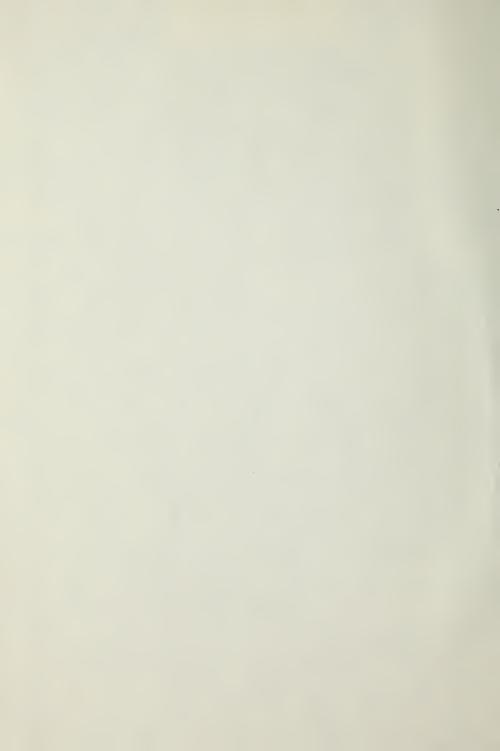
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The Arkansas & Historical Association

Edited by

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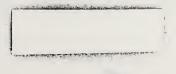
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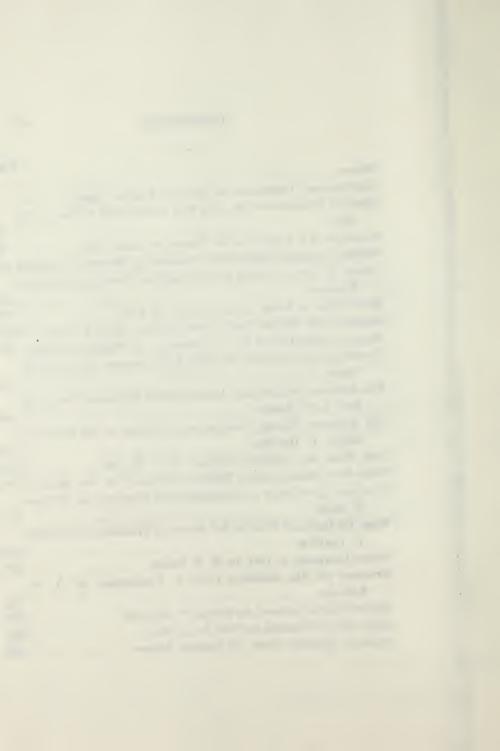
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PREFACE.

The delay in printing this volume is due to the inadequacy of the printing fund in 1913 and to executive vetoes of later appropriations for this purpose. The expenses of issuing the publications are jointly borne by the state and by the sale of the volumes. The failure of either makes impossible the printing and distribution of the publications. In the meantime, however, the state has provided the means for carrying on in an effective way the work of the Arkansas History Commission. Its secretary, Dallas T. Herndon, for the last six years has done a classical piece of work in collecting, arranging and making available source material of the state's history. The editor is under obligations to Mr. Herndon for his co-operation in editing this volume.

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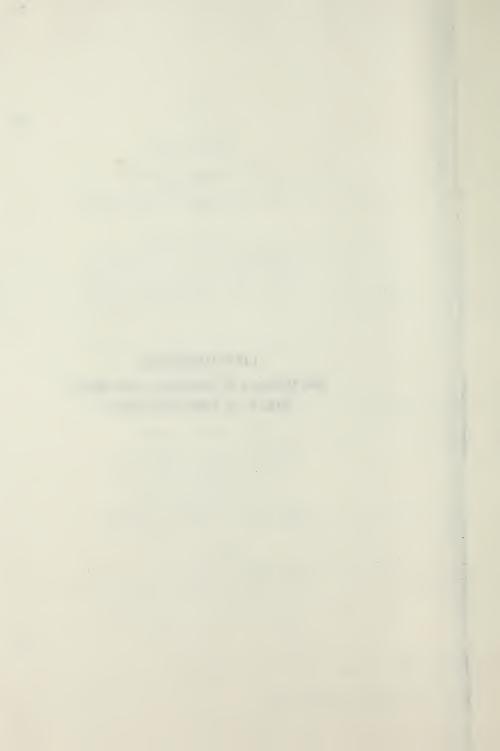
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CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1868.

(BY EUGENE CYPERT.)*

The State of Arkansas had enjoyed comparative peace and quiet for three years succeeding the Civil War. Under the presidential method of reconstruction inaugurated by President Lincoln, the loyal people of the State had met in 1864 and adopted a constitution which abolished slavery. but did not enfranchise the negroes.1 The constitutional convention of 1868 was the result of reconstruction acts of Congress, which had been vetoed by President Johnson, and passed by Congress over his veto. For the purpose of reconstruction in the Secession States under these various acts, all negroes and all other persons who had been in the State twelve months were entitled to vote and hold seats in the convention, "Provided that no person who has been a member of the legislature of any State, or who has held any executive or judicial office in any State, whether he has taken an oath to support the constitution of the United States or not, and whether he was holding such office at the commencement of the rebellion or not, or had held it before and who afterwards engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof should be entitled to vote."2

His ability as a student of affairs and as a writer of local historical matters as well, is fully conceded by those who know him.

^{*}Note.—Eugene Cypert was born, reared and educated in White county, Arkansas; read law in the office of his father, the late Jesse N. Cypert; was licensed to practice his profession in 1884. From that time forward until the senior Cypert's death in September, 1913, father and son engaged in the practice of law as partners at Searcy. Mr. Cypert, the author of this account of the Convention of '68, has served three terms as County Judge of White county, 1898-1904. He has been elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention called to meet November 19, 1917.

¹Presidential Reconstruction in Arkansas, page 352, Vol. 1, Ark. Hist. Ass'n Pub., Reynolds.

²Debates and Proceedings Const. Convention 1868, p. 25.

The qualifications of all electors were to be passed on by registrars in the various counties who were appointed by the military authorities in the South. At that time Arkansas was in the same military district with Mississippi and Gen. Edward O. C. Ord of the United States army was the commander.

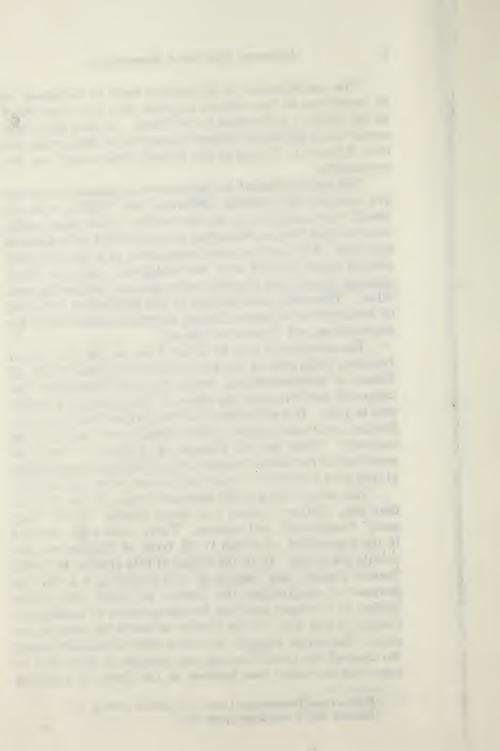
The apportionment in Arkansas was unequal; large negro counties like Pulaski, Jefferson and Phillips were allowed four delegates in the convention, while large white counties like Benton, Sebastian and Crawford were allowed one each. Six counties were joined, two in a district, each district being allowed only one delegate. Some of these counties thus joined together were not even adjoining each other. The whole membership of the convention consisted of seventy-five delegates, though several counties were, for some reason, not represented at all.²

The convention met at Little Rock on the 7th day of January, 1868, and all the proceedings were had in the old House of Representatives, where the first legislature had convened, and was also the scene of the Secession Convention in 1861. It was composed of two parties then known as Radical and Conservative. The radicals were largely in the majority. They elected Thomas M. Bowen of Crawford president of the convention by a vote of 43, the conservatives at that time being able to rally only seven votes against him.

The radical wing of the convention was, in the slang of that day, further divided into three classes, "carpet baggers," "scalawags" and negroes. There were eight negroes in the convention, of whom W. H. Grey of Phillips was decidedly the ablest. If, in the course of this article, the terms "carpet bagger" and "scalawag" are employed, it is for the purpose of designating the faction to which the person spoken of belonged, and not for the purpose of casting reproach, in any way, on the person to whom the term is applied. The carpet baggers were men who came South about the close of the Civil War and who thought it their duty to join with the other two factions in the South in carrying

³Debates and Proceedings Const. Convention 1868, p. 31.

⁴Debates and Proceedings, page 49.



out the reconstruction acts of Congress. The other faction was composed of southern radicals who saw proper to join with them and the negroes in "regenerating" the South.

These two classes were about equally divided in the convention, and they, together with the eight negroes, were largely in the majority, although the conservatives made some important accessions before the close of the convention, mustering some 21 votes against the adoption of the constitution as finally reported. The radicals occupied seats on the right of the hall and the conservatives on the left.

The president of the convention came from Iowa during the Civil War. He had been colonel of a Union regiment, and, being a lawyer by profession, located at Van Buren about the close of the war. He was small and slender, and a man of ability and quick perception, plausible speaker and good parliamentarian, though often charged by the conservatives with unfairness to the minority. Soon after the convention adjourned he was elected judge of the Supreme Court, and when his term expired he went to Colorado, was elected United States Senator there, and died a few years ago reputed to be wealthy.

Joseph Brooks, a delegate from Phillips County, was born in Ohio, but I believe came to Arkansas from Iowa; he had been in the State five years at the time the convention met, and was decidedly the ablest man on the radical side. He was a large, raw-boned man, angular in form, with large, irregular features, was a good debater and master of invective. He was a minister in the northern branch of the Methodist Church prior to the Civil War, and, it is reported, came within a few votes of election as one of its bishops. He was called in the slang of the day "Old Brindle Tail," which name was given to his faction of the Republican party afterwards, as opposed to the "Minstrels" or Clayton wing.

John McClure, who was a delegate from Arkansas County, was the most imposing looking man in the convention. He came to Arkansas with the Union army from the State of Ohio, was a man of legal ability, logical in debate, though rather prosy in style. He was afterwards associate



justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and, in 1871, was appointed chief justice, succeeding Judge W. W. Wilshire.⁵

These two men, while belonging to the same party, were entirely different kind of men personally. Mr. Brooks, in all his numerous speeches in the convention, impresses one as being an honest bigot, belonging to that class spoken of in Hudibras, who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to By damning those they have no mind to."

He really believed that secession was treason, and that those who participated in it were traitors to the government. He honestly thought that the people of the South were not the best friends of the negro, and that the only way that they could be guaranteed "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" was by giving them the ballot.

On the other hand, Judge McClure impresses one in his speeches before the convention as being a shrewd special pleader at the bar of public opinion, with whom, at all times, the end justified the means, and not always concerned as to the character of the means employed.

Both of them were willing to see a large portion of the white people of the South disfranchised, and all the negroes enfranchised.

W. H. Grey of Phillips County, a colleague of Mr. Brooks, was the ablest negro in the convention. He also was a minister, born in Virginia, educated in his native State and in Washington City, and, I believe, had been free all his life. He had been a servant of Gov. Henry A. Wise of Virginia, and it is said in that capacity had attended on the sittings of the Congress of the United States, and was a man of unusual attainments as a speaker. Another delegate from Phillips County was James T. White, an educated negro and also a minister. He was ten years younger than Grey, and took but little part in the debates.

Among the conservative members there were but few that took part in the debates, for most of them were young men, who had not been disfranchised by the reconstruction acts. Among those who participated in the debates were

⁵Report Secretary of State 1899-1900, 92.

Gantt and Hicks of Prairie, Moore and Norman of Ashley, and J. N. Cypert of White. The latter was, at that time, very slight in figure and not above medium height, with very black hair and dark beard. He had been a member of the Secession Convention and a major in the Confederate army,* and was several times reminded of that fact during the sitting of the convention. He was afterwards a member of the constitutional convention of 1874 and circuit judge of the first judicial circuit from 1874 to 1882.

His colleague, Thomas Owen, of White County, had never held any office prior to the Civil War, and by reason of that fact was not disfranchised. He was a small, scholarly man, and was then a planter near West Point, though before coming to Arkansas prior to the war had been a school teacher. These two members boarded while the convention was in session at the same place where a number of students of St. John's College boarded, and Mr. Owen, in the evenings, sought recreation from the cares of state by teaching them their Latin and Greek. He was a fine, courteous gentleman, able and dignified, but took but little part in the discussion before the body.

W. F. Hicks of Prairie County had never held office before, but was a very useful member of the convention. He subsequently represented Lonoke County in the legislature several times.

But the most unique character of the convention was John M. Bradley of Bradley County. He had been a Methodist preacher prior to the Civil War, and frequently spoke of himself as a "back-slidden preacher." He had filled the stations at El Dorado and Pine Bluff, and had been presiding elder of the Washington District.

At the commencement of the war he raised a company, and rose to the rank of colonel of the Ninth Arkansas Regiment of Infantry.

^{*}Cook's officers Ark. Troops, C. S. A., Vol. 1, Ark. Hist. Pub., 414. 6"Wachita Conference," Vol. 3, Ark. Hist. Pub., 229-231.

Cook's "Officers Ark. Troops," C. S. A., Vol. 1, Ark. Hist. Pub.,415.



At the close of the war he practiced law, and was elected to the convention as a republican or radical, and on the organization of the convention he voted for Bowen for president, and later in the session voted with the radicals against the adoption of the ordinance declaring and affirming the constitution of 1864, in lieu of any other measure. This was a measure of the conservatives.

Soon after this, however, he began to waver in his allegiance to the radical wing, and, being twitted by them with being influenced by Mr. Cypert of White, who sat near him, retorted that it was the conduct of the gentlemen on the other side of the hall who were responsible for his change of front. They continued to jeer and sneer at him as a traitor and former rebel until toward the close of the session he turned savagely on his tormentors with such a storm of eloquence, mixed with scriptural quotations and denunciation, as has seldom been heard in a deliberative body in Arkansas. From the most conservative of radicals he grew to be the most radical of conservatives. He was a large man and while they must have felt his savage verbal assaults. they seldom resented it. After the adjournment of the convention he again joined the republican party, was elected circuit judge, and considered invincible before the people until finally he was defeated for that position by Judge Carroll D. Wood, now a justice of the Supreme Court. So those masters of invective and sarcasm, Mr. Brooks of Phillips and Mr. McClure of Arkansas, were finally to meet their match, and from a source they little expected at the beginning of the session.

Those who were in favor of the Reconstruction measures of Congress called themselves Republicans, and persisted in calling the other side Democrats. The latter, however, disclaimed any party alliance, as most of them had been Whigs before the war, by reasons of which fact they were not disfranchised by having held office, as Arkansas had been a strong Democratic State prior to the war. A few of the conservatives, like J. H. Shoppach of Saline and Chas. W. Walker of Washington, were not old enough to



vote before the Civil War, and consequently had no party affiliation, except with the conservative party afterwards.

In the meantime the Gazette of Little Rock was dealing sledge hammer blows at the reconstructionists in the convention. It dubbed that body "The Menagerie," a name which was adopted throughout the State, and clung to it and its members for long years afterward. The radical members resented the abuse being heaped upon them by this powerful journal, and were at times disposed to hold the conservative members responsible for its utterances. The Gazette was frequently quoted by them, and the most bitter utterances the radicals made seemed to be provoked by the editorials in that journal.

The secretary of the convention, John G. Priest, was editor of the Republican, but he was evidently no match for the Gazette, and the radical members frequently took occasion to reply to the Gazette, and charged that the utterances of the conservative members were "of a piece" with its editorials, though the stenographic report of the debates and proceedings does not seem to bear out this charge, as they, as a rule, were what their names indicated, rather conservative. But the artillery fire from the Gazette office continued throughout the session.

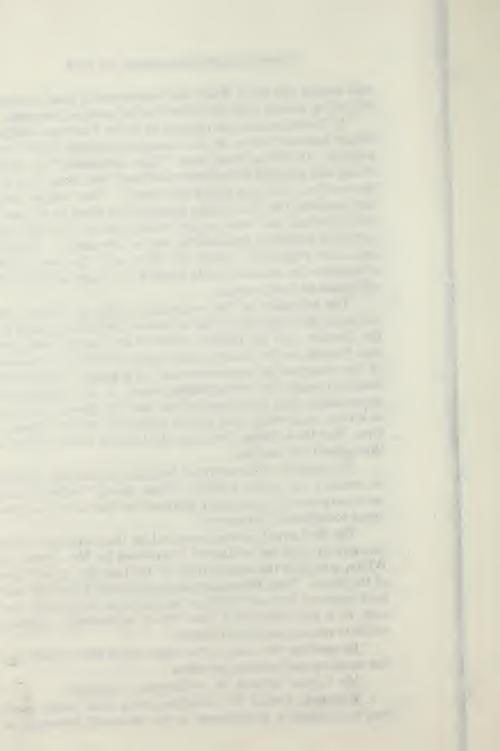
The radicals, who occupied the right of the hall, seemed to consider the negro members their special property, and were very sensitive as to any allusions to "race, color or previous condition of servitude."

The first great contest occurred on the sixth day of the convention over the ordinance introduced by Mr. Cypert of White, adopting the constitution of 1864 as the organic law of the State. This, the conservatives advocated, and the radicals opposed, because it did not disfranchise white men (except in a few instances), nor did it enfranchise negroes, while it recognized their freedom.

In opening the debate, the chair ruled Mr. Cypert had the opening and closing speeches.

Mr. Cypert offered the ordinance as follows:

Whereas, during the rebellion, at a time when there was no organized government in the State of Arkansas in



harmony with that of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, issued his proclamation, of date December 8, 1863, for the formation of civil government in the insurgent states, on a basis which should accord with the allegiance due to the government of the United States; and,

Whereas, under said proclamation the present constitution was founded, by loyal representatives of the people, and the same has been approved by President Lincoln, and has since been recognized by every department of the general government; and,

Whereas, the same is republican in form, and no material change in the same is demanded at this time by the people whom we represent:

Therefore be it ordained by the convention of the State of Arkansas, called in pursuance of an act of Congress, entitled "An act for the more efficient government of the rebel states," passed March 2, 1867, that we do hereby cheerfully adopt as the constitution of the State of Arkansas, in all respects the same now in force, being that adopted on the 18th day of March, 1864; and that the same shall be submitted to the people for their ratification.

Mr. Hinds moved that the ordinance be referred to the special committee on the penitentiary.

Mr. Cypert said that this was an attempt to ridicule a serious matter. He had offered the ordinance in good faith, and thought it a poor subject for an attempt at wit. He believed that the course he proposed would bring happiness and prosperity to the people. The constitution of this State had been agreed to by all the people, and under it the State was on the highway to prosperity, when a department of the United States Government had passed an act, the preamble of which, setting forth that these states were in rebellion, was a ridiculous falsehood. The government of the State of Arkansas had been pronounced republican by Abraham Lincoln; it had been framed by honest, loyal men, and now an attempt was being made by men who have no interest in the State of Arkansas to set that government aside. Three

⁸Debates and Proceedings, 88.



years only have elapsed since its establishment, and now, under the inspiration of a revolutionary political party, which sends its orders to the club room at Little Rock, this constitution, framed by loyal men, is to be set aside in the name of "loyalty."

The Congress had perjured itself by legislating outside the constitution, and members of this convention, having sworn but lately to support that constitution, could not conform to the demand. The highest judicial authority in the land has decided that the negro can not be a citizen. If these military governments and arbitrary measures of Congress were designed to punish rebels, they were unconstitutional, as that must be done according to law * * *

For himself, his destiny was with Arkansas; and he could not take up his carpet sack and leave if the country should be ruined by radicalism, as he firmly believed it would be. He had been in the South all his life. He knew the negro in all his attributes. That their people were now misled, he appealed to the negro members present.

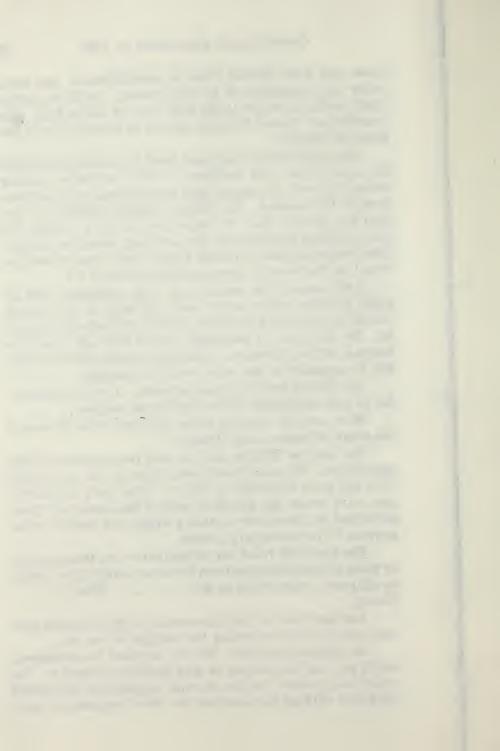
Mr. Brooks rose to a point of order. It was disrespectful to style gentlemen of the convention, negroes.

Now note the common sense and true pride of race of the negro colleague of Mr. Brooks.

Mr. Grey of Phillips said he took no exceptions to the appellation. His race was closely allied to the race which built the great Pyramids of Egypt. And mark the adroitness with which the president evaded the important point submitted to him as to whether a negro is a negro for the purpose of parliamentary debate:

And now observe the true courtesy of the Southern man who was far from wounding the feelings of any one.

Mr. Cypert resumed. He had intended no disrespect, and if any had been shown he was willing to retract it. He entertained respect for the member in question, and would treat him with all the courtesy due their comparative posi-



tions in society. He had spoken of him as a negro because he was such. He would yield to the rules of the body.

· He continued: There were many gentlemen present with whom he had long been associated; he knew they must admit his sincerity. Seven years ago from this same place he had portrayed the ruin and desolation that would follow secession; he had done all in his power to avert that fatal step and had failed. With the same foresight he felt assured that ruin and desolation would follow the rule of radicalism.

He sought not to seek personal controversy with any one. He had been denounced by gentlemen on the other side of the house as a political trickster, but all he had said or done was with a view of endeavoring to render respectable the proceedings of the body. He would appeal to the Arkansas men in the convention to set themselves right upon the record, against any change in the form of government which suits the people. The present constitution was as republican in form as that of Ohio. * * *

Under this constitution Arkansas was a state and had exercised all her prerogatives of a state. It had been so recognized by the United States. The writs issued by the United States marshal of the district are therein recited to be issued in the State of Arkansas. The Congress of the United States had so recognized Arkansas as a state, in declaring it to constitute a portion of a judicial circuit. Why, then, set to work to frame a constitution not in consonance with the constitution of the United States, but with the demand of Congress alone, a demand unauthorized by that instrument and made in violation of its provisions?

A gentleman (Mr. Hinds) had attempted to make a mere trifle of the present proposed ordinance, by referring it to the committee on the penitentiary, but to turn into ridicule that which appeals to the conscience of men would not always do, as gentlemen might yet live to learn. He asked that the gentleman withdraw this motion and let the issue be squarely met, and the ordinance be disposed of directly by its adoption or rejection. * * *

Debates and Proceedings, 89.

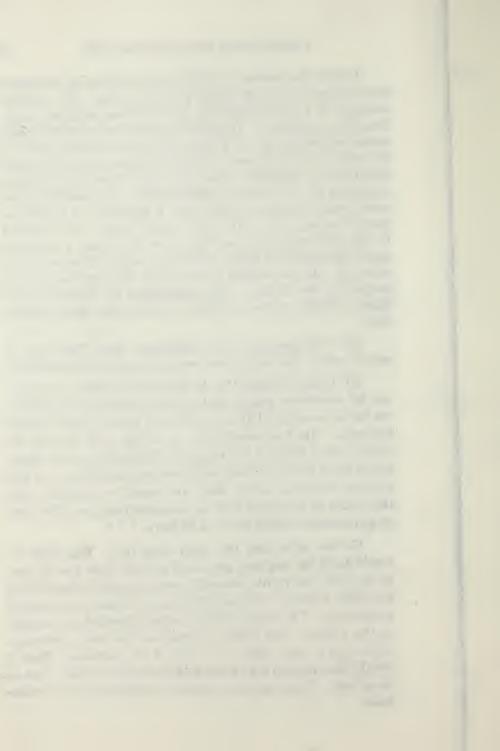


Under the present constitution the State of Arkansas had prospered, yet the state presents today the strange anomaly of a recognized state controlled by military force. Was this republican? Was there any present rebellion? Did armed opposition to the government exist in any county in the state? White County, which had been one of the most rebellious in Arkansas, was today the strong and earnest supporter of the National Government. The sheriff of the county was a staunch Union man, a man, too, as highly respected as any man within the county limits. He appealed to the convention not to force upon the State a measure which the people of Ohio, of Kansas, and of Minnesota had rejected. He was willing to live under the same laws as the people of the North. The constitution of Arkansas was closely similar to that of Ohio-let her have that constitution.

Mr. Montgomery—The gentleman from Tennessee is out of order. He will please confine himself to the subject.

Mr. Cypert replied that he had been a citizen of Arkansas for seventeen years; that he came hither from Tennessee not as a soldier, but as a matter of choice; here to make his home. He had committed no crime and done no act which would prevent his return to Tennessee or his recognition there by his former neighbors as a gentleman. It was because he had a family here, and must be identified with the future of Arkansas that he was solicitous as to the form of government which she was to have. * * *

He was glad that the negro was free. But while he would have the negroes protected as they now are by law, in all their just rights, he could never consent to have them intrusted with the elective franchise, and made the rulers of white men. The negro had his rights guarded as sacredly as the whites. The right of franchise was not a universal right, but a class right. * * * Let it so continue. That it should thus remain the North had decided for itself. Let us do so here. Congress has no power to compel us to do otherwise.



He repeated his request that the convention would meet the question squarely.¹⁰

Mr. Grey of Phillips replied: I must confess my surprise at the action of the gentleman from White (Mr. Cypert). I am here as the representative of a portion of the citizens of Arkansas; those rights are not secured by the ordinance introduced by the gentleman from White. * * * I am here, sir, to see those rights of citizenship engrafted upon the organic law of the State. * * * The gentleman says that a negro can not become a citizen. * * * As freemen we were not denied the rights of suffrage under the State laws on account of color.

The speaker then quoted from the minority opinion of Judge Curtis in the Dred Scott case, taken from Greeley's "American Conflict," to prove his contention. In the course of his criticism of the majority opinion he spoke of Chief Justice Taney as the "American Jeffries."

Continuing, he said: * * * We are told that the republican form of government must rest on the intelligence and virtue of the masses, and that we have not those qualifications. They are qualities which are, at least, susceptible of improvement in other races of men, and not largely displayed when the Huns and Vandals and other tribes were laying waste the fair fields of Italy, or when the Danes and Normans were making sad havoc of your ancestral estates. * * * We are not far behind those who sold civilized women along the banks of the James for two hundred pounds of tobacco or less. * * * The Saxon civilization of the nineteenth century is the product of eight hundred years, and with this start ahead with all the wealth, intelligence, power and prestige of this great government, men pretend to believe that they are afraid of negro domination, afraid that four million negroes scattered over this vast country will rule thirty million of intelligent white people! * * * Give us our rights as citizens before the law; the right of trial by a jury of our peers-admit us into the sanctum sanctorum of justice—the jury box; give us a fair show in the courts.

¹⁰ Debates and Proceedings, 91.



The idea of giving a negro justice in a court whose judge has sucked the milk of prejudice from his mother's breast, where the lawyers, though they may be the most thorough radicals extant, honestly believe me immeasurably their inferior, and the jurors there assembled are imbued with the animus of the majority of the court in the case of Dred Scott, and do not believe that I have any rights to be protected from the encroachments of that class looked upon as my superiors! * * *

But, sir, we have no fears of failing to secure those rights. We may be weak within ourselves, but liberty and justice must eventually prevail.

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again; The eternal years of God are hers."

The speaker closed with the following eloquent appeal for the ballot:

I have no antiphathy against the white people of this country, and am not surprised at their strenuous opposition. History repeats itself; they have been as hard on men of their own race, when struggling for their own freedom. The noblesse of England—the cavaliers—had as little use for the clouted yeomanry and puritanic followers of Cromwell as these gentlemen have for us. But time has a softening influence on all human prejudices. I am willing to forget the past, and to wrap the winding sheet of oblivion over the sod that contains the bones of my wronged and oppressed ancestors for two hundred and fifty years. Oh, disturb not the sacred sarcophagus that contains the bitter, bitter memories of the past—we await the judgment day. Give us the franchise, the right to protect ourselves, our wives and children, and we are content. We are warned of the reaction in the North. I think, sir, if the question of negro suffrage had been stripped of deserters' bills, woman suffrage and everything that could be found that was unpopular, it would have been adopted; and even carrying this weight, we obtained the largest vote upon the subject ever polled in Ohio. But at the same time I do not blame the people of the North for rejecting it. It was their proposi-



tion to the South, and we had no right to place them in the position of the conquered instead of the conquerors. Strip the question of all outside issues; let the people know that we do not wish white men to make themselves the pedestals upon which to place black statues or to elevate the negro to office. We desire, simply, the means and incentives to industry and education. We will carry them triumphantly from the snow-capped hills of New England to where the dark-eyed daughters of the sunny South bathe their tiny feet in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico.¹¹

Ah, Mr. Grey of Phillips we yield you the palm for eloquence. Had all the negroes of the South and of Arkansas been such men as you, their enfranchisement would not have been such a grievous mistake.

Mr. Brooks of Phillips obtained the floor, and the convention adjourned until the next day. From this point the reporter states that the stenographic reports begin with that day.

Mr. Brooks—I hope it may not be understood that I have any set formal speech to deliver upon the proposition pending before the convention. Yet as I did make a few passing notes of the remarks of the honorable gentleman from White (Mr. Cypert) yesterday, I have thought that it might not be amiss very briefly to call attention to some of the points presented by him. I hope I shall be excused from reciprocating the epithets which might perhaps be properly characterized as billingsgate that have come from the other side of the hall. Such epithets, applied to honorable members of this convention, and to members of the Congress of the United States, as "factious," "loafers," "carpet sack gentlemen," "interlopers," "perjurers," "fools" and "liars" do not constitute the staple of argument.

Mr. Cypert arose at this point (as he had occasion to do several times during Mr. Brooks' speech) to protest that he had used no such language attributed to him, concerning any member of the convention, and Mr. Brooks then continued as follows:

¹¹ Debates and Proceedings, 98.

http://stores.ebay.com/Ancestry-Found

* * * This * * * style of argument is not peculiar to the honorable gentleman, but is characteristic of the element of society in Arkansas which he has the honor to represent here. In this morning's issue—I believe it was—of the official organ of the party which he represents, in part, upon this floor, is language of this character—and it is such language as that class of papers is accustomed to employ ever since the assembling of this constitutional convention.

(Reading from the Gazette.) "The bastard collocation whose putridity stinks in the nostrils of all decency, now in session at the capitol, has very conceited ideas of its importance and pretentious opinion of the scope of its powers."

Again: "As a matter of some trifling interest to those who have not witnessed the exhibition of the menagerie, we would state that the negro members, eight in number, occupy seats on the western side of the Hall of Representatives."

* * * The words I have cited from the honorable member's speech and * * * what I read from the newspaper is of a piece.

Mr. Cypert—If the gentleman persists in that assertion I must denounce it as false.

Mr. Brooks—It would be well for the gentleman at least to control his temper. I simply say that it is of a piece. I do not say that the gentleman quoted the precise language, but that it is characteristic of the gentleman's style, and of those whom he represents throughout the State and country, as every honorable gentleman very well knows.¹²

Here Mr. Bradley of Bradley put in his oar to protest in the name of the people of the State against such reflections upon the people of Arkansas.

The chair ruled that it was legitimate argument, and other members might have an opportunity to reply. Mr. Brooks then resumed.

Mr. Brooks—We present no reflections with regard to the citizens of the State. * * * The honorable member brought forward in his remarks yesterday the proposition

¹²Debates and Proceedings, 101.



that the convention should adopt the existing constitution, the provisional government and the officers administering that government, * * * this same class of gentlemen * * * who are now so enamored of it, and who are now so overwhelmed with admiration for the loyal executive of this provisional government of Arkansas, then denounced in unmeasured terms this very provisional government, and these loyal men. * * * No doubt whatever that having been brought in contact with the loyal government they have come to a better mind. * * *

We * * * trust ere long to hail them brothers beloved as loyal man, ready to sustain it, the flag and the interest of the country.

Mr. Cypert again asked leave to interrupt the gentleman, and said: * * * "No word or act of mine can be brought up derogatory to the constitution of Arkansas, its executive, or the state government under which he was elected."

Mr. Brooks-Oh, the gentleman should not appropriate to himself, personally, those remarks which I make of the party at large (laughter). 13 * * * The provisional government of Arkansas has not been recognized by the Congress of the United States, whatever may be said with respect to other departments. * * * But a little reflection reconciled in my thoughts the attitude assumed with the doctrine professed by the gentleman. * * * In the first place, we should have perhaps felt embarrassed amid such surroundings, while gentlemen whose previous habits have familiarized them with efforts to overthrow without authority of law established State government, have very little scruple in that direction—can much more easily reconcile their views of duty with such a position, a position "factional" and "revolutionary" in its character, to use the gentleman's own terms. We have not been accustomed to efforts of that kind. * * * Again, there is another view of the subject on which the gentleman favored us with some perspicuous reflections—recognizing his attitude as a member of this body as revolutionary, and without authority of law, and acknowledging that he and his friends might not be justified in tak-

¹³Debates and Proceedings, 103.

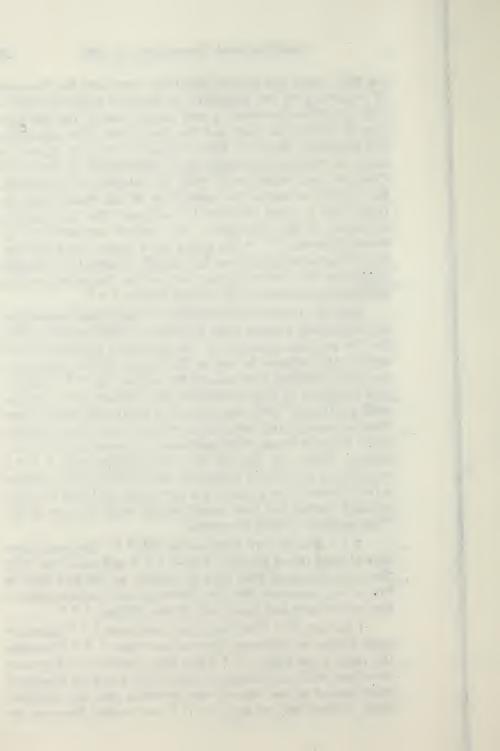


ing their seats, but stating that they were here for the sake of imparting to the menagerie a shade of respectability—with no desire to occupy a seat except merely for the purpose of saving the body and the state from utter ignominy and disgrace; that they have engaged in this work, not to assist in framing an organic law, conformably to the act of Congress, and consistently with the interest of the people, but simply to rescue the reputation of the State from infamy, and in some measure to mitigate the disreputable character of the convention. We present our grateful acknowledgments. * * * We might have saved this consumption of valuable time if we had simply referred to our consideration the veto messages and similar documents of the accidental president of the United States. * * *

But, sir, I do not desire longer to dwell upon the matters of explanation further than to notice a single remark. But for the position occupied by the honorable gentleman, and apparently assigned to him as the leader of the opposition, we might perhaps have passed the subject by. * * * Honorable members of this convention are denounced as "carpet sack gentlemen" and are invited to return to their homes there to remain, and exhorted to refrain from "coming down here" to assist these other gentlemen in managing their own affairs. Why, sir, but for the surroundings here * * * I would have fancied for a moment that we had gone back for a few moments for a space of a few years, and that we were actually having our ears again saluted with the cry of '61, "Let us alone: do not interfere."

* * * No, sir; we proposed in '61 * * * to come down here if need be—a portion of us— * * * and interfere with the proceedings of that part of society, so far and only so far as was necessary for the protection and maintenance of the government and the honor of the old flag. * * *

I can say, Mr. President, that loyal men * * * have left their homes in Arkansas for the last time! * * * We claim the right to be here. * * * They may confront us here and elsewhere with such slang as that which has been employed with regard to the odor of our members and our constituents. I have only to say, sir, if I am to elect between the



two—since honorable gentlemen and opponents resort to such a line of remark as this—if I am to choose between the odor of my constituents and the smell of treason, which "smells to heaven," I affiliate over this way to all eternity! (Laughter and applause.) 14

Mr. Cypert again protested that he had used no such language with regard to the negroes of the convention or relative to the political party to which they belonged. Mr. Brooks, as usual, paid no attention to the interruption, and proceeded with his remarks as though he had not been interrupted.

Mr. Brooks—* * * We intend to reconstruct, and we intend that these colored men upon this floor, who compare favorably with the average of the representatives of any quarter of the State, loyal or disloyal, white or black, shall enjoy the rights to which they are entitled as men—the "ignorance" which the gentleman urged yesterday to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * * The other real source of hostility on the part of the opposition here and elsewhere to the policy which we support in the contest, though not openly avowed, or directly presented, we know full well to exist; and we accept that also. It is that this reconstructed, reinaugurated civil government will be administered by men true to the coun-

try and its flag.

* * * If, in the progress of this movement, facts should be developed which shall defeat our hopes, and overthrow our purposes, in that particular we shall mourn any necessity that may arise to fix to any considerable extent, in the organic law of the State, a disfranchisement of any portion of its inhabitants beyond that imposed upon us by the authority under which we now proceed. We not only admit it but frankly proclaim it in this hall. * * * But we believe in so doing we shall place—or rather continue—in possession of the State Government loyal men, men whom the honorable gentleman on the other side of the hall so much admires. If it be found necessary, in order to secure the approval of the honorable member and his constituents of

¹⁴Debates and Proceedings, 110.



the loyal county of White, we might renominate the present incumbent of the executive chair (Governor Murphy). Certainly his age, his abilities, his tried patriotism, would justify such a course; and if the gentleman and his friends be sincere in their admiration of the loyal government of Arkansas and of the incumbents of the state positions—we might accommodate them, as far as we can consistently, at any rate, in order to secure reconstruction without opposition. * * * We invite the gentleman and his associates to cooperation, and assure them that they shall not be treated, when they shall return to their fidelity, and to correct principles and policy, other than as men, honorable and faithful and true. (Applause.) 15

At the conclusion of Mr. Brooks' speech Mr. Hinds withdrew his motion to refer the ordinance to the committee on penitentiary.

Mr. Hicks then followed, advocating the adoption of the ordinance. * * * I do not rise to reply to the gentleman from Phillips (Mr. Brooks) or to answer for the gentleman from White (Mr. Cypert).

The speaker referred to the fact that President Lincoln had recognized and advised reconstruction in Arkansas, and that he had issued a proclamation, in which he excepted the states of Louisiana and Arkansas from any congressional action looking to the reconstruction of the Southern States. But he said that this was now an outside issue, and now the principal question before the convention was the enfranchisement of the negro.

Continuing, he said: Among all the races of man no republican form of government has ever been established except by the Caucasian race. * * * The gentleman from Phillips (Mr. Grey) said yesterday that we were eight hundred years educating ourselves up to our present position. * * * I am perfectly willing to concede that he and his race shall enjoy the same privileges when they have gone through the same ordeal. I accord to that gentleman more talent than any gentleman on that side of the house; probably more than I have myself—he is certainly a talented gentleman.

¹⁵Debates and Proceedings, 113.



and one who understands the question, because he has studied it more than I have done; and there are many other honorable exceptions to the ordinary capacity of that racemen of talent-I may say men of genius. * * * I belong to a race * * * which in its first struggle for liberty wrested the Magna Charta from King John at the point of the sword. * * * That was the school through which the Anglo-Saxon race, the most gifted in intellect, the most favored in circumstances of any division even of the Caucasian family has passed before it succeeded in the achievement of republican liberty. In those eight hundred years we have been slowly building the foundations of this mighty republic * * * What has the negro race done during all that time? * * * Or indeed during the whole period of its existence on earth? Where is its language? Where is its literature? Where are its arts and sciences? Where are its commercial interests, its ships, its flag? It has none!

Continuing, the speaker referred to the many failures that had been made by the other races in Hayti, the Central American Republics, and Mexico. From reading his speech one might well suppose that he was describing conditions there at present, nearly a half century later.

Hear this sage of "Old Brownsville" in Prairie County:

I proclaim this principle, which I lay down as a political truth: No men on the face of the globe are capable of maintaining a republican form of government except those of the white race. As an evidence of that fact, I may refer to the numerous republics of South America, where the blood of other races is largely mixed with that of the whites. What are those republics? They are simply machines for effecting robbery. Their generals are men raised from bandits. The presidents today of a number of those republics were but a few years ago bandits in the mountains. They have a revolution there nearly every time the moon changes. They have not the first conception of the nature of a republican government. Mexico-the "Sick Man" of North America-look at her! Why, sir, it would take a cyclopaedia to keep up with her revolutions. You would have to establish a steam press to publish her manifestoes! * * * I protest



in all sincerity against granting to the negro race the elective franchise. I will admit that there are a few of them who understand our political system. But they are very few. That they do not is their misfortune. It is no fault of mine. I do not feel that I have a right, with the responsibility of the oath that I have taken, to risk the lives and happiness of my people in their hands. I am, therefore, honestly and conscientiously opposed to the movement.¹⁶

Mr. Bradley of Bradley, in replying to Mr. Cypert and Mr. Hicks, opened by saying: * * * As the waters have been very much troubled, I think it may, perhaps, be well to pour on a little oil. I regret exceedingly that so much bitterness and strife, so much animosity has been manifested on both sides of the house. * * * I did not come here as a delegate to make war on anybody. * * * I came here because I endorsed the reconstruction plan as set forth by Congress; I endorse it today. I came here because I believed that Arkansas had been taken out of the Federal Government, that she had never regularly been taken back.

Pacific Mr. Bradley of Bradley! But observe later on in the session how this same oil that he was pouring on the troubled waters caught fire and went up in smoke and flame fed by the gentleman's flery eloquence!

The speaker, continuing, stated his various objections to the constitution of 1864, the principal one being that it was then what he styled a "bogus constitution," made at a time when the State was in the throes of civil war, and the delegates to that convention representing only a small minority of the people of the State.

Continuing, he said:

I do not like many things that have been said on both sides. I do not like this comparison of abilities. If any of the colored members are superior in talent to myself, please be modest enough not to throw it in my face in a public place. These comparisons are odious. (Laughter.) * * * I did not intend to make a speech; but I do want to rebuke the style of argument which has been used here for the past two days. The questions discussed have not properly come be-

¹⁶Debates and Proceedings, 117.



fore us. When they do come it will be time enough to discuss them, and you will find me at the right place. True. I sit by the side of my friend here (Mr. Cypert). Our relation is personal and social. It is understood that he belongs to one political party and I to another; and many men, I suppose, have thought we couldn't sit so close together without my making him a Republican or his making me a Democrat. Well, if the law of absorption is to obtain, I shall be certain to take him up and make a republican of him, for I have most capital to start on (referring to their relative size). (Laughter.) * * * I believe that slavery was a curse to the whites, just as I believe that freedom is going to prove a curse to the black race. * * * Gentlemen, in the name of everything that is good, cease from these epithets. * * * For one I intend to show respect in my remarks to every gentleman, and if any shall then use remarks personally offensive to me I advise him that * * * I will hold him to a fearful account. I will give no insult, I will take none, and I will hold every man to the same course. I was sorry to hear the motion to commit this subject to the committee on penitentiary. Let the ordinance go to its proper committee. * * * I enter my solemn protest that my teeth shall not be shown tiger or wolf like. Let us pursue a different course, one chosen with reference to the interests of the country and credit to ourselves.

Mr. Bouldin Duvall of Lawrence was the next speaker to address the convention on the adoption of the constitution of 1864 as the organic law of the State. He had been for four years a Union soldier in the Civil War, but belonged to that class of northern men who opposed the congressional mode of reconstruction in the South. He had been voted for for president of the convention by the few conservatives in the convention. Throughout the sitting, from first to last, he voted with them. He began by saying: I wish to see peace and harmony restored to our country. And being one of those of whom my friend from Phillips (Mr. Brooks) has spoken that left home and family and all that was sacred and dear to man to follow the stars and stripes, that today floats from this capitol, I occupy a differ-

ent position from that of any man on this floor. * * * I periled my life through four years of bloody warfare in defense of the Union and the constitution of the United States. I am here today asking for the maintenance of that for which I fought. * * * The gentleman from Phillips (Mr. Grey) asked for the rights of his race and refers us to Massachusetts as one of the states of the Union that granted them their rights. * * * The colored race are not citizens of the United States. * * * How far has Massachusetts extended the franchise to his race? Were the members of that race in Arkansas transferred to Massachusetts, how many of them would under the constitution of that State be allowed to vote? It is well known that in Massachusetts, no man is allowed to vote unless he can read the constitution of the United States.

