom in a shed, as there was no room for it in the cabin, and each night had to cut out what cloth had been woven that day. Now and then a settler missed a horse or two, but if he found his property and could prove it his, the Chief always made the thief return it. One time the Criners tracked some of their horses to what is now Guntersville and got them back with no difficulty.

Since the Natchez Trace passed west of us, and Muscle Shoals was the head of navigation on the Tennessee River, there were many white people around the Shoals and on the Trace, long before a white man ever came here; but once immigration began, settlers came rapidly. In January of 1809 a census showed 2,223 whites and 322 slaves. All these had come into virgin land, rich and fertile, with towering forests, so shading the ground that there was no undergrowth, and one could see a deer running for a quarter of a mile, and drive a wagon anywhere under the trees.

Those trees would be priceless now, but the only thought then was to get them out of the way. Even many years later, there were enough, so that getting planks wide enough to make a coffin, with no joints except at the corners, was easy. The houses built in the 1820's and even later, usually had panelling around the lower parts of the best rooms, the centers being of eighteen-inch wide plank, and often window sills to match.

It seems that those who came first were preponderantly from Hunt's area--the East Tennessee counties of Knox, Grainger, Hawkins, Anderson, Washington, and others near them, although many were natives of Virginia or the Carolinas, which a little

later, along with Georgia, supplied most immigrants. These earliest were the true pioneers, with but very few slaves, doing most of their work with their own hands, and very hard work it was, to fell the huge trees, and do all that needed doing, with very inadequate tools. The cabins were necessarily small, so that one wonders how such large families were raised in them. At least, the children had plenty of outdoor playground.

Coming afoot, horseback, and with ox carts, they could bring but little with them. But slips of the creeping myrtle, which blankets so many graveyards, were brought by the women who knew there'd be fresh graves to cover. There were doctors among the newcomers, as old bills against estates show, but their skills were limited, and their available drugs more so. They had emetics, purges, blisters, morphine, but little else. The sick and injured suffered; many died, numbers of them from diseases now all but wiped out. The hazards of childbearing were great and second and third wives common. Lack of knowledge of sanitation was one factor and it, coupled with lack of refrigeration, made many infant and children's graves, even without the recurrent epidemics of diptheria and scarlet fever.

Judge Taylor said the locality of Huntsville was regarded as common property by the two Indian tribes, but by 1807 a few whites, without hindrance, had squatted near the Spring, among them Stephen Neal, later the first Sheriff; Hunt's son-in-law, Joseph Acklen; and the Morgans, later merchants. By 1809 there was a settlement of several hundred within reach of the Spring. There were no buildings on what is the square, a rough, rocky knoll, sloping on every side and with a large pond at the northeast corner.

On January 1, 1818, Anne Royall wrote: "The land around Huntsville is as rich and beautiful as you can imagine, and the appearance of wealth would baffle you. The town stands on elevated ground, and enjoys a beautiful prospect. It contains 260 houses, principally built of brick. It has a bank, courthouse, market house; there is a large square in the center of the town--and facing this are stores, twelve in number. The buildings form a solid wall, though divided into apartments. The workmanship is the best that I have seen in all the states. Several of the houses are three stories high and very large. There is no church; the people worship in the courthouse."

There are no records here before 1809. Judge Taylor's daughter told me that couples wishing to marry used the Quaker (and frontier) method of declaring before witnesses that they considered themselves man and wife; and after the County was established, an Act was passed (I suppose by the Mississippi authorities) legalizing all such unions. One of our earliest records is of a marriage on August 29, 1809, between a couple, whose descendant said they lived over near the Elk River, and rode horseback all day to get here to proper authorities.

Even in 1810 there was but one grist mill in the county, and for many, getting corn ground meant an all day journey, but soon mills sprang up all along the good watercourses. The first cotton farmers, after gathering their cotton, sat round the fire nights and handpicked the lint from the seed, so that it might be spun, but by January of 1814 there were 18 cotton gins in the county. There was one, long abandoned, at my grandmother's, which I dimly remember. It ran by mule power; the little ginheads were about the size of one of today's small pianos, and ginning must have been a slow process indeed. Naturally, stills came in with the pioneers, and are mentioned in many estates. One man willed "my still and tubs" to his wife.

How little these people brought is shown in the inventories of old estates. What was done about property of those dying before courts were set up here I do not know; perhaps the heirs settled it among themselves. One of those was Spencer Rice who died in 1808. His widow went back to North Carolina, taking her two youngest sons with her. She soon died, and the boys, unhappy there, joined a caravan of neighbors moving down, and walked back to their older brothers' homes near New Market, making the trip in less than two weeks. They were about ten and twelve years old.

When laws here were established, after the executor or administrator was named, men were appointed to appraise the personal property of the decedent, down to the last pot, pen, or other small article; then a sale was held, and what the family wished to keep, they had to bid on. Later a "year's provision" was allowed to be set aside for the widow and minor children. One of these listed a tablespoon of pepper.

From the start, Alabama's laws were to some degree concerned about women; at least no man could sell his homestead without his wife, "without fear, constraint or threat," signing the deed, or later signing a relinquishment of her dower right. In a few cases, suit was brought, and her right established.

But the poor married woman could not hold title herself; whatever she had before, or inherited after marriage, was immediately vested in her husband, and subject to seizure for his debts. So the careful father often left his daughter's heritage in the hands of a trustee, for her benefit and after her death to go to her heirs. Not only did local men do this, but we have transcripts of Virginia wills, proving a family's slaves belonged to the wife and children.

Of course, schools were few. While many newcomers were well educated, there were many more papers signed with a mark than with the maker's signature. Where there were enough children, often someone, usually a preacher, set up a little private school, but for the children of the very early years getting an education was a struggle.

In clearing the great forests, the trees were first girdled and let die. A little corn could be raised between them, but not much. After a time, the branches rotted and fell, and had to be piled. When the trunks were felled, the huge logs, some so large a man could not see over them, were notched at about ten foot intervals, a fire built, and a dead branch laid across it, and as that branch burned out, another replaced it, until the fire had burned all the way through. Enough of these "cuts," and the landowner sent out a call for a log rolling. All the able bodied men about were expected to come and help, and the caller, in turn, had to help them with their logs. There were often forty or fifty men present.

The first log cut above the one at the roots was turned at a right angle, then several others rolled alongside, making the base of the heap. Long dogwood spikes were inserted under the remaining cut logs, and at a word the men raised the log and walked with it to the log heap and slid in into place. There was quite an art in getting the handsticks placed so that the load was distributed fairly; thus originated the phrase "to tote fair," and also probably the phrase about getting the short end of the stick--if the men at each end of the stick were both strong, the stick was placed evenly, whereas if one were less strong, the more able man was given the shorter end, and so the heavier part of the load.

After all the logs were piled, they were set afire, and illuminated the night. These log rollings were indeed hard work, and with not even a rope and pulley to help. They worked from early morning 'til sundown, and the host always furnished supper, passed the jug, and frequently had a dance, or "frolic."

These men were skilled axemen; they cut the trees for their buildings, rived the boards to roof them, adzed the half logs for the puncheon floors. The roof boards were held down by weight poles, nails being too few and precious for such. Pegs were used in construction, instead. Later, the blacksmiths who came made the square-ended handwrought nails which were so common in old fences and buildings during my childhood.

The early settler usually arrived with dogs and gun, an axe or so, some iron wedges, and had (or could borrow) a cross-cut saw. If he had only his wife for help, he had to use poles he could handle himself; if there were friends to aid, larger logs could be cut, notched, and put in place. Chimneys were made of stick and clay; window shutters were boards having hinges made of wood.

These people were hardy; they had travelled long distances over new or no roads, through unbridged streams--often waiting for flooded ones to go down--and camped at night, no matter the weather. Water had to come from a well the pioneer dug, or more likely from a spring often some distance away. Isaac Criner's spring was at the foot of a steep bluff, and until old age blinded him he washed his face in it every morning, often returning to the house with icicles in his beard.

Washing was probably done as it was in my mother's childhood, in the after-war years--with battlin' sticks and soft soap. The clothes were wet, soaped, and laid on a table or rock, and beaten with the sticks made like long, slender paddles, the blades about an arm's length and some three inches, I think, wide. There were no washboards. This battling, Mother said, resulted in many broken buttons, their washerwoman fought the dirt with such vigor. When I was small, the old paddles were still around the old home.

For the main necessities, including bread and salt, the earliest settlers often had to go fifty or a hundred miles, and at times, do without. After corn was raised, each family had hominy. A mortar was made by burning a bowl shaped hollow in the end of a block of wood, and with that they used a large wooden pestle, usually run by a sweep. The lye for making the hominy came from leaching wood ashes. Ash hoppers were V-shaped troughs of boards, with a vessel underneath. The ashes were placed in the hopper, water poured on them, and as it seeped through, and fell into the vessel, it leached the lye out. This was also used in making soft soap from waste grease--a slimy, loathsome, ill-smelling stuff. Salt was first brought in from Nashville, but in a few years was sent down from East Tennessee by keelboats, and so more easily gotten from the trading post at Whitesburg--in fact, Mr. White was nicknamed "Salt White." Iron also came, and other needed things.

For hunting, there were flintlock rifles. A supply of lead was hard to get, but possible. Powder was scarce and dear, but the dirt in caves (Sauty Cave, in Jackson County as early as 1812, records show, when Jackson Co. was still Indian land) was worked for the saltpetre; sulphur was bought, charcoal burned, and gunpowder manufactured. When cattle became plentiful, tallow candles were dipped. Judge Taylor tells of taking a wick, 20 or 30 feet long, dipping it into pine resin and beeswax, and wrapping it around a cob, with the end pulled up; after lighting, it gave light for a good while.

Usually the boys in a family slept in the loft of the cabin, or in good weather, out under the trees.

Although life was hard, it had its pleasures. Horse racing was a favorite sport; Andrew Jackson raced his horses at the tracks at Buckhorn and at Green Bottom Inn, among other spots, and it is said, fought his cocks as well. Quite a bit of card playing seems to have gone on, and some of our very first citizens got arrested for gaming. Apparently "dancing frolics" were often held at private homes.

People then were much as people now. Some were honest, some definitely were not. Some were peaceful, some preferred strife. Some were good husbands and wives, some were not. Some seemed to have really enjoyed litigation; others preferred to settle matters their own way. These men had to fight, figuratively and

literally, to stay alive, and were ready to do so again. The county was very well represented at Emuckfau, Horseshoe Bend, New Orleans, and in all wars since. Many of the early arrivals had fought in the Revolution.

An old Court Minute Book of 1811 shows that most cases were for assault, or riot. One amusing legal phrase concerns value: "Did stab him the said Solomon with a large knife of the value of two shillings." "Did stab him the said Samuel with a large knife of the value of one dollar, in and just above the second rib on the left side." The testimony in this case might have been interesting, as the jury found the defendant guilty, but fined him only 25 cents. One wonders what the value of the weapon had to do with the case.

The men who settled our county worked hard, lived hard, played hard. They wore no man's collar.



RAILROAD BRIDGE
NEW MARKET, ALA

METEORS ON WESTERN HORIZON - 1893

From a bound volume of the "Mercury" for the year 1893, published in Huntsville, Ala., in the office of the Probate Judge, Huntsville, Madison Co., Ala. (C. P. Lane seems to be the editor, and this appears to have been written by him.) Copied February 24, 1956, by Kathleen P. Jones.

Issue of July 26, 1893. On the evening of the 19th, the writer noticed low down in the western sky what appeared to be only an ordinary star, but its peculiar red appearance and brilliancy arrested our attention. So imagine my surprise when the star appeared to grow longer and larger, then sinking very rapidly below the western horizon, covering the same space in a few moments that it would require the sun or moon at least thirty minutes, before being lost in view. Several others were present at the time, and I called their attention to the peculiar movements of the star. We of course made a few comments and thought no more about it. On the evening of the 20th we were all seated on the front veranda again, about the same hour, between seven and eight o'clock, when looking toward the west I noticed the same red star. I called the attention of the others to it, three of the party being ladies, and while we gazed the star again began its peculiar movements. It would apparently grow larger and brighter, seeming to tremble and move to and fro and while watched, it once again rapidly sank beneath the western horizon.

Having some knowledge of meteors and their movement, I knew at once that we had witnessed a very extraordinary phenomena. So on the evening of the 21st we all concluded to notice the same point in the heavens and see if the phenomena was repeated. Sure enough, the star was there, and we again saw a repetition of the two preceding evenings. I went to town soon afterward, and remarked to a friend about what we had seen, and my friend said he had seen a similar exhibition about four o'clock on the morning of the 19th. When I returned home about ten o'clock the ladies told me they had remained seated on the front until nine o'clock, and that the star reappeared and acted more peculiar than ever. They said it suddenly appeared above the horizon, then moved from side to side, and that a smaller star followed it in its movements, and that a bright stream of light similar to the tail of a comet connected the two stars. After going through these movements a few minutes the star sank beneath the western horizon as it had done the two preceding evenings.

CRAZY-QUILT MEMORIES

by
Kathleen Paul Jones

Years ago, "crazy quilts" were in style--one took scraps as they were, and fitted them together, with no sort of pattern, and very little relation as to color, texture, or other likeness. Now, this narrative will be on that order; I (Kathleen Paul Jones) have been begged to "put down what you remember," regardless of the fact that I have no gift for joining things smoothly, for relating incidents one to another, or for sustained description. It will be a hodge podge, and will have to be accepted as such.

My maternal family, in my early childhood, consisted of my grandparents, Hugh Phillips Bone and Louisa Ann (Walker) Bone; their eldest child, Aunt Annie, wife of Andrew Nelson Eshman; Uncle Hou (Matthew Houston Bone--not to be confused with the Rev. M. H. Bone two generations back) and his wife, Mary Dem Lauderdale; my mother, Lillian (Bone) Paul, and of course my father James Samuel Paul; Uncle Jim, James Walker Bone; Uncle Jim's wife, Nelle Butler; I skipped Aunt Mary, Mary Eva Bone, who was next to Mother--single until I was in my early teens when she married James Marshall Burdine. Then came a gap of some years, and two more babies, by which time Grandpa (who did all the naming) was having a fancy streak, so he named the older one Halbert Harold and the next Edgar Egbert. Uncle Hal married, late in life, Ann (Daniel) Duncan. Uncle Edgar died when 21 of typhoid fever. According to mother, he was the flower of the family; he taught himself to read before he was six, and he was ambitious. He got a job with the railroad--I do not know in what capacity--and was in Tuscaloosa. There is a letter here, from Edgar's "boss" to Grandpa and Grandma after Edgar's death, speaking of him in the highest terms.

Grandma, Louisa Ann (Walker) Bone, told me some of the incidents related here; also, my mother, Lillian (Bone) Paul, and Aunt Mary, a born story teller, each told some. Aunt Mary raised me on "Uncle Remus" and could read the negro dialect to perfection.

Many of the impressions I have of my descendent forebears came from Mother, who was not one to give reverence where she thought it was not due. She had little respect, I have concluded, for her father (Hugh Phillips Bone), and felt her mother, Louisa Ann (Walker) Bone, had little spirit to have accepted him and his ways as she did. Mother has told me the following account of an old relationship of "Pa's" (Hugh Phillips Bone's): "'Aunt Mat' (Martha Walker of Mississippi) came up to visit grandmother, Mary Jane (Jordan) Walker," mother said. "Aunt Mat was bright and sparkling and pretty, and as a young boy will, Pa fell in love with her, but Aunt Mat just laughed and said she was much too old

for him, but she had a little sister back home he could have. And so he went down...and Mother (Louisa Ann Walker, the little sister) always looked on Pa as a God descended from the heavens, who could do no wrong." Mother maintained that what her Pa had needed was a woman with some drive, who'd have urged him to make something, rather than someone who just felt he was perfect as he was. Had Louisa Ann been more of Aunt Mat's temperament, and less the little backwoods mouse, "Pa" might have done better. Who can know, now?

Grandma's [Louisa Ann (Walker) Bone's] parents had met in Perry County, Alabama, where Mary Jane Jordan was visiting "Aunt King"; James Walker of South Carolina was, I understand, teaching school. Mary Jane Jordan and James Walker married there and then went to Monroe County, Mississippi, which must have been having a "boom" town since a good many people from Alabama seemed to have gone there about that same time. There, in what was then backwoods, they settled and set about having and rearing a large family. The oldest was the gay "Aunt Mat." Mother said Aunt Mat was in love with her cousin, Flem McCartney; I do not know, but if so, it was unrequited, as he was engaged to one of the Steele girls in Huntsville when he died, as a young man, with the scourge of that era, tuberculosis. "Aunt Mat" never married. Her father had a musical instrument which the family referred to as a flute--I got what was left of it from Uncle Hal's widow, and feel it is really a recorder, but as yet have not asked an expert. Cousin Mamie Ducemenier, of West Point, Mississippi said that as a child she used to visit the aunties quite often, and on moonlight nights Aunt Mat would sit on the porch and play that flute, and to her it seemed the sweetest music there could possibly be.

The children of Mary Jane Jordan and James Walker were Aunt Mat, then Aunt Lucy who married (mother thought poorly) and went to Texas where she reared a large family. The third child, Uncle Billy (one of the two boys in the family), graduated from the University Medical College in New York in 1852. I saw him once. I think it must have been in 1899 when Mother and I were in Mississippi, for I was quite small, and it was very cold. We spent the night with Uncle Billy and his wife (I think it was in the old Walker home, but since that time the home was left to his sisters, so I cannot be sure he lived there with them). All I can remember is he had become interested in homeopathic medicine and had a number of vials of pretty colored pills! Two things regarding Uncle Billy come to mind. During the Civil War, he was of course with the Confederate Army and came home on furlough. The Yanks got wind of his presence and came seeking him..but he had escaped to the nearby woods, and had taken refuge in a huge hollow log. (Fortunately, no other occupant, such as a rattlesnake, had gotten there first.) The Yankees made a thorough search, even thrusting their bayonets into the feather beds (not, one feels confident, because they had any idea he might be in one, but merely to do as much damage as they could reasonably get by with). And Grandma said to me once, "Your Uncle Billy said that when the crops were gathered in the fall, and sold, the

farmers paid their store accounts. If they had any left, they gave the preacher some. And then, if there was anything more, they'd pay a little on their doctor bill!" She also quoted him as saying, "All babies are cute. I never saw one that wasn't. But where does that cuteness all go, later?"

After Uncle Billy came Mary Eliza, who married Willis Burnett and also went to Texas, but unlike the Higgasons, the Burnetts were "well fixed." (Editor's note: Aunt Lucy must have married a Higgason.) Next was Margaret King Walker-"Aunt Mug." I know it's Scotch, and James Walker's mother spoke Scottish Gaelic (language of Scotland) when excited, but I always thought it a perfectly horrid nickname, and felt it might have been partly to blame for Aunt Mug's disposition. In view of all that's written nowadays on psychiatric problems, one wonders, should she have ever been "analyzed," what the conclusions would have been. Mother said the Walkers simply "sat there," making no efforts at all to have their houseful of daughters meet any eligible young men, content to live day in and day out with the idea, one supposes, that God would provide. He didn't--especially for Aunt Mug. One often wonders if spinsters are spinsters and "queer" because they are, or if they are spinsters because they were always "queer." Aunt Mug was a perfectionist. When I knew her, she was old, of course, and she didn't do much housework, but was a most exquisite needlewoman. Once, she told me, that as a girl, she overheard some of her associates making fun of Muggie Walker's chemises..so she vowed to herself that never again should they have any cause for such comments--so, when I knew her, she did perfect work. If she found a stitch askew, she'd rip out as much as necessary to get to the offender and eliminate it. She made lace--point, Battenburg. I can't remember her tatting, but I am sure she had done it; she did all types of embroidery, knitting and crochet. But she effectively squelched my ambitions. When I was 12, Mother sent me to Radnor to school; Aunt Mug was then living there with the Eshmans, spending her days and nights in a small room, going for an occasional short walk on the grounds, and to her meals in the school's dining hall. I wanted to make Mother a pair of wool slippers for Christmas, so Aunt Mug got yarn and needles and started me to knitting. I knitted along very happily and had one almost done, when she called for it for inspection. She looked at it and without a word, began ripping it out--row after row after row--almost back to the beginning. "You dropped a stitch. Now start again from there," she told me. I took the wool and the needles and put them away--and never knit another stitch till World War I, years later. I have never been a perfectionist. At that time women wore very elaborate blouses, and Aunt Annie never dressed in anything but coat suits, or skirts and blouses, in the house. So she needed a great many, and Aunt Mug made them all. They buttoned up the back, tiny buttons, almost touching. She made all those dozens of buttonholes. She embroidered the fronts in bow knots and other designs and set lace in by hand. Also fancy braids in patterns--soutache, coronation. I have a few of them, much yellowed, yet. She made centerpieces, scarfs-her fingers were never idle and her tongue always on the acid side.

I do not know when, nor why, Aunt Mug went to the Bones, as she and Grandpa (Hugh Phillips Bone) did not like each other, and finally strong disagreement between them caused her to leave. I do not know if she left there for Aunt Annie's, or if there was an interval when she was elsewhere. But she was there at Aunt Annie's when the older children were small, and got them started on their education, such as they had. She taught them at home, and also for a time she had a school in Maysville. That was prior to any existence of a public school system, and there was no foolishness about certificates and qualifications--if anyone could read, write and maintain order, those were qualifications enough! She was a past master of all three. Mother and Aunt Mary often told of how she'd bring wandering attention back to the book, or reprimand a mistake, with a thump of her ever present thimble against a youthful pate. (Even when teaching, her hands were busy with the needle.)

The family had an old horse they called "Schoolboy," motive power for transportation to Maysville, about two miles distant. I've heard stories of Schoolboy, but have forgotten details. I think it was he Uncle Hou was riding the night he saw the ghost. In that day the road to Maysville went up the spring lot lane, to the foot of the little mountain and along its edge, to the village. Along it was an old, old graveyard. One night, as he had been out a bit late, Uncle Hou was riding home, when ahead of him, at the graveyard, lo, he saw something white move! Schoolboy saw it too, stopped--and shied! Uncle Hou felt his hair begin to rise, as the "ha'nt" stories of the darkies arose in memory. But-about then the ghost raised its head and gave a long, loud "Mooo!" So--he and Schoolboy, reassured, came along home. Aunt Mary used to say the darkies told that, in a low and boggy place on the road to Maysville in her day, about a mile across the fields from the old graveyard, often in the night a light would rise, bob across the fields, and disappear in the graveyard. I can't vouch for that, but there was also a swamp just across the fence of the adjoining Derrick place, and Aunt Mary said she had seen, a number of times, will-o-the-wisp in it--a light, bobbing along, as if someone were carrying a lighted lantern, while walking. It is a sort of phosphorescence, you know, from decaying vegetation.

Aunt Mug was as thorough a teacher as she was needlewoman; the Bones all loved to read, and read everything they could lay hands on. The only schooling Aunt Mary ever had was that which Aunt Mug taught plus the one year Mother took her to Georgia. I think that the main reason for Mother's attitude toward her father stemmed from the face that he, himself, was University-educated, yet he seemed completely indifferent about his children and never lifted a finger toward helping the older ones. He did send Hal and Edgar to a school that Mr. Eshman had in Maysville for a time. Mr. E. always called everything he taught a "college" but it would hardly rate as a present day Junior High. Grandmother Bone helped Uncle Hou-- and perhaps he had a scholarship too--to attend Winchester Normal for a term. She sent Aunt Annie to the

church school in Huntsville. I cannot remember, ever, if it was the Female College or the Female something else; there were two, one the Cumberland Presbyterians, and the other another denomination. (In those days everything was designated as "Female" or "Male" in schools, which always set my teeth on edge; even when in West Point, the school Uncle Nelse headed was "Southern Female College." Ugh!) Mother had to get her education by her unaided efforts--she won a scholarship to Winchester Normal, and another scholarship to Peabody College, where she graduated. Uncle Hou, having got out and gone to work, wanted to help Uncle Jim, and did send him to Auburn a year, but Uncle Jim could never stand to be beholden to anyone, so he would not go back, but got a job instead. Despite the lack of diplomas in the family, they did very well--certainly better than Grandpa ever did with his two sheepskins.

At the time it was not appreciated, but I have lived to be deeply grateful to Aunt Mug, for she taught me to read and spell; alas, I'm forgetting the latter skill (spelling) but there was a time when I was a good speller. The first winter we were in New Orleans, 1899-1900 (I remember so well, because the morning of January lst they were talking of the unusually loud noises bringing in the New Year, as it was the turn of the century, and I was indignant at not being waked to share in it), Mother got a McGuffey's Primer and First Reader and a Webster's Blue Back Speller--and Aunt Mug and I were in business. She never used her thimble on me, but must have been tempted to, tho' I was too afraid of her to rebel but once, that I can remember. Her morning question was "Well, Kathleen, what's the first thing on the program?" Once I made some saucy retort; it was immediately reported to Mother, who applied the customary remedy for such conduct, and I went on back to lessons. But she did not teach any arithmetic; so when I started to public school the next fall, they said I was ready for third grade, save for that deficiency, and so I was started in the second. But, many times I have blessed Aunt Mug, McGuffey and Webster, and feel today's children would be far the better for such a combination in their early years.

We'll leave Aunt Mug for awhile, and go back to her sisters; the next were twins, Narcissa Leman Walker,"Aunt Sis," named for her father's sister, and Sarah Jane, "Aunt Sale." Narcissa never married--Sarah married a Capt. Bryan, and I got the impression from mother--do not have any dates--that she was not so young when wed, and it was another case of taking what was available. She had no children.

Then came my grandmother (Louisa Ann Walker Bone), and after her, "Jimmie," James Leman, born in 1841 and died in 1860.

What can I remember that Grandmother told me of her days at home? It was, I recall, a backwoods community, and sanitation was an unknown word. There was a school of sorts..I wonder if James Walker, the ex-teacher, taught it? She never said. But they sat on seats made of split logs, with pegs for legs, and because of

some of their associates, her mother's Saturday morning job was always to fine-comb her own children's hair, to see if they had picked up anything during the week not in the lesson books!

Her parents slept thru the night the stars fell; the next morning the slaves told of it in great excitement..they had been waked, and were very much afraid--but none had waked the master; I've often wondered why.

Once, when she was small, a small band of travellers came through, afoot, several women and men--maybe some children. But one of the women had a small baby, wrapped in swaddling clothes, positioned on a board. They asked permission to sleep in an unoccupied cabin and were granted it. (I think Great-Grandpa Walker must have been a very fine, humane person.) Of course the Walker children were as curious as children of today, so they gathered about, asking questions. As the baby was unwrapped, they clamored over him, and wanted to know if being on that board was not very hard for it. The mother said no--carried that way, he had support, whereas if carried in her arms, he would have none, and his little back and joints would get very sore and weary. She unwrapped him several times a day, to stretch, and he seemed very happy.

The Walker family had a tall--ten or twelve feet high--stump of a dead tree in the yard, and some Muscovey ducks. One old duck persisted in making her nest in the hollow of that stump..they fly like wild ones--and it was too high for anyone to climb and get the eggs. The duck would set and hatch--and then invariably as the ducklings grew large enough to get out of the nest, they'd fall to the ground and be killed. (Ladders? Wonder why no one used one..she didn't say.)

There were no matches then: I recall a story about the morning a neighboring family's little girl came to say their fire had accidentally gone out, and she wanted to get a coal from the the Walkers to start one. Great-grandmother began to look for something to put hot coals in, but the child said "that's all right--I can carry it." So the little girl put some ashes in her bare hand, the hot coal in the ashes, then covered the coal with more ashes, assured them that she'd not be burned, and left. Great-grandmother told of another occasion when she was spending the night with friends once, and their fire went out. The son of the house heaped up a pile of dry leaves and put his shotgun, loaded with gunpowder but no shot, close to the leaves and fired; the flame of the gunpowder set the leaves afire and so they had fire again!

Another story was about a slave. When Mary Jane Walker's mother (Martha Gaines (Moore) Jordan) died here, what her husband, Fleming Jordan, had left for her use was to be divided. Uncle Mat was executor, and he never bothered to make any final settlement to the Court, so I have no record of the division, but Grandma said her father had a couple hired, and in the allotment, the wife fell to great-grandmother Mary Jane, and the husband to

her brother, Edwin James Harvie Jordan of Columbus, Mississippi. But the man disappeared, before great-grandpa Walker could deliver him to Uncle James, and could not be found anywhere. Days went on; then, walking about and looking the place over, Great Grandpa and the "separated" wife happened to look in an outhouse where cotton seed were piled, and as they looked, they saw some of the seed move slightly. So..they dug down in and found the man. He told them he could not bear to be parted from his wife, and therefore had tried to hide. Great-grandpa then got in touch with Uncle Edwin and bought the man, in order to keep the couple together.

Great-grandmother told her children, Grandma said, that the Jordans were descendants of Pocahontas, but if so, she did not outline the lineage; I have never been sure if the Jordans were descendants, or if, because great-great-grandfather Matthew Jordan's uncle's wife was a descendant, they were confused. But Clara Barton thinks she found the link when in Virginia, through, I believe, Rev. Matthew Jordan's wife. I always felt that Grandma's skill in basket-making might be a throwback to Indian blood!

According to what Mother and Cousin Mamie said, there must have been a vast difference between the sisters, Mary Jane (Jordan) Walker and Martha Harvie (Jordan) McCartney-Weaver-Bone. Mary Jane was content to live in the woods, have no social life, and, Coz. Mamie said, learned to smoke a pipe to keep her husband company--he'd sit on one side of the chimney with his, and she on the other, with hers. But at least she didn't dip snuff, as my own grandmother did. It was a common habit in her day, but a disagreeable one to others. I don't know if all the Walker girls did or not.

Coz. Mamie told an amusing story of her childhood. (The Bone children could not, at first, say Aunt Eliza" so called Coz. Mamie's mother "Aunt Disa.") Coz. Mamie and a sister had seen the darkies dipping, so like all children, they wanted to try it. Somehow they got a box and started; their mother found them, and said "All right." So she got a washtub, set one on one side, the other across from her, gave them their box and told them, "Now, you dip it all up!" And she made them, tho' two sicker little girls never were. Mother said her Grandmother Bone (Martha Harvie Jordan McCartney-Weaver-Bone) would never have dreamed of touching the stuff--she was a complete aristocrat, and though she lived to be 81, she never allowed her back to touch the back of her chair, nor did she slump-her back was straight as an arrow to the last. She loved nice things, and had some. However, when she and Mother's Grandpa Bone went to Winchester, where he had a church, she left some of her furniture on the farm, and my own grandfather/her stepson (H. P. Bone) auctioned it off. What his excuse was, I cannot imagine--he had no shadow of a legal right to do it, and Mother said she never forgave him. They were not at all congenial, at best, and Mother's Grandpa Bone made a great mistake, when, after his second marriage, he brought his children to Alabama from their mother's kin in Kentucky. The little girl

soon died, and I believe loneliness was a contributing cause, as he had her in a boarding school in Huntsville, and his temperaments of my Grandpa (younger than his sister), and his stepmother clashed from the start; in fact, I do not believe Grandpa (Hugh Phillips Bone) and his father (Rev. Matthew Houston Bone) saw eye-to-eye very often; one of Grandpa's college mates told me, years ago, that when Brother Bone came up to Lebanon, and asked Phil what he wanted to be, Phil replied that he didn't know--just about as soon be a blacksmith as anything. So--his father (Rev. Bone) decided he should be a dentist, which he definitely had no taste for; he should have been sent to law school.

I mentioned Rev. M. H. going to Winchester. He preached, but the family also kept girl boarders who attended the Cumberland Presbyterian Church's school, and also they had one boy boarder, whom I knew as an old man in Huntsville. Great-grandma had told me, and he also told it, of the St. Agnes Eve supper the girls planned in the year of the KKK. In the dining room at the school they used the ladder back chairs which I got from the dining room of the old Bone house. Mr. Wade had seated himself in an alcove to watch. The procedure of a "dumb supper" on that date is for the girls to come to the table, with an empty chair by each, eat, and go to bed, without speaking a word..after which she will dream of her future lover. So, the girls came in, seated themselves--and lo, in came enough KKK to fill every empty chair! I don't know that either told me what happened next--if the girls stuck it out, or fled..probably the latter. They felt great-grandpa had engineered it, as he belonged to the KKK, and he was somewhat prone to practical jokes. Once he almost got in trouble with one. I think he'd been away and came home a little before due; instead of making himself known, he went in the dining room and began to rattle the silver. Great-grandma wasn't afraid of the old Nick himself, so she got a shovel of coals, went to the door and commanded the "burglar" to come out, else she'd throw them on him! Great-grandpa admitted his identity, but fast.

We have never known what was wrong with great-grandpa. I wonder if it could have been muscular dystrophy? Dr. Will Jordan said "it was some disease of the nerves" but it was not ordinary paralysis from a stroke. Nor do I know how long he was so affected, but from Mother's and Aunt Mary's childhood, till his death in 1881, when Mother was 15, he was unable to move a muscle. They said one of the most dreaded commandments of their childhood was, "Come keep the flies off your Grandpa." It is terrible to be helpless any time, but it must have been very much worse, when there were myriads of flies, and screens yet in the undreamed-of future. Even in my childhood there were none, and flies crawled everywhere, despite the flybrushes shaken over the table when food was on it. I've seen flies on a breadtray awaiting washing, thick as swarming bees; anyone having lived through that can but feel that the simple screen is one of the greatest of our inventions. He (Rev. Bone) was not helpless during the war years, that is certain. And after he became so,

there were visiting preachers, constantly, coming to see Brother Bone. His must not have been the tolerant attitude of today, since Aunt Mary said once he offered to give her a nickle if she would not play at all on a given Sunday. Nickles were practically out of her world, and she firmly resolved to earn it. So, all one Sunday, she sat sedately, read, and was a model of (apparent) piety. But, late in the afternoon, the other children began a race, and she forgot and ran with them. Her grandfather was as good as his word--she had played, therefore, no nickle.

My own grandfather (H. P. Bone) was a member of the church at Maysville, and held some offices in it. But as nearly as I can recall, he had ceased to attend by my day; and I do not think my grandmother had gone since her first child was born. I used to go, with Mother and Aunt Mary, to both the Cumberland Presbyterian and the Methodist churches. The Cumberland pews were reasonably comfortable. (I am under the impression they are the ones now in use in the Presbyterian Church USA in New Market, having been brought there when the Maysville church was demolished.) But the Methodist pews were instruments of torture--made of slats, all in the wrong place. It used the old fashioned pattern of seating--women on the left, men on the right, and mixed couples in the middle! And then they did something which seems (happily) long abandoned. One Sunday a year the preacher read the rules to the congregation and everyone sighed when they found they'd run up on "rules" Sunday. Once, I remember, the preacher was droning along and he came to one rule which forbade women to wear "hairpins in their hair." That seemed unutterably silly to me (bobbed hair hadn't come in them--it was at least a dozen years in the future), so I closed my ears and drifted off on my own thoughts.

Another time my father's sister, Aunt Florence, took me to a Primitive Baptist preaching, near the Paul's house. It was an experience good to have had. They are a fine people, narrow, but dedicated, completely honest, but opposed firmly to Sunday Schools, missions, and other feeders of a church. When I was small there were a goodly number, it having been one of the most flourishing of the pioneer denominations. When they had preaching, there were always several sermons, one after the other. This day there were three, only two of which left any mark on my childish mind. One preacher was a "hollerer." What he had to say was said in the loudest voice possible, as if he meant his words to reach far past the group gathered in the small church house, on out into the world and some of its far places. After about an hour of that he stopped, mopped his streaming face, and said, "Friends, I got a busting headache, so I guess I better quit." I was heartily in accord. The next was a long, tall, thin man of much solemnity. He did not "holler" but spoke mournfully. The gem gathered from him was, "My wife said to me, Jesse, the preserves are spoiled." And I said to her, "Nooo, Fanny--the preserves can never spoil." So much for what is going to make an impression on a child for no apparent reason. This sect had--and still has--"feet-washing Sunday" once a year.

In the old days, Maysville had flourishing Methodist and Cumberland Presbyterian churches. The latter has long since been torn down, the lot sold and a dwelling now on it. The former was being used as a hay barn, the last I looked at it. Now Maysville has but one church, a Church of Christ, which seems to have a large and active membership. But I'm sure Rev. M. H. Bone would be grieved, could he know the church, which he loved and tended, died, due to the membership being torn asunder when the "union" question came up, and the bulk of the Cumberlands voted to go into the Presbyterian Church, USA. Our family opposed it.

Naturally, I remember my grandparents well. My grandfather was the sort of person a child rather avoids. He was not exactly unfriendly--perhaps uninterested is the better word. I can't remember his ever having anything to say to me in a conversational way. And I am not sure he, himself, ever reprimanded me. He was strongly averse to noise, and, "Kathleen! Stop that--you are worrying your grandpa!" was usually shouted by one of the females of the house. The old Napoleon bed was upstairs, over their room. The curved footboard was a dandy place to sit, and slide off backward.. but one soul satisfying bump--and came that call. Banister sliding also was verboten, as was too much enthusiastic running in the house. Yet--he gave me my first silk hose (possibly in the pious hope they'd make me realize I was about to become a young lady, and act more like one)! They were lustrous, thick glove silk; back then, if you wore silk hose, observers knew it and didn't have to look twice to see if you had on any at all! But alas, I didn't get to wear them much, since he had misjudged the size and they were too short. It apparently did not occur to Mother that they might be exchanged, and I certainly did not know it was possible. Speaking of hose, I feel sure what the Walker girls wore were all home knit, and of white thread. Grandma said someone gave her a black pair, and her father would not allow her to wear them, stating only women of doubtful virtue wore colored hose.

As a family in the Reconstruction era, when money was almost non-existent, the Bone children had to do the best they could, and the girls were set to knitting their own hose at what we'd think an early age. Aunt Mary said they only came knee high. (One wonders why--to save thread, or labor?) Consequently, in winter their knees were always rough and chapped and sore. She disliked the chore very much. There was a frequent visitor, old "Miss Mary" Keith, who was a demon knitter. She'd come to spend the day, bringing her knitting with her, but it was never enough for her flying fingers; she would always finish it up, and then look about for someone's unfinished article, to work on--and Aunt Mary always managed to have her stocking in easy reach!

According to our standards, the family was much undernourished. The cow was "in" only part of the time, and to drink sweet milk was unheard of; it must all be saved for churning, and only the buttermilk was for drinking. They had no fresh--or canned--vegetables for winter. Even when Howard and I were small, oranges were strictly for Christmas. Then, one would be peeled,

the segments separated, put on a folded newspaper, and passed among the family, each taking one or two pieces! I was nine the fall we went to Arizona, where oranges were plentiful; for me to have a whole one, all to myself, were bliss! At Christmas, Uncle Hou or Aunt Annie would bring cranberries, celery and, sometimes, lettuce. Ambrosia was the Christmas dessert--a layer of orange, with the white skin off, a layer of grated cocoanut, more orange, more cocoanut, sweetened, and then served with whipped cream. No one, in those days, had ever heard of calories--and not too much of germs.

A spider web was a good source used to stop bleeding, and once I stepped on a rusty nail, so Grandma burned a woolen rag on the hearth and held my foot in the smoke. Well--who knows? I didn't have tetanus so maybe it was as effective as a shot! It seems quite a few of the old "superstition" remedies are beginning to be accepted by today's doctors. Only nowadays one would be hard put to it to find a woolen rag, and dacron might not work!

Talking of hose makes one think of garters. Grandma and Aunt Mug wore "string garters"; some of them, in their day, were knit, but theirs were, when I saw them, the selvedge edges cut off of lengths of white flannel used for garments. Of course there was a slight degree of elasticity to them, but they were long enough to be wound round the leg, tightly, several times, with the ends tucked under. Time had made deep trenches in their legs and why they did not have all sorts of circulatory troubles as a result is a mystery. They wore chemises (a garment too long for an undershirt, too short for a slip) till they died! Of course, petticoats were worn over them. I can see Aunt Mug now, on her way to the privy, going across the yard, with her skirts bunched in her hand, holding them up off the grass! Grandma didn't wear hers quite so long I guess, or at least if she held hers up, I don't remember it as I do Aunt Mug's.

Another thing which makes me think there really might be a trace of Indian blood was their squatting ability. Grandma loved to grow vegetables and one year she raised some celery, delicious and tender, but not tall stalks. She shaded the celery with boards and religiously went out at noon and shifted the boards from east to west. I've seen them lay a piece of cloth out on the floor, squat 'round it and pin the pattern on, and still squatting, cut the garment out. And then get back up on their feet without having to be pulled up!

Aunt Mug had gone back to Grandma's, after Grandpa died, and stayed there until she, herself, died. Aunt Mug was, as I recall, like her Aunt Martha--pretty straight-backed. But as far back as I remember her, Grandma had humped over, badly. Whether she naturally had a weak back, or whether it was partly psychological, I do not know. Grandpa took her to Baltimore, a bride, and "installed" her in a room in a boarding house, from which she emerged only for meals. Had she not gotten pregnant at once, perhaps she might have gotten out more--perhaps not. She was not the type a gay blade would take pride in showing off, and

I suspect she had a pretty thin time. She had (bore) Aunt Annie in Mississippi, at her mother's; it seems to me she had at least another baby there too, but I am not sure. Anyhow she was with the Bones in Winchester during part of the war--yet they were in the Alabama house during part of it; I never did get the dates on that period. But Mother said, at home, she stayed mewed up, and often, when there was company, she'd not make an appearance at all. She was completely subservient to her husband. He even delivered her babies and also chose their names. And mother said that she would say, "Your Pa says...." as if it were the last word on any subject. The farm was hers; great-grandmother left it to her, knowing she could not safely leave it to grandpa (Hugh Phillips Bone) even if she'd had any special liking for him, and she took pains to entail it so he couldn't make Grandma sell it. So there he sat, I suppose content. One wonders if he had HAD to, would he have had the drive to have studied law? But he could have done that anyhow, if he'd had any ambition. And he very definitely didn't have any feeling of responsibility for his children, or he'd have tried to give them a better education. Those of us who knew Uncle Hal should not judge him too harshly, since he was just like his father--the career he'd have chosen would have been that of a rich man's son.

Grandma made several buggy trips (no, they didn't have a buggy but probably a buckboard) to Mississippi. Aunt Mary went once, and told that, on the way, at some place where they had stopped, a man cut a melon, cut out the heart and offered it to her; but she was a shy child and instead of taking it, as she longed to do, she shrank back and refused it. Grandma was in Tuscaloosa with Edgar when he died. But, she never came to New Orleans to see us, and I doubt she ever went to West Point to see the Eshmans. She never went to visit neighbors, nor to church. But, after Grandpa died, she loved to go; Aunt Annie took her on one of the train tours of the west and she enjoyed every day of it. When they finally got a car, she loved to come to Huntsville to see me till she was no longer able. Also, she loved to be able to sign checks herself, never having had any money of her own before--though it was really all hers.

Grandma was famous for her tea cakes; Aunt Mary finally learned to make them, but no one else ever has. There was no accurate recipe--you added flour till the dough felt right! And we always said the cutter had a lot to do with it--a sort of oval with notched edges.

Sharp's Mountain had long been a local spa with strong chalybeate water, good for all man's ills. A number of families had chestnut board shacks up there, and would go up in the summer for a few weeks, or maybe a couple of months, drink the water, breathe the good air, and shoo the flies. I remember grandma said she had seen many a baby carried up on a pillow and there was never a one that did not get strong and healthy during its stay. One summer there were six in camp, several of whom had rather bad intestinal trouble. But once their mothers let them taste Grandma's cookies, they adored her--and not a one had any

upset from one of them, either. When anyone went travelling, lunch had to be taken--a shoebox of fried chicken, some bread..and Grandma's tea cakes!

When I was about four years of age, grandma knit me a pair of darling red mittens..I was mad about them. We were going to my grandfather Paul's, and naturally I was given a seat on a small box in the foot of the buggy. She gave me a sack of tea cakes to sustain me thru the nine-mile journey. "Now Kathleen, don't take off your mittens, for if you do, you may lose them." Mother ordered. However, by the time we got to Maysville the pangs of hunger gnawed. We stopped at the spring to let the horse drink, and I felt as much in need of refreshment. But, it wasn't easy to eat with a mittened hand holding the cake so I took it off. Alas, mother's prophecy came all too true. When I looked for my mitten--it was not! Childlike, I thought maybe Grandma would knit another to replace it, but she didn't. Probably Mother would not let her. So, in a trunk upstairs is the almost 60-year old scarlet reminder that it's best to mind your mother.

I mentioned Grandma's basket making. One of my beloved mementoes is a little oblong basket I watched her make on Sharp's Mountain one summer. Someone at the camp got the fever, so they gathered a lot of white oak, made splits of it, and everyone started making baskets. Most of them were rough, but Grandma took broken glass, and smoothed hers, then wove the basket. While in New Orleans, Mother learned to make the raffia baskets, came up, and showed Grandma, who took to the craft like a duck to water--only she figured out how to work a pattern of dyed raffia into hers, whereas Mother's had been unpatterned.

Of course our real great-grandmother Bone (Emily Worthington Phillips Bone--Rev. M. H. Bone's first wife) is but a name to me, as she was to all her grandchildren; she died in Kentucky when grandpa, H. P. Bone, was very small, then his father (M.H. Bone) found a well-to-do widow down here, who was preacher-struck, and married her; then he took his children from their mother's family in Kentucky and brought them to Alabama. I heard grandpa say once that all he remembered of the journey was crossing a bridge, and seeing a pony grazing on the river bank below. He was, quite likely, a bit of an unfriendly child and great-grandmother (Martha Harvie Jordan McCartney Weaver Bone) was a very positive character. Of course she was a step-great grandmother, and Grandma Bone's (Louisa Ann Walker Bone's) aunt, but to the family, she has always been Grandmother Bone. All in all she had a nottoo happy life, I suppose, yet she was a gallant soul. She had married, first, James McCartney. At the time of James McCartney's death, he and Martha Harvie Jordan had been married only a few years during which time two sons were born. The James McCartney Estate consisted of many, many acres. According to some sources he was not too scrupulous in his dealings and I've often felt maybe the windows in the old house were purposely high, so that it would not be easy for anyone to have taken a shot at him in the night! Too, Martha said the Government got after him, tho' I haven't seen any records. When the land

comprising the old place, plus some other, was given as "reservations" to Giles McNulty, whose wife was a Cherokee, and to Thomas Wilson, a half-breed, and to Challenge alias Comalesky, who was also a half-breed, at the time the treaty with the Indians was made, they were given no right to sell it. So Mr. Mc. figured to get around that, and he got 99-year leases! However, after the other Indians were moved to "the Arkingsaw" these men petitioned Congress to allow a sale, so that they could go with their kinsmen; a special bill was passed, and the sales made final. McCartney and Fleming Jordan were good friends, having come to Alabama from Georgia together, and Martha's brother Fleming was made McCartney's administrator and guardian of the two boys, so all the business went into his hands. In the course of a period of widowhood, Martha met and married George Jude Weaver. Minnie told a story I had never heard, but which is probably true, only she thought it was Grandpa Bone concerned, but when that marriage took place the McCartney boys were long past the nurse-girl stage. She said the wedding was at Dr. Flem's house, and the little boys cried so bitterly about it the nurse had a hard time making them presentable. Well--I do not know how they and Mr. Weaver hit it off, once he was their stepfather, but Mother said he was quite extravagant with the McCartney money. He went into a store in Maysville, bought himself very fine clothes, and he is the one who purchased the silver marked G.M.W.--George and Martha Weaver. They had one child, "the little boy that fell in the well," John Matthew Weaver, born July 12, 1835, died February 24, 1838--two and a half years old. He was the "charge" of a colored girl, and I don't believe they were ever quite sure what happened. Apparently, she let her attention wander, and the child, like little boys of that age, roamed away on an exploring expedition, and in some way, fell in the well; then she was too frightened to raise the alarm immediately, and kept silent until the child was missed and a search instituted. Had she cried for help at once, he might have been saved--if he were missed at once. Of course, there was suspicion that in a fit of pique, she had pushed him in, and Mr. Weaver took her to the creek, and threatened to drown her, if she did not tell the truth. She stuck to the story of it being an accident, so of course he did nothing (tho' I suspect she was promptly sold).

Mr. Weaver died in 1840. (I believe he had TB and likely that is where the McCartney boys got infected, tho' tuberculosis was very prevalent; the germs were on every hand.) His widow, Martha, was very active in the church, riding horseback from her home to Huntsville to services. Along about that time the widower, Rev. M. H. Bone, was sent to Huntsville as a pastor, and, according to the taste of that day in preachers, he was considered a very powerful one. While he might not have exactly considered Martha Harvie Jordan McCartney Weaver's financial situation in proposing marriage, one feels sure he did not consider it a drawback. His first wife's father and brothers were "well fixed," but she was dead.

During her life (Editor's note: Presumably, "her" refers to the first wife, Emily Worthington Phillips), she wrote a number of letters, some of which I have, some of which went to Texas, all hard luck accounts and asking for help. Great-grandpa seems to have had ideas other than preaching, none of which seemed at all successful. He made several attempts at business, and at teaching; one time he decided to study medicine. Just another Bone without the gift of being able to stand on his own feet.

A first cousin of M. H. Bone's was a professional visitor, after he ran through his wife's money; Cousin George Bone said he came to visit them..and stayed two years! He farmed his children out all over north Madison County, to anyone who'd give them shelter. So, one feels that somewhere in the blood there's some "I don't want to work" genes; let us hope they were recessive and are no longer with us! So far as I know Rev. M. H.'s father was a farmer and fairly successful at it.

Well, anyhow Martha and Rev. M. H. Bone married and M. H. Bone settled in. But Dr. Fleming Jordan still had the property in his charge, and had had it so long, he looked upon it as his. In a way, his actions are understandable, as well as his resentment at letting everything go into M. H. Bone's inefficient hands natural. But of course that does not excuse him for burning Flem's will. When Great-great-grandfather Phillips died, of course Grandpa Bone (H. P. Bone), as his mother's only heir, inherited his mother's share of her father's estate; H. P. Bone's father, Rev. M. H. Bone, was made guardian, and while I do not know how much was received, Mother said it was all lost by being loaned to friends with no security but their notes, which were worthless. The friends were other preachers, probably, whose motto was that of one preacher, who, when asked to repay a loan made from what was supposed to be a revolving scholarship fund, blandly said, "The Lord will repay it." The donor (Editor's note: Rev. M. H. Bone?) of the fund, tho', closed it down, and refused to lend to other aspiring students. Every time I see that preacher's name in the paper, his lack of honor comes to mind.

After Great-grandfather Bone was stricken, great-grandmother tended him faithfully; Uncle Hou slept in the room to help turn him in the night, and it was for that reason she deeded to him the west side of the place; and he never got a dime off it until he sold it, as M. H. pocketed all it made, which wasn't much, of course.

