

The January Meeting

Tuesday, January 26, 2010

3:00 p. m.

The Thomas E. McMillan Museum

The Program: Election of Officers Plus A Power Point Presentation on The History of Escambia County & An Introduction to the Museum

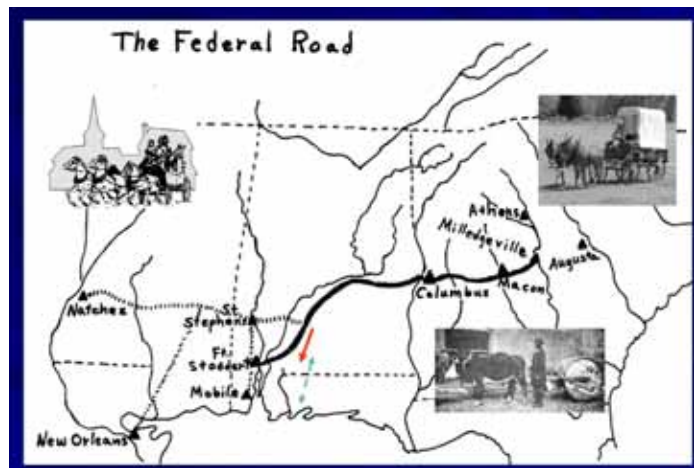
This is the meeting to elect officers for the next two years. It is also the time to pay dues for the coming year, since only members can vote.

Jerry Simmons has developed a power point program which he uses for groups who visit the museum. It highlights exhibits in the museum and gives an excellent history

of Escambia County.

Below is one of the illustrations which accompany the program. Jerry comments that Wagon trains were used by settlers in Alabama and other states, not just for the pioneers who settled the west.

Be sure to read the first-hand account of a wagon train of settlers traveling from Virginia to Missouri in the journal section of this newsletter. "Wagon Train, 1829" is being printed as a serial story, the first in the series appearing in the November/December, 2009 issue of ECHOES.



"Migration" is the title of this illustration from the power point presentation on the history of Escambia County, part of our program for the January Meeting.

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The Next Meeting February 23

Marty Olliff of Troy University, Dothan, will present a program on World War I in Alabama

A Reminder

It is now time to pay dues for the coming year.

- ◆ \$25.00/person,
- ◆ \$35.00/two family members
- ◆ \$250.00/person for Lifetime Members
- ◆ \$50.00/year business



Christmas Party 2010

Volume 37, Number 1

January 2010

Snapshots of The Christmas Party



Paintings of Confederate Generals Returned to Family of Dr. Odis Little

The walls of the Elvira McMillan Parlor in the Museum will appear a little bare when we meet for refreshments at the January meeting. The paintings of the Confederate Generals, which were a part of the parlor's décor for thirty years, are gone, returned to the family.

Placed in the parlor on a loan basis in 1979, the daughter of Dr. Little, Mary Little Mattair, reclaimed the paintings on January 14.

Training Session for Volunteers for Working in the Alabama Room

A Volunteer-Training Workshop for potential volunteer workers in the Alabama Room of the Thomas E. McMillan Museum will be held **Monday, February 1st from 10 a.m. until noon**. If you think you can volunteer in the Alabama Room any time during this year, please plan to attend this free training-workshop for 2010 volunteers.

Jacqueline Stone, ECHS Librarian, and Ann Biggs-Williams, former head librarian of Jefferson Davis Community College, when the Alabama Room was formerly

housed in the Leigh Library of JDCC, will coordinate the training.

"All you need to bring to the workshop is yourself" remarks Ann Biggs-Williams. "You will leave the workshop with a bit more understanding and hands-on experience of the wonderful array of materials that is available locally for those who love history and genealogy."

Story Corps, Non-Profit Oral History Project, To Be in Pensacola

StoryCorps is an independent, nonprofit, public service project whose mission is to honor and celebrate one another's lives through listening. Criss-crossing the country in two mobile units year-round, recording the stories, life experiences, and conversations of everyday people, StoryCorps preserves these recordings in the Folk Life Center archive at the Library of Congress. Selected stories are also broadcast each Friday on NPR's Morning Edition.