Continuing, Mr. DuVall said that the fourteenth amendment had not yet been adopted, and if it should be then the negro would be accorded all the rights of a white man, but until that was done that Congress had no right to dictate the terms on which a state would be allowed representation; but that he had always contended that they had never been out of the Union. As a loyal man, I ask no protection from Congress. I think we are capable of taking care of ourselves if they will allow us to do so, and will cease this agitation about universal suffrage amongst us. Sir, when the war ended the rebel armies surrendered upon terms; they returned to their homes, and I am proud today to say to you that though they fought you and me manfully, up to the close of the struggle, we have since that time had a quiet and peaceable community, composed of honorable men, willing to submit to the laws of the country. Had they been so disposed to control this convention, my county has much abler men than I to represent them, and they would certainly have sent them here. But they are willing to be represented here by a loyal man, whom they knew could not be assailed by this slang of treason that has been so lavishly employed on this floor. * * * Where is the main spring of all these proceeding? Men want office—they want the spoils of office. * * * I entertained when in the service of my country the Lw d same views that I express today. * * * I come here for the principles I fought for. * * * I hold that no state ever was out of the Union, and it was for that principle I fought. 17

Mr. Cypert of White County closed the debate on the question. He said in part: In presenting this ordinance, Mr. President, I was actuated by the purest motives, and believed its adoption would conduce to best interests of the country. I have listened to the objections which have been urged against its passage, and I still affirm my belief that it should be accepted by this body. I will proceed to assign the reason in favor of its adoption.

First, it disorganizes no department of the State government. * * * For that reason, if for no other, in the present condition of the country, we should adopt the present constitution of the State. * * * We know how to govern the State under it, and have just begun to become accustomed to the new order of things established under its provisions. * * * *

The speaker then proceeded again to show how the State of Arkansas under the constitution of 1864 had already been recognized by the highest judicial authority in the Nation, the Supreme Court, and by the executive department, the truth of which had not been denied by Mr. Brooks.

He then proceeded to show that it had been recognized by the legislative department in three instances, and such recognition having been made in the most emphatic way:

Sir, Congress has denied that we are possessed of a State government, not otherwise than by the refusal to receive our representatives. But I will show you, on the other hand, that they have in more ways recognized us than they have disregarded us as a duly organized state. They have recognized us by apportioning to us our portion of the direct tax under the constitution of the United States, which provides that such taxes shall be apportioned among the several states in the ratio of representation. Had they apportioned the tax to us on the basis of our representation, they would never have apportioned any, for we have no representation.

¹⁷Debates and Proceedings, 128.

But by apportioning to us our share of the direct tax, they have recognized us a State. The constitution authorizes no other basis upon which the apportionment can be made. They must have recognized our right to representation in Congress, in order to charge us with the tax.

* * * Sir, they have recognized us in other ways. They have submitted to us the proposition to amend the constitution of the United States; the legislature called under this constitution, which I propose we shall re-enact, adopted the amendment so submitted, and that amendment ratified by such authority has been accepted by every department of the national government as validly adopted. I refer, of course, to the amendment abolishing slavery.

The vote of Arkansas was counted, in making up the number of states necessary for the ratification of that amendment.

Here, then, is the second instance of recognition.

Again, Congress recognized us by submitting another proposition, * * * that of the fourteenth amendment, and its adoption has been recommended by the executive of this state. There is the *third* instance of congressional recognition.

I return now to the second instance that I have cited. If the proposition be correct, that the State of Arkansas and other states, which have been in rebellion, were not at the time when the thirteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States was submitted to them for ratification states in the Union, then that amendment was not properly ratified, and has never been adopted. That amendment has been recognized by Congress and by all the departments of the government as duly ratified. * * * Upon the theory of Congress, therefore—if that be indeed their theory—that we have no state government, the negroes of the South have not been freed and are not free today.

Sir, Congress simply stultifies itself. We contend that the negroes are free, and that they have been made free through the action of the states lately in rebellion. I presume that no gentleman will say for one moment here that the negroes are still slaves. Nor will any contend that the



proclamation of the president set them free. The highest iudicial tribunals in the land have rendered their decision to the contrary effect. But even if the proclamation of the President had that effect in law of freeing the negroes, whom it assumed to emancipate, there were still localities-Kentucky and elsewhere-which were expressly excepted from the operation of that proclamation, by the terms of the instrument itself. * * * Assuming now that ours is not a state government de jure, it follows that the slaves in those parts have never been set free. Sir, gentlemen must accept one or the other horn of the dilemma. * * * This was the exercise of the highest power known to the state government. that of amending or altering the constitution of the United States—I say it is the highest power which a state can exercise in its corporate capacity, to assist in amending the organic law of this great, glorious and reverenced republic. * * * Sir, in my opening argument I asked gentlemen to show any authority upon their hypothesis, for the announcement of the ratification of that amendment, and not one has attempted to produce it. All the argument they have brought forward has consisted in the mere allusions to the general history of the country, and in the use of the phrases, "Rebellion," "Secession" and "Disloyalty"—the old cry in times of rebellion. This has comprised the beginning, middle and end of the entire argument offered. * * * I turn from my partial digression to resume the consideration of the argument that we ought not to adopt the present constitution, for the reason that it fails to extend the elective franchise to the negro race, whereas they are entitled to it as a portion of the inhabitants of the country. * * * The very word "franchise," as every lawyer will bear me out in saying, means a particular and not a general right. It is not a right that belongs to everybody. * * * Under the doctrine of Jefferson the elective franchise has been awarded to classes for the purpose of perpetuating a republican form of government and as indispensable to the attainment of that end. It was only reasonable that the privilege of the ballot should be withheld from negroes, or any other class, not citizens of the United States, destitute of the knowledge of the princi-



ples of our government, and not by nature qualified to exercise. with sufficient judgment, the privilege of the ballot. That privilege was consequently restricted to white men, citizens of the United States, and twenty-one years of age. That is the class known to all the states as voters. * * * Every man in this house knows that, as a class, young men of the white race, from twelve to twenty-one, are more competent to exercise the right than the negro race of the South. * * * Then why do you propose to enfranchise the negro race as a class, and to keep unenfranchised the class of whites. from twenty down to twelve years of age, known to be more intelligent, and to be better informed concerning our form of government? * * * I will tell you, sir. I was told by one of the Republican members of this body vesterday morning. I asked him as a citizen of Arkansas, whose interests are identified with those of the State, * * * "why introduce an element the introduction of which you must know will tend to the ultimate dissolution of the government?" * * * "WE WANT THE NEGRO VOTE TO CONTROL YOU REB-ELS."

Mr. Wyatt (in his seat)—I am the man you were talking to. That's what I want it for (laughter and applause); I want it to control just such men as you.¹⁸

Mr. Cypert—Is it a pure motive? I am not a rebel to the constitution of the United States, nor to the United States government, and never was. I am a rebel to fanaticism (applause from the left of the house). I am a rebel to oppression! I am a rebel against the proscription of my race! I am a rebel against tyrrany forever! (Renewed applause from the left.) * * * But I am loyal to the constitution of the United States; I am loyal to all the powers of our government, and never would violate a law. I have never been; I have never felt otherwise. I rebel against certain politicians; against politicians who have no benefits to extend to their constituents. Is it a pure motive that leads us to seek the aid of ignorance, in order that we may overcome. put down and destroy men whom we consider rebellious? If you oppose Congress and the Republican party you are a

¹⁸Debates and Proceedings, 147.

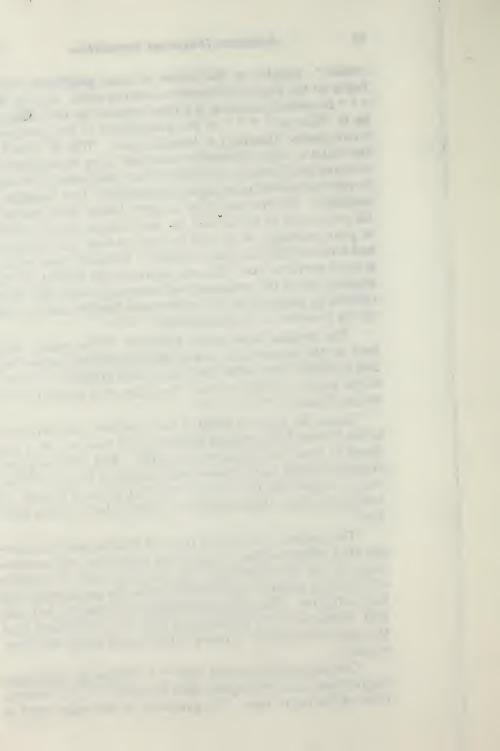
"rebel!" Loyalty, in the lexicon of some gentlemen, means fealty to the Republican party-nothing more, nothing less. * * * In radical parlance, if a man opposes the radical party, he is "disloyal." * * * Is the proposition of the gentleman from Searcy (County) a laudable one? Will he admit to the ballot a class universally admitted to be incompetent to exercise intelligently, the elective franchise, simply in order to vent his party spleen upon individuals? Is it laudable or patriotic? Do you love your country better than yourself? Do you desire to perpetuate the institutions of our country to your posterity, or do you propose to keep up commotion and strife within its limits forever? If this is your wish, it is not a patriotic one. The sole desire of the patriot, in civil matters, is for the prosperity of his country-for the transmission to posterity of the institutions handed down to him by the founders of the government. * * *

The speaker then called attention of the negro members of the convention to the unconstitutional cotton tax, and told them that while this was a blow aimed by Congress at the South, it really reached the negro, who raised the cotton, and said: * * *

'Since the time of which I have spoken, you have paid to the United States fifteen dollars on the bale, which is just about as much as cotton now is worth. And that very government, which was unnecessarily imposing that exorbitant tax, pretended all the while to be your devoted friend. If voting costs you fifteen dollars on every bale you raise, don't vote!

The speaker then quoted from an English author, showing that wherever the African has attempted self-government, or has been admitted with the white man to equality of control in affairs of government, that the government has been a failure. The author was opposed to slavery, but said that whenever such government had been attempted that the negro was always "a thorn in the side of every such community."

Continuing, the speaker said: * * * These are legitimate comparisons, and correspond with the result of my observations of the negro race. The precocity of the negro child is



greater than that of the white—I know it from having seen them play together. * * * But the mind of the Caucasian race expands, looks to the future; it leaves edifices behind it, it builds governments and kingdoms, it rears structures that stand forever as monuments to the race. When was that ever done by the African? Where has the negro ever so much as attempted this? Wherever he has made the effort it has been an egregious failure. * * * I speak of classes. The occasional exceptions are remarkable, but I speak of the race as class.

The conclusion then at which I arrive is this: Let us afford to them the protection of the law, but let us not give them the privilege, the exercise of which would be their inevitable destruction. Let us not, as Mr. Baker says, continue that thorn in the side of the community. Let us afford them the same protection that our wives and daughters have—the right of liberty, the right of property, and of the pursuit of happiness. Let us accord them the same right enjoyed by the white man under the age of twenty-one. Let them be as minors. They are nothing but minors as yet; and when they have proven to a dispassionate people that they constitute a fit element for incorporation in our political body, it will then be ample time to bring them in. Why ask the State of Arkansas to do that which has not been done by the states, where the resident negroes have not so recently been given their freedom? In those states the negro is much more competent to exercise the elective franchise than with us. They are better educated. * * * Many of the most undoubtedly loyal States of the Union have but recently, on an issue distinctly presented, refused to extend the franchise to a class of blacks decidedly more intelligent than those of Arkansas. Why ask us to do it?

It can be from no motives other than those avowed by the gentleman from Searcy (County). I have hoped that the majority of the convention were not ready to act from so impure and prejudiced a motive, a motive prompted by the worst passions of human nature. Sir, let us extend to these erring brothers who went into the rebellion the hand of forgiveness. Let us not do another wrong for the wrong they

have done. * * * Let us not affix a punishment to a crime not known to the law when the law was made. If we do so we violate the constitution of the United States, and the oath imposed upon us to support that constitution. We took that oath. I took it gladly, for I love the constitution of the United States. I will not violate that oath by my consent to an *ex post facto* law.

* * * I had intended to say more, but my physical strength is failing and I will have to desist. But I must appeal to the citizens of Arkansas, I must appeal to you for the sake of posterity, in the name of everything that is sacred to an American citizen, not rashly to allow your prejudices to run you into madness. I appeal to you in the name of our common country, in the name of God, who has set His stamp upon the different races of mankind—let us not do a thing which God himself in his revelation of nature has forbidden. Let us not attempt to render homogeneous races essentially dissimilar and unequal. Our fathers made a government for the white man. Let us govern it. * * * Let us not have forever a thorn in our own side—a bone of contention in our midst. * * * I want the negroes to prosper. But I know as long as we hold them among us, and keep them as a bone of contention in our political affairs, they will remain a thorn in our side. I do believe that the inevitable result of the rule of the radical party will be the devastation of our country and utter ruin to the African race among us.19

The question submitted by the ordinance of Mr. Cypert, to readopt the constitution of 1864, was defeated by a vote of 53 to 10, the following voting in the affirmative: Messrs. Cypert, Duvall, Gantt, Hicks, Hoge, Owen, Reynolds, Shoppach, Walker and Wright.²⁰

¹⁹ Debates and Proceedings, 153.

²⁰There was an election contest, from Ashley County, and Messrs. Norman and Moore had not been seated when this vote was taken. They were afterwards seated, and acted with the conservatives throughout the session.



III.

During the sitting of the convention, or, to be explicit, on January 30, 1868, Mr. J. L. Hodges of Pulaski, late of New York, lessee of the penitentiary, and representing Pulaski County in the convention, desired to "start something." He succeeded. He threw the bomb that started the trouble and it exploded at the feet of Col. J. M. Bradley of Bradley, late of the Confederate States Army. It was following telegram, which somehow had crept into the proceedings of the Secession Convention, in 1861, and was now read with exceeding great relish by the gentleman from Pulaski, formerly of New York.

(BY TELEGRAM FROM PINE BLUFF.)

May 9, 1861.

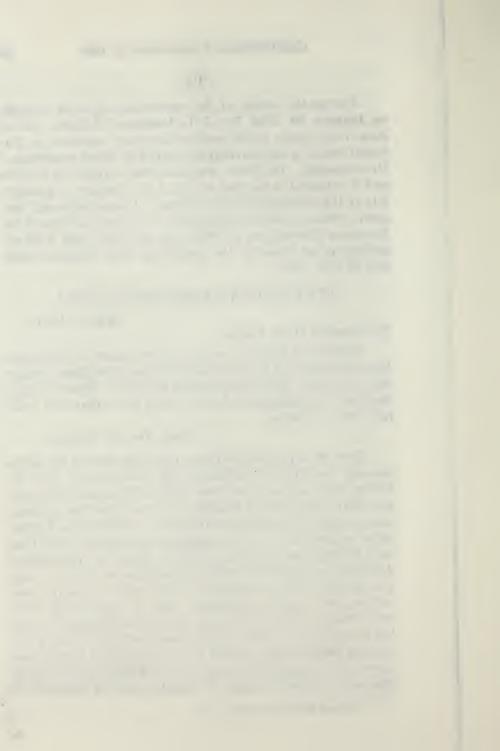
To Governor H. M. Rector:

Steamboat Arago is owned by her papers in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and has one hundred tons provisions, belonging to owners. Shall we confiscate her here? Plenty of good Southern steamboatmen here to take her where you want her, free of charge.

Capt. Jno. M. Bradley.21

Now be it remembered that from the date of the above message the State of Arkansas had just seceded from the Union, and was just three days old as a "Free and Independent State," and from a Southern point of view the unfortunate owners of the steamer Arago were citizens of a foreign state with which we were supposed to be at war, and Captain Bradley, as a zealous military officer of the State of Arkansas, was strictly within his belligerent rights in suggesting that she be confiscated in the name of the free and independent State of Arkansas. But it seems that Governor Rector and the Secession Convention thought more of the private rights of the owners than they did of their privileges as belligerents, and the boat was released and allowed to pursue her peaceful voyage back to Pittsburg and safety. However, Colonel Bradley of Bradley had no apologies to

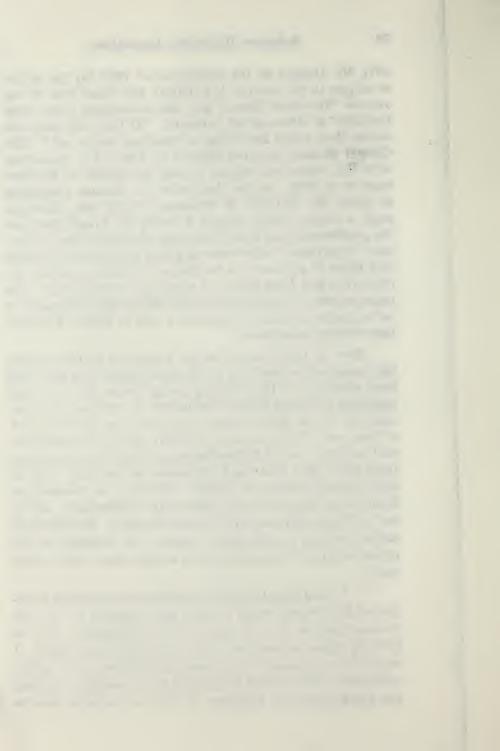
²¹Debates and Proceedings, 406.



offer Mr. Hodges or the convention of 1868 for his action or advice in the matter, but bluntly told them that in his opinion "Governor Rector and the convention acted very foolishly" in allowing her to escape. "If they had taken his advice they would have been a steamboat better off." But Colonel Bradley was not allowed to forget his connection with this steamboat episode during the session of the convention of 1868. A few days after the finance committee of which Mr. McClure of Arkansas County was chairman made a report which further widened the breach between the gentleman from Bradley and the radicals of the convention. This report, which was very long and abusive, charged that those in authority in the State of Arkansas before the Civil War had been guilty of numerous derelictions in the management of the finances of the State, and denounced it as "a system of financiering known only to thieves and robbers without conscience."

Now, as before stated in the beginning of this article, the conservative members of the convention, as a rule, had been members of the minority party before the war, and doubtless had seen proper themselves to criticise the management of the state finances, in those days, and very few of them seemed to care about what Mr. McClure's committee said, anyway, as the future finances of the State interested them more than what had transpired in the past. Not so with Colonel Bradley of Bradley, however. He championed the cause of the ante bellum statesman of Arkansas. He attacked Messrs. Brooks, McClure and Hodges. Mr. Moore of Ashley entered a mild protest against the language of the report, saying in the conclusion of a very conservative statement:

* * * I had hoped that the gentleman who asks the adoption of this report would at least have declined to vote for its adoption, as it is, in point of fact, ridiculous. It is a burning shame to send out such a monstrous production. I repeat the expression of my hope, that gentlemen will reflect well before they commit themselves to its sanction. If they are going to stay in Arkansas, if they are going to become



identified with us, for God's sake let us wipe out the past, and do our present and pressing duty.22

Mr. Brooks of Phillips replied to Mr. Moore in a very bitter speech, in which he charged that the leaders of the dominant party in Arkansas had brought on secession in the effort to conceal their mismanagement of the State finances, and in the course of his remarks said:

Were it admissible here, sir, to employ the name of Deity so frequently as has been done upon the other side, we, too, might say—great God! that a man has the brass—not the copper merely, sir, not the copper head nor the face alone, but the brass—to stand up in this hall and ask what party precipitated this debt upon the country—what portion of the people desolated the land. Who drenched it in blood? Who desolated these homes? Who destroyed this property, private and public? * * * Who consumed the heart and ate out the vitals of the material interests of this country? Was it the *Union* men of Arkansas? Are they the party chargeable with all this ruin? New citizens or old citizens, "carpetsack men" or "brush-breakers," are they the ones who precipitated this condition of affairs?

* * * As to whether the Republican party in Arkansas or elsewhere—the Union party, the Union men of Arkansas—precipitated the national debt, and brought this condition of financial ruin upon the State, let the people themselves answer. We have not so understood it. * * * Or if these gentlemen here and now want to assume this load and attempt to carry it—if they now, at this period, desire to come to the rescue, and do up the dirty work of the old defunct dynasty of secession, rebellion and civil war, I welcome them to the task, give them good cheer of their new affiliations, and hope they will have a happy honeymoon! (Laughter and applause.) 23

But if the conservative members were disposed to be mild in their defense of the conduct of affairs in Arkansas prior to the war, the gentleman from Bradley was not willing to allow such criticisms to pass without notice. He re-

²²Debates and Proceedings, 547.

²³ Debates and Proceedings, 553.



plied to them in language that more than matched them in invective and bitterness. In the course of his reply he said:

* * * But, sir, I scorn with indignation and contempt, in the report of this beautiful committee or elsewhere, any insinuation upon the honor, the integrity, the intelligence of the people who live—who have lived—in the State of Arkansas. Ah, sirs, what citizen of Arkansas feels other emotion than that of pride in recalling the name that is found first upon the annals of your Supreme Bench (turning to Judge Ringo, who stood in the lobby) or of the present occupants, or of all the intermediate list of its honored judges? But, ah, that bench of the future! When I gaze upon its prospects I blush! When I see that audacity that does not hesitate to come forward and denounce the judicial proceedings of the State for thirty-two years, I ask—Modesty! Modesty! art thou banished? hast thou left the land? art thou a spectator in the convention hall? Echo answers, No! (Laughter.) * * *

For God's sake, be more modest and more respectful, and show that your strength lies in the force of facts and not in your terms of expression. You can not make me, you can not make Arkansas a thief by saying so. Lawyers rise and argue cases for hours, but you do not expect that the lawyer who argues the case will give the verdict.

Mr. Hodges of Pulaski—Did not the gentleman state upon the floor that if the Confederate Government had taken his advice, they would have stolen another Northern steamboat?

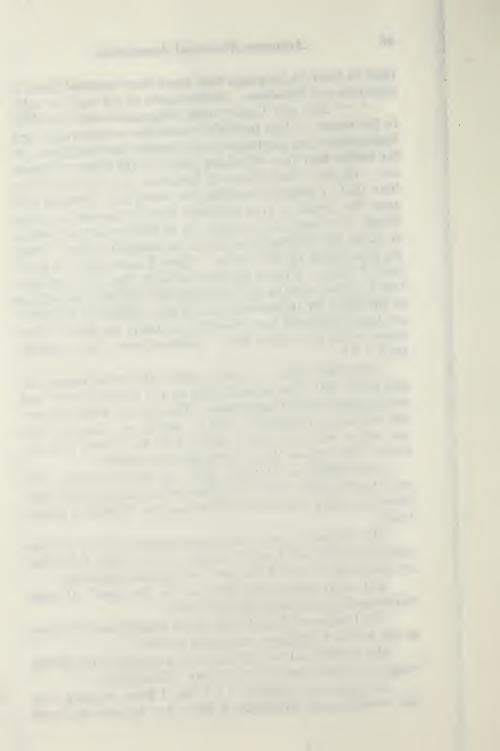
Mr. Bradley—Yes, I said that Governor Rector and the convention had acted very foolishly; that if they had taken my advice they would have been a steamboat better off.

But what figure does that cut in the case? If such taunts as that are taken for argument—

Mr. Hodges of Pulaski—It was a suggestion that came to my mind—hearing so much said about—

Mr. Bradley—I would hate to be responsible for all the suggestions that came to your mind. (Laughter.)

I resume my remarks. * * * Sir, I have traveled over the mountains of Arkansas; I know her people—the most



generous, hospitable, noble-hearted people I ever saw, in any country, lived here within her borders and live here today. Society has been slightly adulterated, I confess; but we can not help that. (Laughter.) We are told, sir, in this report that the system of financiering pursued in this State has been one that could be "known only to thieves and robbers." Well, it was never known until that committee found it out! That is all that I have to say on that point.²⁴ (Laughter.)

I have almost given up my hopes for this country. As I have sat here and listened to the debates, and witnessed the proceedings, I have sometimes been ready to go to the water's edge—my friend Gantt is missing—as the Gazette said of him, I have felt like exclaiming, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people!"

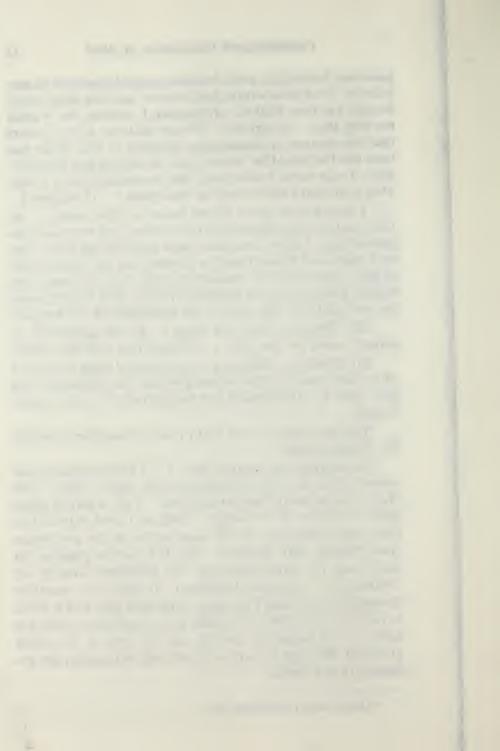
Mr. Brooks—Who slew them? As the gentleman is going to weep for the slain, I would ask him who slew them?

Mr. Bradley—(Pointing to Mr. Brooks' large features.) They were slain by the instrument that the Philistines fell by! And, sir, their ranks are falling today as the weapon sweeps.

This last sally brought forth roars of laughter, in which Mr. Brooks joined.

Continuing, the speaker said: * * * I want decency observed—"Let all things be done decently and in order," and "Let us have charity one for another." I am a sort of apostatized minister of the Gospel (laughter), and expected to have been reinstated by the association of the gentleman from Phillips (Mr. Brooks). But the way he gnashes his teeth does not harmonize with the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. (Renewed laughter.) It does not manifest the same charity that Paul says, "suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, yaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

²⁴Debates and Proceedings, 557.



Continuing, Mr. Bradley urged the convention to throw aside party feeling and legislate for the good of the State. He said:

Sir, let us not legislate for party. When the question comes up, for decision to save the party or the country, I would send the party to hell if necessary to save the country and save my people. * * * I never can sit quietly when the least insinuation or reflection comes from strange lips upon "the slain of the daughters of my people."

Let me inform you, sir, that at the coming day, the prophet may shake his rod over the valley of dry bones may yet say to these dry bones LIVE. And a voice from the North-from Ohio, and Connecticut, from Pennsylvania. and New York—may come rushing like the peals of thunder, and say, "Son of man, can these bones live?" And the dry bones shall stand forth and be covered with flesh, and shall breathe and speak! I anticipate, sir, that these extreme measures, this radical policy, shall arouse a feeling of sympathy in the North, for the people of their own race, flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone that shall come to our rescue, and that, in the morning of the resurrection of the just, Arkansas-Thievish Arkansas, Robbing Arkansas-will rise and come forth clothed with the garment of righteousness-when she shall have been purged and purified from the political adventurers and invaders, who have desecrated the State and poured infamy and condemnation on her own citizens, her sons and daughters. * * You insult Heaventhere is a recording angel that frowns and writes, and writes and frowns; and you will remember when you come to judgment, the Scripture which says: "All things whatsoever that ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." I say I can not sit still and hear these things and be silent. I do not think that there is silence in Heaven this morning about them. (Some laughter on the right.) No, sir, the guardian angel which hovers over the graves of the sacred dead, whose ashes are slandered and insulted with the baseless and foul insinuations carries back the tidings to the upper skies, and proclaims that darkness still pervades the deep, and sinners

inhabit the earth! (General laughter.) But Arkansas is destined to rise superior to her misfortunes. She will oust the radical wing. She is destined, sir to another and more glorious career. God has intended it. He has filled her bowels with boundless wealth; he has striped her with rivers; He will check her with railroads, and He will people her with noble spirits who will represent and vindicate her honor, her integrity, and her intelligence. And if strangers and aliens and pilgrims, that know not God and obey not His gospel, shall desecrate her soil, shall insult her sons and daughters, her legitimate children, I believe that in the resurrection of the just she shall yet reassert herself, and stand forth, purged of their slanders, a brilliant and honored bride.

(To Mr. Hodges of Pulaski.) Anything more "suggested" to you about that steamboat? You have had it up now three times. Have it up again—

Well, if the gentleman has no more to offer on that subject I will close by saying that I hope this is the last time such a report as this will be brought in here. (To Mr. McClure, chairman of the committee of finance.) For Heaven's sake, never bring in one if you can't make it a better report—let Mason and White of Phillips (negroes) make it out for you! (Laughter.) They can do it—they have displayed statesmanship, they have displayed dignity, they have shown a promptitude in that minority report on the penitentiary that commends them to all good men. And if they had had the subject of finance under consideration I believe we would have had a report which would not have consumed all this morning in discussion. I say that with all due respect.²⁵

Mr. Kyle—I have listened to the very able and warm speeches we have had from the two clerical gentlemen who have last addressed the convention (Messrs. Brooks and Bradley) (laughter), and I think it might have been well for them to have called mourners. (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Bradley (in his seat)—I will call yet if you say so. Mr. Kyle—I think we would have had a happy time, sir!

²⁵Debates and Proceedings, 559.

A few moments after Mr. Hodges of Pulaski asked leave to read a speech of Mr. Bradley of Bradley delivered in Little Rock the preceding September, in which he criticised the conservative party in rather severe terms. The conservative members objected, but the speech was read, over their objections. Mr. Bradley denied the correctness of the report of the speech, and Mr. Brooks then offered to prove by the editor, Mr. Price, secretary of the convention, that the report was correct. Mr. Cypert objected to such an unprecedented proceeding, and Mr. Brooks withdrew his motion according the editor the privileges of the floor.

This ended all connection that Mr. Bradley had with the majority side, and he came over to the conservatives on nearly every proposition.

From this time on there were numerous other defections among the "scalawag" wing of the radical party—none from the carpetbaggers or the negroes. But as the "scalawags" remaining saw their comrades desert them, those who remained became more bitter, and of all members of the convention this class was most despised by a majority of the conservatives.

The committee who had in charge the arrangement and phraseology of the constitution made their final report, and the debate on its adoption proceeded. Messrs. Moore and Norman of Ashley County were the chief speakers against the adoption of the same and Mr. Brooks of Phillips and Mr. Hinds of Pulaski were its ablest champions. Lack of space will require that the report of the remarks made must consist of short extracts from the same.

Mr. Norman—Nothing so pointedly distinguishes us from the brute as the desire to live in favorable memory of those who are to come after us. The man of noble instincts feels that "it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." How forcibly this truth ought to impress itself upon the mind of every member of this convention! The work which we are doing is not for a party, nor for the fleeting life of a day. Possibly our children's children will bless us for our patriotic, wise, prudent, far-seeing statesmanship, or mayhap they may damn us through all the coming years of time,

for our folly, our partisanship, our wilful disregard of the teachings of history and the lessons of our Creator, inscribing upon our humble tombstones, "They gave to party what was meant for mankind." An intelligent and observing stranger from a remote country would be utterly astonished at the excitement, the turmoil, the angry and bitter contentions which agitate the public mind. * * * Uncertainty, despair, forebodings and "chimeras dire" hold their unwelcome revellings in all our bosoms, and, like Banquo's ghost, will not down at our bidding.

"Why," asks this uninformed stranger "all this? Why is business prostrated? Why this great financial crisis, while the issues of greenbacks are as thick as the 'leaves that strew the vale of Vallambrosa?' * * * Why are Jeremiahs and prophets of evil everywhere, weeping over our disasters or warning us of the future?"

* * * Our unsophisticated stranger who makes all these pertinent inquiries will be astonished to know that the now dominant party, fishing in the broad ocean of chance, for a new lease of power and plunder, could have hooked a scheme, so falsely named, and so fatally pregnant with mischief. RECONSTRUCTION is the word—which is only to be effected by the aid of African votes. This is the great sun before which all other issues and matters political and social "pale their ineffectual fire." The broad and startling proposition is announced to the world that no government can be made in these Southern States loyal and true without the aid of negro votes. Every white man who puts his fist to that clause of the proposed constitution signs a libel upon his race, and sanctions a wrong which he must know is unwarranted and unwarrantable. * * * They themselves know as well as they know that God is in Heaven and the Devil in hell, that if there had been no negro votes in the South to help lift to office and to plunder, we would have been long ago without any aid of theirs, the most beautifully reconstructed political fabric under the broad cerulean canopy. (Applause on the left.) O, how fatal is the spirit of party! It is now seeking to tear down a beautiful Corinthian temple, and erect in its stead a rude and disfigured fabric, with

unhewn and shapeless material from Dahomey and the Nile!

I tell you today, Mr. President, this opposition will grow stronger and stouter, with the developments of each returning day, and the time is not distant when all those who have attempted to degrade their own race will call upon the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them, to hide them from the wrath and indignation of an injured people. * * * We are hourly told that the State must have reconstruction, in order that peace, prosperity and quiet should follow in its wake. Is there any sensible, honest Arkansas Republican longer to be deceived by so gross and patent a falsehood? Look at the horrid and wicked oath which the proposed constitution requires to be taken, and do you really believe that there is any honest desire to reconstruct the State government upon honorable and just terms?*

Like Mr. Cypert of White and Mr. Bradley of Bradley, Mr. Norman now made his appeal to the "scalawags":

How basely have the Union men of Arkansas been betrayed! How have all their assertions been belied and falsified. How have all their hopes been disappointed! We believe that Arkansas could not secede—that Arkansas, once a State was always a State; that rebellion had abolished slavery, but not all the rights and privileges of American citizens; that to have been a slave and an African did not fit men for the high duties of statesmanship. Yet such are the dreadful teachings of the hour. Such are the solemn decla-

The circumstances under which this speech was delivered were not very encouraging. For several days the weather had been dark, rainy

^{*}Mr. Geo. W. Norman, the delegate who delivered the above notable speech is yet living (August, 1917), at Hamburg, Ashley county, at the age of ninety years. Born in the State of Georgia in 1827, he was graduated from the State University of that State, in 1849, with first honors of his class; admitted to the bar in Georgia in 1851; emigrated to Arkansas in 1859, and has practiced law here since that time. In 1862 he was elected to the State Senate from Ashley, Drew and Chicot counties, but that Legislature did not convene because it was prevented by the Federal authorities. In 1874 he was again elected to the State Senate, at the same time that Garland was elected Governor. Has not since held office, but has served as Special Judge in Ashley and adjoining counties.

rations, sought to be incorporated in the fundamental law of one of the once proud states of the American Union! * * *

I must appeal to you again, men of Arkansas—men whose destinies, whose all, are identified with our young and noble state. Will you let passion and prejudice, and the bitter memories of the past, warp your better judgment and blind your minds? "Whom, the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad." * * * By oaths, by gerrymandering, by means as detestable as they are unjust, three-fourths of the white people of Arkansas are deprived of voice in their own government. * * * You who can endorse that iniquity have stouter hearts than he who leads the forlorn hope or faces the booming cannon. For I assure you, the indignation, the frowns, the curse, the just and damning denunciation of a betrayed, hopeless and despairing people will haunt you to dishonored graves.

Come out from among them, then, my brothers of Arkansas!

"For while the light holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return." (Laughter.)

The angry passion of the day must soon give place to reason, and the wicked purpose to plunder, wither before the sunlight of truth! The people of the United States, and a coming Congress, will yet do us justice, and strike the manacles from our limbs. * * * I want us all to be brothers. I want that glorious old banner to be again the emblem of our national unity and brotherhood.

and foggy, typical of the gloom that was settling over Arkansas; within the Convention hall, the smoky kerosene lamps had been supplemented by a few flickering candles. The lobbies, galleries, and at times the aisles, of the hall were crowded with noisy negroes, who remained all during the night session to witness the triumph of their cause. On the floor of the Convention, he was confronted by a hostile and triumphant majority. There was little to inspire a great speech, but Mr. Norman rose to the occasion and delivered one of the greatest ever heard in the old State House.

So full of classical allusions, and historical illustrations, as well as prophecies afterward fulfilled, and yet so free from the personalities, which too often marred the proceedings, it is small wonder that it won the applause of his friends, but even gained the support of several of those who had opposed him.

But, sir, if that constitution upon your table becomes the law of the land, erase forever from the flag the star of Arkansas, and widen, and deepen, and lengthen the stripe, as a perpetual memorial of her degradation and her sorrows.²⁶

Mr. Moore of Ashley, colleague of the last speaker, Mr. Norman, followed him. Though not so eloquent as Mr. Norman, he was more bitter. In the course of his remarks he had a colloquy with several of the radical members, among them Mr. Brooks of Phillips, who was decidedly the "whip" of the radicals throughout the session. He asked that gentleman the question:

* * * Let me turn to my apostolic friends, who propose to live under the Bible, as the man of their counsel. Let me ask them, in all good conscience, if they can do this thing? I imagine they would shirk it, unless they are the sort of people who do not know the Bible, nor its teachings.

Mr. Brooks—Does the gentleman refer to that part of the Bible which says, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a

tooth?" (Laughter.)

Mr. Moore—Yes, sir. I mean to refer to that part of the Bible, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," and I mean to refer to that other part of the Bible that forbids a lie. * * * I did not come here to swear a lie. And were I to assist in proposing to the people of Arkansas a constitution that would enfranchise the African—or emancipated descendant of Africans, in these Southern States, if you will have it that way—I would be doing violence to the obligation I took, and every honest man would be doing violence to that obligation by taking such a course. * * * If we vote for the enfranchisement of the negro, we violate that sacred oath, for we violate the constitution of the United States.

This closing debate on the adoption of the constitution had progressed far into the night. Mr. Bradley of Bradley had given notice that he wished to speak on the question; several of the "scalawags" had grown restless under the eloquent appeal of Mr. Norman to the "Men of Arkansas," and indicated that they intended to break the caucus pledge,

²⁶ Debates and Proceedings, 629.

and vote against the instrument. So a vote was ordered by the majority party in the convention, and each member was allowed five minutes to explain his vote. None of the conservatives availed themselves of this opportunity, for the reason as given by Mr. C. W. Walker of Washington:

Mr. Walker (when his name was called)—Were I to enumerate all the objectionable features in that instrument I should consume all the rest of the night—it is already far spent. I do not think that any explanation of my vote is necessary—at least not in this body. My constituents will demand no explanation from me why I voted against that constitution, for I consider it such a thing as no respectable white man could vote for. I therefore vote, NO (applause on the left).²⁷

The conservatives contented themselves with presenting the following protest offered by Mr. Gantt of Prairie:

We, the undersigned delegates to the constitutional convention, do hereby protest against the above and foregoing constitution, and decline to endorse and sign it, as the same, in our opinion, is anti-republican, proscriptive, and destructive of the rights, liberties, and privileges of the people of this State.

This was signed by J. N. Cypert and Thomas Owen, delegates from White County; W. W. Adams of Izard, C. W. Walker and J. N. Hoge of Washington, Geo. W. Norman and W. D. Moore from Ashley, W. W. Reynolds from Benton, J. A. Corbell from Sevier, R. S. Gantt and W. F. Hicks from Prairie, James H. Shoppach from Saline, Joseph Wright of Carroll, Bouldin Duvall of La rence and John M. Bradley of Bradley.

Mr. Gantt asked that it be appended to the constitution, but the request was refused.

It will be observed that the name of Colonel Bradley of Bradley is signed to the above declaration, but evidently the mild protest contained in these few lines did not fully accord with his lurid ideas. His recent conversion to the conservative side had been a thorough, if not a happy one. His fiery soul refused to be quenched with any such mild declaration

²⁷Debates and Proceedings, 680.

as that. He sent to the secretary's desk the following burning message to posterity:

I ask to bequeath to my posterity no greater boon than to record my vote against that damnable engine of oppression and ruin. I ask my language to be cut in a rock, and lead poured into the letters, to stand forever. I vote nay.

John M. Bradley.

He accompanied this declaration with a five-minutes speech, and surely no address of that length ever contained so much of invective, denunciation and scriptural quotations as the words he hurled at his former friends and recent foes. A few extracts are given:

* * * I must, as a man who has spent his time and influence, and everything he had and was, in favoring a plan of reconstruction, under the military bill, and who came in good faith, expecting to assist in the compromise of all these great questions, growing out of the proposition for negro suffrage, say that now when I come to the last extremity, and find myself engorged with monstrosities-when I find a document which, if one could put on exhibition, throughout the United States, would make his fortune, as the rarest specimen of human production, ever known or heard of in all Christendom-I am compelled to oppose its adoption. * * * God and angels know that I am not trifling with this question! * * * But, gentlemen, after all this-in the name of God, in the name of your fathers and mothers, and of your sons who sleep in the graves of heroes, in the name of your children and those of your neighbors, I ask you if you propose to thrust in the same common school, with your child and mine, the children of the negro? * * * You insult the unfortunate people of Arkansas! I say it insults Heaven! And I say tonight, before my God, that no honest man, be he black or white, advocates such a measure; and I am responsible for what I say. * * *

I ask the gentleman (Mr. Brooks), who moved this evening the suspension of the rules, that this instrument be introduced here—have you ever read those passages of Holy Writ which says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which

despitefully use you and persecute you"—"Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also"? Do you propose to trample under your feet the bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh? Can you look upon the burning throne before which you shall stand, not only as a minister of the Gospel, but as a representative of your race, and face the record you make in this hall? I blush—your wife and children will blush—to see your record and read it in the face of future generations. I claim to be a Christian man, I was born in a Christian land; I have read the Bible and subscribed to its doctrines. I love it! I bind it with its teachings to my bosom—

Mr. Williams—I call the gentleman to time. (Cries of leave.) 28

Objection was made, and what further use the gentleman proposed to make of the sacred volume is lost to history.

Now, Mr. Brooks was a true sportsman, though a bad loser six years after. He asked leave as follows:

Mr. Brooks—I hope the gentleman will be allowed, by consent, to proceed.

But under objection the gentleman took his seat.

Mr. Brooks, when he came to reply on the roll call to Mr. Bradley, dropped the sarcastic tone that he had so often indulged in during the session and replied in the most solemn manner to the attacks that had been made on him by the gentleman from Bradley:

Mr. Brooks—I regret, and all gentlemen regret, that we were unable to reconcile all the conditions and conflicting views of the friends of reconstruction. (Referring to the desertion of some of the "scalawags.") But I hope the country at large will understand the position, assumed on this floor during the progress of the convention, and especially this evening, by the members of the opposition, in this body. The assaults which they have made, they have simply made because they are opposed to all reconstruction; as I might amply prove by the documents which I hold in my hand, and from which, did time allow, I would be gratified to read * * * while they appeal to the people against the civil and polit-

²⁸Debates and Proceedings, 661.

ical equality of the colored race with the white, with all the eloquence of the gentleman from Bradley (Mr. Bradley), who has given in recent adherence, in toto, to the opposition, and declared that he had been all the time with the "White Man's Party," the fundamental principle of whose doctrine is opposition to reconstruction, and who make such obligation obligatory upon all the members of their party.

Mr. Bradley—I never said any such thing.

The President—The chair insists that gentlemen must not be interrupted.

Mr. Brooks-I hope that every Republican member of this convention will vote with a distinct understanding, and with the issue distinctly presented to their minds, that gentlemen-a portion of them-who vote against this constitution, whatever may have been their professions, will vote as they have pledged themselves to vote, simply because they are opposed to all reconstruction. The position of other gentlemen, we, of course, understand, is taken on principle. They are opposed to the great cardinal principle upon which reconstruction and this constitution are based, namely, the equality of all men before the law. * * * I have not had the opportunity to address myself to that question, and I regret that none of us has had the opportunity to do so. But I do not blush to face my wife and daughters, nor the great judgment seat for my vote tonight, in favor of the freedom and equal privilege of all men. I vote aye. (Applause.) 20

Notwithstanding this earnest appeal to the "scalawags" to stand to their guns, nearly every one of them who responded by their votes for the constitution had some criticism to offer against the instrument. Several came over to the so-called opposition and cast their vote against it, being welcomed by hearty "Amens" from the gentleman from Bradley.

Mr. Grey, the eloquent colored member from Phillips, in casting his vote gained the good will of the Southern members by his mild demeanor, so different from the bitterness that marked the closing hours of the session. He said in closing:

²⁹ Debates and Proceedings, 663.

I was in hopes when I came to Little Rock that the time had dawned, so beautifully illustrated by the ladies in Columbia, Mississippi, some months ago, when, in strewing flowers upon the graves of the dead heroes of the war, they made no distinction between those who had fought in the two opposing ranks.

He then repeated two verses of Francis M. Finch's poem, closing with the lines:

"Under the blossoms, the Blue, Under the garlands, the Gray."

