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Editor
Elbert L. Watson

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EDITOR'S PAGE

The Civil War Diary of Chaplain Elijah E. Edwards of the Seventh Minnesota Regiment provides important information on activities occurring late in the war at such places as Nashville, New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, and Selma. Written in an imaginative narrative form, the diary also includes numerous well drawn pencil sketches which the Reverend Edwards made of events and personalities associated with his work. The diary and sketches, seen together, provide one with a penetrating insight into the war from the standpoint of one who served near the heart of both suffering and triumph.

The Seventh Minnesota Regiment was organized in St. Paul in August, 1862, and spent its first year fighting Indians. In July, 1864, it participated in its first major Civil War engagement at the Battle of Tupelo, Mississippi, where Chaplain Edwards was commended by his commanding officer for his diligence in caring for the wounded. After raiding Oxford, Mississippi, the Seventh Regiment in September and October pursued Confederate General Sterling Price through Arkansas and Missouri.

On November 30, the Regiment arrived in Nashville from St. Louis and was actively engaged in the Sixteenth Corps on the right side of the Federal line on both days of this climatic battle, December 15-16. The

Reverend Edwards was again cited for his active and zealous care of the wounded. The Regiment followed the Confederate Army of Tennessee south to Pulaski, then went into winter quarters at Eastport, Mississippi.

In March, 1865, the Seventh was quartered for a few days on Dauphin Island, off Mobile Bay, to participate in the siege of Mobile. Then it marched northward to invest Spanish Fort, the principal defense of Mobile on the east side of the bay. After Spanish Fort fell on April 8, the Seventh Regiment began a long march northward to Montgomery, where it arrived on the twenty-fifth. On May 10, the Regiment embarked on steamboats for Selma, which had been burned by General James Wilson's cavalry raid in April. There it rested until July 20, when the hardy soldiers returned home to Minnesota to be mustered out of the service on August 16.

The editor is happy to present to our readers this first installment of Chaplain Edward's diary, along with his picture sketches when the print has been plain enough. Only incidental changes for clarity have been made in the text. A copy of the diary is included in the manuscript collection of the Huntsville Public Library's Heritage Room. The location of the original is unknown.

DIARY OF CHAPLAIN ELIJAH E. EDWARDS

BATTLE OF NASHVILLE 2nd DAY FIELD HOSPITAL ON BATTLE GROUND

Dec. 16th, 1864

This day is rendered generous by the achievement of a memorable victory over the entire forces of Gen. Hood which are now scattered in tumultuous flight, our army in pursuit. I must describe what I witnessed and to do this must go back to the beginning of the day. Last night I stayed in the tent under the mistletoe, and as I had foreseen for the last time, for the army that bivouacked there the night of the 14th returns no more. At daybreak I left the tent and returned to our lines, where I found the men of our brigade and division, standing in battle line, or in a long double row awaiting orders to move forward. The regimental postmaster had arrived and was distributing the eagerly expected mail to the men in the ranks. Happy those who had received letters from home, even though they might have scant time to read before the bugles should sound the onward movement. I received a letter, read it, and answered it while sitting on my horse and even as the Regimental P. M. galloped back to camp, rang forth the clear notes of the bugles and the troops were in motion. A vigorous storm of shot and shell from the enemy's works gave us and (sic) earnest [announcement] of the reception that awaited us. Crushing my newly received letter deep into my pocket, I followed the rapidly moving columns. Our progress

was, however, not so triumphant as on yesterday. The Confederates made a most determined stand, refusing to recede an inch farther. They, having much the advantage, being well intrenched behind a stone wall, which was strengthened by earth thrown against it and barricaded by rails laid against the wall and sloping from the top to the ground. (I doubt the wisdom of this) The enemy had guns on the inside looking grimly toward us through enclosures (sic) in the walls. There were also barricades of rails in front of the walls, clearly visible from our lines. The 3rd Brigade were ranged behind a fence, the 12th being on the right on the Granny White Pike, and to the left, the 7th Minnesota and with the 12th directly opposite a strongly fortified part of the enemy's works. There we were ordered to halt, and to escape the galling fire from the enemy's lines to lie prone upon our faces with our heads to the enemy. Skirmishers, meanwhile, were sent forward to the most available positions and peppered the enemy's lines with well directed rifle shots. The cannon from the enemy's lines blazed away furiously and incessantly at our men, their shots generally passing over our heads, their shells exploding sometimes a mile to our rear.