StoryCorps reminds us of the importance of listening to and learning from those around us. It celebrates our shared humanity. It tells people that their lives matter and they won't be forgotten. It is one of the largest oral history projects of its kind. Since 2003, tens of thousands of everyday people have shared stories and conversations with loved ones through StoryCorps.

StoryCorps adheres to the highest standards of excellence across all aspects of the project and aspires to become an enduring American institution.

StoryCorps Believes There Is Room for Every Voice in History.

StoryCorps has a relentless focus on serving a wide diversity of participants. The interview session is at the heart

of StoryCorps. Participants are treated with the utmost respect, care, and dignity. The stories disseminated demonstrate our shared humanity. StoryCorps preserves and presents interviews with the deepest respect for the participants whose stories are celebrated. The stories of people in Pensacola are essential to the StoryCorps archive, and you can help us collect and preserve these stories for future generations to hear.

The StoryCorps Mobile Booth will reside in Pensacola from February 11 – March 13, 2010 at the corner of Palafox and Wright Streets in front of the Governor Perry House, downtown.

Reservations Open January 28th

Reservations for interview slots for the general public will open at 10:00 a.m. Thursday, January 28, 2010. A link for online reservations and a phone number, for those who prefer to call will be posted here at that time. Half of the total available slots will be opened on January 28th with a second round of slots opening on Friday, February 12, at 10:00 a.m.

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The ECHS *Journal* Section

William and Matilda

Editor's Note: The following introduction and story is provided to us by Maria Lindberg and has been edited slightly. Some punctuation and spelling inconsistencies were changed but nothing was done to change the sense of the story. We hope you enjoy.

"Rhee," Maria Lindberg, is the great granddaughter of William and Matilda Boutwell, the major characters in this story. By way of introduction, she writes:

"This story is written and dedicated in honor of my grandmother, Taleia Colvin Boutwell, and to my lovely niece, Dorothy Jean Sales, for her sincere effort and encouragement, who stood by me and made this book possible. February 7, 1984

"NOTE—I never read mom's story till after she died. For her own reasons, some I can only guess at, she only allowed Dot to read it, since she was the one who originally typed it for mother. She [Dot] was always very dear to her heart, more like a friend than a niece. We share things with our friends sometime easier than with our close family, and I think Dot, of all people, knew the "heart" of Doris, my mom.

"Mom wrote as she spoke and the spellings of the names are how she thought they were spelled. I cleaned up the grammar and put several things in context, but basically these are her words, her story. Back then, there was no television, no radio, there was only the story, the spoken word, the and mother as a little child would sit at Matilda's knee and she would find a ready listener in my mom. And one day, mom would tell her daughter of the beautiful Indian girl named Taleia, who went against songs, the visiting with family and friends. That was how things were

passed down to the children, all commonly held beliefs, against the wishes of her people, and of the Indian brave who loved her till the day she died. In spite of the white man's belief that Indians were less than human and not someone, for sure, a white man could marry, she ignored to follow her William.

" 'I go with you,' she told him, and she did. They are together now as they were on this earth, their love surely was eternal.

"Mom only had a third grade education, but as you can see from her writing, she was by no means illiterate. She constantly read and taught herself by reading and the stories she told were always the best. You could see what was happening as she told them. That is the Indian way; the stories that carry the history of our people.

"Our Aunt Marilyn told me that Matilda lived with Uncle Jim and Aunt Bertha the last years of her life and on the day she died, after being so sick, she got up, bathed herself and dressed herself in her best dress. Then she lay back down and died. She didn't want anyone to prepare her for burial, to see her nakedness. She was a private person, an Indian, and she belonged to herself, at long last asking no quarter from anyone and giving none. She was someone I am proud to say was my great grandmother. I thank her and my mother for handing this story down to me and now I am handing it down to each of my family members. Remember, it is your story as well as mine."

The Story

Matilda (Taleia) lived beside a running creek deep in the woods. The loggers would cut trees near the reservation, and would often visit, along with the fur traders, to trade beads and candy for animal skins. She was standing by her tent one day with her sister and her best friend, when the most beautiful white man she had ever seen walked up. He was looking at her with eyes like she had never seen before... they were blue... and she had never seen blue eyes in anyone before. All her people had dark brown eyes, so he was "really something to look at," she would tell my mother one day.