The poem was new at that time, although very familiar now, and doubtless this was the first time it had been quoted in a public address in Arkansas.

The final roll call was ordered, under the rules, and the result was "for the constitution" 45 votes, and against the adoption, 21. Those voting against the adoption were as follows:

W. W. Adams, William A. Beasley, John M. Bradley, Joseph H. Corbel, J. N. Cypert, Boldin Duvall, Robert S. Gantt, William F. Hicks, Anthony Hinkle, James M. Hoge, Samuel J. Mathews, W. D. Moore, George W. Norman, James P. Portis, R. G. Puntney, W. W. Reynolds, James H. Shoppach, R. C. Van Hook, Charles W. Walker, Ira L. Wilson. Joseph Wright. Total, 21.

All of the above named refused to sign the constitution, with the exception of Mr. Hinkle of Conway, who signed afterward. The names of the members who voted for the adoption can be found appended to the constitution of 1868. Mr. Owen of White was unavoidably absent, so his name does not appear on either list.³⁰

As the result was announced, it was received with "loud applause on the floor and with vehement and prolonged cheers from the galleries and lobbies," which had been crowded with negroes during the long hours of the night. Mr. Brooks clinched the matter by moving to reconsider the vote and to table that motion, which was also carried and greeted with loud cheers from the galleries, whereupon,

³nDebates and Proceedings, 657.

Mr. Cypert remarked: I have had a little experience in revolutionary movements. Six years ago I heard just such a clamor from those galleries as I heard a while ago. It shocked me then—it shocks me now.

Mr. Brooks—I am sorry for the gentleman's nerves, but I think he will feel better pretty shortly. (Laughter.) 21

And with this last tilt between those two, the constitution of 1868 started out on its troubled voyage.

The gentleman from White referred to the Secession Convention of 1861, of which he had been a member more than six years before. If Mr. Brooks could have looked forward another six years he would have realized in the full the forebodings of the other. He would have seen himself in the midst of a revolution of his own making, on this same spot—barricaded with his negro troops, in the Old State House,³² and surrounded by hostile troops—when there was "mounting in hot haste" throughout Arkansas, and fast-flying trains were bringing other men of a race who came

"With the fierce native daring which instills The stirring memory of a thousand years."

And then came his call on the President for Federal troops (the last resort of the Southern carpet-bagger), the refusal, and then—surrender.

These two met again for the last time during the session of the convention of 1874, when strange changes had come over the fortunes of both.

The one was a member of that convention, again from White County, and was entering upon a new career of honor and usefulness little dreamed of in 1868; the other was preparing to prosecute his contest for the governor's office in Congress, doomed to failure, as it seems that all his undertakings in Arkansas were doomed.

Of all the careers in Arkansas that of Mr. Brooks seems the most pathetic. He was a better man than Ames of Mississippi, Kellogg of Louisiana or Clayton of Arkansas; it was not his fault that the times were so sadly out of joint

³¹ Debates and Proceedings, 685.

³²Johnson's Brooks-Baxter War, Vol. 2, Ark. Hist. Pub., 122.

when he came to Arkansas; his mistake was in believing that he was born to set them right.

He has done the State some service, though they know it not. In his campaign for governor in 1872 he "went through the State like a fiery cross, * * * denouncing Clayton and Dorsey, and all of them, telling the people if they would elect him governor he would fill the jail so full of them that their legs would stick out of the windows." 35

He called the attention of the people, as no other man could have done, to the corruption that existed in State affairs at that time. And finally he precipitated a conflict that hastened by two years the awakening of the people from the long nightmare of reconstruction in Arkansas, a period filled with "Loyal Leagues" and "Ku Klux Klans," and "militia wars." In doing this, he placed himself outside the law, and those great lawyers, Garland and Rose, did not fail to avail themselves of it, and the people of Arkansas did not hesitate, when they knew that they had both law and right on their side.

The question may be asked why so much space has been devoted to Mr. Brooks. The answer is that this is a history of the constitutional convention of 1868, and he was the convention. No one can doubt this who reads the debates and proceedings of that body. He stood sponsor for the constitution at its birth; he was its ablest defender during the six years of its troubled existence, and was finally its victim, for it was a little clause of a section in that constitution, providing that the legislature should be the tribunal before which contests for governor should be tried that proved his final undoing.³⁴

He sowed to the wind in 1868; he reaped the whirlwind in 1874.

So far as the writer is informed, there are only two men now living who were members of this convention—Mr. J. H.

³⁵Poland's Speech in Congress, March 2, 1875; Vol. 3, p. 2108. Cong. Record.

³³Reynolds' Pope County "Militia War," Vol. 2, Ark. Hist. Pub.,

³⁴Article 6, section 19, Constitution of 1868; Baxter-Brooks, 29 Ark. 173; opinion Attorney General Williams, 190.

Shoppach, then a member from Saline County, who has for years been a familiar figure in the circuit court room at Little Rock, and Mr. C. W. Walker of Washington, an honored resident of Fayetteville. Loved and honored by the people among whom they have dwelled through long years, they are the survivors of a heroic age in Arkansas.

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CLAYTON'S AFTERMATH OF THE CIVIL WAR IN ARKANSAS.*

(BY MRS. U. M. ROSE.)

I have read with regret mingled with indignation Powell Clayton's book, "The Aftermath of the Civil War in Arkansas"-regret that one should spend his last days in writing a book that could do no good, but on the contrary only stir up bad feeling and indignation at the nature of the book. it being bitter in the extreme and in many things contrary to truth. Clayton had served in the Civil War, had been a member of the United States Senate, Embassador to Mexico, and had served many years as a member of the National Republican Committee, so he might have written a book that would have been of interest to many people; instead his Aftermath of the Civil War in Arkansas will be read by a very few people, as only those who lived during the days of Reconstruction—and they are few now—will feel any interest in it, and perhaps some of his personal friends. He evidently wrote it to justify his reign as Governor, but that could never be done, and it seems to me the book is very weak in defense of his course, besides being very bitter and very unfair to the people of our State. It is a very cunning book and to one who had known nothing of the conditions here it might seem that he gave us a very liberal government, but that is untrue. The one controlling motive with him seemed to be to humiliate the Southern people, and

^{*}Note.—Mrs. Margaret T. Rose, of Little Rock, wife of the late Judge U. M. Rose, is too well known on her own account—by the fruits of a lifetime spent in ceaseless ministering to the welfare of others—to need any chronicling here of her many good works. This much is certain. Mrs. Rose lived through the trying scenes of which she ventures to speak. Poise of judgment and freedom from bias qualify her in the highest sense to answer the indictments brought by the author of "The Aftermath of the Civil War in Arkansas."

to make them feel he was their master, and so he was, for he was upheld by the Federal Government and we could do nothing. He married a Southern woman and after the war—he had come to the State with the Federal army—he bought a plantation in Jefferson county and offered himself to the people as a candidate for Congress on the Democratic ticket, but the Southern men scorned his offer, for the war was just over and feeling still ran too high for Southern men to take a Yankee soldier as a candidate.

That refusal filled him with resentment and he came into office determined to show people what he could do. The Constitution adopted by his party gave the Governor almost absolute power and he was ready to take advantage of it and use his power to the utmost. He knew, and every one knew, he was elected by fraud, a specimen of which came under my own observation. We had an ignorant, rough negro hired as a yard man, and on the morning of the election he did not turn up, and we did not see him till the morning of the fourth day—the election lasted three days. When he came I said, "Stever, where have you been all this time." He said, "I was in dat place out dar, and they wouldn't let me out till de 'lection was ober." Three hundred negroes were camped out a little southwest of town and the first day they came in and voted the Republican ticket, the second day they marched in and voted, claiming to have been driven from the polls in Saline county. The third day they marched in and voted as negroes having been driven from the polls in Clark county. That is only one specimen of the election that put Clayton in, and such things were kept up all during the six years of reconstruction. It is a notorious fact that those in office during those six years stole everything in sight, even to the slate roof off the penitentiary. They bankrupted the city, the State and many of the counties.

Clayton tells nothing of that in his book. His inaugural promised very fair things, but he was false to all the fair promises made on that occasion. I do not think Clayton enriched himself as did those under him—perhaps he had a kind of pride that kept him from it; but he did noth-

ing to check those under him, and he signed all sorts of bills passed by the Legislature robbing the State and imposing very heavy taxes on the people under the pretense of building railroads and levees, and had not those bonds been repudiated after we got control of things the State would still be laboring under an immense debt for which she received nothing. He says the public schools were stopped after reconstruction was over. So they were for a time, for the State was so entirely out of funds we had to take time to recover before we could keep up schools or do anything else.

Clayton had not been long in power before he called out his militia to show what he could do, and to humble our people still further. He says they behaved beautifully, paid for all they had to take to subsist on, disturbed nobody, and killed nobody; that is, he does not tell of the killing of any one: all of which is most untrue. They paid for nothing, took what they wanted and killed men wherever they went. Take their raid in Woodruff county for instance. Clayton says they paid for everything and behaved most orderly, and he says nothing about their having killed any one, when in fact they went into Augusta, took possession of the town, took twelve of the leading citizens, put them in jail as hostages for the good behavior of the people, drove wagons up to the stores and took all they wanted, and before they left—I have forgotten how long they stayed there—they had killed ten men, though there had been no armed resistance offered or anything done to justify such conduct.

In some cases there was a pretense of a trial by court-martial; in other cases men were taken out of their beds and shot down without any trial at all; but Clayton tells nothing of these things, but says his militia was most orderly. Clayton was said to be a very brave man, but "guilt makes cowards of us all." All through his book he speaks of Ku Klux—it is Ku Klux, Ku Klux, Ku Klux everywhere. I think they must have haunted him by day and filled his dreams at night. I do not think the Ku Klux ever amounted to much in Arkansas. Colonel Harrell in his history of reconstruction says there was never but one

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meeting of Ku Klux in Little Rock, and that Clayton had a spy in that, and I presume he knew what he was writing about. Clayton pretends he had to be very severe to keep the Ku Klux down, but I am sure "the wish was father to the thought." A few men left the State, feeling they were not safe under Clayton's rule, and they may have been Ku Klux, but I do not know the cause of their leaving. Colonel Shaver, General McRea, Colonel Frolich and perhaps some others left because, as I said, they did not feel safe under Clayton, Clayton, being a very arbitrary man, soon stirred up opposition in his own party, the leaders of which opposition were Joseph Brooks and James M. Johnson, Lieutenant Governor. Clayton wanted to go to the United States Senate, but he was not willing to turn the State over to Johnson, who was not only opposed to him, but was suspected of being friendly toward the Southern people. It is said that every man has his price; time proved that Johnson at least had his, for after standing out some time against Clayton, he was won over, resigned as Lieutenant Governor, and was made Secretary of State, and Ezra Hadley, a puppet in Clayton's hands, was made Governor. So Clayton went to Washington, but he was as much Governor while there as when present in Little Rock, for he dictated to Hadley and the Legislature just what was to be done, and in fact as long as he lived he controlled the appointment of all government officers in the State under Republican presidents. Things became so bad here in Arkansas as to attract notice in the North and a great deal was said in the newspapers about the corruption in our State government; so Congress sent a deputation down here to investigate matters. The men came, were lavishly entertained by the carpetbaggers, never spoke to a Southern man, and went back and reported that all was right down here; but the New York Herald sent a correspondent, Mr. Nordoff, who mingled freely with our people and went back and wrote a fair account of things here, which did much to open the eyes of the Northern people to the true state of things under carpetbag rule.

Horace Greeley, the able editor of the New York Tribune, had been an ardent abolitionist and had done much to bring on the war, and had been cordially hated by the Southern people. But having carried his point in freeing the negroes, he seemed to lose his bitterness and really to feel kindly toward the South, and it was greatly through his agitation that President Davis was released from prison after having been held two years a prisoner without a trial, Horace Greeley going on his bond. A portion of the Republicans of the North came to feel with Greelev that the South had suffered enough, and they joined with the Democrats and nominated Greelev as candidate for the presidency in 1872. Their slogan was, "Honest men for office, thieves to the rear, and the enfranchisement of the Southern whites" -for you must remember that a very large part of the Southern men were disfranchised by Congress, and it was a notorious fact that under carpetbag rule but few Southern men were allowed to vote, or if they voted, their votes were not counted. Grant headed the regular Republican ticket and was elected by a very large majority, and it was said that Greeley was much pained by the fact that the negroes whom he had striven so hard to free nearly all voted against him. The Clayton faction were for Grant, while the Brooks faction declared for Greeley. Brooks had been most bitter against the South and almost seemed to think a negro better than a white man, but he declared for Greeley and came to the Southern people—there was to be an election for Governor and State officers that year-and told him if they would vote for him for Governor he would give them, if elected, a fair registration and an honest election. That was all the Southern people wanted, for that would turn the State over to its own people; so as much as they disliked Brooks they promised to support him, which they did, and he was elected but counted out by the Clayton crowd. Brooks went over the State making speeches declaring if he were elected he would fill the penitentiary so full with the thieves then in office their arms and legs would stick out the windows, and more of such talk. The corruption of officeholders had become so flagrant that it was deemed best to get new material

for Governor, so they selected Elisha Baxter of Batesville as candidate for Governor. Baxter was an honest, good man, a Union man from principle, and respected by all who knew him. Brooks was elected by a good majority, but Baxter was counted in; but he had not been Governor long before Clayton found he could not control him and friction began. My husband had known Baxter while we lived in Batesville, and while he differed from him in politics he respected him and met him kindly when he came here as Governor, and the friendship between them was unbroken. Baxter told him soon after he entered upon office that "he meant to do right and would be the tool of no man or party—he had a name to make for himself and family and he intended to be honest and act the man."

That was more than Clayton could stand, and he must get rid of him. Brooks went before the Legislature and claimed to have been elected, but they refused to hear his case. He then applied to the Supreme Court, but they decided that the Legislature alone had jurisdiction in the matter; but by some trickery that decision was not recorded and Brooks filed suit in the Circuit Court.

Great pressure was brought to bear on Baxter to get him to approve a bill passed by the Legislature granting the issue of bonds for railroads for several millions of dollars, but he positively refused to sign the bill. Dorsey, our other Senator, was deeply interested in the issuing of the bonds, as they were for his railroad, and perhaps Clayton, too, was interested in the railroad, though I am not sure of that. The break between Baxter and Clayton grew wider and Clayton and Dorsey came home from Washington in the spring of 1874. We knew something was brewing that meant no good to Arkansas, but we got no hint of what it was till the 15th of April, when it all came out. Brooks had gone over to Clayton and Dorsey, and they had made an agreement with Whitock, Circuit Judge, to decide for Brooks as Governor, and circumstances favored their scheme. Judge Dillon, then United States Circuit Judge. had come, as he did twice a year, to hold court, and he had called the bar together and told them he was much



pressed for time and asked them to give him their time so as to expedite business as much as possible, so the bar agreed that all business of importance in the other courts should be suspended during the few days Judge Dillon would be here. In the face of that agreement Brooks, with his attorney, went before Whitock-Baxter, not knowing this, had no representative present—and got a decision in Brooks' favor, and Brooks took some of his friends and went over to Baxter's office, showed him the order of the court and required him to vacate, and Baxter seeing no help for it left at once. It was pouring rain, and it poured all day; there were few people on the streets, the lawyers were in the United States Court, so it was not known till late in the day what had taken place as to Governors. Had Baxter made known what had been done and appealed to the people, the matter would have been settled at once by ejecting Brooks from the State House, but he made the mistake of going out to St. John's College, in the southastern part of town, and telegraphing to President Grant to reinstate him as Governor. That practically put it out of the power of the people to settle the matter, for President Grant ordered the troops then at the arsenal in the City Park to see that there was no engagement between the parties. We had a weary, hard month of it. Brooks men, mostly negroes, were in the State House, and Baxter's in the east of town, with headquarters in the Anthony House. There were one or two slight engagements and several men were killed and great fears were felt as to what might happen, as many negroes left the plantations and came to town and were loitering around idle and boasting of what they would do when Brooks triumphed-I do not suppose they had any doubt as to that—and so a whole month wore on, a month of the greatest anxiety, but at last, on the 15th of May, Grant decided in favor of Baxter, and the great cloud was lifted and we could breathe freely again.

Clayton treats the matter very lightly in his book, gives but few words to it and ridicules the idea of calling it a war, and says no one was killed and but one man wounded. But though the Brooks-Baxter war was a hard ordeal, it

proved to be a great blessing, for it ended carpetbag rule. Baxter realized, no doubt, the injustice of keeping up Republican rule over a Southern people and probably was disgusted with holding office, so he soon called a Constitutional Convention, an election was held and Mr. Garland was inaugurated Governor, I think in November, so the scheming of Clayton and Dorsey turned to our advantage and Clayton's rule in Arkansas was at an end.

The book gives such a false impression of Clayton's administration that I felt I did not want anyone who was not familiar with Reconstruction to read it, so I thought I would burn it, but Mr. Herndon said he would like to have it as he was trying to collect everything he could relating to the history of the State, and he hoped someone would be found who would answer it.

There are but few living now who went through that trying period, and the younger generation are busy with the present, so I fear the falsity of it will never be exposed, but there is comfort in the thought that it will be read by few and will soon be forgotten. I have written this for the enlightenment of our Memorial Chapter, for most of you have never known anything of Reconstruction days in Arkansas.

MARGARET T. ROSE.

P. S. I had forgotten to say that where Clayton states facts that are true—and he sometimes does—he puts them in such a light as to make them appear to the disadvantage of our people, and that is where the cunning of the book lies, and that was why I did not want any one who was not familiar with those times to read the book.

Mrs. U. M. Rose, Little Rock, Ark.

Augusta, Ark., August 14, 1915.

My Dear Mrs. Rose:

Replying to yours of recent date in regard to Powell Clayton's Memoirs, will say that almost a half century having elasped since this band of marauders visited our county, and in the course of nature all the men and women who were then in active life having been called over the Great Divide, I find it difficult to procure information from other sources, so will give you in a brief way what I remember:

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On the morning of December 8, 1868, there rode into Augusta, under command of D. P. Upham, about one hundred mountaineers that had been recruited from the counties of Sharp and Independence, and to which was added floaters from everywhere attracted by the possibility of pillage. I happened to be in Augusta and saw them. As soon as they had taken charge of the town, drove their wagons to the front doors of the stores and loaded them with whatever they found, while each individual helped himself to anything of value which attracted his attention, and you can imagine that it was not difficult to satisfy the taste of this bunch, dressed in butter-nut and coon skin caps.

One of the first military strokes was to arrest and imprison in an old two story brick store in Augusta, about ten or twelve of the most substantial citizens in and near Augusta who were held as hostages and the threats scattered broadcast, that if harm should come to this bunch of free-booters these citizens would pay the penalty with their lives, which we afterwards discovered was no idle threat, as a part of these men were afterwards taken from this improvised prison under cover of darkness and shot to death, although no harm had been done to this bunch of guardians of the peace (who were paying for everything, as Mr. Clayton's Memoirs say).

Now, to be brief, they took any and everything they could lay their hands on, and paid for nothing. They murdered about ten of our citizens, one of them my uncle, Mr. James Bland. Going to his home under cover of darkness, and taking him to within a short distance of his gate and within hearing of his family, shot him to death. Also add to this list Dr. McKenzie, a prominent physician; John Tharp, the sheriff of the county, and an officer of the English Navy in uniform, whose name I do not recall, and who was a visitor in the country, and of course not a citizen, was murdered and left on the roadside and afterwards buried by us. They black-mailed my father for a large sum of money to secure the release of my brother, and this, was only one of many instances.

To sum up, the war had only been over three years and a proud race of people had been asked to do what no other nation on earth ever attempted. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil with equal political and civil rights, almost equal numerically, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility. One for a century in the servitude of the other and freed at last by a desolating war that trailed in the dust the flag of this same proud people, and yet, smarting under the sting of defeat, stripped of everything, our homes burned, we were yet expected to meet this race of newly enfranchished citizens who were yesterday our servants without friction; and, because we failed, our county was placed under martial law, our best citizens murdered, our civil offices filled by a horde of adventurers and carpet-baggers, outcasts at home and most of them thieves everywhere. This, for the Memoirs, without gloss of romance, but the plain truth.

Hoping that this may be of service to you in learning the true facts, I am,

Your friend.

MINOR GREGORY.



NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY IN THE PRAIRIE.

(BY ALBERT PIKE.)

His breast was armed 'gainst Fate, his wants were few;
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet;
The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's cold and welcomed summer's heat.

-Byron.

The world of prairie which lies at a distance of more than three hundred miles west of the inhabited portions of the United States, and south of the river Arkansas and its branches, has been rarely, and parts of it never trodden by the foot or beheld by the eye of an Anglo-American. Rivers rise there in the broad level waste, of which, mighty though they become in their course, the source is unexplored. Deserts are there, too barren of grass to support even the hardy buffalo; and in which water, except in here and there a hole, is never found. Ranged over by the Cumanches, the Pawnees, the Caiawas, and other equally wandering, savage, and hostile tribes, its very name is a mystery and a terror. The Pawnees have their villages entirely north of this part of the country, and their war parties—always on foot-are seldom to be met with to the south of the Canadian, except close in upon the edges of the white and civilized Indian settlements. Extending on the south to the Rio del Norte, on the north to a distant unknown, eastwardly to

Note.—Mrs. Frederick Hanger, in a chapter entitled "Art and Literature in Arkansas," volume 1, page 475 of Hempstead's "History of Arkansas," writes as follows:

[&]quot;Arkansas' first great writer has never lost the prestige of being considered Arkansas' greatest writer. Albert Pike, journalist, lawyer, linguist, archaeologist, prose and poetical writer, was a native of Massachusetts. In very early manhood he became a resident of Arkansas. His wonderful poem, 'Hymns to the Gods,' was written in 1831 and sent in 1839 from Arkansas to Edinburgh, to the editor, critic and reviewer, Christopher North, who published this poem of six hundred

within three or four hundred miles of the edge of Arkansas Territory, and westwardly to the Rocky Mountains, is the range of the Cumanches. Abundantly supplied with good horses from the immense herds of the prairie, they range, at different times of the year, over the whole of this vast country. Their war and hunting parties follow the buffalo continually. In the winter they may be found in the south, encamped along the Rio del Norte, and under the mountains; and in the summer on the Canadian and to the north of it, and on the Pecos. Sometimes they haunt the Canadian in the winter, but not so commonly as in the summer.

It is into this great American desert that I wish to conduct my readers—first solemnly assuring them that what I am about to relate is perfectly the truth, and that nothing is exaggerated or extenuated in the narration.

In the month of September, 1831, Aaron B. Lewis residing at the time near Fort Towson, on Red river, in the territory of Arkansas, was induced to undertake a journey to the province of New Mexico, allured by the supposed immense riches in that country and the opportunity which he imagined there was in making a fortune there. He looked upon New Mexico as a sort of Utopia, a country where gold and silver were abundant and easily obtained. In short, his ideas of it were precisely such as the word Mexico generally suggests to the mind. Neither has he been alone in his delusion. With a blindness unaccountable, men still continue rushing to Santa Fe, as if fortunes were to be had there for

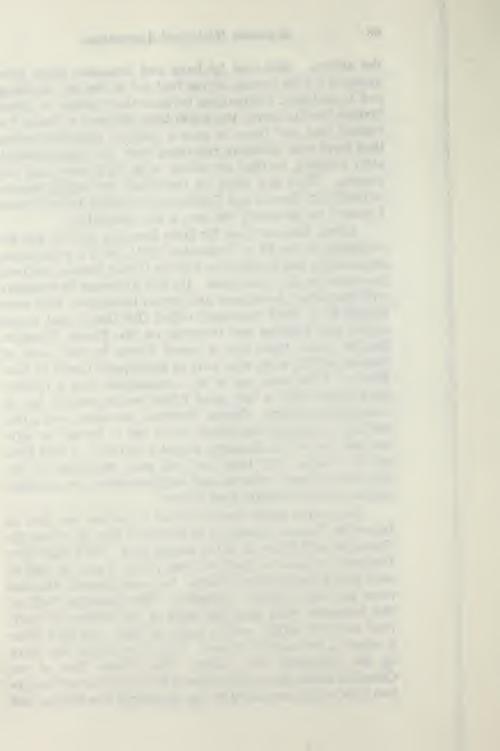
lines in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' with the introductory notes of his own, in which he said: 'These fine hymns entitle this author to take his seat in the highest orders of his country's poets.' It was a far cry from Arkansas to the British Isles in those days, but Albert Pike's pen voice was heard, and many of his poems appeared in English periodicals. In 1834 the poet published 'Prose Sketches and Poems.' In 1854 he had privately printed for distribution among his friends a beautiful edition de luxe of his poems entitled 'Nugae.' A few of these copies are still in the possession of descendants of the person to whom they were given, with the name of the favorite friends of the poet embossed in gold letters on the cover of the book."

In 1835 General Pike published the "Narrative of a Journey in the Prairie" as a serial in the columns of his paper, "The Arkansas Advocate," whence it is resurrected and reproduced here.

the asking. Men who by hard and incessant labor have amassed a little money, laying that out to the last farthing, and in addition, mortgaging perhaps their farms to obtain farther credit, convey the goods thus obtained to Santa Fe, hoping thus and there to gain a fortune, notwithstanding they have seen numbers returning poor and impoverished, after starting, as they are doing, with high hopes and full wagons. Here and there an individual, by buying beaver or trading to Sonora and California for mules, returns home a gainer, but generally the case is far otherwise.

Lewis, however, was far from knowing all this, and accordingly on the 3d of September, 1831, with a good horse, ammunition and blankets he left the United States, and bent his course to the mountains. He left Arkansas in company with two other Americans and eleven Cherokees, who were headed by a chief commonly called Old Dutch, and whose object was hunting and trapping on the Fausse Washita. Besides these, there was a young doctor by the name of Monro, and his wife, who were to accompany Lewis to New Mexico. Chambers, one of his companions, was a middlesized young man, a very good fellow on the prairie, but of very little use there. George Andrews, the other, was a big, obstinate cowardly Dutchman, of no use to himself or anyone else, and of no character except a bad one. Lewis himself is a large, very large and tall man, red-faced, of undaunted bravery, coolness, and self-possession, an excellent hunter, and of constant good humor.

The course which they intended to pursue was then to follow the Fausse Washita to its head and then to cross the Canadian, and follow it to the wagon road. As I shall have frequent occasion to speak of these rivers, I may as well at once give a description of them. No maps describe the Red river and the Colorado correctly. The Canadian fork of the Arkansas rises near the head of the Arkansas itself, runs south to within seventy miles of Taos, and then takes a course a little south of east. It is there called Red river by the Spaniards and traders. The North Fork of the Canadian heads about fifty miles to the northeast of Taos, in two hills, which are called by the Spaniards Las Orejas, and



by the Americans, the Rabbit Ears. The North fork itself is called there Rabbit Ears creek. The Faussee Washita heads about three hundred miles to the east of Taos, in some prairie hills, and a man can travel in half a day from the head of the principal branch of it to the Canadian, at a large bend of the latter. Red river rises in the prairie not far south of Santa Fe, and between one and two hundred miles east of it. The heads of it are salt, and, as well as the Colorado, it has a wide sandy bed, and but little water, until it reaches nearly to the Cross Timbers, within three hundred miles of the settlements of the whites. I shall describe the Colorado or the Brazos hereafter.

I have never seen the Fausse Washita far above the Cross Timbers. It is above them, a small clear stream of water, always running. Where I crossed it, it was perhaps one hundred yards wide, deep and with not very bluff banks. Above this it is bordered by a strip of timber, generally from one eighth to a quarter of a mile wide, and on the outside of this, a prairie bottom half a mile, and in some places a mile wide, of exceedingly rich land. These bottoms extend to the diance of more than a hundred and fifty miles above the Cross "mbers. It is indeed the best hunting ground of the west for deer, buffalo, and bear, and the trees are abundantly stored with delicious honey. The timber is chiefly oak, walnut, and pecan, and close to the bank cottonwood and sycamore

Of the early part of this route—that is, from Fort Towson to the Cross Timbers—Lewis can give but a vague and confused account. Most of the time he was sick, and in addition to this, the Cherokees, whose purpose was hunting, loitered along so slowly—killing deer as they went and accommodated their course so constantly to this pursuit—that there could be but little possibility of remembering the route distinctly. What I know about it is derived rather from my own passage through the same part of the country than from that of Lewis. Leaving Fort Towson, as before stated, on the 3d of September, they took the road, which crossing the Kiamiche, goes on to the ford of Boggy—a branch of Red river, running into it below the Washita. The country

is beautifully diversified—hills covered with oak and hickory, rolling prairies with their tall swarthy grass waving in the wind, and here and there creek bottoms, flush with greenness. In parts, however, the country has a bleak and barren appearance, which becomes much more marked when the sun scorches up the prairies, and the hot fire runs over them leaving only bleak, black and barren wastes, undulating in gloomy loneliness, and here and there spotted with a clump of trees, leafless, grey and gnarled, perhaps scorched with the fire which has gone over the prairie.

As they proceeded farther to the west, the prairies became larger, and bore in a greater degree that look of stern silence which hardly ever fails to impress itself on anyone who first enters a plain to which he can see no bounds. Crossing Boggy at the ford below the Forks, just beyond which the road lost itself in the prairie, they kept on to the ford of the creek called Blue, or Blue-Water-crossed it, and in a few days entered the hills of the Fausse Washita, on the north side of that river-high, broken, and precipitous elevations, in which they were entangled for the space of two or three days. Where I afterward passed through these hills, they are devoid of timber; but where Lewis went through on his outward trip, they were, generally, thickly covered with low scrub oaks and briers, forming, as it seemed, a portion of the Cross Timbers, into which they entered as soon as they left the hills. Passing through the Cross Timbers—in width there, about fifteen miles—they struck for the first time the Fausse Washita.

These Cross Timbers are a belt of timber, extending from the Canadian, or a little farther north, to an unknown distance south of Red river. The belt is in width from fifteen to fifty miles, composed of black-jack and post-oak, with a thick underbrush of small bushy oak, and briers, in places absolutely impervious. About this time Lewis lost his horse, which wandered off one night and was never found again. He was now, like Andrews and Chambers, on foot. Just beyond the Cross Timbers, Monro and his wife left him and returned to the white settlements, weary of the journey. It was well that they did so. **

Fifty miles above the Cross Timbers, upon the Washita, and on the morning of the 12th of October, Lewis and his two companions parted from the Cherokees, though with the utmost reluctance on the part of the latter, who were urgent for them to remain and trap with them. Thus far there had been to them, and there is to any man, but little danger. The Pawnees are sometimes, but very seldom, found below the Cross Timbers—the Cumanches never. Now, however, commenced the danger. The heads of the Washita and the western part of the Canadian are the homes of the latter tribe. It was not the nature, however, of either Lewis or Chambers to fear, and they, encumbered by Andrews, pushed boldly up the river. The country was now changed. On each side of the river, after leaving the bottom, there was a high, level, and dry prairie, where grass grows only to the height of two or three inches, and, by the month of October, is scorched, curled and grey, affording little or no sustenance to anything but the buffalo.

No man can form an idea of the prairie, from anything which he sees to the east of the Cross Timbers. Broad, level, grey and barren, the immense desert which extends thence westwardly almost to the shadow of the mountains, is too grand and too sublime to be imaged by the narrow contracted, undulating plains to be found nearer the bounds of civilization.

Imagine yourself, kind reader, standing in a plain to which your eye can see no bounds. Not a tree, nor a bush, not a shrub, not a tall weed lifts its head above the barren grandeur of the desert; not a stone is to be seen on its hard beaten surface; no undulation, no abruptness, no break to relieve the monotony; nothing, save here and there a deep narrow track worn into the hard plain by the constant hoof of the buffalo. Imagine then countless herds of buffalo, showing their unwieldy, dark shapes in every direction as far as the eye can reach, and approaching at times to within forty steps of you; or a herd of wild horses feeding in the distance or hurrying away from the hateful smell of man, with their manes floating, and a trampling like thunder. Imagine here and there a solitary antelope, or, perhaps, a

whole herd, fleeing off in the distance like the scattering of white clouds. Imagine bands of white, snow-like wolves prowling about accompanied by the little grey prairie wolves, who are as rapacious and as noisy as their bigger brethren. Imagine, also, here and there a lonely tiger-cat, lying crouched in some little hollow, or bounding off in triumph, bearing some luckless little prairie dog which it has caught straggling about at a distance from its hole. If to all of this you add a band of Cumanches, mounted on noble swift horses, with their long lances, their quiver at the back, their bow, perhaps their gun, and their shield ornamented gaudily with feathers and red cloth, and round as Norval's or as the full moon; if you imagine them hovering about in the prairie, chasing the buffalo or attacking an enemy, you have an image of the prairie, such as no book ever described adequately to me.

I have seen the prairie under all its diversities, and in all its appearances, from those which I have described to the uneven, bushy prairies which lie south of Red river, and to the illimitable State Prairie, which lies from almost under the shadow of the mountains to the heads of the Brazos and of Red river, and in which neither buffaloes nor horses are to be found. I have seen the prairie, and lived in it in summer and winter. I have seen it with the sun rising calmly from its breast, like a sudden fire flushing in its sky with quiet and sublime beauty. There is less of the gorgeous and grand character, however, belonging to them, than that which accompanies the rise and set of the sun upon the ocean or upon the mountains; but there is beauty and sublimity enough in them to attract the attention and interest the mind.

I have seen the mirage, too, painting lakes and fires and groves on the grassy ridges near the bounds of the Missouri in the still autumn afternoon, and cheating the traveler by its splendor and deceptions. I have seen the prairie, and stood long and weary guard in it, by moonlight and starlight and storm. It strikes me as the most magnificent, stern, and terribly grand scene on earth—a storm in the prairie. It is like a storm at sea, except in one respect—and in that it

seems to me to be superior. The stillness of the desert and illimitable plain, while the snow is raging over its surface, is always more fearful to me than the wild roar of the waves. and it seems unnatural—this dead quiet while the upper elements are so fiercely disturbed; it seems as if there ought to be the roll and the roar of the waves. The sea, the woods, the mountains, all suffer in comparison with the prairiethat is, on the whole—although in particular circumstances either of them is superior. We may speak of the incessant motion and tumult of the waves, the unbounded greenness and dimness, and the lonely music of the forests, and the high magnificence, the precipitous grandeur and the summer snow of the glittering cones of the mountains; but still, the prairie has a stronger hold upon the soul, and a more powerful if not so vivid an impression upon the feelings. Its sublimity arises from its unbounded extent, its barren monotony and desolation, its still, unmoved, calm, stern, almost selfconfident grandeur, its strange power of deception, its want of echo, and in fine, its power of throwing a man back upon himself and giving him a feeling of lone helplessness. strangely mingled at the same time with a feeling of liberty and freedom from restraint. It is particularly sublime, as you draw nigh to the Rocky Mountains and see them shot up in the west, with their lofty tops looking like white clouds resting upon their summits. Nothing ever equaled the intense feeling of delight with which I first saw the eternal mountains marking the western edge of the desert. But let us return to Lewis.

After leaving the Cherokees, he and his companions kept up the Washita for eight days, until it became so small that they could step across it, and branched out into a number of small heads, coming down from different parts of the prairie. In those eight days they traveled two hundred and fifty miles. Lewis was loaded with his heavy gun, his saddle bags full of clothes, and generally from ten to forty pounds of buffalo meat. Game was abundant thus far, and they suffered nothing but fatigue.

Oct. 20—On this day, in the morning, they left the main Washita, now very small, and struck a course nearly west

two degrees north, through the prairie. After traveling in a treeless and broken prairie until midnight, they came upon a deep hollow, near the head of it, in which water was running towards the main Washita, and encamped under a big elm.

Oct. 21.—Started again, and traveled all day towards the dividing land between them and the waters of the Canadian, and at midnight came to the head of another hollow, similar to the one the night before. This Lewis takes to be the head of the longest branch of the Fausse Washita. From this head of the Washita, to the Cross Timbers is probably three hundred and forty miles, not calculating the bends of the river, but keeping a course nearly straight.

Oct. 22.—This morning they left the headwaters of the Washita, and after traveling about twenty miles in a course west two degrees north, they came upon a hollow from which a little branch ran into the Canadian. All this day it rained. The country between the headwaters of the Washita and this part of the Canadian, is a high, broken, uneven prairie. Here they killed a bear, cut up the meat, and built a fire under it to dry and preserve it. This day I was traveling upon the Semaron, a branch of the Arkansas to the south, between it and the Canadian. I was in a company of thirty men guarding ten wagons.§

Oct. 23.—This morning the adventurers left their camp, and kept their course for about four miles, when they struck the Canadian and crossed it, and in the evening, thinking that they would obtain no water, they altered their course, turned to the southwest, and, crossing the river again to the south, encamped on the bank. Lewis computes this day's travel at eighteen miles.

Oct. 24.—Left camp, and traveled about six miles up the Canadian on the south side, then crossed it to the north and left it, keeping their regular course west, two degrees north. They soon came into high sand hills, and encamped at night, finding no water. About midnight Lewis insisted on starting and finding water, and they did so, and in the morning came upon a large creek running into the Canadian.

Oct. 25.—After staying an hour or two at the water, left it, and kept their course all day, and at night, owing to a large bend in the Canadian, they came upon it again, and encamped on the river. It had snowed all day, but ceased at sunset. This day our company reached the middle spring of the Semaron, and the last watch this night of eight hours belonged to me. Stood it without fire for three hours, and then built me a fire of the buffalo ordure which we had gathered for mess fuel. During my watch a horse froze to death.

Oct. 26.—They traveled all day again, and encamped at night on a small creek half a mile from the main river. The weather was very cold in the morning, but moderated toward night. Country as before, broken uneven prairie, covered with oak bushes, about a foot and a half high.

Oct. 27.—They traveled all day and encamped in the prairie, and melted snow in a tin kettle which Chambers carried. Still kept their course west, two degrees north.

Oct. 28.—Traveled all day, and encamped again in the prairie, at a hole where buffalo had been rolling, called by hunters, a buffalo wallow, and containing water.

Oct. 29.—Traveled all day and encamped on a little fork of clear water to the north—a branch probably of the Semaron or perhaps of the north fork of the Canadian.

Oct. 30.—Traveled all day, and at night encamped on another little fork running north.

Oct. 31.—Traveled all day in a high, barren, undulating prairie; found water once or twice during the day, but at night slept in the prairie without a drop. This is the beginning of what Lewis calls the water scrape.

Nov. 1.—Started in the morning early, and traveled all day without water; likewise traveled all night without rest or cessation.

Nov. 2.—High, barren prairie; all day no water. They traveled constantly and eagerly until about two of the afternoon on their course, and then changed it and traveled a due south course. Night came, but did not delay them, and it was not till the morning star rose, that, weary and tormented with thirst, they lay down and slept.

Nov. 3.—Towards day they arose, and started again, in a course still due south. About 10 in the morning, Lewis threw away his saddle-bags, pistols, blankets, and about forty weight of buffalo meat. Chambers had thrown his meat down the evening before, and Lewis had added it to his load. Early in the morning Chambers went ahead promising to keep the course, and whenever he reached water to return with a bucket full to Lewis and Andrews. After leaving them he saw an antelope, and went out of his course to kill it for the sake of drinking the blood. He thus lost the course and his companions. Towards evening Lewis killed an antelope and drank the blood. It drank like new milk, but increased the thirst ten fold. All night they kept slowly along the dry prairie without water, till about two hours before day, when they lay down and slept. Lewis had now become so weak as to be unable to shoulder his gun except by placing one end on the ground and getting under it; and he went staggering along through the prairie like one who had long been sick.

Nov. 4.—Started again at daylight, and proceeded slowly along the plain, and about the middle of the forenoon descried the high, broken country of the Canadian. About two of the afternoon they reached the river, almost exhausted. As Lewis drank he forced himself to vomit, and the water came from his stomach as cold as it entered it. He tells me that he is certain of having drunken at least three gallons of water. This day, after seeing the river, they fired the prairie, as a signal to Chambers. He saw it, but supposing it to proceed from Indians, was afraid to approach it. He struck the river early in the morning, about ten miles above the place where Lewis and Andrews came upon it.

Nov. 5 and 6.—Lay at the same place, in order to gather strength for traveling. Killed a fat cow.

Nov. 7.—They made preparations for going back to find the articles which they had thrown away. Lewis took four gallons and a half of water in a cased deerskin, which he had been carrying, and as Andrews insisted on going ahead and keeping the course, he allowed him to do so. In the after noon, finding that they had lost their course, they returned to their camp again.

Nov. 8.—Started again this morning, Lewis going ahead and bearing the water. They traveled all day, and at night encamped in the prairie, with no water except what they bore with them.

Nov. 9.—Traveled still north until about hoon, when, despairing of finding their property, and fearing to suffer again from thirst, they turned their course to the southwest and at night encamped on the head of a large creek running toward the main Canadian.

Nov. 10.—Followed the creek down for about ten miles, and encamped in a grove of cottonwood, on the same creek.

Nov. 11.—Left the creek and traveled west all day, until late in the evening; they struck the Canadian again, and saw Chambers track on the river bank. They had supposed him to be dead.

From this to the sixteenth they kept up the river slowly, and Lewis has but a confused remer brance of this part of the trip. On the sixteenth it commenced raining in the morning, and finding a cave in the bluff bank, in which they could be sheltered, and rolling a large pine root to the mouth of it, they were very comfortable all night, though but poorly clad, and with no blankets. Lewis' dress consisted of a pair of linen pantaloons and a shirt, with a pair of deerskin moccasins. It hailed towards night severely, and about midnight cleared off very cold.

Nov. 17.—Started very late, and went down the creek about half a mile, and encamped again in a cottonwood grove, where Andrews killed, for the first time, something to eat, viz. a little "puck." All this day the cold was intense.

Nov. 18.—Started in the morning in a snowstorm, and traveled nearly all day. In the evening they encamped in a bleak place, and made a fire with cedar, which was thinly scattered about on the bluff banks of the river. The snow round the fire melted, and the mud was soon knee deep. When, during a lull in the storm, Lewis saw up the river about half a mile a grove of cottonwood, and proposed going and encamped there, George answered that "'py cot,' it was

petter here as there, and he would not co." "Stay, then," was the answer of Lewis, and taking his gun and a brand of fire, he went on, but had not proceeded more than a hundred yards, when looking back he saw Andrews puffing along behind him. They soon made a large fire, raked away the snow and sat out the night by their fire—comfortable—as Lewis says.

I met this storm at the Point of Rocks, about sixteen miles to the northeast of the Canadian, at the crossing of the wagon road under the mountain. This Point of Rocks is a high ridge of mountain, which, dividing at this place, and jutting out into the prairie in three spurs, ends abruptly, making a high and imposing appearance in the boundless plain in which they stand. Between these three points two canons run up into the bosom of the ridge—(by which word canon the Spaniards express a deep, narrow hollow among the mountains). We arrived here on the eighteenth, after the first storm, and seeing indications of another approaching, we encamped early, running our wagons in a straight line across the mouth of the northern canon. Our mess pitched our tent on the south end of the line-fronting the line—and we then employed ourselves all the afternoon in cutting and bringing from the sides of the mountain the small, rough cedars, which grow there in abundance, and we soon gathered huge piles on the outside of the wagons. Our oxen and the one or two horses yet left were driven far up the hollow, and about ten of the evening I ascended the side of the hollow and stood guard two hours-which standing guard consisted in wrapping myself in a blanket and lying down under the lee of a rock. When my guard was off, Schench and myself retired to our tent, and I slept out the night under two buffalo robes and two blankets. He, poor fellow, is since dead.

Two or three hours before daylight, the storm commenced with terrific violence, and I never saw a wilder or more terrible sight than was presented to us when day came. The wind swept fiercely out of the canon, driving the snow horizontally against the wagons, and sweeping onward into the wide prairie, in which a sea of snow seemed raging.

Objects were not visible at a distance of twenty feet, and when now and then the lull of the wind permitted us to look farther out into the plain, it only gave us a wider view of the dim desolation of the tempest. There was small comfort at the fires, immense though they were; for as gust after gust struck the wagons, the snow blew under them and piled around us, while the cold seemed every moment to increase in intensity. For some time in the morning we were crowded together in our tent, but while eating our breakfast in it the pins gave way and we were covered with snow.

We then pitched it again in the lee of the wagons, with its mouth to the prairie. In the evening we all turned out, although the cold was hardly supportable, and cut and carried wood to a sheltered place on the side of the mountain, where our sapient captain had directed us to stand guard. We then stuffed boughs of cedar under the wagon, in the lee of which our mess fire was built, and also built us a shelter at each end of the wagon, and managed to enjoy some small degree of comfort.