Uncle Hou was extremely devoted to grandmother. He wrote her faithfully every week, and he had a wonderful knack of writing interesting and amusing letters. Mother told me once he felt she had saved him from making a serious mistake in his boyhood, and he was grateful to her. It seems he had taken a piece of ground, and made a crop on it--peas? Anyhow, whatever it was, was to be HIS. It was supposed to be an honorable agreement, so he went ahead and worked, made, and gathered his crop. And Grandpa sold it and kept all the money, refusing him a dime of it. He was

most justifiably furious at such injustice and swore he was going to run away, and all but did. But his mother managed to talk him out of it. So often, he used to wish for a way to talk letters (the tape recorder of today) instead of writing them. He and she died thirty years too soon. Aunt Mary had the same gift for newsy, witty letters. Mother and Aunt Annie, and Uncle Jim, all wrote excellent ones, but without that light touch. Uncle Hal wrote so few, one has little by which to judge his; the several I have seen were good.

Mother said as a boy Uncle Hou used to take strawberries to "the factory" and sell them. That was the famous old Bell Factory on Flint River, the first cotton mill in Alabama, which flourished many years but was put out of business by the building of the Southern Railway. The factory struggled along until in the 1870's, but having to haul everything cost much more than rail transportation. The Bell Factory manufactured coarse cloth, linsey-woolsey, and I don't know what else, but grandma made grandpa's and the boys' pants from its products--shirts also, I feel sure. I can remember seeing her cut out pants for grandpa (on the floor, of course) and making them; Howard's grandfather, who lived to 1905, never would wear any that Howard's mother didn't make. Think of today's wife, making her husband's trousers! As to strawberries, I do not know if Uncle Hou raised them or just picked them; at one time the upper part of the place had many wild ones. We seldom got any as the darkies always got there first, but once I remember going for them. They were smaller than the tame varieties, but had a far better flavor.

All this sounds as if I lived at my grandmother's all the time. But not so. Mother came up from Vicksburg for my birth; I do not know when we left there permanently. My sister died at Grandpa Paul's in October, 1897, but it must have been in the early part of 1899 when Mother and I were visiting in Mississippi; we always spent the summers in Alabama. We went to New Orleans in the fall of 1899, and I came back in March 1902 and stayed, when my father, James Samuel Paul, came up for his father's birthday, the 31st of that month. Father gave up his job, and they moved that summer. Then comes a gap; father went to Arizona, and we followed, but that must have been 1903, as I am sure we came back to Alabama in 1904, just before I was ten. I was out of school a winter, and the next year Mother sent me to Radnor. Then father sold his father's farm, and we moved in at grandma's (Louisa Ann Walker Bone's) where he (James Samuel Paul) died in 1909. But, no matter where I was, the Alabama House was always "home" and Aunt Mary the person I loved best to be with, a feeling which persisted as long as she lived; and I missed her when she was gone more than I missed mother, for Aunt Mary was always my companion, from earliest memory. Mother worked for me, worried about me, did for me, and in adulthood we enjoyed each other; but she was not one to make over a child. I cannot recall her ever reading to me, but she must have, even though I learned read myself very young.

As I said, I cannot recall anything my grandfather Bone ever said to me, although he must have at least given me some orders! All in my recollection he was badly crippled with "rheumatism" which grew worse as he grew older. But I can remember when he was still able to mount a horse; he had a saddle made, which was soft leather, well padded, and he used to ride off to "the store" (Nance's, just across the creek) and there pass the time with the other men of the neighborhood. When he returned, to my delight, he'd let me take the horse, and ride her down to the spring to water. We had our spring lot as a pasture but there was an unfenced area next to it, not ours, which also had a good spring, where Nelly drank. I loved that ride, and always eagerly watched for his return. One time he had some visitors, and they swapped some war tales; I drank them in, but all memory of them has gone, save there was some exciting episode, in which hard riding was featured..but when, where, or why, I have no idea now. I do remember him telling of returning to the old home, from Winchester, Tennessee, where he had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan, which had just formally disbanded. Shortly after getting back, he heard a disturbance at the "quarters" (where the Negroes lived) and went to investigate. There he found a masked band. When he asked what they were doing, they informed him they were KKK, come to whip one of our darkies. (He strongly felt it was a gang from Maysville.) He gave them the test and they failed it, so he told them they certainly were not Ku Klux--that he knew, and that the organization had formally disbanded, and suggested they take their hoods away from there. They did, but went down on the creek to some po' white's cabin and whipped him, on the excuse he was mean to his wife. But grandpa thought they were just "on mischief bent."

In his latter years he wrote an autobiography, in pencil, on rough tablet paper, which I have copied. (I may say that I have seen him make, and use, goose quill pens, which is, I imagine, now a long lost art.)

Grandma (assumed to be Louisa Ann Walker Bone - Ed.) said her grandfather (Fleming Jordan - Ed.) had the first frame house built in the county, previous ones being of logs. Perhaps, but the town of Huntsville had a brickmaker pretty early. Planks were sawed in a sawpit--one man in the pit below the log, and one above it, sawing. Most early cabins were two rooms with a dogtrot between style-of-architecture, and then when they progressed to brick, about the only change was that the dogtrot was enclosed and became a hall.

I don't know what Mr. McCartney and his first wife lived in, but after her death, and before he married great-grandmother Martha, he built the "Alabama House." The bricks were made on the place by slaves and sometimes there'd be a bit too much sand, which would melt in the burning, and make a film of blue glass over part of the brick. The first floor was four bricks thick. This narrowed to two bricks, at ceiling height, making a ledge to rest the second floor joists on. He had the windows very high--waist high from the floor--and waist high panelling, called chairboard,

round the lower floor rooms, but upstairs there was just a waist-high railing, about two and one-half inches wide 'round the rooms, but no panelling. The doors were the "crusader's cross" design. There were four rooms--the standard pattern--about 18 x 18 each, and large enough for a bed in each corner! In those days our house, like most of the rest, had a kitchen entirely separate from the main house, presided over by negroes. Where did the family eat? I never asked! Perhaps in McCartney's time, with just he and Grandmother, and two small children, it was possible to set one room aside. However, by the time Mother began to remember, it was too full of little "Bones." She remembered the building of the kitchen and dining room, and said the mason kept calling for "More mort!" and the children mocked him. But she didn't say where they had eaten up until then. At a very early age they were set to cooking, and she said fearful must the meals have been. Aunt Annie, the eldest, was responsible for one meal, and, when Mother was eight, she and Aunt Mary, jointly, another. It seems incredible that people built such large houses, with never a closet in them, but so it was. Of course, most of them had few clothes, but what they had took up a great deal of room; one would think one dress would have overfilled one side of the old wardrobes.

Mother said they, as children, loved to slip up to the "Quarters" at night, eat ashbaked sweet potatoes and ashcake. She and Aunt Mary insisted that never was bread so delicious as ashcake; one time they tried to make some, but pronounced it nothing like that they had in mind. Then the darkies regaled them on tales of han'ts until they were wonderfully scared and came home at a run! They had a washerwoman named Milly, who washed down at the spring, and that being before the day of the rub-board, she "battled" the clothes. The battling sticks were still there in my childhood--paddles, both longer and narrower than the usual sort. I am not sure how the system is supposed to work, but the clothes were laid out (wet and soaped?) on a rock or table, and beaten with the paddles, to loosen the dirt. Incidentally it did more than that--a weekly chore was to replace the battered and broken buttons. Aunt Mary was one who believed in ads, and always wanted every new thing (but seldom got it); however, she finally got a washing machine out of grandpa. It was a wooden tub, with something in it with holes and a handle on the side, to swing the tub back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, for..eons! But first the water had to be drawn from the well, and carried, bucketsful by bucketsful, to a huge iron pot. A fire was built under the pot, and water heated, then transferred by buckets to the machine. Today's running water, automatic washers and electric dryers were utterly undreamed of. And the ironing--a half dozen flatirons were heated either on a roaring stove or a hearthfire, regardless of outside temperature, and the irons were rotated every few minutes. People really appreciated nice, clean clothes, because it took so much effort to have them. And yet, that was also the era of fussy styles, ruffles, pleats, full petticoats and plenty of them. Labor saving was a term to which no one gave thought.

I do not know how grandmother's meals were cooked at first. By Mother's time, they had a step stove; I've seen them, up on Sharp's Mt. where people took "old" things for their summer camps. Odd that anyone would have gone to the trouble to make a "step," when the later flat tops must have been simpler to cast, and certainly gave more cooking space. But these had the two stove eyes in front lower by about three inches than the rear ones. Perhaps the theory was, they'd draw better, at a different level. I latched on to an old trivet, when we sold the home, for many a pot have I seen Grandma boil on it in the days of fireplace heat; she'd pull some coals out, set the trivet over them, before the fire, and simmer a pot of food. And in winter, when we had cold supper, the coffee pot was always heated on it. The trivet is triangular, with a leg at each corner, blacksmith made (a rough job), but it worked.

As I said, I have heard much talk of "old Schoolboy," but not much of what he was hitched to: he was ridden, much of the time. Always we had a surrey with a fringe on top, but it was very, very seldom used. It had lamps on the side, and it must have been a relic of grandmother's day, for I can't imagine grandpa spending money for such a thing. It took two horses, and was, I suppose, rather heavy. I can recall going to Huntsville one time in it, and grandpa, ever thoughtful of his livestock if not so much of his women, had us get out and walk up the hills! The first vehicle in general use that I remember was a sort of "spring wagon"--perhaps it was what is known as a buckboard--at any rate, it had a shallow body, extending some distance back of the one seat, and with no top. Someone painted it one year, black with a grass-green trim. Finally came a steel-tire buggy, and after long, hard campaigning by Aunt Mary, one with rubber tires. Grandpa was not one to spend money foolishly, and he saw little profit in coddling women's notions. We had "Old Gray," a very dependable steed, who finally earned her grass unmolested, and lived to be about 30 before she died down in the bottom pasture one night.

In slave days, Grandmother had a very large flower garden, a large part of the block north of the house, where the graveyard is located. But later, there was no one to work it, so it gradually disappeared, but some few items remained--a few rose bushes which bloomed only in the spring--snowdrop, jonquil and narcissus bulbs, a colchicum or so, little stars of Bethlehem, grape hyacinth, Japanese quince, syringa, and some Easter lilies. Mother said there had been a very large bed, but, the darkies had dug so many of the bulbs to use in making poultices, most had gone. The poultices were for stone bruises, I think. What is a stone bruise? Back when practically all pre-adolescents went barefoot in the summer, they were a common affliction, and caused, as the name indicates, by bruising one's foot on a stone, either by jumping, or "stumping," the latter often causing loss of a nail, if one stumped the toe hard enough against a hard object. "Dew poison" was another hazard of the barefoot crowd. I am not sure if it was a reality or a superstition, never having had it. But it was said anyone going out into dewy grass or

bushes with an open place on the skin would be poisoned from the dew and a bad sore develop. Perhaps that was true, if the grass or bush happened to be dirty, and consequently able to infect an open place on the skin.

By the time I can remember, all the older slaves had died and only those slightly older than my mother and her family were about. I cannot remember him, but have a picture of me, at age four, sitting on the knee of "Uncle Dave Farley." One quotation from him as regards a conceited person--"He feel his insabilities;" another was "William Henry Haddam..but he ain't got 'em now;" still another was "Uh-huh..you ain't rest till you got it.. and a great git you got when you got it." From the stories told, he must have been quite a character.

There was Henry, the same age as Uncle Hal, who, over the span of many years, always appeared on the 4th of August with a watermelon "for Miss Kasleen." I was much touched, when Henry died, that his sons came up to ask me to the funeral. Bud and I went; I felt it kinder for us to sit in the rear, quietly, although we were offered front seats. I have a feeling they had wanted me to say a few words, from something the sons said, but I did not feel capable of putting how I felt about Henry into words. He was "our folks" and a lifelong, real friend, and there was no question of "racial" matters. I believe he was a son of John and Viney, or perhaps of one they called Wat, who died before my time. I did see Viney a few times--a little, dried up raisin of a woman. They used to tell that, when her children were small, one of her boys found a dynamite cap, and like a small boy will, he pounded on it--with painful results. They brought him to grandpa to patch up; one did not go to a real doctor then (such as were available) very readily, and grandpa was a fair first-aider. Mother said Viney kept saying "I tole him, better let that thing be and th'ow it under the pot"--the pot in which she was boiling clothes! Had he taken her advice, it would have been quite exciting.

Grandpa had a "saddle house" which stood by the back gate. It was no more than a two-part bin; the lower half was open, and various items were tossed in it. The upper part, about a foot deep at its eaves and three at the comb, had a roof, which was lifted and propped up during the day. In it the saddles, bridles, and similar items stayed. My clearest picture of it is the day the newspapers arrived with the account of McKinley's death, and events leading up to it. (Editor's note: Pres. Wm. McKinley died 9-14-1901. He served as president 1897-1901.) I did not understand what it was about, but certainly it was some momentous event, as the negroes gathered around, and grandpa read the paper to them. I climbed into the upper part of the saddle house and sat there, listening, perched on a piggin, and a piggin was no comfortable seat! It was a cedar pail, in a manner of speaking; only instead of a bail handle, one of the staves came up some inches higher than the rest and was shaped so it could be easily grasped. In milking, one could hold the piggin between the feet, and when done, pick it up by that handle. No doubt it

was made so, because there was no wire in pioneer days for the bail handles, but they must have been difficult to carry, if full of any liquid, milk, or water.

The negroes carried water on their heads. Perhaps they do so no longer, through pride; perhaps none of them now have the firm carriage it took. But then, one often saw a woman with a bucket of water in each hand and one on her head; the washerwoman always brought the big basket of clothes, freshly ironed, on her head. It may have been a symbol of servitude, or something, but it produced excellent coordination, uprightness and a firm tread. The negroes used to sing, also, riding the mules in from the fields. It has been years since I have heard such song.

Grandpa told one story I remember. Grandmother had one slave (if I have told this before, forgive the repetition) who claimed he had been an African prince, kidnapped by the slave traders, and there was no reason to doubt his story. He lived in a little house with a window in its roof. Periodically, he would go upstairs, and through that roof, address..his gods?..in his native tongue. Perhaps he would continue for a day, perhaps for two. Then, he'd come down and go back to his field tasks. Grandmother ordered her overseer never to interfere with him when in one of those "spells," but let him be until he came to work of his own accord.

And there was Harriet, a tradition to me only, but often quoted. It seems she'd drop by the house, now and then, to see "if'n she could help out." But Harriet's motto, faithfully lived up to, was, "You never knows what you goin' to git till you axes for it." And she had no hesitancy in asking, and no miffed feelings if refused; she just asked for something else. And dear, easygoing Aunt Mary gave her a lot of things; in fact, she gave away many, many things which I remember now, with longing. One item given away was a bed with turned posts; another item, grandma's little trunk, which was still there when I married, but later was given to Icie. It was a most attractive shape and had been leather covered and bound in brass bands. The leather had rotted, but, recovered, it would have been a lovely little chest. I'd always counted on getting it, but forgot to forewarn Aunt Mary I wanted it, and Icie needed something to put her clothes in. A chest full of old "Demorest's" magazines dating in the 1860's and 1870's which I pored over in my teens would have been priceless. What she did with them, I do not know---burned them as trash, no doubt.

I can barely remember the ginhouse. Being such a large planter, Mr. McCartney had his own gin. It stood up at the Northwest corner of the negro graveyard, and was built firmly, of logs. It was torn down, the logs used for something else, and the old gin heads just stood about until they rotted. The gin heads were so small and inefficient, operated by mule power, and would be a curiosity now. I wonder how long it took to gin a bale of cotton. There were saws in the gin heads, and a cylinder with

rows of brush of some sort; my guess is that each of the gin heads was not over 4 ft. high and 5 ft. long.

One of the surprising things about people is why it took so long to learn easier ways of doing things. In my childhood, instead of taking a wagon to the field and emptying the cotton picked into its bed, until a bale was ready to be ginned, grandpa bought cotton baskets from the makers. They were of the white oak splits, but of course were not smoothed, and the baskets were not made for exhibits. I cannot estimate their capacity now, but I am sure they would have held as much as two or three of today's large garbage cans. The full cotton sacks were emptied into the baskets and "tromped" down, until they would hold no more. Then, I think they were emptied into the "cotton house" until taken to the gin. Perhaps they were used because there were not enough wagons to assign one to a family! We had, as I recall, Green Sharp, George Williams, Ned Bone, Henry Bone, Willis Bone, and several others who came and went. Some of them owned a wagon and team, but grandpa had only one. The roads of that day were far from good, yet they were gravelled all the way; however, when the day came for grandpa to sell the cotton, he never let over two, or at most three bales be put on the wagon at a time; he was very particular to take care of his livestock.

He lived--for good reason--in fear of fire. I can remember when he had the smaller barn built for the horses and mules. The older, bigger barn had a loft for storing hay. The wagon was parked in the center hall; stalls were on either side for the animals, and at each end a crib on each side. But he moved all the livestock out into the new barn, which had no hay storage, and all doors opened to the outside and not into a hall, so a horse might be led out, if need arose. However, the two buildings were so close, had one burned, the other inevitably would have! Extra hay was stacked, and I was forbidden to slide down the haystacks, since it pulled the hay out of place, but I managed to sneak in a few slides on the sly.

The only illumination was from lamps--the little glass kerosene ones which gave barely enough light to get around by; one in the dining room hung from the ceiling. And then there was grandpa's and grandma's big lamp. The first I recall was also kerosene, with a round wick which gave enough light for persons next to it--one of whom was always Grandpa--to read by. This was followed by a vast improvement, the Aladdin lamp. I do not know what fuel it used, but it burned "mantles" (cloth impregnated with something). To prepare a mantle for use, it was put in place and set afire; there remained then the mantle formed of ash, and any jolt disintegrated it! So, the lamps were handled with bated breath. They also, at some time, had a gasoline lamp, which had to be pumped up, but that, I think, was after I wasn't there much. I always eyed it with suspicion and doubt grandpa would have permitted it, had he been living. With such a lighting system, and open fires for heat, fire was an ever-present danger.

That reminds me of the chimney, and the time it cracked--a long, perpendicular crack, where it joined the main wall, on the south end of the house. Mother said that the Lansden boys were currently staying there (sons of one of Grandpa's cousins, Delaney Lansden). All at once the house began to tremble and shake; Tom Lansden yelled downstairs demanding, "Who's shaking my bed?" But they fast realized it was no joke, and gathered, wondering, in the hall. I think Mother said that Grandpa and Grandma were away, perhaps in Mississippi, and the younger ones were there alone. News travelled slowly, in those days, and it was not till the weekly newspaper arrived that they found Charleston had suffered a devastating earthquake at the time of their fright. Not long afterward, the crack in the chimney wall was noticed.

I can dimly remember when our mail came to Maysville, and Grandpa would put a little darkie on a horse, and send him for it. Grandma made a satchel of oilcloth, to protect the mail from the rain. It wasn't long tho', after I reached a "noticing" age, that the RFD was established out of Gurley, and Mr. Tom Hall was made the mail carrier. We got the mail at the gate then, every day (except when the creek was too deep over the road, down the other side of Maysville, to risk driving through it). Some time I want to find out when that route was established, and how long Mr. Hall drove it which was for years and years; when he retired his son, Frank, about my age, took over and held it until just a few years ago. I rather imagine it was one of the longest father-son jobs in the country. What was an all-day affair for the father, with horse and buggy, became only a few hours for the son, with a car, but the car had to be stopped at the boxes, while the old horse stopped at each one, of his own accord! Truly, the post office motto fitted Mr. Hall, and he must have gotten very, very cold many times in the winter. Today's "comfort-above-all" generation would probably not even consider such a job, even if on unemployment compensation.

Grandma Bone loved to fish; there are still a few fish in the creek, predominantly sun perch, but an occasional trout. Sometimes she, Aunt Mary, and I would take a long walk between the Bone and Derrick places, down by the "creek lane" with its huge beech tree about half-way down. Our cattle pastured along the creek, and came up to the barn every night. It was my job, at times, to go let them out to come the short distance from the gap at the barn to the "big gate" at the house and I was instructed to let them take their own time for "if you run a cow, she won't give her milk down." (My own feeling is that is why modern women, so few of them, can breastfeed their babies-they are always on the run.) Once at the creek, Grandma and Aunt Mary had a phobia about worms, and would not have willingly touched one for anything, nor could they, though earnest gardeners, bear to have one touch them. Grandma liked to fish, and catch them; she cleaned what were caught--but she'd never touch a bite, once cooked. She felt the same way about game (rabbits, and squirrels), and seldom ate chicken, but explained that by saying she had dressed so many she had no taste for them, which is

understandable. I am sure she ate the Christmas turkey or goose, and she loved beef. While the elders fished, Aunt Mary's little dog Snyder and I played, and waded in the shallows, well below the fishing spot, but it is not unlikely that we often made enough disturbance to make the fish wary. In later years, seining, dynamiting and other illegal practices, by unauthorized people, did away with about all the fish.

Snyder, himself, deserves more than a word. He was a dear little dog, given to Aunt Mary by "Miss Pat" Hall, who owned his parents. I no not know his breed--something of a mixture, I am sure; his father "Dutch" was a bewhiskered terrier of sorts with a very disagreeable disposition, displayed toward visiting children. I do not remember the mother. Synder was a "claybank" color with a tail which curled in a circle over his back. He loved everybody, and was a most intelligent dog. When the buggy was hitched up, he made it his business to be on hand, and almost always he got to go, for everyone liked him. If told he might go, he jumped in and took his seat in the foot of the buggy, where he sat happily with his head around the dashboard watching the horses feet, in fascination. But if told, "No, Synder, not this time," the curl came out of his tail, and it straightened out and dropped sadly, as he crept dejectedly toward the house. He was, of course, Aunt Mary's shadow. His favorite game was to run after a tossed ball or anything else, and Aunt Mary had to watch when he was among children, as he also ran after small rocks and would swallow them!" We kept two rubber balls for him. The front steps were made of four large limestone rocks--two flat on the ground, topped by the other two--and there was a crack between the upper pair, several inches wide. Once, sitting on the front porch, someone remarked, "I wonder where Synder's balls are--I haven't see either of them lately." Snyder rose, went to the edge of the porch, and began peering down that crack. "I wonder if he's telling us one is down there?" And that was indeed the case; both of them were, where they'd rolled off the porch and down. Aunt Mary married in September, before my father died, leaving me alone in the big upstairs bedroom; so every night I took Snyder up with me, to sleep in a big chair beside the bed, and if I waked in the night, I could lay a hand on him and feel better. After a time, Aunt Mary would take him back to Deposit with her for a visit, and bring him back, next trip. Once or twice he came home though. Then one day she drove up without him, and, in an anxious query, I asked, "Why, isn't he here?" He had been gone for several days. We never knew what became of him; he was an old dog, and may have been too weak to make it; he was a "fighting fool" and would unhesitatingly attack a dog thrice his size, so he may have been killed in combat. Aunt Mary grieved much, and went so far as to consult "old Mrs. Hambrick," a local character who claimed to have the ability to tell where to find lost articles. She told some rigamarole about his disappearance, but I have forgotten if she said stolen, or had died. We never saw him anymore, but none of us ever forgot Snyder. He wan a dog of much personality and character.

Grandpa attributed his rheumatism to having been ill after Shiloh; the incident of the fish pond, I suppose. (See H. P. Bone's "Autobiography.") But he was much troubled with it, and although he tried many patent medicines (one of them had a picture of an angel on the label) of course he grew progressively worse, as time went on. He moved slowly at best, so an effort was made to get him into the dining room and dinner on the table simultaneously, but it was seldom successful, as, after being called he'd get himself up, in time, and start to the table. Then, in the hallway between his room and the dining room, he'd stand and gaze off toward a lot (looking for something needing to be tended to, we women believed) while dinner cooled! Of course, had he seen anything, he could have done nothing about it, himself. In time, a plank had to be laid for him to use as a ramp, as he could not step up and down; he took the arms off my highchair, and used it as a seat, while the window sill was a desk. As I have said, they were high from the floor.

At one time he was a Justice of the Peace; I recall one wedding (where the bride stood with her hands on her hips) and one "shootin'" (with grandpa holding the preliminary trial); the shootin' occurred at a funeral taking place at the negro graveyard, where two of the mourners got in an argument. One of the mourners appeared at the hearing with a bandage on his head, which made an impression; also I remember laughter about Ned's falling to the ground and rolling away when the shooting started.

There was a farm movement back in the 1890's, or maybe as far back as the late 1850's called "The Farmer's Alliance." This was probably one of the first organizations endeavoring to get fair treatment for farmers, and was no more successful than late efforts have been. Grandpa took a big hand in it, although I do not think he ever held any of its offices, and it finally went the way of all such movements.

Wood fires, in a house with central heating, are very lovely. But if they are to be the source of warmth, they are less than satisfactory. As I have said, the rooms were huge--18 x 16 if I am not mistaken and with high ceilings. The fireplaces were in proportion, but most of the heat went up the chimney, and a hand laid on the chairboard could feel the cold wind rising up behind the panelling. Anyone facing the fire was warm in front and in fact, might be baking, while his back was quite cold. One year Grandpa figured out a scheme to trap the heat, and had Grandma make heavy curtains of carpeting, which he strung on a wire across the middle of the room, cutting down its area, but as well as I remember did not help the temperature; nothing did, until finally, some years after he died, they closed the fireplace and installed a coal heater. The upstairs fireplaces were much smaller, and seldom used; one undressed, and dressed, hastily, in the frigid air. Baths were taken in the kitchen, after something had been hung over the windows, and a tin washtub brought in. We were certainly not so well bathed as people of today, but we did keep decent and without noticeable odor! All water used had to be brought in and then carried out.

There was no refrigeration, which no doubt accounted for the dreaded "second summer" for small children, since they were so apt to get slightly soured milk, or food not fresh enough. The milk at our home, and in many other homes, was put in a "cooler"-a long tin bucket of rather small diameter--tied to a rope and let down in the well where it kept very nicely, but of course had to be carried back and forth each meal. If something happened, such as the rope or the handle breaking so that the cooler fell and became immersed in the water, then that meant all the water had to be drawn out of the well to be rid of the milk in it. Some people were fortunate enough to have a nearby spring, and one family had a convenient cave.

If ice cream was desired, first one had to write to the factory to ship a hundred pound block of ice to Brownsboro on the train. It would come, packed in sawdust and in a tow sack. Next was the four-mile trip to pick up the ice, return home and take the ice down to the cellar, and get the freezer filled and ready to "turn." The freezer I first remember must have been a real antique, and it took, literally, hours of turning. Later, when it was replaced with a "White Mountain" which took only about a half hour to turn, turning seemed no chore at all. Then, as long as the ice lasted, we could have iced tea, and it is surprising how long sawdust-packed ice, down a cellar, will last. I wonder when that older freezer was made; I do not recall it listed on Flem McCartney's inventory, but there was a bathtub listed, and they were not in every household at that time. It would have been a small tin tub, I assume, but not a washtub which was the usual thing for bathing.

Other sanitary arrangements (!!!) were a little house for the females in the garden and one for the men out toward the barn. The outhouses were, of course, open to every fly that flew and while there was never a case of typhoid at our house, there was plenty in the country as a whole. Edith said when she was in medical school, all they had to show the students were slides--no real cases at all. So, I say again, the invention of screen wire is one of the greatest of the age.

We did have a case of typhoid on the place once; one of Ned's boys, Nolen, came down with it. His aunt, Sally Farley, a big fat Negress, was at the house one day, so Aunt Mary inquired about Nolen. "He mighty sick Miss Mary, mighty sick. Doctor Howard say his fever is a hunnerd and fifty." "A hundred and fifty!" Aunt Mary exclaimed. "Why, Sally, that's impossible; no one's temperature can go that high." "Well, that's what the doctor said..loantwise, he say its a hunnerd and a half and if that ain't a hunnerd and fifty, what is?" Nolen did recover. Doctor Howard told me, himself, that, when he was in medical school, they were taught that malaria was caused from breathing the miasma which arose from swamps at night; one didn't dream it was the mosquito, bred in the swamp, who was the culprit.

One of Grandpa's slave stories was that when he was a boy, one of the women, a big, strapping woman, was punished for some dereliction by being told to build a pen of fence rails in the field in the front of the house; then this was filled with manure, to get it out of the way. For half a century, the corn grew greener where that manure pile had once been.

There is a section of an early Alabama law, forbidding gins to dump cottonseed in streams. If the Confederacy had known as much about the worth of cottonseed as was later learned, they would have fared far better, foodwise.

This brings to mind the salt shortage. I don't remember Grandma ever talking about it, but I am thinking of the huge salting trough in the smoke house, hollowed out of a very, very large tree, in which the meat was packed in salt, until time to smoke it. That tree must have been about five feet in diameter. My father said when his father cleared some land here, following the civil war, they piled many such logs into logheaps and burned them to get them out of the way of the plow.

The few times I was home at hog killing time, I hated it--the anguished squealing of the doomed animals was heartbreaking. Don't tell me they didn't know death was approaching--even after the more humane method of shooting was begun. Of course, once dead, and cut into ribs, backbone and other delectable portions, one didn't feel so badly about it.

Flour and sugar were bought by the barrel. The flour and meal, and the coal oil tank, were in one part of a three-sectioned building a short distance from the kitchen. Also found here were shelves of empty bottles; on a farm one didn't blithely throw things away, as a use might be found for them "some day." There were other flotsam and jetsam in there also. The middle section was the smoke house, dirt floored, and the third section an open shed, used as a sort of workshop. The year my father [James Samuel Paul--earlier it was brought out that "he" (assumed to be her father) died in 1909 - Ed.] was there, before he became bedfast, we were at supper one night, after butchering. The sausage meat had been put in a big tub and set in the storeroom on top of the flour barrel, which had a cloth thrown across it as a cover. Uncle Hal was always a suspicious eater, constantly watching his food for something not due to be in it. All at once, he discovered a pig bristle in his biscuit, and let the fact be known. Aunt Mary was much disconcerted, and they figured that the tub must have had some on its bottom, which worked through the cloth, and in turn through the flour sifter. Then someone said, "Jim, whatever are you doing?" and father looked up guiltily; he too had found a bristle in his biscuit, but instead of advertising it, he had tried to slip it down in his lap, hoping Aunt Mary would not notice it! So they all had a big laugh at him, he looked so sheepish at having been caught. These two rooms were kept locked with a big key, tied to a long stick. The locks were so simple, they could likely have been opened with a piece of baling wire, but no one ever did. Also, the last

thing in the afternoon, after feeding, the current "hand" brought the keys to the crib-and-lot gate to Grandpa--the gate was fastened with a piece of chain round the gatepost, and a padlock. The keys were then hung on the mantle, and handed out in the morning to the "hand" as he came to work.

It was this "hand's" duty, too, to put on a great big backlog every morning in the winter, and bring in enough wood of smaller size, to keep the fire going. The old tongs were longlegged and had flat, round ends; Aunt Mary used to make me "money" by putting a number of layers of paper between them, and holding it over the flame, which burned the loose paper, but left unburned the "dollars" between the iron of the tongs. And I helped roll "lamplighters," which saved matches. They were made of paper, usually of newspaper, tho' if you had some colored wrapping paper, you could make "pretty" ones; at lamplighting time, a lighter, touched to the blaze in the fireplace, would burn until it could be touched to the lamp's wick.

One of father's stories (in the year 1909) was that he was at Nance's store one day when some old chap from way back in the cove came in, and bought a box of matches. The box said (read) 500, so he carefully counted them to see--then sat and split each one in half! I always wondered how he managed to split them without accidentally lighting some--and if most of them didn't break, being so frail, how they could be struck.

Shopping was something Grandma and Aunt Mary just didn't do. Oh, I guess Aunt Mary did go to Huntsville sometimes, but it was seldom, I am sure, so long as Grandpa was able. In summer, the trip was not so bad, but in winter it meant rising and starting before good light. Once there, the horse had to be taken to a livery stable until time to start back. Arrival at home would be after dark. We had "the old shawl" of lightweight brown wool, fringed, the same size of, and doubled like, a blanket. Perhaps it had accompanied Rev. M. H. on his long, cold rides, from appointment to appointment; but it was a favorite of mine, as it was large enough and light enough to cover enough chairs to make a very satisfactory tent.

Grandma's button box--an oval box of thin wood, which I have--was a treasure chest. It had originally held tobacco. By the time it came to my hands, most of the fascinating buttons had gone; I suspect Aunt Mary had given them to various friends who had "button strings." There was one group of buttons which had owls on them--a little scene, in relief. Then there were buttons of cut jet (handsome things), some of clear patterned glass, and many others.

"Miss Lillie" Wall told a story for which I cannot vouch, as Grandma said she had never heard it. She did not say where she was at the time--perhaps in Mississippi. However, great-grandpa's sister Jane, a spinster, born in 1800, seems to have been staying there, or at least visiting, when she died in December, 1863, and was buried in the family graveyard in the garden. Miss Lillie

said that she had always been told that there were no men available, and the women had to bury her. However, unless it was right at the time when the "freed" negroes had left, and before their return, there should have been males to dig the grave. But it could be that the women were the pallbearers. There were men in the neighborhood at all times: the old, the crippled, but perhaps none as physically fit to carry the coffin as the women were. This was before Uncle Hou was born in March, and Grandma may have still been in Mississippi. It is definite she was not present at the funeral.

My grandmother's grandparents died when she was so small, even had she been here, she would not have recalled them, and she never said more to me about her parents than I have told here. It is said that the Harvies were very large people, but Martha Harvie Jordan's grandchildren do not seem to have inherited that trait; most of whom I have seen pictured looked on the slim side, but of course Martha and Mary Jane, and Dr. Fleming are all I have seen. Some of the others may have been heavy.

My grandmother was not a talkative person, yet it was only when I was grown, and picked things out, that I realized that much of what has been put down here I learned from her. Aunt Mary was a great and wonderful story teller, truly gifted that way, and all children loved her. But most of her stories were from Uncle Remus, and similar sources, so I did not get too much history from her, alas, as regards the very old times. One looks back, thinking of the many questions unanswered because they were unasked, and longs for a second chance. But that is impossible, and the memories which would have been so interesting to us of today are lost.

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CIVIL WAR REMINISCENCES

by
Lillian Bone Paul
edited by her daughter, Kathleen Paul Jones

A recent editorial in the Progressive Farmer suggesting that, as the Old Confederates are dying off so rapidly, we should make an effort to record for the benefit of future generations their reminiscences of Civil War times, both before and during those difficult years, has determined me to write down all the incidents that I (Lillian Bone Paul) can remember, out of the many that I have heard from my father (H. P. Bone) and grandparents (Rev. M. H. Bone/Martha H. Weaver Bone). These memories are very fragmentary, and naturally incomplete, but I shall make the attempt anyway.

My grandmother's home (that of Rev. M. H. Bone/Martha Weaver Bone) was a prosperous planter's home, situated about two and a half miles from the village of Maysville, and was, of course, subjected to all the pillagers and plunderers that made up the Federal forces camped below Maysville almost all the years of the war. They carried off everything in the way of food and forage and livestock, and wantonly destroyed what they could not use. My grandmother appealed to the Provost Marshal for protection, as neither she nor her husband were belligerents. He gave her a guard, who spent his days at the house, but was not there nights. Why, I don't know, unless the soldiers were all kept in camp at night, thus leaving the citizens in peace.

One morning early, before sun-up, some of the servants called Grandmother to come, that the Yankees were after her pigs--as I remember, there were but two on the place, or maybe just one. By the time she had reached the lot they had killed one pig; there were two men and they were preparing to leave with it. She ordered them to drop it (she was not afraid of anything or anybody) but they refused to obey and only laughed at her.

She ran to the front door to see if her guard was anywhere in sight, it being about time for his arrival. She could see the road some distance off, as it led around the mountain. Fortunately she spied him coming, and began to wave something white to attract his attention. When he saw this, he put spurs to his horse and galloped the rest of the way, arriving at the "big gate" just as the Yankee robbers were going out with their kill. I think they must have stopped to dress it, though I do not remember that part of the story. The guard ordered them to put it down, and inquired what they meant by such actions. They said they wanted fresh meat. I suppose that he arrested them, but don't know, but anyway they were sent off without their meat, and the Federal apologized to Grandma for not being on hand to prevent the slaughter.

Much of the time Grandmother was at home alone, that is, without a man to take her part against the raiders. Grandfather would be off preaching, and part of the time taught a little day school up at the negro quarters, some distance from the house. But, as I said, she was afraid of no man, much less the rascally Yankees whom she held in the greatest abhorrence.

Another incident which she used to relate, as we children would gather around her and beg for stories, was that of the Yankee and the setting hen. One day she heard a great squawking out in the hen house, and going to investigate, found a Yankee soldier in the house, with the one setting hen under his arm. I think she said it was the only hen on the place, they having stolen all the rest. At any rate, she asked him to put the hen back on the nest. He said, "No, I need that hen to make soup for a sick man." She told him the hen was not fit to eat, as she had been "setting" till she was almost ready to hatch, but still he would not give up the hen. Then Grandma said she stepped inside the door, the hen nest full of eggs being closer to her than to the

soldier, who was in the back, and said to him, "Well, if you will have the hen you must take the eggs too!" picking them up as she spoke. She began to pelt him with them, and her aim being good, splashed him with the spoiled eggs, some of which were rotten, and the scent terrible. He dropped the hen and left the house as quickly as he could possibly go, and undoubtedly, never returned. He might have offered her some bodily indignity for her temerity, but his only thought seemed to be to get away.

Remembering as far back as I can, Frank Gurley's troop of cavalrymen had made a dash into Northern Alabama. It was a kind of independent organization I think, though not "bushwhackers." Up around Plevna they came in contact with a band of Yankees very unexpectedly, and of course had a skirmish with them. It seems there was an ambulance in the party, carrying a Federal General, General McCook, who was wounded or sick, and got killed in the melee. Father told me all this, on the very spot where it happened, on the road that leads into Tennessee above New Market. The Federals at Maysville, then in revenge for their General's death, turned loose their soldiers to raid all over the country, taking everything they could, and destroying what they couldn't use. (Note by Kathleen P. Jones: I think McCook was in a wagon and the soldiers didn't know it was carrying an incapacitated man. Gurley was accused of the shooting, but it has been said it was a boy in his troop, but neither ever told. Also, I think Gurley's company was part of Forrest's group-it was, some of the time, I know. After McCook's death, the Yankees in his party burned a number of houses--homes of people with no part whatever in the tragedy--in vengeance). A bunch of them came here to my grandmother's and finding all the doors locked and barred, demanded entrance. The big back door at that time opened directly on the yard, and was fastened by an iron bar that rested on supports inside. Grandpa was the only man there, and did not wish to let them in. They called for apples, saying they knew there were plenty of them, with such a big orchard. I do not know the time of year--spring I suppose; he told them there were no apples. They didn't believe him, and said they would break in the door if he didn't open it and let them look. He still refused, so they proceeded to break the door and had one lower panel kicked in, when one of their officers arrived on the scene. I don't know where he had been all the time. He stopped the breakage, and told them to wait downstairs and he would accompany Grandpa upstairs to the "little room" where the apples had been stored, and see if any were there. Of course the door had been unbarred for the officer. So, Grandpa said they came on upstairs together, and he showed the officer there were no apples except a large hamper half full of rotten ones. The officer called this to his men, but Grandpa was angry with them; he picked up the heavy basket of rotten apples and heaved them over the banisters, right on top of the heads of the men below, not caring who was hit. That settled the apple question but they weren't satisfied and wanted apple brandy, which they believed was on the place. Assured there was none, they opened the cellar door, and saw a barrel down there, sitting up on some blocks, and demanded to know what was in the barrel. They were told it was sorghum, so

they wanted to know, "what is that?" So Mr. Officer said he'd go down and taste it and see, which he proceeded to do. Then he said: "Boys, you don't want that--it's no good." Bear in mind they had already taken everything they could--eatables, livestock, poultry, and all valuables they could lay hands on. Grandmother owned a little sterling silver--spoons and a soup ladle. Old Uncle Harry, her coachman, took this silver off to a field--she did not know where--and buried it to hide it from the union soldiers. Then after the war he faithfully brought it back. If he hadn't saved it, they would have gotten it; they looted homes all over the south.

Another story which I cannot tell in detail has to do with an encounter Grandmother had with two soldiers who came and proceeded to take two mules out of the plow, right down in front of the house. She marched right down there not being afraid of the devil himself, and took issue with them. I have forgotten whether she won that battle, but think not, and there's no one to ask, now. Those Yankees did not care how destitute a condition in which they left the citizens, but took pleasure in depriving them. I seem to remember, however, that in this case Grandmother appealed to the Provost Marshal and got her stock back, but I may be mistaken.

When Lincoln issued his proclamation setting all the slaves free--in the year 1863--the Negroes were all highly elated and jumped at the chance to leave their former masters and mistresses. On my grandparents' place all except faithful Uncle Harry dropped everything and "went to the Yankees" as they phrased it. In their ignorance, they thought life henceforth was to be one grand picnic, with never any more work to do. Perhaps the Federal forces were overwhelmed by the influx cf so many negroes--I don't know--but at any rate, they began to put their wards to work, and it did not take long to show the darkies that their new masters would be far more exacting and harder to please than the indulgent ones they had left. After a day or two, they came slipping back to their cabins under the cover of night, and tried to pretend they had never been away. One man, John, a young and lusty fellow, feared the Yankees would come for him and take him back to camp to work for them, and maybe send him far from home. So, to prevent going, he set his bare foot on hot coals of fire, and burnt it so badly he could not walk. Of course Grandmother heard of it, and had to supply remedies for the burn. Disillusionment came quickly for them in the Federal camp and before the end of a week every ex-slave had returned home, and stayed there. I mean the Bone negroes; of course a lot of them in the South did follow the Yankees. (Note by KPJ: I suppose this was the "Uncle" John I remember so well from my childhood. He and "Aunt" Viney owned a little farm on the edge of the mountain, to the west of the Bone place.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by
H. P. Bone

My eyes first opened to the light, June 4, 1838, near the town of Elkton, Todd County, Kentucky. My father was Rev. Matthew Houston Bone. My mother was Emily Worthington Phillips, daughter of Thomas and Susan Phillips. My grandmother [Susan (Reeder) Phillips] was first married to a Mr. Redus (Note: either he erred or I did in trying to read his distinctive but unusual writing--her husband was Mr. Reeder. KPJ) and had one child by him. By grandfather (Thomas Phillips) she had six: their names were ....., Mary, Emily (my mother), Benjamin, Augustus, ...

My grandfather owned a good farm in the bluegrass region of Kentucky (Bourbon County) but sold it out and bought a farm in the tobacco region (Todd County). His taste was more for cultivating tobacco than raising stock. My mother died when I was two years old. I have no recollection of ever seeing her, or even a likeness of her. Photos were not common in those days.

My father, after my mother's death, became an itinerant Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, and went travelling all over the bounds of the church, founding churches, and propagating its doctrines. He built some churches in Ohio, and even in far away Iowa, which are standing to this day.

On one of his trips into North Alabama, he saw and became acquainted with a widow, Martha H. Weaver, living near Huntsville. Acquaintance soon grew into love, and love into matrimony. They were married.

I was then four years of age, and was carried with a little sister, Mary, just two years older, to our new home in Alabama. (Note: She was four years older than he. She died in 1844, when ten. KPJ) My father and his new wife came to Kentucky after us in an old, high-swinging carriage, with two gray horses. I remember no place we passed, except Nashville. There we crossed the Cumberland River via a high, wooden bridge. I saw little boys watering their ponies on the banks of the river as we passed by. The ponies, I suppose, caused the scene to make a more lasting impression.

I was sent to school, at six years of age, to an old teacher by the name of Knight. The school house was on the Bell Factory and Huntsville roads, in a black-jack thicket, near Murphy Douglas's. I boarded at the house of Mr. David Friend, and walked one and one-half miles to school every day. Mr. Friend had three boys, all older than me, and a daughter about my same age. Effort

(Note: Efford. KPJ) Friend, the second boy, would steal the basket in which we carried our dinner, and eat up all the grub from the rest of us. Some Horton girls took pity on me, and when this would happen, would invite me to their basket, which was always loaded with good things. I took a great liking to the girls, and spent most of the play time with them. One day I was standing, looking on at a game of Bull-Pen being played by the older boys; a boy threw the ball at another, missed, and hit me instead squarely on the forehead, knocking me down. I shall always think that ball had a rock in it. After that I would not stay with the boys at all, but played with the girls.

The next place I boarded was at old Mrs. Allison's on Winchester Road, and went to school at the same place. The school was taught by a Mr. Williams, son-in-law of Mrs. Allison. (Note: Mrs. Duanna Allison, whose daughter married Eldred W. Williams. KPJ).

Next, I went to old George Anderson (Note: Son-inlaw of George Tannehill Jones. KPJ) who taught on the hill below Maysville. (Note: the old house was there all through my youth, and I think until well after I married--a two-roomed frame building, on the round hill, just past the road leading to the left, toward the Gurley road. KPJ). He was in some respects the meanest man I ever saw. (Note: The Jones family traditions agree with this. KPJ). His school was so large that he was compelled to look to the older boys to help him out with "hearing" lessons. Sometimes I would recite to him once a week. Of course, I had a great deal of idle time, and I spent it mostly in playing tricks on the other scholars. Old George would catch up with me (he was a good detective), and every time, would come down on me with his big stick. My father, hearing of the condition of things, took me from Anderson's school and took me over the mountain to Billy Roundtree (Rountree), a man who was about as qualified to teach school as a hog is to read Latin.

On the way over there, Father said to me, "Now, you have been having a good many whippings at Anderson's school; if you don't get any at Rountree's, at the close of the session I will buy you a new suit of clothes." This put me on my best behavior. Everything went smoothly for a season, until one day old Billy was giving out a spelling lesson. The class had in it Frank, one of his own boys. He gave out the word "Naturalize." Frank spelled at it a dozen times. Finally old Rountree became impatient, and believing that Frank was playing off on him, jerked him up and whipped him, repeating the dose, until finally, by mere accident Frank hit on the correct spelling. "Yes sir," cried out old Billy, "I knew all the time you could spell it, and if you hadn't spelled it I would have naturalized you!" I thought he meant that for wit, and laughed. Here came old Billy back with his switch, and struck me two or three times across the coattails. That put an end to my dreams about the new suit. I knew Father would find out about it before I could scarcely realize it.

I next went to school to Mr. Bolton, below Maysville. Dr. Jordan had built a new frame schoolhouse and had it lathed and plastered. We thought we were in a big college! Next I went to the same place to a Mr. Moreland. He smoked almost incessantly.

I was now fourteen years of age and considered sufficiently advanced to go to a higher institution of learning. They sent me to Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tennessee. This was my first experience away from home. Everything was strange to me. I entered the preparatory department first, remained in that one year, and the next year entered the college proper. I boarded the first year at the house of Dr. A. G. Goodlet. He had one son about my age, and two lovely daughters. They treated me as one of the family and did everything they could to make my stay happy. In 1853 Dr. Goodlet concluded to remove to Nashville. He procured boarding for me at the house of a widow, Mrs. Douglass. Here I got into a nest of bad boys, and came very near being led astray. The next year I went to room in the College building, along the Theologs, and boarded at the Widow Brittain's. Had a spell of sickness at her house, which came very near putting an end to my career. My roommate, Harry Boyd, and I were both down in the same room, with the same fever. It was just at the close of the session, when all of the boys had scattered and gone home. Naturally we became very despondent. One night I said to Harry, "Nobody seems to care a thing for us, nobody comes to see us. Let's die tonight, and surprise 'em all when they come in the morning." "All right," he said, and we were discussing it, when all at once, Pa stepped it. Very soon he had us livened up, and we forgot all about dying, and continued to get better, and in two weeks we were able to be on our feet, and go to our homes.

The next year I continued to room in College, but got my meals at the home of a Mr. Peyton. He and his wife were splendid people and provided the best table I ever sat down to.

The next place I went to board was Mr. Josiah McClain's. He and his wife took me in, as tho' they had known me all my life, and in every way treated me as if I were one of their own children. I continued to board at Esquire McClain's until I had finished the college course, June, 1857. About this time the country was being considerably agitated over the questions of Union and Secession. I made my graduating speech a plea for union, and was much complimented by the wise old heads. Had that speech been heeded, we would have escaped secession.

I went home and, casting about in my mind what profession to follow, concluded to adopt a career of a doctor. My intentions were to prepare myself thoroughly, first in dentistry, and then go on to the study of medicine. With this in view, I went to the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, attended lectures one year, and went home, sick. Recovering, I went back, to finish the course of lectures.

I took with me back to Baltimore a little girl I had run across down in Mississippi. Her name was Louisa A. Walker, daughter of

my step-mother's sister. We were married November 8th, 1859, which was also the anniversary of her birth. We spent the winter in Baltimore, and two young people, I imagine, never enjoyed a more blissful season. We boarded at the "Maitby House," and had in the way of victuals everything that a rich market could afford. Mr. Maitby was a fine old Virginia gentleman, and did everything he could to make his guests happy; and just to think--all for #26.00 a month for both of us.

In March, 1860, I had conferred on me the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery. My wife and I went immediately back to our home in Alabama. War talk by this time was rife throughout the whole county. States were "seceding" and armies mobilizing. April '61, the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter. Immediately Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to defend the Union. Hardly anyone thought up to this time there would be any fighting, but preparations went on rapidly until the two armies met at the Battle of Manasses. Everyone knows the result of that conflict. It seemed to infuse a desire all through the month to put down what they termed "the rebellion." It couldn't be that, since it would be absurd to say that one people had rebelled against another people. So it was, I soon saw, that the services of every man in the South would be needed to defend our liberty and set about preparing to join the army. Thinking perhaps the clash of arms would never reach Mississippi, I took my wife and our child (Annie) to Mr. Walker's to stay during the continuance of hostilities. Arriving home, I joined a Cavalry Company that was being raised in my neighborhood, known as the "Kelly Troopers." It was named in honor of Rev. D. C. Kelly, a Methodist preacher. The company was organized at New Market by electing Rev. D. C. Kelly, Captain; J. M. Hambrick, 1st Lt.; J. W. Nance, 2nd Lt.; J. Matt Robinson, 3rd Lt.; and Thos. King, 3rd Sgt. The company was immediately ordered to Kentucky and joined in the formation of Forrest's Original Regiment.

I did not go with the Company when they first left for Kentucky, being too weak from a recent attack of bilious fever to do actual duty in the field, but sent a substitute, Byram Miller, our overseer, who seemed to be fired with an intense desire to enter the army. I gave him all of my equipment, which was of the finest, in consideration of his taking my place. Miller served until just before the Battle of Ft. Donelson. He took measles, and tried to make his way to Nashville, but never reached there; he died at a farmhouse near Clarksville, Tennessee. My substitute having died, and my own health in the meantime having greatly improved, I concluded to go back to the Company, and joined them as they were at Birds Spring below Huntsville.

General Sidney Johnson had moved his army back from Kentucky to a line covering Corinth. The Battle of Shiloh was fought in a few days, taking place on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. I was engaged in the fight both days, but contracted an immense amount of cold, which came very near to carrying me off. In order to build up, I asked permission to go down to my brother-in-law's, D. W. P. Walker's, three miles south of Okolona. The doctor was

a good physician, and with the aid of my wife, pulled me through. My wife came up from her father's, and helped to wait on me. Had it not been for the good nursing, I am certain I should have died.