Pictures of Hunters and Gatherers courtesy of University of Tennessee

Taleia was a beauty; her skin wasn't quite as dark as the others. She was the eldest daughter of the chief, pledged since birth to marry the first son of a member of the high council, Kaneahia, but this didn't stop her from looking at this beautiful white man. Taleia knew what was expected of her and respected her father and her

people's ways, but she longed for something else. From time to time the white traders would come and leave catalogs with beautiful clothes, bright shiny jewelry, and houses she dreamed about... a whole different world than hers. Her tribe was friendly enough with the white loggers. "Our peace with them was great," her mother used to say, but Taleia wasn't allowed to venture far from the camp. The tribe's daughters were carefully guarded from the white men.

Just beyond their camp, was a large creek called "Little Creek." She knew beyond that creek was another land and she longed to see it. Her mother told her to get such notions out of her head, that she had heard what the white men did to the Indian girls and she must protect herself as she was pledged in marriage, so she must always stay close by when the white men visited.

This day, when she saw William for the first time, she remembered her friend saying he must be a white God. Those blue eyes and red hair had captured both girls' attentions, their having never seen anyone like that before. She wanted to know this man's name, and finally found it out by accident. Her friend's family traded with him and he had said his name was William Boutwell. He would be back in three weeks to trade for more pelts.

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When he came back, he brought sugar cookies and peppermint sticks and something for Taleia and her friends: hair ribbons. Taleia's was pink. While the men bargained with the other traders, this white man with the blue eyes kept looking at Taleia, and then he winked at her! She was trembling inside; she was captivated by him. William and his fellow traders came back several times, and every time he came, she would find a reason to look at him and would sometimes wink back at him, but nothing more, as she was under the watchful eyes of her family and her intended man.

One day she rode her horse to the Little Creek to sort out her thoughts. She had a little secret place carpeted with grass, violets and Sweet Williams, and there she would go to think and dream. But for some reason, this day she kept riding to the great river and looked across to where she knew the man she longed for was logging. She decided to pick some dewberries and take them home to her mother as an excuse for her long absence. It was there William and his friend found her alone. He was just about as surprised as she was.

He had been sent out to hunt deer; provisions were running low for their logging camp and he had crossed the river on a sand bar to get to where he knew the hunting was good. It was on Indian land but the Indians had always been friendly enough and he saw no danger; but there was danger there because there was the Indian girl he couldn't keep out of his mind. His friend John was with him and said, "Look, William, you better leave that girl alone, man. You're gonna get scalped, so leave and forget it. Even if you could get her, white people hate Indians and they would never let you bring her into the community."

Still, William yearned for her. When she looked up and saw the two men standing there, she was scared at first, but then she saw it was William, the man with the blue eyes and she forgot everything and everyone, as she ran to him and said, "I go with you!"

William told John to go back to the camp and tell the boss he quit and was going to a larger logging camp. He knew they had to get away from there, far away, before her family started searching for her. So they rode very fast and very far until they tired. They came upon a shack that fur traders used from time to time, and there they rested. It was almost part of the land and was covered with vines. Unless you knew it was there, you could miss seeing it, so he thought it was a good place to rest. The shack had a loft that was partially caved in, not too sturdy, but it was getting dark, looked like it might rain, and she needed to rest.

William took their horses farther in the woods and tied them in a thicket. Taleia and he crawled into the half rotten loft and huddled together trying to forget the rest of the world. She didn't



speak much English and he spoke no Creek, so their eyes had to speak for them. They lay together listening to the pouring rain and wondering if they would be able to get away from her people that they knew would be looking for her. They heard a noise and peeked through a tiny hole in the wall. They saw several Indians looking around, but somehow they didn't find the little hut. At daylight, they rode again until they came to a farmhouse. Taleia waited in the woods with her horse, while William fed and watered the horses. He was thinking "I just have to get her home. Mother will know what to do, and everything will be fine."