Nov. 19.—We left the Point of Rocks, in spite of the deep snow and the intense cold, leaving also some six or eight oxen frozen to death, and although I ran backward and forward in the track of the wagons all day, still I froze my feet before I stopped at night. Such was the weather in which Lewis and Andrews lay without a blanket or coat by the fire in the open air. There is but small comfort in the prairie in such a storm, even when a man has blankets and clothes in abundance; but when he is nearly naked, and sits all the long night shivering by the fire which is the only barrier between him and death, it requires the greatest fortitude to bear the feelings of utter misery and desolation which throng upon the heart.

Lewis and Andrews traveled this morning four or five miles, and stopped in a grove of cottonwood. After making a fire, Andrews shot a turkey, and called to Lewis to run and catch it. Lewis did so, and was hotly engaged in pursuit of the turkey, when he came upon an old buck, and shot him. Andrews, however, was enraged, and "would rather have his turkey as fifty pucks."

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE 2 Nov. 20.—This day Lewis left the Canadian, and followed a small southern branch of it which heads within five miles of the junction of the Demora and Sepellote (branches likewise of the Canadian), which junction takes place on the wagon road, within fifty miles of San Miguel, and within fifteen miles of the Gallinas branch of the Pecos, which is itself a branch of the Del Norte.

The progress of Lewis was now slow, owing to Andrews who pretended great fatigue and incapability of walking. They traveled this day about six miles, and encamped in a cliff of rocks on the creek.

Nov. 21.—This day they ascended the first bench of mountain, and came into prairie again; traveled about ten miles in the whole, and found water in a hollow rock.

Nov. 22—They started, aiming to go to a long mountain covered with timber, which lay in the course. In the afternoon Lewis saw a piece of timber to the left, and thinking it impossible to reach the timbered hill, proposed going and encamping in the nearest timber. Andrews was, as Lewis expressed it, "for fooling along, and killing antelope." They held a long confab, and at length Andrews agreed to go to it. But after turning towards the timber and proceeding a short distance, they saw a smoke in it, and Andrews again refused to go thither, alleging that it was Indians; and Lewis, enraged, went on without him, saying that he would go thither if there were five hundred Indians in the timber. Andrews followed. On arriving at the edge of the timber Lewis stopped, primed his gun anew, and picked the flint. Andrews by this time had come up, and observed with some surprise, "that Lewis did allow to fight." A little further and they saw a track. It was that of Chambers. They were within five steps of him before he knew it. He had always supposed them dead, but they had seen his track along at intervals, and even that day, going to the right of them. Reader, you can imagine their joy at meeting.

Chambers, as Lewis says, "never expected to get no place, and had only concluded to keep going till he died." He had killed a panther that night—after being encamped here a day or two—and all three now feasted on panther meat.

Nov. 23.—Lay by, in a snow storm.

Nov. 24.—Moved camp about half a mile to better timber, and encamped again. Our wagons in the meantime had crossed the Canadian, and were encamped about twenty miles beyond in a grove of pine timber, within seventeen miles of the foot of the first high mountain on the road to Taos.

Nov. 25.—The storm ceased, and the weather was intensely cold. This day Lewis and his small party moved two miles, and stopped for fear of freezing, encamping on the same little creek which I have mentioned before. This day a party of us left the wagons and went into Taos. The blue mist hung about the mountains, and gathered into icicles on our beards and blankets, and the snow was knee deep. The climate in which I was born is cold enough, but I never experienced anything equal to the cold of this day. All our party, except one or two froze their feet. This was the kind of weather in which Lewis traveled with a pair of linen pantaloons, a shirt, a deer skin on his breast with the hair in, and one on his back with the hair out, and a pair of thin moccasins. We this day traveled twenty-five miles, a part of which was up one of the highest mountains to be seen around us, and encamped in a grove of hemlock and pine, which the reader will hereafter find mentioned as the encamping ground of Lewis. There were two pack mules ahead of us, and we walked all day in their steps, which was the only path. It was no strange thing that Lewis could not travel.

Nov. 26.—Lewis this day traveled about four miles, and encamped in the snow on the head of a hollow in pine timber.

Nov. 27.—Our adventurers traveled this day about nine miles and came upon the waters of the Demora—that is, upon a small branch running towards this creek. This day our party from the wagons reached the foot of the last mountain on the road to Taos.

Nov. 28.—Lewis this day traveled all day, and gained about four miles. In the evening they killed an old buffalo and, finding his flesh too poor to be eaten, they cleansed and

ate the entrails, encamping at night on the same branch of the Demora. This day, about ten in the evening, our party reached the still-house in the valley, within three miles of Taos.

Nov. 29.—This day they traveled about eight miles, and in the middle of the afternoon stopped on the main Demora, where, in a few minutes, Lewis killed two blacktailed deer. I have often mentioned these deer. They are larger than the deer which are found in the United States, and in fact, their skin is sometimes so large that it might be mistaken for an elk skin. They are of a darker color than our deer, more clumsily made, and not so fleet, neither is their flesh so good, but their skins are much better.

Nov. 30.—This day they lay by.

Dec. 1.—Directly after starting, they came upon the road at the junction of the Demora and Sepellote, which the reader will find mentioned hereafter as the place whence I went into San Miguel. Had Lewis continued on the Demora to the old village, and thence through the pass of the mountains, he would have found a broken trail, and would have gone in with much more ease. He wished to do so; Andrews, however, who had been in Taos before, and in fact had a wife there, assured him that they could not go in that way for the snow, but that they must go to a timbered hill which lay to the right and can be seen from the junction of the roads, and that beyond this they would find a mule path leading from the ford of the Canadian to San Fernandez. They accordingly traveled three or four miles in the direction of the timbered hill, and encamped.

Dec. 2.—Traveled this day three or four miles, and encamped on the timbered hill.

Dec. 3.—Traveled this day about the same distance upon the hill, and encamped on it again in a deep canon. While sitting in camp this morning, ready to start, two deer came running up towards them, and stopped. Lewis shot and brought one down, and was followed by Andrews who killed the other. Chambers and Andrews then insisted on stopping and eating, to the great anger of Lewis, who hated to lose time.

Dec. 4.—Traveled all day and encamped on the upper end of the mountain.

Dec. 5.—This morning Lewis issued the last meat, being a piece for each man about as large as his two fingers. The reader will remember that though they killed two deer, they were too weak to pack much of them. Andrews this morning alleged that he could carry his gun no farther, and that they must stop till he could rest a day or two and gain strength. What was to be done? Lewis was forced to lay by and starve, or carry his own gun and that of Andrews likewise. Either gun is extremely heavy. Andrews had long been burdensome by delaying his companions, and once Lewis had threatened to throw him into the fire, and would have done so had he not, as Lewis calls it, "backed out." This day they reached a small creek within six miles of the foot of the mountain, which I have said we ascended on the twenty-fifth. The road goes by the creek, but the snow which had fallen after we went in had erased the tracks completely, and there was no vestige of a road.

Dec. 6.—Left Cache creek, and traveled toward the mountain. After ascending it about half way and coming upon a small platform on the side of it, Andrews insisted on encamping, and they did so. A fire was made, and they were standing by it, when Lewis observed that he still had a great mind to go on. "I wish that you would," observed Andrews, "for then you could tell them to send for me." A word was enough for Lewis, and shouldering his gun and taking a brand of fire, he went on up the mountain alone. He had a day or two before given his thin moccasins to Andrews, who complained bitterly of his feet, and he was himself now equipped with a pair made of the raw hide of a buffalo.

The few days' journey which are left now, I shall give in his own words; that is, as far as the words of an unlettered man can be written without giving the world cause for supposing that one is aiming at burlesque. If I retain his own peculiar phrases, it will be because he can express himself by them more forcibly than I can by any language of my own. Henceforward, then, the reader will understand

him as speaking in the first person, and any remark which I have to make for the purpose of explanation, will be placed in parentheses.

After reaching the top of the mountain, I saw before me the wide prairie through which I had to travel about six miles to timber. My thin pantaloons were torn into strips everywhere, and there was hardly a place where you could put your finger down without touching flesh. Added to this, about ten inches of my legs above my moccasins were en-The snow through the prairie was generally tirely bare. about to my middle, and whenever I missed the road, which was beaten hard underneath, though covered with soft snow above, then I took it plumb to my neck, and had all sorts of kicking to get out of it at all. The air kept growing colder as I went, and I thought that the timber receded. I was sure that some power or other was holding back my feet. My heart leaped when I got into the timber and heard the tall trees singing above me. I turned in and blowed up my chunk of fire, packed big logs and made a pretty good fire. Then I took off one of my raw deer-skins, spread it out and sat down upon it, and there I sat all night, turning every now and then, as some side of me would get to freezing. I had nothing else to do but to watch the stars, whenever the snow ceased blowing on me from the mountains, except making the old pines and hemlocks smoke.

Dec. 7.—Just after daylight the wind began to blow. It knows exactly how to blow, and where to hit or cut deepest. But it was death or victory, and I was obliged to start anyhow. I gathered my chunk, looked at my fire awhile, and started. I used to hate to leave my fire in the morning, not knowing where the next fire was to be. After traveling about three hundred yards, I came upon a little hollow, where I could see mule sign. (They had been out to our wagons). I could see where they had sunk to their bellies, and as they raised their knees, had pushed up the big pieces of crusted snow on end. But I was glad to see any sign of the road for I never knew whether I was in it or out of it. Andrews had given me all directions he could about the road, but he could not find the way in himself, much less tell me. I had not got

fifteen steps across the hollow, when I came to a big hemlock, which was lying in the edge of a thicket of mountain cottonwood and hemlock. I found I was freezing to death. and had to stop. I tumbled old brindle (his gun) to the ground, and tried to drop my chunk, but could not do so for some time my fingers were so froze. I got it down at last, and tried to straighten out my fingers by rubbing them up and down my legs, but I could not do it and had to pick up chunks between my two fists, and pack them to my fire alongside of the hemlock. There like to have been no calling of the dogs that time. I laid there till I got thawed out a little, and then moved further down among the hemlock, where I made me a real comfortable place to stay in all day. I had not been there long before I shot a white wolf, intending to eat him, but he went tumbling over and over till he got out of the way. I did not care much about it, though, for I was not hungry at all. I had other things to think of than getting hungry. It clouded up toward morning, and just after the sun rose it began to snow.

Dec. 8.—I was right glad to see it turn warm enough for snow to fall; so I shouldered old brindle, gathered a chunk and started. In traveling about eight miles I came to the edge of what Andrews had described to me as the Black Lake. It is a hollow prairie where water is sometimes. I do not know how far it is across it, for I took no notice of the distance. When I got into it I never expected to see any other place. It heads all cold places I ever saw, at any rate; and I think it is about six miles across it. Just as I entered it, I found I was freezing, and stopped in a cliff of rocks, and made a little fire of choke-cherry bushes. I could have put the whole of it in my hat. I pulled off my moccasins, and began to thaw them; but before they were half thawed, my feet began to swell and I was obliged to put on my hard moccasins again. I stayed here about an hour, and then I took a few sprigs of choke cherries and lighted them. It was snowing violently. I had got so as not to care much about life now, and I did not take any particular pains to keep my sprigs alive as I walked, and had they gone out, I never should have struck fire again. I had not gone more

than half a mile, when I reached a clump of eight or ten pine trees, and determined on stopping here. I gathered a few pieces of pine, and blowed up my sprigs, now almost extinguished. After setting my pieces of wood afire, I had ten minds not to put anything to it, where I had one to do so. All that I could see about me was two big logs on the side of the little rise, and I concluded to give them a try. I carried my fire to the side of the lower one, and then turned in to rolling the upper one down along side of it. I made half a dozen trials, and then gave it up. I did not believe then that half a dozen oxen could have stirred it. I went and laid my gun on a high stump, so that Andrews and Chambers might see it, and sat down by the fire again. I would have died then willingly. After a while, I thought that I would take another try, and went to the log again. I gave one lift, but it was in vain. Rage and despair urged me on again, and I lifted with a strength which seems astonishing to me now, and I felt it move. I tried again, and out it came; and as I raised this last time, I saw the fire flash out of my eyes, and felt the joints of my back snap together. I rolled it down along side of the other, and they made a most glorious fire, which was burning when Chambers and Andrews came by the next day. Here I lay, that is to say, sat upon a deerskin about as big as the brim of a hat, all night. It cleared off in the night, but did not grow so much colder as I expected.

Dec. 9.—This morning I took my chunk of fire, and put out again. I had not taken my moccasins off here, for fear of never getting them on again; and in half an hour they were froze stiff again. I thought, just after starting, that I never would get across the Black Lake, and turned back and went half a mile, intending to lay at my fire until Chambers and Andrews came up; for there was no kind of track in the lake, and I did not know whether I was going right or wrong. I again summoned up resolution, turned my face to Taos again, and by good luck kept the right course. I made three fires this day before I stopped at night, and after all came nigh giving up the ghost several times. I wished heartily to die, but hated to kill myself and so kept moving. When I got into the narrow canon beyond the Black

Lake, I saw a mule track or two again, and again thought I might get some place. After leaving the canon I encamped on the head of a spring not many miles this side of the last mountain, and was more comfortable here than anywhere in the mountains. There was an old pine fallen, and I stripped some big pieces of the bark off, put one under me, one edgeways at my back, and one at my head, as well as one at my feet, and lay down. This was luxury. Still I felt no hunger, and still I kept my moccasins on.

Dec. 11.—This morning I gathered me a chunk and started, concluding this would be the last day I could hold out. I soon reached the foot of the mountain, and in the way, and during the ascent, I sat down several times, never intending to rise again. It seems a pretty bold thing to say. and hard to believe, but so it is. The thoughts of turning coward would raise me again, and I kept on until I reached the top of the mountain. You know what a dark, black-looking place it is on the other side, away down, down in the depths of the valley. When I looked off from the summit of the mountain, and saw it, the thought flashed into my mind that this must be the Black Lake. No man in the world can express the feelings which came over me then. I still kept moving down the mountain, and when about halfway down. I threw away my chunk of fire, and gave myself up to die; still, however, resolving to move as long as I had life. I had sat by my fire and wept at night, and had prayers in my heart. though I did not utter them; but I shed not a tear now. I kept on through the valley, and towards noon reached the canon, which I knew to be twelve miles from the still house. I knew where I was now, and found mule tracks here. Now I determined to go in or die; and in fact, as I had thrown away my fire, I had no other chance, for I could not have made fire. I could not use my hands a bit. I had gone but a little way in the canon, when I found a beaten track, and soon got to the places where wood had been cut. My feet were now all cut to pieces by my hard moccasins, and I could hear the blood splash in them as I walked, as though they were full of water, while the snow would gather in the heels of them until the hinder part of my foot would be four inches

sometimes from the moccasin. After a while, I saw a cow: it was the pleasantest sight I ever saw in my life, and just as I had concluded not to walk more than half an hour longer. and as I went staggering along, so sleepy that I could hardly move, I heard a chicken crow. How it waked me up! and I soon after came in sight of the old mud still house. I went round to the lower end of it, and two or three dogs came out and began upon me. In a minute, I could see two men looking through the hole in the door. I could have shot both their eyes out with one bullet. "Hallo!" said I; and they pushed the door partly open and stood looking at me. They took me, as they said afterwards, to be a Cumanche, who had come in ahead of a party, to take the still house—and no wonder, for the pine smoke had made me as black as you please, and my hair was perfect jet. Long was the best soldier, and he stepped out and walked round me, keeping a good distance though, and with his eye fixed upon the door. The dogs were still baying me; and I, at length enraged, spoke in good plain English: "Call off your dogs, or I will put a bullet through one of them." Hearing me speak, they soon drove away their dogs and told me to come in. I did so, sat down by the fire, and after thawing out my hands, began ripping open my moccasins with my knife. In the meantime Conn and Long, who are both the best fellows in the They stood world, began to recover the power of speech. and looked at me awhile, and then Conn inquired:

"Where, in the name of heaven are you from?"

"From the United States."

"What company did you come with?"

"I came with a company of my own, of two men."

"Where are they?"

"Behind in the mountains."

"Are these all the clothes you have got?"

"Yes, they are so."

"What! and you have no blankets?"

"No, not one."

"Have you eaten anything today?"

"No, not for five days."

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"What! are you not hungry?"
"No."

They drew me about half a pint of whiskey, which I barely tasted, and Conn brought me a bit of meat, about as big as my two fingers, and a like bit of bread. In vain I told them I would not thank them for that little and begged for more. When it touched my stomach, my hunger became ravenous, but finding I could not get more, I submitted, and turned in to ripping my moccasins again. In ten minutes after the moccasins were off, my feet were swelled as big as four feet ought to be. I could have cried with the pain. and while I sat bearing it as well as I could, an old Spaniard came in-old Senor San Juan. The old fellow started back when he saw me, lifted up his hands with a stare of terror and surprise on his dried-up face, and uttered the ejaculation. Adios! In two minutes, he had half a bushel of onions in the ashes and as soon as they were roasted, he swathed my feet up with a parcel of them. I could not have lifted one of my feet with both hands. They were bigger than a bull's head. The old man stayed with me all night, changing the onions for fresh ones at intervals, and I have no doubt that it was old Mr. St. John who saved my feet for me. During the night Conn gave me a little bit of meat and bread at intervals, and in the morning he was about serving me the same way; but I uptripped him this time, and declared my resolution of eating breakfast with him and Long. I ate all I could get, though it was not half enough, and during the day I ate about fifteen times. I thought while I was there that I never would get out of the sound of a chicken's voice again. This day I sent word to Kincaid and old Chambers that Andrews was in the mountains, and they informed his father-in-law, who immediately went out for him, and found him and Chambers at the forks of the canon. They were both better dressed than I and had thin moccasins; in consequence they froze their feet but very little. Andrews said that "he pelieved he could have come in petter as I." And sure enough, the rascal had only been possuming the whole time, and was better able to travel than I was, but wanted me to break the way and pack his gun.

Lewis lay at the still house six weeks before he was able to go to San Fernandez, a distance of three miles. While there, he was visited frequently by the Indians of the Pueblo of Taos, and presented by them with cakes and dried fruit. etc. They wished to convey him to their village, but he could not go. At length, at the expiration of six weeks, he was lifted on a horse and taken to the Rio Hondo, as it is called. a little settlement four or five miles from San Fernandez, in the same valley of Taos. In the meantime, the skin had peeled off from the whole of his body, and the flesh had come from parts of his feet, so that the bones and sinews were bare. He was soon after attacked with the pleurisy; and, to use his own expression, the thing was near dead out with him. He recovered, however, although it was not until April that he became perfectly well. After that he was the terror of the Spaniards, for he could have demolished them rapidly with his powerful arm, had they ever given him cause. He is not quarrelsome, however, even when he gets caught in what they call in the west, "a spree."

In the month of May, Lewis joined himself to a party of five men, including himself, headed by Tom Smith, the "Bald Hornet," for the purpose of trapping in the mountains, between the forks of Grand river, that is the Colorado of California, and there commenced trapping. The first night that Lewis set his traps, he had entered a little narrow canon, which had never been trapped, because a man could not ride up it. He took it on foot, with his six traps on his back, obtained a seat for all of them, and went back to camp, about fifteen miles. He there borrowed all the spare traps, returned the next morning, and, finding four beaver in his traps, set out ten which he had brought, and went back to camp again with four beaver. On returning again the next morning with a companion, he found eight more beaver in his traps, and was sure of making, as he says, an independent fortune. The whole party of five then moved there, and trapped the creek. I am almost afraid to describe the manner of catching this animal, but it may be new to some of my readers You find the place where the animal comes out of the water—that is, if you can—and set your trap in his path,

and the state of t T 10 about four inches under the water, fastening your chain to a stake, which you put as far out in the water as its length will allow; sometimes you cover it with moss or something else. This depends on the nature of the settlement of the beaver, whether it has been often trapped or not. You then dip a little twig in your bait, (that is, in dissolved castor). and stick this twig sometimes just outside of them. The beaver goes to the smell of the castor and is generally caught by the fore feet, and flouncing over, is drowned in the water. If the place has been long trapped, they are too old to be caught by bait. Lewis once set his traps five nights for an old beaver, and for four nights the old fellow took away his bait-stick without springing the trap. On the fifth night Lewis placed his trap still deeper under the water and covered it with moss, placing no bait-stick. He then washed away all trace of himself, and in the morning he had the beaver. He was an immense old fellow, and had got out on the bank, where he lay puffing and shaking the water. Lewis laid down his gun and pistols and then creeping up to him caught him by the hind leg. The beaver tried to bite him, but was unable to do it, until Lewis, putting his knee on the trap: loosened his paw from it, and dashed his brains out with it.

It is no uncommon thing to see trees, three and four feet in diameter, cut down by these animals, cut up into lengths of about eight feet, and taken lengthwise to their dam.

They had only caught about forty beavers in this mountain, when the Eutaws came upon them, in number about three hundred, and wished to rob them. They are in the habit of doing so to the Mexicans; but they, to use another western phrase, "barked up the wrong tree" when they got hold of Tom Smith. The Bald Hornet is not easily frightened, if he has a wooden leg. The old chief sat down in their camp, and after various threats, shot his gun at the ground as a sign that they would kill all the party immediately. Tom was undaunted; he told the chief that he might kill them, but could not rob them; that his heart was big as the sky, and defied the old chief to attack them. All this time

he was keeping Lewis off who had drawn his pistol when the chief shot his gun into the ground, and would have killed him, had not Tom interfered. The consequence of their boldness was that the Eutaws went off without molesting or robbing them. They then immediately moved camp.

While upon the Elk Mountain, they killed several mountain sheep and white bear. The former animal is larger than a deer and is like a common sheep in appearance—of a dirty light color—and a great lover of rocks and precipices. in which, as well as in its speed and faculty of smell, it equals the chamois. Their horns are like those of the domestic sheep, but much larger and stronger. They will often fall thirty or forty feet, strike upon their horns, and rise and go off as if nothing had happened to them. You may see them standing with all their feet together, and that in a place where they scarcely have foothold. Lewis was out, after leaving the Elk Mountain, in company with Alexander. one of his companions, and an excellent hunter. They came upon a flock of perhaps sixty or seventy of these sheep. Lewis shot, struck one, and he fell. Alexander likewise fired, but missed entirely. They then ran about thirty yards farther and stopped again. Being now about one hundred and fifty yards from them, Alexander was for creeping nearer, but Lewis determined to shoot from the place in which they were. "Shoot then," said Alexander. "I cannot hit one at this distance." "Do you see that bunch of heads together?" said Lewis, "I will shoot at the upper head." He did so, and the sheep fell and lay kicking. Alexander ran and cut his throat, and then went to the first one which Lewis had shot and was busy doing the same office for him, when the former rose and made off over the rocks. Alexander rose also, and was hardly off the sheep, when it likewise rose and followed its companion, and they lost both. The party laughed heartily at Alexander, for acting the doctor and bleeding mountain sheep. The meat of these animals is excellent, and their skins are thin, when dressed, and soft as velvet.

From the Elk mountain they crossed to the main branch of Grand river and came within a few days' journey

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of the heads of the Columbia. They then left this branch. after trapping a time upon it, and crossed to the head of Smith's fork of the same river, and thence to the heads of the Arkansas, where they trapped again, and then crossed to the heads of the Del Norte, and came in to Santa Fe. The last forty days they had only one bag of dried meat to live on, and it was during this time that they shot and lost the two sheep. They killed nothing at all in that time. They bought a dog or two in the time from the Eutaws, and ate them. Grand river, on which they mostly trapped, has been, and still is, excellent hunting ground. It has been supposed that there is much beaver below the place where Lewis trapped, and in a canon through which the river runs for a distance of two or three hundred miles. I think that the trappers compute the length of the canon at three hundred. The river where it emerges is half a mile wide, and yet you may stand on the edge of the fissure in the solid rock which forms the canon, and the river a hundred feet below, looks like a thread. It is a terrible place, and once in it, there is no egress except at the lower end of it. Some Spaniards unwittingly entered it once in a canoe, and were carried violently down it about forty miles. There they fortunately reached an eddy, produced by a bend in the sides of the canon, stopped the canoe, and climbed up the sides of the canon, which were there less precipitous than usual, leaving canoe, beaver, guns, etc., all in the canon to find a way through it.

It was on the heads of the Del Norte that General Pike, then a lieutenant, was taken by the Mexicans. Has it ever been satisfactorily known why he was there? I think not. He could have been mistaken in the river. He knew it not to be the Arkansas, and he knew himself to be in the Mexican territory. Was he not seeking a place for the army of Aaron Burr to enter and subdue Mexico? He was no traitor, I know; and neither, in my opinion, was Aaron Burr. Neither ever aimed to raise a hand against our own country. I find some proof of Pike's intentions in his book.

After Lewis had returned to Taos from his trapping expedition in the mountains, I first became acquainted with

him. In the month of August I heard that Mr. John Harris of Missouri was collecting a party for the purpose of entering and trapping the Cumanche country, upon the heads of Red river and Fausse Washita, and I was induced by the prospect of gain, and by other motives, to go up from Santa Fe to Taos and join him. After my arrival, however, I thought it best to buy an outfit of Mr. Campbell, who was going into the same country, and to join him, and did so. The only Americans in our party were Mr. Campbell, a young man who came with me from Santa Fe, and myself. There was likewise a Frenchman. I bought my outfit—one horse, one mule, six traps and plenty of powder, lead and tobacco-and went out to the valley of the Picuris, a distance of about thirty miles over the hills and among the pine woods. Here and there was a little glade, among the hills, grassy and green; but generally it was all a bleak and unproductive country. The pine trees were stripped of bark to the height of six or eight feet by the Apaches, who prepare the inner coat of the bark in some manner, and eat it; and I observed that it was only one particular kind of pine which they used, viz., the rough yellow pine. My friend and myself were alone, and in consequence we soon lost our way; we traveled until nearly night, and then retraced our steps for about four miles, to a place where we had seen remains of an Indian fire. Here we kindled a large fire, tied our horses, and lav down with our guns by our sides. We were awakened early in the morning by the howling of wolves close to us, which, however, was of short duration. We then mounted and proceeded again towards Taos, but meeting a Mexican, who was going to our camp to recover a horse, which he said he had lost, we turned back again, and about noon arrived at camp, where we stayed four or five days, lounging about and quarreling with the New Mexicans, for whom we had killed several oxen and who disliked the idea of going to San Fernandez to receive their pay. On the fourth of September those of our party and Harris' for whom we had been waiting came out from Taos. Both parties joined, made up between seventy and eighty men, of whom about thirty were Americans. One was a Eutaw, one

an Apache, and the others were Mexicans. Among the men who came out on the fourth was Lewis, who belonged to the party of Harris.

The readers need not expect much delineation of characters. Trappers are like sailors—when you describe one the portrait answers for the whole genus. As a specimen of the genuine trapper, Bill Williams certainly stands foremost. He is a man about six feet one inch in height, gaunt and red-headed, with a hard, weather-beaten face, marked deeply with the smallpox. He is all muscle and sinew, and the most indefatigable hunter and trapper in the world. He has no glory except in the woods, and his ambition is to kill more deer and catch more beaver than any other man about him. Nothing tires him, not even running all day with six traps on his back. His horse fell once, as he was galloping along the edge of a steep hill, and rolled down the hill, while his feet were entangled in the stirrups, and his traps dashing against him at every turn. He was picked up half dead, by his companion, and set upon his horse, and after all he outwitted him, and obtained the best set for his traps. Neither is he a fool. He is a shrewd, acute, original man, and far from illiterate. He was once a preacher, and afterwards an interpreter in the Osage nation.

There was Tom Banks, the Virginian, with his Irish tongue, and his long stories about Saltee, as he called Saltillo, and the three tribes of Indians, the Teuacanas, Wequas and Toyahs, whose names were never out of his boasting mouth. He claimed to have been prisoner among the Cumanches three months but he lied, for he could not utter a word of their language.

There were various others, better at boasting than at fighting, and a few upon whom a man might depend in an emergency.

We left the valley of the Picuris on the sixth day of September, taking the pass which, following the river up, led out to the large valley of the Demora, at which we arrived on the same day, and encamped near the Old Village—in it, in fact. These New Mexicans, with a pertinacity worthy of the Yankee nation, have pushed out into every

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little valley which would raise half a bushel of red pepper some of them like this on the eastern side of the mountains thus exposing themselves to the Pawnees and Cumanches, who, of course, use them roughly. The former tribe broke up the settlement in this valley about fifteen years ago, and the experiment has never been repeated, though this valley. and that of the Gallinas, are great temptations to the Spaniards. The sole inhabitants of the Old Village now are rattlesnakes, of which we killed some two or three dozen about the old mud houses. The third day brought us by a roundabout course, to the junction of the creeks Demora and Sepellote, about fifty miles from San Miguel, and on the Missouri wagon road. Buffalo are frequently found in the winter not far from here, namely, at the springs called "Los Ojos de Santa Clara," "The Eyes of Saint Clara," distant a day's journey beyond. While at the Old Village the night before a consultation had been held to determine what course we should pursue. Lewis advised to cross to the main fork of the Canadian branch of the Arkansas, or, as it is commonly called, Little Red river, and then following his trail, to go on to the Washita, trap it, and then to the heads of Red river. But, acting under a wrong impression and a radical mistake, this advice was rejected. It was supposed by all of us that Red river and all its main branches headed into the mountains, and that it was only necessary to keep under the mountains, and we should necessarily find beaver. It was determined, then, to obtain an old Cumanche, who had been converted, and was married in San Miguel, as our guide, and to go directly to the rivers which we supposed lay not far to the southwest of us, and contained beaver. Accordingly, on arriving the next day at the wagon road, it was agreed that the party should go down the Gallinas a day or two, and cross over to the Pecos, where I was to find them. For at the time we supposed that the Gallinas creek ran into Red river, while, on the contrary, it runs into the Pecos. While they, therefore, followed the course of the Gallinas, I, in company with three of our Mexicans, went into San Miguel to bring out the Cumanche.

The country is rolling prairie for a part of the way between the Demora and San Miguel. About noon we reached the Gallinas, where we rested and fed our mules. We then struck into the hills, crossed the little creek called the Tecolote (Owl) and slept at night at the Ojo de Bernal, within seven miles of San Miguel, where we arrived the next morning. That day and the next we spent there, waiting the return of a messenger from Taos, and purchasing a horse; and on the third day, late in the morning; we left again the village of Saint Michael. Various prophecies were uttered, all boding ill to us. The Cumanches were described as biablos and infieles, and the women in particular seemed to take a great interest in our well-being. In fact, while we were at the old village of the Demora there came in some dozen Mexicans, who had gone from Taos to Red river, having hard bread and other "notions" to trade with the Cumanches. The Indians wisely concluded that it was better to get it all for nothing than to give in return their buffalo robes and horses, and they accordingly took violent possession of the mules and horses of the luckless peddlers, drove them off, and kept their hard bread in spite of their bows and arrows. Besides this, a new story had come in that a man had been shot by the Ciawas, about four days' journey out of San Miguel, and found by some of the Pueblos. Accompanied by many good wishes, prayers and benedictions. however, we left the village on the 12th, and reached that night a little village below, on the Pecos (whose course we followed), where we slept. The next morning we bought a sheep, and started again. At noon we heard that our party was about fifteen miles distant down the river. We were then at the last settlement, about forty miles from San Miguel. Beyond there are some deserted ranchos, as they are called—that is, sheep pens and shepherd huts. At night we reached the party, and right glad I was to be delivered from the peril of riding about in a dangerous country, accompanied only by four Mexicans (for an old man who had been sent from Taos to bear a letter to the Cumanche went out with us) and an old faithless Indian, of a tribe to which a white man is like a smoke in the nostrils. A lone Ameri-

can has no mercy from them, and little aid from the Mexicans who may chance to be with him. Not long ago one Frenchman went out from Taos, in company with a hundred and fifty Mexicans, and was by them given up to half their number of Cumanches to be murdered. It was even said that the Spaniards danced round his scalp in company with the Indians. One of these fellows was with me, and another one was with the party. I knew it not at the time, or the Senor Manuel Leal should not have accompanied me. The Cumanches have killed several of our countrymen when alone. Mr. Smith was out hunting antelope, when a body of them came upon him; he killed one woman and two men before they dispatched him. They have his scalp now, and sold his saddle, gun, pistols, etc., to the Spaniards. They killed another man the year before in the same way-blowing off his head with a fusse. This winter, two hundred and fifty of them attacked a party of twelve men on the Canadian, killed two and wounded several of them. Nor, though at peace with the Spaniards, do they serve them any better. On the fifth of July last (1832) they killed the nephew of the Commandant Viscara, while out alone and unarmed, with the oxen of his uncle, about three miles from Little Red river, and with thirty or forty troops in sight. They gave him thirteen wounds, took off all his hair except the foretop, and still left him alive.

When Mr. Flint, in his Francis Berrian, described these Indians as noble, brave and generous, he was immensely out in the matter. They are mean, cowardly and treacherous. Neither (since I am correcting a gentleman for whom I have a great regard) is there any village of the Cumanches on the heads of the Arkansas. Neither is the Governor's palace in Santa Fe anything more than a mud building, fifteen feet high with a mud covered portico, supported by rough pine pillars. The gardens and fountains and grand staircases, etc., are, of course, wanting. The Governor may raise some red pepper in his garden, but he gets his water from the public spring. But to return.

The next day, after my arrival, we kept on down the Pecos, agreeably to the direction of our guide, intending to

follow the river as far as Bosque Redondo, or Round Grove. This river Pecos, which derives its name from the Pecos tribe of Indians, rises in the same lake with the river of Santa Fe, and, passing by San Miguel, keeps a southeasterly course. At a distance of about 120 miles from San Miguel, it being there a deep stream about thirty yards wide, it bends to the south, and runs into a deep, narrow and rocky canon, in which it can not be followed. I know not how far it goes in this canon, but, emerging from it below, it keeps on its course southwardly and runs into the Del Norte near San Antonio. It is a long but narrow river, and, however important it may be to the people of San Miguel, it is of no great consequence in any other way.

On the 15th we started, all together, down the Pecos, but early in the morning a dispute arose between Harris and Campbell, which ended in a separation. Harris was now for going on to Little Red river through a dry prairie. were for following our guide and the Pecos. We turned down to the river and Harris kept on ahead, but soon followed our example by turning to the river. Campbell and myself were delayed, recovering a mule which had joined to those of Harris, and in the meantime our party had encamped on the river. Harris went into the canon of the river and followed it down, and the next morning we turned to the hills above the canon and came upon the river below. leaving him struggling in it among the rocks. He was obliged at last, finding egress below impossible, to ascend the precipitous sides of the canon and come out upon the hills. After this, we never encamped together till we reached the Bosque Redondo, the point where we were to leave the river and strike into the prairie. We were six days in reaching the Bosque, including the 15th, and during the time we traveled in a southeast direction. The country along the river was hilly, red and barren, devoid of timber, except on the river. At the Bosque we encamped near some lodges of poles, the remains of an old Cumanche camp, and Harris encamped half a mile or more above us.

The Spaniards who composed our party were now getting frightened. We had already had two alarms of Indians,

which, although unfounded, still tended to discourage the cowardly pelayos; and, added to this, the name of the Llano Estacado, on whose borders we then were encamped, and which lay before us like a boundless ocean, was mentioned with a sort of terror, which showed that it was by them regarded as a place from which we could not escape alive. This Stake Prairie is to the Cumanche what the desert of Sahara is to the Bedouin. Extending from the Bosque Redondo on the west, some twenty days' journey on the east, northward to an unknown distance, and southward to the mountains on the Rio del Norte, with no game and here and there a solitary antelope, with no water except in here and there a hole, and with its whole surface hard, barren and dry, and with the appearance always of having been scorched by fire—the Cumanche alone can live in it. Some three or four human sculls greeted us in our passage through it, and it is said that every year some luckless Spaniard leaves one of these mementos lying in the desert. It is a place in which none can pursue. The Cumanches, mounted on the best steeds which the immense herds of the prairie can supply, and knowing the solitary holes of water, can easily elude pursuit.

Just before encamping at the Bosque Redondo, some of our Spaniards were met by a party of their countrymen, who had just returned from the Canon del Resgate, in the Stake Prairie. They had been there to trade hard bread, blankets, punche, beads, etc., for buffalo robes, bear skins and horses, and were returning with the avails of their traffic.

After night, Campbell and myself were called upon to attend a council of the Spaniards of our party. We accordingly went and found Manuel, the Cumanche, acting as chief counselor in the matter, and Manuel Leal and another of the fraternity officiating as spokesman. They informed us that the traders had brought bad reports from the Cumanches; that they and the hostile Caiawas were gathered in great strength in the Canon del Resgate; that they had defeated the American wagons, taking fifteen hundred mules and one scalp, and lost several men in the contest; that they were

much excited against the Americans, and had determined that none of us should trap in their country, and that they had sent word to Manuel, the Cumanche, that if he entered their country guiding us they would sacrifice both us and him. They likewise told us that there were no buffalo in the prairie; and, though all the rest was a lie, this was indeed the truth. Manuel, the Cumanche, then declared that he would not enter the Stake Prairie, if one American remained in the company; and all the Spaniards seconded him. Finding thus that they would leave us to the mercy of the Cumanches, or perhaps give us into their hands, it was determined to leave them on the next morning; and thus went my last good opinion of New Mexican character. I had tried these men for the last; had put confidence in them, and knew that if they were not worthy of it there were none in the country that were; and I found this last, best specimen of character as treacherous, as cowardly, as any other portion of the province. A man does not like to be made a fool of, and I felt ashamed of myself for ever thinking again (after repeated proofs to the contrary) that any New Mexican could be a man. I think I never felt so badly as I did the next morning when I stood a four hours' guard in company with four Mexicans, and in a camp of them where I knew that not one would fight for me.

The next morning I went to the camp of Harris, and joined his party. R—— and Pierre accompanied me, and Campbell returned to Taos. That day we lay by, and the next we entered the Stake Prairie. I think it was the 21st of September that we left the Pecos, leaving the party of Campbell waiting for oxen on which to subsist. The Bosque Redondo is about 120 miles from San Miguel, or perhaps it may be nearer 150. As I kept no journal, and am writing merely from memory, I can not certainly say; but I am not far from the true distance.

We entered the Llano Estacado by the road of the Cumanches, and the Cumanche traders. We had been given to understand that in the course of fourteen days we should arrive at a descent, or falling off of the prairie to the east, and that there (rising out of this ceja, or eyebrow, as they.

call it), we should find the rivers Azul, which we took to be Red river, San Saba, Javalines, Las Cruces, and one other, whose name I have forgotten. We had with us one man who had trapped on some of these rivers, and who said that there was beaver on them. We never were on the Rio Azul, to my knowledge, but I am inclined to think that it is the main branch of the Colorado; the San Saba is a southern branch of it, the Mochico is another, north of the San Saba, and Javalines and Las Cruces are branches of the San Saba. They all head near the same degree of longitude.

September 21. We left the Pecos, taking a course to the northward, in search of the road which was to lead us to the Canon del Resgate. Our route lay, for about ten miles, across an uneven, dry, barren plain towards the edge of the Stake Prairie, which seemed like a low ridge before us. Reaching this about noon, we discovered that two of our Mexicans were missing, intending, as we supposed, to join the party of Campbell, through fear of entering the desert. Two or three of the party went back accordingly, and brought them up. We then proceeded three or four miles, passing, on our way, a good sweet spring of water, where we first came into the road; and following the branch which ran down by this spring, we encamped in a grassy meadow to the east of the stream. This day Bill Williams killed an antelope, which was divided among the whole party of fortyfive men. Here we saw plenty of sign of wild horses.

Sept. 22. Left camp early, and followed the road, which now took a southeasterly direction. The day was exceedingly hot, and we were frequently tantalized by seeing at a distance ponds which appeared to be full of clear, rippling water. The deception would continue until we were within a dozen rods of the place, and it would then be found to consist of merely a hollow, encrusted over with salt. About noon, thirst becoming excessive, two or three of us rode ahead. The prairie was still uneven and rugged. We passed through a body of sandhills, and then, descending from them, came upon a hollow where the earth appeared damp, and there were two or three old holes which had been duggither by the traders or by the Cumanches. We here stopped

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and dug for water, obtaining enough to satiate our thirst. It was warm, but fresh. The eagerness with which our men drank, as they came up one by one, and threw themselves upon the ground, was amusing. Some of the party were for encamping here, but we overruled them, and went on. After traveling four or five miles, we came upon a large lake, and, turning to the right of it, we found a spring by which we encamped. No antelope was killed today. Some of the party tried to kill cranes, and Bill Williams succeeded towards night in bringing one to camp. This day we saw two skulls bleaching in the sun. Traveled this day about eighteen miles.

Sept. 23. Started early again, and hunted the road an hour or two; in the meantime crossed a piece of marshy ground. Some of us here went ahead to hunt; killed nothing. Towards night we thought we saw buffalo at a distance upon a ridge; we went to it accordingly, but found it to be only weeds looming up in the distance; turned down to a piece of low ground, where there was water in holes, and encamped; found here the remains of a defeated party of Spaniards—old blankets, saddles, etc. Here, finding ourselves in danger of starving, Harris killed an old mare, of which our mess refused to be partakers. We had determined to starve two days longer before eating any of it. This day we traveled on the road about twelve miles. This road was now broad and plain, consisting of fourteen or fifteen horse trails side by side; its course still southeast.

Sept. 24. Early this morning Bill Williams killed an antelope, which was divided among the whole party. After eating, we started again, still keeping the road, still very hot, and no water on the road. Stopped at noon on a hill, and lay in the sun; saw horse tracks here. About the middle of the afternoon we reached a low place fed by a spring which came out under limestone rocks; this was very good water. Here were plenty of Cumanche lodge poles, sites of lodges, half burnt sticks, etc., and piles of buffalo bones. Wherever the Cumanches kill buffalo they make piles of the bones, for the purpose of appeasing the offended animals, and have ceremonies performed over them by their medicine men;

and no matter how poor a fire they have, or how wet and cold it may be, they will not burn a bone, alleging that it would make them unlucky in hunting. A son of Harris killed an antelope here, and our mess still ate no horse meat. We traveled this day about twelve miles, and still toward the southeast, following the road.

Sept. 25. Six of us this morning kept to the right of the party for the purpose of hunting. About noon we reached a hole of water, at which we found the track of a buffalo bull. We separated accordingly, three to the sandhills on the left and the others of us to those which lay to the right, along on the edge of a large dry salt lake. The idea of getting buffalo inspired us, and we pushed on cheerily with our jaded animals, now weary with running antelope. After traveling among the hills to the distance of a mile and a half from the place where we separated, we saw five bulls below us in a wide hollow, lying down. One of us went back then to the party, to bring more men and better horses, with which to run the buffalo, and in the meantime my companion and myself dismounted and lay awaiting his return. In the course of an hour we were joined by some thirteen, including the three from whom we had separated. We approached warily to within a hundred yards of the animals, and then rushed upon them; and had I been mounted on anything but a slow mule, the chase would have been more exciting. As it was, I was soon distanced, for though a buffalo appears, both standing and running, to be the most unwieldly thing in the world, I can assure my readers that they get along with no inconsiderable degree of velocity; and, strange as it may seem, no matter how old and lean a buffalo may be, no matter if he can not run ten steps after he is up, still you can never see more than one motion when he rises; he is up and running in an instant. Shot after shot and shout after shout told the zeal of the hunters, and in a short time one buffffalo fell about three miles from me. Thither I went, and while the hunters were busy cutting up the animal, Lewis and myself went in pursuit of another, which was wounded. Our expedition was unsuccessful; we accordingly followed the party, now in motion, and after traveling about eight miles through a dry plain, covered with scrub oak bushes, very small, we encamped at a spring near the road, and in the course of two hours the other hunters came in, having killed two more buffalo. Here was nothing to burn, not even the ordure of horses, which had hitherto never failed us; we could only make a blaze of tall weeds, and throw in our meat. I can conceive of nothing so disgusting. Lean, tough and dry, blackened with the brief blaze, impregnated with the strong, filthy smoke of the weeds-and only half cooked-it required the utmost influence of that stern dictator, hunger, to induce us to eat it. The reader is not to imagine that the meat of the buffalo is all good. Oh, no! The meat of the cow is, of a certainty. superior to any meat on earth; but even horse meat is better than the flesh of a lean old bull. To add to our comforts, the ground here was covered with sandburs, which easily pierced through our thin moccasins, and kept us continually employed in picking them out of our feet. Traveled today about eighteen miles.

Sept. 26. This day I mounted my horse, determining not to be left behind again in a chase. Very windy. I have forgotten this day's journey entirely. We traveled, however, nearly all day, and must have made fifteen miles in a southeast direction.