Our batteries were situated a quarter of a mile to our rear, and threw their shots and shells over our heads, as according to some reports doing more damage to our own lines than to those of the rebels. Certainly some of our men were killed or wounded by them. It is a distressingly delicate position to occupy, batteries in front and rear and an artillery duel raging in mid-air over our heads. The wonder is that our men endured it so long and well. I did not covet a position in the line, but stationed [myself with an] ambulance corps in the rear, and on the left of the battery before mentioned. Occasionally we visited lines to remove a wounded soldier to the field hospital



Battle of Nashville, afternoon of 2nd day (See page 8)

sometimes under a heavy fire of musketry. As our men were not in action, I [passed] the time by making hasty sketches of the battlefield. The sketch opposite represents the field as it appeared on the afternoon of the 16th inst. with the relative position of the 1st division and that part of the enemy's line, the left of which rests on or near the summit of Overton hill on the right of the picture. On the left is the Bradford mansion, afterward the field hospital, and in the right foreground the 2nd Iowa Battery which had been acting as a reserve. The Third Brigade rests on a line parallel with the enemy's line, extending from near the Bradford mansion to the pike. On the right lies the 2nd Brigade, [under] Col. Hubbard and beyond that the first Brigade [under] Col. McMillen. Our (Third) Brigade since the death of Col. Hill in the capture of the Fort on Hillsboro Pike has been under command of Col. Marshall, Lieut. Col. Bradley commanding the regiment. Between the Bradford mansion and foreground of the picture, meanders gracefully a small creek and under the shelter of its right bank soldiers are filling their canteens with water, or idly sitting and discussing the events of the day. Some with reckless bravado are playing cards. And yet the whole line is under a continual harassing fire from musketry and cannon. As before mentioned the missiles are aimed too high to do much damage. Nevertheless quite a number were wounded while lying prone upon their faces, whom I removed to the hospital and in so doing, passed over exposed portions of the field raked by the enemy's guns. The bodies of two of the men, whom I found dead on the banks of the creek, I did not remove since as yet no determination had been made as to place of burial, and it was proper that during the battle all our attention should be given to the living. After removing the wounded to the hospital, nearly a mile to the rear, I walked over to the Bradford mansion but

found it an unsafe place. It was already riddled by shot and shell, it being in easy range of the rebel lines. Sharpshooters fired whenever a blue coat appeared at the window or doors. Notwithstanding the peril a few lawless soldiers were already looting the building of its treasures and smashing its furniture. I make this mention to clear the hospital corps from the charge of this wreckage, as the vandalism displayed was prior to their occupation of the building as a Field Hospital. As it was dangerous to remain here, and my line of duty was outside, I returned or started to return to the Field Hospital. I had proceeded some distance when I was startled by a terrific cannonading from both sides. The earth shook with the roar of the artillery. I noticed here some of the phenomena accompanying a battle. Birds whirling in mid-air dropped suddenly to the earth as if killed by the concussion. Wild rabbits lost the fear of man in their terror, and rushed to his feet for shelter. Soldiers were seen in the background of this battle rushing aimlessly to and fro, some to find their places and others I fear to get out of danger. An officer and lady gaily mounted had ridden down from Nashville to be spectators of the battle. At the near bursting of a shell they suddenly turned their horses heads toward the city and galloped madly back. The lady at the bursting of another shell seemed to faint and was falling from her seat, when her cavalier rode closely beside her, caught her waist in his arm and so supported her till they disappeared from sight. At this instant a closed carriage drove in from the city, and halted not far from the artillery. The door opened and a man with a large head, set on heavy, broad shoulders with a strangely marked face, smooth shaved, and flushed to a purplish redness, and eyes that glared like those of a lion, leaned out of the carriage for a moment, and then withdrew slamming the door and

shouting to the driver to return at once; and it was time amidst those [minie] balls and bursting shells. This was no place for his Excellency Gov. Andrew Johnson of Tennessee.

Earlier in the day I had seen Gen. [George] Thomas and his staff riding along in rear of our lines, indifferent to the peril in the rear, really as great as that in front. I had once also seen Gen. A. J. Smith and staff riding but the countenance of Gen. Smith was eager and intense.

Passing a small frame house, a short distance to the rear of this battery, while the cannonading was going on, I saw an old man sitting by his doorstep calmly smoking a pipe and apparently unconscious of the battle going [on]. In the front yard of his cottage three or four children of from 4 to 10 years old were playing the game of horse, one of them being hitched to a small cart and the other driving. They had grown tired of the battles din and had returned to their play. On my return to the lines, I encountered an ammunition wagon moving rather rapidly toward the lines, but without a driver. I took possession of the train and gave it into the hands of a soldier to take back to the corral. Still nearer the line I encountered a most impressive group, a cavalry soldier lying dead upon the ground with upturned face, and his war horse standing beside as if guarding his body or mourning his fall. When I reached the field the Iowa Battery was full of action and great clouds of smoke obscured the view and the guns from the hills were still replying. Suddenly the firing from the Iowa Battery ceased and the smoke clearing away revealed our Division in full motion toward the hills. The 1st Brigade on the right was already scaling the hill. The 2nd Brigade was following and at last, hurrah: The Third. It was an echelon charge and the line of attack was a diagonal, the right advancing first, and the left last. It was not



- Battle of Nashville: Children playing during the echelon charge. This scene and the one below are within the battlefield though not between the lines.



a regular line such as I had expected to see. The men did not march as the artists represent them side by side, shoulder to shoulder in ranks, but scattered widely over the field, all hurrying to be foremost, firing irregularly as they advanced pressing forward, steadily as a whole over fields that were muddy from the recent rains, across hedges and other obstructions to their destination, the entrenchments of the enemy. Continuous puffs of white smoke proclaimed the enemy awaiting them and ready to fight hand to hand in the final struggle.