Finally they came in sight of home, so William reached into his saddle bag, took out a bonnet and told her to put it on. It was one his mother had made and he had planned to give it to Taleia before all this had happened.

When they went inside Williams' home to meet his mother, William announced, "Mother, this woman's going to be my wife. I've stolen her from the Indians." She told him he must take her back.

"No! They'll kill me and her too. You wouldn't want that to happen. Besides, come hell or high water, she's mine."

When William's father came home and was told what had happened, he made a decision. He told William that nobody must know she is an Indian. "We'll change her name to Matilda. I'm kind of dark, so we'll say she came in on a boat at New Orleans, she's the daughter of a cousin, her nationality is Black Irish, and she was pledged to you long ago. But first you have to get married."

His father said that if the Indians can pledge their children, so could he. The next day they went to the Conecuh County seat, where William's daddy knew a preacher that was known to take a nip of moonshine. William's father offered to go ahead and make sure the preacher had several swigs under his belt and that would make sure he didn't know who was dark or white. He told Matilda, Make sure you wear that bonnet, cover up as much as possible, get away from there afterwards and get home soon as possible."

The next day, William and Matilda became man and wife. Matilda didn't care what the man with the book said...all she knew was that William was now her husband and she was so happy. While William went off with his father and younger brothers to work in the fields or at the logging camp, Matilda helped William's mother, where she learned how to cook the white man's way and she taught his mother some of the Indian ways.

William decided it was time for them to have a home of their own, and there was a place down the road from his parents' home.

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His good friend John had gotten married to a nice girl, Mary Louise Evens, and she and Matilda became good friends. The four of them decided to clear up the new ground and build their houses close together. They went to work building their log-cabin homes. The men decided they needed a good crib barn to keep their cows and horses, and a place in the top of the barn, the loft, would be used to store feed for the animals. They built William's barn first. He and John would both use it until they could build one for John and Mary.

The two young couples didn't have the wooden shutters built for the windows yet, but they decided to move into their new homes anyway. Matilda and Mary made quilts and tablecloths, and took cotton and cotton seed from the fields to make mattresses to sleep on. They took corn sacks and hung them over the windows. Some day soon the men would get time to make the shutters for the windows. Time went by, but the men were so busy trying to farm their land, they just decided to wait on the shutters.

Mary became pregnant and twin boys were born. Matilda was happy for Mary. She loved children and tried to help her all she could, but she kept hoping someday the "White God" would smile down on her and give her a son...just like her William. Every Sunday, she and Mary would take the children and go to church. Matilda always knelt down at the altar and prayed for her loved ones...and also a child.

One Sunday, the men had decided to go to the fields. Their crops were late and they had to get them harvested before winter set in. There had been talk from the scattered neighbors about a panther that had been seen prowling about. The men had gathered together and had gone many times trying to track him down, but couldn't find him. William and John told the women, "If you hear the panther scream or you get scared, go to the barn." William built a ladder and put it outside, so it would be easy to get to the loft. Matilda and Mary made plans; they would head for the hay loft as fast as they could, if they saw or heard any sign of the panther.

One Sunday soon after this, Mary had gotten the children ready for church and was almost over to Matilda's house, when they both heard the panther scream. They knew it was close by them. Matilda ran to meet Mary, and she grabbed the twins, one under each arm, and ran to the barn. Mary had the baby and was behind Matilda. Matilda's heart was pounding so fast... she thought "Any minute I'll fall down, and that'll be the end of me or all of us!" As she got to the ladder she stood one child down, went up and pushed one child into the loft... then went back down and got the other one.



She took the baby from Mary and climbed up with her. Mary was almost in, when the panther came around the crib and made a leap. He pulled Mary and the ladder down. Mary was screaming, the children were crying and all were in shock. All Matilda could do was gather Mary's children in her arms and hide their little faces as the panther dragged their mother behind the crib and killed her.

When William and John got home, they gathered up what was left of Mary. All the men put the women and children in a good strong house with shutters while they tracked the panther down and killed it. After they buried Mary, it was decided the children would stay with Matilda as the men had to go back to work. At night John would keep the children with him. She knew he was in a lot of grief, but as time went by, she hoped he would somehow get over the horror of his wife's death. Mother Nature has a way of healing all wounds; it would just take time.