Sept. 27. This day the road turned first north and then nearly northwest, leading through a deep, soft sand. About the middle of the afternoon we came in sight of trees. These were the first we had seen since leaving the Pecos, and they were merrily hailed by all the party, as though they had been old friends. There is nothing adds so much to the lone-liness of the prairie as the want of timber. Bill Williams, a Frenchman by the name of Gerand, and myself, were now ahead, pushing on to reach water and timber, for we were both tired and hungry. It was likewise very cold and windy, and the sand was continually blowing in our eyes. We had entirely lost the road, and when we at length ascended the highest sandhill near us and saw an even plain extending in front of us, we found that we were not yet near the water. Antonio, our guide, indicated a place where he said he had

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once encamped, and where there was water, and while looking towards it, we saw buffalo in the distance. We accordingly pushed on, leaving Antonio to wait for the pack mules. hoping ourselves to kill a cow before night. Arriving within half a mile of them, we found that they were horses, and at the same time that we were close upon a camp of the Cumanches, around which horses were feeding. We stood looking at the lodges until we were joined by half a dozen more of the party, who informed us that a young squaw was with the party. We all then returned to meet the pack mules and to take measures for any emergency. On arriving at the party, Bill Williams insisted on shooting the woman, who was riding towards the camp leading a horse packed with wood. Bill was actually senseless with fear, or he would not have done it. He drew his pistol, and was only deterred from shooting her by a threat of instant death if he did so. I do not think that we would have shot him for her, but he supposed we would do it, and it answered our purpose. The girl went on and we held a consultation on the course to be Bill declared that he would sooner sleep three nights without water than go to the village, and the silence of several others gave assent to what he said. But the rest of us overruled him, and we determined on proceeding and encamping at the water. Our Spaniards commenced firing off and reloading their guns; and in the meantime the Cumanches began to come out, mounted, towards us. Three of them, including an old chief, first met us. We directed our interpreter to ask them if they were friends. They answered that they were—that they had shaken hands with the Americans, and were friends. Bill was again protesting that he would kill the chief, but was again hindered by the same significant threat as before. As they now began to come in greater force from the village, we directed the chief to order them to keep to their distance, and we moved forward, agreeably to the request of the chief, who wished us to encamp near the village. Notwithstanding our former order, the Indians pressed upon us, all armed with spears and bows; and, seeing that Antonio hesitated, through fear, to interpret for us, I directed the chief in Spanish (at which

and the second s I was only linguist) to send back his men, or we would fire upon them. This threat produced the desired effect, and we were molested no more until we reached the place for encamping, upon the edge of a marshy spot of ground, with here and there a hole of water. Just above us was the village, consisting of about twenty lodges, together with some additional minor edifices. A good Caiawa, or Cumanche lodge, is about fifteen feet high, made with six or eight poles. and in the form of a cone, covered with dressed buffalo hides, which, when new, are perfectly white, but grow brown and smoky with age. Inasmuch as these Cumanches are wandering Indians, and as it is seldom that they find themselves in a place where they can obtain lodge poles, they are obliged to carry them wherever they go. Thus you may know their trail by the marks which the poles make as they are dragged along, suspended on each side of their horses. They likewise carry an abundance of stakes for securing their horses.

The Cumanches are a nation entirely distinct from the Pawnees, with whom they are often confounded, because a part of the western desert is common ranging ground for both nations. Generally speaking, westwardly from the degree of longitude distant 400 miles from the border of Arkansas territory, and extending to the Rocky mountains, and bounded on the north by the upper branches of the Arkansas, and on the south by the Rio del Norte is the country of the Cumanches. Still, as I have mentioned before, the Pawnees do rob and murder along the mountains to a considerable distance south, and, as well as the Caiawas and Arapehoes, are to be found on the main Canadian and to the south of it.

The Cumanches are a part of the Snake or Shoshone nation, and speak nearly the same language. They have no settled place of abode, and no stationary villages. They follow the buffalo, and are most commonly to be found, in the winter, along the Pecos and Del Norte; and in the summer, on the Canadian and Semaron; but even to this there are exceptions. This last winter they were upon the Canadian, as they were likewise in July, 1832. In the winter of 1831-2,

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they were not on that river at all, but were gathered in numbers along the Del Norte below the pass. As to their number of warriors, I doubt if any one knows much about it. The country through which they range is so large, and they are so liable to be confounded with other tribes, that we are not likely to have any certain idea of their numbers. I have heard the whole nation estimated at 10,000 warriors, but I am mistaken if they have more than five thousand. As we knew that the part of the Cumanches living to the south along the Presidio del Norte, and bordering on the Indians of Texas, were, for all our purposes, entirely distinct from the northern Cumanches, we took great pains to find out to which our present acquaintances belonged. We knew that those in the south were more friendly to the Americans, and less treacherous than those in the north, who, although speaking a different language from the Caiawas, are still always allied with them, and are, like them, the deadly enemies of the Americans. They uniformly asserted that they were from the Del Norte, and were friendly. In corroboration of this, they had a few red and green American blankets, which we thought they must have obtained from San Antonio in Texas. They might, however, have obtained them of the Snakes, as they do their guns; while the Snakes are supplied by the trappers and traders. Seeing but few warriors about, we inquired where they all were? They answered, "To the north, hunting," and this induced us to believe only that they were with the Caiawas on the track of the returning wagons. The old chief told us, too, that when he was in Santa Fe, just before, he went thither for the purpose of making peace with the Americans there as he had done in San Antonio. If he was in Santa Fe he and his party were the Indians who killed the nephew of Viscara. On the whole, we concluded to believe them to be hostile and northern Cumanches, whom fear, and not their own good will, forced to keep peace with us. Soon after our arrival, the few young men who were in the village mounted and went off in different directions, as the chief said, for the purpose of hunting—but, as we believed, to give intelligence to the other villages and to the scattered warriors-and none

were left in the village, except the old men, women and children. The people of this village appeared to be extremely poor. They had few blankets, no buffalo robes-no meatand were dressed shabbily, and without any of that gaudiness which some Indians exhibit. A dirty and ragged dress of leather and part of a ragged blanket was the common apparel. They were, in fact, a very common looking Indian. much inferior in person to the Osages, the Shawnees, the Delawares, or any of the Mexican tribes, except the Apaches. I saw few of them possessing that acute and at the same time dignified look common to the aboriginal. They are of middle height, and, like all Indians, have good limbs, and long black hair, which they leave uncut. Some of them had their hair joined behind to buffalo or horse hair, and a rope of the latter depending from it, which nearly reached the ground. The old women, particularly, were hideously ugly. I imagine that there is no being on earth who would be as valuable to a painter desirous of sketching his satanic majesty as an old Cumanche woman. They reminded me strongly of Arab women, whom I have seen painted out in divers veritable books of travels. The same high cheek bones, long black hair, brown, smoked, parchment-like skin, bleared eyes and fiendish look, belong to the women of both nations. While looking at them I could hardly help shuddering as the thought would strike me that possibly they might ere long have an opportunity of exercising the infernal ingenuity of their nature on me. Several of us went to their village, distant from us perhaps three hundred yards, and bought wood and a little dried buffalo meat of them, with tobacco and vermillion. The young man, in particular, who was the only intelligent looking Indian among them, took especial pains to obtain me some meat, and likewise offered me a good horse for red cloth enough to make him a pair of leggins. I had no such article, however. are their only riches. There were about a thousand of them round this village and a few mules. I particularly observed one mule in the mark of Agustin Duran, custom house officer at Santa Fe. In the evening the same young fellow came down and invited Harris and his clerk, Bill Williams and

myself to go up and eat with him. Taking our guns, we went accordingly. We found the old chief and his family outside of the lodge, seated round a fire, over which a small brass kettle was hanging. On our arrival we were motioned to our seats with true Indian gravity and something of respect. The contents of the brass kettle were then emptied into a wooden bowl, and placed before us. It was the boiled flesh of a fat buffalo cow, perfectly fresh, having been killed that day, and a most delicious meal it was to us. Kettle after kettle was filled and emptied between us and the family of the chief; for it takes but five minutes to boil this meat. A man never knows how much meat he can eat until he has tried the prairie, but I assure the reader that four pounds at a meal is no great allowance, especially to a hungry man. On ending the supper, we paid them with tobacco and a knife or two, and returned to our camp—not, however, without that indispensable ceremony, a general smoke, in which my pipe went out once or twice, round the whole party, women and all. The next morning the chief wished us to lay by a day or two, and hunt buffalo. He assured us that there was an abundance of buffalo cows on a lake about nine miles to the northeast, and that his young men should accompany our hunters there. We declined remaining. chiefly through apprehension of treachery. Finding that we would not remain, he promised us that at the next village his son and daughter-in-law should join us and conduct us to the beaver. He said that we should find beaver in nine days.

Sept. 28. Gathered up our horses and left the camp of the Cumanches, directing our course nearly due east, and following the trail by which the chief and his party had come a day or two before. Our route at first lay through sandhills, just before emerging from which we found two or three hackberry trees, and several of us delayed, picking the berries. From the sandhills we now came again upon the prairie, and found much difficulty in tracking the marks of the lodge poles along its hard surface—and in addition it began to rain. Just at night, followed the path into a break in the prairie which opened into a long hollow, in which we encamped by the side of a pond, which is the head of one of

the chief branches of the Colorado or the Brazos de Dios river.

Lest I may be misunderstood, I will explain why I use both these names in speaking of this river. The reader, by consulting the map, will find two rivers running through Texas, of which the longer one is called (in most maps, if not in all) the Colorado. But I have been informed that not long since the names were changed, and that the long river is now called the Brazos. The reason given me for the change is this: Some years ago there was a drought in Texas; the short river (Brazos) became dry, and the only water came down in the long river (or the Colorado). The pious Spaniards accordingly changed names, and called the long river the Brazos de Dios (or the Arms of God), on account of the especial care which it took of them, and of the benefits which they received from it. We were now in the Canon del Resgate, and supposed ourselves to be on the heads of Red river, but we began to question the probability of finding the immense quantities of beaver which we had anticipated. Still, however, we had abundance of hope, though it was at times mingled with a little distrust. Our beef, too, was nearly gone, but Bill Williams, fortunately, killed an antelope, which was divided as usual. Ducks were abundant in this pond, and one or two were killed. Yesterday we traveled about twenty miles northeast and today twenty more, a little south of east, making in both days about forty miles.

Sept. 29. This day we followed the valley down for some distance. There was the bed of a stream, but water was not running. Here and there it stood in ponds and holes. The day was cold and windy, with a little rain. We then went out of the valley to the left, and traveled in the prairie, for the canon was merely a break in the plain of the width of two or three hundred yards, and as soon as you ascended the low sides of it you were again on the illimitable plain; and, like a well in the desert, the valley can not be seen until you are close upon it. About the middle of the afternoon we saw in the valley another encampment, and descended to it, for the purpose of procuring wood and water. On our ap-

proach, the women mounted their horses and took to the hills. A boy, whom they had taken prisoner from the Mexicans, came out and talked with us, and we sent him to assure the fugitives of our friendship. They soon returned, and as it was raining hard, we commenced trading for wood, and with difficulty bought enough to make fires. Bill Williams then went over and obtained part of a lodge cover, and two of the ugliest old women I ever saw brought the lodge poles and put it up for him. One of our party was lame with the rheumatism, and we managed to keep him out of the rain in the lodge. We bought some more dried meat, some dried grapes and acorns, paying tobacco, as usual. The rain poured upon us all night, and almost every gun in the camp was wet. We traveled this day about fifteen miles in a southeast direction.

Sept. 30. Left the valley and traveled in the prairie to the right of it. Late in the afternoon we turned down to timber, and found no water in the valley. Some of the party went to the distance of two miles above and below. Several of the party, among whom was myself, brought in terrapins hanging to their saddles. Our meat was gone, and these animals cost no ammunition. Some, likewise, had killed prairie dogs. The little plot of hackberry and bitter cottonwood, where we encamped, appeared to have been a great haunt of the buzzards and crows, and just after sunset the hawks began to gather in and we commenced shooting them, and thus, by means of hard labor, managed to satiate our hunger. Hawks and prairie dogs do very well, but there is too little meat upon a terrapin. Traveled eighteen miles today.

October 1. This day we again followed the road, which now kept down the valley, and after going about three miles we found rainwater standing in small holes. Soon after we came to a miry branch, and gave our animals drink. Early in the day Bill killed an antelope, and about noon, as we ascended a hill upon the edge of a valley (to the left of it) we saw two or three Indians on the other side of the prairie. Some of our party were behind. Bill gave the sign of Indians, by riding four or five times round in a circle of about ten feet in diameter, and when they rejoined us we

all turned down to the valley again—still hunting terrapins—and at night we encamped on the creek at a large hole of water. Traveled this day about fifteen miles.

Oct. 2. About noon of today reached the site of an old encampment of the Indians; found some remnants of wood and a few acorns. We went, perhaps, a hundred yards beyond and encamped at a clear pond of water. Towards night a Cumanche came to us, armed with bow, arrows, spear and shield, the latter ornamented with feathers and red cloth. For his viaticum he bore the mane-piece of a horse. He remained with us all night, and informed us that there was beaver below on the river; he said the water would run soon. Another antelope was killed this day. Traveled this day about twelve miles.

Oct. 3. Traveled for a time in the valley, and were rejoiced at finding the water begin to run; it was a shallow, clear stream of sweet water, about twenty yards wide, and we began to have hopes of beaver. About noon we ascended the hills to the right (following the road), and traveled in the prairie. We here found a few bushes of the mesquite, the first we had seen. In the afternoon we saw below, in the valley, horses feeding, and we descended the hills with much difficulty into the canon, and found another village. valley was here wider, and was full of small hills interspersed with mesquite bushes, that is, a kind of prickly green locust bush, which bears long narrow beans in bunches, of a very pleasant and sweet taste. In this village were about fifty lodges, much handsomer, too, than those in the other villages; and, as in the two former, there were multitudes of horses. I think that around the three camps there could not have been less than five thousand horses, and some of them most beautiful animals. Here, too, there was a medicine lodge of black skins, and closely shut up. We bought some meat and mesquite meal, made by grinding the beans between two stones. Here, also, there were no warriors. Several of the women had their legs cut and mangled by knives, as in the first village, where they had disturbed us all night by their lamentations. I know not how they had lost the men for whom they were mourning, but at

the time I supposed that it had been done in the attack on the wagons. This day we traveled about sixteen miles, perhaps more.

- Oct. 4. About two miles below the village we came to a large lake, and here Antonio wished us to leave this river and go to the south, until we struck the Mochico, crossing which, he assured us that in four or five days we would come upon the San Saba. Harris, however, who seemed destined always to go wrong, determined on following down the river on which we then were, and which he very wisely took to be the south fork of the Canadian. We traveled this day about fifteen miles, and encamped on the creek. The water was still fresh and running. Course still southeast.
- Oct. 5. This day we killed another antelope, and encamped early upon the creek. While I was on the first guard, the hunters brought in a Cumanche horse which they had found, blind of one eye. At their approach almost every animal in company broke their ropes or drew their stakes. Had a yell been raised then we should not have saved one animal. Traveled this day about ten miles.
- Oct. 6. This day we passed an old camp of the Cumanches, and followed their trail down the bed of the river, which here was dry. Encamped at night in a thicket of mesquite bushes near a large pond of water and where, for the first time, the river water was salt. It likewise began to wind around, keeping, however, its general course to the southeast. Traveled this day about fifteen miles.
- Oct. 7. Started late, crossed the fork we had been so long traveling on, went over to the other, and encamped. These two forks are of the same size. In going from one to the other, we passed through a large level prairie, covered with tall mesquite bushes; and finding some very large, deep purple prickly pears, Lewis and myself ate of them, and the consequence was a terrible ague all night. The river bottom where we encamped was wide and grassy, and shaded with large cottonwood. Traveled this day near twenty miles, in a due southeast course. At night killed the Cumanche horse which had been brought in. Of this I partook, but just be-

fore dark two or three deer were killed close to camp. Encamped at the junction of the two forks.

Oct. 8.—Lay by this day.

Oct. 9.—Left early in the morning, crossed the river. and struck into the hills. The valley and the prairie had now disappeared, and we were in a country of broken, red. barren hills and deep gullies, then dry, but which must, in the spring, carry the whole water of the prairie into the branches of the Brazos and Red river. Lewis, Irwin and myself lost the company. We were on the right of the river. After waiting for the party for some time, we turned down to the river, but found no trail. We then went into the hills again, and followed the river up, and met with Bill Williams and seven or eight others, all lost. We traveled up the river till night, and then encamped together. We had plenty of meat, however. The next morning we separated again from Bill, took to the hills on the right, and followed down the river, nearly to a high hill which we had seen the day before. Finding still no trail, and imagining that the party had been farther from the river than we had, and had struck in again between us and the hill, we turned back and went up nearly to our old camp. Here we struck the trail and followed it till dark, and encamped within about four miles of the party, without water or food, having traveled that day nearly forty miles, through the worst country upon earth. We could hardly go five rods at a time without crossing a gully, and were often obliged to dismount, and sometimes we lost an hour in going up and down one of them, to find where to cross it. Just after dark we heard three guns fired in the direction of the river, and answered them by three more. This day we had seen a large signal smoke rise to the right behind a mountain, and another still farther below and answered it.

Oct. 11.—Went down to the river and found the party, got breakfast, scolded a while with Harris and started. We still kept down the river—though not following all its windings—and encamped on the southern bank of it. Traveled this day in a southern direction, about eighteen miles.

Oct. 12.—This day we crossed the river several times in the course of the forenoon; dug for water, which was, as usual salt. About noon five of us left the party, turned into the hills on the northeast side of the river, and left this fork of the Brazos forever. Striking our course for a hill which we saw at a distance, we traveled about twelve miles after leaving the party, and encamped by a hollow of water and among some mesquite bushes. Traveled today, in the whole, about twenty-two miles.

On reviewing our route thus far, it will appear that about 260 miles to the southeast of San Miguel, or 310 from Santa Fe, is the head of the branch of the Brazos upon which we had been traveling; that, keeping down this river to the distance of seventy-eight miles, still southeast, and then striking a due south course from the pond below the last Cumanche village, we should have reached the small creek Mochico in three days—that is, in the distance of forty miles; that, crossing this branch, which also runs a southeast course, we should have reached, in five days more (seventy miles) the Rio Azul, a river of clear running water, running also to the southeast and which is, without any doubt, the main branch of the Brazos; that keeping down this six or eight days, we should have reached the point where the San Saba joins it, turning up which river we should have passed the mouths of three branches running into it. Thus much we were informed by Manuel the Cumanche, before we left him, and it was corroborated by Antonio. One hundred and forty-six miles below the head (on the Del Resgate) another fork came in from the north and joined it: and 184 miles from the head of it, or 494 miles, nearly southeast of Santa Fe, we left the Del Resgate. It was here about fifty yards wide, containing water only here and there in holes.

The country upon which we entered after leaving the river was hilly, red and barren, thinly covered with mesquite bushes, and in the hollows with hackberry trees. At almost every step you could see marks of water, although at this time it was perfectly dry and hard. These general marks of inundation, the numerous gullies at every step, and

the rough, washen appearance of the red hills, all prove that, in the spring the rush of water through this country must be tremendous, and travel, in any way, impossible. We supposed that we were about two days' journey from the Cross Timbers and on the waters of Red river. I had a horse and each of my companions a mule, and although we were in the midst of enemies we had little fear of not reaching the United States in safety. Besides Lewis and myself, our little party consisted of Irwin, Ish and Gillet. Irwin was an Englishman, who had just come by land from California—a brave, good-humored man, and not much afraid of anything save wild animals. Ish and Gillet were young men from Missouri, who had been hired by Harris in Santa Fe.

The latter was a mere boy—the former was much of a man, brave as a lion, active and industrious in the woods. Each man had a gun, and, with the exception of Irwin, a pistol or two. He, however, made up for this deficiency by bearing a double-barreled English fowling piece. We had, likewise, a plenty of ammunition and Spanish blankets.

I can not wonder that many men have chosen to pass their life in the woods, and I see nothing overdrawn or exaggerated in the character of Hawk-eye and Bushfield. There is so much independence and self-independence in the lonely hunter's life-so much freedom from law and restraint, from form and ceremony, that one who commences the life is almost certain to continue in it. With but few wants, and those easily supplied, a man feels none of the enthralments which surround him when connected with society. His gun and his own industry supply him with fire, food and clothing. He eats his simple meal, and has no one to thank for it except his Maker. He travels where he pleases, and sleeps whenever he feels inclined. If there is danger about, it comes from enemies, and not from the false friends, and when he enters a settlement, his former life renders it doubly tedious to him; he has forgotten the forms and ceremonies of the world; he has neglected his person, until neatness and scrupulous attention to the minutiae of appearance are wearisome to him; and he has contracted habits unfit for polished and well-bred society. Now, he can

not sit cross-legged upon a blanket; instead of his common and luxurious lounging position, he must be confined rigidly to a chair. His pipe must be laid aside and his simple dress is exchanged for the cumbersome and confined trappings of the gentleman. In short, he is lost, and he betakes himself to the woods again for pure *ennui*; and the first night on which he builds his fire, puts up his meat to roast and lies down upon the ground, with the open sky above him, and the cool, clear, healthy wind fanning his cheek, seems to him like the beginning of a better and freer life.

Oct. 13.-We started this morning early, and at noon we reached another and still larger branch of the Brazos. running the same course (to the southeast). We crossed it, and rested on the north bank, near a large hole of water in the bed of the river, but which was so immensely salt that our animals would not drink it. I tasted some of it from the tip of my finger, and it is no exaggeration when I say that it was as salt as the water of the ocean. It was, in fact, perfect brine, of a deep yellow color, so deeply was it impregnated with salt. After stopping two hours, we went down the river a short distance among the mesquite bushes, and Lewis shot a young doe and Ish an old buck. We cut up and packed the meat, crossed the river, and kept on towards the southeast, which course we had pursued all day. Just at night we came upon the river again, crossed it, and encamped on the other side of it, in a small thicket of bushes. This afternoon we had seen an abundance of horse tracks. and marks of lodge poles, and we concluded that there must be a village of Cumanches not far above where we encamped. Here we dug several holes in the bed of the river, which was a hundred yards wide, and contained water in holes. It was all alike salt, and we found it impossible to drink it. We foolishly cooked part of our deer and ate it; and more foolishly still, some of us added salt, of which I had a little in my pocket. At dusk we put out our fire and would have slept well had we not dreamed of drinking huge draughts of water. Once in the night I conceived myself lying flat by a river, with the water touching my lips, but entirely unable

to get a drop out of it into my mouth. Traveled east about eighteen miles.

Oct. 14.—Left the river early and bore to the northeast. About 10 in the forenoon we came in sight of the river again to the right of it; descended into a deep, narrow valley running into the river at the right angles, and containing the bed of a little stream, which we followed up for two miles partly searching for water, and partly because we were unable to cross it. Found no water; crossed it high up, and took our course again. About 2 in the afternoon we came upon the river again, still to the right, and turning a course parallel with us, bore down towards it, and came upon a deep, rocky hollow, running into it, and containing water in holes. Tormented with intense thirst, and with the heat of the day, we were rejoiced at finding water, and not more for ourselves than for our animals, who were trembling under us with weakness, and wearing that dim, glassy look in their eyes which they always have when suffering from thirst. Drove them down the canon, at the risk of breaking their necks, and followed them. We found the water very salt, but we could drink it. It seemed as if our animals would never become satiated with the water; they returned to it again and again, and stood pawing in it whenever they were allowed to get to it, until after dark. The quantities which we ourselves drank of it were immense. The large wooden Cumanche bowl, which Irwin bore, and which held about a pint and a half, was but a single draught for either of us and for half an hour it was hardly out of the hands of one of us before it was in those of another; and so salt was the water that it had hardly passed down our throats before we were as thirsty as ever. Before we slept that night I hesitate not to say that we each drank three gallons of this water. After smoking, eating and drinking, we slept, only disturbed by the noise of a bear, which came tumbling down the side of a hollow, close to us. We traveled this day about twelve miles to the northeast.

Oct. 15.—This morning we turned to the east, and left this river, which we there named the Salt Fork of the Brazos, or, in good Spanish, the "Brazo Salado." Part of the morning we traveled in a high prairie or table land, and we then came to a place where this table sunk down abruptly into a lower country. Here we descended into a long. narrow valley between the abrupt sides of the upper table land, which seemed to look back upon them, to be mountains rising out of the plain. The country ahead, too, was very hilly and broken. About 10 we arrived at a large, clear, limestone spring of water, where we stopped and drank plentifully; from this spring a small stream of water ran down the valley, in a course nearly northeast. We followed the valley down, and crossed this hollow about forty times. The valley was full of horse tracks and signs of Indians, and still, the temptation of a large catfish or two which we saw in the spring under the shelving rocks, was enough to induce us to fire a shot or two at them, which, however, was unsuccessful. About two miles below the spring, we encamped on the edge of the branch, in green, heavy grass, and close to an abundance of hackberry trees, with good, fresh water. The valley was here running a course nearly northeast—and after dinner we continued that course, until weary of crossing the creek; we bent more to the east and left it to our left; crossed the point of a hill, and left a high and conspicuous conical hill to the right, about six miles beyond which we emerged from the broken hills into the mesquite, covering the bottom on the edge of another river, about as wide as the Salt Fork, and of the same character. Just on the descent to the river was an old enclosure, which had been built by the Cumanches of brush, and a circle surrounded with converging poles, which reminded me of the threshing floors of the New Mexicans. Passing through the mesquite, we reached the river, and found water, but salter, if possible, than the former. While we were sitting on our animals, watching them put their mouths to the water and refuse it. Lewis raised a laugh by observing that if Tom Banks reached that river he would have salt tea enough alluding to his verbiage about Saltillo. This branch ran the same course as the former, and we supposed joined it not far below. Crossed it and went up to the high mesquite prairie on the other side of it and encamped without water.

We now supposed ourselves to be on the north side of Red river, but we were immensely out of the matter. Traveled this day eighteen miles; gained perhaps twelve east.

Oct. 16.—Our route this day lay in the forenoon through a level prairie covered with mesquite bushes. We now began to hope that we should soon arrive at the open prairie. But at noon we came upon a break of the prairie into low, uneven ground, and saw away in front of us what appeared to be a large river. Here Lewis went out, killed a deer and brought it in whole. After dinner, I delayed in camp until the party were two miles ahead. About three miles from camp we passed a small hill with a pile of stones on the summit—probably the fruits of the superstition of the Cumanches. At night we encamped on a small branch of salt water, which runs into the river. Here we saw a bear, but could not get a shot at him. Today traveled about fifteen miles northeast.

Oct. 17.—Crossed the river, which is about twenty yards, or perhaps thirty, wide-sandy, and with little water, like all the rest; and like them, too, running to the southeast. After crossing the river, we continued on about three miles, and crossed a branch of the same stream, running with clear but very salt water through a grassy valley. After crossing, we kept up the branch for some distance, and ascended into the prairie, which was still clothed with mesquite bushes. Here we tried in vain to kill a deer, and stopped at noon on a deep hollow with brackish water. the afternoon we kept on through the prairie and towards night came upon a hole of muddy water, beat up, as well as surrounded by innumerable horse tracks. Here we concluded to pass the night; and immediately on stopping, Ish pointed out to us four or five wild horses very quietly feeding not far from the water. Lewis and he accordingly went out with the intention of killing one; and after several shots succeeded, and returned to camp bearing a portion of the animal. Fire had been made in the meantime, and every man was soon busily employed in roasting horse meat. Before we had time to eat, however, a sudden trampling was heard approaching, and we stood to our arms, when sud-

denly about a hundred horses came careering down towards the water. They had approached within thirty yards of us before they discovered us, when, with a general snort, they galloped swiftly by us. As they passed, Ish discharged his big gun, which added wings to their terror, and they were soon out of sight and hearing, and we returned to our cooking. Upon eating our meat, we found it far from unpleasant. It was tender, sweet and very fat; and on the whole is far preferable to the meat of a lean deer. The choice piece in a horse is under the mane; and this we left roasting under the coals, wrapped in the skin, until morning. After this, two or three of us went out on the track of the horses, and about two hundred yards from camp we found a beautiful roan filly dead—the effects of Ish's big gun. Of this animal we took a small portion and returned to camp, and, for the sake of satisfying my curiosity, I took with me the tongue. This part of the beast I found not very palatable.

It seems astonishing that from the few horses introduced so short a time since into America by the Spaniards, there should now be such immense herds in the prairie, and in the possession of the Aboriginals. Hardly a day passed without our seeing a herd of them, either quietly feeding or careering off wildly in the distance. They are the most beautiful sight to be met with in the prairie. Of all colors, but most commonly of a bay, and with their manes floating in the wind, they form a most beautiful contrast to the heavy, unwieldly herds of buffalo, which seem, even at their best speed, to be moved by some kind of clumsy machinery. Some old patriarch always heads the gang and takes the command over them. We were witnesses on one particular occasion to an example of communication between these animals which proves them possessed of something nearly allied to the power of speech. We had seen a herd feeding at a distance, and we watched them to see what effect would be produced upon them, when they should receive our smell in the air, or, as hunters say, the wind of us, which was blowing across our path in their direction. On feeling it, they started in a slow trot, headed, as usual, by a noble-looking old patriarch. Three only of the whole herd were bold and the same of th

enough to separate and take another direction. On discovering the defection of his troops, the old chief turned back, and the whole herd halted. Trotting briskly to the three deserters, he communicated with them for a moment or two, and, probably finding remonstrances unavailing, started back and put his followers in motion, quickly accelerating their gait to a gallop. You may see the leader sometimes before, and sometimes behind his troops, biting them and urging them on by every means in his power. As to the tale of their keeping one of the number as sentinels, I believe nothing of it. Their acute smell gives them sufficient warning and does away the need of a sentry. We traveled today about fifteen miles in a course nearly east-northeast.

Oct. 18.—Left camp in the morning, after a hearty meal of horse meat, and traveled through a high mesquite prairie. The bushes, however, began to grow thinner and smaller, and we now hoped to reach speedily to the high open prairie, an event which we anxiously looked for. About noon we fell off from the prairie into a bottom of good land covered with thick hackberry trees, and in a short distance came upon a creek about twenty yards wide, running clear water, but salt. This is a branch of the Red river. Here we nooned, and for the first time saw a flock of wild turkeys, out of which we killed one. Leaving our camping ground, we crossed the creek and kept down it some distance and then turned to the east. Towards night we struck another branch, and followed the bed of it to the mouth, where it joined the creek on which we nooned, and here we encamped. The water of the creek which ran rippling over the stones, reminding us of the clear streams of our own country and the mountains, was very salt, but there was a small tide of good water (that is, not too salt to drink) in the bed of the creek. Here we ate our turkey, with the addition of a little horse meat to relieve the dryness of it. This day we traveled perhaps fifteen miles east-northeast.

Oct. 19.—This morning we finished our horse meat, and followed the course of the creek two or three miles and found sweet water under a bluff rock in the bed of the river. We had for several days been tormented by constant thirst,

for salt water satisfies a man only while he is drinking it. We now drank enough to satiate us, and took a general smoke upon the occasion. We then struck into the prairie. and Lewis killed a fat buck. We then turned down to a branch of standing water and nooned; and in cooking our dinner, we set the long grass of the bottom on fire and had a noble blaze and smoke. We ate our dinner and left it burning, not without apprehensions of its being observed by Indians. We still kept on our course through the mesquite prairie, and towards night descended into a hollow and hunted water, but were driven out by the gnats and mosquitos without finding any. On emerging again from the hollow we came upon an old Cumanche village, which must have contained, when occupied, at least five hundred souls. After traveling through the prairie until nearly night, we found a hollow of good, and, for a rarity, perfectly fresh water. Here we encamped, and in the night we were awakened by the snorting of one of our mules. After gathering our arms and waiting some time for an attack we discovered that the cause of the alarm was simply a deer or two whistling at a distance. Traveled this day about eighteen miles eastnortheast.

Oct. 20.—After traveling about five miles in a broken prairie country, we discovered two or three buffalo ahead of us, and Lewis and Ish went on and wounded two of them, one of which, an old cow, ran up into the prairie and fell. She was too poor for us to touch, and we left her lying there. We were now fairly in the broad open prairie, and among the buffalo; and, to the wanderer in the prairie, nothing is so inspiring as the thought of the immense herds of these animals which are found on its broad bosom. Their numbers are truly astonishing. You may see them for whole days on each side of you as far as your sight will extend, apparently so thick that one might walk for miles upon their backs, listlessly feeding along until they take the wind of you, and then moving off at a speed of which the unwieldly animals seem hardly capable. Wherever they have passed, the ground looks as if it had been burnt over.

Except in their faculty of smelling, the buffalo is the most stupid animal in the world; and if you will creep towards them and obtain two or three shots at them, before you are seen, you may then rise and fire half a day at them: they will only look stupidly at you out of their little eyes and now and then utter a grunt. But when they have once smelled the blood of a companion, they are apt to abscond. When an old bull is shot in any vital part, and the hunter remains unseen, he will run a little way, and then stand and bleed to death; but let him once see the hunter, and become enraged, and it seems impossible to kill him. I have seen them live for a length of time which seemed astonishing when ball after ball had been shot into their heart and lungs. A cow will commonly stand when shot until she bleeds to death. The enraged old bull, making fight, has rather a formidable appearance, shaking his huge head, matted over with hair, and glaring with his little twinkling eyes. A large herd of them would make a tremendous charge upon a body of horses if they could be brought up to it. Nothing could stand against their hard heads, which a rifle bullet will not enter at a distance greater than ten steps. Like all other animals, they take especial care to defend their young, and you may frequently see in the prairie rings, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, made by the buffalo. They place their calves in the center and tramp round them during the night, to protect them from the wolves.

The flesh of an old bull is the worst meat in the world during the summer and autumn; and that of the fat cow is undoubtedly the best. I know of nothing edible which I would not exchange for the hump ribs of a fat buffalo cow.

After leaving the old cow, we went on to a small hollow bordered by cottonwood and willows, and encamped in the bottom of the hollow. We had traveled this forenoon in a course nearly east-northeast thirteen miles, and we now determined to change our course and turn to the north. We supposed ourselves to be on the north side of Red river, and were desirous of reaching the Washita. Accordingly, in the afternoon we traveled in a north course about eight miles, and encamped in the open prairie on the edge of a hole of

water. We saw in the evening plenty of scattering bulls, all with their faces turned to the south, and we knew that the cows could not be far behind them. We likewise saw a herd of elk trotting off at a distance, and at night we made a fire for the first time of the dry ordure of the buffalo, which is the common fuel in the prairie. It makes an excellent fire and has saved me from freezing to death several times. Here we heard also for the first time the buffalo grunting about us in the night. Traveled this day, in the whole, about twenty-one miles.

Oct. 21.—Early in the morning we came suddenly upon a broad river with bluff banks, running in a course nearly east. Here, then, was Red river at last, which we thought was far behind us. Now, however, there could be no dispute. Here it was a broad sand bed more than a mile wide. with not a drop of water visible, and with a high prairie on each side, while the only thing to relieve the monotony was a few hackberries growing under the bluffs. We crossed the river and found a thread of salt water just under the opposite bank. Here were plenty of new roads, made by the buffalo in crossing the river. On ascending the bluff, we came again upon a high prairie covered by numerous villages of prairie dogs, who sat chattering at us from their holes. This singular little animal, which has no resemblance to a dog except in the name, is to be found in villages throughout the whole prairie, and always in the highest part of it, where they must dig to an immense depth to reach water. They are about as large as a grey squirrel, of a brown color, and shaped nearly like a woodchuck. They are always found in villages, and there is commonly one hole which has five times the quantity of earth piled around it that any other house in the village can boast of. They have many enemies. The rattlesnake lives in the same hole with them and deyours them, and the little brown prairie wolf and the tigercat lie in wait for them at their very doors. You will frequently, too, find owls nestled in their holes. We stopped at noon in a small, low place full of buffalo wallows. There had been water here, but it was here no longer. We found a hole, at length, about as large as my body, and scraped a

small hole, from which I obtained a draught or two of mud and water, which left my throat plastered over with the former substance. We ate our last venison and went on. In the afternoon we saw some cows, and towards night my horse began to fail, and we turned down to a small creek, timbered with hackberry, for the purpose of encamping, and Lewis and Ish killed three cows and a yearling calf. The water on which we encamped was both muddy and salt. Traveled this day about fifteen miles in a direction nearly north.

Thus it will be seen that from our departure from the Del Resgate branch of the Brazos river, we had traveled about 140 miles when we reached Red river, in a course generally northeast.

Oct. 22.—Traveled generally this day in the prairie, now and then crossing a small creek, and encamped at night in an open place near a deep hole of water. This day we saw an abundance of cows, and heard them grunting about us at night. We were now in all the glory of a prairie life, with an abundance of buffalo, good water and plenty of timber; and we lay down at night with a feeling of freedom and independence which man does not always enjoy in a city. Traveled today about fifteen miles north.

Oct. 23.—Early this morning a band of buffalo came about us, and we lay in camp and killed two; took the tongues and the hump meat, and went on. About noon we saw the first pecan tree which had greeted us, and we hailed it as something peculiar to home. You would have supposed that we had reached a house or a city. We likewise found some scattering oak glades, and began to feel out of danger. Just after noon we came upon a creek of good water, bordered with excellent grass, and determined to stop and recruit our horses. We turned down and encamped accordingly, after traveling this day about nine miles nearly north. Moccasin making and mending clothes occupied the remainder of the day; and not only at this time, but often afterwards, we had reason to rejoice that Irwin was with us to play the part of tailor, in which he was an adept.

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Oct. 24.—Lay by today, and in the evening Lewis and Ish killed one cow and a yearling, and wounded a barren cow; feasted upon marrow bones and hump ribs, and threw fear to the winds, very piously handing over the Cumanches, with our good wishes to his Satanic Majesty.

Oct. 25.—Left camp, and after proceeding about a mile, found our wounded cow, yet alive, and able to make fight; killed her and took the fleece. She was, to use a western expression, powerful fat. Plenty of meat packed now, every horse bearing a whole buffalo fleece; that is, all the meat on the outside of the backbone, hump ribs and side ribs. We crossed several creeks this forenoon, none of which were running, all, however well timbered, and with good bottoms. Just before stopping at noon, Lewis shot an excellent buck, from his horse, and killed him in his tracks. We took his fleece likewise. Soon after he killed a badger, and at the place where we encamped, we killed three raccoons. We stopped at a pond of water on the bank of a small creek, and I never enjoyed any experience in epicurism so well as I did the mixture of buffalo and deer meat which we had here, and for several days after, in abundance. I have forgotton where we encamped this night, but I think we made, this day, about fifteen miles, in a course, as usual, nearly north.

Oct. 26.—Traveled this day through the same kind of country as yesterday. Nooned on a creek of running water, after crossing one or two creeks in the forenoon. Directly after setting out again, we crossed another creek, and were keeping down it to the east, when we descried a range of hills to the north, and determined to keep our course until we reached them. We accordingly kept on across the prairie, and encamped at night on another small creek, where we hunted turkeys unsuccessfully. Traveled this day about fifteen miles north.

Oct. 27.—This day we passed through immense herds of buffalo, and, about three in the afternoon, ascending a table hill which lay in front of us, saw that there were no buffalo ahead. We kept on until the middle of the afternoon, and encamped near a pond of water, and not far from a deep creek. It soon commenced raining, and during the storm

Lewis killed a cow, and we brought the meat into camp. Here we lay two days, when the storm ceased.

Oct. 30.—Moved this morning about six miles, to the top of a hill to the north of us, and stopped again, our animals being worn out by the storm. We encamped in a grove of oak, and made our first oak fire. Towards evening Lewis killed four buffalo cows, and we were again kept from starvation.

Oct. 31.—Lay by this day, killed three turkeys and had a change of diet.

Nov. 1.—This day we again turned our course to the north, through the prairie. For a mile or two I rode, but was obliged to dismount and drive my horse before me. At noon we encamped on a small creek, and at night in the Cross Timbers on the edge of a deep hollow. This day, for the first time, we saw a few grapes. Traveled about twenty-one miles, northeast by north.

Nov. 2.—This morning I left my horse and went forward on foot, packing a blanket upon my back. From this day until the seventh there was little variety in our traveling; sometimes in the open prairie and sometimes for miles in a tangled wilderness of scrub-oak, grapes and briers, which hardly allowed our mules to force a way through them. My ankles were frequently covered with blood, and nothing but my strong pantaloons of leather saved my legs from being served in the same manner.

Nov. 7.—On the seventh, towards night, we heard a gun fire to the left of us, and knew, by the crack, that it was a fusse or a musket. We accordingly supposed it to proceed from a Cumanche. Proceeding on, however, we came, about three of the afternoon, upon a deep river of running water, which we all took to be the Washita, but which Lewis concluded, from its size, it could not be. He supposed it to be Red river, and finding it impossible to cross it, we turned back sadly, and encamped about four miles from it. The expression of despair upon the countenance of some of the party was ludicrous.

Nov. 8.—This morning we turned down the river, determined to go in upon the river and cross it. We had not

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proceeded far when we saw an Indian at a distance of about five miles in the prairie. We still, however, kept on down the slope of the prairie towards the river at a slow gait, expecting his approach, and in about half an hour he appeared within a quarter of a mile of us, coming through a small point of timber. When within two hundred yards of us he stopped. We motioned to him to come on, and after some hesitation, he did so. I asked him in Spanish if he could speak that language, supposing him to be a Cumanche, for they generally speak that language. Thinking that I wished to know his nation, he answered, "Wawsashy" (Osage). It was a pleasant sound to us, and seeing it confirmed by his single point of hair upon the top of his head, we shook hands with him, and inquired of him by signs where his camp was. He pointed to the top of the hill, and wished us to go there and eat, to which we agreed, being desirous of finding out where we actually were. Seeing me afoot, he gave me his horse to ride, and kept ahead of us on foot, chattering to us, and accompanying his orations with an abundance of signs. We soon knew for a certainty that he was an Osage by the frequent garnishing of his discourse with the word "Wawsashy," and by the terminations "iginy" and "oginy," as well as the emphatic adjective "tungah." After riding about three miles, we stopped upon the summit of the prairie and kindled a small fire; and in the course of a half hour were joined by about a dozen more of the tribe, all armed with fusses, except one, who bore a rifle. Before they joined us, however, we saw them run two or three wild horses. which they do by taking stations, and pursuing the wild animals in turn until some one comes near enough to the prey to place a noose over his head, which noose is carried attached to the end of a long and light pole or wand. After joining us, and before we started again, some of them managed to steal all our tobacco except one small piece, and then offering me another horse to ride, we moved towards their camp. It was past noon when we reached it, for it was at least thirteen miles from the river. As we approached, the inhabitants of the village, who had been warned of our ap-

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proach, not only by various strange shouts, but also by messengers, came out to meet us in great numbers; and after crossing a branch of the river, we entered the camp with our arms nearly shaken off at the elbows by the rough, but friendly greetings of our new friends. Entering the village. which consisted of about thirty lodges, we were conducted to the chief's tent where we found a young Frenchman who could speak very good English. He informed us that this was the tent of the principal chief, and that our property would be very safe in it. We entered and shook hands with the chief and his subordinates, who occupied the interior. We bestowed ourselves in various positions upon his buffalo robes which were laid about the fire, and maintained true Indian gravity until they should see fit to address us. The young Frenchman then asked us where we were from. We told him, and he interpreted it to our hosts, who uttered the common exclamation, "huh!" and listened till we should speak again. Give me an Indian for a listener always. We gave them some details of our route, to which they listened with surprise, and perhaps with incredulity. If so, they were too polite to show it. They had, as it appeared, been at our old camps, and taken us for Pawnees, for they know no other name for any wandering Indian, than Pawnee. After the conference was over I produced my pipe and began to fill it. A half dozen pipes were immediately shown, and requests were made for tobacco, to which I was, of course, bound to respond, and we had a general smoke. We passed the remainder of this day and the next with them, and were called upon every hour in the day to go to some lodge and eat. In the course of the second day and evening we ate fifteen times, and were obliged to do so, or affront them.

These Osages were generally fine, large, noble-looking men supplied with immense Roman noses. Young Clairmore, the chief of the party, in particular, was a very fine, noble-looking fellow. They are much more generous and friendly, too, than the Choctaws or Cherokees in their treatment of strangers, and fed us bountifully on the meat of the

buffalo, bear, deer and polecat; the latter of which, however, we partook merely out of compliment.

Their lodges, unlike those of the Cumanches, are round and not conical, and are not more than eight feet in height. The tops of them were formed of thin fleeces of buffalo meat, which was drying in the smoke, supported by the bent saplings of which the lodges were built. We found, that on the contrary to our fears, we were upon the Washita, and in the edge of the Cross Timbers, a consummation we had long been very devoutly looking for.

Nov. 10.—Left the camp in company with the Osages, and traveled in a southeast direction about twelve miles, and encamped again with them.

Nov. 11.—This morning, left the Osages. They had solicited us strongly to go on with them, and we would have been wise had we done so. Lewis, Irwin and Gillet exchanged their mules for horses this morning, but Ish kept his mule. Lewis and Irwin obtained young and unbroken wild horses (or as the hunters call them, mestangs), and Gillet got an old worn-out hack. At parting, the chief presented us with an abundance of good meat, and in return we gave him a red and gaudy Mexican blanket, and after lingering behind his men, and shaking hands with us, he left us.