As soon as I had recovered sufficient strength, I returned to Corinth. Found the army in retreat to Tupelo. Col. Kelly was in command of the regiment at this time, and very kindly suggested, as I was not feeling very strong, that I go out to a sick camp near New Albany. I did so, but very foolishly the next day joined with the boys in draining a fish pond. The sport was fine, but I did not realize what I was doing, until I was taken with a chill. The next morning I was too stiff, with a severe attack of rheumatism, to get out of bed. I begged the surgeon to send me to a hospital, but he said there was no hospital to send to. I then asked to be discharged, since in the condition I was, I was entirely unfit for service. Application for discharge was sent up, and came back in a few days, approved. I got some friends to take me down to my wife's father's (James Walker's), five miles south of Aberdeen, where I remained for three months, a complete invalid. As soon as I had regained my strength sufficiently I returned to the Army in Middle Tennessee, and joined the Infantry. At the suggestion of Dr. J. M. Johnson, Chief Surgeon of Cleburne's Division, who was a strong friend of my father's, I applied to the War Department at Richmond for a commission as Hospital Steward. It was soon granted and I was immediately assigned to duty in Cleburne's Division Hospital at Tullahoma, Tennessee, and continued on duty in this capacity until Bragg fell back to Chattanooga. From lack of transportation, some of the sick failed to get to the rear until the very last moment, and I came close to falling into the hands of the Yankees. (Ed. Note: Part of his duties were to superintend the removal of the wounded soldiers off the field, which is assumed to be why he was on the field.) I blamed the Surgeon, J. L. Dismukes, in charge of the hospital, for this.

Due to the army's having taken up its line south of Chattanooga, the Division Hospital was set up at Tynor's Station; next it was removed to Graysville, Ga.; next, to Ringgold. Whilst there, the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought. All day long we could hear the battle raging. In the evening the surgeon in charge of the Hospital asked me to go up to the front and see how the fight was progressing. I reached the Ridge just in time to see Bragg's line broken, and his army go out in perfect rout, except Cleburne's Division, which was the only division that came off intact, and to them fell the duty of guarding Bragg's rear. A more complete demoralization of an army I never saw. Pell-mell, helter skelter, they went tearing through the woods, frantic to get away. I soon saw that was no place for me, and lit out for Ringgold on the gravel train. The distance was twelve miles; I covered it in about an hour and a half, got things packed and ready to move back by eight o'clock. The next morning Gen. Cleburne took up his position at Ringgold Gap, one mile south of the town. Sixteen guns were double shotted with canister and placed in the mouth of the Gap. The next morning the Yankees

came bulging. They had heard that Bragg was cut off, and indeed he was. Cleburne's guns were masked, and the Yankees didn't discover them until they were on them--within one hundred yards. The artillery threw off the brush and turned loose those sixteen cannon double shotted with canister into a mass of men five or six lines deep. Oh, the horribleness of that slaughter! Seventeen hundred men killed at one fire of that battery, and some of them most horribly mangled. Those who had been uninjured recoiled as though they had run upon a mine of dynamite and made no further attempt to advance. General Cleburne was given great credit for this fight, and he deserved it, for it was the only thing that saved Bragg's army.

I took no part in the Battle of Chicamauga. Just previous to the fight I had been ordered to Atlanta, in charge of a lot of medical supplies, and did not get back until all the fighting was over. It was a grand victory for the South, but won at the cost of many brave lives.

General Bragg, just after the fight, got mad with his general officers, and put nearly all of them under arrest. Jeff Davis had to come down from Richmond, and hold a council of war over it. The result was that Gen. Bragg was declared incompetent to command the army and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston put back in command. Very soon after, the army, under Gen. J. E. Johnston, went into winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia.

After the Battle of Chicamauga, all Division Hospitals in the field were done away with; I was ordered to report to D. A. Linthicum, Chief Surgeon of Cleburne's Division A.T. My duties in his office were principally clerical, as also Dispenser of Medical Supplies to different Brigades. In time of battle it also fell my lot to superintend getting the wounded off the field. Sometimes in doing so, I would be exposed to as much danger as the man in the ranks. At Jonesboro, Georgia, the shells from the Yankee battery fell thick all around me, whilst assisting wounded soldiers off the field, but none of them harmed me.

I served under Chief Surgeon Linthicum during that memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta; saw General Johnston with a force of less than 40,000 checkmate an army of over 125,000 under Sherman, and was also with Hood in his disastrous raid into middle Tennessee, witnessed the Battle of Franklin and of Nashville, and surrendered with the remnants that were with Gen. Joe H. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C.

I was in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga., and saw many amusing encounters between the two armies. I saw Gen. Bragg the morning he arrived at Atlanta from Richmond, with orders from President Davis to relieve Gen. Johnston. It was in the early morning; I saw him sitting at the window of the train, and told some of my comrades I knew from the haggard look on Gen. Bragg's countenance there was something wrong. Sure enough, in about two hours we heard of Gen. Johnston's removal. I never saw men more

completely transferred from the pitch of enthusiasm--they were at once reduced to the lowest depths of despair. I saw old, hardened soldiers, the tears flowing down their cheeks like rain. Everyone said the war was over--and so it proved. General Hood at once set to striking like a black snake in August, and never let up until he had completely destroyed an army of the bravest and best organized men in the South. Hood was a brave man, but certainly a poor general. I never blamed him for the mistake at Spring Hill, Tennessee. He issued orders which, if carried out, would have captured Schofield's entire force at Columbia, but his orders were not obeyed. To my own private knowledge, Gen. Cheatem was as drunk as "a biled owl" and knew no more what Hood wanted him to do than a monkey; but oh, to look over that battle field as I did, next morning, was enough to make the angels weep; men lying over the field so thick that it seemed you might walk on their bodies and never touch the ground, and in the trenches, piled up like hogs in a slaughter pen, five and six deep. If anyone needed anything to make him realize that what Sherman said about war was true, a more realistic scene could not have been brought before him.

I followed the army to Nashville, and then after the fight, back to the Tennessee River. Forrest guarded the rear and kept the Yankees back, until Hood, with his demoralized remnants of a once glorious array, had gotten on the south side of the river. I thought I would take advantage of the confusion and run by home for a few days. Found the folks at home all well, but mighty scarce of rations. The Yankees had stripped them of everything. I sponged on them for two days, and beginning to fear the negroes might betray me to the Yankees, set out for the army--overtook them just as the last stragglers were crossing the pontoon bridge at Bainbridge. Stopped a few days at Esquire Walker's, saw them all, and then hastened on to the rallying for all loose soldiers at Hamburg, S. C. We soon got together a pretty good force of both cavalry and infantry, and under the command of General (name illegible to me KPJ) made our way through the country to Charlotte, N. C. Here we found General Joe E. Johnston; he had been restored and ordered to reconstruct another army, but alas, too late! The men had become demoralized, and were deserting everywhere. In a few days we heard of Gen. Lee's surrender in Virginia. We were moving back towards Greensboro. Suddenly we were ordered to come to a halt. Negotiations, they said, had commenced between Gen. Johnston and Gen. Sherman, looking to a surrender. Five days we lay in the woods there, awaiting the result. April _____ we were informed General Johnston had surrendered; and were ordered to stack our guns (although Gen. Sherman allowed us one-fifth of our arms), but to get our paroles required several days longer. All being arranged to the satisfaction of the powers in Washington, we set our faces homeward, the most dejected, forlorn set of men that ever returned, whipped. I wished that it might be night all the way, so that no one could look into our faces, until we got to Asheville, N. C., where the women rushed out, waving their handkerchiefs in defiance of the Yankees, for they had a garrison there. We began to hold up our heads and felt that we were not

whipped yet. It was an inspiration to the old rebels, and caused some of them to forget the circumstances under which we were placed, and instantaneously to break out into the old yell.

Gen. Givan had orders to take a body of Arkansas and Texas troops, 3000 in number, across the mountains and disband them as near their homes as possible. We got on very well until we were approaching Greenville. Here we had to undergo the most humiliating ordeal decent men were ever subjected to. A Yankee general with a force of negro troops commanded the place, and we were not allowed to enter the town until we had undergone the formality of a surrender to him. Gen. Covan told him he had surrendered to Gen. Sherman, and that we all had our paroles. It made no difference--we had to surrender to him; all our transportation and all our guns, which had been allowed to us by General Sherman, were taken away from us, and we were put on filthy cattle cars and sent home.

As we were marched into the town to board the cars, the negro soldiers were stationed along the road to hoot at us, and make all kinds of jibes and flings, pretending they wanted to attack us, but the sergeants and corporals, with drawn swords, marched up and down the line to keep them off us. I heard many of our soldiers say that in their deepest down hearts they could never forget this humiliation.

I left the main body of the troops at Stevenson, made my way to Brownsboro, to Maysville, and home.

Note: H. P. Bone's "Autobiography" was written some years before his death, covering the period of 1838-1865.

LETTERS OF THE WALKER FAMILY

owned by
Mrs. Ralph Williams
great-granddaughter of Lucy Matilda (Walker) Higgason

The original of the following letter is in good black ink and Xeroxed perfectly.

April 26, 1870

Dear Loon,

Perhaps you are looking for a letter. If so, here goes, but as usual, nothing much to say. I stay at home so close I don't know anything to write that would make a letter at all interesting. Our neighborhood is just as it used to be; everyone stays at home and cares not for anybody else. Got up one morning last week and found the tops of the houses all covered in snow, an unusual scene for April, but the snow didn't hurt the fruit and the vegetables (what was left), but the next night there came a frost and a freeze and away they went--Irish potatoes, beans, tomatoes and everything else. Now wasn't that an ugly front. There won't be any 'simmons or mulberrys; the apple trees were all in bloom but (the cold) didn't kill all the raspberries and strawberries as they were not in full bloom. Your Pa has not left this country yet, unless he left today. Tell your Ma I thought 'twas no use to start her any roots; it is so late, they wouldn't live. I don't know what he is about, trying to collect money I reckon, but I think he spends about as fast as he collects. Tell your Ma she will know whether he is at home or not. I planted my Texas flower seed, but none of them have come up but the Johnnie Maude; don't reckon the soil suits them. Had a letter from Lute yesterday; she said the snow up there was three inches deep. Mamie doesn't write to any of us. Mattie still at home--says she is coming down when strawberries get ripe. The Moores are still on docket; no talk of a wedding over there. Louie Broyles at school in Aberdeen. Some talk of Mat Holliday and Jim Smith marrying; you know he is a widower now, wouldn't she look funny married! Doubtless you have heard that Ben Jordan and Martha Reedy are married; haven't seen the young man since he was married. I don't know what does make some folks such fools. I reckon Ben was like Charley; thought he had as much right to starve a woman to death as anybody, but don't you know Aunt Liz is glad she won't have to wash or cook for Uncle Ed and Ben any more. And you wouldn't come back to Mississippi for anything--well, you're mighty right. This is a hard country to live in. Texas is a heap better country than this--we barely make a living, takes the closest kind of economy to get along at all. How do you get on killing turkeys and deer? We don't get any wild game these days--have to hunt squirrels here and Charley and Paul don't understand hunting. Occasionally they bring in an old hare. Haven't got but one gun, and that is so heavy the boys can't handle it. They went to the river fishing last Saturday

and of course got nothing. Paul is getting on very well. When he studies he does it with all his might. He doesn't half do anything; whatever he has to do he does the very best he can; he is learning to write, think you'll have a letter from him soon. I want to go to town tomorrow and get me a new frock. I hear that goods are very cheap but they had as well be high so far as I am concerned--a bit of calico is the height of my ambition. Must close--all send much love to you all.

Write soon again to
Aunt Mattie.

Comments:

"Aunt Mat" (Martha Jane Walker) - oldest child of James and Mary Jane (Jordan) Walker. Mother said she was witty and charming, but never wed. Mother thought she was in love with her cousin, Fleming McCartney, who died of TB in his 24th year.

Ben - son of Mary Jane Jordan Walker's brother, Edwin James Harvie Jordan of Columbus, Miss. Paul is Paul Higgason, of course, and "Loon" is his sister, Mary Launa Higgason. Mamie and Mattie, I cannot identify, nor the neighbors mentioned.

Letter sent by Jimmy Williams of Caldwell, Texas to Kathleen P. Jones, March, 1967. Written by Louisa Ann (Walker) Bond to her sister, Lucy Matilda (Walker) Higgason.

Home, Feb. 27/1877

Dear Lucy,

It has been so long since I wrote to you I don't remember which of us wrote the last letter, but it makes no difference; I am going to trouble you with a few lines.

I think of you all often and have so often thought of writing to you but you know what a poor letter writer I am and I have so little time to write, but I dreamed several nights ago of seeing you and Flem and since then you have been constantly in my mind. I hear from you all through letters from home, but I would like to hear more directly. A late letter from Mug informed us of Flem's loss by fire; it is a great misfortune. Tell him he ought to have a wife to take care of his house when he is away; 'tis a wonder some pretty girl has not captured him before now. And Rose is married; I always think of the children just as they were when I saw them last. I can't realize that they are grown up and some of them married. What is Luna doing and how are Paul and Walker and Reub and Maud--she is the one I never saw. I wish I could see Val and her children. I know they are perfect curiosities.

How do you Texans stand these hard times, or do you have hard times there like we do here; to use Phil's expression, it "has

come down to a ground scuffle" with us to live, and mighty poor living at that. I'm getting mighty tired of this country, wish heap of times we were in Texas or California or somewhere where there was a better chance to make a living than here. We are very unpleasantly situated here--but you have heard the old saying about the skeleton in every closet. Mug has been mighty good to us. She stayed with us three years teaching the children. We can never, never repay her for all she has done for us; we hated to give her up. The children have almost gone wild since she left, but Phil has taken them in hand now and teaches them at night. They are growing very fast; Annie and Hou will soon be grown. Lillie is little but she is loud. Mary is about the same size as Lillie and favors our family more than any of the children. Jimmie is five years old--doesn't look like anybody. He is perfectly happy when he can get the hammer, saw, hatchet or anything in that line--says he is going to be a carpenter when he gets to be a man. Aunt Martha and Uncle Mat are as usual. He is almost as helpless as a baby and very childish. Don't know much about our other kin here; haven't seen any of them since last summer. We have not had a letter from home in some three or four weeks--reckon they must be preparing for that wedding, but don't say anything about that as it is a secret. Well, I must stop and guess you are tired of reading such stuff.

My love to each one of the family and to yourself a double share. Phil is not at home or he would have some message for you.

Please write soon to your loving sister
Lute

Comments:

Flem was James Fleming Higgason, son of Lucy Matilda. "Mug" is Margaret King Walker, sister of Lucy and "Lute." The Higgason children were Laura V. (Val), Jas. Fleming, Mary Launa "Loon," Rosalie, Paul Bascomb, Waverly Walker, Reuben and Maud. Phil is Hugh Phillips Bone, "Lute's" husband.

I do not quite understand the reference to the "skeleton." Perhaps she meant ties. Perhaps she referred to the suit with Martha's brother, Dr. Fleming Jordan over the McCartney property. Perhaps she was thinking of being tied there, to take care of the old folks. I just do not know.

This is the first time I have known how long Aunt Mug stayed and taught. [She also taught me to read (McGuffey) and spell (Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book) and taught so well that in the Spring of 1900 I could read from any newspaper. But she was not one to try and make a pupil happy, or amused. Learning was WORK, and the sooner that was realized, the better. However, she did not include arithmetic in her curriculum, so when I started to school I had to go into the second grade instead of the third to make up that deficit.] If Grandpa ever acted the schoolmaster, Mother never mentioned it, and knowing his

temperament, one suspects he soon tired of it. He never seemed in the least concerned about educating his children, altho a graduate of Cumberland University himself. Aside from Aunt Mug's instruction, all I every heard of was:

Annie. Step-grandmother Bone gave her a year in the "Female" college in Huntsville, run by the Presbyterians.

Hou. Because he helped wait on Grandpa, his grandfather, she gave him, I think, a year in the Winchester Normal, also a church school.

Mother. She got a scholarship to Winchester, and then won another to Peabody in Nashville, graduating from it in the Class of 1889, I believe, and then taught until increasing deafness made that impossible. There were no good aides, or any operations, then, which would have enabled her to continue. She was always small, and attributed it to malnutrition, both prenatal, and in her childhood..

Mary. All the formal teaching she ever had was a year in Young Harris Institute in Georgia, where Lill taught a year and took Mary with her.

Jim (James Walker). He is the one who went to stay with the Aunts and I do not know if he had only home teaching or went to a school there. His brother, Hou, sent him to Auburn one year, but he was too independent of spirit to accept more, and left to work. While he never worked as a "carpenter" he did beautiful work on furniture, and was always in love with, and in, the lumber business, save for some of his younger years, railroading.

As explained, Uncle Mat was Rev. M. H. Bone, father of H. P. Bone and third husband of Mary Jane Jordan Walker's sister, Martha, who was his second wife.

The wedding which was a secret must have been that of "Aunt Sale" who married G. S. Bryan as his second wife. Their wedding took place several months from then. Aunt Sale was Sarah Walker, twin of Narcissa.

Letter sent by Jimmy Williams of Caldwell, Texas, March, 1967. It is signed simply "Auntie" but the writing is the same as the one written later by Aunt Mat (Martha Jane Walker) and the spirit is hers! Mother said she was witty and charming--none of the dour Scot in her makeup. Letter was written to her niece, Launa Higgason.

July 6, 1877

Dear Loon,

Your letter was duly received. I was so glad to hear from you, for your ma's letter in regard to the children had given us great

uneasiness and I was truly glad to hear from you that no bad results had resulted from the rabid dog; hope none every will. I never heard of as many mad dogs in my life as there are these days; my own opinion is that the dogs are not mad, they are poisoned, it gives them the appearance of being mad. There have been a good many mad dogs in this country; we killed one at our front door not long ago. There are men here who are trying to raise sheep and they keep poison thrown out around their places all the time and that is the secret of so many mad dogs. We are having some of the hottest weather now, just nearly melt, everything seems to be patching up, if it doesn't rain soon our garden will be ruined--everything in it now looks like it was cooked and our corn won't make if it doesn't rain and now is the time for it is silking. We can't get our potato patches set out; it seems a hard thing to get crops in, to suit the seasons. Sale took and went and got married sure enough, on the 21st of last month at 5 o'clock in the afternoon she stepped off the stage of single blessedness. She married a widower with three children but they are already raised. She married G. S. Bryan--likely your mother has seen him--a brother of Peter Bryan who lived in Aberdeen. He is a worthy man, a Christian gentleman, Elder in the C. P. Church, a man of intelligence and industry, makes his living by the sweat of his brow. He bought a quarter section of this old Curk ? field (or Corkfield) section and is a near neighbor and is a good man. He is ugly--that is his misfortune and not his fault. He has a brother living about a mile below us who is a widower and they say that he and Mat Holiday are going to marry--now what do you think of that? Wouldn't she look funny as a wife? I am inclined to believe it. Mr. Holiday has heart disease and is likely to die at any time, have thought he would die several times here lately; he is better now. Dr. Moore has heart disease--is likely to drop off any time, has now gone to Virginia for his health with his wife and baby.

I spent several days in town this week, attending the closing exercises of the female college. I had not attended a musical concert in so long and being a dear lover of music I concluded I would gratify my taste, so I went to work and borrowed from everybody in the house some clothes to wear--a dress from this one, a collar from another, a necktie from another, shoes from another until I got fixed up and I went to town to church. I hadn't been to town to church in so long it sorter scared me and then when the great big organ commenced to thunder I sorter shook, but I got through and went to Sallie Johnson's with Carry Cracken (?) and she and I attended the concerts at the courthouse, and they made it just as grand as they could for there was another school in town they were trying to beat. Monday night the graduating class received their diplomas. The courthouse was packed and about time they got halfway through, the fire bell rang and just such a panic--everyone was on their feet in a second and there was a rush for the doors--I kept my seat. I didn't care to be trampled to death, but it was a false alarm and they succeeded in quieting the crowd and getting them reseated. A lady who had been at the concert got tired and went home; when she got home she found her husband who she had left at

home well lying on the floor dead. She lived near the courthouse and someone outside hearing her screams, supposed it was fire, and rang the bell. The poor woman was so shocked she went into convulsions. Her husband was a victim to whiskey. A few days previous to that another man at the hotel had died the same way without anyone knowing it--he and his wife had had a fight that morning. Whiskey is killing its thousands.

Sallie and Carry are the same as they used to be, no change in them. Sallie is a widow now. Mr. Johnson is at the hot springs for his health. You said you would send me that centennial soap receipt; now you send it. I am going to send you calico like all our dresses in a newspaper before long; would have done it before now, but I forgot it. Well I must stop, I'm so hot. This is ironing day too and you know it is good and hot. We have between 60 and 70 young guineas and 24 little turkeys; the hogs ate up all the chickens. Am going to send you some more collard seed; plant them and water your bed and keep it covered with newspaper till the seed come up and keep it shaded and watered all the time if you don't have rain till they are ready to set out. You have warm winters and they will grow and head; take papers off at night; build a bush arbor over your collard bed. If the sun is as hot there as it is here, it will kill them.

All the family join in sending much love.
Write again soon and believe me ever your loving old
Aunt.

Comments:

Loon, of course, is Mary Launa Higgason, Lucy's daughter. "Sale" was Sarah J. Walker, twin of "Aunt Cis." I know nothing of the friends mentioned, Carry and Sallie.

Re Aunt Mat and music. Her father had a small instrument the family called a flute, altho' I was told it was not, truly; it is small, but has the general characteristics of a small one. My uncle, Halbert H. Bone, had it, and when he died I bought it from his widow--what was left of it, as the mouthpiece was gone, although I know when he lived at home it was in tact; she said tho', that was ALL of it. The music store where I took it could not tell me where to get another, or the type it previously had, and said it could not every be played because the keys had "frozen." It is now owned by my daughter, Emily W. Good (Mrs. Wm. B.). Cousin Mamie Dukemenier said that, as a girl when she visited the aunts, on moonlight nights Aunt Mat would sit on the porch and play it, and "I thought it the sweetest music in the world."

Letter owned by Mrs. Ralph Williams, Rt. 4, Caldwell, Texas. Written to the above Lucy by her younger sister, Louisa Ann (Walker) Bone, called "Lute," and wife of Hugh Phillips Bone, of Madison County, AL.

Dec. 16, 1877

Dear Lucy,

I guess by this time you have come to the conclusion that I am a poor correspondent and you are mighty right. I always was a poor letter writer but worse now than ever. I have so little time and then half the time when I want to write there is neither paper, stamp nor envelope on hand so I have to wait till another time--and now that I have commenced I have nothing to tell you new or interesting. We are living along at the same old rate--one day just like another--nothing every happens to create any excitement. Very little talk about Christmas although it is so near. I believe our church at Maysville is trying to get up a Tree for the benefit of the Sunday School, and the Methodists are going to have a supper--want us to give them something--don't know whether we will be able to or not--too poor to buy sugar--we have done without sugar and coffee too all the year and I don't see any prospect of times being any easier next year. Phil is now looking around for meat. We lost all our hogs last year with cholera--have but three left, not half enough to do us, so we will be worse off next year than we have been this, for you know nothing is ever plentiful when you have to buy it. He has just finished sowing wheat, so if it turns out well, we'll have plenty of cake another year. We have so far been blessed with good health--have had no serious sickness in our family in five years. Uncle Mat doesn't improve any--scarcely ever tries to walk alone--a confirmed hypochondriac. Aunt Martha is wearing herself out waiting on him; he has no mercy on her; she can't be out of the room fifteen minutes but he is calling her back. She has been wanting to go to town all this fall but every time she says anything about it he goes to bed and tries to die, just to keep her from leaving him, when any of us could and would wait on him just as well. I don't know how she stands it as well as she does, but she humors every whim, so far as is in her power, nurses him like he was a baby--this is just between you and me, say nothing about it in your letters. I had a letter from Mug last week--all well but she writes mighty gloomy letters.

Have you got tenants enough on your place? If you have room and can furnish a house, we can send you one from here. An old man in this neighborhood named Kytle wants to go out there but doesn't know where to go. If you want him, write back right away. I expect the family are good workers. Another family, a widow with nine children, six girls and three boys are going to Johnson County--this year they have made on poor land, after paying the rent, 15 bales of cotton beside their corn and other crops--it won't take them long to get rich out there, will it?

I hear of a great deal of sickness through the county, mostly chills--one or two deaths from diphtheria. How I dread that disease and being so near us keeps me uneasy all the time.

I send one of Mary's pictures--she is the only Walker in the lot. I can't tell you anything about the kin up here for I haven't seen or heard anything of them for months.

Phil is gone to town as witness in some case--he had been down there nearly three weeks on the grand jury. Hope they won't keep him there long. The children all join with me in much love to all.

Write soon to
Lute.

Comments: (by Kathleen Paul Jones, March 1967)

The original letter, in pencil, is very dim, so much so it was feared it would not reproduce at all, but it did and legibly.

"Phil" is Hugh Phillips Bone, husband of the writer. "Uncle Mat" is the Rev. M. H. Bone, father of H. P. Bone (and what she says confirms my suspicions regarding his "helplessness"--that it was largely psychological, and a retreat from reality).

"Aunt Martha," Martha Harvie (Jordan) McCartney-Weaver-Bone was the second wife of Rev. M. H. Bone. She was the aunt of Louisa Ann and Lucy Matilda Walker, and the step-mother of Hugh Phillips Bone. "Mug" is Margaret King Walker, sister of "Lute" and Lucy. "Mary" was my beloved aunt, Mary Eva Bone, third daughter of Louisa A. and H. P. Bone. She married, in her middle years, James M. Burdine, and lived till she died in the old house built in 1825 by Martha's first husband, James McCartney.

Letter owned by Mrs. Ralph Williams. Though it is signed "Auntie" it has to be from Aunt Mug (Margaret king Walker) since Aunt Mat had died, and Aunt Cis was sick.

Aug. 7, 1891

Dear Walker,

I don't know that you have heard of our troubles this summer, for I have had neither time nor inclination to write to anyone.

I believe I wrote you that your Aunt Mat had an attack of La Grippe in the early spring. She never fully recovered from it but kept gradually declining until her sickness developed into typhoid fever from which she died July 10. While she was yet so sick, Cissie was taken with the same fever, and in a few days Jimmie had to go to bed. He was so anxious to help me he wouldn't give up until he was compelled to. There I was, the only one in the house able to be up, with three cases of that

terrible fever. I thought they were all going to die and I didn't know which would go first. I was almost crazed with anxiety and hardly know how I got through the next few weeks. But I have the best neighbors in the world. They are friends indeed. They were all kind but there were two or three that came and stayed with me day and night. I can never forget and hope some day to be able to repay them.

One day Willie was here and became so alarmed at Jimmie's condition he went back to town and telegraphed for his mother. I didn't want Lute to come at all and hoped she would not. She was just getting up from a spell of bilious fever and I was so afraid she would come down here and take this dreadful fever. You know physicians say there is always some local cause for typhoid fever, but the Doctor examined the place thoroughly and said he could find nothing to create malaria, had the water analyzed and said it was pure as could be. He was at quite a loss to account for so much sickness. Although Lute was not at all well, and Annie was in bed sick she (Lute) took the first train and came to us. Her health has improved all the time and I don't know what I would have done without her. I am glad she came and hate to think of her leaving, which she expects to do next week. All at home are so uneasy about her and keep begging her to come back, altho she writes them often assuring them that she is perfectly well.

Jimmie is getting well fast; he looks white and peaked but has a ravenous appetite and as he can now eat anything he wants he will soon be himself again. Cissie recuperates more slowly; she is up and creeping around a little, but still very weak.

We do miss your Aunt Mat so much, but would not recall her unless we could have her back in perfect health for we know that she is in a happier world. Tell Loon I read her letter to her, but don't think she was at herself to know what I was saying.

Much love to all and write soon to your sorrowing
Auntie.

Comments: (KPJ)

Jimmie was James Walker Bone, second son of her sister Lute. I've never known at what age he went to stay with the Aunties, nor how long there, but Aunt Mug considered him her own; his 20th birthday was in November of 1901; he had one year at Auburn so perhaps left that fall. Annie was the oldest daughter of "Lute." Willie was either Uncle Billy, the doctor, or his son, Wm. Burwell Walker. Grandma never called her brother "Willie"--just Billy--but Aunt Mug could have. However, I suspect it was Wm. B. who sent the wire.

Letter sent by Mrs. Ralph Williams of Caldwell, Texas.

May 15, 1894

Dear Loon,

I reckon you think I have treated you shabbily, but let me tell you the reason I have not written and see if you cannot excuse me. About the time I was thinking of writing to you I saw Muggie writing to Walker and I thought best to wait awhile. I was very busy in March and April, making soap and trying to get the garden started. The fourth Sunday in April I went to church and took cold and have had the grippe ever since. It is not La Grippe--aristocracy have that--but plain old grippe. You all said I had it while there, but it was nothing but malaria, my spleen was enlarged, this cold settled itself in my back and head and unfitted me for anything. Brother Wm. has not been well for some time, has fever and complains of his back. We are expecting Annie and Mary Bone in a few days. I wish you could meet them here. Mary Chambers wrote me that she would visit us in June. I hope by that time we will have something in the garden to eat. We get nothing but potatoes now. That freeze the last of March was a terrible thing--besides killing all the fruit and garden truck it has thrown the farmers behind about a month and then it has been so dry the prospects in this country are gloomy. We had a rain last Friday that helped everything. Have you any seven-year locusts out there? We have lots of them. Blackberries are the only fruit we are going to have and these locusts, they say, will poison them. What is the matter with Val? She will not write to me, she is pouting about something. I have answered all her letters; if I have said anything to hurt her feelings, I am sorry. You must excuse this poor letter. I don't feel a bit like writing this morning.

Love to all,
Aunt Cis

Comments:

Uncle Billy's daughter, Cora, m. Dr. J. W. Edwards, and their daughter, Annie, m. Eugene Chambers. Annie and Mary Bone were my two aunts, children of Louisa Ann (Walker) Bone. "Muggie" is Aunt Mug--Margaret K. Walker, and Walker is Waverly Walker Higgason, her nephew. Bro. Wm. is Uncle Billy Walker.

Letter owned by Mrs. Ralph Williams. Written by "Cis"--Narcissa Walker to her niece, Mary Launa Higgason.

Oct. 3, 1894

Dear Loon,

I have weighed up the cotton and had the chiggers picked off my back; now I will proceed to pay some of my debts, and, as you are

the first on the list, will begin with you. I can't find your letter and shall have to do the best I can towards answering it.

Crops here are much better than they were last year. 'Twas thought at one time that the cotton crop would be the best that has been made for years, but too much rain in July and August has cut off the crop considerably, and it is worth only five cents. It looks like working hard all the year for nothing; it is nearly all open and if it doesn't rain too much, it will soon be gathered and on the market. Corn, peas, potatoes and sorghum are pretty good. The negroes made about three hundred gallons of molasses. We do not love it, so I took the seed for our part. I feed my chickens on them in the winter. My hog crop is short too--have only five and they are small and I guess they will not be very fat as there is no meat to help fatten them. I have been selling meat for two years, and the money comes in at a good time, when we have nothing else to sell except a little butter.

There was a big circus in town yesterday and nearly everybody went, and I reckon negroes, and white folks too, left their cotton patches white with cotton to stand around on the streets all day; one of Patience's daughters went; when she came home she found her house, and everything she had, a pile of ashes.

I suppose you have heard that the college has been moved from Oxford to West Point and how Oxford got mad and said this school should not be moved and when they found that Synod was going to move it in spite of all they could do they mortgaged the property to get money to have necessary repairs done and said they would have a school. They then tried to break down the school at W.P. by telling lies on Mr. Eshman; the school at W.P. opened last Friday; a letter from Annie yesterday says that girls seemed to rain down for awhile--they have 96 boarders and 30 locals. The building is not nearly done. Mr. Eshman rented a hotel and some dwelling houses to store them away in till the college is finished; the house will cost $20,000. Annie says that for three days she thought she would go crazy, there was so much confusion but she would rather have her hundred girls than Lill's one if she had to suffer as Lill has. She has had a hard time, is down now with a rising breast. Kathleen, the baby, is very sweet and cute. Lill was to go home the first part of the month, but she doesn't know now when she can go.

Willie told me to tell you that he endorsed Cleveland in some things and in some things he didn't. He said, "I tell you Cleveland is the biggest President we have had since Washington." I told him I knew he weighed more than any of them; he laughed and said, "You just wait and see." I am so disgusted with politics that I have quit reading them. Willie said he is too poor to go to Congress so he is not in the race this fall.

Mary D. has been here only once since her father died; that was the first real trouble she ever had and it seems hard for her to get over it. We don't go to town; therefore, we see very little of them. Lula has been afflicted with a terrible breaking out

for two weeks. She has been full of sores from her head to her feet, has been hardly able to walk. Bro. William said yesterday that she was better in some places and worse in others. Lena was up two weeks ago; she and children have had better health this summer than usual; Mamie has six going to school.

Last Sunday was Communion day with the Methodists, and I saw Mamie with her girls on each side of her and T. J. beside her, on one side of the pulpit and Tom D. with Emmett and Sydney on each side of him take the sacrament. T. J. is the youngest communicant I ever saw; he is about six years old. The Sunday before at our church there were thirteen children baptized; there will be a wedding in the neighborhood soon--Sallie Williams' oldest daughter and Will Lloyd. I forgot to tell you when talking about the school that Oxford had only two boarders from this State. That tells plainly which school the church will support. Muggie keeps well, but my health has not been good this year, I have spent most of the time coughing.

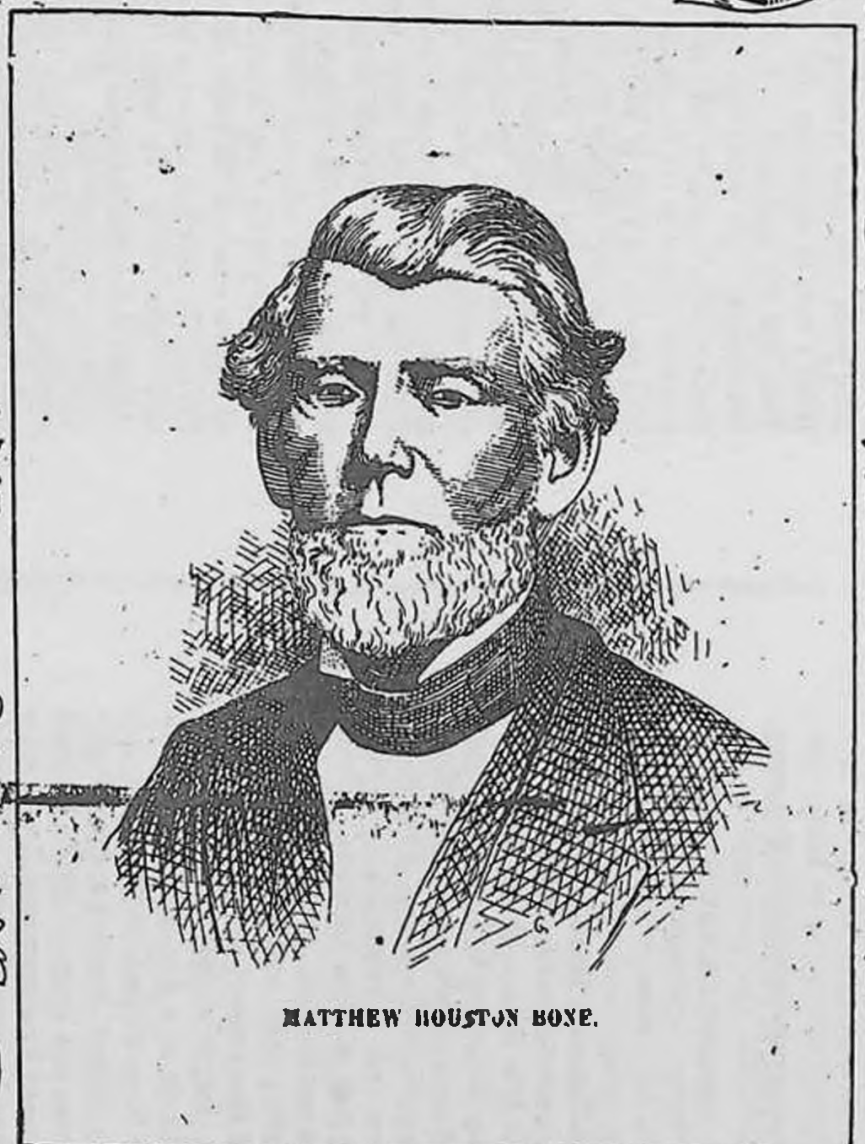
Write soon. Much love to all from
Muggie and Aunt Cis.

Comments:

I wish Mother was here to tell me what happened at Oxford! It was a school owned by the Cumberland Presbyterian church. One of the albums here has a group picture taken there. Mr. Eshman ran it; then it was moved to West Point, and renamed Southern Female College. I was there, when about five years old, on a brief visit--and purely terrified of "Uncle Nelse." Aunt Mug stayed in "the cottage," a small two-story building used as sick bay, except for her room. It snowed, heavily, and we had to walk through it to reach the dining hall. Her room was small, but too large for its miniature coal grate to warm. They were there until about 1909 when he built another school in Nashville which he called "Radnor College." It was by no means a college--just a boarding school, not as advanced as one of today's high schools. Mr. Eshman was, like his German forebears, a person who'd brook no opposition, and one suspects was often embroiled in controversy.

"Lill" is my mother, Lillian Bone Paul, and Kathleen is of course me. I know nothing of Sallie Williams nor of Will Lloyd.

Willie is Wm. Burwell Walker; he was a member of the State Senate when he died. His wife was "Mary D."--Mary Dudley Sykes. They lived in Aberdeen. Lula was one of "Uncle Billy" Walker's daughters, m. Gideon G. Ray and had one child, Gary Clifford (the G in Gary may have been another consonant. Ed.), who teaches in Carbon Hill, AL. The Mattie referred to in Aunt Mat's letter must be Uncle Billy's daughter, Martha. "Mamie" was Mary Amelia Walker, also his child, who married Thomas J. Dukemenier and had William Emmett, Algernon Sidney. Mamie Pearl. Anne Render (the Render was not legible, so is a guess. Ed.), Mattie Lou, Thomas Jefferson, James W. and Jesse J.



MATTHEW HOUSTON BONE.

REV. MATTHEW HOUSTON BONE.

MAYSVILLE, ALA.

MATTHEW HOUSTON BONE was born May 24th, 1803, near Statesville, Wilson County, Tennessee. His father, Hugh Bone, and mother, Mary Hill, were both of Scotch-Irish lineage, and reared in the same community in Iredell county, North Carolina. They inherited religious and Presbyterian proclivities from a long line of pious ancestors. Naturally of good constitutions, strong minds, and christian habits, well confirmed under the teachings of that eminent divine, Rev. James Hall, D. D., they were fully qualified to take position as heads of a family and train their children for God and the Church, which they did. Seven children, five sons and two daughters, were born unto them, of which Matthew Houston, named for a prominent Presbyterian divine of that day, was the sixth. His early education was very limited, the country con-

tiguous to his father's house affording very meagre facilities in that regard. His boyhood years were spent in tilling the soil of his father's farm in connection with his brothers. This laid the foundation of a good physical constitution. His moral training, it hardly needs to be said, was in strict accord with the standard erected in the Abrahamic Covenant. This created the basis of what has been ever since, a strictly religious life, and an entire consecration to his God. On the 9th of September, 1821, at a camp-meeting at Good Providence, Union County, Kentucky, he embraced, by faith, all the blessings stipulated and guaranteed in the covenant before mentioned. From the time of his early boyhood the thought had predominated in his mind, that some day he would be a preacher. Now that the seal of the covenant had been applied more directly to his heart through the washing of regeneration and the belief of the truth, he felt that the time had arrived to take the initiatory steps. With this intent he presented himself before the Anderson presbytery, then convened, October 1822, at Mt. Pleasant meeting house, Muhlenburg County, Kentucky, and was accepted as a candidate for the office of the holy ministry. It was the cus-

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tom in those days, institutions of learning being rare, for old preachers to take probationers into their families to teach and train them for the work. He, and one other, a kinsman of about the same age, were taken in by the good Dr. Johnson, pastor of his father's church, who kindly lent them the aid of his counsel and gave them one corner of his kitchen for a studio, (house-room being scarce.) Here *in good earnest* he entered upon the business before him, and added much to his hitherto scant stock of information. His limited *apprenticeship* with Dr. Johnson having ended, he passed through several interrupted periods of pupilage under different teachers—Weller, Hinton and Ogden were some of them. Improving every possible opportunity and applying himself closely to study, he was enabled to acquire the rudiments of a very good English education. Considerable advancement too, had been made during the time, in the study of theology. In April 1825, he was licensed by Anderson presbytery, and went out upon the Henderson circuit to preach the Gospel. This he did faithfully and energetically, preaching once, and often twice a day whenever circumstances demanded, until towards the close of his term, he was prostrated

by an attack of intermittent fever, brought on by his excessive labors and exposure to the rigorous winter weather. To the Rev. Joel Lambert of Henderson, Kentucky, he was indebted for shelter and many kind attentions during his illness.

At the next meeting of the presbytery he was ordered to "ride and preach on the Christian circuit." Another spell of fever followed towards the close of his labors on this circuit, superinduced, no doubt, as was the other, by his continued exposure to the inclement weather. Again recruited, this time at the house of his friend George McLean, he was sent no more to his circuit (his place in the meantime having been filled by another); but was assigned to the "Corps of Camp-meeting Preachers," with whom for a time, he energetically co-operated in holding many excellent meetings. His services while on the Henderson and Christian circuits, were attended with the divine blessing, and proved to him, a young man just starting out, a source of great encouragement. Many souls were converted, and not a few added to the Church, some of whom afterwards became honored heralds of the cross of Christ.

While a member of the camp-meeting corps,

an incident occurred, which is worth recording. An interesting meeting in which all participated had just closed at Eddy Grove, Kentucky. Another was to be held at McAdow. The older preachers could not attend the first day. M. H. Bone was sent to deliver the opening sermon. On Wednesday morning, horseback and alone, he set out on a two day's journey to the place of meeting. Fully impressed with the weight of the responsibility, riding along he began to revolve in his mind upon what subject he should preach. Wednesday, Wednesday night, and all day Thursday were spent in fruitless efforts in coming to a conclusion. Thursday night he stopped to lodge at the house of a friend near the camp-ground with mind yet dark, and gloomy forebodings for the morrow. At a late hour he retired to bed, but not to rest. In tears and prayers and groans he spent the most of the night, until tired nature asserting itself he fell asleep. In the morning he awoke, his heart to his astonishment was light and buoyant, his mind serene and clear as a sunbeam. During his slumber, in a dream a text had been impressed upon his mind, which until then, he had not known was in the Bible. "I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in

Pharaoh's chariot."—Songs of Solomon, i. 9. Springing out of bed he hastily examined the place and found it as it had been revealed to him. The sermon was in full and clear detail before his mind. Thus inspired, he went to the camp-ground and preached with great power and boldness the subject as it had been communicated to him, to a large concourse of people in waiting. The Spirit of the Most High came down, sinners were cut to the heart, the cry for mercy went up and continued without intermission until the following Tuesday, when it was found between eighty and one hundred persons had embraced the Savior. It was a glorious meeting and one long to be remembered by all who participated in it.

For the three years next succeeding, he was appointed to assist young preachers on their circuits, in holding sacramental and two day's meetings. This he did as a sort of "presiding elder." He retained his place, however, on the camp-meeting corps, and attended generally from ten to fifteen meetings of this nature during one year.

In October, 1828, he was ordained by the Anderson presbytery at Bethlehem church, Caldwell County, Ky. Rev. John Barnett preached the ordination sermon, and Rev.

David Lowry presided and gave the charge.

In May, 1829, he was commissioned a general agent to travel and solicit funds and patronage for Cumberland College. This work he entered upon in conjunction with Rev. John W. Ogden, travelling and preaching together, through the upper counties of Kentucky, southern Ohio, western Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Throughout all this country Cumberland Presbyterianism was, up to this time, comparatively unknown. They were well received wherever they went; but were less successful in obtaining money and patronage for the college than in propagating the doctrines of their Church. Large crowds attended their preaching, and in many places extensive revivals, and souls in great numbers won over to Christ, were the fruits of their efforts. In one place, Lebanon, Ohio, they laid the foundation of that which afterwards was not only a very flourishing church, but the beginning of what is now known as the Miami presbytery.

In November following he returned, rendered his report to presbytery and resigned his commission. His little stock of means becoming exhausted, some discouragement arose about this time in reference to a

temporal support. The church did not afford it. To guard against the future recurrence of this, he set about preparing for the practice of medicine; engaging, however, to preach two Sabbaths in each month for the people of Elkton, Ky. Before the year was out they had arranged for his ample support, upon condition that he would abandon the study of medicine. This he consented to do, and thereupon proceeded to organize a church of eleven members, and remained for a number of years their regular pastor. The year succeeding the organization, an *extraordinary* revival of religion sprang up in this church, which continued uninterruptedly for six months; during this time one hundred souls were converted, three-fourths of whom joined the church, making it thereafter an organization of great strength and influence in that community.

On the 3rd of June, 1832, his responsibilities in life were greatly increased by leading to the hymenial altar Miss Emily W. Phillips, daughter of Thomas Phillips, a citizen of Todd County, Kentucky. An accomplished, christian lady, he found in her, a help-meet indeed. Shortly after marriage he and his wife became the Principals of a female school

at Elkton, which greatly flourished under their management, and afterwards culminated in the Green River Female Academy.

After two years of faithful and laborious teaching he undertook a self-appointed mission to Lebanon, Ohio. A few friends at that point had for five years, since his first advent among them, repeatedly solicited a renewal of his visit; but until now no opportunity had presented. Promising, if unsuccessful in this mission, to return to his charge in Elkton, he set out June 15, 1835, in the midst of a cholera epidemic which he found raging with fearful violence in every town through which he passed, until he reached his destination. There he learned to his great delight that it had ceased its ravages. Into the house of David Bone, Esq., a distant relative and prominent citizen of the place he was kindly received and furnished every accommodation for himself and family, free of charge.

David Bone was no ordinary individual—lofty in his aims, generous in his feelings and noble in his purposes, he took this preacher and family not only into his own home but into his heart, and though not a member of any church himself contributed largely of his means and of his influence to place Cumberland Presbyterianism in that town upon a firm footing. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church and its doctrines, up to that time, as it has been in another place remarked, were comparatively unknown there; but this zealous missionary was not long in bringing them into general notice and favor. For several months he was invited to preach each Sabbath, alternately, in the different churches. This was the means of giving him a pretty general introduction. He soon established a preaching place of his own. The Town Hall was secured for this purpose.

The attendance was at first small but gradually grew into larger numbers, until the hall would no longer accommodate them. A congregation of eighteen persons was very soon organized, twelve of whom came from the Old School Presbyterian church in one certificate, among them one elder. Dr. Lindley, of eastern Ohio assisted him in the organization. Shortly after, the gifted Noel, lending the aid of his ministerial services, a gracious outpouring of the Spirit was experienced, resulting in the conversion of a goodly number of persons most of whom united with the new congregation; and before the next year was out a neat and commodious church edifice had

congregation; and before the next year was out a neat and commodious church edifice had

been erected. See what one man with determined effort can accomplish. Here was a preacher with scarcely a dollar in his pocket, nothing to rely upon but the hand of the Lord to sustain him, yet with confidence in His might setting out for a country far beyond the bounds of his church's influence, where its doctrines were but little known, and he almost a stranger, yet in a few short months successful in organizing a congregation, building up a large Sabbath school, and otherwise contributing to the introduction of an element, which taking deep root has gone on growing and extending until through the many off-shoots it has penetrated, and exists to this day, throughout all that country. Why cannot young preachers in this day and time go and do likewise?

But the condition of his family did not long permit him to remain with this people. His wife's health failing, he was compelled to return with her to her father's house in Kentucky. In a few months her strength having to some extent recuperated, he was enabled to enter upon the business of house-keeping, which he did on a little farm adjoining the town of Elkton, a gift of the father-in-law to the daughter. At the same time he resumed

charge of the church in Elkton, and took into his family, as was the custom at that time, three young men, candidates for the ministry, to instruct them in literature and theology; viz: G. W. Bone, G. D. McLean, and James Frazier; also, W. G. L. Quaite as a boarder. All these remained with him until in 1838, he suffered the direful misfortune to have his house, with all its contents, destroyed by fire. This, the work of an incendiary, occurred on Saturday, while all were away from home. The tears of his grief had scarcely dried over the loss of a tender infant of eleven months, in Ohio; his wife's health still remaining very feeble, and now this heavy calamity by fire overtaking him, it was indeed a time of great discouragement. His trust in God, however, never faltered. Kind friends, in a great measure, restored his losses, and at once he set about rebuilding.

He continued to preach to the church in Elkton; but in a little while they grew careless as to their pledges. His father-in-law was a man of generous impulses, and had done much to assist him. *He* thought, and that rightly, that it was the duty of the church to support its pastor. The church seemed to think that the father-in-law ought to do it. Under these cir-

cumstances Mr. Bone grew discouraged, and resolved, in the support of his family, to make himself independent of the church. In this he was perhaps a little hasty, and forgetful of his favorite motto: "Jehovah-jireh." He read medicine during the week, and preached to his congregation every Sunday. In November, 1839, he entered the Medical College at Louisville, Ky. He attended lectures until February, when the rapidly declining health of his wife compelled him to return to her. He remained by her bedside, closely watching and nursing her, until April, following, when her pure spirit left its tenement and winged its flight to the God who gave it. No higher eulogy could be passed, or more glowing tribute paid to the memory of her virtues, than to say that she was in the truest and fullest sense of the word, *a preacher's wife*. The loss of such a companion, and that, too, in the early years of married life, no man can realize who has never experienced it.

In June following the demise of his wife, to seek relief from a burdened and troubled heart, he set out upon a tour of traveling. Peregrinating the country for a time he came, at last, by special invitation, to the house of Rev. Robert Donnell, of Athens, Ala. "Uncle

Bob," as he was familiarly, though affectionately, called by almost everybody who knew him, had been an old friend of his father. With him Mr. Bone spent most of the summer, assisting in holding camp-meetings, until August, when he was stricken down and lay prostrate six weeks with a severe attack of intermittent fever. Recovering, he set out to visit his two little children in Kentucky, promising on his return to assume the pastorate of the churches at Athens and Huntsville, Ala. Owing to one or two relapses on the way, he did not reach Kentucky until late in November, where he arrived considerably emaciated and worn down by protracted sickness. Recruiting his health in a good degree at the house of his father-in-law during the winter, he returned to Alabama in February, to fulfill his engagement with the churches at Athens and Huntsville. Here he did some very efficient work, reorganizing and revivifying these two churches, until the close of the year he contracted to devote all his time to the interest of the one at Huntsville. He continued as shepherd of this flock, going in and out before them for four years, during which time he had the satisfaction of seeing the church under his guidance greatly strengthened and built up, both spiritually and numerically.