One morning, all the men had left for their jobs at the saw mill and the fields, and as Matilda opened the back door and started to feed the chickens and other animals, she looked down and saw a big bunch of violet and Sweet Williams lying on the ground, close to the back door. For a minute, she couldn't believe it. She knew that somehow Kaneahia had found her, for only he knew how much she loved violets and Sweet Williams. He used to bring them to her all the time before she left her father and mother's home.

There had been signs before that he was sometimes around where she was. Many times she would have the feeling someone was watching her; she would look through the woods, and see what looked like a shadowy figure. But when she looked again, nothing was there. She also knew he meant her no harm, because he could have gotten to her if he wanted.

As the months went by, John began staying away from home more and more, and many times when he came over to get his children, Matilda could smell the white lightning fire-water on him. She thought "I must get William to have a talk with him." His children needed him and, besides, she liked John and was afraid Mary's horrible death was really getting to him.

One morning she heard a knock on her door and she couldn't believe her eyes when she opened it. There stood John and with him, Alneania, Kaneahia's sister and her best friend since childhood. For a minute she just stood and looked-she was so happy to see her!

They hugged each other, but a look of fright came over Matilda's face. Alneania assured her Kaneahia had forgiven her, and he was happy that Matilda was alive. For a long time he had

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believed she was dead. Alneania told Matilda that her mother and father were both dead. It had been four years since Matilda had left her family. Kaneahia was now married to Matilda's other sister, Honnieh, and they had two sons. Alneania said that Kaneahia was the chief and had proved to be a good chief of their tribe.

John explained that he had kept going back to the Indian camp to trade with the Indians, and eventually he made arrangements with Kaneahia and his family to marry Alneania. The tribe needed food and horses badly, so John gave them all he could spare and the tribe gladly gave him Alneania. Matilda was glad that now Mary's children would have a mother to look after them and they could all be a family again.

About a month later, Matilda and Alneania were in the house piecing scraps of cloth to make quilts. Winter was coming and they needed more bed covers. Matilda looked out the door and, as always, she looked through the woods, and saw someone darting behind the tree's at a distance from her. As he came closer, she realized that it was a black man, with an iron chain hanging on one arm. She knew at once that she, Alneania and the children were in danger, for the men were all in the fields.

She ran to the woodpile where William kept his ax, got it, and ran into the house. She called to Alneania to help her, and quickly they dosed the shutters. William kept some very long fat splinter wood in the corner of the house, and he had told Matilda to always keep the wood there. If any wild animals tried to come in, she was to light the splinters. If the animal tried to get in, she could stick the fire in its face and the pain would scare it away.

Alneania lit the splinters just as they heard a noise at the window and the black man told them to "Open up, I know you're in there, I know you're in there!" When they said, "No!" he snatched the window open. Matilda took the lighted splinters and jabbed at his face every time he tried to get in. As the splinters burned low, Alneania would light some more. They kept him out until all the splinters were burned up. Suddenly, he leaped through the window, knocking Alneania out cold and began choking Matilda. The last thing she remembered thinking as she lost consciousness was, "He's killing me!"

Suddenly, she felt air rush into her lungs. When she opened her eyes, she was lying on the floor with the winter sun streaming through the open shutter onto her face. She saw Alneania trying to get up. She looked out the window and saw her childhood sweetheart, Kaneahia, on his horse, riding through the woods



George Catlin, Pa-ris-ka-roo-pa, (from Album Unique), pencil and watercolor on fiberboard, The Stark Museum of Art, Orange, Texas)

with the black man, the chain still dangling from his arm, draped across the horse. Kaneahia reined in his horse high in the air, and, with a wave, was gone.

Matilda made Alneania promise not to tell William or John about the incident because she knew they would worry. She later learned the black man was a runaway slave and had murdered one of his own people. The sheriff was taking him to jail when he overpowered the sheriff and ran. Later, the man's body was found near a stream of water, and so no one knew how he had died, except Matilda and Alneania.