From this time till the night of the thirteenth, our route lay through the Cross Timbers and the Washita hills, and on that afternoon we turned down from the hills to the river, crossed it and encamped on the north bank of it. These three days were the worst part of the route. The gravel wore our feet to the quick, even through our moccasins, and the bushes and briers offered almost insurmountable obstacles to our progress. Probably in these three days, we traveled fifty miles and gained, upon a straight line, thirty.

Nov. 14.—Left the Washita and struck out from it. From this day till the twentieth, we traveled nearly an easterly course; sometimes in burnt prairie. On the 19th we had a snow storm. We had crossed two running creeks about twenty yards wide besides several small ones—all branches of Blue. On the twentieth in the morning, we

came upon a Delaware, who was hunting deer. He conducted us part of the way to his camp, and then left us to hunt deer a while, as he said; but we never found his camp. I do not suppose that he intended us to do so. We obtained a small piece of tobacco of him, however, of which we had had none for six or seven days. Both of these days (the nineteenth and twentieth), we were without meat, not even a mouthful.

Nov. 21.—This day, at noon, killed a small deer, and ate ravenously—eating the whole animal except one ham and one shoulder. From this day to the 23d we kept nearly the same course (east), and about noon of the 23d we struck Blue, and kept down it, as we did also on the twenty-fourth, till about noon, we found ourselves in the bottom of Red river, at the mouth of Blue. Here we encamped, and laid by this day and the next, the 25th. From the crossing of the Washita to the mouth of the Blue, we had traveled, I believe, nearly one hundred and sixty miles, perhaps more. The distance, upon a straight line, is not more than one hundred and twenty miles.

On the 14th we killed four old bulls. They were the last we saw; the same day we killed and ate an opossum.

Nov. 22.—On the 22d Gillet killed his horse and became my companion on foot. During these last days the prairie had been on fire all around us, and I assure the reader that there is not the least danger of a person getting caught and burnt up by it. I can outwalk it two to one, even in a good wind; and I think I could save myself by running through the fire. The most serious calamity which had befallen me of late was the loss of my last knife, which I left behind me on the 23d, and of course I had a fair chance to discover the true value of fingers in the woods.

The country was, as before, at times prairie, covered with long grass, or, where the fire had been, hard, black and dry. At times we passed through spots of oak timber, and now and then a small patch of briers and scrub oak. The water was now all sweet and clear, and there was an abundance of it.

On the 25th we lay by in the bottom of Red river, and Lewis killed an old bear and cub. Some turkeys, also, were unroosted by some of us, and we could have killed plenty of deer had we wished. There can be no better place for hunting than this bottom, but for briers and vines, I take it to be the worst place on earth.

From this day until the 28th, we had every variety of traveling, except that which was pleasant and easy. We crossed Blue on the morning of the 25th, and then took a nearly north course. That night I felled a tree about a foot in diameter with a tomahawk for the sake of grapes. On the 27th we encamped early, and cut a bee tree, obtaining a good quantity of honey to eat with out bear meat, and the next morning we struck the road which goes in to Fort Towson. Owing to our making a slight mistake, and taking the wrong end of it, however, we did not manage to reach that place. There is a conical bare mound called the Cadeau Hill, near this place in the road, and also a timbered hill, both of which Lewis thought we would know, but did not. We followed the road about six miles in a southwest direction, and concluding we were not getting homeward, we stopped and ate on the edge of the timbered hill; followed the road a little farther until it vanished, and then we again struck an east course. Had we taken the other end of the road, we should have been spared some trouble.

On the morning of the 29th, our northward course brought us to the first fork of Boggy, where we cut a sycamore and crossed on it; part of the log was under water, and it was an altogether slippery business, especially for Irwin, who had received a kick a day or two before, and was obliged to straddle the log, and as they quaintly call it in the west, "coon it across." A lame leg is no great accommodation in the prairie. After crossing, we kept to the east, but soon found ourselves getting entangled in a bottom, and turned to the north again, and on the 30th, about noon, we reached the other fork of Boggy. Here we heard a dog baying and the cries of Ingians, and while we remained on the bank, Lewis went to find the Indians. He returned just at night,

and, of course, we deferred crossing until the morning. Killed some turkeys, and contented ourselves. The next morning we cut a willow and crossed on it, and were then obliged to cut a road through the cane with knives. At noon we ate nothing, and at night we finished our turkeys.

Dec. 1.—In the morning we met a Choctaw who informed us that there was a road not far ahead. We nooned, however, before reaching it, and after starting again, turned off of our course to the sound of an axe, and found five or six Choctaws cutting a bee tree. We offered to buy some of the honey, but they refused to sell it, but tried to beg powder and balls. A Choctaw is, without exception, the meanest Indian on earth. About the middle of the afternoon, we reached the road which runs from Fort Smith to Red river. We, however, not knowing that there was any such road, supposed it to run from the ford of Boggy to Fort Towson, on Red river, to which we wished to go, and we accordingly took the north end of the road, being then twenty-three miles from Red river, and the weather too cloudy and wet for us to see the sun, or to know our course. We traveled about sixteen miles after striking the road, and encamped in the rain, without food. From this time we traveled from thirty to thirty-five miles a day, driving the wearied animals before us.

On the 2nd, I sold my rifle to the Choctaws for about a dozen pounds of meat, and Ish disposed of his in the same manner.

On the 4th we encamped with two or three Delawares, and Irwin sold his double-barreled gun for meat likewise. Upon leaving the Delawares the next morning, and striking across to the road, we took the wrong end of it, and following it eight or ten miles, came to the Kiamesia. Here we encamped, and the next morning took the road again, and on the 9th we reached, about noon, the houses of a certain subagent for the Choctaws, an acquaintance of Lewis', but whose heart was not quite big enough to allow him to invite us to dine with him. We accordingly went on to the ferry on

the Porteau, where we arrived after dark, and found a little Frenchman there, who had nothing to eat but pounded corn, and nothing to cook it in but a kettle that held about a pint and a half. It took us about half the night to cook three kettles full of said corn, from each kettle of which each man got perhaps six spoonsful.

On the 10th we reached Fort Smith, and we must have made a most ludicrous appearance. Falstaff's ragged regiment was nothing to us. I had a pair of leather pantaloons, scorched and wrinkled by the fire, and full of grease; an old greasy jacket and vest, a pair of huge moccasins, in mending which I had laid out all my skill during the space of two months, and in so doing, had bestowed upon them a whole shot-pouch, a shirt, which, made of what is commonly called counterpane, or a big checked stuff, had not been washed since I left Taos; and, to crown all, my beard and mustachios had never been clipped during the same time. Some of us were worse off. Irwin, for example, had not half a shirt. In short, we were, to use another western expression, "as pretty a looking set of fellows as ever any man put up to his face.".

From the crossing of Blue to the first crossing of Boggy, we traveled about fifty miles; thence to the second crossing, about twenty-eight; thence to the road about twenty-seven, and on the road, about two hundred miles. In the whole then, we traveled from Taos about fourteen hundred miles, or about thirteen hundred from San Miguel, out of which I walked a distance of about six hundred and fifty miles.

I have been less exact in describing our route after crossing the Fausse Washita, because Washington Irving, who was at the Cross Timbers on the Washita, not far from the time at which we crossed it, will describe that portion of the western world in a manner which would do shame to any poor endeavors of mine to convey an idea of it. O! I can only regret that we did not meet him in the prairie, for in such case we could have given him more material for a description of the "far west;" and I should probably have had our journey laid before the public by better hands than my own.

And now, in leaving this portion of my work, I beg to assure the reader that if there are any errors to be corrected thus far, they are by no means intentional. He will please recollect that I have written entirely from my own memory aided by that of Mr. Lewis. I find also another difficulty in writing. After living in the west, where many things which are peculiar to a wild life are common and uninteresting, one is apt to hurry over the minutiae of them in laying them before a part of the public to whom they are strange and new. One can hardly realize that what is so common to him and everyone around him, can be interesting to any portion of the public, and for fear of being tedious and prolix, he is, perhaps, brief and unsatisfactory. With this brief apology, I leave the recital of our edventures in the Western Desert.

The reader may wish to know what became of the party which we left. In the month of April Mr. J. Scott, whom we had left with the party upon the Del Resgate fork of the Brazos, came into Fort Smith in company with two others of the party; and the account which he gives me of the route of the party after we left it is as follows: "They kept down the river for about twelve days after our departure, and then struck a due north course to the Fausse Washita, crossing on the way only one more branch of the Brazos, but having passed the mouths of three branches which put into the Del Resgate from the north. They crossed the Red river near the mouth of the branch which I mentioned as the only branch of Red river crossed by us. After striking the Washita, they kept up it nearly to its head, then crossing to the Canadian, and followed it down nearly to its junction with the Arkansas. They passed the whole winter upon the Canadian, and Harris was into Fort Bigson in the month of January. In the spring they left the Canadian, and took a south course, crossed Red river, and about one hundred and fifty miles south of it Scott and his companions left them, after Harris had in vain attempted to persuade them to remain. Some half dozen of the party, including Bill Williams, turned back soon after we left them, and went back on foot towards Taos. Thus much for Caesar and his fortunes.

In the month of December, 1832, a party of twelve men left Taos, to come into this country by way of the Canadian. They had proceeded only about two hundred miles from Santa Fe when they were attacked by the Cumanches; two men were killed and several wounded; all their animals were killed, and they left their money and baggage and kept on down the river on foot. Five of them soon after left the river and struck for Missouri, where they arrived safely; the other five still kept on down the river, and three of them went ahead of the others and came in. One of the two who were left behind was named Mr. R. Schenck, a native of Ohio. He had been wounded in the leg, and as nothing has been heard of him or his companion, the probability is that they died in the prairie.

NOTES.

1. For example—I know one honest and excellent man from Missouri; he had been a hard-working mechanic and farmer, and had raised sufficient money and credit to obtain a stock of goods to take to Santa Fe. The St. Louis cost of his goods was \$1,750; the duties at the custom house were \$2,104, and a gratuity to the interpreter of \$250. His stock of goods was sold in the course of a year at 30 cents per yard, measuring and including domestic, cloth, silks and, in fine, his whole stock, except ribbons. The result was, after paying the custom house, \$1,500 with which to pay the cost of his goods and his expenses in transporting them.

The duties on common domestic—in fact, on domestic of all qualities, is 21 cents per yard. Those who take in shoes, silks, coffee and tobacco, which are contraband, are almost the only men who make anything.

I have given elsewhere a description of the character of a few of the New Mexicans. As a circumstance, I may mention that the regular duties for the year 1831, which ought to have been paid to the Mexican government from Santa Fe, were nearly \$200,000. Only \$30,000 was forwarded from Santa Fe; the rest found a way into the pockets of individuals.

Perhaps the reader is at a loss to imagine how such a result is produced. Reader, the bills are reduced to one-third (generally) of their original amount, and thus passed through the custom house; and the interpreters and custom house officers share the gratuity paid the merchants for this favor and service.

It has been asserted that there is danger from the Pawnees and Cumanches to the Cherokees and Choctaws in their new country.

Now, reader, the case is far otherwise. The Pawnees came into the bounds of the Osage nation at times, but even they, the cowardly Osages, whip them. As to the Cumanches, there is no earthly danger, for they never come within the Cross Timbers.

- 3. The river Semaron is a branch of the Arkansas on the south. It is a singular river. You may see it one day running flushly in one place, and sinking, just below, entirely in the sand; and the next day the case will be reversed. The dry place will then run water, and the place which was before running will be as dry as a desert. The bed of the river and its banks are covered with salt; not like the salt of the Brazos, pure muriate of soda, but bitter and nauseous, like the sulphate of soda. I believe it would produce precisely the same effect as the latter substance. This river is a great haunt of the Cumanches, heads in the mountains, and has beaver at its heads.
- 4. The Caiawas live near the heads of the Arkansas, but they are as far from being brave, faithful, etc., as the Cumanches. Bill Williams says that no man on earth can talk their language. He says that it is all like dropping stones in the water; punk! punk! punk! The Cumanche tongue and Shoshones were formerly the same tribe; also the Eutaws.

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CAPTAIN VALENTINE MERRIWETHER M'GEHEE.

(BY HOWARD M. INGHAM, RECTOR ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CAMDEN, ARKANSAS.)

General Joseph A. Reeves of Camden, Arkansas, says: "I knew Capt. McGehee quite well. He was a young man about 22 to 25 years of age. He was well educated, active and bright, about 5 feet or 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighed from 165 to 175 pounds. He was a handsome, fine looking gentleman. His father was Madison Tate McGehee, a wealthy farmer on the Arkansas River. His mother was Lucy Meriwether. An elder brother fell at Shiloh, but in another regiment from the one in which Valentine served.

"A station and junction point on the Iron Mountain R. R. in Desha County is named after Capt. McGehee."

McGehee enlisted in Co. "G," Second Arkansas Infantry which was raised by Col. Thos. Hindman of Helena. Six companies of this regiment were raised in Eastern Arkansas. Co. "G" was organized by Captain Ben B. Talaiferro and mustered into service June 3, 1861, at Pine Bluff, with Capt. Talaiferro in command and young McGehee as first lieutenant. In Nov. 1862, Cap. Talaiferro died of pneumonia. McGehee succeeded to the command of the company and continued in that position until the war ended.

The position of first lieutenant vacated by McGehee's promotion was filled by J. M. Hudson who now lives at Pine Bluff. Capt. McGehee was in the battle of Shiloh and saw service in all the encounters of his company.

Note.—Rev. Howard M. Ingham was born at Keene, New Hampshire; was graduated from Bexley Theological Seminary, Kenyon College. He founded and served St. Luke's Church, Cleveland, Ohio, 1885-1890. From 1892 to 1896 he was rector of St. Paul's, East Cleveland, Ohio, and likewise Trinity Church at Jefferson, Ohio, from 1897-1901. In 1902 he removed to Arkansas and became rector of St. John's Church at Camden.

The Rev. Mr. Ingham is the author of several articles or monographs on church and religious affairs.

He was three times wounded. On July 20, 1864, he received a wound in the face which for a time disabled him. In Sept., 1864, he was severely wounded in the right hip which necessitated his removal to the Kingston Hospital at Booneville, Ga. On the way to the hospital the train was wrecked and many were killed. Capt. McGehee escaped death, and was seriously bruised and his shoulder blade fractured. He recovered, however, and served at the head of his company till the end of the war.

After the conflict closed he removed his home from Warren, Arkansas, to Pine Bluff, Arkansas, where he practiced law until his death, Nov. 14, 1876.

J. H. Hudson of Pine Bluff, who was McGehee's first lieutenant, writes, "Both Capt. McGehee and myself were three times wounded. I never knew a braver man. After the war he and I married sisters, the daughters of John H. Marks of Mark's Mill. Then he died leaving a wife and four children. I looked after them till Mrs. McGehee died and the children were grown and caring for themselves.

The children are: Madison Tate McGehee of Pine Bluff, Mrs., Barbara Russell of Pine Bluff, Mrs. Noble, Star City, Ark., and Mrs. R. M. Atchley, Dalark, Arkansas.

INTRODUCTION TO CAPT. M'GEHEE'S DIARY.

BY GENERAL JOSEPH A. REEVES, CAMDEN, ARKANSAS.

Arkansas Brigade.

2nd.; 5th.; 6th.; 7th.; 8th. Regiment 3rd. Confederate.

We returned from trip with Gen. Bragg into Kentucky, reaching Knoxville in November, rested a day or two at Holstein river, near Knoxville to wash up our clothes. We took cars for Tulahoma, Tenn.; left cars and marched two days, went into winter quarters about Dec. 1, 1862.

It snowed on us the first day. We cleared the ground of snow, cut limbs from bushes and trees to spread out blankets on to keep us off the cold, wet ground. We stopped at a place called College Hill; made the best tents and camps for the winter.

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The enemy moved down from Nashville to Stone river near Murfreesboro. We left our winter quarters about the 20th of December; began to make ready for battle of Murfreesboro. After maneuvering for several days we chose a position in front of the enemy about five miles north of Murfreesboro on the 29th of December.

Our line was about two miles long; Gen. Polk's corps on left; Hardee's on right, with Breckenridge in reserve. On the morning of the 30th, Gen. Bragg learned from cavalry that the enemy was forming on our left to menace Gen. Polk. Hardee was ordered to change his position to Polk's left. We marched all day and until near 12 o'clock at night before we could form any line. About twelve we were ordered to make no noise, all go to rest. The commissary came along and gave each man a small drink of whiskey.

The line now was probably three miles long, Breckenridge on right; Polk in center; Hardee on left. At daylight we were up in line, made a forward move, drove the enemy from their first and second line, many men left their guns, coats and ran; some few shots came to us from second line, but all fled. Many prisoners were taken while cooking their breakfast.

On and on we moved, but soon met a terrible line of men behind a fence, we halted, lay down and began to return the fire. We soon charged them out and moved on, captured four 12-pound cannon. After going about a half mile, I looked just ahead, saw a full line of the enemy behind a fence. I ordered a charge and we all gave the Rebel Yell in force, to scare the enemy before they should fire, for there was nothing to hinder them from taking deliberate aim and killing all of us. To our great delight they never fired a gun, but broke and ran away. We fired at them as they ran; covered the ground with the dead and wounded. On we went, but found ourselves clear ahead of the army to our right and endways to the enemy. Our brigade commanded by Gen. L. Liddell had to fall back on line.

(Earlier pages unfortunately lost).

* * ordered a charge, which was responded to, in a most glorious way, the enemy were driven in confusion from this

stronghold. We took a battery of six pieces of artillery at this place; but we did not stop to lord over our prize; we pursued the enemy nearly a mile, pouring into his flying and demoralized columns a most deadly fire. The Federal officers were entirely unable to rally their cowardly and defeated soldiers. Gen. Liddell, finding that he was pursuing too fast. halted us to rest, and allow the slower moving Tennesseans. who were on our right, to catch up. All being in readiness. we moved forward for about a half mile, where we found the enemy in greatly superior numbers and in a strong position. We encountered him and the most deadly conflict ensued for about three quarters of an hour I ever witnessed. We succeeded in driving the enemy for about half a mile, where they met reinforcements and were formed to give us battle again. We assailed them without hesitation and drove them before us. At the last encounter, I think we fought at least eight to one. We got nearer to them here than ever before. We were whipping two regiments back, when we suddenly came up to a regiment of Yankees, ambushed behind a fence. We were in 20 yards of them before we were conscious of their whereabouts. It seems to me only a providential occurrence that kept them from killing every man in our regiment. As soon as they were discovered, we charged them and routed them entirely. We advanced about three-quarters of a mile further, but met with little more opposition, for I have never before seen men so easily whipped as these Yankees were. Our supplies of ammunition having been exhausted, we were ordered to fall back. We fell back about a quarter of a mile and were halted. Here we were supplied with ammunition and were in readiness to move forward. when Gen. Bragg ordered the pursuit stopped. It was then about 3 o'clock p. m. and we had driven the enemy about three miles and a half. He was in perfect consternation and the worst whipped army I have ever seen. Why Gen. Bragg did not follow up the victory by vigorous pursuit I never expect to know. We lay where we had been stopped during the remainder of the evening. At night we were withdrawn about a quarter of a mile, back behind a hill, where we could build fires without attracting the fire from the enemy's bat-

teries. We slept as soundly as if lying in a feather bed at home.

The next morning, our brigade was ordered forward to develop the enemy's position and plans. Nothing satisfactory resulted. Only a little artillery duel ensued. About 12 o'clock, m. we were ordered to the position we occupied in the morning. The enemy kept up a continual bombardment, which rendered rest impossible. Our fight was on Wednesday and the whole line remained perfectly dormant until Friday evening, when Gen. Breckenridge, whose division occupied the center, was ordered forward, drove the enemy about half a mile, and charged a strongly fortified place, defended by nearly one hundred pieces of artillery and four times Gen. Breckenridge's infantry. Of course, Gen Breckenridge was repulsed. The incentive that prompted this move, I am not general enough to see, unless Gen. Bragg ordered it on purpose to be defeated at this point in order to have an excuse for evacuating Murfreesboro. If our victory on Wednesday had been followed by a vigorous pursuit, we would have gained the most signal victory that ever was won by Southern arms. Twice Gen Bragg has had the independence of the Confederacy and a glorious peace in his grasp. but both times, by bad management, he has opened his hands and let the prize fly.

On Friday night, we were ordered to the right. I have never seen a more gloomy night in my life. Our soldiers were worn out, wet and sleepy, for it had been raining slowly for 24 hours. A march of six or seven miles placed us in the position we had first occupied after reaching Murfreesboro. The rain fell in torrents the remainder of the night and all the next day. Saturday night we began our retreat from Murfreesboro. I thought, when we started that it would be impossible for me to march more than five miles, for it had been three days and two nights since I had slept a wink. We marched all night and I frequently found myself walking along asleep, indeed I was so sleepy, that next morning I did not know half the events that happened during our night's march. At day-break, we were halted and allowed to rest for one hour. When the bugle sounded for us to start, I felt

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that I would little rather have heard Gabriel's trumpet. I had been quite unwell during the fight, had not been able to eat anything for several days, for my stomach rejected everything I swallowed. Only excitement kept me up during the fight. The regiment started and I kept up for about five miles when I felt that it was impossible to go any farther. I was hit by a spent ball during the fight, which left a considerable bruise on my thigh. This had swollen considerably, and was very painful. After resting for an hour or two and having slept a little, I felt some better, and determined to go as far as possible, by resting every mile. for a half hour. I continued on my slow journey all day. At night on inquiring, I learned that I had traveled about 12 miles and that the regiment was encamped about 5 miles ahead. I found a blanket that some weary soldier had left and just spread myself on the ground for the night when a clever cavalryman offered me his horse to ride to camp. I accepted this kind offer and reached the regiment about 10 o'clock p. m. I had a very good sleep which refreshed me very much, but the next morning I was too weak to walk. The surgeon of the regiment placed me in a wagon and proceeded on our march to Manchester, which we reached about 12 o'clock m.

We rested for the evening and night. All seemed to be much refreshed and I felt nearly well. The next morning we started for Alisonia, about 15 miles, which we reached that night. We were to rest here for several days. Here Mr. Brady met us and I got my valise. The next morning after arriving at Alisonia, I was taken quite sick. The second day, our brigade was ordered to Wartrace (its present place of rendezvous), and all the sick were ordered to the hospital at Chattanooga. I was sent to Chattanooga and remained in the hospital there for two or three days and was then ordered to the hospital at Atlanta. I went to Atlanta and remained there for two or three days and then I went to Palmetto and remained at Aunt Rebecca White's for three weeks. I had every attention bestowed on me. Uncle Tom was kind and clever. Aunt Rebecca treated me with as much affection as if I had been her own son. Cousin Sarah was all

smiles, Cousin Lucie a perfect angel and Cousin Collie a piece of perfection. Palmetto proved to me a perfect elvsium. Cousin Babbie is one of the best and smartest women I ever saw, and Mr. Arnold is extremely clever. He is a perfect gentleman. Aunt Rebecca made me a present of a suit of the finest jeans I ever saw. I was offered one hundred and fifty dollars for the coat and pants. While at Palmetto I met many pleasant young ladies which added much to my pleasure. After I entirely recovered I returned to camp-found our regiment at our present camp. Since I have been in camp, my health has been perfect. I am heavier now than I ever was in my life. I weigh 175 pounds. My flesh is really burdensome. I have applied for a furlough of 60 days for Jimmie Talaiferro on the plea of Uncle Zack taking his place. But I fear that it will be refused. Gen. Bragg has refused several in our brigade who have applied for furloughs in the same way. But I went to Gen. Liddell and got him to recommend it, therefore I have a little hope of the furlough being granted. I forwarded the application six days ago. It is about time that it was being returned. As it will be several days before I will have an opportunity of sending this letter home, I will defer finishing it, and will write a little every day until I have an opportunity of starting it. Goodbye for today.

March 25, 1863.—I never in all my life experienced such a change in the weather as was last night; yesterday it was warm and pleasant; this morning it is snowing considerably, and is quite cold. Since the battle of Murfreesboro, I have given out all idea of ever quitting my company during the war. The conduct of my company in the battle was such as could not fail to make any captain proud of his company. My company was complimented by all who noticed them during the engagement. I have never seen demonstrations of more deliberate bravery and cool courage than was displayed by most members of my company. The most daring were Mat. Hudson, Billie Marks, Wm. Teague, John Pucket, Bedford Hall, Wm. R. Brewster, Pink Tolson, Wm. Matthews, and Jas. Morgan and Sam Scudder. All of these were complimented for their bravery. Wm. Matthews was highly

complimented on the battlefield by Gen. Liddell. I had five wounded. Sam Scudder was wounded in the arm and side as soon as we engaged the enemy. John McLean was bruised by concussion of the bursting of a bomb in first engagement. Mat. Hudson and Wm. Furgerson were wounded about 12 o'clock m. and Billie Marks was wounded as we were falling back after getting out of ammunition. Mat. Hudson was shot through the thigh, has entirely recovered and is now on duty in the company as orderly sergeant. Sam Scudder's wounds have nearyy healed but are very tender yet; he returned to camp from the hospital about a week ago, but I have never had him put on duty yet, as his side is too tender to admit of his wearing a belt. All the wounded have returned to the company except Billie Marks, he is at Varnell's Station, Ga., with some friends of his. I received a letter from him three days ago. He wrote that his arm had entirely healed, but his wrist was perfectly stiff, and he could not use his fingers in the least. I hope his hand will finally become all right again. It is evident that the surgeons think so, as they refused to discharge him. My company is in better health than they have been since they have been in service; it has been two months since I have had a sick man in my company.

My entire company would be in fine soldierly condition if they all had shoes. This gives me a great deal of trouble, for it is impossible, in these hard times, to keep them well shod all the time. Five or six now almost entirely barefooted, but they do not seem to mind it, as I do not allow only those that have good shoes to go on duty. The quartermaster has promised to get shoes for all in a few days.

Tell Mr. Gunn that MacAdams' clothing did not reach the company. The bundle was lost by Mr. Brady. I have never been able to find out the way to draw a deceased soldier's dues. I have tried on several powers of attorney, but have failed on all. I have sent a power of attorney from J. H. Adams' father and the amount due him on to the War Department. When I hear from that I can advise Mrs. Santford the course to pursue relative to the dues of Mr. Sant-

ford. I know that the dues of no deceased can be paid by a disbursing officer, only by order of the War Department. I have found all the paymasters with whom I have conversed on the subject, entirely ignorant of this portion of their duty. As soon as I am advised from the War Department, I will inform Mrs. Santford.

Thursday, March 26, 1863.—The weather continues cold and blustery. We had a little snow this morning. I think, Father, that the future will prove that your prophesies relative to the war closing July next are incorrect. There has been a lull in the storm of war for three months. but it is the portentious calm that precedes the outburst of the tempest. Whatever hopes may have been transiently entertained for an easy and honorable peace on the basis of the independence of the Confederate States have been dissipated by the action of the Yankee Congress, and the weakness and dishonesty of the politicians north, such as John VanBuren, James T. Brady and others. The storm of opposition to Lincoln and his measures that we thought we saw rising in the northwest has vanished into thin air, since Congress had empowered Lincoln with the unlimited use of the purse and sword. It is true that a few men like Valiandigham, Voihees and others of that stamp will fight against the Federal administration, but it is vain for them to breast the storm. They will reel under it and finally be engulfed in their noble efforts to save the ship of State from wreck. Lincoln has the power to crush out all opposition and that he has the will, no one doubts. He is like Macbeth, he "has waded so deep in blood, that to return were as tedious as to go on." Intervention is a cheat and a snare and the time for the delusion has passed. We must fight, and fight long and bravely. Our only hopes of peace are in the determined efforts and endurance of our noble and brave soldiers. The lurid glare of war will soon break on the horizon and extend to the zenith in all the horrors of a civil war. I believe that great and mighty events are near at hand. But who fears to meet the issue. Between us stands the protecting arm of the God of right; let the issue come.

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March 27, 1863.—Last night the weather cleared and this morning is pleasant. This is the day appointed by President Davis for fasting and prayer. It is being observed more than any Thanksgiving day I have ever seen in the army. I received a box of nice edibles from Cousin Lucie White yesterday and I assure you that it is a trial to fast with everything that is nice before me. Cousin Lucie is as near perfection as mortals can get. If it were not for the existing ties of consanguinity, she would have the offer to become Mrs. Meriwether McGehee, but the opinion of my father relative to first cousins marrying is remembered too distinctly to allow me to think of addressing a cousin. You need have no fear on that score. Our principal sport here is rabbit hunting. Sometimes our entire regiment makes a drive, the hunters are deployed like skirmishers. They surround a briar thicket and a few on horseback, with a dog or two go into the thicket and drive the rabbits out into the line of skirmishers, who kill them with sticks. Frequently we kill (when the regiment is all out) over a hundred in an hour. Pretty heavy rabbit killing, isn't it? Skirmishing for rabbits is much more pleasant than skirmishing with Yankees

March 28, 1863.—I have never heard anything of Jimmie Talaiferro's furlough yet. I fear that it will not be returned. I saw a man this morning that promised to take this letter across the Mississippi river for a dollar. He professes to be a regular mail carrier employed by McNair's Brigade. If Jimmie Talaiferro's furlough returns approved, I will write him. Dr. John Pace was left at Murfreesboro with the wounded and was taken prisoner, but has been exchanged and is now with the regiment, acting in the capacity of hospital steward; he gives an awful account of the treatment he received while a prisoner. Pink Tolson was missing after we fell back when we got out of ammunition and never has been heard from since. He fought with usurpassed gallantry and was in front when we were ordered to the rear. I fear he was either killed or wounded, but he may have been taken.

April 1, 1863.—The man that I thought would carry this letter disappointed me. He went off without coming to my company. Jimmie Talaiferro's furlough has been returned disapproved by Gen. Bragg. I have sent up an application of a discharge for him, Zack Talaiferro having offered to take his place as a substitute, but I fear that it will be disapproved. All remain well. I will not write any more until I have an opportunity of sending this across the Mississippi.

April 11, 1863.—I have just learned that a man would start from the 8th Arkansas regiment for home, this evening and unless disappointed again, I will send this by him. The application of Jimmie Talaiferro's discharge has not been returned. I fear it will not be acted on at all. Bill Marks returned to camp the day before yesterday, his arm has entirely healed, but is stiff at the wrist. He has no use of his fingers, but I hope he will recover the use of his hand eventually. The surgeons have refused to give him a discharge. They think that he is not permanently disabled. I have succeeded, at last, in getting shoes for my company. They are now well shod and in better condition for soldiering than they have been since we have been in service. It is reported that Gen. Bragg is ordered to Richmond and that Gen. Joe. E. Johnston will take the immediate command of this army. I hope it is true, but have my doubts of its truth. I think we have an active campaign before us this summer and it is generally believed that we will make another trip into Kentucky. Everything seems to indicate active operations soon. Provision is very scarce in this portion of the Confederacy. I have more fears from this than anything else. The army seems to have plenty at present, but the subject is creating considerable agitation among the people and the press. I hope for the best, for if our army ever gets out of provision we are ruined, for it is impossible to keep an army subordination without provision. Mutiny is easier created by hunger than anything else to which an army is heir. I sometimes fear that the administration is expecting too much of the army of Tennessee. We are now facing the enemy in numerical strength three times our superior and the best troops that the Federals have in the service. It

has been frequently reported that we were being reinforced by a portion of the Virginia army, but this is entirely untrue. I think the removal of Gen. Bragg from command would be the best reinforcement that could be sent to this army. I have recommended Mat. Hudson for promotion to second lieutenant in my company. I expect he will be assigned to duty during the next week.

Give my love to all relations and my respects to all inquiring friends. Excuse this dirty sheet of paper, it is all that I have. I received a letter from Cousin Lucie White about a week ago. She wrote that Cousin Babbie's oldest child, a very interesting girl of about seven years of age, died about two weeks ago. She wrote that all the other relatives were well.

(The above, though written in the form of a diary, was sent to his mother whenever opportunity presented.)

LETTERS OF DAVID O. DODD WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

(BY DALLAS T. HERNDON.)

David Owen Dodd was hanged at Little Rock, as a Confederate spy, on January 8, 1864. He was convicted on evidence contained in a notebook which he carried at the time of his arrest. Tradition says the Federal general did not believe he could have secured the information, which was written in telegraphic cipher, without aid—perhaps the help of a traitor in the Federal army. It is said, also, that General Steele offered him full pardon if he would tell who gave the information. David refused, so the story goes, in these words: "I can die, but I can not betray a friend."

There is nothing unusual to tell about the boy's early life. His parents were born of good pioneer families, as good as any in the State of Arkansas. Andrew Marion Dodd, his father, and Lydia Echols Owen, his mother, were married at Collegeville on April 27, 1843. Three years later they moved to Texas, and there David Owen, their only son and second child, was born at Victoria, in Lavaca county, November 10, 1846. In the spring of 1858 the family returned to Arkansas and settled in Benton.

Here David was put at school and his sister, Senhora, was sent to a private school in Little Rock. The father was evidently ambitious for his son to have an education, and his mother was careful to instill into his mind the teachings of Christianity. The pious advice of his sister in her letter to David, written in Little Rock, February 25, 1860, was doubtless an echo of the mother's teachings. He must have been a boy of fairly studious habits, for his sister still has in her possession a small pocket Bible which was awarded him for excellence in penmanship. His morals were good, but, like the average boy, he needed to be warned against the evils of bad company.

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Just when the family moved to Little Rock we do not know. It was either in the fall of '61 or early in '62. David was now sent to school at St. John's College. He had gone but a short time when he came home one day, sick, and a few weeks later he secured a position in the telegraph office at Little Rock. In July or August of that summer he went South with his father, who helped him get a position in the telegraph office at Monroe, La.

The position was a responsible one for a sixteen-yearold boy. Telegraph lines in that section had been pressed into government service by the Confederacy, and his letters to his mother from September to January following indicate that many important dispatches passed through his hands. Although he was still suffering from the effects of malaria, he remained at his post early and late. He sent home a part of his monthly earnings to help support his mother and sisters, who were still in Little Rock.

David remained at Monroe four or five months. times he had entire charge of the office. Being in close touch with all that went on in the armies in northern Mississippi, he became restless and eager to get nearer the excitement. His father had him resign about January 1, 1863, and he made his way to Granada, in Mississippi, where his father was serving as a sutler to the Third Arkansas Regiment (dismounted rifles). For seven or eight months thereafter David spent most of his time in camp. His father went back and forth to Mobile, bought wholesale lots of tobacco and other merchandise, and left his son to retail the goods to the soldiers. He was both capable and fearless, and the father relied upon him as if he were a man of mature years. With all his self-confidence, his letters and his father's letters show him to have been a boy of modest and simple manners.

On September 10, 1863, Little Rock was taken by the Federals. It was thereupon decided between him and his father that he, David, should go to Little Rock and return to Jackson, Miss., with his mother and two sisters. He arrived in Little Rock early in October. After some hesitation, his mother decided to return with him. They went

by train to DeVall's Bluff. Here they engaged deck passage, all that was allowed them, on a river transport. They went aboard the boat, which was overloaded with Federal soldiers. The soldiers were insulting, we are told; so much so that the mother was afraid to stay on board "with two young girls and a hot-headed Southern boy." They went ashore immediately and returned to Little Rock.

Some weeks later David found employment at Little Rock in a sutler's store. During the month of November he worked in two stores, both of them owned by sutlers of Federal regiment. In the capacity of clerk he came into personal contact with the soldiers of several Federal regiments. It does not seem at all remarkable that a boy of his intelligence, after having lived almost a year in daily communication with an army, should have had the ability to write out a simple account of the troops stationed in the city. He certainly had ample opportunity during his engagement to the two sutlers of the Federal army to find out all that is written in the little notebook.

About December 1 his father appeared on the scene. His coming to Little Rock was doubtless unexpected. He had made his way across the country from Jackson, Miss., and slipped into the city at night without being discovered. He still had business in Jackson, and was in Little Rock for the purpose of taking his family back with him. David gave up his position and they went to Camden; drove through the country in a wagon. They reached Camden near the middle of December.

In the hurry to get out of Little Rock and within the lines of the Confederate army, fearing doubtless his own apprehension and arrest, the father left certain matters of personal business unsettled. To look after this business, David started back to Little Rock a day or two after they arrived in Camden. To insure his safe passage through the Confederate lines, his father went with him to Confederate headquarters in or near Camden. Here they met General Fagan, and had no difficulty in getting a pass. As a further precaution, his father gave him a birth certificate, which showed him to be under age for military duty. This certifi-

cate, several letters and a pass, dated December 22 and signed by W. A. Crawford, lieutenant colonel commanding Confederate outpost near Princeton, were all exhibited at the trial.

There is a story, with more than one version, that General Fagan told David to gather all the information he could while in Little Rock. General Fagan is reported to have called this story gossip, pure and simple. David's father was present during the interview with the general, and he is said to have denounced it as absolutely false. There is plenty of circumstantial evidence to bear out the truth of these denials.

David made the return trip to Little Rock without accident and entered the city by the Hot Springs road, on Christmas Eve. He was riding horseback. He brought with him several letters. At least two of them were from his father, who advised his correspondents to send him any Confederate money they might wish to invest in tobacco. He specified January 13 as the day he expected to leave Camden to go east of the Mississippi River. He promised to hold the tobacco, which he proposed to buy, until after the war, and then to sell it on commission. David also had a letter from his sister, Senhora, to one of her friends, Miss Minerva Cogburn. The latter he delivered on Christmas morning, so wrote Miss Cogburn in her reply. David had her reply in his possession when he was arrested.

He spent the holidays in Little Rock—that is, until the morning of December 29—as a guest at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Owen. We know from Miss Cogburn's letter that he went to more than one dance, that he mingled freely in the social life of his friends throughout the week. He met and talked with young girls, some who were in the habit of receiving attention from Federal army officers. It is perfectly clear from the letters which passed that he saw much of Miss Cogburn. She wrote freely to his sister of her pleasure at seeing David again, and also about the social gossip of the town. Apparently she knew about the business which brought him back to Little Rock, but there is not the slightest intimation of any other motive for his return.

It was shown at the trial that he delivered a letter from his father to I. D. Fitzgerald and another to E. B. Blanks. On the morning of December 29 he started to Camden. He left the city riding a mule, and traveled the same road by which he had entered. On the previous day he had visited the office of the provost marshal, where he was given a pass. Just outside of the city limits he was halted, his pass was examined and he was allowed to go on his way. Eight miles from Little Rock he was again ordered by a sentinel to produce his pass. He did so and again went on his way. Daniel Olderburg, a private of Company "E," First Missouri Cavalry, testified at the trial that he was the soldier on picket duty eight miles from the city. The witness said, in part: "I then told him he did not need a pass any more, and I kept his pass. I tore up the pass on the post when I was relieved." This happened some time during the morning.

After leaving the picket who kept his pass, he continued along the Hot Springs road to the home of his uncle, Washington Dodd, who lived eighteen miles from Little Rock, "on the upper Hot Springs road." Here he was given a pistol, one which he left, doubtless, as an act of precaution, on his way to the city. In the afternoon he turned back and retraced his steps along the Hot Springs road to a point not more than a mile or two from the place where the picket had taken up his pass in the morning. Here he turned into a cross road, which ran in a southeasterly direction. The cross road intersected another road, which was designated at the trial as "the Benton road." It was at the point of intersection of the main road and the cross road, about ten miles from Little Rock, that he was arrested. The arrest was made just before dark by Sergeant Miehr of Company "B," First Missouri Cavalry.

Less than a week before he had passed along the Benton road going to Little Rock. The soldiers swore they had been doing guard duty at the cross roads for some weeks. David said at the time of his arrest that he was on his way to the house of a Mr. Davis. He explained that he was returning to the Davis place for the purpose of exchanging the mule

he was riding for a horse. He was apparently perfectly familiar with the road, and it seems improbable that he could have been ignorant of the presence of the soldiers at this point on the Benton road.

He was sent first to Lieutenant Stopral, who insisted that since he had no pass, he must have some paper about his person by which he could be identified. The boy then handed the officer his memorandum book, which contained the damaging telegraphic writing. Remarkable as it may seem, the officer was familiar with the Morse code. He read enough of the writing to arouse his suspicion, and then went with the boy to the "office" of Captain George W. Hanna. The captain took from him all his papers, some money and the pistol. He then gave him his supper and had him placed in the "guard house." The next morning, which was December 30, Hanna turned the prisoner over to Capt. John Baird, who brought him to Little Rock and delivered him into the hands of General Davidson.

The trial was begun on the following day. It lasted six days. The prisoner was allowed counsel to defend him. William M. Fishback, who afterwards became governor of Arkansas, was one of his lawyers. Several witnesses were called by the defense. They all swore that they had seen him at different times during the holidays, but that they had no evidence of his being a spy.

Robert C. Clowry, who many years later became president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was chief witness for the prosecution. He said he was captain and assistant quartermaster, and at present acting assistant superintendent of United States Military Telegraph. He swore that the following was a true translation of all the telegraphic writing in the book: "Third Ohio battery has four guns—brass. Three regiments in a brigade, brigade commanded by Davidson. Infantry: First brigade has three regiments; Second brigade has three regiments, one on detached service; one battery, four pieces, Parrot's guns; Brigadier General Solomon commands a division, two brigades in a division; three regiments in one brigade, two in the other. Two batteries in the division."

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The trial ended on the 5th of January, when the court passed sentence of death by hanging. The next day General Steele ordered the provost marshal general to carry out the sentence on January 8, on the grounds in front of St. John's College. A number of citizens, men and women, begged the general to spare the boy's life, but he refused to interfere.

The execution took place at the center of an enclosed square, the four sides of the square being formed by armed soldiers standing in line, probably four battalions. At least one eye-witness, who was perhaps near enough to hear ordinary conversation, gave this account of what happened after the wagon in which the prisoner sat came to a stop under the gallows: He stood up in the wagon, deliberate and calm. The attendants did their work hurriedly. The provost marshal, it seems, had forgotten a covering for his eyes. Seeing this, David said, "You will find a handkerchief in my coat." These were his last words. His part in the tragedy was closed.

Monroe, La., Nov. 7, 1862.

Dear Sister: I received Ma's dispatch on the 5th, and I was very glad to hear all were well. I saw Mr. Houston of Pine Bluff here last night. He left there (Pine Bluff) last Monday (today is Friday) and was going to Holly Springs. He left this morning. I wrote a letter to Pa to send by him. But I did not get up in time to give it to him. I don't get up until 7 o'clock of mornings. Don't get breakfast till 8. Sometimes don't get up till half after 7. I went to Delhi (a station forty miles down the railroad) day before yesterday; went all over the town: it did not take me long to do it, for it is quite a small place. The operator there is a very pleasant man. We took a walk, and I saw a young lady, he said the only one in Delhi. She was very good looking. I did not get acquainted with her. I came back on the evening train, and the passenger cars were full of ladies in the seats and men standing between the seats. I stood up thirty miles of the way. Finally some ladies got off and I got a seat. I had to stand up all the way going down. Hollands went down to Vicksburg this morning. He expects to return next week. He talks of sending me to Richmond Roads. That is as far as the cars run. It is eight miles from Vicksburg. Don't know what he will do, he takes so many no-

NOTE.—So far as it goes, this sketch is an impartial statement of the facts. Enough has been told, perhaps, for the reader to form his own opinion of the justice or the injustice of the case.

tions. We are about to get rousted off of the line, anyhow. The old superintendent of it has come to claim it, but don't think the Government will give it up just yet. I think there is much danger for a while yet. It is beginning to get pretty cold, and we have no wood. I sent an order around to the quartermaster for a load this morning, but it has not come yet. I reckon it will be along after a while.

I am sorry I did not get my letter off by Mr. Houston. It is not worth while to write and send a letter by mail to Holly Springs, for the mails are so irregular that the person you write to would not get your letter. I am glad you have sent my trunk, for I began to want winter clothes. This country looks a little like Texas, only there are no prairies. There is plenty of moss on the trees. It looks natural. Steamboats have not commenced running here yet, but river is rising very rapidly. When you write to Emma tell her I think she might condescend to write to me once and a while, there are so many people coming down this way. She might write often.

Have not heard from Pa since Ma's letter. I look for a letter every day, and have been looking for one for some time, but it seems like when I am anxious to get a letter I never get one. It is most time to get one from you or Ma.

How is Mr. Gilbrath getting along towards cutting Gibson Bass out? Has he got acquainted with Miss Lizzie yet? How does he progress? There are some very pretty girls over at Trenton, about a mile from this little old place. I am getting tired of it, it is so dusty there is no pleasure to be seen here at all. I enjoyed my trip to Delhi very well. This is a very lonesome place. We only sent one message all day, but I got a novel and spent the evening in reading while Mr. McDonough slept. He wanted me to go down this morning and take charge of his office while he made a visit in the country among his friends. Hollands went to Vicksburg and I could not go down this morning. I expect I will have to go to Richmond Roads when Hollands returns. He may take another notion and stay there himself.