It was a moment of terrible dread and anxiety. Naturally in the echelon charge the fiercest struggle and the greatest loss was with [the] end of the line that struck first, as it not only received the fire of the line opposite but also a heavy enfilading fire from the left. The loss was heavy all along the line. The 7th Minnesota having left seven dead upon the field and thirty six wounded.

The right of our line struck first the breastwork of the enemy. They sprang over the easy barrier, and fought hand to hand with the gunners. A tremendous shout from the hill announced its batteries captured. Those that defended them were either among the killed, the wounded or the fugitives or prisoners. There was no mistaking [this]. The flag of the Union floated from the highest of the right, and from one point after another until the entire army of Hood was routed and fleeing. Rapidly as possible were our wounded in this last battle carried from the field into the Bradford mansion, which was made into a hospital and the dead were brought there and placed reverently side by side to await burial. The battle was over and won. The army of Hood was in full flight, the army of the Union in untiring, relentless pursuit. They had entered the field on the morning of the 14th supplied with 3 days rations, and did not halt for a fresh supply, which was of



Fighting along the line of breastworks - Battle of Nashville

course sent after them. After 2 days in which cannonading and musketry firing was incessant, the silence that followed seemed something strange and awful. Even the cheering [stopped] as our pursuing army disappeared over the hills. But in the hospital and some places were heard the moans of the wounded and dying. After awhile the night came down upon us, and there was thick darkness and the rain was falling steadily, dismally. Before the darkness set in Col. Marshall returned from the front or from the place chosen for the bivouac and sending for me commissioned me to return to the city, and telegraph results of the contest, list of casualties, etc., to the city papers of St. Paul and afterward to write to Mrs. Marshall assuring her of his safety and giving such particulars as he did not care to have published. Following the course of the Granny White Pike, I had no difficulty in finding my way to the telegraph office, though it was dark before my arrival. Owing to the crowd at the office, I did not succeed in getting my messages sent off, and it was eight o'clock before my return. The ride back to the Hospital was of inconceivable loneliness and not without its perils. The darkness was intense, and I had to face a continuous pelting rain. Much of the time I had to feel my way and was guided rather by picket fires than by what I could see of the road. When away from the highway and no fires were visible I had to trust to the sagacity of my horse, who guided by a sense of direction unknown to myself, returned to the macadamized pike. Hopefully I approached a blazing fire in the distance, but to my dismay was halted by a sentinel who presenting arms demanded the countersign. I knew of none, but on giving my rank and mission [he] reluctantly agreed to pass me, but warned me that the next picket would arrest me or turn me back, and advised me to return to the city and find lodgement for the night.

I preferred taking my chances, and plodded on in the darkness and rain. A half mile brought me to the next post where I discerned a muffled sentinel standing by a discouraged looking fire. Trusting to the darkness I dismounted and led my horse in a circuitous path to the right of the sentinel, keeping myself well out of sight by walking on the opposite side of my horse. Once or twice he looked inquiringly toward the horse, but seeing no rider allowed it to pass without challenge. Soon after I found myself along on the battlefield. The road led me over a spectral landscape illumined and made visible here and there by moving lights of lanterns carried by men--probably searching parties looking for the dead or wounded. There were some fires over which stragglers were crouching or lurking behind hedges or stone walls. Were [they] there plundering the dead? or were they conjured by [their] own over wrought imagination. Only one man hailed me, and I stopped to talk with him. He was a civilian and as he said a member of the Christian Commission, there to rescue the wounded. I saw one man with a lantern bending over the body of a dead soldier. In addition to the light of a few lanterns and fires, there was an occasional illumination of the dreary scene by flashes of lightning.

It was very late when I returned to the field hospital, somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock. Even in the rain and darkness I ought not to have been over an hour in making the journey, and I had been 2 hours and a half. I discovered what I might have before suspected that I was lost on the battle ground, and had wandered two or three miles out of my way. I had returned by the Franklin instead of the Granny White Pike. I must have made the mistake on leaving the city. This carried me a mile or two beyond Hood's battle line of the day before. How it was that I found my way back to the Hospital, I cannot conceive unless