Soon after these events, on the ground near the door, she found a bunch of Sweet Williams and violets. She knew as long as he lived, Kaneahia would always be looking out for and watching over her.

Shortly after Alneania came to live with John, William began to hear some ugly talk. He and John knew it was coming from Mary's relatives (John's first wife). Mary's family had wanted to take the children after she died, but John had said, "No." He wanted Matilda to keep the children so they would be close to him.

The talk was "Why wasn't it Matilda the panther got, instead of Mary? "Maybe she pushed the ladder down before Mary could finish climbing into the loft."

Of course, Matilda knew these accusations weren't true-she was trying to get the children to safety and was on the ladder ahead of Mary. There was nothing else she could do. She tried to explain, but the rumors kept coming up. Oh how she loved to go to church, but she stopped going anywhere, because the last time she had gone, the women wouldn't speak to her and the men gathered in little circles and whispered. One of John's cousins, Ellen, was jealous of William and Matilda. William used to sit with her in church and she was hoping he would get serious with her, but, instead, he married Matilda. Ellen was the cause of a lot of the gossip in the church.

The last Sunday Matilda had been at church, Ellen had drawled out as Matilda came in the door, "Oh, hello Matilda, I do hope you didn't run into any old panthers on your way over here, but if you did, you wouldn't have a barn loft to run to, now would you?" Ellen had turned to the other women and they all giggled. Matilda had been so upset by the incident that as soon as the service was over, she rushed home and went straight to bed.

For several days after that, she felt ill, but she thought it was her nerves and what had happened at the church. The hatred and

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suspensions of Ellen and the other women had made her ill...or so she thought. William decided with all the ugly talk and Matilda being so sick, he'd better take her to his parents' house for a few days, so his mother could look after her. Alneania had her hands full looking after John's children, and, besides, Matilda needed looking after for awhile after all she had been through.

But Matilda kept getting sick to her stomach and she had gained weight since her mother-in-law had last seen her. It was William's mother who told her she was going to have a baby. Matilda was so happy! At last she would have a child...hers and William's child. She and William's mother made clothes for the baby and his father and William made a cradle. Matilda thought of her own mother and wished she could be there, but she knew that could never be.

She was so happy during this time and so was William. He kept slipping up behind her, hugging her, whirling her around, and then planting kisses all over her face. She loved him so much and he loved her...and she never tired of their love. One day while William, his father and his brothers were gone to work, some men came to take Matilda away. William's mother tried to stop them, but they pushed her aside. Matilda didn't want her mother-in-law hurt, or harm to come to her unborn baby, so she went with them. The men said to William's mother, "We know she's an Indian, and we're taking her back to her people."

When William came home, his mother was in tears and told him what had happened. He reached up and took down his gun from over the fireplace and, along with his father and John, and several other men, went to find Matilda. They went to the nearest community, a bare dusty place, with only a grocery and supply store, a place to shoe horses and a gambling house. There was a long row of houses along the dirt road. As they rode up close, they saw a crowd gathering around a crude cage on wheels. It was hooked up to a horse and being paraded up and down the dusty street. William thought they must have a wild animal in there. He saw some men he recognized and was going to ask them if they had seen his wife. He got a closer look at the cage...and there was Matilda in the cage!

He calmly asked the men. "What have you got there?"

"We're taking this here Indian back to her people, before we get all the Indians down on us!"

William pulled out his gun and shot him dead. The others ran for cover. William took Matilda home, but he knew that they could not stay there for long. They would have to be on the move again, so he decided to go to a town by the name of "Flomaton" many miles away from where they were living.

William and Matilda gathered their few belongings together and again, she on her horse and William on his, they rode hard

and fast. His mother had a sister living in Flomaton, and they would stay there until the baby was born, a little son she named William Henry. After the baby was born, William moved his family over to a small place deep in the woods where they lived until their son was about 7 years old.

Little Henry got sick one day with typhoid fever and died. William buried him under a beautiful tree where Matilda could look out her window and see his grave. But Matilda was so sad that William decided to get her into new surroundings, and maybe in time, she would lose some of the sadness.