...ion, to the house of Rev. Robert Donnell, of Athens, Ala. "Uncle ...

...shepherd of this flock, going in and out before them for four years, during which time he had the satisfaction of seeing the church under his guidance greatly strengthened and built up, both spiritually and numerically.

In August, 1842, he was married the second time, to Mrs. Martha H. Weaver, a lady of strong natural mind and attractive personal features, a fast friend to preachers, and a zealous member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. She has proven to him throughout the thirty-six years of their married life, ever the sympathizing companion and faithful spouse. At the time of their union he was the father of two children, and she the mother of two, by their former marriages. But scarcely eighteen months had elapsed ere they were called to stand over the graves of each of their first-born; the burial rites of both happening upon the same day.

The superintendence of a large estate having devolved upon him by reason of his second marriage, he resigned his charge over the church at Huntsville, and took up that of one near the Three Forks of Flint river, called Bethlehem. At about the same time he commenced to preach to the people of Loweville, (since called Maysville,) a little village two miles from his residence.

A small church was soon organized here, and a neat house of worship erected. They called it Ewing Chapel. For ten years he faithfully dispensed the word of life to these

congregations, both of which during the time, experienced many gracious outpourings of the Spirit, and large accessions to their numbers.

In July, 1854, he received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Nashville, Tenn. He served these people three years, greatly to their spiritual edification and growth in grace; but owing to entanglements of a business character, connected with his wife's estate in Alabama, he thought it best, much as he regretted it, to give up his connection with this congregation.

He next traveled for two years in the interest of Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tennessee, soliciting patronage and funds for its endowment. A large number of notes, taken by other agents, were put into his hands for collection, with some of which he was successful; with others not.

He returned then to his home in Alabama, and took charge again of the church at Maysville. At the same time was ordered by the Tennessee presbytery to organize out of the two old churches, Bethlehem and Liberty, which, by a recent act of the presbytery, had been consolidated, a new one, to be called the Meridian Church, and to be located at

Meridianville. He accomplished this work greatly to the satisfaction of the people, and to their spiritual upbuilding and growth in Christ, and continued ministering to them, alternately with the congregation at Maysville, until 1860, when he accepted a call to the church at Winchester, Tenn.

Winchester at that time presented quite a promising field for usefulness. Two female schools were located there, to which a large number of young ladies were sent every year to receive moral and intellectual training. The place was noted for its healthful location, beautiful scenery and pleasant society. Many were seeking to acquire homes there for the benefit of its social and literary advantages, in which last respect it bid fair to become quite a centre. But the war coming on put a stop to all enterprises of a peaceful character, and greatly circumscribed the efforts of the preacher. In spite, however, of the many adverse circumstances surrounding him, Mr. Bone for the first two years of the war stood at his post, battling in the cause of his Heavenly Master. In January, 1863, the "Confederates" occupied the town, and took possession of all the church houses, but in the July following retired to the south side of Tennessee river, leaving

Winchester and its inhabitants within the "Federal" lines.

Mr. Bone's avowed sentiments and open sympathy with the South rendered him somewhat obnoxious to the Federal commanders. To avoid arrest and perhaps imprisonment, he resolved to retire to his home in Madison County, Alabama, whither with his wife and daughter-in-law he went, and in great quiet and unobtrusiveness, spent the remainder of the war teaching a little country school.

Hostilities ended, and peace declared, he returned once more to his people in Winchester, whom he found greatly distracted and cast down on account of their recent disasters. The ordeal through which they had passed was very trying, and its demoralizing effects were plainly visible, both upon the minds and morals of the people. He at once set about the work of consoling and reanimating them. The church house, which during the war had been greatly abused by the soldiery, was cleaned and refitted, preaching in it resumed, and the standard of the cross once more erected before the people. Not many months after, a glorious revival of religion was experienced, causing the membership to be greatly built up in the Gospel, and numerically strengthened. The Sunday-

school was reorganized, grew into large proportions, and became *indeed* the nursery of the church. The female school also revived and bid fair for a time to regain its former prosperity and usefulness, but falling into trouble in respect to its finances, it somehow lost the title to the property, and died eventually *a cruel death*. Mr. Bone, who had in the meantime become its Associate President, did all in his power to save it, but without avail. Following this a deep and overpowering lethargy seemed to take hold upon the church. For several years they failed to make the pastor's salary, notwithstanding his repeated efforts, by a liberal cancellation of their indebtedness, to aid them, until finally matters growing continually worse, he felt that in order to save the integrity of the church and preserve his own self respect, it was his duty to part with them, which he did.

In April, 1873, he was appointed by the Board of Missions of the Tennessee presbytery, an evangelist, to supply the vacant churches within her bounds with the word and ordinances of the Gospel. He entered upon this work on his seventieth birthday, and for six months, accompanied by his wife as a sort of assistant *circuit rider*, prosecuted his mission among the destitute churches. The people every-

where received him with gladsome hearts, and listened to his teachings as to one of the fathers.

The Lord was with him, blessed his labors, and much lasting good, it is thought, was accomplished. He has been often heard to say, that this six months' tour was to him the most pleasant epoch in his history; and in all probability will have proven the closing act in the drama of his ministerial life. His career, then, as a preacher having commenced as a missionary, will close as a missionary. How fitting!

His term of appointment as evangelist under the Board having expired, his physical powers, it was found, had so far given way, by reason of age and other infirmities, he was compelled to desist from any farther attempts at preaching. He retired, therefore, to his old home in Alabama, where he has remained ever since, for the most part confined to his room, a subject of rheumatic paralysis, and extreme nervous disorder. For two years or more he was a helpless invalid, with scarcely voice to talk, and eyesight too defective to read. Through all this trying period his mind remained strong and active, his powers of appetite and digestion good, sleep sound, and assimilation perfect; indeed, was to all outward appearance hale and healthy, but as utterly devoid of strength

to help himself as a child of six months. Latterly his muscular powers have somewhat improved, insomuch as to allow him to take short rides in his buggy, and to attend, when the weather is good, the little church of his own planting, still flourishing at Maysville. Occasionally his strength will permit him, sitting in his chair, to give a short exhortation after sermon, to which the people, all, both old and young, listen with the *greatest appreciation*. His highest delight is still to go to the house of God and attend upon the ordinances of His own appointment. He is frequently heard to declare that his soul yearns to stand once more in the sacred desk and proclaim the truths of the Gospel. He thinks he could do so with more power and plainness than ever before. But this privilege, perhaps, will never more be granted him. Worn down by time and labor, with scarcely strength to walk a step, he spends the dull hours, from morn till night, sitting in his easy chair, or reclining at intervals on his little bed, his faithful, self-sacrificing wife his constant attendant, and doing all in her power to meet his every temporal want. While for supplies of Divine grace to enable him to bear up under his afflictions, he still looks with confidence to that source which, for fifty years of a

very chequered life he has never yet known to refuse him or turn him away empty. Waiting, waiting, waiting for the Master's summons, "It is enough, come up higher."

ADDENDA.

M. H. Bone was contemporary and associated at different periods during his ministerial career with the following named preachers: In Kentucky, Henry F. Delany, Aaron Shelby, F. R. Cossitt, D. D., David Lowry, D. D., John, William and James Barnett, Hugh B. Hill, Silas N. Davis, Hiram McDaniel, Joel Penick, Joel Lambert, Thomas Bone, and others.

In Alabama, Robert Donnell, Jacob Lindley, A. G. Gibson, Felix Johnson, N. P. Modrall, B. C. Chapman, Geo. W. Mitchell, Wm. D. Chadick, J. C. Elliott, and others.

In Tennessee, Aaron Alexander, S. M. Cowan, A. J. Steele, Robert Frazier, Henry Larkin, N. T. Power, James Campbell, N. J. Fox, A. J. Baird, Wm. B. Watterson, and others.

Memorandum of some particulars in the life of Rev. M. H. Bone:

He served as pastor the following churches, which he had organized at the dates given: Elkton, Ky., 1830; Lebanon, Ohio, 1836; Athens and Huntsville, Ala., (reorganized) 1841; Maysville, Ala., 1845; Meridianville, Ala., 1853. Organized, but did not serve as pastor, Brookhaven, near Memphis, Tenn., 1872.

He was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, at Owensboro, Ky., in 1846, and also at Lebanon, Tenn., in 1855. He was Engrossing Clerk of the General Assembly at Princeton, Ky., in 1835, and at Memphis, Tenn., in 1854. He was Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Missions in 1858, and resigned in favor of Rev. T. C. Blake.

He was licensed to preach by the Anderson presbytery, Ky., 1825, in company with Hugh B. Hill, Joseph A. Copp and Benjamin H. Pierson.

He was the sixth of seven children, five boys and two girls, only one other of whom, James H Bone, of Yell Co., Ark., is now living. He is a ruling elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and is 80 years of age.

Another brother, Thos. Bone, was a preacher of the same Church, and died near Memphis, Tenn., in 1873 or 1874.

M. H. Bone has been a giant in the pulpit in his day. He would have been a giant in any profession and in any age.

Used by permission
From the records of the Historical
Foundation of the Cumberland
Presbyterian Church in Memphis
Tennessee
A Biographical sketch of
Rev. Matthew Houston Bone.
1877

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, ISAAC CRINER is Madison County, Alabama's first permanent white settler, having visited the "Big Spring" area of present day Huntsville, Alabama perhaps as early as 1803; and

WHEREAS, ISAAC CRINER then returned to the northern part of the county in 1804 to an equally flourishing spring on Mountain Fork of Flint River, near present day New Market, Alabama; and

WHEREAS, ISAAC CRINER cultivated a friendship with the surrounding Indian tribes, erected his first log dwelling and began to farm the land; and

WHEREAS, the ISAAC CRINER homestead was soon recognized as a hospitable shelter of strength and stability to other passersby seeking their dreams in the unbroken wilderness of the Mississippi Territory; and

WHEREAS, ISAAC CRINER, born April 22, 1783, married Nancy McCain in 1814, in Madison County, Alabama and together they reared twelve children in their mountain retreat overlooking early Madison County; and

WHEREAS, ISAAC CRINER had increased his assets and land holdings greatly, at the time of his death on December 15, 1876 and was laid to rest in Mount Parron Cemetery in New Market, Alabama; and

WHEREAS, ISAAC CRINER, pious settler and early frontiersman left behind a rich legacy to not only his descendants, but to all of Madison County as well; and

WHEREAS, ISAAC CRINER played a major role in the development of Huntsville, Madison County, Alabama; and

WHEREAS, ISAAC CRINER'S descendants have gone on to be leaders in their chosen fields.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Steve Hettinger, Mayor of the City of Huntsville, Alabama do hereby proclaim April 22, 1989 to be

ISAAC CRINER DAY

in the City of Huntsville and ask that all citizens salute the members of the Criner family and the memory of ISAAC CRINER and pay homage to to his legacy.

DATED this 14th day of April, 1989.

Mike Gillespie, Chariman
Madison County Commission

Steve Hettinger, Mayor
City of Huntsville, Alabama



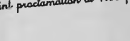
The Mount Paran Campground Cemetery, Inc. requested an Official Proclamation honoring ISAAC CRINER, Madison County's first permanent white settler.

A Public Reception was hosted by Mae Criner Jones Patterson.

A Public Reception was sponsored on April 22, 1989, acknowledging the contribution of Isaac Criner.

Proclamation was signed.

The Mount Parron
Campground Cemetery Society
in cooperation with
the Alabama Reunion
invites you to an
Isaac Criner Day Celebration
honoring Madison County's
first white settler
at
Constitution Hall Park
Huntsville, Alabama
April 14, 1989
4:00 until 6:00 p.m.

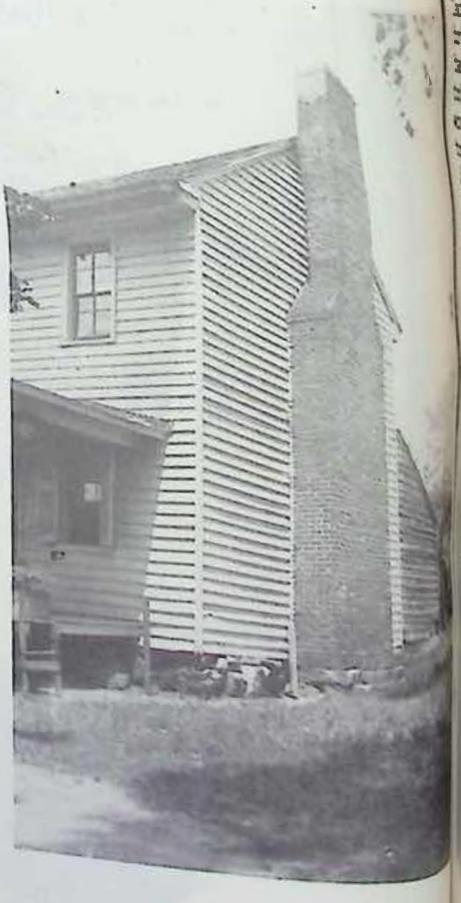


* Joint proclamation at 4:00 p.m.

Isaac Criner House







Excerpts from a letter from Kathleen Paul Jones to Mrs. Glancye Gray.

Re: Isaac Criner

The family has no positive record up to the time the Criners moved in from Tennessee. Hunt, we understand, had made a hunting trip down here and returned to tell of the fine country.

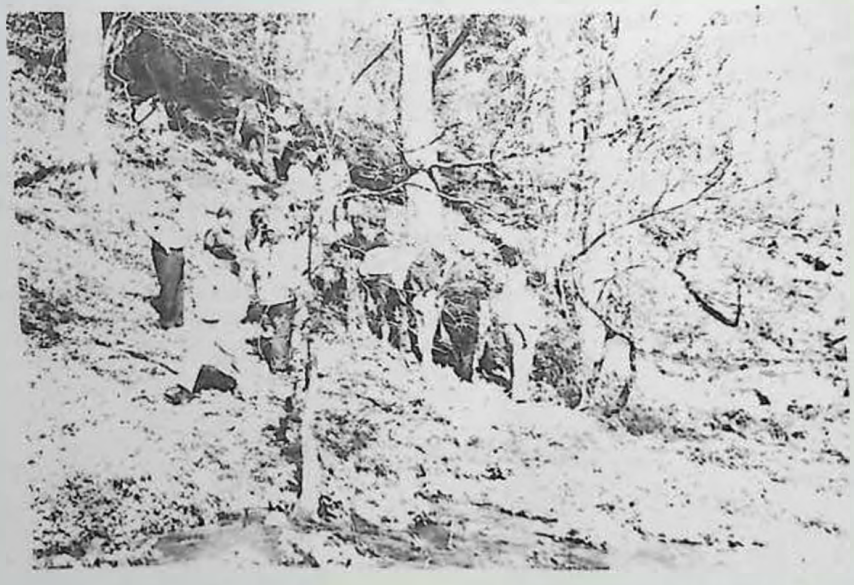
Anyhow, Joseph Criner and his nephew Isaac moved down, looked the Big Spring over and did not like either the water or the rattlesnakes, so came back up on Mountain Fork to settle. We do not find Isaac or Joseph in the Census of 1809, since they were--quite illegally--"squatting" across the Cherokee boundary line, on Indian land, as were many others, despite the fact that soldiers periodically drove them off, where the Criner's had another cabin in what was then Madison County. Not until the Indians were driven west and their land put on sale in the early 1830's do we find Criner as a landowner. The site of the "Indian" cabin was on the bluff, somewhat to the left of the large house later built, and razed by us about 1952, as the bricks of one chimney and the reeded mantel in the "best" room had been stolen, and a tenant house had been burned, we were told, by drunken crap shooters. As it was so isolated no one would live in it even rent free. To avoid another fire, Howard took it down. The house was built about 1840 by two slaves, and it took them two years. The beams were hewn with an adze, the planks hand sawn in a saw pit, the timbers either mortised and tenoned, or pegged together, and all the nails were the hand-forged square ones.

Judge Taylor said this area, which was the original county, was not residential, but a mutual hunting ground of the Cherokees and Chickasaws. The old boundary lines were very crooked. Before Howard fescued down the Criner land, and it was planted--upon the hill--in cotton, they plowed up many, many arrowheads...as well as in the bottom along the creek here...they seem to have manufactured them by the gross, perhaps because the flint was so ready at hand.

No. 9
Location: Sec. 26, Township 1S, Range 2E



DESCENDENTS OF ISAAC CRINER



DESCENDENTS OF ISAAC CRINER AT THE SPRING

MOUNT PARAN CAMPGROUND AND CEMETERY
(Graveyard Hill)

New Market, Alabama

One of the earliest known Cumberland Presbyterian Campgrounds in Madison County, Mount Paran Cemetery is the resting place for many of the County's earliest settlers, their slaves and descendants, with the earliest surviving gravestone dated 1826. Other records indicate a burial as early as 1820.

Mississippi Territory Records of 1806 indicate numerous "pioneer" settlements within the proximity of the present Town of New Market. Many of these early settlers migrated from Kentucky and Tennessee and were greatly influenced by The Great Religious Awakening of 1800.

"A holy place: symbol of eternity, strength and stability within the wilderness." Undoubtedly, pious settlers chose Mount Paran because of its unique location overlooking the original settlement of New Market.

Mount Paran Campground and Cemetery is located one-half mile north of New Market on a high hill bordered on the south and east sides by a very thick wooded area and by pasture on the north and west sides. Early entrance to the site was obtained by crossing Mountain Fork Creek at the "ford" located behind John Miller's Grist Mill. Located just below the campground is an abundant spring that supplied New Market's earliest water system. The area was also a much favored camp site for Indians prior to the arrival of early settlers. As recently as 1940, there was an entrance road located west of Winchester Road; the culvert erected by WPA efforts is all that remains today. This entrance was used by the horse-drawn hearses of the past. Presently, there is no public road to Mount Paran; however, the surrounding property owner has graciously allowed access across private property for many years. Negotiations are underway concerning the erection of a public road.

Camp meetings gave early settlers an opportunity to worship God and seek refuge from the many hardships of frontier life. Soon after 1800, Presbyterian camp meetings were held at nearby Goshen (Winchester, TN) and spread to the settlements around Hunt's Spring (Huntsville) as early as 1807. The formation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in 1810 contributed greatly toward establishing Christian morality among the frontier settlements. Their respect toward education resulted in schools, such as the New Market Female Seminary, est. 1852. The New Market Female Seminary was located just below the Mount Paran Cemetery, west of Winchester Road; all that exists today is a portion of the foundation--perhaps a monument in its own right, affirming New Market's early leadership regarding higher education!

As early as 1809, Garland Miller and his family held title to much of the property included in the original settlement of New Market. Early records of Franklin County, Tennessee indicate Miller families were among the community's most prominent citizens and greatly involved in the development of the early Church at Goshen. Considering the important role Garland Miller and his family played in the development of New Market, their leadership, and dedication to improving social and moral conditions within the early town, it is assumed they hosted the earliest camp meetings at Mount Paran. Evidence suggests camp meetings were held at Mount Paran as early as 1820.

Mount Paran Campground and Cemetery did not become property of the Mount Paran Cumberland Presbyterian Church until many years later. The Last Will and Testament of Samuel Davis is dated January 8, 1842, and as one of his last requests, Samuel Davis declares:

> "I now give and bequeath the balance of my said estate as follows: I do give and devise to the Mount Parron Congregation a certain lot or parcel of land being in the County of aforesaid, including the campground aforesaid, beginning at the north line of the fence thence south until it strikes my south line, with the privilege of the water, the other lines to run so as to include the campground, supposed to contain six acres be the same more or less...."

Approximately seven months later, Samuel Davis was laid to rest at the Mount Paran Cemetery. His early support of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at New Market would become a tradition, followed by several generations of his descendants. Mount Paran Cemetery was used by the Davis family for many years.

Many records of the Mount Paran Congregation have been lost due to various reasons. Research is continuing in an effort to preserve the heritage of this early congregation. Several individuals have supported this worthwhile cause.

Documentation on the existence of the Mount Paran Cumberland Presbyterian Church of New Market was discovered at the Historical Foundation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Memphis, Tennessee in June of 1988. Session minutes of the Tennessee Presbytery include several references to the Mount Paran Church for the years 1848-1862. Early representatives of the church include: William B. Jones, William Davis, W. C. Criner, and A. K. Erwin. As early as 1851, the church at New Market consisted of sixty-one members. A petition was granted by the Presbytery in 1842 allowing the congregation to change their name to the New Market Cumberland Presbyterian Church. During March of 1862, the congregation consisted of seventy-two members. The Church at New Market had become part of the Robert Donnell Presbytery by 1890.

A division within the congregation in 1906 resulted in the dissolution of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at New Market

in 1914. Approximately sixteen faithful members of the original congregation, most of whom had dedicated their lives and various resources to its teachings, separated from the newly organized parent church. For several years afterwards, these sixteen families would struggle to maintain the existence of a Cumberland Presbyterian Church at New Market, often times meeting in each other's homes, as well as at the Old Mountain Fork Meeting House. Eventually their names began to appear on registers of nearby churches: Concord Cumberland Presbyterian Church and Hickory Flat Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Mount Paran's unique history gradually became forgotten. With the decline in use of the cemetery, Mount Paran Cemetery was soon referred to as "Graveyard Hill." Legal problems developed during the 1960's when an individual cut down approximately 100 large cedar trees, which fell on and broke almost seventy-five percent of the tombstones. Irreparable damage resulted from this tragic episode of Mount Paran's history. Soon thereafter, a group of descendants organized as "Graveyard Hill, Inc." to oversee the maintenance and preservation of the cemetery. After much effort, this group became inactive.

In 1979, James Record, then Chairman of the Madison County Commission, secured a federal grant to restore Mount Paran Cemetery, as well as numerous other historically important cemeteries in the county. Restoration efforts took approximately five weeks to complete at Mount Paran. County equipment was required to remove the huge cedar logs decaying among the broken tombstones. This was a great accomplishment in itself! Mount Paran received quite a transformation; however, with no cemetery authority to oversee continued preservation, Mount Paran Cemetery again fell to neglect. Eventually Mount Paran would again be referred to as "one of Madison County's most neglected cemeteries."

During the fall of 1987, local news media assisted in bringing the conditions of Mount Paran Cemetery to the knowledge of interested parties. During November of 1987, a massive clean-up campaign was organized; more than two hundred volunteers donated their help in removing years of "undergrowth" from the cemetery. Included among the volunteers were more than eighty members of the 269th Ordinance Brigade of Redstone Arsenal, several trustees furnished by Sheriff Joe Patterson of Huntsville, volunteers from the Downtown Rescue Mission, and numerous family members of those represented at Mount Paran Cemetery. Former Mayor of Huntsville, Joe Davis, furnished barbequed chicken dinners for everyone on one day of the clean-up weekend. Commissioner Tillman Hill prepared the food on site. The following day, ladies associated with the local churches at New Market furnished a delicious dinner for numerous volunteers.

As a result of this massive effort, a non-profit corporation was re-organized in December of 1987. The ultimate goal of the Mount Paran Campground Cemetery, Inc. is to pursue the historical recognition, restoration and preservation of the cemetery.

County Historian, James Record, and Dr. Frances Roberts have contributed much time to the future erection of an Alabama Historical Marker at Mount Paran. A historical marker recognizing the Town of New Market is planned as well.

Restoration efforts appear more difficult than expected! Some repair work has already occurred on the many damaged tombstones. G. W. Jones, Inc. of Huntsville furnished a survey of the six-acre site. Several others have donated funds and much volunteer effort toward accomplishing this worthwhile goal. Tax deductible contributions are greatly needed! Immediate plans include: the erection of a public road to the cemetery, chain length fencing to enclose the cemetery, and further repair work on the tombstones. Proceeds from the sale of a book concerning Mount Paran will be used to benefit the cemetery. Funds are greatly needed toward the maintenance of a trust fund for Mount Paran!

Mount Paran Cemetery comprises approximately 3.77 acres. More than 400 grave sites may be found of which 135 have markers remaining. The earliest known burial at Mount Paran was that of Revolutionary War Veteran, Moses Poor, in 1820. Another early burial, 1826, was that of Rebecca Criner, mother of Madison County's first permanent white settler. The Miller Family is represented as early as 1827. Revolutionary War Veteran Samuel Davis and Pioneer Isaac Criner are some of the many historically important individuals buried at Mount Paran. Records indicate the burial of a number of early pioneers, farmers, merchants, physicians, educators, ministers, public officials, veterans of major wars, and many of those whose good works may be known only to God.

Submitted by:
Deborah E. Moorefield
P. O. Box 2611
Huntsville, AL 35804
May 1989

Some of the above information is from the records of the Historical Foundation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Memphis, TN.

OUR INDIAN HERITAGE

The Cherokee and the Chickasaw Indians were in our area when the first white settlers came to this area. This area was a valued hunting and fishing ground for the Indians as shown by the many arrowheads found in this area. An important trade was established with the Indians by the first settlers. The Cherokees were a superior race and had made many advances in civilization when the white settlers came. Many white men married Indian women and settled among the Indians.

The Chickasaws and the Cherokees combined their forces to drive the Shawnees from this area during the "500 Moon War." Then these two tribes began to quarrel among themselves and lost much of their power. Local lore describes a battle between the Cherokees and the Chickasaws at what is today Hobbs Island. The Cherokees won this battle, yet both tribes lost much of their land when they signed a double treaty with the U. S. Government in 1805 and 1806. Appeasement was the solution to keep the Indians peaceful while settlers nibbled away at more and more of their life-long hunting grounds.

The Chickasaw Indian Treaty of July 23, 1805, included paying Chinubbee Mingo, King of the Chickasaw Indian Nation, $100 a year for the rest of his life. The United States also paid $22,000 to George Colbert for land and services to the treaty arrangement.

Five months later, January 7, 1806, the United States arranged a treaty with the Cherokees, paying $2,000 and $2,000 each year for four years and providing a grist mill and a "machine to clean cotton." An old Cherokee Chief named Black Fox was to receive $100 a year for life. The area covered by the two treaties formed an approximate triangle of 345,600 acres, later to become Madison County.

A sad chapter of our history is revealed when the Indians were forced to move from this area. Passage of the Indian Removal Act by the United States authorized the removal of the Southeastern Indians by the use of Federal troops. This was known as the "Trail of Tears." All Indians were required to leave. In 1838, a stockade camp was set up at Gunter's Village and Indians were held here by the U. S. Military Force prior to the removal to lands set aside for them in Oklahoma. A very few remained by hiding but they were not allowed to admit they were Indians. Some of the old stories said that some hid in caves, and in any place they thought they would not be found. The Indians were at times gathered from the fields and were not even allowed to gather their personal belongings. When the weary Indians arrived at the Flint River above Brownsboro, they rested two or three days. (This was a very hard trip for the very young and the older Indians.) At this point they were allowed to bury the dead Indians that had not been able to make the trip up to this point. Remember, some of these Indians owned large plantations, but by being kind to their fellowman and trusting the white man too much

(being vulnerable to exploitation) they lost most of their land--a hard lesson to learn as proven true all down the ages.

Indian men generally had two responsibilities, the protection of the family and providing meat for the family. The Indians had weapons for hunting and warfare. They had bows, arrowheads, spears, knives, blow guns and tomahawks. But these could not compare to the guns the white man used. The Indian women made the baskets and pottery used as cooking utensils and storage vessels. She provided garments for the family to wear. She did the cooking. Girls and women assumed the responsibilities of crop planting and cultivation. Females both young and old shared the task of training the children in skills. The husband left his family to become part of his wife's family.

Many contributions were made to us by the Indians in the areas of food plants, medicines, language, inventions, and Government; Indian tribes had their own form of Government. Indians understood the balance of nature. Conservation was a way of life for them.

The Indians planted corn or maize when the leaves of the oak tree were the size of a mouse's ear. They heaped the earth into little hills and planted three or four kernels of corn. Two or three fish from a nearby stream were planted with the corn for fertilizer. Pumpkin seeds were planted between the corn hills, as the spreading vines kept weeds from growing. Many other foods were cultivated such as potatoes, sweet potatoes, peanuts, beans, pepper, squash, popcorn, and tobacco. Tobacco was used for ceremonies and masks were used in religious ceremonies and in hunting. Plants such as cocaine, quinine, and witch hazel were used for medicinal purposes; berries and plants, for dyes. The plant world was considered their friend. The gathering and preparation of herbs for medicines were entrusted to the skills of the well-trained medicine man. Some of the plants used were dandelion, wild ginger, mints, milkweed, prickly ash, yellow root, dogwood, elder, peach leaves, cattail, red cedar, white oak, ground ivy, wild cherry, and bull nettle. They used different parts of the plants such as leaves, bark, or roots.

Indian dancing and powwows were part of the Indian society. Indians communicated by use of sign language. A man by the name of Sequoyah created a Cherokee alphabet. This gave his tribe a written language. Today we use many words that came from the Indian language such as: raccoon, maize, wigwam, chipmunk, canoe, skunk, potato, toboggan, turkey, succotash, moccasin, woodchuck, hammock, and peanut. Many Indian names are given to our states and rivers. Alabama is one of them.

Cherokee heritage and customs are being maintained, recovered, and relearned in Northern and Central Alabama through the Echota Cherokee Tribe.

Submitted by Patsy McFarlen

SKIRMISH AT PLEVNA

by
Thomas E. Jacks

On August 5, 1862, a Confederate contingent comprised of about 60 men from Company C, Fourth Regiment, Alabama Cavalry, were on maneuvers on the old Limestone Road near Plevna. Captain Frank B. Gurley, leader of the group, rode ahead of his company and discovered a large body of Union Cavalry riding towards him. He immediately fired on them and started riding toward his command. Seeing him pursued, his troops formed a line and concealed themselves in the woods along the side of the road. After the Union Cavalry was lured into the Confederate trap, Gurley turned on his pursuers and ordered his men to fire.

The Union Cavalry suffered losses and fled. Traveling with the Union troops was a buggy carrying a uniformed officer and a man in shirt-sleeves. Gurley ordered them to halt but they did not. Gurley and those nearby began firing at the uniformed officer (he looking very important). At that point the buggy's top was knocked off by the limb of a peach tree and the buggy was halted.

The uniformed officer, Captain Hunter Brooke, remarked, "This man is shot," referring to the man in shirt sleeves. As Gurley and his men would later learn, the man in the shirt-sleeves was Brevet Brigadier General Robert I. McCook. McCook had taken ill and had removed his coat. Since it was intensely hot, this was no indication of invalidism. Gurley and the men near him, namely, 1st Lt. William Henry Bailes, James Brandon, and J. M. Mason, could not have known that he was sick. In fact, they had been firing at Capt. Brooke as he was the one whose uniform gave the appearance of importance.

McCook was taken to a nearby farmhouse where, despite attempts to save him, he died shortly thereafter.

According to the Official Records of the War of Rebellion, Series I, Volume XVI, Part I, the following was the correspondence following McCook's death:

Dechard, Tenn., August 7, 1862

COL. JOHN B. FRY, Chief of Staff: The attack on General McCook occurred near New Market on the road between Hazel Green and Winchester. Col. Van Derveer thinks they were guerillas; but Capt. Brooke, who was captured, wrote a note to Col. Van Derveer stating that the attack was made by regular Confederate States Cavalry and that he was a prisoner to a Captain Hambrick, who offers to exchange him for his (Hambrick's) brother, a prisoner in Huntsville. I am inclined to the belief that citizens were giving assistance, but do not know who.

George H. Thomas, Major General

Dechard, Tenn., August 7, 1862

MAJ. GEN. D. C. BUELL: Gen. R. L. McCook died of his wounds yesterday at twelve o'clock. It seems that he was riding some distance ahead of his command in an ambulance (being sick) with his escort and stopped at a house belonging to a man named Petit to inquire about water and a camping ground. He sent his escort a short distance ahead to the edge of the wood, where they were fired upon, and before he could turn his ambulance around and to return to his command the escort retreated, and a man riding alongside of the ambulance shot him through the side. His regiment was very much enraged, and before they could be stopped, they burned and destroyed some four or five farmhouses. Col. Van Derveer, by great exertions, succeeded in subjugating them to discipline before night, and now they are all quiet.

George H. Thomas, Major General

Huntsville, Ala., Aug. 9, 1862.

BRIG. GEN. LORENZO THOMAS: It is with pain I inform you that Brig. Gen. Robert L. McCook died at 12 N. on the 6th of a gunshot wound or wounds inflicted by guerillas on the previous day near New Market, Alabama. He was indisposed and was riding in an ambulance some distance ahead of his brigade with a member of his staff and a small escort. He had stopped to see about a camping ground for his command when his party was attacked by a band of guerillas, one of whom rode up to the ambulance and shot him in the side.

D. C. Buell, Major General, Commanding

Thus, it seems that, according to original documents, the Union officers reporting Gen. McCook's death to their superiors wrongly reported that the general was shot by a single rider of a guerilla band when in reality, he was shot by several members of a regular Confederate unit.

A year after the incident, Capt. Gurley was captured and brought before a Federal court-martial for the murder of General McCook. He was found guilty and was sentenced to be hanged. The Confederate Government threatened some sort of retaliation and from then on, Gurley was treated as an ordinary prisoner of war. After the war, Gurley was arrested and carried in irons to Nashville, Tennessee where he spent many months in prison. Ultimately, he was released and he was greatly respected by the citizens of Madison County.

Many years after the war, several former Union soldiers who had served in the New Market area said that the pillaging and burning that took place after McCook's death was done by the members of the Ohio 9th, a regiment reportedly made up of foreigners who could not speak English, and that it gave great indignation to the native American soldiers of the Union forces who put an end to it as soon as possible. This fact has yet to be verified.

Today, a historic marker stands near the corner of Winchester Road and Buddy Williamson Road to denote the approximate location of the skirmish that occurred at Plevna.

Submitted by:
Thomas E. Jacks
June 1, 1989

JACK DANIELS AND HICKORY FLAT

by
Thomas E. Jacks

In 1966, Ben Green of Shelbyville, Tennessee, was doing research for his book, Jack Daniel's Legacy, a history of the famous whisky distiller, Jack Daniel. In conducting his research, Mr. Green interviewed Mrs. A. L. Smith, a staff member of the Huntsville Times and an authority of Madison County Civil War history. The following is from an interview with Mrs. Smith by Mr. Green.

"Hickory Flat, one of the earliest communities in Madison County, owed much of its prosperity to a large market for farm products. Brandy was also sold there in large quantities and was shipped all over the South--to Georgia, South Alabama, Mississippi, and to New Orleans. One well-known brand of the day was called Broad William Brandy. It is not known if the maker was Broad William or William Broad.

"People of the county generally were known to be good judges of liquor. On Saturdays, it was said that every man coming to Hickory Flat would have to bring with him a hickory club for protection. Half the day was devoted to drinking liquor and the other half of the day was spent in fighting.

"This town went out of existence and the market was moved to a community that received the name New Market. It was the old Winchester Road on which Jack Daniel would have to drive his mules hitched to his wagon in order to get to Huntsville from Fayetteville, Tennessee. It is said that all the white oak trees in the Hickory Flat area were cut down to make barrel staves for whiskey barrels.

"Feeling was quite intense in the Hickory Flat and New Market areas during the Civil War. Historians say citizens of the section one time were chasing two deserters from the Confederate ranks and one man stubbed his toe, fell in the bushes and evaded capture. The other was taken by his pursuers and hanged on the spot.

"In going through this section during the war, Jack Daniels ran the constant risk of being mistaken for a Yankee, or for a Confederate deserter--both of which would have probably resulted in death. On one occasion three men and a young boy were caught. They were accused of being Federal soldiers and the boy was accused of being a Yankee because of his companions. The men were shot first.

"Then one of the local men asked the boy, 'Do you want to pray?' The lad replied, 'No, my mamma told me it's too late to pray when the devil's come.' The citizens immediately shot the boy."

Submitted by:
Thomas E. Jacks



A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE NEW MARKET UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

by Linda M. Keith
July 16, 1989

To give a brief history of the New Market United Methodist Church is a most difficult task. God has been good to each of us by giving us such a rich heritage. We are standing on the shoulders of our forefathers and through God's continuous help we shall strive to leave a good record for those who follow after us. Were it not for the resources provided by Mary Frances McCrary and Martha Carroll, my task could not have been accomplished. To you I am grateful.

The earliest record we have of a Methodist Church in New Market was 1849 when land was deeded by a Miller family to construct a building to be used by the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, the New Market Lodge, and the New Market Division of Sons of Temperance to improve the social and moral conditions of the town. A church was built about this time where the Presbyterian Church is now located. It was burned during the Civil War. Before this time small congregations of Methodists probably met in homes, small meeting houses, brush arbors, and in larger churches when a circuit rider or presiding elder visited for dedications and to celebrate the Lord's Supper.

The church was rebuilt in 1883, but the Methodists sold their interest in it, and the Methodist Episcopal Church South bought two acres of land on which our church now stands for $30.00 from Bradford Hambrick and his wife. A white frame building was constructed at this time. Trustees were William Laxson and W. F. Yarbrough; the pastor was W. E. Cameron. Other churches included on the New Market Circuit were Hickory Grove, Maysville, Shiloh, and Cameron.

A Women's Society of Christian Service, now the United Methodist Women, has always been very active at New Market since 1890. They supported missions and worked hard to raise funds to furnish the parsonage and keep it in repair.

The Huntsville District Training School sponsored by the Methodist Church was located in New Market. It was a high school organized in 1890 and was still open in April of 1915 when Rev. Blackwell preached the commencement sermon.

Minutes of the Church Conference reveal interesting facts such as: the amount spent for literature for the year 1900 was $9.29; on July 19, 1914, the Sunday School collection was 91 cents, and on December 8, 1918, there was no Sunday School because of the influenza epidemic.

In 1917 church members voted to build a new church as per plan of a $5,000 house. The building committee consisted of J. W. Cochran, J. M. Payne, C. E. Blanton, W. F. Yarbrough and J. E. Baker. The pastors were Rev. S. T. Daniel and L. A. Busby. The new church, which still stands, was constructed in 1920 by W. F. Estes.

The church is a brick structure, circular in shape, using the Akron Style Architecture, which is characterized by a fan-shaped seating area sloping toward the raised pulpit and choir, with alcoves for Sunday School classes opening across the back. The church was wired for electricity in 1928 when New Market received electricity.

In 1925, the church received a large number of new members. Ten joined the church by vows: Pickett Esslinger, Edith Margaret Esslinger, Ralph Speck, Cherry Elizabeth Coleman, Edna Ruth Pass, Mary Frances Esslinger, Herbert Hall Mitchell, Harold C. Martin, Cathryne Laxson, and Sallie Pass. Those received by certificate were Mr. and Mrs. Garner, Reidy Garner, Sam Honea, Mrs. Johnnie Moore and Mrs. M. J. Coyle.

The church continued to hold its own during the depression, but not much progress was made. Mrs. Annie Walls, Mamie Blackwell and Rev. Christian asked for one chicken or a donation to repair the parsonage with no response.

The community Thanksgiving breakfast began in 1941 when Rev. L. J. Kaylor, then pastor of the Presbyterian church, and father of Myrtle Esslinger, started it. This tradition has continued until the present with the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches participating.

In 1946, S. L. Mathison, Sunday School Superintendent, reorganized the Sunday School classes into four departments: children, youth, young adults, and older adults. Mrs. Katie Walker, who was the young adult teacher, is still teaching, but now has all adults in her class.

Our organ was purchased in 1948 and Joanne Jobe Hubbard was the organist until 1963. At this time Rosemary McCrary assumed the duties of organist and has been our dedicated musician ever since. She is presently assisted by Bobbie Odom.

Our youth have played an active part in our church throughout the years. They were instrumental in giving programs and plays to help raise funds to purchase the pews which were installed in 1958. The altar and communion table were also purchased at this time.

The brick fellowship hall was completed in 1968 and the church walls were paneled at this time. Robert Sartain was instrumental in drawing up the plans for the fellowship hall.

The altar rail was given in the mid-1970's in memory of Rosa Esslinger by her family and friends.

Progress made within the last ten years includes a central heating and cooling system, landscaping, new outside steps with handrails and a ramp at the back, new curtains and equipment for the nursery, new blinds for our sanctuary and educational building, a new church sign, demolition of the old parsonage and a building fund established to build a new parsonage, new piano, additional lighting, the organization of the young ladies' United Methodist Women and a Vacation Bible School at our church. Our church has an application to be added to the Historical Society. Mrs. Martha Carroll and Harvey Jones have worked hard to get all needed information.

God has been good to us and brought us through many hardships. He has also provided good leadership throughout the years. Presently we are blessed with a good pastor, Rev. Clarence Davis, and his family. Our Church School Superintendent is John B. Keith; Board Chairman, Thomas Odom; secretary, Lois Sartain; and treasurer, Bobbie Odom. The United Methodist Women's president is Martha Carroll and Chairperson of the Young Women's group is Melissa Vann.

Each person who enters our church is important and has a position of value. It takes all of us working together in harmony to fulfil God's will and to reach our Eternal Goal.



HISTORY
OF THE
PLEVNA HOLINESS CHURCH

In the fall of 1926, Rev. James E. Mills rented a crop and moved his family into a log house on what is now Buddy Williamson Road in the Plevna Community. Bro. Mills began having church services in his home. People soon began to attend these services and the first revival at Plevna was held at his home in 1927.

Bro. Mills continued having services in his home until 1948, when a block church was built. Services were held here until 1962, when the church was no longer safe to occupy.

In 1962, Bro. Leonard Holman and Bro. James Brazier began to talk of the possibility of rebuilding the church at Plevna. They received Bro. Mills' blessings and with about twelve families committed to making Plevna their home church, work was begun.

In early 1964, the old block church was torn down and a small church was built in its place. Bro. Mills, now well into his eighties, was no longer able to pastor the church.

Bro. Elton Brazier became the minister when services were resumed at the new church in August of 1964. He remained the minister until his resignation in December of 1985.

In February of 1986, Bro. James Brazier became minister, and is the minister today (1989).

We at Plevna are proud and thankful for the natural things with which God has blessed us, but are more thankful that after 61 years the church Bro. Mills started at Plevna is still a place to worship God in spirit and truth.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH USA
IN
NEW MARKET, AL 35761
18-- - 1989

In 1842, Samuel Davis wrote a will providing 6.2 acres of land for Mt. Parron Campground and Cemetery. The earliest marked grave in the cemetery is 1826. It is quite possible that the property was used by the early Cumberland Presbyterians many years before title was given by the Samuel Davis will. The exact date of organization remains undetermined.

Session records of the church prior to 1890 were lost in a fire which destroyed the Calvin Davis home, May 8, 1951. Even the older church members in the New Market Presbyterian Church were unaware of the connection with Mt. Parron until June, 1988. Mrs. Deborah Moorefield was researching Mt. Parron Cemetery and found the link at Memphis, TN, in the Cumberland Presbyterian Archives. The earliest mention of Mt. Parron (Mt. Paran, Mt. Paren) in the Tennessee Presbytery records was October 13, 1848, when W. B. Jones was listed as a representative." On April 13, 1849, at Presbytery, Mt. Parron requested a protracted meeting to be held in Mountain Fork Meeting House, the third Sunday in May. Ministers to conduct the meeting were: A. Alexander, M. Anderson, H. Larkin, and William Gayle. In October, 1850, William Gayle is listed as minister from Mt. Parron, in Presbytery minutes."

In 1848, Mary Miller deeded the lot on which the Presbyterian church now stands to the Methodists and Cumberland Presbyterian Churches. There have been three buildings on the site. The first was constructed before the Civil War and was destroyed by fire. The next building was owned jointly by the Methodists and Presbyterians. In 1885 it was demolished by a tornado. In 1888, the present church was erected. Mr. Lem Teague, a faithful member, built the church. Mr. Teague built the beautiful ceiling and the chancel as his contribution to the church. He was assisted by his sons. Elders at that time, who gave liberally of their time and means, were Mr. William N. Davis, Dr. DeKalb Lipscomb and Col. William Jones.

Some early pastors were: Milton A. Gabard, P. A. Lyon, W. J. Walker, Walton McDonald, Dave Orman, A. W. Ashburn, C. P. Taliferro, Samuel Davis, and Martin Milligan.

April 2, 1852, Mt. Parron petitioned Presbytery to change the name of the congregation to New Market. The petition was granted. Preaching services of J. Kirkland for New Market at a salary of $100.00 were requested. A schedule of protracted meeting on September 1 with Kirkland, Bone, Fox, Steele, and Gayle preaching was submitted for approval. In October of 1852, the church reported sixty-four members.

The Spring Presbytery minutes of April 1, 1863, show a Camp Meeting proposed by joint effort of New Market, Concord, Union Chapel, and Bethlehem to be held August 2. From 1853 until

September 1862, New Market was represented at Presbytery by A. K. Erwin, William Davis, W. C. Criner, and W. B. Jones.*

After the Civil War the printed minutes of the CPC Tennessee Presbytery for September 1869, show that the New Market Church was flourishing. The report was made by Rev. N. T. Power, who had preached at New Market for thirteen years. In 1890, the church was in the Robert Donnell Presbytery of Alabama.

In 1906, a historic meeting of the Robert Donnell Presbytery was held at New Market Presbyterian Church. At that time a division existed in the Presbytery in regard to union with the Presbyterian Church USA. Members were called upon to choose whether to go with the Union or remain with the Cumberland. The presiding session had promised the use of the existing building to the USA Church, so all who gave allegiance to the Cumberland were asked to follow their leader out. Thereupon they walked out into the night, the dark and the rain.*

In 1944, Brother W. H. Hereford, a missionary to Japan, bought the lot adjacent to the church and gave it to the Presbyterian Church USA. In 1947, while the Rev. L. J. Kaylor was pastor, a basement was dug under the church to provide space for a kitchen, meeting room, and three Sunday School rooms.

In the early history of the church in this country, preachers had circuits. This idea was revived, in 1950, when the New Market Church took the initiative in the formation of the Madison-Limestone Larger Parish which included nine rural churches in Madison, Limestone, and Jackson counties. The Rev. Robert M. Muir was called to be the Director and Pastor of the Parish in July 1950. Rev. Muir remained until January 28, 1959.

The Rev. Washio Ishii was called by New Market Presbyterian Church on June 30, 1963. He served Madison Larger Parish, which now included Madison Cross Roads, Big Cove and New Market. In 1965, a building project was begun. The Fellowship Hall was dedicated on February 6, 1966. February 1969 saw the beginning of the Sanctuary Restoration Project. The Rev. Robert Muir was temporary supply at that time. The Church was rededicated on August 19, 1979.

In 1988, the New Market Presbyterian Church Sanctuary was placed on the National Register of Historic Places. A Centennial Celebration was held in April, commemorating the church's one-hundredth birthday.

In June 1980, the Rev. John Johnston became the temporary supply pastor for the Church. He remained until the end of 1987. Since January 1988 the Rev. Frank Broyles has been the supply pastor.

*From the records of the Historical Foundation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Memphis, TN.

HIGHLIGHTS OF HOPEWELL'S HISTORY

Hopewell Missionary Baptist Church was founded in the year 1860 on the New Market Pike with a membership of seven.

Rev. H. H. Hubbard was called to pastor in the year of 1923. At this time, the deacons were as follows: L. D. Douglas, A. Petty, A. H. Hambrick, R. F. Crutcher, W. C. Jones, W. S. Baker and Jim Powell. Under Rev. Hubbard's pastorate the church grew to a membership of fifty.

During this period the pastors who served Hopewell were the Reverends Lockhard, Whitman, Maple, Cable, Tillman and Hezekiah Lanier. Hopewell joined the Elk Pine Association and later the Flint River Association with Rev. Holman as pastor.

In the 1920's the church moved from the New Market Pike to its present location. Here the church joined the Mud Creek North Alabama and Tennessee Association.

Rev. W. P. Petty was called to pastor in 1932 and served the church for thirty-three years, longer than any of his predecessors. Under his pastorate, the church grew in membership. Rev. Charles Huggins followed Rev. Petty as pastor. During his and Rev. Earl Scruggs' pastorate, the sanctuary where we worship was erected in 1967.

Rev. Roy Williams was called to pastor Hopewell in 1972 and during the next five years the church added an educational wing, grew in membership, and more important, in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

The present pastor, Rev. Leroy R. Cole, succeeded Rev. Williams and watered the seed planted by his predecessors. With the word of God he has raised Hopewell to become one of the leading churches in Huntsville. Some of the accomplishments are as follows:

1. Membership of the Church increased from 250 to 525.
2. A noted increase in spiritual growth.
3. Purchased property and erected the Educational Building and Fellowship Hall valued in excess of $250,000.00.
4. Established a Male Chorus.
5. Organized Brotherhood.
6. Organized Nursery Guild.
7. Increased Bus Ministry.
8. Organized Hopewell Nurses Corp.
9. Organized Budget Committee.
10. Dedication of Flossie Garner Fellowship Hall.
11. Constructed Church sign.
12. Organized Boy Scouts.

13. Purchased 10.5 acres of land to erect a gymnasium and athletic complex.
14. Purchased and erected Church steeple.
15. Church ministers increased from two to ten.
16. New features in the church's life:
    A. Church banquet each year for the members.
    B. Midweek services and Bible classes.
    C. Vacation Bible School each summer.
    D. Skating parties.
17. Ordained two ministers.
18. Organized "New Land Committee" for development of the spiritual-lettic complex.
19. Purchased two vans for transporting members of the church.
20. Jail ministry.
21. Witnessing Class and Witnessing Teams.
22. Increased seminars for youth with participation in youth camps in Chattanooga at Percept Ministries Conference Center.
23. Establishment of Church Cabinet.
24. Annual trip by Church to fellowship locations: Miami, Florida; Detroit, Michigan; Fort Wayne, Indiana; Chicago, Illinois; Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

HISTORY OF CHURCH PASTORS

Rev. H. Hubbard	1923-1924
Rev. E. Maples	1925-1926
Rev. H. Lanier	1926-1928
Rev. T. Freeman	1929-1930
Rev. H. Cable	1930-1932
Rev. W. P. Petty	1932-1965
Rev. C. Huggins	1966-1967
Rev. E. Scruggs	1967-1972
Rev. R. Williams	1972-1977
Rev. L. Cole	1978 - Present

RICE BAPTIST CHURCH

From a book of hand-written Rice Baptist Church Records, the following has been excerpted for the years 1896-1937.

Sunday, June 7, 1896
"Rice Church met. Pursuant to adjournment, the ballot for deacons, clerk, and treasurer was taken which resulted in the election of Bro. Jno. A. Fanning and James H. Latham as deacons, and W. T. Jones, Clerk and Treasurer. On motion, Elder H. E. Rice was chosen as pastor, which was accepted.

"On motion, a committee composed of Bros. Jno. A. Fanning, J. T. Giles, H. E. Rice, W. T. Jones, and Sister Mrs. Bettie Power were appointed to write a history of the origin of this church.

"The following resolution was read and adopted. Resolve that Rice Church extend their many thanks to Elders Parker and Eaves for their assistance in organization of this body.

"After Elder J. A. Eaves preached a very forcible sermon, opportunity was given for membership and Bro. E. L. Fanning was received as a charter member.