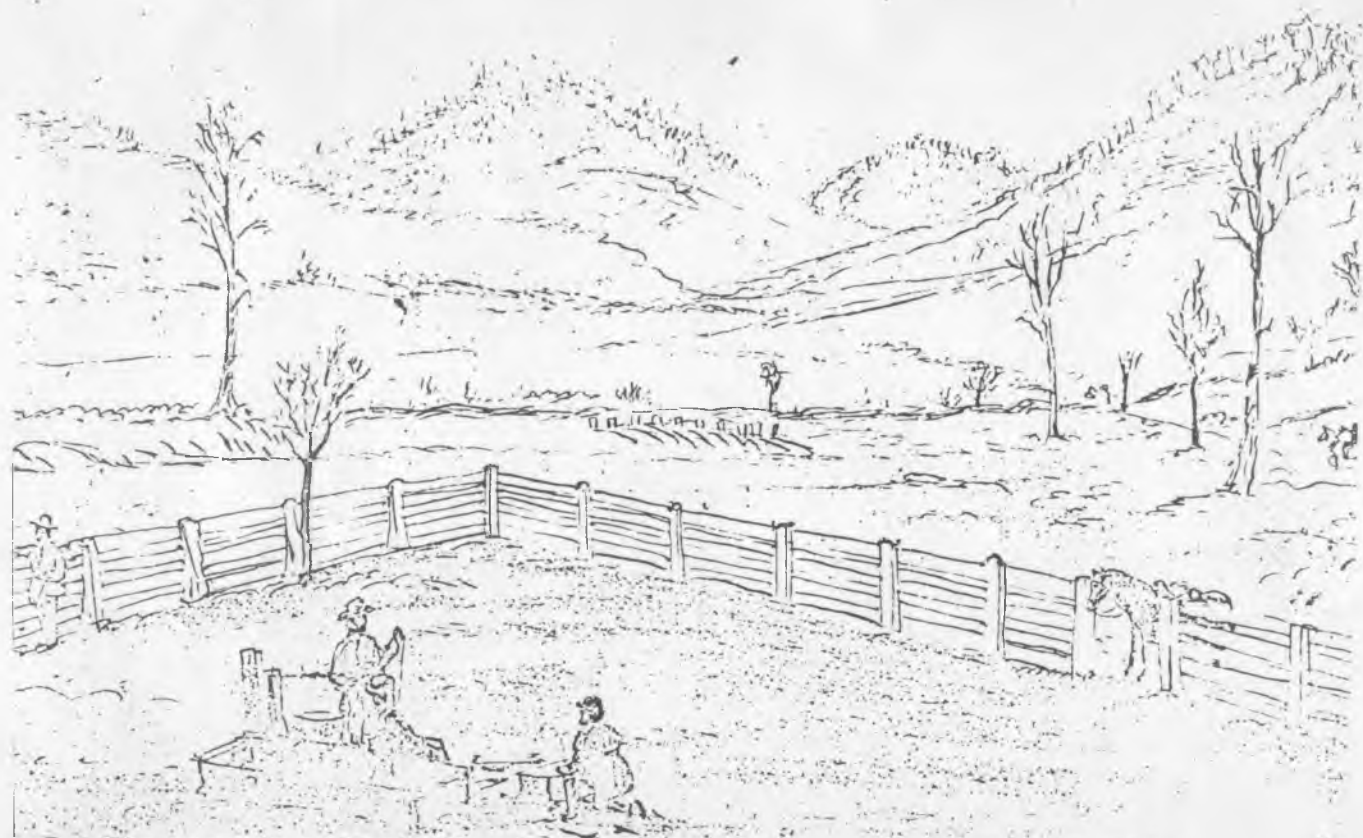
it was by John Gilpen's excuse: "I came because my horse would come." Wet and weary, I had about enough strength and energy left to fasten my horse in a stall, and making my way through the hospital to the part used by the Bradfords as a kitchen, and which the surgeons had fitted up as a headquarters and general reception room, flung myself down upon a couch and almost instantaneously dropped into just such a deep and dreamless sleep as I did during the battle of Tupelo on the 2nd night.

EXPLANATIONS AND ADDENDUMS, Dec. 17, 1864

The report dated the 16th was written today as during all of yesterday I had not time for a line, and only for the most crude and rapid sketching. Some of the sketches were mental snapshots, taken on the spot and developed in the dark room of memory later. Some of the sketches were made in extreme danger or under fire, but these were hurried and were suggestions of pictures to be filled up later.

We have not yet the details in full of yesterday's great victory, but know it to have been complete, and that the armies of Hood are practically annihilated. What remains of them are fleeing towards Franklin and Columbia, the Union Army or a large part of it in full pursuit. The surgeons and the chaplains, or the greater part of them are left in charge of the hospitals. This is why I remain at the Bradford mansion while the 7th Minnesota are hurrying after Hood. During the night the wounded were brought in from the field and placed either in the Field Hospital or, if able to be moved, to the city Hospitals.

This building is well filled with wounded men. They are arranged in rows upon the floor on cots or stretchers. It is pitiful to see the questioning look in the eyes of some of these helpless and suffering ones,



The grounds at Nashville, from the Bradford mansion, Dec. 17, 1864.

especially of those not yet informed of the nature or extent of their wounds. Ebbing life-blood, faltering failing pulse, glazing eye made it evident to me who were the doomed; but how could anyone tell that life's battle was so nearly over.

I wrote letters for some. One I wrote for a member of the 5th Minn. Inf. who had received a mortal wound and knew that he was dying. He asked me to read and pray with him. His own chaplain was not present. He showed me a testament, well-worn, and carried constantly with him. He showed some lines written by his wife, on a fly leaf--that wife 1,000 miles away, and who could not know of his peril. He dictated to her a strong, manly letter, and yet a very touching one. He had fought bravely. He did not fear to die. He had loved her and would love her to the last. Would she meet him in heaven? This letter he committed to my charge to be forwarded after his death.