Line was down all day yesterday, and we could not get a hand car to go down. I sent my messenger boy down on train this morning. He went five miles and found the line broken. He fixed it and walked back. Have not heard Hollands say much about Camden line today. Do not think he will get it, but he has fine prospects of being appointed superintendent of a line to be built from Camden to Arizona. At least he has been recommended to Secretary of War. If he gets to build that line it won't make any difference if we do get thrown off of this one. Mr. Houston said that Snow did not have enough wire to complete the line from Camden to this place. If that be so, we have wire enough here, and Hollands will get to build the line. Don't say anything about the wire we have here, for Snow would try and have it pressed, if he knew it was here.

My hands are so cold can't hardly write, must go and warm. My messenger boy has pressed some wood from somebody and made a fire.

Well, am O. K. again, seated to write after eating a hearty supper. I eat so much beef that I can't look a cow in the face. We have better beef down here than you do at L. R. We get beef from Texas.

It is rumored on the streets that Stonewall Jackson and all his men are taken prisoners. Nobody knows how the rumor got here. I never heard anything of it till some men came up and asked me if it came over the line. I was not surprised, but I was mad, for there is a man here that starts all such things and says the telegraph operator told him. Nobody believes him now. I am not surprised to hear anything on the streets, for this place is worse than Pine Bluff. There is always some new report going through town and nobody knows. * * *

Salt is selling at ten dollars per bushel delivered here—sweet potatoes at 75 cents per bushel.

Well, now, for something else. Don't know what to write about that will interest you. Have you heard anything from Frank Henry? I expect he has written to you before this time. If he has, and you intend to answer his letter, just tell him where I am and tell him to write to me. Let me know how Mr. Gilbrath is getting along cutting out Gilson. How does Gilson look? Believe I will write to him and see what kind of a correspondent he will make. You don't write about the girls. I don't care anything about hearing yours and Mr. F.'s courtship. Write how the girls look and what they all say. Tell Miss L. that I say for her to pinch you two or three times for me and then as many times for herself as she wants to. Sis, wish you and Ma and Lee could come down and see me. It would only take you three or four days to come, if you came by Pine Bluff. Write to Cousin Henry Clovs and ask him if he don't want to take a pleasure trip down here. Probably he and Cousin Francis would like to come down. We could take a pleasure ride over to Vicksburg on cars. Probably Mr. Lytle would like to come over to see Will and bring him some winter clothes. They lost all of their clothing in the fight at Corrinth. If he wanted to come you could come down this far with him. There is a railroad all the way from here to Holly Springs. It would not take one long to go there from here. Probably it would improve Ma's health. If Mr. Lyttle or Cousin Henry would come, Ma could come and leave you and Lee there to go to school. They could come with very little expense. I have no doubt but that it would help Ma. You and Lee could board out with some private family. I expect Mr. Lytle would as soon come as not. He would like to see Will and his old friends. It would about six days to go from here to Holly Springs. Ma could stay there a day or so and then come back here, just as she chose. What do you think about it? The weather is getting cool and travel is much pleasanter than when I came down. We came 150 miles out of the way, and the weather was very hot. We did not travel fast. I think Ma can come if she can persuade Mr. Lytle to the notion. I think Mr. L. would be more apt to come than Cousin Henry. Cousin is afraid of spending a little money. I expect Cousin Francis would

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like to come. I know Cousin Louisa would be glad to come to see Will. Probably I could get holiday for a short time to go over with them to H. S. to see the boys. Tell Cousin Lou if she wants to come to see Will now is the time, for old McClelland is coming to Vicksburg and make his way to Mobile. That is what the northern papers say, but I hardly thing he will succeed.

I believe I have told you all the news. I will wait till the train comes in and see if it brings any news. It will be late tonight. It has just left Delhi, forty miles from here, and it is 9 o'clock now. Goodnight.

Nov. 8.—Good morning, Sister. Very cold this morning. I have the Vicksburg of the 7th and the Memphis Appeal, which I will send you. It is reported that there was a little fight at Fort Hudson and that the Feds whipped us out. Not at Ft. H., but near there. Our men fell back to the fort. I do not know how true it is. Have not heard anything by telegraph yet. Fort Hudson is on the Mississippi below Vicksburg near Baton R. I think. General Blanchard brought the news over last night. He had been to Vicksburg. He believes the report is true. I did not hear particulars. It is believed that Vicksburg will fall as soon as the river rises, but I think it will stand a long time yet, for we have some very heavy guns there. But when our forces do leave it will be burned. My hands are so cold can't hardly write. It was nearly 8 o'clock when I got up this morning. You need not teil anyone this, for they would think I am lazy. It is too cold to get up and make a fire. We don't have breakfast until 8 and I get tired waiting when I get up early. Don't expect you get up much earlier these cold mornings. Have not been working to Vicksburg this morning. Think he sleeps later than usual (it is 9 o'clock).

Mr. Hollands is in Vix this morning. I must go and buy a pair of gloves. It is too cold to do without them when I have no fire in my office. Believe I have told you all the news. Give my (73) (but you don't know what that means, it is telegraphic, means compliments) to Miss Lizzie and all the rest of the pretty girls. I like to have forgotten Miss Molly Griffith. How is she? But no use in saying anything about her for John McHenry is O. K. with her. Give my love to Ma and Lee. Goodbye. Your brother,

DAVID O. DODD.

Benton, Ark., March 2, 1863.

Dear Sister: I arrived here yesterday evening just at sundown. I was a little surprised to find General Price and his staff here. When I got here I came into the house. Mr. Miller was sitting by the fire. Cousin Mat was down the street listening to the band. Some one told him that David Addison had come home. She came running to the house and was badly fooled. After supper we went down to the Park's to see the general but did not find him. We saw F. and L.

1.00 Park dressed up in party dresses. I inquired what it meant and learned that there was to be a party at the courthouse and that General Price was to be there. I went back to Mat's and put on my shoes and another shirt, etc., and went with Sarah to the party. Everybody in B. was there but no General Price did we see there. We had a very nice dance. None of the girls knew me at first, but I soon made myself known to them. Miss Delily looked very pretty, so did Miss Julia M. All of the girls seemed very glad to see me. They asked many questions about both of you. I intend to start to Texas tomerrow. I have made no collections. Jack Brents is dead. Hamp Meaks is here and has been discharged. Miller's company has not gone yet. I believe I have told you all the news.

Goodbye.

Your brother,

DAVID.

Dear Mother: I have made no collection. Kendrix paid his account to Uncle Wash. Mrs. McB. did not understand hers and Herbert left here this morning before I got to see him. I will leave his note with Miller and let him collect it, when Herbert comes back. Could do nothing with Rea's and Alaway's note. There are but two of Price's brigades coming over, one Missouri and one Arkansas. The Arkansas is Cravens' brigade. It is the one to which Pa belongs. I have told you all the news. Excuse bad writing for my pencil needs sharpening and I have no knife to sharpen it with. Your son,

DAVID O.

Monroe, October 23, 1862.

Just received some letters to be mailed to Arkansas from the boys of Arkansas. Also one to you from Pa. He wants me to go over there and help him. Don't know what I had better do. Missed my chill day before yesterday and tomorrow is the day again. Hollands has gone down on the line today to repair it. I expect I had better stay here for the present or till I get right well of the chills. Excuse bad writing. I wrote you by Judge Bott on the 21st. Goodbye.

DAVID O. DODD.

P. S.—Train Pa was on came in collision with another. He says destruction of life was frightful. Thirty-five men killed instantly without a moment's warning. About fifty persons were wounded. Pa was not hurt. He was in the sleeping car. He says he rendered all the assistance to the wounded he could. Goodbye. Excuse writing and in a hurry.

DAVID.

Camps Near Ginada, Miss., Jan. 20, 1863.

Dear Sister: Captain Hollwell of the brigade leaves camp in the morning for Dardanelle, Ark. He will go by way of Little Rock, and I thought I would write you another letter. Not much news. We

have orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march to Panola; Miss. (about fifty miles up towards Memphis). I would not be surprised if we go to Memphis before we stop. Pa leaves tomorrow morning for Mobile, Ala. He buys all his goods there and at Jackson, Miss. The country is just what Will Lytle said. It is poor and hilly and when it rains it is very muddy. We are camped on a hill close to water and plenty of wood. It is a very good camping ground but a very muddy road to town. I have to go there quite often. Was up there today. The road is almost impassible. The cars have been running up and down the road more than usual. Suppose they are moving troops somewhere. I don't know where. It is reported here that the Federal gunboats have gone up Arkansas River and taken Little Rock. But I don't believe a word of it. Pa has changed his mind about going to Monroe, La., before he returns. He says he will come back here and let me go over to Monroe and probably I will go to Little Rock. I would like to visit L. R. once more before the first of March. Either Pa or I will be at Monroe in ten or twelve days. You may write to me there. Our negro boy, Ben, is a little fellow, but he is a good deal of help to us here. He can cook. I let him do my share of the cooking. We don't have very much to cook. We have a little skillet that we bake the bread in. It just holds enough for two persons, when they are hungry. If they are not too hungry it will hold enough for three. Pa says that he gets plenty of everything that is nice when he goes to Mobile. I reckon that is the reason that he goes so often. I think going home will do me as much good as going to Mobile. I have not received a letter from either of you in a month.

Well, what is the news at Little R.? And what do you think about peace? The adjutant of our battalion (12 Batt. Ark. Sharp Shooters) says he will bet a thousand dollars that peace will be made in six weeks. I don't know what to think about it myself, but I hope it will be so, and then we can all go home and enjoy life. I believe I have told you all the news. Write to me at Monroe. One of us will be there about February 1. If I go I will go on home but not to remain very long. We are well at present. It is most supper time now, and I reckon I will have to help Ben get supper. So I bid you goodbye. Give my love to Ma and accept the same for yourself. Also to my inquiring friends. When you write tell me all the news. It is very cold here now.

DAVID O. DODD.

Monroe, La., Nov. 23, 1863.

Dear Mother: I leave in the morning (Monday) for Abbeville, Miss. I thought I would write to you once more before I leave. There was a gunboat in sight of Providence today. The Secretary of War has ordered Holmes to send 10,000 men to defend Vicksburg. People about Vicksburg are expecting an attack every day. It is one of the most important points in the Confederacy. If we lose it we are cut

off. I will get over to the army in time to be in the fight that is expected. Have not heard a word from my trunk, never expect to see it any more nor the things that are in it. Wish you had not sent it by Government wagons. I did not think it was a good plan. There was a steamboat which came down the river going back to Camden. The river is rising very fast. Line is still in charge of Hollands. He wants me to stay here with him, but Pa says he needs me over there. He has telegraphed for me several times. I leave Monroe and a great many friends for Abbeville, Miss. I am as fat as butter. I telegraphed to you today. Hope you are all well. Pa is well. I received a letter from him two or three days ago. I will send it to you. Not much excitement here now. I will write to you again soon. Will have more to write about and more time to write it.

Goodbye.

Your son,

DAVID O. DODD.

P. S .- Direct letters to Abbeville, Miss.

Monroe, La., Oct. 8, 1862.

Dear Mother: I have just bought four papers of pins for you; gave \$1.25 per paper for them. Gave \$5 for the four. Do you want any more? If so let me know, and I will send them to you. Send my trunk if you see anybody coming down this way. Telegraph me when you send it and by whom. News of a fight at Corinth received here today. Says VanDorn attacked the enemy and drove them from their intrenchments. It is said that the enemy was reinforced on the 4th inst. and our army fell back. Do not give any particulars of the fight. It is said, however, that our losses are heavy. Reckon Smith and Miller are on their way home. Pa says that he saw a man who said they were. They have not arrived here yet. This place is between 75 and 100 miles from Vicksburg. We hear from there every day. The telegraph line goes to De Soto, which is just on this side of the river from Vicksburg. Pa went on Monday's train for Vicksburg. He said he would see how much sugar is selling at in Richmond and Mobile, and if he could make anything at taking some there he would return on this evening train. I will not finish this letter till train comes in. I hear that the Feds are on an expedition to go through west Louisiana. Don't know how true it is. I sent in Sister's letter, which went last night, an order on or against Beahr, the butcher, for fifty-two dollars and some cents. If you need money collect it if you can. Also collect of W. L. Davis for what time he has used the bed. He was to pay two and a half dollars from the 10th of July to about the 10th or 15th of August. The rest of the time he was to pay \$5 per month. Did you get any money from Arkadelphia from Osborn or Dr. Hadfield? If any, how much? Let me know, so I can tell whether they sent enough or not. I will finish after the train comes in this evening and see if Pa comes back.

Oct. 8, 9 p. m.-Train not arrived yet; they are late tonight. Another dispatch has been received in regard to the fight at Corinth on the 3d. It says our forces under VanDorn and Price were defeated and our losses heavy. No particulars given. Don't much think Pa will come back on the train tonight. New law has been passed to take all the men out under thirty-five into the field. That will take some of the big bugs out of Little Rock, I think. People seem to think down here that Congress will not extend the conscript law beyond forty years, not to forty-five. I do not know whether the bill has passed or not. I wrote in letter to Sis that I would send you a paper. I looked at it and found that it had no news in it, so I did not send it. The people I board with are Catholics and Yankees, too, but that makes no difference. We have plenty to eat, cooked well. Have pure coffee, but have it once a day only. Have chicken every day for dinner stewed with potatoes. Have biscuit for breakfast with steak as tough as leather; can't eat much of it. Pa said he would write to you from Vicksburg. Hollands has gone down to get an operator to stay there. Had a dispatch to General Holmes stating that there were arms enough coming to him to arm six thousand men.

Oct. 9.—Pa did not come over last night. Just received a letter from Ed Newton, and he says he sent dispatch through to you. Some calico here at \$1.50 and \$1.25 per yard. Don't reckon you want any at that price. * * *

Monroe, Oct. 22.

Dear Mother: Judge Bott did not get off yesterday, and I concluded I would write you a little more. Our line broke yesterday evening about 4 o'clock. Hollands is going out this morning. I missed my chill yesterday; hope I won't have any more. I saw Mr. Worsham of Pine Bluff yesterday. He was going to Holly Springs, and I wrote to Pa by him. Judge Bott will leave today. I have not heard any more from Holly Springs since the letter I sent you from Pa. Hope you are all well. Goodbye.

Monroe, Oct. 21, 1862.

Dear Mother: I have just seen Judge Bott. He has not heard from Pa since he left him at Jackson. He never bought anything hardly; everything very high there. I am looking for Pa over on tomorrow's train, but have not heard from him since I saw Gus Crawford. I wrote to you last Sunday. It takes a letter a long time to go from here to Little Rock. I suppose you have got the letter I received from Pa before now. No news here. There is no doubt but that Bragg routed Buell at Perryville, Ky., on the 8th (our loss from two to three thousand, the enemy between four and five thousand). It must have been a dreadful fight.

Hope to hear from you soon. I have been taking medicine to keep off my chill today. Judge Bott leaves this morning for Little

Rock. Don't forget to send me some clothes by first opportunity. Bought me some undershirts yesterday and had to pay three dollars and a half for them.

I am writing in a great hurry. You must excuse this short letter. I would send you some papers but have not got any here in office and haven't time to go and get any now. Vicksburg has a report for me and I must take it. Write soon and often. Goodbye. Your son,

DAVID O. DODD.

P. S.—Am well but don't expect to continue so long.

I write write every time I hear from the army. Ryan was shot through the head and his thigh was broken also. I suppose Will is well. Ryan was left on the battlefield instead of the hospital. You had better send Cousin Louisa word about Will, as she would like to hear from him.

DAVID.

Mother: Since I wrote to you I have received a letter from Pa, which I will send to you by Mr. Bott. Pa wrote on the back of the envelope that he had just seen Will. He said that Mr. Ryan was shot and was taken to the hospital, but supposes he was taken prisoner afterwards. If Pa stays as sutler probably I will go to him. It must have been horrible to see all the wounded in the rain. I expect you will have the first letter written from Corinth of the fight there. Mr. Bott says nothing at Mobile to sell. Pa will be disappointed when he gets there and does not find Judge Bott.

I think I will call for \$80 per month next month, and if I do not get it I will probably go to where Pa is then, if accepts the appointment as sutler. Judge Bott said he would call for this letter, but he has not come yet.

Bowman House, Jackson, Miss., April 30, 186-.

Dear Mother: I arrived here yesterday morning just at daylight. I have been to Mobile and am this far on my way back to the army. Well, I will begin at the beginning and tell you all the news since my last letter, which I sent by Frank Thomlinson. I met Frank at this place on my way down to Mobile. I left Pa here and went on down to Mobile and in a day or two he followed me. About the time we got ready to start back the Yankees were between here and Mobile, so that we were kept there two or three days longer than otherwise we would have remained. The Yankees have made a successful raid through Mississippi. They crossed the Southern railroad, which runs from Vicksburg to Meridian, and burned the depot at Newton, captured and burned two trains of cars, destroyed two engines, burned several bridges, and tore up the track for five miles. They then went across to the Mobile & Ohio railroad, which runs from Meridian to Mobile. They came to the road at Enterprise and demanded the surrender of the place. We had only one regiment at Enterprise. Our men asked for an hour and the Feds saw our face, left and came

across to the New Orleans, Jackson & Great Northern railroad, which runs from Jackson to New Orleans. They touched the line at Hazlehurst, but I think they didn't do much damage there. It is supposed that they are trying to get to Bankes' army. This army was busy cannonading at Vicksburg yesterday morning, last night and this morning troops were moving that way.

The following dispatch was received yesterday eve:

"Grand Gulf, April 29. To Lieut. Gen. Pemberton: After six hours and a half of continued firing the gunboats have retired. They fired about three thousand shot and shell, temporarily disabling one gun. Our loss was three killed and twelve or fifteen wounded. Apparently we disabled one of their boats. Damage unknown. Col. Wm. Wade of artillery, one of the best and bravest of command, was killed at his post. The men behaved like veterans, as they are, and are now at work preparing for another attack. One disabled gunboat after endeavoring unsuccessfully to go up the river now lies three miles below on the Louisiana shore. Signed John L. Bourn, Brig. Gen."

Our brigade is at or near Grand Gulf. I suppose they were in the fight. Pa and I left Mobile on the 16th and came to Meridian. Pa staved at Meridian with his goods, as he could not get them here unless he packed them on his back for miles. On the morning of the 17th I left him and came up here. I had a pretty long walk, but I made it and packed my saddlebags on my shoulder. It was a mighty ruff road and a great many bad wishes were made about the Yankees for destroying it. There was about one hundred of us all toddling along through the mud. I am going to Grand Gulf tomorrow if I can get there. I am fearful that the Feds will take Vicksburg yet before they quit. Five or six more boats have passed since I wrote to you. I think General Pemberton ought to be reduced to ranks for letting the Yankees pass through the state without being attacked. They have made a brilliant raid and they will brag about it for the next six months. There was a man here this morning that was going to Little Rock, but I did not have a letter written and did not feel like writing one at the time he left on this morning train. There is another one here now that is going to Arkansas tomorrow. I will send this by him. Pa was well when I left him. We have not heard a word from you since I left home. I got a letter that you wrote to Pa while I was at home. Of course, it did not have any news in it. I expect we will be at home some time in May. I like Mobile very well. I believe I would like to live there. I went to the theatre most every night. I stayed there a week.

Give my love to Sis, Lee and Cousin Emma. Tell Cousin Emma to let me know when she gets married. I want to be at the wedding. Write soon and by every opportunity. I believe I have told you all the news. Tell Cousin Lou to write me. If Hadfield has sold all of the tobacco keep it till I come home. Tobacco is getting higher. If

you need any money borrow some of Mr. Blanks. Tell the girls to write. It is rather strange that we do not get letters from you. Direct letters to Jackson instead of Vicksburg, for one of us will be passing Jackson very often. Well, I must close. Goodbye.

Your son,

DAVID O. DODD.

Camp Near Grenada, Jan. 16, 1863.

Dear Sister: As there is a man who is going to Arkansas from our brigade this evening, I thought I would write to you. It is snowing here now. Last night was a very cold night, and I wished more than once that I was back at Monroe or at home. I reckon Uncle Wash is at home now, rejoicing that he is not in camps. This morning is the coldest that we have had this winter. While Pa was at Mobile I went to Jackson to meet him on Friday, the 9th. We stayed there all day Saturday. Sunday we started to Grenada and got there Sunday eve. Pa bought a negro boy at Mobile. Colonel Earl's regiment (the Br'd) has gone up towards Abbeville to a little town (Oxford). They have been mountes. Don't reckon they enjoy this snow much. Griff Bayne of Pine Bluff is captain of a company in Major Raply's battalion. All of the cavalry have gone somewhere, I don't know where. Probably they are going to make another raid. Some say they have gone to Memphis; they have gone that way. I hope they will be successful. This snow will go very hard with them, as they have no tents with them. I am sorry to hear that Hindman was whipped over in Arkansas. I have heard that a part of Holmes' command is making towards Vicksburg, but we have heard this several times before and I can not bring myself to believe it. We whipped the Yankees out at Vicksburg, have whipped them on all sides. There are no Yankees between here and Holly Springs.

Probably you would like to know how I get along about cooking. I am a first rate cook. I can make very good cornbread, but have not learned to make biscuits yet. I have a very good reason for not learning—have not had any flour. Pa makes the coffee, I bake the bread and fry the meat. Our boy brings water and sometimes he helps me to cook. He is not large enough to do much. We are camped forty-four miles south of Grenada on the Mississippi Central railroad.

I reckon you would like to know when we are coming home, but I can not tell you. Will go, if we ever do, perhaps in February or March. Everything is very high over here. The Feds did not get to Monroe and I reckon my trunk is there. Pa talks about going over there before he comes back here from Mobile. I am not needing anything that is in my trunk, and if you can get it back to Little Rock that would be best. I told Winfry Scott to inquire for it, and if he found it to take it back with him. The Feds have destroyed the railroad from Vicksburg to Delhi (a station forty miles from Monroe).

It was reported a few days ago that they had taken Port Hudson but it was false.

We are fare first rate. Have oysters, pork, beef, bacon, cornbread and coffee, butter, etc. If we had a little flour once in a while it would help the cause. Flour is very high and none to be had. Some was sold at Grenada a week ago for \$115 per barrel. We can't afford it at that price. I know you like to get long letters, but I can't make this a long one for I have already told you all the news. I have not heard anything from Owen's company. They are at Port Hudson. I sent word to the boys that I am here and for them to write to me, but they have not written. A gentleman here now just from Arkansas says the road from Vicksburg to Delhi is being repaired. He says it is probably finished by this time. Pa may take a notion to go over to Rackensack and take some goods. No more news.

Your brother,

DAVID O. DODD.

EARLY DAYS IN SEVIER COUNTY.

(BY W. S. RAY.)

FOREWORD.—Some years ago Capt. John G. McKean agreed to write some reminiscences of the early days of Sevier County, Arkansas. No man was better qualified for the task than he, having been born at Ultima Thule and having spent all of his days at or near that place, except the four years of the war between the States, which time he served in the Confederate army, but owing to ill health and disabilities of age, this task was never finished, and with his death passed away the possibilities of some interesting history of the early days of Sevier County, especially the western part of it.

I have been importuned by some of my old friends, as well as the editor of the DeQueen Bee, to give the public my recollections of this part of the country, dating from the close of the war until a more recent date. After this agreement with the editor, and reflecting over the matter, I have concluded that I have agreed to do something overreaching my abilities. However, as I have made this agreement, I will proceed and do the best I can, hoping that I may not be criticised too severely, for I propose to give out nothing but the facts as they came under my observation, or have been related to me by some old-timer long since gone to his reward.

As to how I came to be in Arkansas at that early date does not figure in or belong to this sketch, but as some of my most vivid recollections of Arkansas carry me back east of Sevier County, I will commence this sketch on Markham street, Little Rock.

One very hot July afternoon in 1865 I could have been seen walking up Markham street, carrying all my earthly possessions, consisting of an old oilcloth satchel containing a very limited wardrobe, an old pocketbook in my pocket,

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containing considerably less than five dollars in cash, and a parole from a Federal officer, stating that I had been a soldier in the Confederate army and in rebellion against the United States Government, and promising not to violate this parole until lawfully exchanged, which up to this time has never been done, and if I was ever out of the Union (as we were all accused) I am still out, for so far I have never done anything to get back, or if any one did anything to put me back I am not aware of it.

Walking up Markham street, reflecting upon the sins of rebellion and the vastness of the Yankee army, I met another one of the vanquished army of Tennessee trying to make his way back to his home and mother in Texas, where he had left when a boy, four years ago, and had not seen his home since, which place he swore, if he ever reached, he would never leave again. While we were talking, and he was insisting that I go with him to his Texas home, we were joined by two young men from Louisiana trying to make their way home. We were soon joined by two more of the vanguished from Arkansas. After consulting an old citizen and getting the desired information as to the route we should travel, we soon left the city of Little Rock in our rear, I having concluded to go home with the Texas boy, as at that time I had no place in view to go, and one place seemed as inviting to me as another. The afternoon sun shone very warm, and we walked very fast for a while. I wore a pair of new boots that soon had my feet blistered. We could get nothing to eat, so we soon found a patch of blackberries and made our evening meal, and under some bushes on a soft bed of leaves we slept till morning's soft sun rays touched our weary brows and reminded us that another day's travel was awaiting us. About 12 o'clock that day a good old Southern lady gave us a good dinner of boiled cabbage, bacon and cornbread.

That evening the Texas boy and the two Louisianians left us, as on account of my blistered feet I had backed out from going to Texas with the boy, and concluded to go home with one of the Arkansas boys named Sanders. The next morning one of the Arkansas boys left for his home, leaving

Sanders and me alone. We were now getting to where Sanders was somewhat acquainted and stopped for dinner with one of his acquaintances. While there he told us of the wolves catching all of his pigs and calves and that it was getting really dangerous for a person to be out at night afoot. He also told us that the cotton factory on the Little Missouri River was being rebuilt and enlarged and that they were wanting to hire men to help do the work. After a hearty dinner of bread and milk (the only thing they had in the way of provisions) I bade Sanders and our host goodbye. I intended to go to the factory and try to get a job of work. There were very few people living on the road at that time. In fact, there were but very few people living anywhere in that part of the country. My feet were still sore from the blisters made on our first day's walk from Little Rock, and after leaving Sanders and starting off alone in this strange land of tangled wildwood and mountains I was seized with a feeling of loneliness that I had never felt before, not even on some lonely picket post at night, so I concluded to try and get lodging at the first house I came to.

I passed one or two houses that evening but they had been abandoned and wore a look of loneliness that did anything but cheer my weary soul. It was getting dark and a slow drizzly rain had set in, when I met a man who told me he lived at the next house, a half mile further on, but that none of his family would be at home that night, as they would be with a neighbor off the road whom they were expecting to die that night. I asked him the privilege of going to the house and sleeping that night, but I, being a stranger, he refused me this favor, as I expected he would do, but gave me the cheering information that there was a house four or five miles further on where I could get to stay.

In this strange, rough country there were but few people living, and most of them were Union people who had been, some in the Union army and some staying at Little Rock for protection from the rebel Guerillas, where they found it easier to draw provisions from Uncle Sam's commissary than to hustle for a living at home. My spirits had ceased to droop but had taken a sudden fall to somewhere

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about the lowest degree. I paid no more attention to my sore feet, but started at a lively gait to measure off that four or five miles, but when I reached this place and hallooed, a woman's voice answered me across the road at what seemed to be a cow lot; so I went over and asked her if I could get to stay all night, telling her that I was a stranger, tired, footsore and weary. She said it was a bad chance, as she was not prepared to take in strangers; that her husband was not at home and she was alone with her little children. I told her that that would make no difference, as I considered myself a gentleman, and she need not fear anything from my presence, and from her talk I began to feel sure that I was going to get to stay all night. She asked me where I came from and I told her from east of the Mississippi River, and she asked me if I had been in the army and I told her I had. She then asked me what army. I told her "Johnson's," to which she replied, "He was a Rebel, was he not?" I told her, "Yes, he was." Then, with an oath, she told me if I had been in the Rebel army she had no use for me; that on her way to Little Rock to her husband, who was in the Union army, they had taken the best horse she had and left an old broken-down one in its stead and refused to pay her any difference, and had taken a good beef steer from her and wouldn't pay her a cent for it, and finished by wishing all rebels in a hot country or place where I hope I never go.

I told her that I had never wronged or harmed her, and she ought not to blame me for what others had done; to which she replied in no style of modern Sunday school language, if I had not wronged her I belonged to the set that did, and I could not sleep under her roof. So I asked her what was in the old house in the cow lot and she said nothing but some straw. I asked her if I could go in there and sleep.

She said no, I could not stay on her place. I persisted in talking kindly to her until I found I could not get to stay all night and that it was four miles to the next house and no fork in the road that would put me out. During my four years' service in the army I had heard some very rough language used, and that woman had a sample of it all, and I

will say that I got some new lessons from her that night. After this dialogue had continued for some time I began to think that her husband might be lying around, and hearing our racket might slip up and slip a bullet into me, so I very unceremoniously left her to finish the debate.

I had gone less than a hundred vards when I came to some water. In the inky darkness I could not tell how much, how wide or how deep, so I pulled off my boots and a part of my clothes and waded in, but found it shallow and waded across all right, sat down on the rocks and dressed myself and started on again. I had not gone more than twenty yards until I came to more water, so I put into it with all my clothes on and found I was in a considerably deep stream and had gotten above the ford into deep water, then got on to some slick rocks and fell down and got my old greasy satchel full of water. After some delay and trouble, I found the way to get out and left the Caddo River behind me. Some time in the night I came to the house I had been told of, and finished the night. How long it took the fumes of sulphur to clear away from the house across the river I never knew.

The next night I reached the cotton factory but found no job, and two days later I was stopping on Rolling Fork River with a man whom I once met in the army. I had my few coarse clothes and fifty cents in cash, which I soon invested in that popular old army game called "poker." Imagine my condition, if you can; many hundred miles from acquaintances of boyhood days and friends of long ago, among strangers, stranded, without a job, penniless and no bright prospects for the future. There were but few people in the western half of Sevier County, and at that time there were but four families living on the road just north of where Grannis now is to Ultima Thule, and only ten families living on Rolling Fork from head to mouth. Game of all kinds was plentiful, and a man could take his gun and go out to a deer-lick any morning and kill a deer. Bear was not so plentiful, but bear meat in the fall of the year was common. after they had become fat on the mast, which at that time was never known to be a complete failure, as it has been

since so much timbered land has been cleared. I have ploughed in the field when the deer would be feeding in the same field. I have sat in my house and seen the deer feeding in a twenty-acre field that surrounded my house.

The range was fine for all kinds of stock. Fattening a hog on corn at that time was a thing unheard of. Cattle went the year round without feed and would get very fat in the summer and fall. Beef cattle were bought up by cattle men and driven to Little Rock and Shreveport and shipped by boat to New Orleans, Memphis and other river markets. A good five-year-old beef steer was considered currency at \$20. Cows with calves usually sold at \$8 and \$10. Beeves were killed the year round; when a beef was killed in the summer, when the weather was hot, the few people in the neighborhood divided it, then the next time some other one of the neighbors would kill, and so on all around. No one ever entertained the thought of weighing out beef to a neighbor, and if a stranger happened to be sojourning in the country he shared the same as any others, but if he should forget himself and show the cloven foot he had better move on.

At that time there was more charity, good feelings and accommodations among the people than I have ever seen since. It was nothing uncommon for people to go visiting twenty miles away, using oxen and the old tar hub wagon for conveyance. If a family wanted to leave home for a week or more's visit they could always find some one to go and keep house for them until their return; or if they had nothing that would need attention during their absence they went away not fearing that anything would be molested during their absence, and if any person was from home he was always welcome to stay with any family he came to if night overtook him, and if he found a house and no one at home he went in and cooked a meal of anything he found and made himself at home with no fear of giving offense. Dances and quiltings were the common entertainment during the winter season, and I have known young women to ride horseback twenty miles to a quilting and dance.

In the summer after the crops were laid by the barbecue season came in for its share of patronage and consideration. I have known the dance attending the Rolling Fork barbecues to last a good part of the next day. People knew or cared little for style in those days, and but little distinction was made between people if they were honest and respectable. A girl that had a new print dress to wear to any kind of an entertainment was supposed to be well enough fixed, but with a new calico dress and a pair of store shoes she was the center of attraction.

It may not be too much of a breach of etiquette to mentionhere some of the old-time slaves that figured prominently in some of the past times I have heretofore mentioned. First, I will mention Bill White, formerly owned by William White, one of the first settlers of Rolling Fork. Bill was known far and near for his culinary abilities at a barbecue, and bore about the same relationship to a barbecue that Napoleon Bonaparte bore to a battle. His two trusted lieutenants as helpers were Lit McKean and Jake Nelson, both ex-slaves. Lit was an ex-slave of the McKean family while Jake had been the trusted slave of the Nelson family, who had first settled the old Doctor Hammond place on Rolling Fork. Lit and Jake were both fiddlers, and no barbecue, with the attendant dance, was complete without Jake and Lit to furnish the music. I once heard a person say that they would not dance after music made by a negro. Had such persons lived in Southwest Arkansas at that time they would have been left out when it came to dancing, for the most aristorcatic people of Southwest Arkansas have tripped the light fantastic toe to the lively strains of music furnished by a negro fiddler.

Another faithful slave that deserves mention was Sam Dillahunty. Sam went through our late war with his master, as cook in the Confederate army, but in action Sam always stayed with his master's company to take care of any one that might get wounded, and in performing these voluntary acts he was twice wounded himself. The Confederate pension board of Sevier County once put Sam's name on the Confederate pension roll in consequence of his having been

wounded in the Confederate army. The pension law did not sustain this act and the State Board of Pensions turned it down. The county board then applied to the State Legislature, and by recommendation of Hal L. Norwood, who was at that time Attorney General of the State, a special act was passed putting Sam on the Confederate pension roll, an act endorsed by all ex-Confederate soldiers who were acquainted with the circumstances. These faithful old slaves have all passed away with the full knowledge that they had the confidence and friendship of all the white people who knew them.

At the time of which I am writing there were but two stores in our side of the county—one at Norwoodville and the other at Ultima Thule—and I still remember some of the prices, which I will give you: Calico, 25 cents per yard; low-quarter brogan shoes, \$4 per pair; a No. 8 Avery cast plow selling for \$10. I once paid \$2 each for four eight-inch shovel plow blades and \$10 for a sack of salt; \$2.50 for an ordinary pole-axe; \$1.25 for an old-fashioned eye hoe. The young woman or girl that could afford to pay fifty cents for a yard of ribbon to wear around her neck and hair was looked on as putting on style, and the man who nailed the boards on the roof of his house was lucky if he paid no more than twelve and a half cents per pound for the old-fashioned cut nails.

Those were the palmy days of Southwestern Arkansas. We sold our cotton at from five to five and a half cents per pound in the seed. For a while there were but two cotton gins in the country—one owned by the McKeans and the other by Ben Norwood. Sr., of Norwoodville. But later, when the country had become more advanced, the McKeans put up another one at Ultima Thule, the first one being on their farm on the Rolling Fork.

In the spring of the year our merchants, the McKeans and Norwoods, and those at Paraclifta, Mineral Springs. Center Point and other inland towns, would take what cotton they had already had and could get to Hood's landing, and when the river would get high enough (which it sometimes failed to do) for a steamboat to come up, they would

THE RESERVE THE PERSON NAMED IN STREET

take their cotton and go to New Orleans to buy goods for the coming year's sales. Sometimes, on account of low water, these goods would have to be hauled overland from Shreveport. This afforded a rich harvest for the professional bull-puncher, who made his living hauling for the public. His team usually consisted of three or four yoke of cattle. His feed for his team cost him nothing, as he fed them on the range, for at that time grass was good anywhere. The merchant who failed to get his cotton off, and his goods up in the early spring while the rivers were up, had to depend on getting his goods by long-horn conveyance from Little Rock, the teamsters usually going in gangs of two or three teams to as high as five or six. They would usually have a pony along to be used in herding their cattle and getting them together when fixing to break camp. Each puncher knew where the best grazing places were, sometimes going a mile off the main road, and the length of the drive depended on the grass. From our part of the country one of these drives usually took from thirty-five to forty days. He would usually take, when the roads were good. about eight bales of cotton and bring back about four thousand pounds of freight, receiving three dollars per hundred each way. Hunting and fishing was indulged in at the different camping places. Venison and turkey furnished the punchers a good part of their supplies. The man who has never been on one of these trips has missed a chance to enjoy life which will return no more forever.

In speaking of the amusements of the early days in Sevier County, I neglected to mention horse-racing and shooting matches. At any gathering of men the horse race was always first to come up. A dollar was generally the amount bet on a quarter race, but the amount would reach as high as \$10, or even more. There is something fascinating about a horse race that has a tendency to pull a man into it. I never witnessed a horse race that I did not have a preference and I hardly think any one else ever did.

The shooting matches were most always for a beef. The distance was usually about forty yards off-hand or sixty with a rest, lying down and shooting off a log or chunk, the

The second control of old flint-lock rifle always being the most popular gun in use. What has become of it? Has it passed away like its former owner? There were always five quarters to a beef, the hide and tallow was considered a quarter. The sixth best shot got the lead that had been used by the marksman. Sometimes a match would be shot for money, each one putting in an equal amount and shooting for it, the best shot getting the purse.

We had a post office at Ultima Thule at that time and one on lower Bear Creek at the home of R. D. Wright, called Netta Boc (an Indian name meaning Bear Creek). Our mail usually came in once a week from Paraclifta, provided there was no high water and it suited the pleasure of the carrier. Part of the time it was carried by an Indian on a pony and like most of the government help he did just about as he pleased about it. After many years a petition was circulated at Ultima Thule to have the route made a semi-weekly route. One old citizen refused to sign it, giving as his reason for not signing it that once a week was often enough for people to get their mail and it would not be right to put the government to such a useless expense.

Our country was short on doctors immediately after the war. Dr. Norwood of Norwoodville was drowned in Old river and our next nearest doctor was Dr. Bizzell of Paraclifta. He was kept so busy waiting on patients that it was almost useless for the people in our part of the country to send for him. In bad cases of pneumonia, fever, or broken bones, Mrs. Lucy M'Kean (or "Grandma" as she was called), was most always called in, and as she had had considerable experience in nursing slaves, of which the family had owned a goodly number, she was very successful and no one was ever more ready or willing to care for the distressed than was Grandma M'Kean.

It may be a little interesting to some of your readers to mention a mineral spring that existed at that time, not over three miles from the present site of DeQueen. Just what mineral this water contained, I am unable to say. If I have ever heard, I have forgotten, and I have also forgotten the name of the spring. At the close of the war people from

many miles away would come to this spring and camp for weeks at a time, for health, and many sick people were brought here to be healed. I have known people to carry water for twenty miles from this spring. It was claimed to be an antidote for malaria and kindred diseases. During my long seige of chills, which I have already spoken of, I used some of this water, but whether it was the water or the various kinds of teas used that restored me to health. I cannot say. With the coming of a doctor into our midst, this spring fell into disuse. There are but very few people now living in Sevier County that can tell you anything of this spring. There was some talk at one time of opening it up as a health resort as an auxiliary boost for DeQueen, but the death of one of DeQueen's enterprising citizens put a stop to this venture. Who now owns the land on which this spring existed I do not know, but I do know that such a spring existed at one time and if it was worth anything as a health restorer at that time, why should it not be now, when two and one-half miles of good road from DeQueen will reach it?

About the last month of 1868, or the first part of 1869, Dr. J. W. Hammonds from Tennessee, settled on the Rolling Ford and commenced the practice of medicine, which he continued to do until he died at Chapel Hill, near which place he had spent a large portion of his life attending the sick and dispensing charity with a lavish hand.

The worst source of annoyance in those early days was the professional horse theif. Just after the war horse stealing became so common that the citizens commenced to take the matter in their own hands with the implacable Judge Lynch at their head, and dealt out quick justice to several, which had quite a salutary effect for a while at least, no less than six of them having seen daylight for the last time near where DeQueen now is. I will give one instance of quick justice, all names withheld, that happened near where DeQueen now stands.

A man with his family had moved into the neighborhood and he seemed to be the head of a very nice, intelligent family, and every one accorded him and his family a warm welcome, and he could soon have become one of the leading

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men of this section had not fate interfered and warped his future. He had followed farming and merchandising before coming to this country and had enjoyed the confidence of all his neighbors and came to Sevier County bringing with him good recommendations from all his old neighbors. With him came a son-in-law and two sons. After they had been here a while horse stealing took a decided spurt, and several of the best horses of the country were missing. For a time all efforts to follow these stolen horses failed. Some horses had been stolen near the present site of DeQueen. After several days' search a camp was found in Red river bottom where these horses had been kept for several days waiting for Red river to go down so they could cross over. After crossing Red river it was an easier matter to follow them, and they were found where they had been sold in Western Texas by our new neighbors. Other horses from Sevier County were found and identified. They had been bought from this same man. Horses had been stolen in Texas and brought to Sevier County and sold. Some of the Texas parties who had lost horses returned with our Sevier County men, and our newcomer, his two sons and son-in-law were arrested. About all the Texas horses were found. Nearly all the people living between Norwoodville and Ultima Thule were notified, and met about two miles below where DeQueen now is. parties were put on trial, Judge Lynch presiding. They were allowed to introduce any evidence they wished to. After all the evidence from both sides was given, a vote was taken on each one separately. The old man and his two sons received the death sentence; his son-in-law having proved an alibi, was acquitted. The boys had but little to say, but admitted their guilt. An old Confederate soldier who was present asked leave to have a private talk with the old man before he was executed. This request was granted, a guard being posted to preclude the possibility of escape. This talk lasted about twenty or thirty minutes. After it was over the three who had been declared guilty were left hanging by their necks to a low limb of a large white oak tree in the Bear Creek bottom. Parties buried the three dead men the next day and the family moved away to parts unknown.

A contract of the second About thirty years after this event had taken place I met this same old Confederate soldier at McAlester, I. T. He stated that he told this old man in his private talk that he could do nothing to save him and that he was bound to hang. After the old man saw there was no hope, he made a confession to this old soldier, and told him he had been following this business for more than forty years and that this was the first time his character had ever been questioned, and his only regret seemed to be that he had been the cause of his two sons coming to their untimely death.

Now let me tell you something, and if you have lived in Arkansas you won't laugh. The limb to which these men were hanged never leafed out again. I have in my life seen several limbs and trees that men had been hanged to and I never saw one that lived after. The limb would die, if not the whole tree. You may ask what the cause of this is. I cannot tell. I have only given you the facts; you can do your own guessing. If you doubt this statement take some one out that ought to be hanged and leave him hanging to a limb and be convinced.

In 1881 a simple-minded man named Hall was passing through the country. The Rolling Fork was full to swimming. There was no way to cross it. Three negroes met this imbecile at the river, and after torturing him to their satisfaction to have a little fun, as they expressed it, they knocked him into the river and he was drowned. They were all three hung by order of Judge Lynch; one to a limb of a large red oak. The limb died. One was hung to a haw bush. It died also. One was hung to a dogwood, and it died. All died within a year. Later another negro was hung near Chapel Hill for the murder of an old colored man, Charley Hankins. He was hung that night to a dogwood tree. died within a year. The reader may wonder and ask: "How many more died by violent hands in this country?" Just wait a moment until I can count them. Well, I have finished the count. From Ultima Thule to Bear Creek twenty-seven men died either by assault or from mob violence, enough to fill quite a large lot in a cemetery.

That calls to mind the mysterious graveyard, as it has been called by the old settlers. Do you know where it is? Cross the bridge at Johnson Ford on Rolling Fork river. When you get off the bridge at the west end you are in this graveyard, most of it lying to your left, with the old road passing over it. I first saw this quiet little graveyard in 1865. Stones were at the head and foot of nearly all the graves. It was then covered with briars and small trees. I was told at that time by some of the oldest citizens of the country that no one knew who had been buried there—that it had been there as far back as memory reached and no one could tell anything about it. Judge Sam Dollarhide, who died many years ago at Rocky Comfort, said it was there and unknown in 1803; hence the name "Unknown." But it is stated on good authority that a Mrs. Clark, whose husband was one of the pioneer settlers of the country, was buried there. After the death of Mrs. Clark, Clark moved to the Spanish territory of Texas and his descendants became the founders of Clarksville, Texas.

Another old burying ground is found about one-half mile west of the mysterious graveyard. It had furnished a place of burial for the people of this section for many years before our late war, and was used for many years after the war. A little log church had been built, called Chapel Hill, and the place of burial was moved to this churchyard. But the little church has long since rotted and crumbled away, but most people living at DeQueen know where the old Chapel Hill graveyard is located. The other one just mentioned has grown over with briars and trees and a wagon road passes through it, but many of the graves can yet be pointed out. This place of burial was once outside, but is now in a field. A few family lots were once enclosed with stone walls. Some of these have fallen down, but enough of them still remain to show where some of the old pioneer families are sleeping their last sleep. To those who take an interest in the past and the people of long ago, a visit to these old silent cities of the dead would be interesting.