H. E. Rice, Mod.
Q. R. Jones, Clerk and Treas."

The following is from the history of the origin of Rice Church; the history (dated June 6, 1896) is not given in its entirety here and words in parenthesis () are editor's:

"During the fall of 1887, a new Rice School House was built, and in this neighborhood, known as Rice School House Neighborhood, lived a large portion of members of New Market and Locust Grove Churches and they, living from two to four miles from these churches, made it almost impossible for them to attend Sunday School and Prayer Meeting at these churches regularly. The situation caused this to be a neighborhood of idle church members.

"About one year after the completion of said school house, two of our faithful sisters, Mrs. Bettie Power and Miss Nellie Jones began a Sunday School here. They went to Bro. J. R. Latham and asked him to meet with them. He at once agreed and on the fourth Sunday in October or first in November 1888, a few met.

"Bro. Latham, although an old man, was soon afterwards chosen superintendent, and has faithfully discharged his duty and continued in that office since. After a few meetings in Sunday School, the members extended the services by adding a Prayer Meeting. Brother H. E. Rice was called on to conduct the first service of prayer, (then sometime later) God called him to a higher position, and today (1896) he is our humble, faithful, and much beloved pastor of Rice Church.

"After the organization of these two bodies the brethren began to volunteer (their services to the church)--Bros. Sy Smith, Joe Smith, John Boles, and Fog McElyea, Pedo Baptists, and many of the Pedo Baptist Sisters. "Since this work began, death has removed from us three of our members; namely, Bros. Joe Walker, Fog McElyea and Francisco Rice.

"In August 1889, a great revival broke out of a protracted prayer-meeting and increase of the faith and interest of the people continued on until about the same time in 1890, at which time another revival broke out. In 1891 another revival was held (and church interest seemed to be at an all-time high). From 1892 on down (to date history was written, 1896) the interest has gradually decreased.

"In June of 1894, a resolution was passed by New Market and Locust Grove Churches to make (Rice Church) an arm of both churches.

"Many events have passed that were pleasant and strengthening from the beginning of the Sunday School and Prayer Meeting on down to the 6th day of June 1896, at which time we had a glorious meeting at the organization of this church.

Respectfully, your committee,
Jno. A. Fanning, Chm."

"Saturday, June 6, 1896
On motion, Elder Parker was elected moderator. "On motion of Bro. Jno. A. Fanning, the church was given the name Rice.

All candidates for membership occupied the front seats and called for the Covenant, which was read and unanimously accepted by the Church. After asking some pointed questions regarding the faith and belief of the Church, the Covenant was accepted by the Presbyters. Candidates were: H. E. Rice, William T. Giles, Mary D. Walker, Jno. A. Fanning, Bettie Power, Lizzie Bullard, W. A. Power, Ann Spelce, Lizzie Jones, Jno. T. Giles, Mollie Rice, Rena Prosser, James H. Latham, Mattie Ducket, Altie Fanning, A. F. Giles, Jennie Latham, Lula Giles, W. T. Jones, Fannie Giles, Nettie Walker, J. W. Prosser, Ella V. Fanning, Emma Sue Latham, Ernest L. Fanning, Mary F. Jones, Tommie Fanning, Newton Latham.

"The above named brethren and sisters presented the following covenant as a synopsis of their duty to God and obligations to each other, which was approved by the presbyters.

COVENANT

"Having been as we trust, drawn by God our Heavenly Father, to accept the Lord Jesus Christ and to believe on his Holy Name:

"We do solemnly covenant with each other to walk together in brotherly love, to His glory, believing the Holy Bible was written by men divinely inspired and is a correct statement of heavenly instructions.

"That it has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without mixture of error for its matter, that it reveals the principles by which God will judge us and therefore is and shall remain until the end of the world.

"The true center of Christian Union and supreme standard by which all human conduct, creeds, and opinions should be tried.

"We do therefore in the strength of the Lord promise that we will exercise a mutual care as members one of another to promote the growth of the whole body in Christian knowledge, that we may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.

"That we will uphold the public worship of God and the Ordinances of his house and continue to meet and commune with each other therein.

"That we will cheerfully give of our means for the support of the poor and for the maintenance of a faithful ministry of the gospel among us.

"That we will not omit closet and family religion at home and with a view to the service of Christ and the enjoyment of heaven we will not allow ourselves in the too common practice of neglect in the great duty of religiously training up our children and those under our care: that we may win their souls.

"That we will walk circumspectly in the world remembering that God hath not given us the spirit of fear but of power, love, and of a sound mind that we are the light of the world and the salt of the Earth, a city set on a hill which cannot be hid.

"That we will frequently exhort and admonish one another according to our Lord's direction in Matthew 18, in the spirit of meekness considering ourselves lest we also be tempted.

"In Baptism we have been buried with Christ and raised again, so there is on us a special obligation henceforth to walk in the newness of life.

"Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate saith the Lord and touch not the unclean thing and I will receive you and will be a father unto you and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord almighty.

"Therefore be it resolved (1): that we will not engage in any form of dancing, reveling, drunkenness, gambling such as games of chance, lottery, buying or selling futures, raffling, or any other form, nor in evil communications, as swearing, vulgarity, etc.: nor in adultery, fornication and all uncleanness which is condemned by God's word and carried on by worldly people or people of unclean hearts.

"Resolved (2): that we, the Baptist Church of Christ at Rice's, do pledge ourselves to live above any of the objectionable features in the foregoing resolution and do hereby resolve to withdraw fellowship from any member who persists in the same after being remonstrated with by the church or its representatives.

"Resolved (3): that this covenant and resolutions be renewed and carried from generation to generation and that it shall be read before the church twice a year or oftener.

"Certification: We declare the above named brethren and sisters, in the name of the Lord, a Gospel Church.
Signed: A. J. Parker, (Mod.)
J. A. Evans, H. E. Rice (Presbyters)"

"Saturday, Oct. 3, 1896
On motion, a finance committee composed of Bros. John Giles and James Smith was appointed to assist the deacons for the coming year.

"On motion, a building committee was appointed to devise plans to build a house of worship. Composed of the following named brethren: J. H. Latham, Chairman, J. A. Fanning, W. A. Powers, J. T. Giles, A. F. Giles, J. W. Prosser, J. R. Latham, H. E. Rice, and W. T. Jones.

"Sat., Oct. 31, 1896
We have agreed on the location of said church, being on school land east of school house. We have a plan for a house, 30 x 44 x 14 ft. high, brick pillows, level floor and octagon front, and to build the house with free labor.

"By motion and second report received after being discussed, a majority voted to change the location and to have the church house 50 ft. long instead of 44. Several other locations were named, but by a majority vote of the church, the location was selected on land joining school land on south side. By motion, location was made unanimous.

"Dedication Day, Sunday, October 3, 1897
Dedication sermon was preached by Elder James W. Terrell of Decherd, Tennessee."

(From 1896 - 1936 the following names were found as being members/and or joining the church): Mid Fanning, Mrs. Mattie Ducket, Dollie Giles, Annie Latham, Frank Power, Henry B. Lamb, Lydia May Giles, Lizzie Giles, Griver Giles, Johnathan Beason, Jimmie Beason, J. R. Latham and his wife Tabitha (received by letter from Locust Grove Church, Sat., May 6, 1899), Dr. J. J. Horton, Florence Horton, W. L. Smithey, V. J. Smithey. (A page was given to the memory of Sister Anna Horton, who fell asleep at her home in Winchester, TN, Jan. 19, 1900).

UNION GROVE BAPTIST CHURCH HISTORY
1880-1989

Union Grove Baptist Church is located at 1498 Butler Road, New Market, AL. This church was founded in 1880 by Bro. Andy Parker with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Madison Power and others. Services began in a small one-room, log school house on Sulphur Springs Road, now called Walker Lane. Among the twelve charter members were: Mattie Carmichael, another Mrs. Carmichael, Mr. Edmund Humphrey, Mrs. Virginia Tune, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Howard, Mrs. George Ann Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Madison Power and Mrs. Almeda Yarbrough.

The log school house was located on the old Dave Howard place where the New Market gin is now located. A small cemetery there is still undisturbed amongst the clump of trees beside the road. Worship services were held here for several years with Bro. Andy Parker making the trip by foot from Tennessee to do the preaching. Bro. Parker was the grandfather of Mr. Ronald Curry. Mr. Curry was a member of Union Grove Baptist Church for many years. He is recently deceased.

Miss Annie Sue Manning, who also is deceased, told this little story about the beginning of the church. She said, "When I was six years old I was playing in the yard one morning and man came walking up the road. He was carrying a stick, which he told us later he used to ward off unfriendly dogs. My father came and invited this man to have dinner with us. He was Bro. Andy Parker, and he explained to my father that he was on his way to the little log school house up the road to start a church. After dinner all my family walked up the road with Bro. Parker to the school house. We swept it out and Bro. Parker started preaching there."

Miss Annie Sue Manning's maternal grandparents were Mr. and Mrs. Madison Power. The Manning family and Mr. and Mrs. Power lived on what is now known as the Maggie Manning Quick farm.

Almeda Yarbrough deeded an acre of land in 1890 for the sum of a dollar. This is where the church now stands on Butler Road. Additional surrounding acreages have been purchased. The deed is recorded in the Records Room at the Madison County Courthouse.

John D. Tidwell, at age 15, and Mr. Joe Cagle helped in the construction of the first one-room frame church at this location. This church was built shortly after Mrs. Yarbrough's gift of land.

In 1947 the church voted to build a new building. It was completed in 1951. Bro. D. D. Smothers delivered the dedication message for the new sanctuary. Up until this time there had been part-time worship services at the church, but services were held full-time when the new building was completed. In September of 1958 a pastorium was built beside the church. In September, 1959, the church called its first full-time pastor, Bro. Nelson

Kuykendall. Under his leadership the church built a two-story brick educational building. In 1963 the auditorium in the sanctuary was remodeled. The church now has a nice kitchen, a fellowship hall, a church office, a pastor's study, and a library. Central heating and air-conditioning and a baptistry were installed. Previously converts of the church were baptized in Flint River at "Hump."

In 1965 Union Grove Baptist Church began a mission at Hazel Green. Four acres of land was purchased in the White addition and on September 21, 1966, Union Grove transferred title of the mission property to the First Baptist Church in Hazel Green. This church began with 48 charter members.

Some of the pastors at Union Grove Baptist Church have been: C. Howell, E. Kennedy, W. G. Jacks, H. E. Rice, H. F. Merrell, J. T. Wicks, J. F. Isbell, J. C. Counts, J. S. Johnson, G. B. Reid, Vertress McDougall, R. F. Warden, Jerry McGehee, L. C. Reid, George McQuiston, Nelson Kuykendall, Glen D. McGriff, James L. England, Luther Davis, Paul Harding, Terry Williams, Edward Minor, Harold Fanning, and Bobby Thornton. The pastor, as of this date, April, 1989, is Dwight Everette. Active deacons at the present time are: James Robert Campbell, Edward Hargrove, Bill Moody, Raymond Campbell, Al Davis, Al Whiteley, and Glenn Cagle.

Many universal changes have come about since this church began in 1880. Changes in moral standards, industrial changes, changes in world conditions and political changes. Precious Christians who first gathered in the little log cabin to worship God, and many others, have gone to be with the Lord.

Union Grove Baptist Church is part of the Madison Baptist Association, the Alabama State Baptist Convention, and the Southern Baptist Convention. It is still a growing church in membership and most of all in the Holy Spirit.

Homecoming at the church is on the first Sunday in June. This is a time for all to get together for worship and fellowship. Many friends and former members visit at this special time.

Miss Annie Sue Manning remembered the schools in the area when she was growing up. Where Henry Taylor Road comes into Butler Road just north of Union Grove Church, there was a little log school house called Union Grove. Other schools in the community were the Mint Springs School, located on Mint Springs Road, and the Tanner school located on what is now Greenville Pike. These schools operated around 1905. At that time Will Quick bought an acre of land from Bob Manning at the foot of what is now known as Buck Spelce Hill on Walker Lane. At that time it was Sulphur Springs Road. Mrs. Estell Taylor, Mrs. Lillie Mae Bates Spelce and Annie Sue Manning were among those who attended school there. It was called Sulphur Spring School.

Compiled by Creamelt S. Spelce
Member of Union Grove Baptist Church



Above: Union Grove Baptist Church

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< < < < < < < CAMP MACOBA > > > > > > >

Camp Macoba is owned by the Madison Baptist Association composed of 80 churches.

It covers 83 acres with pavilion, fish ponds, R.V. area, nature trails, ball field. It is used by groups from the churches for Bible study, day camps, retreats, overnight camping and fellowship. It is used by other-than-Baptists at times for family reunions. Plans are to build cabins, dining area and kitchen, and swimming pool in the future.

It was purchased in 1969 but not used until 1978.



BLOUCHER'S FORD DAM

The dam was built in 1906 by Chris and Frank Miller. It cost about $4,000.00 to build. The rock came from the burned factory on what is now the Clarence Berry place.

In 1924, the place where the dam is was purchased by John Patterson. Later a generator was used with the dam and John Patterson generated electricity for five dwellings, a store, a shop, and later for the Baptist Church nearby. He also ran a grist mill with the water power. The building where the grist mill was is still standing in 1989.

1850 CENSUS

TAKEN FROM DOROTHY SCOTT JOHNSON'S CEMETERY BOOK
WITH HER PERMISSION

COMPILED BY MARY FRANCES McCRARY



Graveyard Hill or Mt. Parron

Census, November 5, 1850

Criner, Isaac	67	Tenn., Farmer - $4000
Mehalah	26	Ala.
Mary	25	"
Almira	23	"
Isaac	22	" -m- Lucy J. Strong March 3, 1858 (See Vol. I, Page 130)
Elizabeth	16	"
Martha W.	13	" -m- Wm. W. Moore Oct. 2, 1865 (MB-5)

Census, Nov. 16, 1850

Morgan, John	50	Va., Doctor - $400
Merana	32	Tenn.
Benjamin	9	Ala.
Wilborn	3	"
Charles	2	"
Arrington, Wm.	45	Va., Stone mason

Census, November 2, 1850

Scurlock, J. F.	39	S. C., Merchant - $800) Rebecca J. Criner -m- James F. Scurlock
Rebecca	29	Ala.) October 31, 1844 (MB-4A)
Alonzo	4	"
Thomas	2	"

Grave Yard Hill
or
Mt Parron

Johnson Plot

JOHNSON - Salena A., Consort of C. C. Johnson, Departed this life Feb. 10th 1853.

Census, November 2, 1850

Johnson,	C. C.	26	Tenn., Carpenter - $50
	S. A.	23	"
	William	5	"
	Benjamin	3	"

JOHNSON - Mattie S., Wife of W. A. Johnson - Born Dec. 8, 1861 - Died Nov. 15, 1887

MILLER - Henrietta V. Miller - Born July 14, 1831 - Died April 20, 1873. The Lord is my Shepherd. Our Mother.
(Note: Joseph H. Miller -m- Henrietta V. Crutcher Nov. 21, 1851 (MB-4A)

Census, 1850

Crutcher,	William	63	Va. Baptist preacher - $8000
	John B.	23	Ala. Farmer
	H. V.	19	" Note: This is Henrietta Virginia above.
	Sarah	15	"

Note: Henrietta's father, Rev. William Crutcher, was one of the first Baptist ministers in Madison County. He is mentioned on Page 110 of A History of Methodism in Alabama by Rev. Anson West, D. D., published in 1893. Rev. Crutcher was the leader of a group of Baptists who did not believe in Sunday School or missions and who were referred to as "Antinomians."

WHITMAN-LAXSON CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 32-1-2E - SW SE NW. Approx. 3/4 mi. west of center of New Market on the New Market Rd.

Census, Nov. 15, 1850

Whitman, Allice	44	Va.
Henry	23	Va. Laborer
David	19	Tenn.
Lucy	16	Ala.
James	14	"
Daniel	9	"
John	6	"

Census, November 2, 1850

Laxson, William	30	Tenn. - Merchant - $1300
E. P.	24	Va.
Daniel	1	Ala.
Euvina (f)	3/12	"

Census, Nov. 16, 1850

Darnaby, Edward	48	Va., Farmer
Elen	44	N. C.
Margaret	14	Tenn.
Daniel	11	"
Sophronia	8	"
Wm.	7	"
Joseph	13	Ala.

Norris Cemetery on Cemetery Rd.

Census, Nov. 11, 1850

Carmichael,	G. W.	39	Tenn. Baptist Preacher - $3,000.
	Mira L.	36	"
	Alex	7	" [Alexander Carmichael b. Dec. 9, 1842 Monroe Co., Tenn.]
	Charles	5	"
	Margaret	3	"
	Mary	3	"
	Cornelia	1	"
Sellers, T. G.		18	S. C. Laborer

Census, 1850

Norris,	George D.	38	Md. - doctor - $800) George D. Norris -m- M. W. Ragsdale
	Martha	35	Tenn.) 4-9-1833 (MB-4)
	Sarah	17	Ala. Sarah S. -m- C. S. Harris 12-14-1854 (MB-4B)
	Virginia	14	" -m- O. F. Acklen 1-29-1856 (MB-4B)
	William	13	" Wm. D. -m- Susan S. Lanford 1-24-1861 (MB-4B)
	Mary	11	" Mary B. -m- John A. Kelly 4-26-1866 (MB-5) - Same ??
	Margaret	10	" -m- Richard Petty 10-25-1869 (MB-5)
	Rosalie	8	" -m- Fernando W. Lilly, Lisc. 4-3-1873 (MB-6)
	Penelope	7	" -m- James W. Davis 11-11-1867 (MB-5)
	Martha	6	"
	Richard	1	"

Cochran Cemetery

OCHRAN - Mary E. Laxson, his wife. Apr. 9, 1855 - Dec. 13, 1924) Dbl. [Note: John W. Cochran married) Mary E. Laxson 4-15-1874 (

Census, 1850

Cochran,	James M.	45	N. C., farmer married Sally Three Hundred & Fifteen N.C.
	Sally	39	N. C.
	Susan	21	N. C. married John C. Thomas April 9, 1851 by Rev. J. C. Echols
	Wm.	18	N. C. Twelve months
	James	16	Ala.
	Mary	14	" married Robert Hamlet July 5, 1854 by Rev. M. Chapman
	Sarah	12	" never married
	Henry	10	" died at the age of 33 - He had a Hemorrage
	Catherin	8	" married John Kelley
	Frances	8	" married John P. Whitman Sister Robert Whitman
	Annis	6	"
	John	2	" married Mary Ellen Laxson in April 17 1874.

Census, 1850

Whitman,	Allice	44	Va.
	Henry	23	Va. laborer
	David	19	
	Lucy	16	
	James	14	
	Daniel	9	
	John	6	

Cochran Cemetery

Census, 1850

Campbell,	Adam	46	Unknown	) Adam Campbell -m- Elizabeth Hambrick on
	Elizabeth	34	Ala.	) May 23, 1830 (MB-4)
	Margaret	16	"	
	Green	14	"	
	Alfred	13	"	
	Mary	11	"	
	Sarah	9	"	
	James	6/12	"	

WHITMAN CEMETERY (checked 4-29-1978)

LOCATION: Section 5-2-2E - NE corner of the section. In New Market, Ala., on Jacks Road

Census, Nov. 2, 1850

Whitman,	W. F.	41	Va.,	Farmer - $4000.
	Thomas	16	Ala.	Student
→	Rebecca	14	"	
	James	10	"	James H. -m- Mattie W. P. Pool 10-27-1859 (MB-4B)
	Mary	8	"	Mary L. -m- Thos. Nichols 4-5-1866 (MB-5)
	Texanna	6	"	
	Albert	4	"	

JACKS CEMETERY (Checked 4-29-1978)

LOCATION: Section 4-2-2E - N/2 N/2 SW. Located on a hillside under a beautiful beech tree that much be hundreds of years old. On Jacks Road leading southeast out of New Market.

Census, Nov. 12, 1850

Jacks,	David	54	N. C. Baptist preacher - $1000
	Rachael	54	N. C.
	Simeon	20	Ala. School teacher. Simeon R. -m- Mary I. E. Atkins 10-21-1858
	William	22	" Farmer - see tombstone above (MB-4B
	Jonathan	18	" Laborer. Jonathan H. -m- Julia A. Smith 11-30-1855 (MB-4B)
	Nicholas	16	" Student
	Hiram	15	" "

Census, Nov. 4, 1850

Bayless,	Bartley	38	Ala., Farmer - $1200	) Bartley H. Bayless -m- Elizabeth Bragg
	Elizabeth	42	"	) on 5-5-1833 (MB-4)
	William	16	"	
	Ellena	14	"	See tombstone above
	John	10	"	
	Sally	7	"	
Smithey,	Lewis	24	Va., laborer	
Bragg,	Benjamin	69	Va. - $1600 (The father of Elizabeth Bayless)	

Rice Cemetery - Section A

Census, 1850

Rice,	Jo	53	Tenn., farmer - $8000.) Joseph Rice -m- Johanna Bayless
	Johanna	53	Tenn.) Lisc., Feb. 5, 1818 (MB-III)
	Fernando	32	Ala.
	Gilliann	18	Ala. Gilliam Rice -m- Wm. R. Jones 1-21-1852 (MB-4A)
	Mandred	17	"
	Johanna	14	"
	Montillious	11	"

Census, 1850

Stone,	S. J.	29	Ala., farmer
	Fanny	27	Va.
	Wm.	4	Ala.

Census, 1850

Mitchell,	Isaac	30	Ala., farmer - $1000
	Mary	52	S.C.
	Evaline	22	Ala.
	Ann	19	"
	Mary	23	"
	Andrew	13	"
	James	11	"

Census, 1850

Walker,	T. M.	23	Ala., Farmer) Trylis M[ack] Walker -m- Sophia Rice
	Sophia	19	) 1-24-1849 (MB-4A). Note: Troyloas Mack
	Joseph	5/12	Walker is buried in the Miller Cemetery.

Census, 1850

Yarbrough,	Saml.	50	N. C. farmer - $1600
	Elizabeth	46	S. C.
	John	22	N. C.
	Jane	20	Ala.
	James	18	" student
	Samuel	16	" laborer
	Wm. A.	15	" laborer
	Seaborn	13	"
	Robert	11	"
	George	9	"
	Erasmus	7	"
	Elizabeth	5	"
	Sarah	3	"
	Wm. [Fletcher]	6/12	"

Note: Charles O. Yarbrough is the oldest son of this family and is listed below.

Census, 1850

Yarbrough,	C. O.	24	Ala., School teacher) Charles O. Yarbrough -m- Almeda Rice
	Almedia	24	") 4-13-1848 (MB-4A)
	Laura	1	" m. Jas. E. Popejoy 11-11-1869 (MB-5)
Cayson, Seth		23	Tenn. student
Cayson, Morgan		20	Tenn. student

Census, 1850

Power,	John	29	Ala., farmer)	John H. Power -m- Eliza Ford 11-1-1842 (MB-4
	Eliza	27	Ala.)	
	William	3	"	
	James	2	"	

SPELCE - Mrs. Ann Spelce Born May 24, 1828 - Died July 14, 1896 Aged 68 Years, 1 Mo., 20 Days.

Census, 1850

Speltz,	John	26	Tenn.)	John Spelts -m- Ann Scott 10-29-1846 (MB-4A)
	Ann	22	Ala.)	
	Sarah	2	Ala.	-m- M. S. Cook 2-5-1866 (MB-5)
	Wm.	11/12	Ala.	

SLOAN - Eliza Wells Sloan - 1827 - 1911 [Note: Eliza Wells -m- Robert M. Sloan 2-26-1852 (MB-4A)

Census, 1850

Wells,	John	60	S. C., farmer
	Rachael	50	S. C.
	Lucinda	30	Ala.
	David	25	"
	Eliza	18	" [See above]
	Geo.	16	"
Wells,	John	24	" -m- Sarah A. Edwards 10-18-1846 (MB-4A)
	Sarah	18	"
	Sarah	1/12	"

Rice Cemetery - Section C

1850 Census taken Oct. 31, 1850

Fanning,	M.	37	Tenn.	Farmer - $3,000
	Sarah	33	Va.	
	Wm.	12	Ala.	
	Julia	10	Ala.	
	John	7	"	
	Nancy	3	"	
	Mary	3/12	"	

St. CLAIR CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 22-2-2E. C. NE/4 - On Ray Road in Hurricane Valley. Surrounded by cement block w

GOLDEN - William Golden Sr. Born April 25, 1776 - Died Oct. 20, 18..(illegible)

GOLDEN - Mary Golden - Born March 19th 1776 - deceased August 27th 1860

Census, Oct. 31, 1850

Golden,	William	74	Va.	Farmer - $800
	Mary	74	Va.	

NOTE: Both of the above had box-type tombs with the inscription on the lids. The death date (year) on William's marker was chipped out.

NORRIS-LYLE CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 4-2-2E - NE SW SE SE) In field off Frank Hereford Rd. approx. 2 city bloc
) point where Frank Hereford Road jogs east.

Census, Nov. 1, 1850

Norris, E. B.	38	S. C., Farmer - $600.
R. H.	37	S. C.

BAILES CEMETERY
(BALES)

LOCATION: Section 22-2-2E, NW SE. Maps refer to this cemetery as the Bragg Cemetery but that is in error. This cemetery is situated on a hill top overlooking the beautiful Hurricane Creek and Valley. Several years ago when I first visited this cemetery it was well kept but in 1976 it had become so overgrown with foliage it was almost impossible to get to the stones.

WELLS - Rachel Wells - Died April 19, 1869 aged 71 years

WELLS - John Wells - Died October 8, 1857 aged 72 years

Census, Oct. 30, 1850

Wells, John	60	S. C. Farmer - $3000.	
Rachael	50	S. C.	
Lucinda	30	Ala.	
David	25	"	
Eliza	18	"	-m- Robert M. Sloan Feb. 26, 1852 (MB-4A)
George	16	"	
Wells, John	24	"	John C. Wells -m- Sarah A. Edwards Oct. 18, 1846 (MB-4A)
Sarah	18	"	
Sarah	1/12	"	

BALES - E. E. Bales - Born February 7, 1810 - Died Aug. 10, 1884 age 74 y, 6 mo., 3 days.

BAILES - In Memory of Delilah Broyles Bailes - April 31, 1813 - August 1, 1901. At rest.

Census, Oct. 30, 1850

Bales, E[ldridge]	38	Ohio - Farmer - $1000
Delilah	38	Ala.
William	12	"
L. M.	11	"
Benjamin	9	"
Thomas	8	"
Sarah	4	"
Broyles, Mary	65	N. C.
Spelts, Z.	27	S. C. Laborer

BAKER CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 2-2-2E - NE SE SE. On a hill off Upper Hurricane Road and approximately 2-1/2 miles southeast of New Market, Ala.

BAKER - William Baker Departed this life May 18, 1861 in the 86th year of his age. He was born Guilford County, N. C., 1775 and settled in Madison Co., Ala. in 1807 where he resided up to his death.

Census, Nov. 5, 1850

Baker, William	75	N. C., Farmer - $7200.
Hannah	75	N. C.
Pennington, P.G.	15	Ala., Student
Jentry, John	12	"
Jentry, E. C.	9	"

BAKER - Peter S. Baker. Erected by Elizabeth Baker in Memory of her husband, Peter S. Baker who departed this life Sept. 4, 1869 aged 58 years and 2 months. To me the sweet assurance was given that I shall meet thee, loved one, in Heaven.

Census, Nov. 5, 1850

Baker, Peter S	40	Ala., Farmer
Elizabeth	33	Va.
Allison	12	Ala.
Pennington, E. (Miss)	13	"

CAMPBELL - John R. Campbell, Born Oct. 1, 1831 - Died Nov. 2, 1862. [Note: John R. Campbell -m- Elizabeth Jane Pattillar May 14, 1854. (MB-4B)]

Census, Nov. 5, 1850

Campbell, G. P.	44	N. C., Carpenter
Nancy	38	Ga.
William	20	Ala. laborer
John	19	"
Stephen	17	"

(-continued-)

Campbell, Stephen	17	Ala.
L. W. W.	15	"
Ann	18	"
Gouldin, Margaret Ann	19	"

[Note: Margaret Ann Golden -m- Wm. Baker March 20, 1863. (MB-4B)]

EDWARDS - Jessie Edwards - Born Sept. 10, 1810[1818?] - Died Oct. 20, 1905

Census, Nov. 5, 1850

Edwards, Jesse	32	Ala.) Jessie Edwards -m- Amanda Ellett Feb. 25, 1841
Manda	32	Tenn.) (MB-5)
Frances	6	Ala.
Catharine	4	"
John H.	1/12	"

Census, Nov. 1, 1850

Hill, Moses	43	Ala., Laborer
Elizabeth	11	"
James	9	"
John	7	"

WOODALL CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 11-2-2E - S/2 NW SW - on west side of Hurricane Road.

WOODALL - Mother. Susan H. Douglass, wife of W. P. Woodall. July 8, 1837: Aug. 15, 1882.
Mourn not for me it is in vain to call me to your sight again.

Note: This lone marker was of marble and had fallen from its base and was leaning against the base.



Census, Nov. 21, 1850

Woodall,	Pleasant	43	Va.	
	Rebecca	37	Ala.	
	Sarah V.	17	"	-m- George M. Douglass Feb. 15, 1866 (MB-5)
	Willis P.	16	"	-m- Susan H. Douglass Nov. 20, 1861 (MB-4B)
	John W.	11	"	
	David F.	6	"	
	Robert C.	4	"	
	Mary S.	1	"	

Census, Nov. 25, 1850

Douglass,	George	45	Va., Farmer - $500.
	Ann H.	47	Va.
	John H.	16	Ala.
	Susan H.	13	" -m- William P. Woodall Nov. 20, 1861 (MB-4B)
	George M.	11	" -m- (1) Sarah V. Woodall Feb. 15, 1866 (MB-5)
			-m- (2) Bettie Power April 1, 1867 (MB-5)

HAMBRICK CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 2-2S-2E - S/2 S/2 SE/4 - Off Upper Hurricane Road.

Census, Nov. 1, 1850

Barley,	S. D.	36	Va., Farmer
	Mary	25	Ala.
	Joseph	11	"
	Dickson	9	"
	Ruth	6	"

Note: Paulina Hambrick m. Samuel Bailey May 9, 1838 (MB-4). I wonder if this isn't the "Pelina" Barly shown here with the names in the marriage record misinterpreted.

JENKINS - In Memory of Angeline Jenkins, Daughter of Joseph & Ruthey Hambrick was Born May 22, 1818 - Died March 24, 1847. (box tomb)

Census, Oct. 24, 1850

Jenkins,	Joseph K.	39	N.C., Farmer - $250
Esslinger,	Sarah	41	Tenn.
"	John	31	"

Note: Joseph K. Jenkins m. Angeline Hambrick Dec. 7, 1836 (MB-4)

BLACKBURN - In Memory of William Blackburn Was Born October the 26, 1801 - Died May the 8, 1876. (upright stone)

Census, Oct. 31, 1850

Blackburn,	William	49	Tenn., Farmer - $100
	Susan	38	Ala.
	Mary	5	"
	Jane	1	"
Bragg,	Martha	17	Tenn.

Hambrick Cemetery

MAXWELL - Jane Maxwell, Wife of James Maxwell - Born July the 3, 1799 - Died June 6, 1854.

Census, Nov. 1, 1850

Maxwell, James	60	Tenn., Schoolteacher
Jane	51	Tenn.
Blackburn, Margaret	18	Tenn.

HAMBRICK - Margaret Ann, Wife of Alfred Hambrick - Born October 24th 1819 - Died Nov. 13th 18·
[Alfred Hambrick m. Margaret A. Walker Oct. 13, 1836 (MB-4)

Census Nov. 1, 1850

Hambrick, Alfred		37	Ala., Farmer - $8000.	) Alfred Hambrick m. Mary Ann M
Mary		26	Ala.	) Gurley Feb. 17, 1847 (MB-4A)
Children by 1st marriage to Margaret Ann Walker	Mary	12	"	
	Ruth	10	"	
	Joseph	8	"	
	Margaret	3	"	
	Louisa	2	"	
Scott, Vincent		22	" Laborer	

HAMBRICK - T. C. Hambrick, Son of Joseph & Ruth Hambrick - Born Madison Co., Ala. August 28, 1824, he enlisted in the army of Christ when a youth, fought valiently with the M. E. Church South until April 3, 1861 when in triumph he laid aside earthly armour for a heavenly robe of righteousness. [Marble upright marker broken from base and lying on ground]

HAMBRICK - In Memory of Mary E. Hambrick, Wife of T. C. Hambrick, Daughter of Samuel and Mary Conner. Born March 7, 1829 - Died July 27, 1852.

Thomas C. Hambrick m. Mary E. Conner July 23, 1845 (MB-4A)

HAMBRICK - Mary Jane Hambrick, Daughter of T. C. & M. E. Hambrick, was born Aug. 2d 1846, died Feb. 2d 1847. (box tomb)

Census, Oct. 30, 1850

Hambrick, T. C.	24	Ala., Farmer - $1500
Mary	21	"
Ruth	2	"

Census, Nov. 1, 1850

Hambrick, Jo.	50	Tenn., Farmer - $6000.
Mary	30	Ala.
Marion	18	" Laborer
Jane	4	"
Ruth	3	"

NANCE CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 11-2-2E. S/2 S/2 SE/4. Behind the old Nance home surrounded by a cement block wall.

Census, Nov. 4, 1850

Nance, James		23	Ala. Farmer - $3000.	) James Robert Nance -m- Eliza M. Jones
Eliza		23	"	) April 2, 1846 (MB-4A)
Elizabeth		2	"	
William		1/12	"	
Smithey, Wm.		21	" Laborer	

NORRIS CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 14-2-2E. NW NW SW, on hill overlooking Hurricane Creek and Valley on east si
Ray Road.
Mr. W. Howard Norris, a grandson of William E. Norris, escorted me to this family cemeter
and the extra information (except marriage records and census) was supplied by him.

Census, Nov. 1, 1850

Norris,	R. S.	41	S. C. Farmer - $500
	Caroline	40	Tenn.
	James	14	Ala. -m- Mary Ann Scott Aug. 29, 1861 (MB-4B)
	Wm.	13	"
	Calvin	11	"
	Leander	8	" never married
	Albert	6	"
	Rachael	2	" -m- Morgan Campbell Dec. 17, 1873 (MB-7)

Census, Nov. 1, 1850

Stone,	Robt.	32	S. C. Farmer - $600
	Elizabeth	65	S. C.
Campbell,	Sarah	15	Ala.
	Mary	14	"
	Morgan	11	" -m- Rachael Norris Dec. 17, 1873 (MB-7)

BRAGG CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 15-2-2E - NW SE - east off Hurricane Road

BRAGG - Lucinda R. Bragg - Born Oct. 21, 1830 - Died June 10, 1907 aged 76 years, 7 months and 20 days.

BRAGG - Ben W. Bragg - Born Dec. 9, 1825 - Died March 3, 1885. (CSA iron cross #373 on this grave. According to death records in Madison County he died of pneumonia.)

) Benjamin W. Bragg -m- Lucindarilla Murphy Dec. 10, 1847 (MB-4A)

Census, Oct. 31, 1850

Bragg,	Benjamin	24	Ala., Farmer - $800
	Lucinda	20	"
	John	1	"
	Mary	5/12	"

Census, Oct. 31, 1850

Bragg,	J. H.	31	Ala., Farmer - $1000
	Anga	27	"
	William	3	"

Census, Oct. 31, 1850

Bragg,	L. M.	45	Tenn., Farmer - $4000.
	Margarett	50	Ga.
	Margaret	22	Ala.
	James	21	" Laborer
	Nelson	18	" Student
	Jefferson	14	" -m- Susannah Mitchell Nov. 8, 1860. (MB-4B).
	Martha	11	"

Bragg Cemetery

GOLDEN - Shedrick Golden Was born July 4, 1808 in the year of our Lord. On the 13th of January, 1865 he was taken off and murdered for maintaining the Union and Constation of the United States. (copied exact).

Note: This man is still referred to in the community by his nickname, "Shed" Golden. He was killing hogs at a natural spring along with William E. Norris (1835-1920) when "bushwackers" accosted them. Young Norris outran them but they caught Shed Golden and killed him. Mr. Golden did not believe in slavery. He was a fiercely patriotic man and the Golden family was known to be honest, fine citizens. The "Yankees" forced the community to bury him "in style" according to the grandson of Wm. E. Norris, W. Howard Norris.

Census, Nov. 1, 1850

Golden,	Shad	44	Ga. Farmer - $700	) Shadrack Golden -m- Martha Combs Feb. 4,
	Martha	31	S. C.	) 1845 (MB-4A)
	(Margaret	18	Ala.	
	(Mary	16	"	Note: Shadrack Golden was first married to
	(Caroline	14	"	Charlotte Vicry and the children shown here,
	(Catharine	13	"	except Sarah, are by that marriage.
	(Hickman	12	"	Shadrack is the son of William and Mary
	(Jasper	10	"	Golden who are buried in the St. Clair cemetery.
	(Ann	10	"	
	(Levica	7	"	
	(Elizabeth	6	"	
	Sarah	2	"	

COMBS - J. J. Combs - Born Dec. 3, 1848 - Died May 17, 1904

COMBS - Mary E. McKelvy - Wife of J. J. Combs - Born Feb. 24, 1851 - Died March 27, 1917.

Census, Oct. 31, 1850

Combs,	John	27	Ala., Farmer	
	Margaret	43	Tenn.	
	Nancy	7	Ala.	
	Sarah	4	"	
	John	2	"	
Golden,	Benjamin	18	"	Laborer. Benj. W. -m- Elizabeth Bragg 2-12-1851. (MB-4A)
	James	16	"	Laborer
	Mary	14	"	-m- Wm. Myrick March 5, 1865 (MB-4B)
	Martha	13	"	

COMBS - Mattie F. Combs - Born Sept. 11, 1887 - Died Feb. 7, 1902

MYRICK - Mary Elizabeth Myrick - Born Feb. 12, 1836 - Died May 18, 1908 aged 72 years, 3 mo., 6 days.) Mary E. Golden) -m- Wm. Myrick) March 5, 1865) (MB-4B)

MYRICK - W. C. Myrick - April 12, 1836 - Aug. 5, 1937

McCRARY-WRIGHT CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 26-2-1E. SW SE NE. Located in a grove of old trees. Approximately 1/2 mile due east of Riverton Road and one mile due north of the Three Forks of Flint River.

McCRARY - To the Memory of Thomas McCrary, Born Jan. 17, 1789, Departed this life August 31, 1865.
Note: This marble headstone was in the form of a scroll. Thomas McCrary was born in Charleston, S. C. and married Betsy Wright Sept. 23, 1812.

McCRARY - Betsey McCrary was born 12th April, 1793, Departed this life 10th May, 1821.

Census, Nov. 16, 1850

McCrary, Thomas	59	S. C., farmer - $15,000.	) Nancy Wright, a cousin to Betsy,
Nancy	45	N. C.	) was Thomas' second wife. Also
Williams	21	Ala.	see McCrary Cem. on Page 231
Wright, Cyntha	33	"	
Harriet	24	"	

SISCO CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 15-2-2E - Center of section. Covered with vinca minor. Off a dirt field-road east off Hurricane Road in Hurricane Valley.

SISCO - Robert E. Sisco - 1894 - 1947
(Note: Robert E. Sisco's wife, Ruby, is still living in 1976 and resides at Gurley with her brother. They have one son, R. E. Sisco Jr. also living in Gurley, Ala., a daughter in New Jersey, a daughter in Pennsylvania and a daughter in Texas.)

SISCO - James C. - 1928 - 1929

SISCO - Infant of T. M. & M. E. Sisco. Jan. 7, 1911 (Note: This was a hand lettered stone and was extremely difficult to read.)

SISCO - Martha M. Jenkins - Feb. 25, 1851 - April 5, 1917) M. B. Sisco -m- Mattie M. Jenkins
SISCO - Benjamin Marion - Feb. 15, 1850 - Dec. 19, 1931)) Sept. 30, 1869. (MB-5)

Note: Benjamin Sisco (Sr.) -m- Milly Powers Dec. 13, 1836 (MB-4). Presumably, Milly died and the three youngest children went to live with their grandparents, William and Ann Power. The older children remained with their father as reflected in the census of Oct. 31, 1850:

Oct. 31, 1850 Census

Power,	William	70	S. C. - $500
	Ann	64	N. C.
	Elizabeth	30	S. C.
	Parthena	28	S. C.
	Harriet	25	Ala.
	Malinda	23	Ga.
	William	19	?
	Green	6	?
Sisco,	Elizabeth	6	Ala.
	William	4	"
	Benjamin	4/12	" This is the Benjamin Marion buried above.
Sisco,	Benjamin	38	Ala., Farmer
	Nathaniel	11	"
	Fleming	9	"

1850 Census

#385	Fisk, Goodwin	40	S. C.	Farmer - $500
	Elizabeth	32	Tenn.	
	James	14	Ala.	James G. Fisk -m- Louisa M. Manley Apr. 14, 1859 (MB-4B)
	Benj.	13	"	Benjamin Fisk -m- Margaret L. Old, Lisc. Mar. 13, 1860 (MB-4B)
	Sarah	11	"	
	Mary	9	"	Mary A. Fisk -m- R. B. Crunk Dec. 23, 1869 (MB-5) - Same?
	Frances	8	"	
	Robt.	3	"	Robert Fisk -m- Dicy A. Pruitt July 18, 1872 (MB-6) - Same?

Note: One Goodwin Fisk -m- Mary E. Bevel on Jan. 6, 1856 (MB-4B) - Same?

HOWARD - D. J. Howard, born July 22, 1839 - Died Feb. 18, 1911
(Note: David J. Howard -m- Martha E. Bragg Aug. 28, 1861 (MB-4B)

1850 Census

#120	Bragg, L. M.	45	Tenn.	Farmer, $4000.
	Margarett	50	Ga.	
	Margaret	22	Ala.	
	James	21	Ala.	Laborer
	Nelson	18	Ala.,	student
	Jefferson	14	Ala.	
	Martha	11	Ala.	

1850 Census

#74	Howard, Orlena	31	Ala.	
	John	12	Ala.	
	Geo.	10	Ala.	
	Allen	6	Ala.	
	Hawkins, And.	22	Ala.	Farmer

HOWARD - J. W. Howard - Born Oct. 19, 1868 - Died Oct. 31, 1916

RUNZE - Jennie Howard Runze - Jan. 15, 1899 - May 30, 1931

HAWKINS - Millie F. McCaleb - wife of E. R. Hawkins - Oct. 20, 1847 - Nov. 7, 1915.

HAWKINS - E. R. Hawkins - Nov. 26, 1845 - Sept. 25, 1923
Note: Eldridge R. Hawkins -m- Milly F. McCaleb July 5, 1858 (MB-5)

1850 Census

McCaleb, William	41	Va.,	shoemaker - $200
Susan	36	Ala.	
Robert	16	"	Farmer. -m- Mary F. Garrison July 23, 1856 (MB-4B
Rodey	14	"	-m- Francis M. Woody Feb. 15, 1866 (MB-5)
John	12	"	-m- Letha Bragg Jan. 3, 1867 (MB-5)
Nancy	10	"	-m- Benjamin F. Bragg April 18, 1861 (MB-4B)
Martha	8	"	-m- David Hawkins April 26, 1865 (MB-4B)
Frances	4	"	
Susan	2	"	-m- John A. Bayless, Lisc. Jan. 8, 1872 (MB-6)

1850 Census

Beard, Adam	47	S. C.	- $500) Adam Beard -m- Phebe Combs Nov. 13, 1823 (MB-III)
Pheby	50	S. C.	)
W. A.	25	Ala.	William A. Beard -m- Parmelia Wilks Aug. 17, 1851 (MB-4)
J. S.	17	"	James S. -m- Virginia E. Fowler Aug. 31, 1855 (MB-4A) - Same?
Jno. G.	15	"	
Caroline	11	"	
Martha	9	"	
Green	6	"	
Mary	23	"	

BRITTON CEMETERY

)CATION: Section 6-1-2E - NW NW SW SE on Phillips Road approximately 1/4 mile east of the Isbell Road Intersection. (Checked April 29, 1978)

The Britton family still owns the land on which this cemetery is located. They were early Madison County pioneers. Unfortunately, most of the pioneer Britton's slate markers have weathered beyond reading.

ensus, 1850

ritton,	George H.	46	Tenn., Blacksmith - $400.
	Mary	38	Tenn.
	Rufus	21	Ala. -m- Rachael A. Hill Jan. 4, 1849 (MB-4)
	Catharine	19	"
	Elizabeth	14	"
	George	12	" George Britton Jr. -m- Sophrona C. Fowler Aug. 18, 1874 (MB-7) Same?
	William	10	" Marriage bond signed by George H. Britton.
	Wilburn	7	" [also see page 45]
	Gabe	3	"
Key,	Catharine	66	Tenn.

ote: One George L. Britton -m- Nancy L. Key March 6, 1827 (MB-III). The 1830 Madison County ensus shows George H. and wife with one son under 5 yrs. of age, and they are the only Brittons in at census.

50 Census

itton,	Rufus	21	Ala. Farmer) Rufus K. Britton -m- Rachael A. Hill Jan. 4, 1849 (MB-4)
	Rachael	21	Ala.)
	Mary	2/12	Ala.

0 Census (Nov. 13, 1850)

liamson,	H.	46	N. C., distiller - $360
	Elizabeth	37	Tenn.
	Alfred	19	Ala. student - Alfred O. -m- Lucy Ann Flynt Oct. 16, 1851 (MB-4A)
	Holley	17	" (Probably Hawley)
	William	2/12	"
rrington,	William	49	Unknown Brickmason

Hereford-Jones Cemetery

Census, November 5, 1850

Jones, G. T.		60	S. C. - $12,000) This is George Tannahill Jones who married
	Rebecca	55	Tenn.) Rebecca Campbell Brown December 10, 1812.
Howard, Adam		23	Ala. - Overseer

IEREFORD - Thomas Edward Hereford - April 3, 1845 - April 7, 1935

ensus, October 30, 1850

lereford,	Wm.	28	Va. Farmer) William F. Herriford -m- Martha T. Strong Jan. 9, 1844
	Martha	21	Ala.) (MB-4A)
	Thomas	5	" - Thomas E. Herriford -m- Fannie J. Jones Nov. 22, 1866 (MB-5)
	Robert	2	"
	Lucy	6/12	"

PETTEY-SPRAGINS CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 13-1-1E - W/2 W/2 NW SE - Off Mint Springs Road.

PETTEY - In Memory of Eli Williams Pettey, Born May 3, 1833, Died July 1, 1854 Aged 21 Years, 1 Month and 27 Days.

PETTEY - Zachariah Pettey - Born May 28, 1793 - Died July 8, 1854 Aged 61 years, 1 Month, and ____ days. (Illegible)

1850 Census (Nov. 13, 1850)

Pettey, Z.	57	N. C., farmer - $9000
Rebecca	59	S. C.
Nancy	25	Ala.
Richard	19	"
Eli	17	" Student (Note: This is the Eli Williams Pettey buried above)

SPRAGINS - Mary E. Spragins, Wife of Thomas E. Spragins, Born Oct. 4, 1823 - Died April 8, 1879. Kitchen Bros., Winchester, Stonemasons.) Mary E. Pettey -m- Thomas E. Spragins) April 29, 1847 (MB-4A)

1850 Census (Nov. 9, 1850)

Spragins, T. E.	29	Va., - $2200
Mary	25	Ala.
Elias	2	"
Cornelia	2/12	"
E. C.	23	" Farmer
Ann	47	Va.

Miller Cemetery

Census, November 7, 1850

Davis, R. B.	30	Ala.	Farmer - $1000) Robert B. Davis -m- Emily Davis Dec. 19,
Emily	27	"	) 1844 (MB-4A)
Mary	3	"	Mary Jane Davis -m- Reuben Tidwell Sept. 9, 1868 (MB-5)
James	3/12	"	

HOWARD - Michael Howard - Borned February 5, 1811 - Died February 21, 1881 [Box type tomb

HOWARD - Lucinda C. Howard Was born February 15, 1820, Departed this life Jan. the 20th 1886 Asleep in Jesus. [This was a table type marker with inscription on lid.]

Census, November 6, 1850

Howard, Michael	39	Tenn., farmer $2000.	) Michael Howard -m- Lucinda C. Carlton
Lucinda	30	N. C.	) July 26, 1837 (MB-4)
John	12	Ala.	
David	10	"	
William	8	"	
Eliza	6	"	
Elizabeth	4	"	
Walker	6/12	"	
Dysl, Dorris	37	Tenn. - Laborer	
Patilla, Sarah	20	Ala.	

TIDWELL - Mary Jane Tidwell, Daughter of Robert B. & Emily Davis. Born March 7, 1844 - Died February 8, 1891. (Note: See page 104 for census and page 103 for her parents. Mary Jane Davis -m- Reuben Tidwell Sept. 9, 1868 (MB-5).

TIDWELL - Reuben Tidwell - Born April 14, 1838 - Died Jan. 26, 1917

Census, November 5, 1850

Tidwell,	Edward	56	Va.	
	Nancy	50	N.C.	
	Rebecca	20	Tenn.	-m- Martin M. Fulcher June 28, 1853 (MB-4A)
	Martha	18	Ala.	-m- R. C. McCord Nov. 24, 1855 (MB-4B)
	Nancy	14	"	
	Reuben	12	"	-m- Mary Jane Davis Sept. 9, 1868 (MB-5) - See above.
	John	10	"	-m- Triona Davis Dec. 18, 1867 (MB-5)

HOWARD - John Howard - Born January 18, 1801 - Died August 20th 1853

Census, November 5, 1850

Howard,	John	50	Tenn.,	Gunsmith - $1000) John Howard -m- Catharine Weaver July 6,
	Catharine	52	Tenn.	) 1826 (MB-III)
	William	21	Ala.	Gunsmith
	Adam	21	"	Laborer
	Elizabeth	19	"	
	Mary	15	"	
	Nancy	13	"	
	Eliza	11	"	

HUDSON - (Elder) R. C.[G?] Hudson, Born February 17, 1841 - Died September 19, 1901 aged 60 years, 7 months and 2 days.

HUDSON - Mary Jane Hudson, Wife of R. C. Hudson - Born Jan. 27, 1841 - Died April 14, 1917.

Census, November 6, 1850

Hudson,	Joe	59	S. C.,	farmer - $1200.) Joseph Hudson -m- Avarilla Moore January
	Avarilla	47	S. C.	) 30, 1830 (MB-4)
	Patsey	22	Ala.	
	Elizabeth	21	"	-m- Stephen T. Campbell Dec. 16, 1852 (MB-4A)
	William	20	"	
	James	18	"	
	Mary	17	"	
	Joseph	14	"	-m- Ava M. Yancey July 2, 1862 (MB-4B)
	Richard C.	12	"	-m- Nancy J. Clunn March 27, 1859 (MB-4B)
	Berry	10	"	
	Alfred	3	"	

Census, Nov. 7, 1850

Walker,	Bathena	26	Tenn. (James Walker -m- Berthena P. Moore Oct. 11, 1844 (MB-4A)
	John	20	Ala. - farmer
Moore,	Ann	26	Tenn.