A man of our own regiment from Pine Island, had his thigh so badly shattered that his surgeons had given up all hope of saving his life. At his dictation I wrote a letter to his father in which he insisted that his wound was not serious and that he would recover. He did not wish, he said, that his aged parents should be alarmed about his condition. He wanted to spare them as much [as] possible and as long as possible. Before the letter was sealed I added a post-script calculated to prepare them for the stroke asking them to remember in any event, if he should not recover that he was not afraid to die. There were a great many rebel wounded brought into this hospital and they were treated with the same tender consideration given to our own and given to understand that they were enemies no longer. Among them were some religious men, and some of very considerable intelligence.

A Confederate Captain recognized in one of the Christain Commission men a former teacher and

friend, and greeted him most cordially.

The men of the Christain Commission have done noble service both in field and hospital. They seem to be untiring and hardly take time to eat or sleep. The most regal among them is a typical Yankee, a lank, tall, long haired man with sharp features and decided nasal twang. He seems to be everywhere at once, peering into ever nook and corner curiously and noticing every cot and its suffering occupant; and goes about so buoyantly, so cheerily that men forget their wounds, and listen with a smile to his quaint sayings, his "O Jerimias" and his "Je-ru-sa-lems". He superintends the nursery and culinary departments, and is most unusual in supplying "creature comforts" and dispensing sunshine, generally.

The wounded are being removed rapidly as possible, and as their wounds will permit to the city hospital. Those remain whose wounds are too slight to detain them long in any hospital and those too seriously wounded to be removed.

OLD DECATUR COUNTY

BY Dr. Herbert L. Hughes

Old Decatur County, which most Alabamians never heard of and which has been long since abolished, was situated between Madison County and Jackson County, Alabama. It was established by the Alabama Legislature December 13, 1821, and abolished by it December 25, 1825. It was abolished because when the survey of it was completed, it was found to be not large enough to meet the constitutional requirements for a county. The words of the Legislative act establishing the county stated: "That all the tract of country lying west of Jackson County, south of the Tennessee State line, east of Madison County and north of the Tennessee River shall constitute a separate and distinct county." The detailed boundaries of the county were described by the Legislature as follows: "Beginning at the mouth of Sauta Creek; thence up said creek to where Winchester road crosses said Sauta Creek; thence to Jesse Thompson's; thence to Caswell Bibey's; thence from said Bibey's to the top of the mountains; thence to the leading point of the mountain between the mouth of Lick Fork and the mouth of Larkin's Fork of Paint Rock River; thence to the top of the mountain; thence a northwest course to the Tennessee state line."

The county was roughly pear-shape, with the large end along the Tennessee River and the small end along

the boundary of the state of Tennessee. It varied in width from three to twenty-five miles and was about 40 miles long. It was named for Stephen De catur, one of the nation's great naval heroes.

The Legislature appointed the following men to select a temporary site for the seat of justice, as they called it, and build a courthouse and a jail, to be paid for mainly out of county tax money; Robert McCarny, James V. Holmes, John Cannimore (Kenname r?), John Snow, William Leg, David Budkhart, Aaron Rice, and a Mr. Barnet. The Legislature also provided that an election be held on the second Monday in February to select a clerk of the circuit court, and a sheriff. The election was to be held by one justice of the peace and two householders in each precinct. By mistake, however, the election was held on the first Monday instead of the second, but the Legislature later validated the election, which, it seems, was regular in every respect except the date. Hezekiah Bayles of Virginia was the first county judge. The names of the other officers are unknown.

The Legislature provided that Decatur County should have "criminal jurisdiction over all that tract of county which lies west of Willstown Valley east of the road leading from Ditto's Landing to the town of Blountsville." So this included all the present Marshall County as well as a large part of Dekalb, Etowah, and Blount counties. When Decatur County was abolished, one part of it went to Madison County and the other part west to Jackson County.

The first county seat was Woodville, now referred to as Old Woodville, situated three-fourths of a mile or so east of the present town of Woodville. It was the oldest town in both Decatur and Jackson counties. Old Woodville thrived as the county seat until Decatur County was abolished, and had, in addition to the county buildings, several stores and an inn. Some of the

pioneer families of the Old Woodville region, according to Mr. John R. Kennamer, Sr. in his book, The Story of Woodville, were Gunter, Ditto, Kennamer, Derrick, Evans, Maples, Fletcher, Thomas, Lee, Smith, Moonyham, Peters, Pruitt, Hank, Butler, Wright, Chandler, Dillard, Erwin, Lewis, Whitecotton, Stephens, and Wilson. They came mainly from Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

During the early days of Decatur County living conditions in it were very primitive compared to present standards, but were probably no more primitive than conditions in most other parts of the state and nation at that time. Dwellings were constructed of logs and placed, if possible, near a spring. Many of these houses were built with a chimney at each end and a wide open hall or breeze-way was often a sort of commons for chickens and dogs as well as the family members.