They moved over to Century, Florida, on a beautiful piece of land where William built them a log cabin and here they homesteaded. Later, his mother and father came to live with them. Matilda had four more sons: William, Hartley, Bobby and James, and three daughters: Sally, Molly and Laura.

One day her beloved William took sick. Matilda tried all the Indian medicine tricks she knew, plus the medicine of the white doctor, but nothing could save him. William died...his laughing blue eyes were gone forever. Never again would he hold her in his arms...never again would he sing and play his guitar and fiddle for her. Never again would his love sustain her. He was gone. She took William back and buried him by the little son they had loved so much and lost.

Matilda's children were all grown up by now with families of their own and so Matilda just drifted from one house to another of her children. Soon she knew the day would come when the white man's God she had learned to know and serve, would call her, just as he had called William and little Henry, and once again they would be together.

After William died, Matilda tried to go to her beloved church as often as she could, but without her man, nothing was the same to her. Her children loved her dearly and tried to do all they could for her, but she wasn't happy. She began to lose weight and took a fever one night, and in her sleep, just slipped away. Her children buried her beside her William and little Henry, in a place that was to become the family cemetery, Little Travelers Rest.

A few days after they buried her, her son Bobby went to visit his mother's grave, and as he walked closer to the graves he saw an old Indian standing beside her grave with one hand over his heart and his eyes towards the heavens...his horse grazing beside him. Before Bobby could approach him and ask him what he was doing there, he rode off, rearing his horse, high and proud. When Bobby got to his mother's grave, he looked down and lying on the new mound of dirt was a bouquet of Sweet Williams and sweet violets. This was her childhood sweetheart's last tribute to her.

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The ECHS *Journal* Section

Wagon Train, 1829

*This is the continuation of the diary that William Campbell kept on a wagon train from Virginia to Missouri. We join William and his sister in the **barouche** as they journeyed ahead of the train in order to pick up his daughter's children in Charleston, Virginia, now in West Virginia.*



Barouche--a four-wheel fancy carriage with a fold-up hood at the back and with two inside seats facing each other. It was the fancy carriage of the first half of the 19th century.

Now from the diary verbatim:

August 22, 1829, made an early start, crossed the Warm Spring Mountain, lately improved by turnpiking. Passed the Warm Springs where there were 40 visitors and Hot Springs where there are 60. Were detained on the road by the oversetting and breaking a South Carolina Sulky. We met in a narrow place and he capsized and we had to help him to refit before we could proceed; crossed Jackson's River and the steep Morris Hill and came to Shoomates at dark. He was an officious, sensible, kind and talkative



A sulky is a light carriage with two wheels.

landlord.

This road is crowded with travelers passing to and

from the springs. Our horses came.

August 23, 1829. Came to Callahan's for breakfast. A fine tavern stand. Finely kept by the owner who is much a gentleman.

We now commenced traveling on the tumpike. The road is very excellent, considering the mountainous regions through which it passes---crosses the Alleghany---passed the White Sulphur Springs where there are 200 visitors.

This is the most valuable mineral water in the world and would be frequented by double the present number

of visitors if there were good roads to it and it was owned by an active and enterprising man.

Crossed the Greenbrier River by the finest bridge in Virginia. Toll 93 cents and came to Louisburg in the evening. Met many acquaintances, with some of whom we staid.

Staid in Louisburg until evening. It was a quarterly court and a day of great resort in Louisburg.

Started in the evening and came to Pierces, 10 miles over the Muddy Creek Mountain. Fared well and the 25th, we entered on a very mountainous regions; crossed Meadow Mountain, Big and Little Lenell and numerous other ridges for which the inhabitants say they cannot afford names.

All along this numerous houses have been built for the purpose of keeping entertainment. Many of the them good houses.

Houses are still being built for that purpose and much more land is clearing out where formerly there were no settlements.

Stayed all night at Tyrees, fared well.

August 26th, 1829 Rain, Drove on, came to New River passed long its stupendous cliffs by a magnificent road, Toll \$1.00. This is an open bridge lately erected



The Kanawha Falls which are located in West Virginia

Kanawha, a great natural curiosity and admirable site

by B and S. It is built on piers at the same place where the Arched Bridge formerly stood. It is a handsome bridge.