WALKER - Elizabeth A. Walker - Born November the 20th 1801 and Departed this life November the 20th 1837.

WALKER - Troyloas Mack Walker - Born July 27th 1826 - Died July 27, 1853 (See census on next page)

FANNING CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 23-1-3E - N/2 NE/4 - This cemetery is located in the far reaches of Madis County and can only be reached by jeep, trail bike, a good horse, or on foot. It is acces by going to Franklin County, Tenn. and following the trail down. The area is extremely remote and nearly impossible to locate. It is called the King Cove Cemetery on maps.

FANNING - Milton L. Fanning - December 1837 - May 1907

FANNING - Rachel B. Fanning - April 25, 1838 - November 10, 1918

Census, October 31, 1850

Fanning,	Stephen	30	Tenn.	
	Nancy	26	Tenn.	
	Melton	13	Ala.	
	James	11	"	-m- Nancy Bragg June 4, 1868 (MB-5)
	Mary	9	"	
	Jane	6	"	
	Margaret	4	"	-m- Robert J. Davis, Lisc. Dec. 25, 1862 (MB-4B)
	Sarah	2	"	

Census, October 31, 1850

Fanning,	M.	37	Tenn., Farmer	) Middleton Fanning -m- Sarah Looney, Lisc.
	Sarah	33	Va.	) October 4, 1836 (MB-4)
	Wm.	12	Ala.	William L. -m- Mary E. Kennard April 26, 1866 (MB-5)
	Julia	10	"	Julia C. -m- William M. Stone Nov. 30, 1865 (MB-5)
	John	7	"	
	Nancy	3	"	Nancy J. -m- Robert M. Miller Nov. 22, 1866 (MB-5)
	Mary	3/12	"	

Census, October 31, 1850

Fanning,	Joseph	22	Tenn.)	Josiah Fanning -m- Martha Ann Golden Feb. 6, 1850 (MB-4
	Martha	18	Ala.)	

Census, November 15, 1850

Fanning,	James	30	Tenn.)	James Fanning -m- Mahala Loving May 17, 1839. (MB-4)
	Mehalah	30	Va.)	

Note: There were no Fannings listed in the 1830 Census of Madison County, Alabama.

Other Fanning Marriages in Madison County:

Fanning, Stephen -m- Nancy J. McElroy - Lisc., Sept. 2, 1862 (MB-4B)
Fanning, Sarah A. -m- James K. McElroy, Lisc. Sept. 16, 1862 (MB-4B)
Fanning, John A. -m- Mary F. Miller Nov. 22, 1866 (MB-5)] Double wedding??
Fanning, Nancy J. -m- Robert M. Miller Nov. 22, 1866 (MB-5)]
Fanning, Henry -m- Eliza Brown, Lisc. Jan. 20, 1870 (MB-5)
Fanning, John A. -m- Ella V. Bayless Dec. 9, 1870 (MB-5)
Fanning, Mollie E. -m- Hezekiah E. Teague March 26, 1873 (MB-6)
No Fannings listed in Marriage Book 7 (Sept 1873 - April 1875)

HAMBRICK - Mary Hambrick - Born July 16, 1813 - Died July 17, 1895)
) Dbl.
HAMBRICK - Bradford Hambrick - Born Jan. 1, 1814 - Died Aug. 25, 1891)

Census, Nov. 1, 1850

Hambrick,	Brad	37	Ala., Farmer - $1800.
	Mary	37	Ky.
	Ruthy	16	Ala.

) Branford Hambrick -m- May
) Harper Feb. 25, 1833 (MB-4A)

HALL - Sarah Ann Hall - Sept. 11, 1846 - Aug. 21, 1886)
) Dbl. Wm. S. Hall -m- Sarah Ann Elkin
HALL - W. S. Hall - Aug. 13, 1839 - May 25, 1913) Nov. 8, 1866 (MB-5)

Census, Oct. 30, 1850

Hall,	Robert	48	Tenn., Farmer - $400
	Emaline	38	Ala.
	Samira	18	"
	Mancell	16	" Student
	Clementine	14	"
	Wm.	11	"
	Mary	8	"
	Harriet	5	"
	Martha	3	"

Census, Dec. 4, 1850

Elkins,	Wm.	31	Tenn. far
	Millbury (f)	32	"
	John E.	5	"
	Sarah A.	4	"
	Mary E.	3	"
	James R.	2	Ala.
	Samuel N. 1/12		"

BLACKWELL - Rev. R. T. Blackwell - May 17, 1850 - Sept. 6, 1938)
) Dbl.
BLACKWELL - Eliza Jones - Oct. 15, 1850 - Feb. 11, 1922)

BRAGG - William C. Bragg - 1847 - 1933

Census, October 31, 1850

Bragg,	J. H.	31	Ala., Farmer - $1000
	Anga	27	"
	Wm.	3	"

BRAGG - Sally C. Bragg - 1846 - 1935

BURDINE - Nancy Burdine - Born Aug. 3, 1821 - Died Dec. 30, 1896)
) Dbl.
BURDINE - Newton M. Burdine - Born Feb. 7, 1809 - Died Dec. 28, 1891)

Census, Oct. 28, 1850

Burdine,	N. M.	40	Ga. - $600.
	Nancy	29	S. C.
	Richd.	8	Ala.
	John	6	"
	Jas.	4	"
	Wm.	2	"
	Margaret 1/12		"

) Newton M. Burdine -m- Nancy Combs
) May 27, 1851. (MB-4)
] Geo. M. D. Rogers -m- Margaret
] E. Burdine April 25, 1865.
] (MB-4B)

RIDDICK - Thomas J. Riddick - Born Apr. 12, 1837 - Died Jan. 12, 1916

Census, Nov. 20, 1850

Riddick,	Josiah	54	Va., farmer - $1000
	Virginia	22	Ala.
	Louisa	15	"
	Thomas	13	"
	Penelope	11	"

RIDDICK - Minerva Ann Riddick - Jan. 30, 1854 - Sept. 26, 1919

RIDDICK - B. Frank Riddick - Sept. 20, 1889 - Jan. 13, 1973)
) Dbl.
RIDDICK - Mary Foster Riddick - Jan. 25, 1900 - (blank))

LOCUST GROVE BAPTIST CHURCH CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 19-2-2E - Center of the S/2.
Located off Winchester Road on County Lake Road.

LAWLER - Jessie Mae - 1909 - (blank))
) Dbl.
LAWLER - Maurice Hunt - 1905 - 1971)

LAWLER - Beulah B. - 1891 - 1971)
) Dbl.
LAWLER - Harry B. - 1885 - (blank))

LAWLER - Joan Elizabeth Lawler - Mar. 16, 1956 - May 13, 1956

LAWLER - Betty B. - 1864 - 1956)
) Dbl.
LAWLER - James J. - 1861 - 1951)

LAWLER - Lorene H. - July 31, 1899 - (blank))
) Dbl.
LAWLER - Paul J. - Jan. 9, 1900 - April 10, 1974)

LAWLER - Clarence W. - 1893 - (blank))
) Dbl.
LAWLER - Fannie Lou - 1892 - 1964)

CORNELISON - Roy Wayne Cornelison. July 23, 1945. (No other information)

BLACKBURN - Milton Blackburn - Oct. 2, 1913 - Jan. 19, 1948

BLACKBURN - W. Laymon Blackburn - 1893 - 1940

ERWIN - Mattie C. Erwin - Oct. 22, 1865 - Jan. 17, 1940

ERWIN - Ben C. Erwin - Born Sept. 25, 1888 - Died Feb. 8, 1914

ERWIN - J. A. Erwin - March 22, 1848 - July 24, 1928
Note: James A. Erwin -m- Missouri F. Holding April 21, 1869.

Census, Oct. 26, 1850 (May or may not be same family as is buried here)

Irvin,	J. J.	28	Ala., Farmer
	Margaret	23	"
	Eliza	4	"
	Jas.	2	"
	Mary	3/12	"

FARROW - Ada V. Farrow - 1892 - 1946. Mother

FARROW - Edward F. Farrow - 1878 - 1962. Father

NAUGHER - T. S. Naugher - 1867 - 1955

NAUGHER - J. W. - 1874 - 1948

NAUGHER - E. J. Naugher - 1870 - 1949

NAUGHER - Oscar Naugher, Ala., Pvt., Medical Dept....[rest of stone buried]

NAUGHER - Wilburn Searcy Naugher - 1903 - 1934

NAUGHER - William S. - 1861 - 1937)
) Dbl.
NAUGHER - Rosa E. - 1869 - 1955)

BASS CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 35-2-1E - Center of S/2 of SW/4. Off New Market Pike behind an old farm house. This cemetery has been turned into a pig sty and the tombstones are rapidly being destroyed.

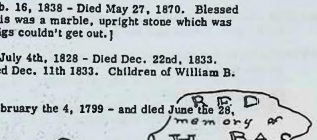
BASS - In Memory of Uriah Bass, Born in North Carolina June 11, 1766, and died in Madison County, Ala., May 30, 1819.

Note: Uriah Bass' sandstone tombstone has eroded to the point the inscription is completely gone, however, it has been preserved by a photograph taken many years ago when the stone was still quite legible.

WILSON - In Memory of Sarah Ann Wilson - Born Feb. 16, 1838 - Died May 27, 1870. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. [Note: This was a marble, upright stone which was being used to close a gap in the fence so the pigs couldn't get out.]

GREEN - In Memory of Oliver Terry [who] was born July 4th, 1828 - Died Dec. 22nd, 1833. Susan Bryan was born January 27th 1828 - Died Dec. 11th 1833. Children of William B. & Sarah Green.

GREEN - In Memory of Sarah Green who was born February the 4, 1799 - and died June the 28, 1857



Census, Oct. 25, 1850			
Green,	William B.	61	N. C., farmer - $650.
	Sarah	51	N. C.
	Wm.	27	Ala.
	Mary	21	"
	Elizabeth	18	"
	George	17	"

UDLY - Infant Son of Pulasky & Susan Dudly Died Aug., 1828 (No other info.)
[Note: Pulaske Dudley -m- Susan M. Bass Feb. 26, 1824. (MB-III)

AYLOR - In Memoriam - Mrs. Harriet Rebecca Taylor, Consort of Morris K. Taylor, was born Oct. 12, A. D., 1813, Departed this life July 20, A. D., 1880. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

NOTE: There is a note in the cemetery records of Pauline Gandrud and Kathleen Jones stating that when they canvassed this cemetery, before 1930, there was a stone of an Armistead child in it plus others which were badly broken. When I visited this graveyard in the winter of 1970 the Armistead stone was not to be found. The above were the only stones left in this cemetery.

ROGERS CEMETERY

LOCATION: Sec. 33-2-2E. SE NW NE SE. Behind house on hill in a grove of trees and across Hurricane Creek Road from Cameron Church.

ROGERS - Calledonia J., wife of J. H. Rogers, Dau. of V. A. & V. P. Miller. Born May 15, 1837 - Died Aug. 27, 1882 Aged 45 Y, 3 M, 27 D.

ROGERS - Chesley S., son of J. H. and Jane Miller Rogers. Born Aug. 26, 1881 - Died Dec. 16, 1898

ROGERS - John H. Rogers - Dec. 20, 1829 - Aug. 23, 1922, An honest man, the noblest work of God.

Census, Oct. 25, 1850			(Note: This may or may not be the Rogers family buried here)
Rogers,	William	82	Va.
	Sarah	50	"
	Milley	39	"
	Frances	26	"
	Alcey	24	"
	S. H.	22	"
	Martha	17	"
	Thos.	15	Ala.
	Thad.	13	"
	Anett	11	"
	Geo.	6	"

BAYLESS CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 30-2-2E - N/2 NW NW - Behind barn on west side of Winchester Pike approximately at the Winchester Pike and County Lake Road intersection.
Note: When I copied this cemetery this farm was owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry K. Lawler (born 1885). Even though Mr. Lawler was elderly he was spry and his mind was as alert as a youngster's. He was well acquainted with the history of the community, with his farm, and the people buried in the cemetery behind his barn (the Bayless Cemetery). Mr. Lawler was able to supply some information on some of the people buried here and I have included that information.

BAYLESS - T. H. Bayless - Born Dec. 21, 1826 - Died July 9, 1900.

BAYLESS - Martha A. Bayless, Wife of T. H. Bayless. Born March 16, 1832 - Died November 12, 1882. [Mr. Lawler said her maiden name was Smith]

BAYLESS - Sanford C. Bayless - Born December 8th 1807 - Died Oct. 31, 1873 aged 65 yrs., 10 mo. & 23 days.

Census, Nov. 9, 1850

Bayless,	Sanford	43	Tenn., farmer - $800.	) Sanford C. Bayless -m- Frances
	Frances	30	Ala.	) Ford May 18, 1836 (MB-4)
	Thomas	13	"	
	Rebecca	11	"	
	Ann	8	"	
	John	1	"	

TEAGUE - Leroy Hickman Teague, Son of Israel & Unity Teague - Born October 20, 1838 - Died Sept. 19, 1841.) D
TEAGUE - William Milton Teague, Son of Israel & Unity Teague - Born Aug. 15, 1831 - Died Sept. 18, 1841.)

TEAGUE - Russell Crutcher Teague, Son of Israel & Unity Teague - Born January 21, 1843 - Died April 5, 1865.

Note: Israel Teague -m- Unity Miller, Lisc. Nov. 27, 1819 (MB-2)

Census, Oct. 30, 1850

Teague,	Israel	54	S. C. Farmer - $4000.
	Unity	48	S. C.
	U. L.	14	Ala.
	Russell	8	"
Gray,	Mat V.	25	" Schoolteacher
	Elvira	20	"

---- At the foot of T. H. Bayless' grave is a large fieldstone marking another grave, that of an unknown woman who took ill on the stage which traveled between Winchester, Tenn. and Huntsville, Ala. Since this was a stage stop for a change of horses, the lady got off the stage and was going to stay at the Bayless home until she recovered, however, she died. This occurred during the Civil War and her son was in the Southern army. After the war the son visited her grave with intentions of erecting a monument but for some reason he did not. The identity of the lady has been forgotten.

HUDSON CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 5-1-2E. SW SE NW

This cemetery is several miles from any road and to get to it one must either pack in on a horse, use a trail bike or walk. It was canvassed by Mr. S. O. "Billy" Simmons in April of 1976 who drove a pickup part way and walked the rest. Mr. Simmons gave the information to his sister, Effie Simmons Shelton, who gave it to me. Many thanks to these people for their help.

HUDSON - Frank Hudson, Born August 4, 1871, Died July 10, 1900.

HUDSON - William F. Hudson Sr., Born October 15, 1830, Died December 19, 1903.

Note: Mr. Simmons stated there were many graves in this cemetery which were marked by unlettered fieldstones.

1850 Census. p.35

Hudson,	Jo.	59	S. C., farmer - $1200	) Joseph Hudson -M- Averilla Moore
	Avarilla	47	S. C.	) Oct. 30, 1830. (MB III)
Joseph's	(Patsey	22	Ala.	
children by a	(Elizabeth	21	"	-M- Stephen T. Campbell 12-16-1852 (MB-4A)
previous	(Wm.	20	"	
marriage?	James	18	"	
	Mary	17	"	
	Joseph	14	"	-M- Ava M. Yancy 7-2-1862 (MB-4B)
	Richard	12	"	-M- Nancy J. Clum 3-27-1859 (MB-4B)
	Berry	10	"	
	Alfred	3	"	

1830 Census:

1 male between ages of 40-50
1 female between ages 20-30
1 male between ages 5-10
2 females between ages 0-5

Joseph Hudson settled the Upper Mountain Fork in 1832 and had many descendants living in that region. (Valley Leaves, December, 1969 edition).

CAMPBELL CEMETERY

LOCATION: On Western edge of Hale Mountain. Section 11-1-2E, SE NE NE NE
(Note: Location is approximate. Mr. Homer Yarbrough took Ann Cochran and I to this cemetery or we would never have found it since it is on the side of the mountain in dense woods. I am most grateful to Mr. Yarbrough and Mrs. Cochran for their help in finding and copying this cemetery.)

CAMPBELL - In Memory of Susanah Campbell, Born March 23rd, 1857, And depated this life July 17,th 1858. Whosoever therfore shall humble himself as this little Child the Same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

CAMPBELL - In Memory of William Barnet Campbell; Son of William Barnet and Mary Campbell, Born Jan. 23rd 1854, Died May 6th 1854. Suffer little children to cum unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

CENSUS, Nov. 12, 1850

Campbell,	W. B.	26	Ala. Overseer - $600	) William Campbell -m- Mary Ann Power
	Mary	20	" -	) Nov. 19, 1846 (MB-4A)
	James	3	"	
	Mary	9/12	"	

BURDINE CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 29-2-2E. NW NE. On south side of County Lake Road approx. 1-1/2 mi. west of Winchester Pike.
Note: This cemetery is enclosed by a rock wall.

BURDINE - Viola May Burdine, Daughter of James M. & Mattie Burdine - Born Nov. 7, 1890 - Died Feb. 3, 1895

BURDINE - Mary Ethel Burdine - March 3, 1897 - April 12, 1900

BURDINE - Mattie Graves, Wife of J. M. Burdine, Jr. - April, 1868 - May, 1908

BURDINE - John M. Burdine - July 31, 1843 - March 6, 1913. (CSA iron cross No. 356)

Census, Oct. 28, 1850

Burdine,	N. M.	40	Ga.
	Nancy	29	S. C.
	Richard	8	Ala.
	John	6	"
	James	4	"
	William	2	"
	Margaret	1/12	"

BURDINE - Martha E. Nance Burdine - April 5, 1848 - May 3, 1894.

Note: Martha E. Nance -m- James M. Burdine, Lisc. July 25, 1865 (MB-4B).

Census, Nov. 4, 1850

Nance,	James	23	Ala., Farmer - $3000.
	Eliza	23	"
	Elizabeth	2	"
	William	1/12	"
Smithey,	William	21	" Laborer

BURDINE - In Memory of S. F. C. M., Daughter of J. J. & E. C. Burdine. Born Sept. 24, 1851 - Died Sept. 3, 1861 Aged 9 Years, 11 Months, 9 Days.

Census, Oct. 30, 1850

Birdine,	John	36	Ga. C. P. Preacher - $1000.
	Emily	36	"
	Eliza	46	"
	Sarah	44	"
	Matilda	38	"

STATE LINE CEMETERY NO. 2

LOCATION: Section 2-1-2E, NW NE NE. On the Madison County side of the Madison County, Ala-Lincoln County, Tennessee line.

JACKS - Sina, wife of D. F. Jacks - Born July 17, 1819 - Died April 15, 1899] These two stones
JACKS - D. F. Jacks - Born July 28, 1819 - Died May 29, 1910] enclosed by a wrought iron fence.

Note: I was told by an elderly resident of this community that Sina Jacks died as a result of burns sustained when her flannel nightgown caught fire at their fireplace.

State Line Cemetery No 2

Census, Nov. 12, 1850

Oldfield,	Jno.	53	N. C. - Farmer
	Frances	49	N. C.
	Andrew	20	Ala.
	Mary	26	"
	Elizabeth	24	"
	Wm.	17	"
	Frances	12	"
	Martha	12	"
	Susan	11	"
	Garland	10	"
	George	8	"

Census, Nov. 12, 1850

Oldfield,	Jno.	21	Ala. - laborer
	Abigale	18	"

Note: These are the only two Oldfield families listed in the 1850 census of Madison County. From the beginning through 1865 there are only two Oldfield marriages:
John Oldfield -m- Aley Hill Dec. 21, 1856, and
John Oldfield -m- Elizabeth Stewart, Lisc. June 14, 1862.

GRIGSBY - Dorcus Grigsby - Born Sept. 23, 1803 - Died November 12, 1875.

1850 Census

#61. Grigsby, Saml.	61	Tenn.	Farmer
Dorcas	44	Tenn.	
Catharine	17	Ala.	
Martha	16	"	
Jane	13	"	
Eliza	10	"	
Sarah	4	"	

1850 Census

#89 Manley, Hutcherson	39	S. C.	Farmer
Elvira	39	S. C.	
Wiley	16	Ala.	
Wm.	13	"	
Malvina	12	"	
Jane	9	"	Jane M. Manly -m- John J. Hill Dec. 22, 1858 (MB-4B)
Mary	7	"	
James	5	"	
Alex.	3	"	

1850 Census:

#185 Tanner, Hezekiah	30	N. C.	Farmer
Delily	24	Tenn.	
Archer	7	Tenn.	
John	5	Tenn.	
James	3	Ala.	
Wm.	3/12	Ala.	

NOTE: See Volume I for more of this family.

1850 Census:

#68. Fowler, Wm.	36	Va.	- Farmer
Rosey	36	Tenn.	
Geo.	17	Tenn.	
Sarah	15	Ala.	
Mary	14	"	
John	12	"	
Virginia	11	"	Virginia E. Fowler -m- James S. Beard Aug. 31, 1855 (MB-
Margaret	9	"	Margaret M. Fowler -m- Francis A. Provence Jan. 1, 1863 (MB-4B)
Jas.	7	"	
Wm.	5	"	
Maretia	3	"	
Willis	1	"	

1850 Census

#383 Andrews, A.	47	Va.	
Winny	35	Ala.	
John	18	Ala.	Student
George	16	"	"
Henry	15	Tenn.	Henry C. Andrews -m- Elizabeth Jones Nov. 4, 1858 (MB-4B)
William	13	Ala.	
Martha	11	"	
Ann	10	"	
Benj.	6	"	
Onea (f)	3	Tenn.	

Miller Cemetery

WALKER - Catharine A. Walker, Dau. of J. A. & C. A. Walker. Born July 15, 1858 - Died July 31, 1891.
[This was the dau. of James A. (above) and Catharine A. Walker]

Census, Nov. 7, 1850

Walker, J. A.	27	Ala. - Farmer
Catharine	22	Tenn.
Samuel	3	Ala.
Elizabeth	1	"

Census, Nov. 7, 1850

Walker, Samuel	53	Tenn.	Farmer - $3000; Samue
Delilah	34	Ala.	Walker m. Delila
John H.	10	"	Buckner March 7, 1839
Polley	7	"	(MB-4)
Ann	4	"	
Samuel	2	"	

WALKER - Elizabeth C. Walker - Born April 28, 1850 - Died August 21, 1850

Census, November 15, 1850

Walker, W. A.	28	Ala.,	Farmer - $1200.
Evaline	20	Tenn	
Mary	6	Ala.	
Elizabeth	3/12	"	
J. Hamilton	?	?	m. Va. E. Reaves, Lisc. Dec. 18, 1871 (MB-6)
Laura	28	Tenn.	

Census, Nov. 2, 1850

Walker, T. M.	23	Ala.	Farmer) Trylis M. Walker m. Sophia Rice Jan. 24, 1849 (MB-4A]
Sophia	19	"	)
Joseph	5/12	"	

Census, Nov. 7, 1850

Walker, J. R.	37	Ala. F
Jane	32	"
James	12	"
Elizabeth	7	"
John	5	"
William	3	"

MASSENGALE CEMETERY

LOCATION: Section 15-2-2E N/2 NW NE across Hurricane Road southwest from Cedar Grove Church in clump of trees in a field.

SISCO - Zech W. Sisco was Born March th 24 1814, Died Jan. th 28 1844.
Note: This is Zachariah W. Sisco. His tombstone was a hand carved fieldstone. All the "S's" were reversed in the Sisco stone and the Massengale stone. See Sisco census below.

Nov. 2, 1850

Robertson, Jno. A.	37	S. C.	Farmer - $1500.
Jane	75	S. C.	
Sisco, Margaret	39	S. C.	Margaret E. Robinson -m- Zachariah W. Sisco Dec. 8, 1835 (MB-4)
Sarah	7	Ala.	
B. O.	5	"	

Note: After Zachariah's death Margaret E. married Matthew Massingale on Jan. 26, 1853 (MB-4A). Matthew may be the "M. Massengale, age 28, born in Ala., a school teacher living with the Mary Daniel family" in the 1850 census of Nov. 20, 1850.



HOWARD & WAYNE McFARLEN



ETOILE & WAYNE McFARLEN

MATRIMONIAL MANIA

A PLAY SPONSORED BY
NEW MARKET HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB
PRESENTED MARCH 7, 1952
NEW MARKET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Play Copy saved by Mrs. Mary Frances McCrary and used with her permission.

Good Evening:
You are tuned to Station W.E.D., broadcasting over the Blue Garter Network...Your announcer:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Perry "Pheasant Feather" Harned is speaking to you from the ballroom and basketball court of New Market's Municipal Auditorium, Gymnasium, Picnic Ground and Clubhouse, located in the Garden Spot of the world--that man-made, but woman-handled, Paradise, New Market, Alabama.

I am here to give you a man-to-woman talk, a play-by-play description of one of the season's most brilliant social events. We are soon to witness a wedding ceremony, the joining of the bonds of Holy Matrimony of that lovely flower of the Lone Prairie, that blushing bit of femininity, little Miss Robbie Marvina Davis. Many a male heart will crack and break as Robbie passes out of circulation tonight, and into the arms of her lucky man, the Gregory Pick of Madison, the modern day Tarzan of these here hills, Mr. Allen "Big Wheel" Waldrop.

Now the seats are beginning to fill and the distinguished citizenry of this fair city come to take their places within the ribbons. Entering now are two lovely belles of their day, former debutantes, "Auntie" Gorman and Lucy Cochran, known affectionately as Miss Alice and Miss Lucy.

Following close behind them is a familiar feminine quartet. They are: Mrs. "Keep one foot in the road and don't worry about the other walls," known to all as Annie P.; the misses "two heads together are better than one," the Norris sisters, Iva Mae and Ina; and Miss Miriam "grey hound" Campbell.

But look who is coming now--a handsome couple if we ever saw one--Mr. "he travels fastest who travels alone," Bachelor Blant Stone, escorting the town's most eligible lovely young lady, Miss "live alone and like it" Hereford.

The usual host of suitors is not far behind. We see racing down the aisle without a thought of his blood pressure, the speed demon of the oil age, "lightning Lee" Hudson; with him is the beau-Brummel of Gasoline Alley--Texaco's answer to a maiden's prayer, "Papa" Walt Campbell and his friend and neighbor, a most eligible lawyer, Lafayette "Uncle Mark" Cochran, retired.

Now in quick succession follow a number of the town's most prominent business men and their wives and some of the nation's most successful agriculturists and their wives. Here they are, ladies and gentlemen: the prominent merchant and restauranteur and his wife and partner, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. "Wee Hamburger" Mitchell. And now we see entering, the King of the Drug Store Cowboys and his faithful cowhand, Minnie, Mr. and Mrs. Bald Eagle Jacks. Here is the Chicken King and wife, Mr. and Mrs. White Wyandotte Rodgers, and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. "Able Leader" Moore.

Here also are those native sons of the soil and their sometimes better halves: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. "Hen and Chickens" Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. "Wreck-A-Car" Davis, also, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. "Step on it Cliff" Davis. The Walkers are now coming in. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. "Jelly Bean" Walker and Mr. and Mrs. A. K. "Awful Keen" Walker.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the wedding ceremony is beginning. The big moment has arrived. Stay tuned for further details.

- CAST -

Bride.....Robby Marvina Davis
Mother of Bride.....Harvaline Neely
Parisian Stylist.....Andrea Kilpatrick
Models.....
Dixie Faye Vandiver, Jimmie Aster Lipscomb
Bobby Sox Spencer, Flossie Oleta Robertson
Billy Buttercup Jacks, Gradie Lee Jobe
Floy Lue Moore, Dahlia Audie Kilpatrick
Sweet William Tucker, Rowena (Booster) McCollum
Lillie Stone
Jilted Sweetheart.....Eva Lovey Riddick
Candle Lighters.....Edwina Jacks, Alva Sissy Simms
Groom's Mother.....Betsy Edsie Josey
Groom's Father.....Leevy Peevy Esslinger
Bride's Mother.....Harvaline Neely
Bride's Father.....James Cupid Teague
Nuptial Music.....Bobby Micky Muir
Preacher.....Allie Lee Rice
Matron of Honor.....Hassie Christine Jones
Flower Girls.....Sherry Sweet Pea Stewart
Robbie Rose Davis
Ring Bearer.....Vicki Rink Martin
Groom.....Allen "Big Wheel" Waldrop
Bride's Little Sister...Jimmie Millie Stiles
Bride's Black Mammy.....Aunt Hampie Esslinger
Bridesmaids.....
Glendora Hymer, Martha Ray Vandiver
Freda Jobe, Johnny Belinda Keith
Dickie Baby Walker, Tommie Rose McCrary
Pianist.....Richlyn Vandiver

KILPATRICK FLORIST

Andy and Lena Kilpatrick were married in 1939. They lived on and worked a farm belonging to Marc Cochran. After they gathered their crop that year they had a profit of $37.50, a part of which they spent on a radio.

In 1942 they were living at the Braham House and Andy was working at Redstone Arsenal. When he started to work there he made $5.08 per day (women were paid $4.80). In 1945, before the war ended, he was making $6.80 per day.

Andy and Lena moved in the house with Lucille Hereford after the death of her parents. This was about 1943. Andy and Lena lived with Lucille when they started selling flowers. Dahlias were a favored flower which they cultivated. When harvested, Andy would take them to Roper's Florist to sell.

When the war was over the Kilpatricks built a house on a farm located on Isbell Road. In 1946 they sold the Ropers five thousand dried straw flowers at $.01 each. Dahlias were $.05 each. Lena remembers that she bought a new coat with the straw flower money.

Andy and Lena came to live with Mr. Marc Cochran, October 31, 1946, where they live at the present time. They raised flowers here. Andy cleaned up the lot next door to raise flowers. After the war was over Nolan Roper's brother (Gigs) bought the land where the Humana Hospital is now located and started growing flowers there. This affected the sale of flowers for Andy and Lena to Roper's Florist, so they started selling flowers, vegetables, and broiler chickens at the curb market.

The Ropers have been true friends to Andy and Lena throughout the years. Mr. Roper was helpful to Lena as she pursued the art of floral arranging. Making a decision that she could, and would like to, make a career as a florist, she went to school in Nashville, TN. The first wedding for which she was responsible (as a florist), and with which Mr. Roper assisted her, was that of Blanche Stiles, the daughter of Jim and Sally Stiles. Her first floral casket arrangement was made for George Williams.

Once, a local gentleman wanted a $10.00 funeral spray (perhaps the cost in Huntsville), but at Kilpatrick's Florist they sold for $2.00 to $3.00. Instead of making a sale, Andy told him there was no way they could put that many flowers in a spray.

Lena remembers that Mr. Homer Moore bought the first $30.00 spray that she ever made. She said it was really big. The first funeral spray was made for a niece for a relative's funeral. Mr. Roper delivered it for her.

Styrofoam was a great invention for florists. Before styrofoam they would take several stems of flowers and tie them together with string, then add more flowers, then add fern, making a base as they worked. Andy and Lena grew flowers in the summer, but in

winter they went to Athens and bought them. The ferns had to be bought all the time. In 1971, the price for a funeral spray started at $5.00.

Andy and Lena decided to slow down a little so they stopped doing floral arranging. Now they just grow plants in the greenhouse, more or less as a hobby. The first greenhouse they used was made from the broiler house. Later, about 1955, they built another greenhouse on the side of their house. The glass one was built in 1959.

Andy and Lena have worked hard, but they are a happy couple. I feel sure this is due partly to the fact that they have helped so many people.

Submitted by Patsy McFarlen
from interview with Andy and Lena

****

SCOTT FIBERGLASS

It was about twenty years ago that the Scott family became interested in fiberglass and things that could be made from it. At this time, James, his three older sons, and two neighbor boys worked on small parts in one of his sheds. Elizabeth Scott was expecting their sixth child so she was not much help.

The business became more exciting so James had a larger building put up. By this time Elizabeth would work with him at night. She would wet the glass with resin while he rolled out the parts. They were hand-laying all their parts. James decided he wanted to build boats, so we purchased a chopper gun. Boy, Elizabeth thought her job was over but it had just begun! She was made errand boy: picking up materials, delivering parts, answering the telephone and even cleaning the shop.

Since there was no schooling on fiberglass, there had to be lots and lots of researching done. James would spend hours reading and calling different companies. It was all learning through mistakes and research. At one time it seemed we would go broke.

When James started to build boats he hired more help. He was still trying to hold down another public job so Elizabeth would try to keep the shop going while he was gone, but it finally got to the place she could not give the answers the callers wanted so James quit his job and came into the business full time. The business was very confining, trying to get the boats out on time, attending the shows, and keeping the parts stocked. By this time our boys were grown and they decided there had to be a cleaner job and one that did not have such a smell. So we cut back on the boats and went more commercial and into repairs. We are proud of our work.

Submitted by Elizabeth Scott

GLENN AND MARIE ARNOLD

Information on Glenn's parents is as follows: Henry Clay Arnold was born January 18, 1858, Normandy, Tennessee, County of Bedford. He died March 20, 1924, in New Market, Alabama and is buried in Rice Cemetery. Mary Steele was born October 31, 1877, in Plevna, Alabama. She died October 4, 1947, and is buried in Rice Cemetery at New Market, AL.

Mary Steele was ticket agent for N. C. & St. L. Railroad Depot at Plevna, Alabama. Clay worked as a carpenter for the N. C. & St. L. Railroad. They met at the Plevna Depot. They later married in Plevna at the Steele Home on Steele Lane. They then made their home in Wartrace, Tennessee for several years. Later they bought the McFarlan place on Coleman Road, New Market, Alabama. This place was also known as the old burned factory.

The two children were school age so in order for them to attend school Clay and Mary bought the Golden Place in New Market, on College Street. Clay built the home place which is now owned by Fred Shubert. Glenn was born at the home place on College Street. The Arnold children are Gordon, Agnes, Fulton, and Glenn. Gordon and Fulton are now deceased. Agnes lives in Florida.

Marie Speck and Glenn Arnold married March 19, 1940. They lived at the Arnold home place for a few years. They had one son, Steve. He was born at the Arnold home place on College Street. Glenn worked as an ironworker until he joined the Navy and served until the war ended. When Glenn came home they bought the Passmore House in 1948. It was owned by Polk Campbell. Glenn then went back on construction and worked until he retired in 1976. Glenn and Marie still live in the same house at 200 Hurricane Road, New Market, Alabama. They have two grandsons, Steven Steele Arnold, age 26, and Dunnavan Glenn Arnold, age 22.

Marie's father was Jim Speck, born December 15, 1876, in Franklin County, near Salem, Tennessee. He died November 5, 1951. He is buried at Cochran Cemetery, New Market, Alabama. Marie's mother, Allie Baker, was born October 16, 1883, in New Market, Alabama. She died November 14, 1966. She is buried at Cochran Cemetery, New Market, Alabama.

Jim was a farmer and moved to the Hambrick place four miles east of New Market, on Upper Hurricane Road, where he rented and later bought the farm which is now the Speck Place. He met and married Allie Baker, who lived on the Baker Place which was known as Lick Skillet. When the children were school age, the Specks bought a lot on Winchester Road and built a home. It burned in 1921. Jim built a second home on the same lot and it is now owned by Mrs. Norman. The Specks spent each summer on the farm, then moved back to Winchester Road each fall so the children could go to school. The Speck children are: Clayta, Jimmie, Guy, Ralph, Dalton, and Marie. Only two are still living, Marie and Ralph.

Ralph lives at the homeplace on Upper Hurricane Road. Dalton was killed in action in Brest, France on August 16, 1944.

****

HILLIS

The first I can remember being told about my grandparents is that my grandfather, George Jones, married my grandmother, Adellia Campbell. They lived at the end of what is now known as Hurricane Road. They had eight children: five girls - Ide, Bell, Elizabeth, Vinnie, and Hannah; three boys - Bob, Gip, and Joe.

My father was Gip Jones. His first marriage was to Elizie Fith. They had three girls: Leona, Lorene, and Aline. Lorene and Aline were twins. Aline died when a baby.

After Elizie died, Gip married my mother, Dora Amy Neal. They had three children: two girls - Opal and Bobbie; one boy - James Allen Jones.

Opal married Walter Hillis, son of Squire and Sarah Hillis. They had one child, Dean Hillis. She married Johnny Perry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Perry. They had four children: two girls - Stephanie and Stacy; two boys - Johnny Dean and Shawn. Johnny Dean died as a baby.

The first school I attended was on Mountain Fork Road. It was almost at the end of the road. It was a one-room school house. It went from first through the sixth grades. We had one teacher, Mrs. Ruby Atkins. The boys would bring in enough water to last all day. They would pour it in a barrel. The school has long since been torn down.

Submitted by
Opal Hillis

BROYLES FAMILY

by
Thomas E. Jacks

In 1717, John Broyles and his wife, Ursula, and their children, Jacob, Conrad, and Elizabeth, left their home in the Alsace-Palatinate region of Germany for Pennsylvania. When their ship reached London, its captain, Captain Scott, was arrested for debt and detained in prison for several weeks. During this time the ship's supplies were diminished by the passengers who were forced to stay aboard the ship. When the voyage finally resumed many died as a result of food shortages.

When the ship reached Virginia (contrary to the expectations of the passengers) all the German immigrants, including John Broyles and his family, were sold as indentured servants to Governor Alexander Spotswood to repay the cost of getting the ship out of London. Spotswood settled the German colonists in present-day Culpepper and Madison Counties in Virginia. The colony formed by the Germans was called Germanna (a combination of their native German and the English monarch at the time, Queen Anne).

After seven years of service to Gov. Spotswood, John Broyles and several of his fellow colonists attempted to leave Spotswood's service (seven years was the usual indenture). Spotswood sued the deserters and the case was even argued in the Virginia House of Burgesses. Spotswood lost his case and the members of the Germanna colony were freed from their indenture.

Shortly after this, in 1728, John Broyles was granted 400 acres of land. This land was located in present-day Madison County, Virginia. John Broyles died in Spotsylvania County, Virginia in early 1734.

John's son, Conrad, and his wife, Margaret, moved to Caraway Creek, Randolph County, North Carolina. Conrad and Margaret Broyles had eight children: Frederick, Adam, Mary, Rachel, George, and three daughters whose names are unknown. Conrad Broyles died in 1784.

Adam Broyles, son of Conrad, received a land grant from the State of North Carolina in 1787. In one year's time, Adam and his wife, Elizabeth, had sold their North Carolina property and moved to Washington County, Tennessee. There, Adam set up a blacksmith's shop. Adam and Elizabeth had seven children: George, Jacob, Isaac, Adam, Mary, Rebecca, and Susanna. It is unknown when Adam Broyles died.

Jacob Broyles, son of Adam, was born in Rowan County, North Carolina on June 24, 1780. He married Mary Vaught in Blount County, Tennessee on April 10, 1802. Jacob and Mary had eight

children: George, John, Elizabeth, Benjamine, Delilah, Washington, Isaac Mitchell, and Mary Caroline. Sometime around 1810, Jacob and his family moved to Madison County, Alabama. During the War of 1812, Jacob served in the 16th Regiment of the Mississippi Territory Militia. On April 15, 1816, Jacob Broyles purchased a tract on land consisting of 230.51 acres from the U. S. Government. This tract of land was near the present-day Rob Davis farm. In 1818, Jacob sold most of this tract to Thomas and Benjamin Bragg. By 1832, Jacob had sold the remaining part of the 1816 property and moved with his family to Hurricane Valley. Jacob Broyles died May 14, 1842. His wife, Mary, died August 12, 1861.

Many descendants of Jacob and Mary Broyles live in the New Market community today. Although the Broyles name no longer exists in the area, the strong spirit of the original Broyles pioneers still persists in the progeny of these people.

Submitted by:
Jacob and Mary Broyles'
great-great-great-great grandson,
Thomas E. Jacks



Woods Campbell & Patsy Campbell

CAMPBELLS 1765 AND 1828

My great-great-grandparents, John D. and Mary J. Snow Campbell date back to 1828. Their children were John Snow and my great-grandfather, Alexander Campbell. Alexander was born in 1850. He married W. B. Campbell's granddaughter, Sara Ann Campbell. John D. and W. B. Campbell were not related. John D. was born in 1828 in Ireland. Mary, his wife, was born in South Carolina.

W. B. Campbell was born in the year 1765, in Virginia. W. B.'s father was born in Tennessee and his grandfather was born in Virginia. I found this information in the 1850 census of Alabama. In 1850, W. B. was listed as head of the household along with his children: Frank, born in 1821; Alexander, born in 1821, possibly a twin to Frank; Sarah was born in the year of 1828; and Margaret was born in 1832.

Alexander was born in Alabama. He married Sarah Ann Buckner. She was born in 1819. Alexander and Sarah Ann were married 3-22-1838. They had seven children:

Mary Elizabeth	b. 1839 - d. 1929
Delilah	b. 4-16-1841 - d. 4-27-1884
James K. Polk	b. 3-4-1845 - d. 3-15-1926
William Fate	b. 1846 - d. Unknown
Amy Frances	b. 2-16-1848 - d. 3-22-1926
Sarah Ann (my great grandmother)	b. 10-16-1851 - d. late fall, 1925
Alex L.	b. 1856 - d. 7-21-1891

When the first book was printed on New Market History, my great grandmother and her family were left out of the children of Alexander M. and Sarah Ann Buckner Campbell's children. They had the information on my great grandmother, Sara Ann Campbell, but did not know how the information fit into the Campbell family until Patsy and I put all our information together.

At the time of the 1850 census, W. B.'s son, Alexander and Sarah Ann Buckner Campbell lived with W. B. At this time Alexander and Sarah had five children, all of their names matching the information I had.

Sarah Ann Campbell married John D. and Mary J. Snow Campbell's son, Alexander Campbell, born in 1850, in Alabama. Sarah Ann and Alexander had four children:

John DeKalb (my grandfather)	b. 7-17-1878 at Red Hill, Alabama - d. 7-7-1960, buried at Blytheville, Arkansas
Mattie	b. 8-6-1882 - d. 1-1-1929,
Mary Ann	died young
William Idol	b. 11-15-1886 - d. 7-17-1968

John DeKalb Campbell married Beulah Ann Keller, March 7, 1901. They had two sons:

Arthur Lee b. 5-14-1902 - d. 1969
Merrill Franklin (my father), b. 5-31-1906

Both Arthur Lee and Merrill Franklin were born at New Market, Alabama. Arthur married three times. I was told he had no children.

Merrill Franklin married Rachel Leona Fisher (my mother). She was born 1-24-1919 and died 8-2-1943. They had four children: Tommie Franklin, born 3-18-1937; John Henderson, died at the age of eight months; Mary Esther, born 2-9-1941; and James Edward, born 7-25-1943. Merrill married Eloise Cooper and had one child, Sharet Louise, born about 1948.

Mattie married Fred George and had four children: Mary Lou, Clarence, Luther and Jim. Fred died 8-2-1915 and Mattie married William W. Johnson and they had four children: Bessie, Charlie, Ada Mae, and Sally Ann. I would like to hear from some of these children or their grandchildren.

William Idol Campbell, the fourth child of Alexander and Sarah Ann Campbell's children married Cari Louella Scott. They had nine children: Rosie Lee, born 7-28-1908; Edetha, born 7-4-1910; Pearlie Ann, born 7-4-1912; Leslie, born 5-9-1914; Jennie D., born 8-5-1918; Juanita, born 2-17-1921; W. S., born 8-7-1923; Melvina, born 3-3-1925; and Hoover, born 11-17-1928.

John DeKalb's second marriage was to Beulah Simmons. She was born 7-18-1899 and died 9-10-1982. She was buried at Paragould, Arkansas. They had six children: Albert Alexander, born 6-9-1921; Ola Mae, born 10-27-1923; J. D., Jr., born 2-15-1925; Gillette Sheldon, born 7-20-1927; J. L., born 2-20-1930; and Eunice, born 12-27-1931.

We have one hundred and eleven Campbell families at this time. We are hoping to get this in book form. If you have any information that you would like included, please get in touch with Mary Campbell Williams, 1301 1/2 N. Main St., Shelbyville, TN 37160 or Patsy C. McFarlen, P. O. Box 95, New Market, AL 35761.

Submitted by: Mary Campbell Williams

WHITMAN, LAXSON, COCHRAN, ESSLINGER, AND MCCRARY

John Whitman, one of the first settlers of Weymouth, Massachusetts came to the USA prior to December, 1638. In Winthrop's Journal, he was made free, admitted to the rights and privileges of a citizen on that date. He was made Ensign in Weymouth in 1645 which was probably the first military appointment in town. He held that office until 1680.

His great-great-grandson, Daniel Whitman, Jr. (1796-1847), born in Hopkinton, New Hampshire, was the first Whitman to come to Madison County, Alabama. He married Alice Phelps (1806-1870) in Halifax County, Virginia on March 20, 1824, and soon after settled in New Market, Alabama. They bought land just across Hester's Creek on Tanyard Hill. (On this hill in 1814, Mr. Crump had established a tanyard.) It is about a mile west of the caution light at the corner of New Market and Winchester Road. This property joined the Laxson property on Beth Road.

Daniel's father, Captain Daniel Whitman (1765-1834) died before reaching New Market, but his widow, Sarah McHard Kast Whitman (1772-1863), joined her two sons. (By this time William Feno Whitman had come to New Market.) William Feno (1809-1888) was born in Halifax County, Virginia. Sarah and William Feno are buried in the Whitman Cemetery on Jacks Road.

Inn 1838, when the town was incorporated, Daniel bought various lots from John Miller. He bought the lot where the new Market Clinic now stands and the land on the east side of Winchester Road. In 1849, William Feno Whitman bought adjoining lots from Haytor. In 1860, he built the home that is the present home of Alta Miller Cobb. Daniel died while living in the house on Tanyard hill but his widow, Alice Phelps Whitman, her daughter, Ellen (1825-1898) and son-in-law, William Guynn Laxson (1819-1885), built the brick house next door (north) in 1861. It remained in the Laxson family until Cathryne Laxson Gattis sold it in 1987, one-hundred-twenty-six years later.

William Guynn Laxson and Ellen's daughter, Mary Ellen (Molly) (1855-1924), married John Wesley Cochran (1848-1930) on April 15, 1874.

John Cochran's father, James Maben Cochran (1805-1873), who was born in Parson County, North Carolina, married Sally Price Gordon (1810-?) of Parson County, North Carolina shortly before coming to Alabama in 1830. They crossed the Cumberland Mountains. Sally died young. Once my grandfather, John Wesley Cochran, carried me to his old home west of New Market. The old log house was across the street from the Union Grove Baptist Church to the west of Butler Road. The Landmans lived there at that time.

John was born February 1, 1848, on the hill where Alabama A & M University now stands. He went to school to a Mr. Shepherd in

Huntsville and later at Sulphur Springs after they moved to the farm west of New Market.

John enlisted in the Army in December, 1864, in Baldwin County, Mississippi, under Captain Gillispie's Company, Fourth Alabama Regiment of Cavalry, when he was only sixteen. He came home at the close of the war in 1865. He was at Marion, Alabama when the war ended. He was in General Forrest's Brigade, Colonel Russell's Regiment.

When John came home, he taught school for a time at Sulphur Springs. He then went into business in New Market with his future father-in-law, William Guynn Laxson. He later went in business for himself. He had been in business more than 60 years when he turned his business over to his son, Marc.

It was after his wife died in 1924 that John continued to construct buildings because he wanted to see the town grow. He had built the corner store and the drug store in 1913, moving his business from the old brick building which once stood on the corner of the Don Davis lot on Winchester Road, diagonally across from the post office. The Don Davis house, which burned in 1987, was the home to which John brought his bride in 1874. In 1887, he built the brick home next door, now owned by Ray Smith and Gary Renfroe. His son, Will Cochran, and his wife, Lucy Jones, later lived in the first Cochran house. The house was remodeled after their daughter, Rosa Cochran Harned, died; her sister, Anna Cockran Lawson, and daughter, Lucy, sold the house to Don Davis.

John Cochran built the garage on New Market Road in 1924. It is now owned by a man who uses it to store antique cars. In 1926, he built the store between the garage and the bank which is now Becky's Beauty Shop. Hall Mitchell rented this store for many years. It is now used by Respiratory Rentals. Later in 1926, he built the building on the other side of the garage (west) which is now the restaurant. In 1902, he contributed the land to be used as a cemetery. He died in July 1930. My mother was always pleased that he did not live to see the bank close that November.

John Cochran was a farmer, ran a cedar lot, and was a merchant. He and Mary Ellen (Molly) had six children: Alice, Will, John, Marc, Rosa, and Presley.

Alice married Will Gorman, a successful farmer and merchant. Their only child, Maben Gaynell, died at the age of 14 months and was the first person to be buried in the Cochran Cemetery. There are graves there of people who died earlier, but these were moved from other cemeteries.

John died in his twenties. Marc married Zora Love. Rosa (1883-1974) married Dr. Levi Pickett Esslinger (1875-1917) in 1907. Presley became a Methodist minister. He married Ethel Debardelaben of Greensboro, Alabama. Their children, Roberta Wood and Mary Alice Northcutt, are owners of the Whitman-Laxson farms a mile west of town. A Whitman-Laxson cemetery is on the Whitman place.

Dr. Esslinger came to practice medicine in New Market in 1903. He was the son of Levi W. Esslinger and Martha (Mattie) Pickett Esslinger. The Esslingers were farmers in Weatherly Cove which is now southeast Huntsville.

The first Esslingers came to this country from England but were of German stock. On September 19, 1749, the good ship "Patience" under Captain Hugh Steel landed at Philadelphia. Christian Esslinger was aboard. On August 11, 1750, the good ship "Patience" under Captain Hugh Steel again landed at Philadelphia and on the ship's list was the name Hans Jerg (John George) Esslinger. Both Esslingers were from "Wirtemberg."

After attending Tulane and finishing medical college at Mobile, Alabama, in 1903, Dr. Pickett Esslinger practiced medicine in New Market using the office that now stands across from the old garage facing New Market Road. It was originally built for a Dr. Horton, the grandfather of Walton Rodgers, who lives on the property. In 1909, Dr. Pickett went to the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital in New York to specialize in "eye, ear, nose and throat." Rosa spent the last three months with him. They came back to Huntsville in 1910, but Pickett thought New Market needed him more so they moved back to New Market at the end of 1910.

In 1913, John Cochran built the corner general merchandise store for himself and the drugstore for his son-in-law, Dr. Pickett Esslinger, who used the back of the drugstore for his office.

Levi Pickett Esslinger, Jr. was born in 1915. Mary Frances was born in 1917, the year her father died. Pickett and his wife, Myrtle Kaylor Esslinger, still live in the house John Cochran gave his daughter, Rosa, and son-in-law, Dr. Pickett Esslinger, when they returned to New Market in 1910. Pickett and Myrtle have added a lot to the house since they have lived there.

Myrtle's father, Reverend L. J. Kaylor, and his wife, Johnnie Hanson Kaylor, lived in New Market at two different times. Reverend Kaylor was the minister at the New Market Presbyterian Church in 1932, when Myrtle finished high school. Later he returned during World War II. Myrtle was living in Huntsville and working at Redstone Arsenal. When Pickett came home at the end of the war, they began dating and married in 1947.