There were no matches in these early days, and if the fire of a family by chance went out, live coals were borrowed from a neighbor. There were no cigarettes, of course, and smoking was mainly by cob pipes. Women smokers in those early days were mainly some of the older ladies who also puffed cob pipes. Home made tallow candles were used for lighting purposes, and soap was made at home with lye and grease. Clothes were cleaned by beating them with a paddle as they soaked in homemade soap in a tub.

As for dress, it was of homespun cloth, which was made with a loom or a spinning wheel. Women wore bonnets, hoop petticoats, and the like. Men wore homespun jeans. Shoes and shoe leather were home-made, the soles being fastened to the uppers with wooden pegs.

Grist mills were non-existent at this time, and meal and flour were made by grinding corn and wheat with a mortar and pestle. Cooking was by means of a skillet and oven on the open fire in a large fireplace. There being no screen doors or windows, house flies were kept off the food at mealtime by means of a small peach tree limb with leaves on it, or by a homemade fly-bush with strips of paper attached to a short staff. These fly-bushes, called punkahs, were operated by a servant or someone else during the meal.

The twentieth century omnipresent germ was unheard of and unthought of on earth during these remote times, so windows and doors in Decatur County were closed tight at night to keep out the night air, which was thought to be unhealthful. A home-raised gourd served as the common drinking vessel for one and all, and it often rested in the water bucket from which all sundry quenched their thirst. Such maladies as tuberculosis were not thought to be contagious but inherited from one's ancestors or, as they said, "ran in the family."

Travel was by horseback or in ox wagons. The stage coaches were drawn by four horses, and since there were no bridges over the streams, they had to be forded.

Stores did not carry a variety of merchandise, but many of them sold liquor, which tended to promote fighting and gambling. Operating a saloon was not thought to be evil in Decatur County, and liquor was kept in many homes, even the homes of religious people.

Education, as might be supposed, was also primitive. Writes Mr. Kennamer: "If one could read and write a letter, especially if he were a cripple and not able to do hard manual labor, and had a limited ability to figure, he was employed to teach three months in summer in some home, log house, crib, or church house. One of the chief qualifications of a teacher was that he

could use the switch briskly." The main textbooks were McGuffey's blue-back speller and reader and Davies Arithmetic. Some pupils had slates and, horrible dictu, would spit on them to erase the writing!

There were few if any doctors during the existence of Decatur County. Some old person would provide a remedy of barks and roots, and that same person would most likely extract a tooth or "bleed" a sick person. Mother's medicine chest usually contained such patent medicines as Strong's pills, Lydia E. Pickham's vegetable compound for women's ailments, and Swamp Root for the kidneys. Plasters and poultices were used extensively. Where a doctor was available, each visit to his office cost the patient one dollar, and if the doctor made a call at the patient's home, the fee was fifty cents a mile. The doctor carried his medicine in his saddlebags and filled his own prescriptions for the patient on the spot.

The author thanks the following persons for their courteous and generous aid in the preparation of this paper: Mr. W. H. Jenkins of Decatur for the titles of the volumes that contained information about Decatur County and especially for providing us the map of the state showing Decatur County; Mr. W. F. Sparkman of Huntsville for the loan of a copy of The Story of Woodville by John R. Kennamer, Sr. and a copy of History of Jackson County by John Robert Kennamer; Mr. Thomas Pettus of Moulton for the loan of photostats of the act of the Legislature which established Decatur County; and Mr. B. H. Rains, Principal of the Woodville High School, for some items of information about Decatur County.

WILLIAM McINTOSH: THE CREEK INDIAN WARRIOR

BY Joyce Smith

In the early 1800's settlers on the American frontier daily faced the hardships of pioneer living and the threat of British-supported Indian uprisings. Tecumseh, a cruel, but capable, Shawnee warrior from the Detroit region, visited the Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Creek tribes, seeking a confederacy of tribes, an alliance with Great Britain, and the extermination of white settlers who were encroaching on Indian hunting grounds.

The Choctaws and Chickasaws listened to Tecumseh but rejected his proposals.¹ With the Creeks, however, the determined warrior was more successful. Only five of the 34 Creek tribal towns chose peace. One leader on the white side was William McIntosh, Chief of the tribe of the Cowetas (Lower Creeks), son of a British Army captain, Roderick (Old "Roy") McIntosh and his Creek wife.² The noted Alabama historian, Albert J. Pickett, said, "The McIntosh family was composed of people of marked character, all whom were born to command. The blood always exhibited itself, even when mixed with that of the Indian."³

The decision of William McIntosh and six other chiefs to help the settlers in the War of 1812, resulted in a death sentence being passed upon them by the warring faction of "Red Sticks." McIntosh was cited for bravery for the service he rendered to General John

Floyd against the Red Sticks in the Battle of Auttose. Later he distinguished himself under General Andrew Jackson in the Battle of Horseshoe Bend and in Jackson's Florida campaign against the Seminole Indians.⁴ McIntosh was promoted to the rank of general and signed the Treaty of Fort Jackson on August 9, 1814, which ended the Creek Indian War.