Two miles below the bridge we passed the great falls of

(Continued on page 11)

The ECHS *Journal* Section

Wagon Train, 1829 (continued)

(Continued from page 10)

for water works. A great quantity of timber is sawed here and several hundred large flat bottom boats are built here for the purpose of taking salt down the Ohio.

Staid all night at Huddleston's, fared very well. Had a good deal of conversation with the citizens of Ohio, Mississippi and Indiana who were traveling and had called to stay the night.

August 27, 1829. Traveled 12 miles to Stockton's for breakfast, excellent fare.

The **turnpike** ends 8 miles from Gauly. A new contract has just been taken by Trimble and Thompson to continue it to Charleston 30 miles, at the rate of \$1595.00 per mile, bridges included. Very cheap road. The 60 miles between Charleston and Sandy will be let out on the 1st of October.

Wethis day passed through the rich bottoms of Kana-wha, a great part of which is covered with a heavy crop of corn. Ten miles of the valley are called the licks from their being crowded with salt works.

There are 60 furnaces which manufacture 2,000,000 bushels of salt annually.

The manufacturing of salt would be much more extensive if it were not entirely monopolized by a company. It will some day be a place of much more importance.

The Turnpike Era

"Much manual labor was the requirement for building and maintaining early roads. Road building in the latter stages of the 18th century and much of the 19th century was marked by the development of many turnpikes or toll roads. As Jefferson observed, toll financing provided a means of building highway facilities for which there was a need but which were too complex and costly to be constructed by the counties alone.

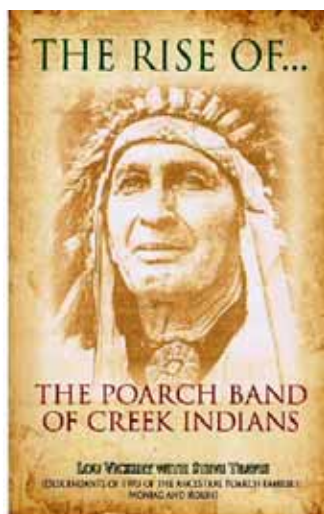
"For the most part, Virginia counties were impoverished and exhausted from their contributions of men, supplies, and other resources to the Revolutionary War. The turnpike era offered a new way of meeting road needs.

"The turnpike got its name from its toll gate. When first designed, the gate was a turnstile consisting of two crossed bars pointed at their outer ends and turned on a vertical bar or pole" (from The History of Loudoun County, Virginia <www.loudounhistory.org>)

The buildings about the salt works are miserable shells and hovels temporary and unsubstantial.

We passed the Burning Spring and came to Charleston about night.

(To be continued)



New Book on the Poarch Indians

The book by Lou Vickery with Steve Travis is called by a review posted at the website, Care 2,

"...a book full of authenticity ... deep and rich in illuminating information and practical facts. It is a well-thought out and thoroughly researched book that offers the reader a fascinating journey into the history of the only Federally-recognized Indian Tribe in Alabama. As one editor said, 'Lou and Steve offer timeless material that helps the reader truly navigate the historical, genealogical and biographical base of the Poarch Creek Indians.' THE RISE OF THE POARCH BAND OF CREEK INDIANS is simply essential reading for anyone who has an interest in connecting with their ancestral Creek heritage, or just wants to recognize and understand how the Poarch Band got from where they were to where they are. "

ECHOES
THE NEWSLETTER FOR
THE ESCAMBIA COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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<u>Escambia Historical Society Cookbook</u>	\$10.00	\$ 5.00
<u>Wildflowers of The Escambia CD</u>	\$12.50	\$10.00
<u>History of Brewton and E. Brewton (sc)</u>	\$51.00	\$45.00
<u>History of Brewton and E. Brewton (hc)</u>	\$66.00	\$60.00
<u>Flomaton Centennial Scrapbook</u>	\$46.00	\$40.00

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ECHOES, The newsletter for the Escambia County Historical Society, a 501 (c) (3) corporation, is published monthly except November. Comments are welcome. You may email the Society at escohis@escohis.org or call 251-809-1528.

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