Myrtle is the oldest of nine children. The others are: Lillian Botsford of Gadsden; Reverend Curtis Kaylor, a Methodist minister who died young; Helen Carlyle of Augusta, Georgia; Hugh Kaylor of Rodgersville; Reverend Bill Kaylor of Guntersville; Hesta Farrow of Madison; Dr. Charles Kaylor of Hazel Green and David Kaylor of Davidson, North Carolina, a wonderful group of people.

Pickett bought out his uncle Marc Cochran's business in 1946. When Pickett sold out to John Keith in 1965, there had been a Cochran's store in New Market for 98 years. John Keith continued to call the store, "Cochran's Store."

Myrtle retired in 1973. Pickett is semi-retired. He operates a paint and appliance store which doubles as his office and is next to the corner store. Pickett didn't make a doctor like his father, but he continually helps people.

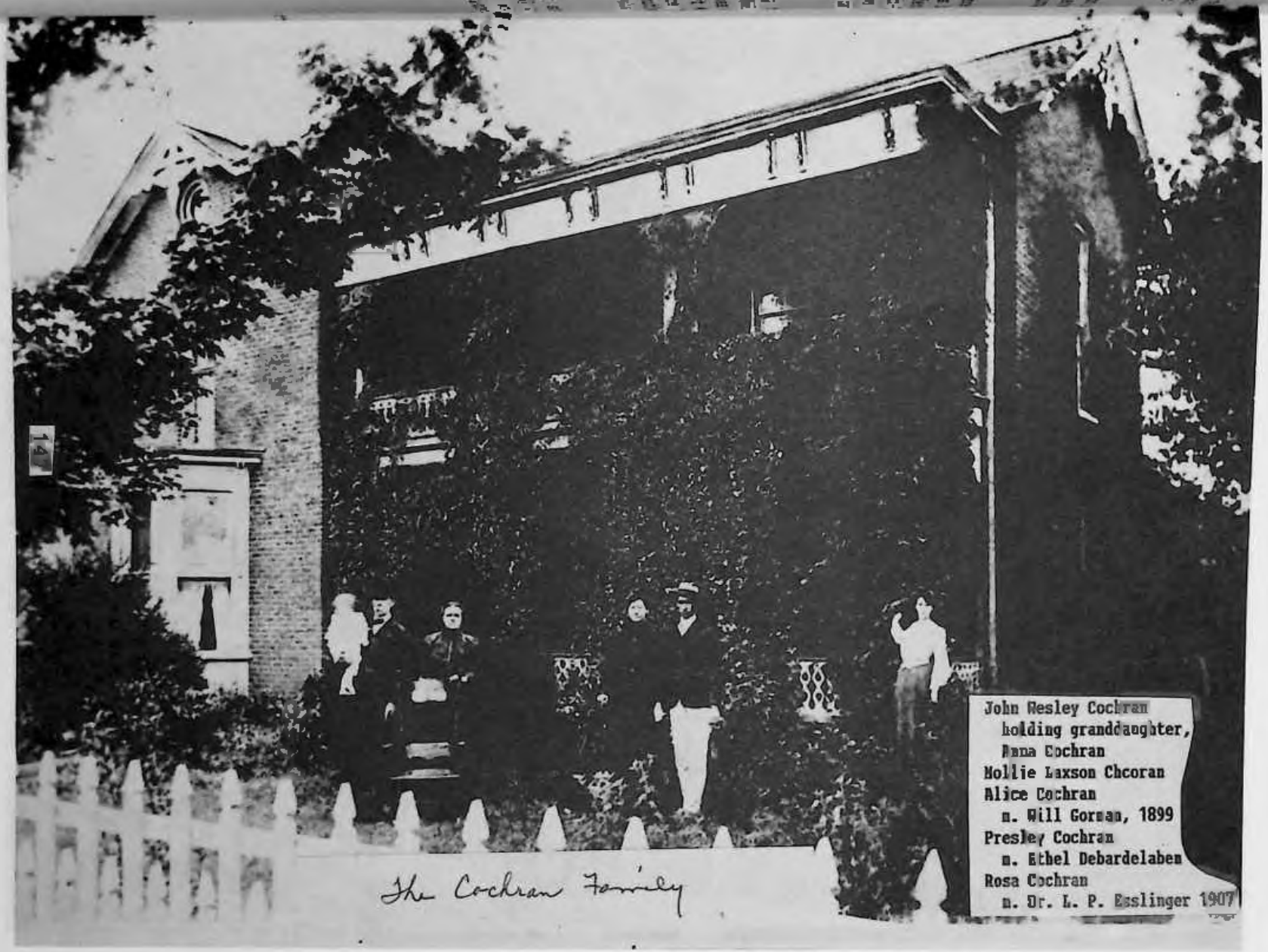
Mary Frances married Thomas Robert McCrary in 1946, soon after he returned from World War II. He and Pickett each served four years. Two years were spent overseas in the China, Burma, India theater, but neither saw the other the entire time.

Mary Frances, when she married, moved across the fence to the house owned by her aunt, Alice Gorman. The house was built by John Orman in 1911. After Alice died, they took the fence down. She, Thomas, and their adult children, Rosemary, born in December of 1947, and Tommy, born in November, 1949, still live in this house. Rosemary is a teacher and Tommy farms like his dad. Mary Frances taught school for 34 years.

Thomas Robert's great-great-grandfather, Thomas McCrary, came to the county from Surry County, North Carolina before 1809. When land went on sale in Nashville, Tennessee in 1809, Thomas McCrary went there to purchase it, a part of which Thomas Robert McCrary, Jr. (Tommy) farms. Thomas Sr.'s first cousin, Alice Thomas, still lives in the old McCrary home about ten miles southwest of New Market on Macville Lane. This land has been in the family more than 180 years.

Thomas grew up on the farm on Maysville Road, just south of Buckhorn school. He is the son of Robert Spragins (Bob) and Mary Hundley McCrary. Thomas is a southern gentleman, one who works hard to preserve the land and to provide for others although he is now retired.

Submitted by:
Mary Frances Esslinger McCrary
March 11, 1989



The Cochran Family

John Wesley Cochran
holding granddaughter,
Anna Cochran
Mollie Laxson Chcoran
Alice Cochran
m. Will Gorman, 1899
Presley Cochran
m. Ethel Debardelaben
Rosa Cochran
m. Dr. L. P. Esslinger 1907



1. Doc Terry
2. Sam Vest
3. Dixie Vest
4. Alice Cochran
5. Texie Petty
6. Estelle Hambrick
7. Neva Jones
8. Dana Lou Terry
9. Jessie Mae Laxson
10. Sydney Rodgers
11. Joe Miller
12. Mrs. Alice Berry
13. Jessie Rodgers
14. Connie Davis
15. Phil Payne
16. John Oman
17. Nellie Pitts

A Picnic in New Market
1890


Laxsons
Frank Estes
Walter Estes
Cornie Estes
Oscar Estes
Aunt Emma Laxson Estes
Grandpa W. G. Laxson
Grandma Ellen
Phelps Whitman Laxson
Walter Laxson
Mary Ellen (Molly)
Laxson Cochran
Johnnie Cochran
Marc Cochran
Alice Cochran
Will Cochran

BRADSTREET JOURNAL

LIST OF NEW MARKET BUSINESSES

The following is a list of businesses listed in Bradstreet's Journal of commercial ratings of bankers, merchants, manufacturers and other types of businesses in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, Volume 206, dated July, 1919, published by the Bradstreet Company, 346-348 Broadway, New York, New York. This book was loaned to the New Market Banking Company, and is now in the possession of Floyd Moore in New Market.

"NEW MARKET, ALA., MADISON, on Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad - population 30, telephone, Post Office, Express and Bank, Rural Routes to Carmichael, Giles, Hazel Green and Keys Mill."

Campbell, G. W.	G	S	Z	E
Cochran, J. W.	G	S	Q	B
Cook, I. M.	G	S	Y	F
Davis, W. C.	G	S	X	F
Evans, W. F. (near)	G	S	Z	F
Gorman, W. M.	G	S	U	E
Hamaker Bros. (near)	G	S	X	E
Harbin, W. A.	G	S		
Hereford & Martin Grist Mill			W	E
Jones & Pitts	G	S	U	E
Lipscomb, S. D. & Co. Mill			Y	E
McCord, J. Ed	G	S	V	D
Miller, W. P. & F. A., G. S. & Roller Mill			T	C
Mitche, W. H. Gro.			Z	F

New Market Banking Co., W. E. Rodgers, Pres., R. N. Coleman, Cashier - Cap. paid in $17m, surp, $6,500

Orman & Hereford Drugs			R	C
Payne, J.M. G. S. & Undertaker			S	C
Rodgers, A. D. & W. E. (near) Saw and Grist			S	C
Rodgers, W. W.				
Teague, H. M.	GS	Z	F	
Teague, Otis	GS			
Walker, J. T. & J. B.	GS	T	D	
Walls & Womack	Gro	Y	F	
Yarbrough, F. F.	GS			

Viola Campbell Gary & Cliff Gary







L. to R.: A. G., Fred, Jack, & Edith Gary



THE GARY'S

Zeke Gary was born in (or close to) the year 1811. He was first known to be in North Carolina. Later he was in Booneville, TN and still later, Nashville, TN. His four children were:

Frank was born at Booneville, TN in 1836. He was a farmer, and had two sons, Otis and Jim. Jim lived in Decatur, AL and worked with the telephone company. Frank died in Texas in 1869.

Bill Gary was born in 1839 at Nashville, TN. He later moved to Gary, Texas, He died in Texas.

Nathan Gary was born in 1843 at Nashville, TN. He was a builder, a brickmason, and he owned a farm. He was a jolly fellow with a Roman nose and weighed 160 pounds. His son, Millin, operated a grocery store in Decatur, AL.

Daniel L. Gary was born 7-12-1848 at Booneville, TN. He married Mary Ada Crawford. She was born 4-8-1852 near Nashville,TN. He was a Primitive Baptist preacher and farmer. He was a very serious man, read a lot, high-tempered, liked the best farm, best horses and a nice surrey.

Nova, daughter of Leslie and Willie Gary Hastings, who now lives in Eastland, Texas, tells about the Daniel Gary family:

"It must have been around 1890, 91, or 92 that the Daniel Gary family moved to New Market, AL. They owned a farm west of New Market on what is now New Market Road. This place is known as the Trice place and it is now owned by the Graham family. It had a large two-story house and an orchard, with people working for them, taking care of the orchard and farm. After all the children moved away, Daniel built a house in New Market; Daniel, his wife, Mary Ada, their daughter, Willie, Willie's husband, Leslie Hastings, and Willie's and Leslie's small daughter, Nova, lived in this house. The new house was close to the river with pretty flowers in the yard. When the Daniel Garys moved to New Market, Willie's in-laws, the Rob Hastings,lived across the street.

"Mary Ada is remembered as a slim, 5'2" blond. She was easy to get along with, on the jolly side, neat and a wonderful cook. Daniel and Mary Ada had eight children:

Walter Eugene, born 11-13-1869 in Lincoln County, TN. He died in 1904 from pneumonia. He was married to Lizzie Tafts.

Lula Ozel Gary, born 3-8-1873. She was married to James S. Vaughn and died in Huntsville, AL from pneumonia.

A son, born 2-5-1876. He died soon after birth.

Fannie Ellen, born 8-25-1878 in Bidwell, TN. She was married to John Albert Petty (born 10-5-1865) at Blanche, TN. She died 7-6-1979 at Abilene, TX and is buried at Eastland, TX. John died 4-12-1914 at Pleasant Point TX.

Thomas Erwin Gary, born 11-10-1881. He was married to Georgie Landman (6-26-1885/8-30-1981). Thomas Erwin died 8-19-1949. They are both buried at Macon, GA.

Willie Ada Gary, born 3-10-1884. She married Leslie Hastings. He was the son of Rob Hastings of New Market, AL. She died 11-16-1935 from pneumonia. She is buried in Eastland, TX.

Era Mae Gary, born 10-17-1886. She died in 1899 at the age of thirteen of typhoid fever.

Henry Clifford Gary, born 10-17-1889. He was married to Viola Campbell. She was born 10-20-1889 close to McCrakin school near the Alabama and Tennessee State line. She was the daughter of William Fate and Mary Williams Campbell, and the sister of Woods, Buck, and George Campbell.

"Cliff and Viola Campbell Gary built a house in New Market. It was a wooden, two-story house with two bedrooms upstairs.

"Daniel Gary died (4-9-1907) while visiting his daughter, Fanny, in Decatur, AL. Mary Ada died 5-5-1908. They are both buried at Rice Cemetery at New Market, AL.

"After the deaths of Daniel and Mary Ada, Cliff, Viola, Willie, Leslie, and Nova moved to Texas. This was in 1910. With part of the money from the sale of the house, Cliff bought cattle in Texas.

"The four children, ten grand-children, fifteen great-grand-children, and one great-great-grandchild of Cliff and Viola Gary are:

Fred Louis Gary, born 11-13-1912. He died 3-25-1985. He was married to Mary Orlena Davenport 3-11-1934. They had two children:

Jo Ann, born 1934. She married Charles M. Cocanaugher in 1954. They have five children:

Charles Gary, born in 1955, married Susan Seniorbough.

D'Ann, born 1956, married Mark Moore. They live in Dallas, TX. They have one son:

Ben

Liza Beth, born 1958, married Dan Sterling Thornton.

James Scott, born 1960, married Alicia Alison Pats.

Mary Kay, born 1963.

Janel, born in 1943. She was married to Fred Allison Rowell in 1963. They have two children.

Mary Allison, born 1965.

Kirsten, born 1972.

The second son of Cliff and Viola Gary is A. G. Gary. He was born in Eastland County, TX, 3-9-1915. He married Kathleen Wilson in Cisco, TX, 12-26-1936. They have three daughters:

Sharon Kay, born 5-6-1936 in Cisco, TX. She married Larry Dannall, 4-16-1960. They have two children:

Julie Kay, born 11-29-1961, married David Hart, 3-11-1987.

Stephen Gregory, born 2-10-1967, lives in Austin, TX.

Barbara Jane, born in Amarillo, TX, 1-25-1944, married Robert McCarrol March 1962. They have two children:

Bryan, born May 1963
Jayson Bradley, born January 31, _____.

Susan Kathleen, born September 2, 1950. She married Donald James Morton, August 1969. They have one son:

Donald James, Jr., born 6-15-1970.

The third son of Cliff and Viola is Horace Eugene (Jack). He and his wife, Minnie, have three sons:

Jackie Rex, Max, and Jimmy Lee.

The fourth child of Cliff and Viola is Mary Edith (Edie). She was born 10-28-1921, married Loyd Hale Willard on 11-8-1942. He was born 2-3-1917. They have two daughters:

Patricia Ruth Willard, born 3-9-1944. She married Edwin Simms Hardin (b.12-18-1942) on 1-25-64. They have three children:

Jeffery Simms Hardin, born 1-26-1965.
Patricia Broussean Hardin, born 5-31-1971.
Mary Katherine Hardin, born 5-16-1978.

Nancy Ann Willard, born 10-1-1956. She married Walter Darrell Higgins on 1-6-1979. He was born 2-5-1952. They have no children."



1909 - New Market, AL

This house was brand new in this picture. It belonged to Daniel L. and Mary Ada Gary. Standing on the front porch is their daughter, Willie Gary Hastings, and their daughter, Nova, about six years old at the time.

WOODROW MARTIN

Woodrow Martin was born in Trenton, Alabama and said that the story was told him that he was born in a wigwam. His parents were Will Martin (10-10-1888/8-2-1953) and Rosa Martin (b.8-12-1898). They are both buried at Cochran Cemetery.

The Martin family moved to New Market from Estell Fork (Jackson County), Alabama after they had a flash flood and it destroyed all their crops. In 1929 they moved to what was called Miller's Quarters; this is the place where Virgil Campbell lives now (1989). There they farmed.

The store owners remembered by Woodrow Martin are Fletcher Yarbrough, Calvin Davis, Mark Cochran, Will Gorman, Phil Payne, Hall Mitchell, Jim Slick Campbell & Jim Stiles, and Henry Martin.

Woodrow has two brothers: Horace, who married Dale Floyd, and Hugh Boy (called Banjo), who married Frances Kennedy. Horace and Dale still live at New Market, Alabama. Hugh Boy died in 1988.

Woodrow married Virginia Mae Edwards, daughter of Virgil Edwards, in 1939. They moved to Elora, Tennessee, where they have lived since then.

Their children are:

Tony Martin. Tony married the daughter of Elbert and Mary White. The Whites have lived in the New Market area many years.
Hugh Dee.
Royetta (married Lewis Nunley).
Melvina.
Archie (married Linda Wilson).
Alvin (married Tammy Steel). They now live in Iceland.
Kathleen (married Johnny Bolen, an architect). They now live in Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
Wanda (married Larry Mooney). They live in Huntland, Tennessee.

Mr. Woodrow is a very interesting person. Since he retired he has hunted Indian artifacts and has also used a metal detector to search interesting places. He sells some of the arrowheads he finds, but the really good ones are in a bank safety deposit box.

WESLEY HAMBRICK
CIVIL WAR VETERAN
NEW MARKET, ALABAMA

Wesley Hambrick, private--Company K--Fourth Tennessee Infantry Regiment. Wesley enlisted at Hollytree, Alabama. He served two years and furloughed because of sickness. Wesley was born March 30, 1829, in New Market, Alabama.

He had three sons and one daughter by his first marriage: Jim, John Green, Joe, and Jenny. Jenny married _____Jones.

Wesley later married Venaries Vann and had two sons and six daughters: Alex (Uncle Alex), Calvin, Pearl, Carrie, Donie, Lizzie, Ruth, and Phronie.

Wesley reared his family in Hambrick Sinks, then moved back to New Market, Alabama, where he died October 18, 1917. Following is a little information on his family.

Pearl married Alex Harbin.
Lizzie married Jim Campbell.
Ruth married Will Penny.
Phronie married _____White.

Carrie married Ebb Clark. Their children were:

Levoy (Duke)
Marvin
Bruce
J.H. (Shot)
Frances Clark Wilcox.

Mr. and mrs. Ebb Clark lived in New Market until their deaths in 1984.

Donie married W. H. (Hawk) Phillips. Their children are:

Jim, married Lillie Campbell.
Lester, married Robbie Dupree;
J. E., married Laverne Hawkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawk Phillips died in Uniontown, Ohio, but were brought back to New Market for burial in Rice Cemetery. This was very fitting since they had spent most of their lives in the surrounding area.

Information from:
Frances Clark Wilcox
Lillie Campbell Phillips
Robbie Dupree Phillips

SWEETGUM CORNER---gone with the wind

In January, 1936, there was a big sweetgum tree standing at the corner of what is now Butler and Beth Roads, about 3 1/2 miles west of New Market. An old log house stood on the west corner of these roads known as the Mose Drake place. Hugh and Eva Ballew, my parents, bought this place in the fall of 1935 and on January 10, 1936, moved into the old house, along with my brother, James, and me (Mable). The house was reportedly haunted, but we never saw a ghost, although we did hear odd noises, which my father assured us were rats in the attic. There were some very fine people who grew up with a half-mile of the crossroads.

In the first house to the north of us on the right-hand side was the Charley and Pearl Perry family. Their six children were: Charley, Jr., Robert (Butch), Georgia Mae, Jack, Evie, and Joe Wheeler. Mr. and Mrs. Perry and Charley, Jr. and Georgia Mae have died, but Butch, Jack, and Joe Wheeler still live in Madison County. Evie married and moved to California. Among other families who lived on this farm, owned by Rice and Lily Spelce, have been the Allen and Elver Morrison family. Their children living at home then were: J. C., Elvin, G. W., Earl, Hollis, and Peggy. Two other Morrison daughters, Ailene and Lorene, had married and gone from home. The Jessie Taylor family, the Earl Clark family, the Fred Farrow family, and the Buddy Renfroe family have also lived on this farm, which the Spelce children still own. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Robinson live in the house now. Zealand Spelce has a home on Beth Road.

On the left hand side of the road north was the Ollie Neal family. Their children were: Pauline, Moline, Cleo, Louise, and Vesma. Mr. Neal is dead but his widow, Mrs. Alta Kennedy Neal, lives on Cemetery Road in New Market. The rest of the family all live in Madison County except Pauline, who lives in Ohio.

On the left and south of us lived the Bibb Crutcher family. The two-story home where they lived is gone and Everett and Kenneth Jones own most of the farm. However, Will and Sula Crutcher, who lived at the home place, live nearby and own some of the old farm. Will and Sula's family are: Mattie Sue, Minnie Lou, Lizzie, Marie, Peter, Johnny B., Fanny, Marilyn, Ludie and Robert Earl. Four of these children, along with Will and Sula, still live in this area. Fanny lives in North Carolina, Minnie Lou and Mattie Sue live in Chattanooga and the three sons live in Detroit. The Crutcher house was also home to Inella, James (Bubba), William Eddy and Jimmie Lee. Their mother, who was Bibb Crutcher's daughter, had died and the children came to live with their grandfather. The New Market Nursery is located on this land.

The Walter and Maude Perry family lived across the road from the Crutcher family. Their children were: W. H., Annie, Otha, Joe Ed, Lee, Louise and Vernon. Otha has died and also Mr. and Mrs. Perry. The rest of the family live in this county. The home

where they lived has been torn down. Harry Coons, Jr. owns this farm now.

Submitted by: Mable Steakley

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SHOPPING ON THE SQUARE/CHURCH MEMORIES - NEW MARKET

NEW MARKET, ALABAMA....a little town which, especially in the early part of the century, had quite an influence on my life, now drawing rapidly to a close.

I was born Miriam Kirk McCrary, on my father's (W. E. McCrary's) farm about four miles from New Market. Born in 1902, I will be 86 years old next October. I had one brother, Wright McCrary, who has been dead for over fifty years.

It is easily recognized that, in the horse-and-buggy days, a shopping trip to Huntsville took my mother all day-- "Shopping on the square," often bartering farm products to ease the expense; grabbing a sandwich and coke lunch; then whipping the little mare, "Rena," and soothing a tired toddler (me) the long way home.

For the above reasons, my mother ("Miss Fanny," the schoolmarm), and "Miss Nannie" (my aunt, Mrs. Hammond, "Annee") decided to forego the long trips "to town." Instead, we three went to New Market to do the weekly shopping. What a time of unalloyed joy! Their chatter ranged from recipes to crochet patterns to sewing bees and the goings-on of the neighborhood.

Upon arrival in New Market, the little mare, which I recall with affection, was hitched in easy walking distance from and to the business section.

On many occasions my mother and aunt took fresh eggs, dressed hens or cut-up fryers for "barter." That was before the day of refrigerators except for the big boxes made to hold 100 pounds of ice--and who kept ice on the farm? So what kept the food stuff from spoiling? The day before the trip to town, the chickens were killed, cleaned, prepared and placed in a bucket which was tied to a rope and let about half-way down a 60-foot well to chill overnight. The eggs also. Early the next morning, they were drawn up and packaged, then carefully packed with much paper for insulation. Any excess pounds of butter were well-cooled and carried along. There was never any problem of disposing of the farm products and I had many beautiful hand-made linen, voile, calico, gingham dresses and lace trimmed "undies" that "didn't

cost a dime." Mother and Annee also made frocks, skirts, shirtwaists and blouses for themselves.

I have fond memories also of all the churches. In my growing-up years we regularly attended the Locust Grove Baptist church. within walking distance of the farm. I loved the little church and many of the people who regularly attended, especially "Brother Elder" who was my Sunday School teacher. Still do.

But we went one Sunday a month to the New Market Methodist Church for which I retain respect to this day. And also, in more recent years, I gained (and retain) respect for the Presbyterian Church and the Kaylor family.

At some point the following story sticks in my memory. The Methodist and Baptist churches held a joint revival one summer. Everything went wonderfully (I am told) until the last night. Leading the prayer, preceding the final invitation, the Baptist minister made an impassioned plea for the congregation to repent of their sins ending with, "And now Lord, move this entire group to enter now a life devoted to Thee. Turn the sinners from their evil ways and may they all be baptized into the Good Old Baptist Church!" The Methodist minister murmured, "Uh, uh, Lord!" I'm sure that's a tall tale, but I couldn't bear not to include it.

In closing, the residents of our "city" are due congratulations for remaining loyal to the business men who are willing and eager to keep New Market thriving into the 21st Century. It is my hope to make one more visit to the town, see old friends, possibly make a few new ones, eat lunch at the Cafe and mail cards, with the greeting, "Just wanted to say Hi from New Market, Alabama!" to my good Yankee friends in Florida.

Submitted by:
Miriam M. Evans



WATER TOWER AT
NEW MARKET, ALA.

MY "GET UP AND GO" HAS WENT

How do I know my youth is all spent?
Well my "get up and go" has got up and went.
But in spite of it all, I'm able to grin
When I think of where my "get up" has been.

Old age is golden, so I've heard said,
But sometimes I wonder as I get into bed
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup
My eyes on a table until I wake up.

As sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?"
And I'm happy to say as I close my door,
"My friends are the same, perhaps even more."

When I was young my slippers were red;
I could kick my heels right over my head.
When I grew older my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through.

Now I'm old; my slippers are black;
I walk to the store and puff my way back.
The reason I know my youth is all spent -
My "get up and go" has got up and went.

But I really don't mind, when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places "my get up" has been.

Author Unknown

Poem found in the papers of Mrs. Mae McCord George after her death.

THE JOHN D. HEREFORD FAMILY

Since I am the only one of the John D. Hereford, Sr. family left in New Market at the time this history is being written, it falls on my shoulders to give a thumb-nail story of what I remember.

At this point in time, March 1989, I am 86 years old and will not be around to write many more accounts. My father was born and raised in New Market, always lived on a farm and never earned much of this world's goods. He was married only once to Texie Petty. I understand my mother was a pretty, red-headed girl and very popular. She did not marry my father until she was 26 years old, an age considered old to marry at that time. Her mother was an invalid so my mother would not marry while she lived.

My parents lived in a house which belonged to my mother's family at first, but early in marriage they moved to a home on Mountain Fork Road, northeast of town. Four of six children were born at the farm home. One child, a boy, Albert, died at birth and Alberta Frances was born before we went to the farm.

I am often asked what I remember about our life on the farm. At that time I thought we were having a difficult time but I later realized that the old adage, "You are eating your white bread," was true.

There were five of us children: two boys - John D. Hereford, Jr. and Thomas Albert Hereford; three girls - Alberta Frances, Jane Grace, and myself, Lucille Whitman. We grew to maturity on the farm where we were taught to love animals, love school, nature, and our country. We thought we were poor compared to some of our friends who lived in what we called town. School was the highlight of our lives, along with going to church. Contrary to the feeling prevalent today, if we had to miss a day from school we would cry all day. It only happened when we were sick or the creek was too high to ford in our horse and buggy.

This reminds me of a "tear jerking" story connected with our daily trips to school. A big rain came after we children had gone to school; along about the time for us to return home our parents began looking for the old grey mare and buggy. Mistaking a large glob of white foam in the creek for the horse floating in the water, my father suffered much anxiety and was much relieved when he found out the truth.

The five of us managed to finish high school. Alberta, the oldest was not able to start to school until she was ten years old. She imparted her knowledge to me each day after she came home, enabling me to start in the second grade when I started at age eight. Consequently, we graduated together. This was unfair to Alberta and it affected her in later life, giving her an inferiority feeling.

Each one of us finished high school and went to college. True, we had to supplement our school fees by working at the University and/or borrowing money.

I recall having one Sunday dress when I went to college--an accordion-pleated serge suit with a short bolero. It was lost in the mail at Christmas when I mailed it home to wear during the Holidays. Fortunately, it was insured and I still remember the kind postal clerk who assisted me in filling out the application for pay. We had to justify the claim of $25.00. Believe me, we did not forget anything--not even the spool of thread. That $25.00 furnished clothes for the rest of the year.

John became a Certified Public Accountant and began his first job in New York City with Ly Brand Ross Brothers. He finally came back south and made his home in Clarksville, Virginia.

Thomas got a Master's Degree in Engineering and worked in Birmingham, Alabama, T.C.I., until he retired.

Jane, like her brothers and sisters, attended the University of Alabama, where she majored in Dietetics. She later served in the Army as a Dietitian. This enabled her to get a good job in an Atlanta Hospital at Emory University. She met and married Ted R. Ray while in Atlanta.

Alberta became a Registered Nurse after attending college one year. Later she worked in a Veteran's Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee and Little Rock, Arkansas.

Your writer, Lucille, taught school for several years in Madison County, and in Tuscaloosa City Schools, before changing professions and become Postmaster at New Market, Alabama, where she stayed until retirement in 1969.

Because I chose to come back home to become Postmaster, I was able to care for my mother and father the later years of their lives. They moved from the country back to their original home.

Later after they were gone, Alberta retired and came home where she lived with me until her death. We sold our home to the U. S. Government to build the present post office.

This story sort of fulfills the saying, "What goes around, comes around."

The Hodge family were Irish emigrants to America and the Hodge ancestors of Mary Hodge came to Alabama from Georgia.

Mary's grandparents were John Wiley and Mary (Grantham) Hodge. John Wiley was born in 1850 and lived in Marshall County all his life. He ran a store for many years. Mary's other grandparents were Arthur Fennel and Elizabeth Shoock. Elizabeth was from around Bellefonte. Arthur and Elizabeth also had a store in Jackson County. Arthur died at the age of thirty-five.

Mary's parents were Andrew Jackson Hodge (b.3-21-1879-d.11-?-1957) and Myrtle Maude Fennel Hodge (b.1-2-1880-d.2-?-1960). They married in 1897 and lived at Langston, Alabama. They had five children. Four were born at Langston: Wiley, John, Mary, and Harvey. Marion was born in East Texas.

Wiley was born in September 1900. He married Mary Ethel Evans. They had no children. Francis Marion was born October 31, 1905. He married Jewel May. They had one son, Donald. Donald married Janice Rogers, and they have one son, David. John was born September 1909. He married Flora May. They had no children. He died at Langston, Alabama. Mary Elizabeth was born December 1911. She never married. She took care of her mother and father until their death, then she began working at Mildred's Beauty Shop at New Market, Alabama, August 1, 1960. She is still working at this same beauty shop in 1989. Harvey was born September 1914. He married Wilma McFarlen. She is the daughter of Russell and Nora McFarlen. Harvey and Wilma have one son, Shannon. He was born March 1, 1955.

The Andy Hodge family moved to Texas for a while in the early 1900's. Then they moved back to Marshall County, Alabama. They received their mail from the Langston Post Office which is in Jackson County even though they lived in Marshall County.

They moved to Waurika, Oklahoma in 1920. Andy had a brother there. Andy went by train, leaving from Scottsboro, Alabama. He carried household goods, farm tools and mules on this train. He left several days before his family in order to get settled by the time they arrived. (Before moving to their new home the family of Andy spent the last night with the Will Ship family in Scottsboro. Mary fondly remembers her cousin, Dr. John (Jack) Ship, who later was a doctor in New Market, Alabama.) When they arrived in Waurika it was about 3:00 in the morning. There was no-one at the train station to meet them. Mrs. Hodge hired a cab to find Johnny's (Andy's brother's) house. They later found out the house was just about a block from the train station.

In 1924 they moved back to Marshall County and lived there until the Guntersville Dam was built by TVA. The land where they lived was covered by water. They moved to Russellville, Alabama, in 1938. This was in Franklin County. They lived in Russellville

four years before moving to New Market, Alabama. New Market now remains their place of residence.

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WILLIAM K. SPELCE FAMILY GENEALOGY

The Spelce name is a rare name. There are not many families found on record. There are twenty-six families in Texas; Alabama is next with seventeen families; North Carolina has five families on record. Only fifteen more states show families living in them. These states have one to three families.

William K. Spelce by family records was born March 15, 1830. He came to this area from South Carolina. We do not know for sure the year he arrived in the area. We know he owned land in 1875 where what is now Walker Lane. (There is a map of Madison County on display in the lobby of the Madison County Court House that shows the land owned at that time.) We know that some of the land he owned is still in the hands of his descendants. We do not know yet who his father and mother were or if he had any brothers or sisters.

Most of what we have on the Spelce family came from family Bibles and land deeds. We have the receipt dated November 1, 1891, signed by C. H. Lemmons, an agent from the Historical Publishing Company, for payment of a Bible bought by William K. Spelce.

As to the nationality of the Spelces, there are several thoughts with no truths verified. Some say it is German. Many try to spell the name as if it were German. Some think it is Scotch Irish, others think it is Dutch Irish, which the stature and size bear out.

William K. Spelce married Sarah Allison Fowler on February 24, 1856. Sarah was born May 17, 1835. Sarah's father was William Fowler. Her mother's name was Rosa. Records show that William K. Spelce and William Fowler were joint land owners in some lands.

Sarah's father, William Fowler, gave land for Concord Presbyterian Church and the old part of the cemetery. William K. Spelce and Sarah Fowler Spelce are among the first graves in the old part of the cemetery. Most of the descendants of William K. and Sarah Spelce are buried in Concord Cemetery.

William K. served in the Civil War. The weekly Mercury newspaper listed him as serving in the war. His entry was listed as Keys Mills. William K. lived and owned land in that area at that time. Key Mills was close by where what is now Walt Campbell Road.

Records show William K. and Sarah had two children, Thomas Walter and another who died in infancy.

Thomas Walter married Osceala Williamson, November 24, 1886. To this union there were born four sons. One died in infancy. William Alvin was born October 4, 1889; Thomas Rice was born April 21, 1893; and Orvel Kirk was born December 22, 1901.

William Alvin was given the nickname, Buck, and lots of people knew him by that name. Most of his nieces and nephews called him Uncle Buck. He married Ruth Howard. They had two girls, Pauline and Dorothy. Pauline married Terry Milner and Dorothy married Perry. Terry and Perry are twins.

Thomas Rice married Lillie Mae Bates. To them were born five children: Mildred, Winfred (Buck), Carolyn, Thomas E. (Ned), and Zealon (Zeke). Mildred married John Edmonson; Winfred married Creamelt Steelman. Carolyn married Eugene (Pete) Heard who was killed in the Korean War; she later married Clyde Sawyer. Thomas E. married Betty Ray, and later, Catherine Stone Giles. Zealon married Emmer Medley, and later, Deloris Bryant.

Orval married Jessie Landman. There were three children to this union. Barbara, and twins, Gene and Dean. Dean died at the age of four. Barbara married Harold Martin who is deceased. Gene married Jane Snips and, later, Virginia Davis. The three sons of Thomas Walter and Osceala Spelce took, as their brides, first cousins, all of whom were related to each other, but were not related to the sons, themselves.

Thomas Walter was postmaster at Key Mills in his early days. The post office was in the general merchandise store he owned there at that time. Later, he ran a general merchandise store and a cotton gin in what is now the Hump Community. The area has been called several names over the years, such as Cormicheal, Sulpher Springs, Quick's Mill. There was a post office during the time it was known as Cormicheal, and when it was known as Quick's Mill, the Quick family had a mill there. The modern name is now Hump. This is so-called because of the little hill, which is not really a hill but a hump in the road. The general merchandise store was the first in this community to have a telephone and people from the community used it in case of emergencies.

A few years before Thomas Walter passed away, his son, Rice, came into the store business with him. At Walter's death, Rice continued to run the store and Alvin and Orvil ran the gin. Later Orval ran the gin alone until he got in poor health and it was sold.

Winfred is called Buck to this day. His Uncle Alvin gave him the nickname of Little Buck and soon the little was dropped. Winfred drove a peddling truck, now called a rolling store for his daddy. The route went north to the state line, to the west as far as 231-431 highway, south as far as Maysville, and east to Sharp's Cove.

Winfred remembers when he was a little boy his grandfather Walter told him this story. "While Walter's father, William K., was away in the Civil War, the Yankees came to their home. They had a big turnip patch. The Yankee soldiers pulled all the turnips up for their food. His mother, Sarah, was standing by with a goose in her arm and one of the soldiers went for the goose. Sarah held on with all her might and strength. The soldier pulled and pulled, but Sarah would not let go. Eventually the soldier pulled the goose's head off and Sarah got the goose." This shows just how determined Sarah was. This is suppposed to be a true story.

Winfred (Buck) is a lover of Blue Grass music. He plays the spoons and has entered contests and won many awards. He retired from Morton Thiokol in 1983. He and his wife live in his old home place. In the same general merchandise store that his daddy and granddaddy ran years ago, his wife has an antique shop. She is also retired and opens the shop only by appointment.

Lots of changes have taken place over the years, but some things remain the same.

There is much to be found out about the Spelce genealogy. There are tremendous amounts of gaps that still exist. Barbara Spelce Martin continues to work to find out more about the family. There is not room to write all the information that has been discovered.

Written by:
Creamelt Spelce



JAN 8, 1988
SPELCE OLD STORE

NOW CREAMELT SPELCE
ANTIQUE SHOP

HISTORY OF THE HOLMES FAMILY

At the end of the Revolutionary War, the Government sold Jack and Jess Edwards' land on Putman Mountain. Jack Edwards made a home place on top of the mountain and married an Indian maiden. They had seven children: Wes, Jack, Hale, Tony, Tus, Peggy, and Pony. Wes Edwards stayed on the mountain and married Caroline. To this union, three children were born; however, a flu epidemic caused the deaths of Caroline and the three children. Wes then married Molly Clark and they had three children: Ed, Woody, and Virgil. After the death of Molly, Wes married Easter Beshers, a Cherokee Indian. They had a daughter, Sara Lou Vicie. Later Easter died giving birth to a second child who also died. Wes then married Annie Bridges and they had five children: Henry, Emer, George, Riceton, and Decard. Wes later died, approximately 200 feet from where he was born, on Putman Mountain.

Sara Lou Vicie, raised by her Aunt Hale and Uncle Obe Counts, was still living on Putman Mountain when she met Harless Holmes, the son of Leonard Holmes of Arab, who came to Putman Mountain treasure-hunting. Harless and Vicie married and moved to Arab, and while living there had two children, Columbus and Lucille. They then moved back to Putman Mountain and bought eighty acres of land from Wes Edwards, Vicie's father. At this time another child, Milton, was born to Vicie and Harless.

Wes's wife, Annie, and their children left Putman Mountain, leaving Wes alone, so Vicie and Harless moved in to help him. By this time he was blind. Harless and Vicie had two more children, Easter and Betty.

In those days they did not have doctors around so Ruthie Annison was the mid-wife who delivered their children. When she became old and disabled, Vicie started delivering babies in her place. She also worked with Dr. Griffin. There were not many cars either, so Vicie, when called on, would travel on horseback day or night to deliver a baby.

Around 1950 Harless and Vicie moved off Putman Mountain to Elora, Tennessee. They lived there one year and then moved to Mountain Fork Creek on the old Cochran home place.

Easter, their daughter, then married and later had six children. They moved to the Davis place also on Mountain Fork Creek. Columbus married and had two boys and adopted one child. He also lived on the Davis place. Lucille married, had a daughter and lived in Huntsville.

Vicie and Harless then moved to Upper Hurricane Creek. While they lived there, Milton married and had two daughters. Betty married and also had two daughters. Harless and Vicie lived there on Upper Hurricane Creek the remaining years of their lives. Harless died in 1982 and Vicie died in April of 1989.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE COMMUNITY



SISTER PINKIE HIGH

Courageous, unselfish, dedicated, loving, and giving are descriptive attributes of our lady of the month. Pinkie is that kind of woman. She is one who loves God and her family. She is a Christian and loves to support and give help to others. She is a regular attendant in Sunday School and Worship service. Pinkie is currently a member of the Mother's Board, advisor to the Young Matrons' Society, a member of the Eastern Star and serves as coordinator of the financial efforts for the North Alabama and Tennessee Mud Creek Association.

Pinkie, along with several other women, were influential in organizing the Youth Choir at Hopewell. She was founder of the Young Matrons' Society and helped organize the first Junior Usher Board. Many other organizations and activities were under her guidance.

She did everything in her power, with the help of God, to see that Hopewell would become a growing church. She brought choir uniforms, and transported choir members, sometimes to two and three programs a Sunday, as well as during the week. On occasions, when choir members would not have an offering that day, she would provide, and many times she would take them home with her for dinner.

Pinkie is a beautiful and vivacious person in the Lord and we all love her, dearly. She loves the Lord and she loves people. She is one who is willing to help no matter where, when or what time the need arises. It does not matter to Pinkie what color you are, if you have a need, she is ready and willing to help.

THE JOHN BRYAN KEITH FAMILY

John Bryan was born in Keith's Cove, Cowan, Tennessee, on November 30, 1918. His mother, Pearl Vandiver Keith, died of pneumonia when John was six. His sister, Mary Ruth, was three and his brother, George Thomas (Tom), was eighteen months old. John lived in Cowan with his father and grandparents until 1933. Upon completing the eighth grade at Cowan Elementary School, he came to New Market to live with Uncle Richard Vandiver for nine months. Then he lived with his grandmother and grandfather Vandiver and worked on the farm until he finished New Market High School in 1937.

After completing High School, he remained in New Market working on the farm and in the grocery store until 1940 when he went to Memphis, Tennessee and worked with Orgille Brothers Hardware until he was called to serve his country in World War II (1941 - 1946). During the war, much of his time was spent in China, Burma, India. After the war, John returned to New Market to farm.

I, Linda Moody, was born in Montevallo, Alabama on July 21, 1923. I was reared on the farm by parents who taught us that through hard work, honesty, education, and faith in God, we could make a good life. We worked hard to own and maintain our farm. We neither had money nor material things, but we always had plenty to eat--food which we grew on the farm and preserved for the winter. I can remember my father and mother "taking in" complete strangers during the depression when so many people were homeless and on the road looking for work. Somehow my parents always had enough food to share with these people and find room for them to sleep and rest for the night.

Neither of my parents had a formal education but strongly believed in education and did all in their power to see that all their children were educated.

Upon graduating from the University of Montevallo in 1946, and seeking a career as a Home Economics teacher, I had the option of five different places in Alabama in which to locate, and New Market, Alabama was my choice. I was overwhelmed with the beauty of the mountains and trees and the friendly people of the area.

John and I were married on December 21, 1947. I continued to teach Home Economics until our oldest son, John Moody, was born March 17, 1949. Our next son, George Daniel (Danny) was born August 22, 1951; and our daughter, Janice Marie, was born May 6, 1954. During this time we bought our small farm on Mint Springs Road where we have lived since 1952.

I did not return to the teaching profession until our last child, Marie, started to school in 1960. Through the years 1968-75, I completed two more degrees during the summer months--a Master's

Degree in Science from LSU and a AA in Supervision and Administration from Auburn University.

Throughout our lives, there have always been so many interesting things to do, and we have many happy memories of our work in different organizations and with the many wonderful people with whom we have worked.

John has worked with the American Legion and managed an adult baseball team from 1949-1951. He worked with the Lion's Club, served as Boy Scout Master, and as New Market PTA President, and has always been active in the Cattlemen's Association, having served as President. He worked six years as machinist at the Arsenal and five years as owner of the Cochran Grocery Store. He has been Church Superintendent at New Market United Methodist Church since 1970.

I have worked with the Girl Scouts, Cub Scouts, and Methodist Youth Fellowship during the years from 1946 to 1968. I have taught Sunday School Youth Classes for 42 years from 1946 to 1988 at the New Market Methodist Church. I worked for Madison County School System for thirty years serving as teacher in the areas of home economics, science, and elementary grades; and as a Supervisor of Instruction from 1974 to 1988. My work has enabled me to conduct many workshops not only in the county but also on the state and national levels.

Upon retirement, I still have the same problem of not enough time to do all the things I want to do. Presently I am enjoying volunteer work with SCAN (Stop Child Abuse and Neglect) and in the Alcohol Drug Prevention Program. John still enjoys fox hunting and coyote hunting.

We enjoy our children and grandchildren. John Moody lives in Dothan and is in construction work. He and Jennifer have two sons, Gregory and David. Danny and Denise live in Tuscaloosa where he is Minister of the Coaling United Methodist Church. They have three children, Robert (Robbie), Carol, and Laura. Marie and husband, William Ross, live in Pembroke Pines, Florida. They have one daughter, Stesha. We always look forward to our family reunions.

Submitted by
Linda Keith
July 1989

JOHN O. ORMAN

Some things remembered by Annie Mae Orman Vandiver

My grandfather Orman (John Orman) came to Alabama from Utica, New York, in 1867, at which time my father, John O. Orman, was two years old. My grandmother was Jeanette McFarlane Orman. Her parents lived in Madison County, Alabama. They were early settlers and ran Low Mill Grist Mill. The main reason they came south was Jeanette's health. After a visit south she improved. The first residence of my grandparents was a two-story house on Lawler branch. This is where the new sub-division is now being built.

Later they bought land west of New Market near Bethany Church. They farmed this land and raised their family there. They built a new home in the late 1880's on the same site as the old one. This house was moved across the field in 1948 to New Market Road. Junior Hillis bought it and still lives in it. Some renovations have been made but it is still very familiar.

My father, John O. Orman, married Martha Jane Hereford (Mattie) in 1894. They had three children, Alliene, Fred, and Annie Mae.

Some of the things I remember most are my daddy's drug store in Old Town and the livery stable. Alvin Record worked for him and drove the surrey and buggy to carry people various places. One main job was taking drummers or salesmen from New Market to Huntsville. He always met the trains at New Market Depot. Sometimes I got to go on these trips which I will never forget.

Daddy also owned the drug store. Only Mrs. S. D. Lipscomb's millinery shop separated the livery stable and the drug store. On the north side of the drug store was Mr. George Jones's grocery store. Below that was Mr. Calvin Davis's store. Across the street was Mr. Yarbrough's general merchandise store; south of his store was Mr. Brooks' shoe shop and the bank. I remember standing in front of the bank and seeing my first car come through New Market. Another "first" was the ice house in the back of the drug store. This was made of layers and layers of saw dust. Ice was delivered from Huntsville and buried in the saw dust. I can remember seeing them weigh it. Daddy sold it by the pound. One story I will never forget my mother telling me was about a boy living with them going to school. She asked him to take some meat to the ice house. Somehow there was some slop to give to the hogs. He gave the meat to the hogs and took the slop to the ice house.

My daddy trained many young men in the drug store. We always had someone living with us. One of these was a cousin, Johnny Reb Hereford. After training and school he became a partner in the store still known as Orman and Hereford.

In the early 1920's they moved to New Town next to Mr. Cochran's store. My brother, Fred, came back from school and joined them. Later he and Johnny Reb combined and moved to Huntsville. The store had the Orman and Hereford name. My father kept the store with the help of many young men who lived at our house.

In 1929 I married my high school sweetheart, Raymond F. Vandiver (Dick). We lived with my parents since my mother was an invalid with Rheumatoid Arthritis. We lived where the McCrarys now live. This house was built by my father, John O. Orman, in 1912. Dick helped daddy in the drug store until the depression forced them out of business. At this time all the doctors had left New Market. My mother had died.

We bought our farm in 1936, and daddy moved in with us. At this time we had two sons, Ray and Jack. Ray was five years old and Jack was one. We lived in the old family house. Martha Lynn, our daughter, was born in 1937. Daddy died in 1939.

Our Presbyterian Church has been very dear to all of us and from my grandparents on down, the Ormans have been active members. The church holds many precious memories.

I am the last Orman around here, so I am sure some of you have never known John O. Orman, but to me he was a great man. He loved human beings and did much for those who could not help themselves.



NEW MARKET DAM

HISTORY OF WILLIAM MILES
(BETTER KNOWN AS BILLY MILES, THE SAILOR)
As told to his grandson, Harvey Houston Miles

William (Billy) Miles was born near what is now London, England. Before he died he said that, according to history, the town of London had covered his birthplace.

Billy only remembered his father and one brother. The brother fell from an apple tree, injured his knee and finally died from the injury. Billy's father died when Billy was probably eight years old, but Billy was not sure of his own age.

Left an orphan boy, he did chores for other people, fed cattle or anything in order to survive. He always said, "England was no poor man's country." Billy heard of an aunt in Ireland. Being young and with no money, he went to the shipyards begging the captains of the ships to take him on. Finally, guessing his age to be about thirteen, one of the captains, who was there very often, felt sorry for him, and began to inquire for someone who knew him and found everything to be as Billy had said (that he had no family left, was badly in need of work, and as he had heard of an aunt, he wanted to go to her).

As Billy was too young to hire, the captain told him he would take him on as his own boy, and, if they ever landed in Ireland, they would look up his aunt. In later years they did land in Ireland. Inquiring about the aunt they found people who had known of her, but she had died, so he felt that he had no one, but the captain said, "Well, you're still my boy, Billy." They sailed again and he said it seemed they were on the water about thirty years. He called the captain's name "beery" or some name of that nature. Later in the United States Billy had a grandson to whom the name Dewey was given, but Billy called him Beery, so I don't know whether Dewey was named after the captain or not. He could have been and there was just a difference in pronunciation or spelling.

Billy sailed over all the oceans and seems to have been in every seaport. Finally, he landed somewhere in Michigan. From mentions he made of cities and the work that he did, he probably stayed and worked a couple of years. When Billy left the ships, he decided that, having hauled so much cotton, he would like to see some grow, so upon leaving Michigan he just drifted south, and landed near Elora, Tennessee.

Billy spent the night with a man by the name of Walker. Walker found that Billy did not know American money, so Walker insisted on Billy's staying with him for a while. The Walkers and Hamiltons fed and raised cattle. Through their talks with Billy Miles, they found that, from his boyhood experiences, he knew how to feed and tend cattle. He lived with them a year or two and married while there. My father, H. N. Miles (son of Billy Miles), and I went to Fayetteville, Tennessee to try to trace

Billy's marriage license and found there at the courthouse this information: William (Billy) Miles married to Jane George, February 25, 1871, in Lincoln County, Tennessee, by L. P Myrick, P. O. Court Clerk, David C. Sloan. Book 1870-1890, page 420.

Billy and Jane had three children, Mary Ann, Lizzie, and Henry Newton. Mary Ann was born August 19, 1874, and died June 29, 1951. Lizzie, born about May 1872, died in November 1942 or 1943. Henry Newton, born November 4, 1876, died September 25, 1967. Henry Newton had three children: Harvey Houston, born August 31, 1900; Dewey David, born April 26, 1905; and Veria Virginia, born November 5, 1910, all of who are now living. Billy's wife, Jane, died about 1893. Later Billy married a second time to a woman that we knew only as Aunt Sis Pitcock, but they did not have children. Billy went blind three times with cataracts on his eyes but, finally, when the last operation was performed to remove them, he was left blind for the rest of his life. He died on December 26, 1920. It is believed that Billy was 108 years old at his death.