After the war McIntosh became a wealthy cotton planter in Georgia and owned many Negro slaves. In 1825 he signed the Treaty of Indian Springs, which ceded most of the remaining Creeklands to the United States. The Creeks and Cherokees had passed laws establishing the death penalty for making such cessions and a secret council of the Upper Creeks sent 175 warriors to kill McIntosh. They set fire to his plantation home on April 30, 1825,⁵ and killed him as he fled from the burning building.

William McIntosh was a brave and loyal friend to the settlers. He was also a compassionate and loving family man as witnessed in the following article which was printed in the Alabama Republican on March 11, 1820 and which had previously appeared in the Richmond Compiler. A microfilm copy of the article is available in the Huntsville Heritage Room of the Huntsville Public Library.

"Attached to the command of General Jackson, in the late war against the Creek nation of Indians, was McIntosh, a Creek by birth, but a warm friend to the American cause. At the commencement of hostilities he abandoned the cause of his infatuated countrymen and at the head of a hundred followers, attached to him by ties, which a participation in danger seldom fails to produce, he bent his steps towards the American camp. Upon his arrival he was received by Gen.

Jackson with cordiality of welcome to which from the frequent proofs of attachment given, he was so justly entitled--he was honored with the rank of Major, and appointed to the Command of the whole of the friendly Indians at the time with the Army, estimated at between 200 and 300 in number.

"It is not my purpose, were I possessed of the means of doing so, to write a history of his conduct throughout the campaign, nor to narrate the many gallant exploits in which he was so conspicuous an actor. These received, as they doubtless merit, a more appropriate and suitable notice. In the chain of events, out of which the Indian history will be formed, those accomplishments by McIntosh, will compose the important link and his name must stand only to that of the brave but cruel Tecumseh.

"But while I leave to others the task of recording his renown in arms and his deeds of blood, I reserve to myself the more pleasing one of noticing an instance which his feelings as a man were strikingly evinced.

"The soul of McIntosh's father had fled to the bosom of the Great Spirit, ere his son had been trained by him in the use of the bow. This fleetness had been exercised in the pursuit of game, or his courage tested, in the more hazardous encounters of his neighbors. Previous to the commencement of the war, his mother had become the wife of one of the Creeks, hostile to the American cause. She, therefore, either from choice or necessity, remained with her husband, together with her two daughters, full sisters of McIntosh, in an Indian town called Miccasukeys.

"It was the intention of the General to attack the town early in the morning. With this view, he advanced to within a few miles of it, and pitched his tents for the night. That of McIntosh happened to be placed near the one in which Jackson lay. At an hour of the night when every eye might be supposed to be sealed in sleep

save those of the faithful sentinels, McIntosh left his rude couch, and advancing softly to the front of General Jackson's tent, he observed from the light of a half-concealed taper, that the General had not yet retired to repose. He paused for a moment. His sense of propriety told him the call was unusual--He was intruding upon the privacy of the General at an hour so late--But McIntosh was a man. The near approach of the army had brought to his recollection his mother and sisters. They were then in the town against which he was marching. Repose, like the stars of the morning, at the approach of the great Luminary of Day, had fled his pillow. He courted it in every shape, but he courted it in vain! The claims of nature had seized fast upon his mind. Nor could all the energy of the Indian warrior dispossess them of their hold. Rising suddenly, he ejaculated: 'I go see the Generals--I tell him murrers and sisters disturb McIntosh sleep.'

"In this state of mind, he had reached the General's tent. His reluctance to disturb soon yielded to his sense of duty. He broke upon the silence of the General, by pronouncing, in his usual manner, the word 'Generals'--'Who is there?' replied the General--'It is McIntosh--I came to speak with the Generals.'

"He was accordingly admitted and with a countenance strongly marked with melancholy, he fetched a deep sigh, as he was in the act of seating himself on the opposite side of the tent. The General for a moment fixing his penetrating eye upon him inquired--'What is the matter, McIntosh--what brings you here at this late hour of the night.'

"'Tomorrow, Generals,' He replied 'we advance upon Miccasukeys. We burn Miccasukeys and kill all who fall into our hands--Generals, I have murrers there and sisters there--I have been thinking suppose McIntosh kill his murrers and sisters! O! Generals, it make McIntosh very unhappy--But, Generals, should

another kill them it will not be McIntosh's fault--McIntosh wish to preserve his murrers and sisters. I come to ask Generals that should they be taken by any of the white men, you will spare their lives for McIntosh's sake--I have done my duty Generals--I can now go to sleep--Tomorrow McIntosh be ready when his Generals calls. '

"Feeling, like the rays of the sun, penetrates into almost every recess. It had shot its influence in the bosom of the general--It had touched his heart--'Retire McIntosh,' said he--'You as well as myself need repose--Tomorrow, I trust, will restore you both your mother and sisters. '

"Early on the following morning, the General marched upon the town. Scarcely had the fire of the advanced posts been open upon it, when three female Indians were seen sallying out, with the evident intention of surrendering themselves to the mercy of the beseigers. In conformity with the wishes of McIntosh, the General had given directions, that in the event of surrender, they should be conveyed in safety to his own tent, and there kept until the action was over.

"'There is no accounting for circumstances,' said my uncle Toby and there is as little, sometimes, for their coincidence with one another. Nearly at the same moment of time, that the females delivered themselves up, a soldier attached to the company of Captain B. ____, in stepping over an old moss covered log, discovered something nestling by its side--He hastily removed a part of the moss, and to his astonishment, beheld a little infant Indian which had been carefully concealed beneath it. The novelty of the circumstances attracted the attention of the captain, who directed it to be taken to one of the tents and nourishment be given it.

"The enemy having been either taken or fled, the General returned to his tent where he found the three female Indians. In the course of inquiry, he learnt

that one of them had left her child behind her for fear of exposing it to the danger of the fire. The child which had been found covered in moss was then produced--She instantly recognized it, and receiving it, pressed it gently to her bosom. No extravagant joy was discovered by her on the occasion, neither in word or act. --Hers was a joy of 'expressive silence.'

"But the most interesting scene of all, took place in the meeting between McIntosh himself and these three females. A general silence prevailed. It was the silence of deep interest. My informant was present--a thousand conjectures ran through his mind--How, thought he, would he make his approach?--What would he say?--How would he act?--The presence of the chief, at this moment put a stop to conjecture--He advanced at a slow and dignified gait--His two sisters standing nearest him--He passed them with a countenance beaming dignity and love, and presenting himself before his mother, with the utmost serenity of manner, he offered his hand to her. She received it--As he held her hand in his, the sensibilities of his nature appeared to be fully awakened. For a moment, the tears were seen to brighten, then tremble in his eyes.

"My informant remarked, that the scene here became, to use his own language, 'distressingly interesting.' But, adds he, 'I was happily relieved by his relinquishment of the hand of his mother for that of his eldest sister--whom he approached with less gravity of manner, but with a countenance that spoke the feelings of a brother--Lastly, he took the hand of his youngest sister--which he held about the same length of time he had done that of the oldest, perhaps 30 seconds, and which I thought not more than half as long as he had retained that of his mother.'

"Throughout the scene the profoundest silence had been observed. The conduct of the females was dis-

tinguished by the utmost modesty. As the warrior took the hand of each she inclined her head and bent her eyes upon the ground. Having gone through the ceremony of a first interview he advanced a few paces from the spot where they stood, and seating himself upon a small bank of earth, rested his head upon the hilt of the sword while the end of his scabbard remained stuck in the ground. He continued in this attitude some minutes. Then suddenly rising with a manner commanding and dignified, he expressed his wish for their retirement by a simple wave of his hand. It was understood-- They entered the tent set apart for them, in the order of Indian file, while he with a light and airy step, returned to his post among the red men of war."

¹Halbert, H. S. and Ball, T. H., The Creek War of 1813 and 1814, (University of Alabama Press, 1969), 51. Their strong desire for peace with the white settlers led them to threaten to kill Tecumseh if he did not leave their country.

²Pickett, Albert James, History of Alabama and Incidentally of Georgia and Mississippi, From the Earliest Period, (Tuscaloosa, 1962), 476.

³Ibid, 279.

⁴Summersell, Charles Grayson, Alabama History for Schools, (Colonial Press, 1961), 580.

⁵Brown, Virginia Pounds and Akens, Helen Morgan, Alabama Heritage. (Huntsville, 1967), 47.

EARLY VIEWS OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

BY Henry and Marsha Marks

Probably the first map to accurately depict the Tennessee Valley area was not produced until the 19th Century. However, there were many maps drawn before this time that attempted to show the interior of the North American continent. On most of these maps the Ohio River is rather accurately placed, but the Tennessee River often was not and the Mobile River was thought to connect with the Ohio or the Mississippi Rivers. To quote a 1762 source, the Mobile "waters a fine country on both sides. It comes down from the mountains in the country of the Illinois, (Indians) and, after a course of above 200 leagues southward, through some fine fertile plains and rich meadows, empties itself into the Gulph of Mexico." Thus, the Mobile was really thought to be a major tributary of the Ohio River, from the above description. A good conception of the Mobile extending to the Ohio can be seen in a map produced in 1697, in Amsterdam, by Johanne Bunone.

By the 1760's, however, some maps did correctly place the Tennessee as a major tributary of the Ohio River. Both the 1762 map of the settlements of the European Nations in America and the West Indies, published in "The Universal Museum or Gentleman's or Ladies Polite Magazine of History, Politicks and

Literature for 1762" and the 1763 map of the British Dominions in North America, by Thomas Kitchen in "The Annual Register" for 1763 show the Tennessee as a major tributary of the Ohio. Although the 1762 map leaves the Tennessee unnamed, Kitchen names the Tennessee the "Hogohegee" River. Yet there is no doubt this is the Tennessee.

All three maps are part of the authors' collection of 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th Century maps and are reproduced here as examples of early North American cartography and as early conceptions of the Tennessee Valley area, long before Alabama became a state. They are presented here in chronological order.