I traced dates to believe he was about 95 years old by things he told me about wars to which he had hauled provisions. One of the things he mentioned was about one place where he saw dead and wounded men for three miles. They had died fighting back and forth in a war. Some had been dead so long that if you touched them, they would burst. Others were lying wounded, but still alive. On one attempted voyage, their ship sprang a leak a short way out from shore, but the captain would not turn back. Finally the sailors struck because they said they were headed for a watery grave anyway, so the captain turned back. For nine days and nights they stayed at their pumps, bailing or pumping water. Billy's feet swelled so badly, he took his knife and split his boots. When they landed all were taken and put under close care. Because of the extent of their exhaustion, the crew were allowed to sleep only a few minutes at the time, for fear they would never wake up. Only a few did awaken. He mentioned only three or four reviving from sleep. I guessed that they were his special buddies.

Another ship he mentioned was one which they were on when they became lost in a storm and did not see land or women's faces for twenty-one months. Their bread (called hardtack) became full of weevils and, when jarred, the bread produced weevil dust fog.

Before he ever got on a ship as a boy, he never earned over three pence a day.

William (Billy) Miles lies buried beside his first wife, Jane, in the Granny Whitesworth Cemetery in Lincoln County, Tennessee, near the towns of New Hope and Lincoln, Tennessee.

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HARVEY HOUSTON MILES
July 18, 1972

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This bit of information on the history of the Miles family, written by Harvey Houston Miles in 1972, is submitted by permission of Marie Hudson Miles, widow of the late Harvey Houston Miles and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar W. Hudson, another prominent New Market family. Mrs. Miles adds some late history:

"Mr. Harvey," as he was so affectionately known, was a very gifted man. He ran a grist mill, a hammer mill, a sawmill, and a blacksmith shop, and farmed his land, 162 acres, northeast of New Market on Hester's Creek. He and his family also raised beef cattle. He could take a piece of iron, heat it in his forge and hammer it into any shape you wished. He also welded with any type welder and made wagons. He did this work for people far and near.

Since the above history of Billy Miles was written, Harvey and his brother Dewey have passed away, leaving their sister, Veria Miles Fanning, as the only surviving member of the family in their generation. Veria was twice married, first to Amos Jones, who died about 1941. They had one son, David Houston Jones. Veria later married R. F. Fanning in 1946.

Dewey married Annie Mae Sisk and they had one son, John David, who has three sons. Dewey passed away February 14, 1984. Dewey and Annie Mae were married 58 years. At his death, Dewey was 78 years old.

Harvey Houston, the oldest of the Henry Newton Miles children, was twice married. His first wife passed away at the age of 41. They had four daughters and two sons. Harvey later married Dorothy Marie Hudson. They had 33 years together in a fairy-tale marriage. Harvey died suddenly in his wife's arms as she was trying to make him comfortable on October 22, 1977, at the age of 77.

Harvey and Marie had two daughters and three sons. In all, Harvey was the father of eleven children. Their oldest daughter, Marena Harvie, now Mrs. Marena McClure, is named for her father. She is a contract negotiator for NASA, having been with them for 21 years.

Carey Newton, the oldest son, is named for his grandfather, Henry Newton Miles. Carey worked with law enforcement for eleven years, first as a county deputy for six years, then with the Madison County Jetport Authority for four years and is currently a cross-country truck driver. Carey has one son, Lawrence, and a daughter, Alicia.

Donnie Lynn Miles, their second son, who says he has a name all his own, is with the U. S. Army and is stationed at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama for the present time. He is not married.

Melinda Loneva Miles, their second daughter, is named for Harvey's old sweetheart of years ago, Loneva Speck. Melinda is now Mrs. Melinda McLemore, and works in Finance and Accounting at Redstone Arsenal. She has one daughter, Sheena.

Billy Oscar Miles, their third son, and the youngest of all Harvey's and Marie's children is named for his great-grandfather, Billy Miles, and his grandfather, Oscar Hudson. Billy works as a computer operator with MICOM at Redstone Arsenal. He and his wife, Wonda, have two sons, Shawn and Shannon, so the Miles name goes on.



Jones Log Cabin

Upper Hurricane Road

THE JONES LOG CABIN ON UPPER HURRICANE ROAD

The Jones log cabin on Upper Hurricane Road was built on the Seburn Jones property sometime after 1850 and before 1879 (by whom we do not know). It was lived in by Thomas and Rachel Fitch Jones and their children--John Wesley Jones, Hubbard Jones, Arie Jones Robertson, Mary Eliza Jones Bingham, Allen Clisby Jones, William Robert (Rob) Jones, and Thomas Percy Jones.

The Joneses first settled further up the creek in a log cabin that was probably built by William Jones and Seburn Jones. This log house burned a few years ago. Allen Clisby Jones and Hannah Jane Jones lived here and raised their family. Amos Jones (dec'd), Thelma Jones Underwood (dec'd), Orville Jones (dec'd), Ambose Jones (dec'd), and Lizzie Mae Jones Roberts. Sarah Jane Jones, daughter of Ambose Jones, lives on this property today.

Rob Jones was born and raised in the log house. He married Jessie Florence Johnson and they raised eleven children there--Marvin (dec'd), McDonald, John Thomas, Bill, Howard Fenn (dec'd), Agnes Jones Davis, Russell Duncan, Nova Jones Hopkins, Wilson, Nancy Jane Jones Walls, and Jerry Franklin (dec'd).

Mr. and Mrs. Rob Jones decided to retire in 1951 and moved from the log house to New Market in the John Wesley Jones house. Mr. and Mrs. Jones lived there for several years; a few years later--after their deaths--this latter house burned.

Bill and Anne Mitchell Jones, who were living in Florida at the time, returned to live on the property (on Upper Hurricane Road) and still live there today. They have two sons: Bill Jones, Jr., a letter carrier with the Huntsville, Alabama Post Office; and Robert Gary (Bob) Jones, who is self-employed and lives in Peachtree City, Georgia.

Bill is the fifth generation to live on this property and Bob could be the sixth as he plans to partially retire here someday.

The Jones Family Cemetery is located on the mountain above the old log house. Seburn and Thomas are buried there along with other family members with beautiful tomb rocks, some probably hand made by Seburn as he was known as a stone cutter.

Bill and Anne have been trying to restore the old house since they retired but it has been a long and hard process, plus time-consuming.

The Jones Reunion has been held here the last Sunday in July for the last few years. A large crowd is expected to attend this year from several different states.

Written by:
Anne Mitchell Jones, 1989

TO SEBURN WITH LOVE

Seburn Jones, b.1800; d.1867

Who are the parents of Seburn? This question has been asked many times by those of us who have been trying to compile a Jones family record. The search for the parents of Seburn Jones has caused Blackston and I to travel through several states, climb mountains, get entangled with briars and bushes, rub rocks and tombs, run from dogs, narrowly escape being snake bitten, correspond with numerous descendants, and examine many documents and publications that many Jones' cousins have contributed. Thus, we have expended much effort on this project.

After ten years of searching, we are still unable to answer the question positively. Most of us concur that Seburn is the son of William (Wylie, Willie) Jones and wife (name unknown). I will try to present the facts or fiction that we encountered to arrive at this conclusion.

According to family tradition and census records, Seburn was born in Georgia, August 9, 1800. After depleting all other sources that might give a trace as to Seburn's parentage, I was sure I could find something in the archives but I couldn't cipher anything from there, either.

I found a William Jones in the old land records of Madison County, Alabama, Mississippi Territory. Receiver's Ledger "B", 1811-1814, Book Number 102, lists William Jones as purchasing land in Section 20, Township , Range 2 east. Place of residence at the time of the sale was shown as Madison County, Mississippi Territory.

In the Alabama records by Pauline Jones Gandrud, I located Willie Jones's deed, dated August 18, 1820, releasing most of his property to his children, John Jones, William H. Jones, Alfred Jones, Peter Jones, Seburn Jones and Mahala Jones. By May 18, 1822, he is shown by a deed as living in Giles County, TN. He purchased land there in 1807 or 1809. By December 2, 1819, he had married Nancy Stuart, widow of Dr. Isaac Stuart and was living part time in Giles County, Tennessee.

An old stone ledger, dated 1831, was found in the attic of Isaac Criner (great-grandfather of Mrs. Pauline Jones Gandrud) who lived on Mountain Fork, New Market, Alabama. This ledger shows William Jones purchasing items in the store.

I found much information on Seburn Jones, locating him in the census of Madison County for the years 1830 through 1860. I learned through some deeds that his first wife was Mary or Polly. Haven't been able to prove her maiden name.

I know Seburn and Mary (Polly) married before 1827, and to this union twelve children were born and there could have been more: Their first son was born July 7, 1827, and they named him Stephen

W. Jones. He married Sarah F. Sims and he died August 2, 1907. Their second son, named Thomas J. Jones, was born December 8, 1829, married Rachel Ann Fitch, and died March 23, 1897. The third son, born March 20, 1831, was named William Baldwin Jones. He married Elizabeth Ann Snider, and died December 4, 1897. The fourth son, Seaborn M. Jones, was born in 1833. He married Caldonia (last name not known) and it is not known when he died. The fifth child was a daughter, Sarah Jones, born in 1834 and died in 1890 in Coryell County, Texas. She married William Campbell. The sixth child was a son named John M. Jones, born March 15, 1835, and died December 17, 1903. He married Martha Emily (last name not known). The seventh child was a daughter, Eliza Jones, born February 15, 1837, and died August 22, 1906. She married William H. Hambrick. A daughter, Nancy Jones, was the eighth child. It is unknown when she was born or when she died. She married first, Alfred Hambrick and second, James Patillo. The ninth child was a son, Morgan Jones, who was born in 1843 and died September 19, 1909. He married Margaret Campbell. There is no information on the tenth child other than his name, Michael B. Jones. A son, George T. Jones was the eleventh child. He was born June 9, 1845, and died November 24, 1906. He married Adelia Campbell. The twelfth child was a daughter, Catherine (Maggie) Jones, born December 25, 1847, and died February 9, 1909. She married George Campbell.

Seburn's first wife died between 1847 and 1850. He married Eleanor M. Yancy Stogsdale on February 16, 1851, in Madison County, Alabama. She was the widow of James H. Stogsdale who died October 18, 1849. Eleanor Yancy married James H. Stogsdale in Limestone County, Alabama on September 8, 1847 (filed as Ellen M. Yancy). The 1850 census of Madison County, Alabama shows her as a widow, age 21, born in Virginia with two children, Rebecca, age 2 and James, 6 months, both born in Alabama.

The first child born to Seburn and his second wife, Eleanor (Ellen) was Deckard Doyle Jones who was born June 26, 1852. He married Mary Frances Taylor Haggerty in 1892. He died November 27, 1916, and is buried in Coryell County, Texas. He was Seburn's thirteenth child. His fourteenth child was Allen Jones who was born in 1854. He married Martha Cox in Madison County, Alabama. He died April 18, 1912, and is buried in Coryell County, Texas. A daughter, Martha Jones, born February 14, 1855, was his fifteenth child. She married P. L. Whittenburg and she also is buried in Coryell County, Texas. His sixteenth child was Susan Jones who was born in 1857. She married (first name unknown) Hastings, and it is unknown when she died. His seventeenth child was a son, Trenton Jones, who was born in 1860. His date of death is not known. A daughter, Dinnah Jones, was born in 1862 and her date of death is also not known. She was his eighteenth child. Margaret (Maggie) Jones was born in 1864 and died April 11, 1928. She was Seburn's nineteenth child.

Seburn died February 24, 1867, and after his death, Eleanor married for the third time. His name was (first name unknown) Howard, and they had a son, Michael Howard. I am still researching on this line.

Great-grandpa Seburn, you will never know how many hours of sleep I have missed, trying to piece together this giant puzzle. But through our efforts, we have made a lot of friends, found relatives I never knew I had and for this we give you all the credit and our love.

Our hats off to Bill and Anne Jones who live on the Jones land located on Upper Hurricane Road out from New Market, Alabama. We invade their privacy every year and with their hospitality, road maps, directions, and jeep, it has made our "root" digging so much fun.

In November 1988 we were in the Jones Cemetery on Upper Hurricane Road where Seburn is laid to rest, and on the left side of Seburn's tombstone we discovered a tomb rock with P. J. carved on it. I assume this is Polly, Seburn's first wife. Next to P.J. were two more tomb rocks, one with F. J., the other with E. J. carved on them. Who are they? On the right of Seburn's tombstone is a big rock. Could this be William (Willie)?

As we leave the cemetery, my heart is sad as I look back where there are maybe four generations laid to rest. But you and I know our ancestors are the ones that faced trials, tribulations, and hardships so we might relive and cherish their history.

Submitted by: Gladys Jones Bird, Gatesville, Texas
Great-granddaughter of Seburn Jones



NORRIS

Around the year 1835, Robert Lee Norris and Ezekiel Brown Norris, sons of James Norris and Ann Douglas Norris, left Abbeville County, South Carolina, and settled in northeastern Madison County, Alabama, on Hurricane Creek near New Market.

After leaving Abbeville District, South Carolina, Robert L. and Ezekiel Brown Norris spent about three years in Maury County, Tennessee, probably with relatives, since they were still young men. October 11, 1832, in Maury County, Tennessee, Ezekiel married Rachel Alexander. January 8, 1835, in Maury County, Robert L. Norris married Rachel's sister, Caroline Alexander. The father of these sisters was born in Maryland and their mother was born in North Carolina.

Rachel Alexander Norris died around 1851-52 in Alabama. July 7, 1853, Ezekiel married Alsey Goodson Rogers, daughter of Willian Rogers and Sarah Samon Rogers, who moved from Halifax County, Virginia, to Alabama around the same time that Robert and Ezekiel arrived.

The first home site and settlement of this family in Alabama is located in Sharp's Hollow in the northeastern section of Madison County, near the borderline of Jackson County, Alabama. It lies about six miles southwest of New Market and eighteen miles northeast of Huntsville, Alabama.

Hurricane Valley levels out about 300 yards from the rear of the American Pioneer home built by Ezekiel and Robert Norris around 1835. With the width of about three-fourths of a mile, this valley extends to Cedar Gap Mountain. It lies at the base of scattered chains of the Great Appalachian Mountain System that winds its way from lower Quebec along the eastern part of the United States, leaving in its gigantic path chains of mountains including the Green, White, Catskill, and Blue Ridge. By the time these land masses of plateaus, mountains, and plains have extended into northern Alabama, they have virtually reached their terminal point in Alabama at Jasmine Hill in Elmore County near Wetumpka and Montgomery.

Robert and Ezekiel Norris built their homes at the base of Potato (Tater) Knob, less than one-fourth mile from the Hurricane Creek where Willow, Birch, Sycamore, and Lowland Ash line its banks. Channel dredging eventually caused the creek to recede to a greater distance from the location of the house.

The nearby mountain chains are covered with Poplar, Buckeye, Oak, Hickory, Sweet Gum, Hackberry, Shittimwood, and abundant Cedar. Limestone and sandstone are found throughout this valley. Mounds of limestone of various color tones rise from the earth's surface in different sizes and shapes. Also found in this valley are imprints of animal skeletons and plant life such as walnuts and roots of trees that turned to stone as they lay throughout the

geological ages in the cool and secluded fields, forests, and streams.

The Norris home was built of yellow Poplar logs fastened together by slitting and notching the ends. The floors and original doors were cut at a nearby sawmill. The roof was made from hand-split boards, but was later covered with weather boarding. The front portion of the ground floor consists of two rooms. Three steps lead down into the dining room and kitchen area. A brandy cellar is located on the west end of the house. Early furniture included large chests and wardrobes made from cherry wood with crystal knobs. This furniture was possibly brought from the ancestral homes of the Norrises in South Carolina.

A large and cherished Mulberry tree stands at the western side of the house on a hill a short distance from the house and, overlooking the front porch and yard, stands the old family burial garden where several members of the early families are buried.

Water was obtained from a well located several yards down hill from the rear of the home. This well provided water for all purposes, including cooking, drinking, and laundering of the clothes, which was done at the well site. The well was operated by a well sweep consisting of a pole with a counter balance. The bucket was submerged into the water and lifted to the surface by a heavy balance hanging on the end of a cross pole. This water system was used in Mesopotamia and Egypt.

Descendants of the Norris family lived in this original home from 1835 until 1963 when Joe Dixon (Dick) Norris died. Later, a granddaughter of Dick Norris, Nadine Payne, and her husband, Bobby, lived in this house while they built a house across the road.

Dick Norris had previously lived with his wife, Mary Lula Smithey Norris, and their five children in their own home which was only a few yards away. His brother, William Ausman (Ause) Norris and his sisters, Irene Woodson (Woody) Norris Hopkins and Anna Norris lived in the original home until their deaths. All these occupants were the children of William Alexander Norris and Margaret Campbell Norris, the grandchildren of Robert Lee Norris and and Caroline Alexander Norris, and the great-grandchildren of James Norris and Ann Douglas Norris of Abbeville, South Carolina. Cassie Norris Campbell and Elizabeth (Betty) Norris Sharp were also daughters of William A. Norris and Margaret Campbell Norris and sisters of the late occupants of this home.

The emigrant ancestor of this family came to America from England. Means of passenger transportation across the Atlantic at that time was by brigs, snows, and schooners, requiring about three months to complete a voyage to the American colonies.

For many generations following the first Norris emigration from England, descendants of this family trudged, axed, and wagoned

their way through the wilderness mountains and rivers of Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. As soon as possible, after locating in a new settlement, they built their places of worship from crude logs with puncheon log seats, and often with dirt floors; nevertheless, they had an altar for worship according to their own faiths. However, their freedom of worship was not without many divisions as to the form of worship within the church policy; i.e., philosophy and organization.

Eventually with the necessity to push on to a more promising acreage and with the same drives, motives, and ambition as their ancestors to seek a place to call home, two of their numbers of descendants, Robert and Ezekiel Brown Norris, found their way as very young men to a little hollow in the foothills of the mountains in Madison County, Alabama.

The children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Joe Dixon and Mary Lula Smithey are:

Allie Norris married E. C. Kenny, Jr. They had no children. Allie has retired from the Madison County School System. She taught most of her years at Hazel Green School. She is the author of a children's social studies book, Long Ago in Madison County. It is used in the Madison County School System.

Howard Norris married Frances Hastings. They have two children, Gayla and Myra. Gayla married Steve Hale. They have two children, Chris Norris Hale and Denise Hale. Myra married Ronnie Edwards. They have one child, Stephanie Edwards.

Larry Norris married Nell McCord. They have two children, Maxine and Nadine. Maxine married Donald Ray Hopkins. They have a son, Donald Roy. Nadine married Bobby Payne. They have two children, Bobbie Lee and George.

Marguerite Norris married John Moore. John was a Limestone County Commissioner until his death. Marguerite lives at Meridianville, AL. They had four children, John, Marianna, Joe, and Allison. John married Sandra May. They live at Athens. Their children are Leslie and Drett. Marianna married Gerald McNairy. They have one child, Chris. Chris married Amy White. They have one child, Cassie. Joe married Janice Sharp. They have two children, Bruce and Bryan. Joe and Janice live at New Market, Alabama. Allison married Ronnie White. They have two children, John and Lindsey. They live at Meridianville.

Virginia Norris married James Adams. They live at Montgomery. They have two children, Claire and Harvey. Claire married David Brannen; they have two children, John Taylor and Katherine Penn. They live at Columbus, GA. Harvey works as a computer analyst with Georgia Pacific in Atlanta, Georgia.

The name McFarlen throughout history has been spelled several ways: McFarlen, McFarlan, McFarland, and McFarlin. We choose the spelling McFarlen.

William Monroe McFarlen died in Warren County, Tennessee in 1840. He was married to Christian Price (1794-1874). She was the daughter of the Revolutionary Soldier, Anjer Price (2-27-1756/12-10-1849). He was born in Cullpepper County, Virginia and he died in Warren County, Tennessee. His father is thought to be Edward Price. Anjer enlisted as a soldier in Captain Richard Campbell's Company of Riflemen in the 8th Regiment of the Virginia Line on February 27, 1776. This Company was commanded by Col. Peter Muchlenberg in the Battle at Norfolk, Virginia. When he enlisted he was paid $8.00 per month. He was wounded in the thigh. He fought with this Company until 1778, when the 8th Regiment was consolidated with the 4th Regiment of the Virginia Line under the command of Col. John Green.

In 1779, Anjer was sent to near Petersburg, Virginia and under Col. Richard Parker was appointed Wagon Master. As Wagon Master he marched with his Company into Augusta, Georgia and they took part in the siege of Savannah. On the 22nd day of December, 1779 he was discharged.

After the war Anjer lived in South Carolina for two years, moved to Russell County, Virginia, and then came to Warren County, Tennessee. On April 10, 1783, in Shennandoah County, Virginia, Anjer Price married his cousin, Jane (10-3-1765/9-21-1849). She was born in Granville County, N. C. and died in Coffee County, Tennessee.

William and Christian Price McFarlen had eleven children. The oldest child was Anjer Price McFarlen (8-24-1813/3-18-1879). He was named for his grandfather, Anjer Price. On February 5, 1832, Anjer Price McFarlen married Sarah Brewer (12-26-1812/3-20-1891). They are both buried in Trousdale Cemetery, Warren County, Tennessee.

Sarah's father was Russell Brewer (1-28-1785/9-1-1858). He was born in North Carolina. He died in Warren County, Tennessee. He was buried at Trousdale Cemetery. Russell served in the War of 1812, as a Corporal, having enlisted on January 28, 1814, Infantry Division of Warren County, under Captain Douglas, commanded by Colonel Copeland. Russell was married to Nancy Toliver (2-9-1785/2-27-1869).

Anjer Price and Sarah McFarlen had eleven children:

Nancy Catherine (10-7-1832/2-6-1917) was born in Warren County, Tennessee and married Wesley McMahan.

Christian Priscilla was born in 1836. She married Jonathan G. Davis. She was murdered by Jim Parker for the gold coins that she carried in a belt around her waist.

Elizabeth Caroline, born 1838 or 1844. She married Joseph Umbarger in Texas. She went with the group from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, along with a few in-laws and several brothers and sisters and their families to escape the Civil War. They traveled in covered wagons. They settled in Jasper, Texas, a small town settled by John Bevil, who had received his grant from Mexico a short time before. After about a year in Texas, Anjer and Sarah McFarlen returned to Tennessee and settled in Coffee County near the border of Warren County. In the later life of Elizabeth Caroline, she was blind. Her family thought it was because she sewed for the soldiers of the war often by candle light.

William Vann, born 1841, married Mary A. Teal.

Martha Ann (9-3-1843/1-25-1909). She married Charles Rigney and is buried at Shady Grove Cemetery, Coffee County, TN.

Salina Parolee, born 1849, m. William M. Robinson, died in Texas.

Russell Jackson McFarland (12-31-1847/7-4-1935). (See narrative following this listing.)

America Josephine (1-20-1850/2-8-1934). She married William Davis (1847/8-4-1902).

Rosanna Charlotte (1-28-1853/7-24-1908), married Andrew J. Espy in 1880.

Robert Henry, born 1854.

Sarah A. (1858-1930), married Jonathan Davis (1849-1921).

The seventh child of Anjer Price and Sarah McFarlen was Russell Jackson McFarlen (12-31-1847/7-4-1935). He married Nancy Jane Bryant (7-29-1859/10-28-1943). R. J. was a farmer. He and Nancy lived a pioneer life as he started farming with oxen. They were married at Jackson County, Alabama. They moved into a log house that had been built for Dr. Robertson. The beams in one room had been spaced so the doctor's medicine cabinet could fit between them; the beams reached to the ceiling. As they added to the house, the logs in the original part were never covered. A cave near the old home site of R. J. and Nancy has been designated as a fallout shelter for Jackson County, Alabama.

Nancy Jane Bryant McFarlen was a devoted mother, a lovely housekeeper, a very energetic and religious woman. She was a life-long member of the Garth Church of Christ. Her father was Robert Tillman Bryant (5-5-1822/4-24-1891). Her mother was Sarah Elizabeth Torbet (6-19-1826/3-17-1885).

Sarah Josie (1876-1970), married James Levi Isbell, reared nine children: Rosetta, Thomas, Martha, Russell, Roy, Jessie, Paul, Davis, and William Isbell. They spent most of their married life in Texas.

Mary Liza (10-31-1878/11-2-1971), married Grant Wilbourn, who was killed by lightning leaving her with six young children: Bertha, Clair, Otis, Olan, Maxie, and Horton Wilbourn. Her second marriage was to Macon J. Williams.

Robert Tillman (3-12-1880/10-31-1967), married Lizzie Guerin (12-25-1877/6-28/1953). They lived a good part of their married life in Detroit, Michigan, and both are buried there. Their six children are: Edgar, Bates, Effie, Aileen, Bill, and Donald.

Dora Frances (3-19-1882/1944), m. Luther Milliner on 12-24-1943.

Samuel Wesley (1-26-1884/3-25-1958).

William Russell (6-29-1887/6-29-1975). (See narrative following this listing.)

Amanda Jane (4-11-1890/October 1966). She married Jim Edd Anderson. Their children were: Mabel, Willis, Lawson, Norene, and Erma Gene.

James Andrew (4-30-1892/September 1969), married Hilda Anderson. Their children are Jasper, Lenon, Kenneth and Carlton.

Lottie Rose was born July 15, 1894. She now lives at Tullahoma, Tennessee. She was married to George Cook, now deceased. They had two children: Fred and Mary.

Hattie Ethel was born May 31, 1898. She now lives at Harvest with her husband, James Earl Freeman. They have two children: Nancy and Jimmy. Nancy Jane Bryant McFarlen died at the home of her daughter, Hattie Freeman. R. J. and Nancy are both buried at Flanagin Cemetery between Garth and Trenton in Jackson County, Alabama.

The sixth child of Russell J. and Nancy McFarlen was William Russell (6-29-1887/6-29-1975). He married Nora Atchley.

Nora was born in St. Francis County, Arkansas, August 27, 1891. She now lives at New Market with her daughter, Mary. She is the daughter of John Jeffery Atchley (8-27-1871/4-12-1939) and Ella Lou Guerin (1-20-1874/7-2-1943). Both are buried at Guerin Cemetery, Jackson County, Alabama. Nora had several brothers and sisters: George David, John Franklin, Andrew Allen, Harvey, Sidney, Tabatha, Minnie Rebecca, Pearney Bea, and Cynthia. Nora's family moved from Arkansas to Paint Rock, Alabama by train. Until they could get settled they lived with Nora's grandparents, George and Quimi Cothern Guerin. Nora said after they got to Paint Rock their grandmother did not think that their

dresses were long enough so she sewed strips of cloth to the bottom of them to make them longer.

Nora McFarlen started to school when she was 13 years old. In those days it was very hard to go to school. She was raised in the Methodist Church, but after she met Russell she attended and became a member of the Church of Christ. Russell and Nora reared six children:

Herman Jackson was born November 17, 1910, in Jackson County, Alabama. He married Brooksie Freeman on January 1, 1934. She is buried at Taylor Cemetery, New Market, Alabama. They had three children: Joyce, Hershel and Joe Don.

Lucille was born May 22, 1915, at Garth in Jackson County. She married Roland Andrews on August 13, 1940. They had two children: Betty and Marshall.

Zebedee was born November 30, 1917, in Madison County. He married Irene Bevil on October 15, 1937. She is now deceased. They had six children: Faye, Lorene, Joann, Margaret, Frances, Marvin. His second wife is Polly.

Mary was born April 6, 1920 at Harvest, Alabama. She now lives at New Market, Alabama.

Wilma Ruth was born July 29, 1923, at Harvest, Alabama. She married Harvey A. Hodge, November 28, 1948. They have one son, Shannon. Harvey and Wilma live at New Market, Alabama.

Howard Grant McFarlen (10-21-1912/10-30-1976) was born in Jackson County, Alabama. On November 10, 1933, he married Helen Etoile Todd (2-4-1914/8-18-1972). She was born at Harvest, Alabama. Her parents were Arthur Franklin Todd (2-4-1883/2-16-1921) and Sarah Mabel Schrimsher (1-27-1889/10-7-1977).

Howard Grant McFarlen and Helen Etoile Todd McFarlen had six children:

1. Howard Wayne was born November 5, 1937, at Harvest, Alabama. On December 24, 1957, he married Patsy Campbell (5-12-1941). They have three children: Howard Wayne, Jr. (Mac) born 1-28-1959; Rebecca Ann (Becky) born 10-4-1961; Laura Pat born Feb. 2, 1971.

   Mac married Sandra Miller. She is the daughter of Rayford and Janie Howard Miller. Mac and Sandy have two children, Sally Jane (7-8-1984) and Sara Pat (6-13-1987).

   Becky married Jerry Wendell Jones (2-18-1962). He is the son of Jerry and Alice Faye Floyd Jones. Becky and Wendell have one child, Celia Dale Jones (7-2-1987). Laura Pat will graduate from Buckhorn High School in May, 1989. She is attending early start classes at the University of

Alabama in Huntsville, Alabama, and will attend there in the fall.

2. Dudley Ray was born 5-16-1941 at Huntsville, Al. On December 24, 1961, he married Annetta Duncan (7-27-1944). She is the daughter of Roy and Annie Duncan. Dudley and Annetta have four children of their own, and in 1984, Annetta's niece and nephew, Bambi and Ben Howell came to make their home with Dudley and Annetta after the death of their mother, Annetta's sister, Sherry Duncan Howell.

   The children of Dudley Ray and Annetta are: Gwendolyn (8-26-1963), married to Donald Wayne Young (12-31-1958). Gwen has one son, Austin, born 9-10-1982. Janet (4-23-1965) is married to Joe Bryant. They have a daughter, D. J., born 3-6-1988. Kenneth Ray, born 8-8-1971, will graduate from Buckhorn High School in May 1989. Michael, born 9-20-1972, is a student at Buckhorn. Bambi, born 8-20-1974 is a student at Buckhorn High School. Ben, born 4-11-1978, is a student at Riverton School.

3. David Garth, born 11-24-1942, m. Earline Cantrell on 12-20-1963. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cantrell. She was born 11-14-1946. They have three children: Jimmy Harold (12-6-1964); Stanley (4-3-1970); and Nathan (6-26-1973). David now lives at Scottsboro, Alabama.

4. William Franklin, b. 1-18-1944, married Wilma Gail Hillis, 1-22-1964. Wilma was born 10-3-1946. She is the daughter of William and Helen Yell Hillis. They have four children: Johnny (1-12-1965) attends Alabama A & M University; Timmy (4-22-1968) has graduated from Calhoun College; Sarah Beth (5-25-1970) is attending Calhoun College; and Emily Ruth (5-16-1975) is a student at Riverton.

5. Martha Carol (1-30-1946) m. Paul Allen Wright on 12-20-1964. Paul, born 1-14-1944, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wright. Martha and Paul have four children: Denise (10-14-1964), married to Mark Hamett. They have one child, Preston (2-18-1989), and live at Pine Bluff, Arkansas; Melissa (7-13-1967, married to Ricky Cook. They live at Searcy, Arkansas where they attend Freed Hardman College; Allen, born 6-19-1971, is a student at Buckhorn High School; and Kelly, born 7-31-1974, is a student at Madison Academy.

6. Daphne Jane (b.9-9-1949) is married to Harry Lewis. Daphne has a son, Nicholas, born 5-1-1978. They live in Rochester, Michigan.

BRIEF TAYLOR HISTORY

Five generations of Taylors have resided on and farmed the land on Butler Road, in New Market, Alabama, known as the Taylor farm.

The earliest known ancestor, William L. Taylor, settled in South Carolina sometime in the late 1700's, after his arrival from England. William Taylor, along with John Scott, left South Carolina in the early 1800's and settled in Jackson County, Alabama. William Taylor married a Mrs. Kennedy and in 1854 they became the proud parents of a son, George Washington Taylor. Because of his youth, George Washington Taylor was too young to fight in the War between the States, but was pressed into service as a horse hustler for the Confederate Army. He hid horses in the mountain valleys of Jackson County, Alabama.

When the war ended he was working on his father's farm in Jackson County, Alabama. Around 1874 he came to Madison County and bought a farm in the Union Grove community. He cleared about 125 acres of land and built a log house. In 1876 he met and married Georgia Ann Riddle. Georgia Ann was the daughter of Jeremiah Riddle, and the granddaughter of George Riddle. George Riddle and his five brothers came to the United States in the Late 1700's.

George W. Taylor and Georgia Ann Riddle Taylor had seven children. Two died in infancy. The other children were Will Henry, Howell, Wade, Inez, and Scyrenia. These children were born in the log house. When the children were still young a larger, two-story frame house was built. These buildings are still standing today in the year 1989.

George Washington Taylor died in 1937.

Howell B. Taylor met and married Minnie Lou Wells, whose ancestors came from Scotland in the early 1800's. Minnie Lou's parents were Volley H. Wells and Lula T. Wells. They lived in the Plevna community.

Howell and Minnie Lou Taylor had three children: Winfred W., Loucylle, and Jerry. Howell and Minnie Lou stayed on part of his father's farm for their lifetimes. At their death, this part of the George W. Taylor farm was bought by their son, Jerry R. Taylor. The other half of the land was bought by Curtiss and Ivy Ricketts. This half contained the home dwellings (the log house and the two-story house). This was bought by Curtiss and Ivy at the death of Inez Taylor McDonal who was a widow for many years. She cared for her father until his death in 1937.

Jerry R. Taylor met and married Shirley M. Macks. Her parents lived in Detroit, Michigan. Her ancestors came from Poland and Germany in the 1870's.

Jerry and Shirley have five children: four daughters - Marie, Nancy, Alice, and Ruth; one son - John.

Two daughters, Marie Kolle, her husband and son, Ruth and her son, along with Jerry and Shirley still live on this farm. The rest of the family live in Alabama. Nancy married Phillip Acuff. They have one son and two daughters. Alice Ann married John Jellicorse. They have no children.



Log House built by
George Washington Taylor



House George Washington Taylor
built for Howell and
Minnie Lou Wells Taylor
when they married



Land bought by George Washington
Taylor, as seen in 1989
after being cleared some years before



Last home place of
George Washington Taylor



Jerry Taylors Home
built by Rob Hastings
bought by George Washington Taylor

THE JOHN DEE TIDWELL FAMILY

The John Dee Tidwell home, 1661 Butler Road, New Market, Alabama, has been in the Tidwell family for 150 years. John Dee's father, Reuben, lived in this house and raised four boys and three girls. John Dee Tidwell was born in this house on April 21, 1877.

John Dee Tidwell married Lillian Harris. They had seven children: Floyd, Ivy, Leila, Shelby, Olin, Emmett, and Robert. All of them were raised at this home. Mr. John Tidwell died, at the age of 86, in the home in which he was born.

Two of the Tidwell boys served in World War II. Shelby served in the Army for 39 months, 35 of which was spent in the South Pacific. He was scheduled to come home after the Luzon Battle but he never made it home. He was killed on Luzon Island on April 28, 1945. Emmett L. Tidwell served in the Marines in the South Pacific and was honorably discharged in December, 1945.

Emmett later married Fayth Hawk. They had one daughter, Lynn. She is the only granddaughter of John and Lillian Tidwell. Lynn married Dayton Jones. They have a son, Gordan Case Jones, born April 18, 1987. This little boy is the only great-grandchild of John and Lillian Tidwell. On January 16, 1979, Emmett was found dead in his sister Olin's home.

Floyd was married to Doris George. Floyd died February 5, 1986. Robert D. and his sister, Leila Tidwell Tate, still live at the old home place. Leila Bell was married to Rob Tate until his death. Olin lives next door. She is married to Alvie Ricketts. Ivy married Curtis Ricketts. Curtis has died and Ivy lives about a half-mile south of the home in which she grew up.

Robert has done some work on the old house that has been standing sturdy for 150 years. He has put new siding on the house that he hopes will be home to some of the Tidwell family for the next 150 years.

Note: The airplane that crashed a few years back, crashed on the Tidwell farm. Two men were killed in this accident. It was reported at the time that the crash occurred in Hazel Green, but the Tidwell home has always had a New Market address.

THE RAMSEY FAMILY

My grandfather, James Ed Ramsey, was born in Ohio. He had one sister, Mary, and four brothers, Abb, Homer, Joe, and Charlie. They all left Ohio in the 1800's in covered wagons. His sister, Mary, stopped in Kansas. The five brothers came on to Tennessee. They settled in Lincoln, Tennessee out from Fayetteville, Tennessee.

I called my grandfather Papa Ramsey. He met and married Ella McCown in Lincoln. They bought a grocery store in Lincoln and lived there for some time.

They had four boys, Theron, Grant, Vernon, and John, and three daughters, Bertha, Ruth, and Edna. Uncle Theron married Lela Mae Austin of Elora, Tennessee. They had two sons, John and Jim, and a daughter, Iris (born October 22, 1918). Lela Mae died soon after Iris was born. Theron later moved to Ohio; there he met and married Helen Reese. They had two daughters, Jean and Sarah. Theron's son, John, married and lives in Florida. The other son, Jim, married Melba Jones. They live in Ohio. They have two sons, Rodger and James, four daughters, Karon, Kroston, Robin, and Rhonda.

Iris Ramsey Hughes, daughter of Theron and Lela Mae, now lives in Huntsville, AL. She has four daughters, Becky, Brenda, Susan and Cindy, and a son, Tony. Becky, who married William (Bill) Craig from Mississippi, lives at Delrose, TN. They have one son, Jason, and three daughters, Carmon, Brenda, and Holly. Iris's daughter lives in Indiana. She married Larry Toot. They have three children, Gina, Dennis, and Richard. Iris's daughter, Cindy, lives at Madison, AL. She married John chapman. They have two sons, Brian and Cory. Iris's son, Tony, lives in Huntsville, AL and works for the city. He married a Huntsville girl, Theresa Gomes. They have two children, Chris and Tmosia.

Theron and Helen's daughters, Jean and Sarah, live in Florida--and Ohio.

Vernon Ramsey never married and John died when he was five years old. Grant Ramsey married Nora Teague of Plevna, AL. They had one son, Owen, and one daughter, Irene. Owen married Mary Locker of Elora, TN. They had two children, Jimmy and Gail. Owen worked at Redstone and Mary taught school. Owen passed away and Mary lives at Fayetteville, TN.

Irene married Robert Earl Pruitt (now deceased). They had four children. Ann and Kenny live in Michigan. Ron and Don (twins) live in Nashville, TN.

Bertha, daughter of James Ed and Ella Ramsey, married David Simms from Lincoln, TN. They had four children, Walter, Grant, Virgil, and Lucille.

Walter married Julia Harrison from Fayetteville, TN. They had two daughters, Barbara and Veloria. Grant married Winnie. Their children are Grant, Bob, and Brena. Lucille Simms married Willie Parker.

Ruth, daughter of James Ed and Ella Ramsey married Baud Miller of Elora, TN. They had no children.

Edna, daughter of James Ed and Ella married Joe McCord of New Market.

One of the brothers of James Ed Ramsey married a girl from Meridianville, AL. Her parents did not want her to marry him so they eloped by putting a ladder to her second story window. She was not allowed to return home for some time. However, later she was allowed to return, everything was all right, and they lived happily ever after.



James Ed Ramsey
Vera McCord

McCord Store & Home



MY MEMORIES

Vera McCord Hamaker

My grandfather on my dad's side was James Ed McCord. His wife was Sallie Thomas McCord. I knew them as Papa and Mammie Cord. Papa was born in 1858 and Mammie was born in 1852. They owned and lived on quite a large farm two miles west of New Market, AL. They were farmers and had several families living on the farm, plus all four of their children and their families.

They built a small country store and sold just about everything that people would need. They sold groceries, dry goods, and clothing such as underwear, sweaters, and overalls. They had numerous bolts of cloth. I remember some of my Mammie's friends would walk two or three miles to the store. She would wait on them with their groceries, but before she would let them leave she would get down several bolts of cloth--gingham checks, stripes--and roll off several yards of different colors for them to make their quilts.

I also remember two small girls that came to the store to catch the school bus, after we finally got a bus--we had to walk to school at New Market for about three years. One morning when the weather was real cold, these little girls came to catch the bus wearing sweaters that were too little for them. Mammie went behind the counter, pulled down a big box, got two red sweaters out and put them on these little girls. The sweaters came to their knees, the sleeves had to be rolled up, but she was hunting something to keep them warm. That same day when we got off the bus at the store in the afternoon, Mammie had each one of them two pairs of union suits with long sleeves to wear to school. Mammie was good at giving things away when she thought someone really had a need. Papa was good, too, but he was more saving the Mammie.

On Saturdays Papa Cord and I would go out in the cotton fields and pick some boles of cotton that had been left. We would carry them back to the side room in the store and crack the boles with a hammer, put the cotton "tads in the bin, and sell them for one and one-half cents a pound. He would give me my part of the money as they were sold.

Mammie and Papa Cord (James Ed and Sallie McCord) had three children, who lived on the family farm all their lives.

The oldest child, Mae, married Edgar George. They lived on a farm at Mint Springs for a time before they moved to Huntsville, AL. About 1920 the George family moved to Huntsville and operated two service stations (gas) and operated a meat-packing house and a locker plant. The locker plant consisted of compartments used to store frozen food. The compartments were rented to individuals. This was before the time when people had food freezers at home. Mae and Edgar

had four sons, William McCord, Gordon, Robert Lawrence, and Ray.

William McCord George married Mamie Bentley. They had one son, Billy.
Gordan George never married.
Robert Lawrence (Bob) George married Sarah Patterson.
The youngest son, Ray, and his wife, Julia, have two sons, Tommy and Larry George.

Luther McCord married Nannie Denton. They had one son, Ernest McCord. They also had four daughters, Gladys, Virginia, Nell, and Doris.

Ernest McCord never married. He lives at the Luther McCord home place.

Gladys McCord married Percy Sharp. They have four sons, Billy, Jimmy, Benny, and Kenny, and four daughters, Mae, Faye, Ann, and Linda. Billy Joe married Janice Wolaver and they have one son, Lynn. Jimmy married Peggy Watson. They have three children, Derrick, Diane, and Deedee. Benny Carl and Margaret have a daughter, Hannah. Kenny has one son by his first wife, Candy. His name is Neal, and he has a daughter by his second wife, Wytonnia. Her name is Summer. Allie Mae married Horace Fanning. She was postmaster at Hazel Green, AL for several years. They have three children: Harold married Debbie Sharp and they have two children, Allison and Daniel. Jan married Steve Hunter and they have two children, Nicky and Paul. Nan married Steve Anderson and they have two children, Nicholas and Joseph. Gloria Faye married Tracy Dickens, who died at an early age, and they had two children, Donna and Kelly. Elizabeth Ann married Terry Rodgers and they had two children, Wendell and Theresa. Theresa died several years ago leaving a daughter, Shandy, who was adopted by Ann and Terry. Linda married Hollis Hale and they have two children, Chris and Craig.

Nell McCord married Larry Norris. They had two children, Maxine and Nadine. Maxine married Donald Hopkins. They have one, son, Donald Roy. Nadine married Bobby Payne. They have two children, Bobby Lee and George. They all live on Ray Road on the Norris home place. (See the Norris family history in this book).

Virginia McCord married Ira Crumrine. Ira had a daughter, Judy, from a previous marriage. Judy married Don Giles. She lives at Hazel Green, AL. Don died about two years ago. They had three children, Kim, Clary, and Kelly. Kim is married to Eric Guerin. They have two children, Matthew and Courtney. Clay and Kelly are still at home. Virginia and Ira have three children, Velma, Joyce, and David. Velma and David have never married. David lives in Florida and Velma still lives at New Market, AL. Joyce married Albert T. (Tommy) Mallory. They

have two children, Beverly (who recently married Scott Ward), and Melanie.

Doris McCord (b. 11-10-1932) married Gene Parker (b.1-9-1933). They have one son, Phillip "Pep" (b.12-20-1955). He married Kimberly Gaither. They have two daughters, Christy (b.9-26-1977), and Heather (b.12-31-1980).

Hattie McCord married Woods Campbell. They had one son, James Ed Campbell. He married Celia Brewer. They have two children, Patsy and James Ed.

Patsy married Wayne McFarlen. They have three children. Howard Wayne McFarlen married Sandra Miller. They have two daughters, Sally Jane and Sara Pat. The second child of Wayne and Patsy is Rebecca Ann (Becky). She married Wendell Jones. They have one child, Celia Dale. The third child of Wayne and Patsy is Laura Pat. She is still home attending school.

James Ed married Pauline Morrison. They have three children: Cynthia Lou, who works at Huntsville Hospital; James Ed, III, who will be a senior at Buckhorn school this year; and Hank Vernon, who attends New Market school.

Aunt Hattie McCord Campbell took care of Grandma Mullins. She was Papa Cord's mother. She also took care of John Thomas. He was Mammie Cord's father. Aunt Hattie always cooked dinner every day for Mammie and Papa Cord. She lived across the road from the store. Papa would go to dinner first, then he would stay at the store so Mammie could for dinner. Aunt Hattie did more for them than anyone.

Grandma Mullins and John Thomas had separate rooms upstairs. Aunt Hattie would always build the fires in the heaters for them and at night she would make sure the fires were out so the house would not catch fire. Aunt Mae boarded in New Market with the Loves, so she could go to college in New Market, AL, but after Aunt Hattie got through school she thought she was needed at home to take care of the older folks.

Joe McCord's real name was Robert Cathey McCord, but he was always called Joe. He was born April 18, 1895. He married Edna Ramsey. She was born March 30, 1897. They slipped off to Lincoln, TN and got married. Edna was sixteen years old and Joe was eighteen. He was a farmer and a trader. He bought cows and hogs and took them to market. I believe he was the first man to haul a cow in a truck in Madison County. He hauled a lot of hay in his first truck; then he started hauling cows and hogs. Joe and Edna had one daughter, Vera Ruth (b.10-22-1914), and three sons, Thomas (b.9-23-1916), Robert Earl (b.9-21, 1918), and Joe Ed (b.6-16-1925). (See last page of this article for addition information on the descendants of Joe and Edna McCord.

I remember when we kids were small, dad had a black man who lived with us and did most of the farming. His name was Nath Walker. My mother was crippled with arthritis at the age of twenty. I

had to start doing the cooking and keeping the house when I was eight years old. I stood on a wooden box to make biscuits. I had to feed my mother when I was twelve years old because she could not get her hands to her mouth. There were two black women from down in the Bethany woods that would walk to my Mammie's and Papa's store once a week to get their groceries. They stopped by our house and ate breakfast. I knew they would come by every Thursday, so I cooked enough for their breakfast too. They would wash their dishes and do anything in the house that might need doing. Their names were Harriet Petty and Callie Taylor. Aunt Harriet told my mother that she had a niece that might stay with us so that I could go to school. Her name was Bethel. She came to see my mother and she stayed with us a good while. She only asked one dollar per week for a salary. That was when times were very bad. I remember my mother bought Bethel a pretty coat for Christmas and she was so proud of it.

My mother could crochet and sew. She made many pretty things, such as a bedspread and doilies. She read her Bible from front to back every year. She would start reading it New Year's Day and finish by Christmas.

I think Uncle Luther McCord kept the poor house in the Bethany woods about the years of 1911 or 1912. Aunt Nannie helped him. They also had Albert and Betty Tipton to help; them. Betty cooked in the kitchen with the help of Martha Rhoden. Martha had a son named Johnny. When Luther and Nannie McCord left, Joe and Edna took their place. At this time Joe and Edna had two children, Vera, four years old, and Thomas, two years old. We lived there over two years. Tuck and Alice Lanford moved there to help us. Alice worked in the kitchen with Martha Rhoden. At this time Martha's son, Johnny, was about five years old. We had a little red wagon in which Thomas, Johnny, and I would pull each other around in the yard. When Johnny was a little over five years of age, two policemen or guards came to get him to send him somewhere to school. But he went away up under the kitchen and would not come out. When it got dark the men left and came back the next morning. They got Johnny out of bed and took him somewhere to school. His mother stayed and cooked, but she kept in touch with Johnny. It was around 1930 that Johnny and his mother drove up in our yard in a Model-A car and spent the day with us. We were so glad to see them. They both looked so good. Johnny was dressed in a nice suit and a pretty tie. He had finished school and had a job. I believe they lived at Ardmore, TN. Then they left our house and went to Uncle Luther's and Aunt Nannie's and spent the night.

Jim Petty never took any kind of medicine. He was about a hundred years old when he died, and he wouldn't have died then if he hadn't jumped out of a pickup truck. He was in the back of the truck and his hat blew off. He jumped out of the truck to get his ragged old hat and it killed him. The only kind of medicine he took was vinegar. When he felt bad, he would knock on our door and ask if we had any vinegar. If we didn't have any, he would ask if I could pour some vinegar off the pickles that I had canned. I always found him some vinegar. (I have

found that pickle with vinegar will cure the heartburn). Jim did not know for sure how old he was, but my dad said he was sure he was close to one hundred years old. Aunt Harriet Petty, his sister, was in her nineties and Jim was older than her.

Now let me tell you about the children of Joe and Edna McCord:

Vera Ruth McCord married Joseph William Hamaker (b.12-9-1918)--"Shot" as he was called most of the time. They have one son, Joseph William, Jr., born 6-9-1949. Joseph, Jr. married Louise Taylor of Hazel Green, AL. They have one child, "A Little Girl," named Alaina Taylor Hamaker. She was born December 5, 1983. They live on Randolph Avenue, Huntsville, AL. Joe and Louise both work at NASA, Marshall Space Flight Center, AL.

Joseph William Hamaker, Sr. was the son of Walter Hamaker and Clara Jackson Hamaker of Cowan, TN. They had another son, W. B. Hamaker, Jr. W. B. Hamaker, Jr. married Jimmy Webster of Huntsville, AL. They had a daughter, Rita Faye Hamaker. Walter and Clara Hamaker had a daughter, Eugenia Hamaker. She married Bill Powell of Huntsville. They have two daughters, Genie and Linda. Walter and Clara have died and are buried at Concord Cemetery. Also W. B., Jr. has passed away. Joseph W. Hamaker, Sr. passed away August 16, 1959, and is buried at Concord Cemetery. He was a wonderful husband and father. We only had him for thirteen years. The Hamaker family farmed and ran a country store in Walnut Grove Community. They lived near Walnut Grove School and Concord Church.

John Thomas McCord married Ruth Hillis (b.2-24-1919). They have four sons, two of them being twins: Bobby, Ray, Roy, and Danny. Bobby married Rachel White. They have two children, Shelia and Kevin. Ray (b.11-6-1941) married Carolyn Johnson. They have three children, Donna, Susan, and Eddie Ray. Roy (b.11-6-1941) married Martha Shockley. They have two children, Melissa dn Christopher. Danny (b.2-11-1944) married Linda McBride. They have three children, Joel, Sharon, and Aaron.

Robert Earl has a son, Robin McCord (b.1-12-1953). Robin married Patti Bartlett (b.7-7-1954). They have two children, Lance (b.8-24-1981) and Cassie (b.3-2-1983). Robin works in the emergency room at Huntsville Hospital.

Joe Ed McCord married Dorothy (Dot) Giles (b.7-1-1927). They have one daughter, Lyndia Pat (b.10-31-1948). She married Danny Fisher (b.7-25-1969). They have one son, Micah (b.6-5-1974). Dot was born at her Granny Betty Lock Sisco's, in Hurricane Valley, New Market, AL. She was the only girl on the Giles side of the family.

Submitted by
Vera McCord Hamaker
July 1989.


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