Another old burial place not known to many of the citizens of DeQueen, that was used for years before the war

and up to a time not long before the Kansas City Southern railroad was built, is within the city limits and is located in the southern part of town. A very few trees are or were standing there a year or two ago. The only means by which this burial place can be located is a few sunken graves. A few houses occupied by colored people with the attendant outhouses seem to have been built there to desecrate this hallowed spot. Why the townsite company would lay out lots and sell them to be used, as these have been, is puzzling indeed.

Years ago I was shown a canebrake on the Rolling Fork, below the old salt works, where it was said that a gang of counterfeiters made their headquarters and made counterfeit money as well. This gang had members, so told, that reached from Tennessee through Arkansas and into Texas. some of the so-called members belonging to some well-to-do and respected families of these three states. The Bible teaches us that the sins of the fathers will be visited on their posterity even to the fourth generation. We have no right to dispute it, but here is evidence that causes us to believe this is true in more than one way. A granddaughter of one of these old families, accused of this counterfeiting business. many years ago married and was living on her grandfather's place. Her grandfather was supposed to have some gold buried when he died. It was never found. In a very secluded and secret spot, her husband found quite a goodly lot of gold. Thinking it was the grandfather's gold, to which they had a perfect right, this man used some of it in making purchases for his family. That tall chin-whiskered old man with the starry hat and striped breeches claimed that he had never made any such money, and that it was counterfeit, and that the man spending this money owed and should pay him two years hard labor at one of his workhouses maintained for the benefit of the unwary, notwithstanding he claimed and proved he found it. A part of this money was wrapped in a newspaper announcing that James K. Polk was a candidate for President of the United States. It had been kept very dry and was supposed to have been spurious coin hidden away by the woman's grandfather.

Arkansas has produced some wonderful things but one of its most unique productions was a man named Jackman. He was here years before the war and remained several vears after. I never knew where he was from and never saw a man that did. In evading an answer to a question he was a scientist pure and simple; also in many other things. You could hardly name a place or country but what Jackman had been there. He was a man of sense and education, and could give information about most anything that he was asked. His going was like his coming, something of a mystery. One of his hobbies was mining. He was a good mechanic and blacksmith and could fix a clock or put a watch in order, mend jewelry or do most anything he might be called upon to do. He would come down into the settlement and work a while, get a small store of provisions, then away to the hills of north Sevier and prospect for mineral, believing that he would strike something rich in the near future. When his first store of provisions would become exhausted he would return, go to work again and would soon be back in the hills again. He was very confident that he would some day strike mineral that would make him immensely rich. Then he was going to perfect an electric motor that he had in mind, next to his mining business. I never cared to listen to this talk, for like most all others, I thought he was somewhat off balance and cranky, considerably flighty, and talked of things that I thought were unreasonable and could never be accomplished. I came upon him one day at his work. It was very hot and he asked me to sit down and rest. I did so. He was soon telling me what could be done with electricity and what he could accomplish if he had as much as five hundred dollars in cash. After giving me some ideas of how his motor could be constructed, he then proceeded to tell me what it could and would do in the future. As I was very tired I thought I would hear him through for once. He told me among other things that if I lived fifty years I would see boats running, and railroad cars running by electricity. and that the time was not far off when vehicles would be running the roads without horses. I told him I didn't think that would ever be done. He then went on and told me of

Morse and his telegraph, how people had doubted him at first; then told me of his success, that put him on the wires, and finally he told me that if I lived my allotted time I would hear people talking over telegraph wires. He seemed to become vexed and indignant when I told him it could not and never would be done and that he was wearing out his brains studying on things impossible. I asked him how much it would cost to bring out these things. He said that with five hundred dollars he could bring out his electric motor; that would then get him all the money he would need to bring out his other things.

I asked a man with some means a short time after this why he didn't put up five hundred dollars on Jackman and let him experiment with his motor. He replied that Jackman was an unusually smart man, and an educated man, and a man of much scientific knowledge, but when he got on his electric railroad car and went to talking over his talking telegraph wires he became excited and flighty and his mind ran into the infinite. I was young at that time, 1868, and was not competent to criticise Jackman, but I have lived to see all that he predicted verified, and if he had had the backing what might have been accomplished will never be known.

But that which brought about greater expectations, more talk and less money than any other thing in Sevier County, was its mining booms. I knew one man, and only one, that made something out of these mines during the big boom of '74. A poor squatter of the hills found and located a claim. He soon sold this claim for a new wagon and a good pair of mules and four hundred dollars in cash. He started back to Missouri with his family and newly-acquired wealth, leaving his victim a more sorrowful but wiser man with the knowledge that all is not silver that is found in Arkansas mines. The first of these mines was discovered by John Bellah, who was a prosperous farmer living on the old line road between Ultima Thule and what is now known as Gillham. He found something on his place which he thought was silver, sunk a shaft perhaps ten or twenty feet deep, but found nothing of value during the Confederate administraThe state of the s

tion. This mine was worked for lead by the Confederate government. New shafts were sunk. When the war closed these mines closed also, without ever getting enough lead to make a buckshot. Yet I have been told by men who knew nothing about it that the Confederate government obtained ammunition for their western army from these, the Bellah mines. I have seldom if ever corrected one of these wise men, for I have learned by experience that there is glory in ignorance.

In 1874 a big boom was raised over the mines and it was common to see men from St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York, and other places prospecting and buying mineral claims. Uncle Sam Davis, as he was commonly called, located a claim that now goes by the name of the Davis mines; did some little work on it and had an offer of thirty thousand dollars for it by a Philadelphia firm. This he refused, saying if it was worth thirty thousand dollars it was worth a million. He never realized a dollar from this mine and died a poor man some years after.

In '75 or '76 Captain C. K. Holman and Bert Kinsworthy spent some money developing the Davis mine. It proved to be a Jonah on their hands, and they gave it up with a good lot of experience as dividends. During the big boom of 1874 a company from Joplin, Mo., brought in a large amount of machinery and went to work at the old Bellah mines. This gave the mining business an impetus that perhaps it will never know again, notwithstanding there is another boom on at the present time. After furnishing the country with quite a lot of cash, enough almost to equal the coming cash payment to the Indians, they, like the Arabs, folded their tents and quietly stole away, leaving only a memory and a hole in the ground. But the mining business in Sevier and North Howard, like the troubled sea, was to have no rest, and along in the 80's the fever broke out again, and engines were running at several different mines and all was hustle and activity again. When two men would meet, after the usual compliments were passed, one would take from his pocket some blue, black or gray looking rocks. These were called specimens, and after examining each

other's find, they would separate, each one in the full belief that they had struck it rich. All this machinery was soon moved away and the natives of the hills were left to repose in quiet, for a while at least. Later it became known to all that it was the lack of railroad facilities that had caused all these failures. Why this had never been thought of before I cannot say. But with the building of the Kansas City Southern railroad, another company, either with or without a name, went to work at the old Bellah, did considerable building and put up extensive machinery, and after shipping a few wagon loads of ground rock to Kansas City or St. Louis, they converted this great system of machinery into a one-horse saw mill and I suppose are now dwelling under the shade of the woodbine far away.

Those who doubt the statement of these last mining ventures consult the early files of the DeQueen Bee. I forgot to mention another company that was organized to work the old mythical Spanish mines on the Rolling Fork. They changed their organization into a piscatorial company and caught suckers.

But I am getting too near the present date line, so I will drop back about my starting point in Sevier County, where I had just invested my all, a fifty-cent greenback shin-plaster in a game of poker. I think I hear some modern society belle say: "I will read no more of this stuff for he is nothing but an old gambler." I will admit that along in the 60's and 70's I was right handy with the spotted pasteboards, but the custom was common in those days. So I will drop this subject and go back to work at Rolling Fork salt works on a hire for a peck of salt per day and my board, which consisted of fresh beef and corn bread for each of the three meals per day. There were three furnaces at the old works, one of them having twenty-five cast iron kettles cast at and hauled by wagon from Jefferson, Texas. Some of them can be seen scattered over the country now. other two furnaces were supplied with 27 kettles each.

The modus operandi for making salt at these salt wells was about this way: Wood was first cut in about four foot lengths and allowed to season for a while, and I will say

here that these furnaces were kept rented and running all the time; never allowed to cool down if it could be avoided; consequently there were always two sets of hands, a day shift and a night shift. A big, wide furnace was built of rock and dirt, perhaps 12 feet wide. In the center of this furnace were two rows of kettles, the top of them a little above the level of the furnace. These kettles held from 50 to 150 gallons each. The largest being placed at the front of the furnace, the smaller ones at the rear, diminishing in size from front to rear. The water was drawn from wells with buckets and sweep. Why some one never made a pump and put in these wells is a mystery, as the water would stand several feet deep in these wells, the surface water coming in all the time, and the salt being the heavier always stayed on the bottom; the bucket only brought up a weak solution of salt water from the surface, when pumping the pure salt water from the bottom would have taken less boiling. As before mentioned the water was drawn from the wells and poured into the first kettle near the mouth of the furnace and was dipped back from kettle to kettle with a wooden bucket with a long handle attached to it similar to a hoe handle. In the last and smallest kettles it commenced to grain and as it thickened it very much resembled thick mush. It was then dipped up, put in troughs, with one end raised higher than the other, that all water might drip out. When it became drained and dry we had the genuine Arkansas production of salt, which was readily sold at four dollars per bushel. One peck of this salt I was to get for a day's work, but as I was then taking the initatory degree of Arkansas customs and ways and citizenship, I had a first-class case of chills served out to me, which stuck to me like a brother till Christmas. Chill tonics were not known at the time and quinine was out of the question. So for about four months I shook and drank teas of every conceivable kind. Among them I remember holly, mouse ear, sassafras. dogwood, wild cherry and ash bark. The chills gradually became lighter and weaker and so did I. The last one, a day or two before Christmas, was barely perceptible, and if tramping had been half as common then as it is now and I had

known half as much about it as I do now, I would have sought my mother's home east of the great Mississippi River and she could have exacted any kind of promise or oath from me never to leave it again. But dear old Arkansas, what a tale I would have told on you, and I would gladly have taken an oath to never set foot on your soil again no more forever.

I made a deal with an old farmer to make a crop with his son. He said he would board me and do what was right about my part of the prospective crop, and on Christmas day, 1865, with an old wornout pole axe, I mounted an old pine log to chop it up to get it out of the way for the coming crop. It seemed to me I had never before seen so many logs on a ten-acre field. I would stand on a log and strike a few licks with my old axe and I would be out of breath, then I would look around at the logs, count them and figure in my mind how long it would take to get them ready to pile and burn and wonder what sins I had committed to merit such terrible punishment. Time is a great healer of all ills and I was soon able to cut an ordinary log half off without stopping, and I soon found that my log job was not half as bad as I expected. Our stock of tools for the two of us consisted of one worn-out, home-made, diamond-wing plow, the old axe I have described, and a grubbing hoe, worn-out perhaps before I was born; one weeding hoe, made by cutting an old blade from an old eye hoe and riveting it to the blade of another. Our team consisted of a large yoke of oxen used for breaking our land and one old bay horse that like both of us, had been in the service of the Confederate army. With this outfit and ten or twelve bushels of corn and plenty of grass to graze on, we made about five hundred bushels of corn, and fifteen thousand pounds of cotton. The cotton sold for five and a half cents per pound in the seed, and what corn was sold brought one dollar and a half per bushel. By the time this crop was made and gathered I had become reconciled to Arkansas and within her borders I have spent most of my life.

After this first year, farming was not such an up-hill business, for I bought two Hall & Spear cast plows for ten dollars each and two brand new eye hoes for another dollar

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and fifty cents each. Our crops were cultivated entirely with our turning plow. Our cotton was planted on a ridge or bed made with a turning plow and opened with a wooden opener made for the purpose and covered with a wooden home-made harrow. Our cotton—owing to the lack of proper plows, required a great deal of hoeing, which for a peck of corn per day we could hire Indians to do-they boarding themselves. They usually did good honest work, but were slow, and were not being paid to hurry. When the time came to gather the crops the Indians usually did all our cotton picking, some of them being experts at the business. well remember the first one of them that tried to play a trick on me. He came to my house late one evening claiming to be very hungry, and looked like he had been in company with bad luck for some time. My wife gave him a full square meal of bread, cold meat and cold sweet potatoes and after his meal he wanted a job of work making rails, and as some of them were good rail makers I hired him to make me some rails at one dollar per hundred. I gave him an axe, an iron wedge and a skillet; let him have a piece of meat and a peck of meal to be paid for out of his wages. I went with him and showed him the timber I wanted worked up, and as it was about night he said he would camp and go to work the next morning. For some days I heard nothing from my Indian, so one evening I went to see what had become of him. The axe, skillet and wedge were on a stump but the meat, meal and the Indian were gone. The next summer some Indians came to me for a job of hoeing cotton. I told the spokesman that I would hire them and the trade was made, one of them keeping well in the background. I called him up and asked him if he wanted to work, too. He said he did. I then recognized him as being the one who failed to make the rails for me. I asked him why he took my meal and meat and made no rails. He remarked in his broken English: "That way white man do." I saw he was right about it and said no more to him about his trick.

The Indian, like the negro, liked company and it was seldom that one would come over in the State and work by himself. They would go in gangs. When they were hunting,

cotton hoeing or picking, and usually after camping out and working for a week or more, one or two would carry off the price of all their labors. They had a game peculiar to themselves, similar to our old game at school called thimble. In our language their game would be called bullet. A bullet, when it could be had, was used in the game, the players sitting in a circle around a blanket spread on the ground. Each one of them had a hat, handerkchief or something of the kind to hide the bullet under. When hidden all would guess where it was hidden, the guesser pointing a finger at where he thought the bullet was hidden. After all had guessed, the one hiding the bullet would point to where it was hidden. Each one would hold in his hand a bunch of small sticks or straws. With these they kept count of their game. After each guess there would be a general exchange of sticks. I have watched this game for hours and never could understand it and never saw a white man that did, but any Indian would stake his all on this game of chance. While it was being played not a word was being spoken but each player would be giving out a peculiar droning, humming sound. heard nowhere, only at a bullet game. A stranger hearing this noise for the first time at a little distance would think he was entering the realms of lost souls.

Another interesting Indian game was their old-time ball game which is not played any more on account of creating too many fights and even bloodshed and death.

In the long ago it was not uncommon for a crowd of white men to ride fifty miles to see a ball game. A well matched, well played game of baseball, is a very tame affair when compared to an Indian game of the olden times with fifty or more players on each side. The games were always played on a prairie; the players wearing nothing but a breech-cloth and a look of determination for his side to win. Each player was well decorated with paint applied in the most hideous fashion imaginable but always with some peculiarity about it to show which side he belonged to. Usually one tribe played another. The ball was always handled with their ball sticks, butting, kicking and striking each other with their fists was admissible in the game, but

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 to strike another with a stick lost to his side one point in the game, which was always ten. When the game was over one side usually carried off most of the wealth of the other. Their money was always bet first, then came beads, handkerchiefs, ribbons and such with the women, for they would bet the same as the men. The men would bet ponies, guns and anything they had, for it was considered a case of disloyalty not to bet on your own side. I have seen men going home after a ball play wearing nothing but a breech-cloth, having lost all their clothing on the game, yet jolly and full of life, regarding their misfortune as a huge joke. I never heard or knew of one trying to avoid paying anything he had lost on the game, but I have seen them hunting for the one that had won to give up what he had lost. There is where hope plays a strong hand. I never saw an Indian, if he expressed himself at all, but what expected to get even and ahead at the next game.

Whether civilizing the Indian up, or down, as the case may be, to the present standard of civilization is for his betterment is an oft-discussed but a non-decided question. In his half-civilized condition or less, as I first knew him, his word was considered binding, his dress scant, his food of the most common kind, his wants were few, and he was content and happy. His ball games and different kinds of dances at the different seasons of the year furnished him his amusements. The game and his little patch of corn furnished him most of his subsistence. If he needed more he would get a small crowd together, cross into Arkansas or Texas, and work it out. In the making of cane baskets most of the women were experts. If an Indian was tried and found guilty of a crime in one of their courts and the death penalty was affixed against him, the day was fixed for his execution and he was turned loose to go and do as he pleased till the day set for his execution, when he was always on hand ready to receive the execution of his sentence. Whether this was a matter of honor or brayado I do not know, but I do know it is not an article of faith on the white man's calendar.

Our early day mills for grinding corn were of very rude construction and were run by water mostly. Aunt Betsy

McLendon was once the owner of one which stood near where the depot at DeQueen now stands, on Little Bear Creek, but as there was seldom water enough to run it, it was changed into what was called a horse mill; that is, it was run by horse power, provided the customer furnished the horse. This mill soon proved to be more of a nuisance than a benefit to the community and was soon out of use. Another one built lower down on Bear Creek proved a failure and followed the fate of Aunt Betsy's venture in the mill business. The failure of these two enterprises threw us back on the old-time steel mill, and we had to grind our corn by hand. These old steel mills were made of steel after the fashion of a large coffee mill, with a handle on each side, by which it was turned. It was bolted to a post securely placed in the ground. The hopper for this mill was like a large funnel and would hold something more than a gallon. In selecting corn to grind in these mills we would select the softest ears, grind a bucket full rather coarse, sift out the finer meal, screw up the mill a little tighter, grind and sift again till the corn was converted into meal. This was rather a slow process, but cost us nothing only hard labor and perspiration.

Most of our floors were called puncheon floors. These were flat slabs split from pine trees and hewn and joined together, and I have seen some very good floors made from these puncheon, but no comparison to the floors of today. Our next best were made from lumber sawed with the old two-man whip saw. The log was rolled upon a low scaffold. After having it squared it was lined off with a blacking line to the desired thickness. One of the operators stood on top of the log and the other in the ditch underneath the scaffold, the lower end of the saw having a cross handle; the man on top of the scaffold guiding the saw to follow his lines and pulling it down. In this way two good sawyers could turn out two hundred feet of passable inch boards per day.

About the year 1869 a man named Thomas Abbott brought a steam saw and grist mill into the country and put it down a short distance north of Rolling Fork salt works. This mill solved the problem of meal and lumber. I have

THE RESERVE THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NOT THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NAMED IN COLUMN TWO I The second secon the same of the sa known men to bring corn to this mill a distance of 25 miles in ox wagons.

It was not to be many years before both saw and grist mills became more plentiful. During this scarcity of mills Ben Norwood, Sr., of Norwoodville, built a little overshot mill near Norwoodville that supplied that neighborhood with meal.

Immediately after the war, Arkansas, like all other Southern States, was overrun with carpet-baggers from the north. These carpet-baggers received their names from being a class of people without means of support, seeking office by soliciting the vote of the newly enfranchised negro, and managing to make his living off of the negroes' hard earnings, and fostering a prejudice between the negro and his former owner, and when he failed to succeed in one place he packed his worldly possessions in his carpet bag and moved to pastures new. Powell Clayton, a man who had served in the Union army in a Kansas regiment, had the support of this class of people who controlled the negro vote and as the negro looked on the Northern man as being his Moses they easily controlled his vote by making him false promises, such as giving him forty acres of land and a mule and giving him a fat office in the future. They organized secret societies among the negroes, never allowing a member to go unpledged to vote for them when they asked for office. The negro was taught to look upon his former owner as his natural enemy. This caused much friction and race trouble, and as the negro had the backing of the carpet-bagger's party, from the governor down to the constable, supported by the State Militia, the rough element of the negroes and carpet-baggers had their own way till the organization known as the Ku-Klux, organized in 1866 in Tennessee, which organization soon spread all over the Southern States, and was an offset to the carpet-bagger:

It has been said of the Ku-Klux that they were an organized mass of men of lawless character, guilty of murder, arson and all other violations of law. Such is not the case, as it was organized and controlled by as responsible men as there were in the South and as one who has the right to

know something of the Ku-Klux, I will state that among their pledges the following are a few: "We pledge ourselves to protect the weak and innocent and defenselsss from wrongs and outrages and indignities of the lawless and violent and brutal. To relieve the injured and oppressed, to succor the suffering and distressed, especially the widows and orphans of the Confederate soldier. To protect and defend the Constitution of the United States and all laws passed in conformity thereto, and to protect the United States and people from all invasions from any source whatsoever; to aid and assist in the executing of all laws, and to protect the people from unlawful seizurc and from trial except by their peers, in conformity to the laws of the land."

This organization was disbanded in 1869, after accomplishing the purpose for which it was organized. Only the Republicans, so far, had been allowed to vote after the commencement of the carpet-bag rule and the polls at the election precincts were usually guarded by armed negroes, and I have known white men to be marched off to jail by negro guards for the offense of hallooing for a Democratic president candidate.

There was another class of people that came from the North to the South just after the war that must not be classed with the carpet-bagger element. They were honest, industrious people of different professions and callings. They settled among us and made good citizens as there are in the South, and their fathers were as much opposed to the carpet-baggers as were the people of the South, and I have known some of them that were connected with the Ku-Klux Klan in an official way. The days of reconstruction in Arkansas with its carpet-bag Governor Powell Clayton, his carpet-bag followers, his maurauding militia will always be remembered with horror by the people of southwest Arkansas, unless it be the few who took part in this reign of terror and feasted at the carpet-bag pie counter.

There are a few descendants of one of the old families of Sevier County now living around DeQueen who can trace their relationship to one of the most noted families of the United States. I mean the Todds, James Todd, a pioneer

settler of Sevier County, was a brother to the father of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. His son, Wm. Todd (Uncle Billy), an own cousin of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, once lived at DeQueen and will be rememberd by many of DeQueen's earliest settlers.

Another person that should not be forgotten is a granddaughter of one of America's noted generals, who now fills a pauper's grave in Sevier County. I met her in the last vears of the seventies at the country home at Lockesburg, and she recited to me the history of her adventurous life. She told me she was the granddaughter of General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame, and that she had a brother somewhere in the United States, she did not know where. I think she said his name was George, named for George Washington. She told me where she was born, where she had lived, and how she came to be in Arkansas, and that she was about 90 years old and had never been married, and had lost all trace of her family connections. I have always regretted that I did not make a note of the story of her life. but I did not and her history is lost. At the same time I met her, perhaps in '79, she was in possession of all her mental faculties and was well informed, elequently defending the cause of the Southern States-in fact. I considered her a living encyclopedia of general knowledge. How she came to be in the county home I do not remember. Mr. H. A. Wofford, who was superintending the county home at that time, informs me that he remembers her old lady and that she died in 1880 or 1881. that is all he can remember of her. I have often thought of her, as I have the man without a country, thought that his last request would fitly apply to her, and ask if some one will not erect a stone to her memory and say on it: "She loved her country more but received less from its hands than any other woman." I have wondered if someone, some society or church, the D. A. R's. or the U. D. C's. would not some day take this matter up and rescue her grave from the potter's field and oblivion.

I chanced to be at Guilford court house on Saturday. July 3, 1915. I was at that place where General Greene, the grandfather of this woman, commanded the American

forces and fought Lord Cornwallis at the battle of his name in the war for American Independence. There was a large gathering of people there from all parts of the State. Several noted speakers from other States were there and many able, patriotic speeches were made and a fine monument was unveiled to the memory of General Greene, and I thought of the difference that was shown between him and his grand-daughter who was then sleeping in a pauper's grave in a distant State, without a friend or relative to drop a tear or flower on her lonely and forsaken grave.

For now she sleeps in a lonely grave,
Where the wild flower nods its head;
Where the wild birds come and the wild bees hum
Above her lonely head.

During these days of high prices the writer paid ten dollars for one ounce of quinine and considered himself lucky to get it at all. After the removal of the tariff, and quinine dropped to three dollars an ounce, people almost considered it a newly-acquired privilege to have chills. I remember when it was first proposed in Congress to remove the tariff from quinine. The few newspapers we would get gave accounts of the fight that Powers and Weightman, manufacturing chemists of Philadelphia, were putting up against it. They claimed that it would drive them out of business, and their plant would become useless. It was not long after this measure was passed till the papers gave it out that Powers & Weightman were increasing their capacity, and that old firm is still doing business at the same old stand. Newspapers were higher then than now, by fifty per cent, and the subscriber had to pay the postage, which was, on a small paper, 26 cents a year in advance. Letter postage was three cents for each half ounce or fraction, prepaid with stamps after the present style. I remember one of our enterprising postmasters with an eye to business. For a while after the war he charged five cents for a three-cent stamped envelope, giving as his reason that the postoffice was unremunerative, and that he had to have pay from some source

for serving the people. Later Uncle Sam let him off by him promising to be good.

Along about this time there lived in the country a negro named Peter Norwood, and as he was an aspirant for greatness, we dubbed him "Peter the Great." Peter had, before the edicts of the war had made him a gubernatorial possibility under the reconstruction rules, been the property of Ben Norwood, Sr., founder of Norwoodville, but who never spoke of Peter as being one of those good old antebellum negroes, noted for their faithfulness to old Master and their kindness to old Miss and the chilluns. Peter was not built that way, and refused to be an humble ex-slave and follow a plow and mule as in the olden days. When he was receiving so much encouragement from men who said they had fought and risked their lives that he might be a free man and equal to the white race, to become a man among men, and all they asked in return from Peter was his vote whenever they might demand the goods. Peter became to be very insulting and overbearing to his old-time white neighbors, and was holding secret meetings at night among the negroes, and it could easily be seen that these meetings boded no good for the whites. Two young men "strangers" dropped into the country from somewhere. They were soon intimate with Peter, attended the secret meetings with Peter, an honor accorded no other white man. They dined with Peter, wined him with white mule liker, and they three became the most prominent men on Rolling Fork. And why not? For Peter has been appointed a J. P. by the great carpet-bag governor of Arkansas, and his plans for the future governorship of Monroe township at least were laid before and approved by Peter's two chums and allies.

Among Peter's declaration of future rules of government to his two chums were, that no white man need sue or enter into a lawsuit with a negro in his court, and a white woman refusing to marry a negro when proposed to would receive the condemnation of Peter's iron-handed law. Other threats of Peter I could mention, but these two are enough to show how the people were ruled in the days of the carpetbag government.

I will leave Peter for a short while, with his two allies. to hold the reins of government on Rolling Fork, while the reader accompanies me to Paraclifta, the county seat of Sevier County. A man named Ballard, a carpet-bagger, had been appointed head of the negro bureau of Sevier County and stationed at Paraclifta, and had a company of Irish soldiers given him to guard him and enforce his law, as he was in full control of everything pertaining to the negro, and like the laws of the Medes and Persians, from his edicts there were no appeals. His Irish soldiers, like most Irishmen were clever and generous-hearted men and wholly unsuited for Ballard's use. So Ballard had them removed and a company of negro soldiers sent to Paraclifta in their stead. Any contract whatever made with a negro had to be endorsed by Ballard. If a negro had any complaint to make against his white employer he went to Ballard and as the negro's statement was always taken in preference to the white man's, the white man always came out worsted, and Ballard never failed to charge the white man for settling a dispute or acknowledging a contract. So Ballard and the negroes had everything coming their way. An old farmer. one of the best in the country, noted for his long-headedness, knowing that without relief farming with colored labor was a dead issue, and knowing Ballard's duplicity, soon made a warm friend of Ballard and bargained with him to give Ballard each fiftieth bale of cotton grown by negro labor, to let him manage and control his negro laborers as he chose. Other farmers were soon put "next," and the negro soon learned that it was useless to carry his woes to Ballard and Ballard was soon receiving a snug income from negro labor.

But there was a transient, loafing class of negroes that couldn't be controlled, and wouldn't work, and like the proverbial stray dog had neither home nor master, and something must be done to make them law-abiding and self-supporting. When the Confederate government went under, General Shelby, of Missouri, with his men went to Mexico. In a year or two they had become tired of their long stay from home and were passing through the country on their way to their homes in Arkansas and Missouri. Unknown

white people commenced to handle this last-named class of negroes as they thought best, telling them that they were Shelby's men. Ballard became indignant at this; what he called outrages, offered rewards and threatened dire vengeance against the Shelby men, and promised to make an example of the first one he could lay hands on. He hadn't long to wait. One morning a boy of perhaps twenty years of age rode into the town and inquired for Mr. Ballard. He was pointed out to the boy as he walked across the street. He rode up to him and told Mr. Ballard he was one of Shelby's men, and proceeded to read Mr. Ballard the riot act at the point of a Colt's .44. Mr. Ballard never advertised for any more of Shelby's men. This boy is now old and gray, but a respected citizen of one of your Arkansas towns, and if called on in the same old way, would be ready again to play the part of a Shelby man.

We will now leave Mr. Ballard and his negro guard and go back to Rolling Fork and see about Peter and his two white friends. During our absence they have been holding secret conference with an old Confederate friend of theirs, that had known them all through the war; had known of negro soldiers killing the father of one of them. They were now ready to leave the country, and as they passed the home of Peter, not far from Ultima Thule, they took him down the road a little way. Some shots were heard and Peter the Great had passed to his reward. I have given a lengthy detail of these facts that the unsophisticated might know what the days of reconstruction meant to those who lived in Arkansas.

As I have before stated, everything in this country at that time was in what might be called a crude state, and our schools, as well as churches, were no exception to the rule. An old log cabin with a board roof, with split pine puncheon seats had been built before the war at what is now known as Chapel Hill graveyard, and used as a schoolhouse and church whenever a teacher could be procured or a preacher would drop around. Another house with the same conditions existed on lower Bear Creek, near our postoffice. Netta Boc, of which I have told you. Don't raise your eyes and

look up in horror and amazement when I tell you that I have seen children ten years old that had never slept on a bed and had never heard a sermon preached, or been inside a church or schoolhouse. Yet when it comes to riding a wild range pony or horse, driving cattle, tracking stock on the range, or throwing a lariat, or riding yearlings, these boys had learned their lessons well, and the smart Alec from back East had better not try to teach them any of Hoyle's games or the art of swapping horses, if he didn't expect to experience a financial crash on a small scale.

I might say I am only speaking of what was then Monroe township and not of all Southwest Arkansas. Monroe township then extended from Polk County on the north to Little Rock on the south, and from the Indian Territory line to somewhere east of where DeQueen now is, perhaps only to the range line. At that time all of Little River County, Center Point and Mineral Springs were in Sevier County.

I must get back to the schools or the boys I have been speaking about that wore leather breeches and slept on bear skins will think their education is being sadly neglected. A short time after the war an old gentleman came into the country and made up a small subscription school as he was too old to do any hard labor. He was a very quiet, moral man, and tried to teach morality and Christianity as well as literature. After a time his precepts and moral persistency had a very salutary effect. Among his ventures was to get a Sunday school started. It was not of the present day style, or I wouldn't mention it; but it suited the country and the times, and that was sufficient. The meetings were held each Sunday alternately at the two houses mentioned. After select Bible readings, any one was at liberty to ask any scriptural question he chose, while the smaller ones were given verbal instructions from those supposed to be competent. Fortunately for this school, a good singer had dropped into the country from somewhere, and after the Bible lessons singing followed till the noon hour, when dinner was served on the ground. After the dinner recess, some two present would choose up for a spelling match. Our old school teacher and R. D. Wright, another ex-teacher, would

superintend these matches, and the old blue back speller was never more in evidence.

These Sunday schools became very popular, and there were but few men of families but what were always in attendance. I don't think I ever knew of a Sunday school that wielded the influence for the general good that this school did. I have known people to come ten miles to these schools.

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MURDER OF THE WRIGHT FAMILY—RECOLLECTIONS.

(By J. F. BATES.) *

On the 15th of June in the year 1839, William Wright, a prosperous and highly respected farmer, Mahla Wright, his daughter, and his infant child were brutally murdered, and Jacob Wright, his son, was struck over the head with some heavy instrument which fractured his skull so as to cause the loss of a portion of his brain. Mrs. Wright escaped through a back window and Mary Wright, a daughter, escaped through the door while they were murdering her father. The murderers set fire to the house, thinking that all its inmates were slain, but two little boys, Willis Wright and Maurice Wright, aged about ten and twelve, were sleeping in a trundle bed under a larger bed; they escaped the notice of the assassins. The smoke from the burning building awakened them. The little boys first moved their wounded brother to a safe distance. (Jacob Wright, though badly wounded, finally recovered.) They next moved their dead father and sister a short distance from the burning building. Mrs. Wright and Mary, her daughter, hid in a nearby wheat field until next morning and then notified neighbors of the sad affair. It seemed that the murderers wanted to make the impression on the public mind that it was Indians that committed the crime, but that idea, after a short time, prevailed only to a limited extent. The amount

^{*}Born May 4, 1831, in Washington County, Arkansas. Educated at Cane Hill College; teachers T. G. McCullough, S. Doak Lowry and Robert M. King. Commenced teaching school in 1852 near the home of the Wicliffs on Spavinaw, Okla. Taught off and on in said State forty-eight terms. Taught also twenty-two terms in my native State, making in all seventy terms in life. Spent two years sectionizing for the United States Government in the State of Kansas in partnership with Col. James Mitchell of Little Rock. We sectionized the township in which John Brown lived. Quit teaching in 1902 and at present own and run a hotel in Westville, Okla.

of money taken was perhaps between three and four hundred dollars and that belonged to Mr. James Shelley. William Wright a few days previous took nearly all his money to his brother, Maurice Wright, a merchant on Cane Hill.

The writer was on the premises the following morning after the murder while the heavy timbers of the building were still burning. The bodies of the slain were lying just as the murderers had left them, except their removal by the little boys the night before. William Wright and Mahala Wright, his daughter, were lying a short distance from the building but close enough to cause the heat to color their faces dark brown.

The charred remains of the infant was still in the edge of the building. I remember some one took a plank and ran under the frame of the child and moved it away from the fire. The crime caused intense excitement throughout the entire country. As the courts at that time had been exceedingly slack in executing the laws, a mass meeting was held at Cane Hill and thirty-six men of the most reliable character were chosen as a committee to take the law into their own hands and ferret out and punish the perpetrators of the crime. In a short time suspicion fell upon John Richmond, James Barnes, Jack Turner and William Bailey, who were arrested. Bailey was flogged quite severely to compel him to make a confession, but he persistently denied guilt. The others, together with Bailey, were turned loose, evidence at that time not deemed sufficient to hold them longer. Bailey immediately left the country.

Not long after they were released John Richmond and Asbury Richmond, his brother, had a difficulty over some personal matters, John Richmond accusing Asbury of some misdemeanor; Asbury replied by charging John with assisting in the murder of the Wright family. These charges were overheard by Ambrose Harnage, who lived near by the home of the Richmonds, and he (Harnage) reported the affair to the committee on Cane Hill. John Richmond was rearrested soon afterwards. He was not long in custody when he made an effort to escape but failed; when caught he told his captors to take him back to the committee and he

would make a clean breast of the whole affair. He gave the names of James Barnes, Jack Turner, William Bailey, Jack Nicholson, himself and one other man whose name he did not know, as being the parties who committed the murder. Barnes and Turner were rearrested soon after Richmond's confession. Nicholson never was arrested, having left the country.

On the 31st day of July following the murder John Richmond, James Barnes and Jack Turner were hung, Barnes and Turner denying guilt.

Richmond admitted guilt and called upon Barnes and Turner to confess at the last moment but they refused to do so. The committee having heard that William Bailey was down in southern Arkansas, sent Charles Spencer and a Mr. Poore after him, and when found he denied his identity. Spencer and Poore insisted he was the man wanted, and, to prove that they were right, to examine his back and they would find marks on same from effects of the flogging received a few months previously. Upon examination such was the case. He was taken back and hung about five months after first hanging on same gallows. While a great majority of the people were satisfied as to the guilt of the parties executed, there were a few who doubted the guilt of all; especially of Barnes. Prominent among those who had misgivings in regard to the matter were Rev. Jacob Sexton, Rev. George Morrow, Rev. Thomas Tennant (a minister at that time) and Judge John Thompson Adair, all men of excellent standing in the community in which they lived.

A HISTORY OF THE OFFICIAL FLAG OF ARKANSAS.

(BY WILLIE K. HOCKER.)

Early in 1912, the Pine Bluff Chapter, D. A. R., by a unanimous vote decided to present the new battleship Arkansas with a "Stand of Colors," consisting of a United States flag, a naval battalion flag and an Arkansas State flag.

To Mrs. C. W. Pettigrew belongs the honor of having originated this plan of flag giving.

The acting regent of the chapter, Mrs. W. L. DeWoody, appointed a flag committee, consisting of Mrs. C. W. Pettigrew, Mrs. W. A. Taggart and Mrs. Frank Tomlinson. They wrote to the Secretary of State asking for a copy of the official State flag. He replied: "Arkansas has no State flag."

The Pine Bluff Chapter, D. A. R., then took the initiative in a movement to have the next General Assembly adopt a State flag. The flag committee caused to be published in the leading papers of the State an article asking artists and designers everywhere, particularly those of the State of Arkansas, to submit designs appropriate for a State flag to a committee of selection, consisting of not less than seven competent persons, who would, from the submitted designs, select the one most appropriate for a State flag, should an appropriate design be found among those submitted. The designs were to bear no mark of identification, but be accompanied by a typewritten explanation of the design, and by a sealed unmarked envelope containing another explanation, and the name and address of the designer.

Mr. Earle W. Hodges, Secretary of State, consented to become the custodian of the submitted designs, and to name the committee of selection.

The first committee met in the parlors of Hotel Marion, Little Rock, early in January, 1913. It consisted of the following named persons: Maj. C. R. Breckenridge, chairman; Prof. J. J. Doyne, secretary; Mr. G. B. Rose, Gen.

B. W. Green, Col. V. Y. Cook, Dr. Junius Jordon, Mrs. Julia McAlmont Noel and Mrs. Jo Frauenthal. They made no selection, but recommended that a committee be appointed to search the records of Arkansas to see if there ever had existed a regularly adopted State flag. This committee failed to find any such record.

The second committee, consisting of Mr. Earle W. Hodges, chairman; Gen. B. W. Green, Dr. Junius Jordan, Mr. G. B. Rose, Mrs. Julia McAlmont Noel, Mrs. Jo Frauenthal, Mrs. Ellsworth and Miss Julia Warner, met in the office of the Secretary of State and from the sixty-five submitted designs unanimously chose the design made by Miss Willie K. Hocker of Pine Bluff, a member of the D. A. R. Chapter that had taken the initiative in the flag adoption measure.

On Saturday, February 14, 1913, Senator Phillips introduced a joint resolution to have the selected design adopted as Arkansas' official flag. The measure carried, and the following Tuesday, February 18, the House passed the resolution, and Arkansas had an official flag, regularly adopted by both houses of the General Assembly.

The design is a rectangular field of red, on which is placed a large white diamond, bordered by a wide band of blue—national colors. Across the diamond is the word "Arkansas" (placed there by request of the committee) and the blue stars, one above, two below the word. On the blue band are placed twenty-five white stars.

EXPLANATION OF DESIGN.

This design has in it much of Arkansas' history as given below:

Arkansas is one of the United States, therefore the national colors are used.

-The three blue stars typify the three nations, Spain, France and the United States, to whom Arkansas has successively belonged. Their number, three, indicates that Arkansas was the third State carved from the Louisiana Purchase Territory; this purchase is the greatest act yet performed by the United States. The three stars also indicate

the year (1803) when Arkansas became the property of the United States.

The twenty-five white stars show that Arkansas was the twenty-fifth State in the order of admission to the Union.

The State came into the Union paired with another State (Michigan); this is shown by the pair of stars on the lower angle of the blue band.

Arkansas contains the only known diamond mine within the possession of the United States, therefore Arkansas should be known as "The Diamond State."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1874— REMININSCENCES.

(By J. W. House.)

When the delegates of the Constitutional Convention assembled at the State Capital on the 14th day of July, 1874, it was universally conceded that, as a whole, it was composed of the ablest men who had ever assembled in the State in any legislative or political capacity and we think it is generally conceded that it has had no equal since that time. With a few exceptions it was composed of representative and influential men from every county in the State; farmers, merchants and the learned professions were all represented; each class had seemed to vie with the other in sending their best men; among them were many profound and experienced lawyers with a state-wide reputation.

The question naturally arises, "What was the occasion of such a gathering?" Why were the members of this convention superior in wisdom and experience to other political bodies which had been meeting at the State Capital since

Note.—In announcing his candidacy for District Delegate to the Constitutional Convention, 1917, Mr. House gave out this statement of facts concerning himself:

[&]quot;I was born in Hardeman county, Tennessee, and came with my father to White county, this State, in 1858. I joined the Confederate army May 17, 1863, before I was 16 years of age and served until the close of the war. In 1865 I made a cotton crop and with the proceeds of that crop I went to school a year and a half and also taught school. I studied law while still living in the country and was admitted to practice in 1869, and have been continuously in practice ever since. For thirty years I have lived in the city of Little Rock.

[&]quot;I was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1874 from White county and was nominated and elected to the State Senate from White and Faulkner counties the following fall without opposition, serving in that body for two terms, thus making my total experience in deliberative bodies about eight months. In addition to this I was United States Attorney during both administrations of President Cleveland."

1836? Why should the best wisdom of all classes have been selected upon this particular occasion, if there was not some paramount cause—some great purpose to be attained? It might be said, the personnel of this convention was not superior to other poiltical bodies which had assembled at the State Capital both prior and subsequent to that convention, and that it was essentially the most intelligent body of men that had ever assembled in the State was only the vain boast of its members It is common for every political body of men when assembled to arrogate to itself a superiority of all similar gatherings before it upon the same principle that it often happens that as soon as a man is elected to the Legislature he at once becomes a statesman and philosopher, and sometimes it is very difficult to convince him that such is not the case; in fact. I am not sure but what it is impossible to do so.

In order to answer these questions, it will be necessary to enter into a brief history of the political events which led up to the calling of the convention. To undertake to make an intelligent analysis of the convention of 1874 without giving the causes which led up to the convention, would be like an effort to render upon the stage the play of "Hamlet" without "Hamlet;" or to give the history of the Revolution without mentioning the names of Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton; or to give a history of the Civil War without mentioning the names of Lincoln, Davis, Grant and Lee; and in giving this brief history, it is far from my purpose to harrow up any of the feelings or prejudices which existed at that time. I shall only refer to the historical events, as I understand them, without intending to reflect upon the personal character of any one

When the Civil War had closed in 1865—when General Lee had surrendered the Confederate forces under his immediate command to General Grant at Appomattox and stipulations of peace had been entered into, it was supposed the war was over. The soldiers on both sides had learned a lesson they did not know at the beginning of the war; they had learned to respect and honor each other for valor and

heroism; for personal courage and all the other elements which enter into the make-up of a true and noble manhood.

In the South, at the beginning of the war, the young blood was kindled and fanned into a blaze by orators advocating secession; while, on the other hand, stump orators in the North said in many public gatherings that to conquer the South would only be a breakfast spell.

I remember, when I was a mere boy about fourteen years of age, I heard Col. Decius McCrary of White county, who was a brother of the distinguished Senator from Kentucky, make a speech at West Point, in White county, near where I lived then. He said, among other things, that one Southern man could whip six Yankees; he said this was true, because one Southern man could whip two Yankees in a fair fight, and it would take two Yankees to hold each one of the two to make him fight. Of course, at that time I believed every word of it, but with two years of experience in the army I found that this was a delusion; I came to the conclusion that one was about all I cared to tackle and I wasn't particularly anxious to do this.

About this time similar speeches were being made in the North. General Grant, then a captain in the United States Army, was trying to organize a regiment in his home at Galena, Ill.; he listened to speeches in which it was said that the men of the South, as a rule, had been reared by slave-holding parents; that they could not stand the hard-ships incident to camp life, and that they were wanting in courage.

General Grant had listened to speeches of this character; he had lived in Missouri, the dividing line between the two great sections of the country—the North and the South—and he knew the habits and the characteristics of the people both North and South, and in his modest and unassuming way said that he was at least glad to witness the enthusiasm with which the cause of the Union had been espoused; but, he said, they were underrating the prowess and valor of the Southern people. He said if the conflict between the two great sections of the country must be settled by arbitrament of arms, it would be "Greek meeting"

Greek;" that there would be bloodshed and carnage from one end of the land to the other.

His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. Hence, the armies on both sides had been taught a lesson, but a very severe one. Three-fourths, or even more, of the able-bodied men of this State had gone through the war; but few of those who survived had been at their homes for two or three long years; when they returned, however, they came with sad hearts; in many instances, some of their beloved ones had gone to the great beyond; their farms had gone to wreck and ruin; still, with the same courage that sustained them during this long and terrible conflict of arms, they started out in good faith to build up their lost fortunes and to prepare to meet the great battles of life; they began to cut out the underbrush, to till the soil and in good faith to re-establish themselves for all great purposes in life.

The old soldiers returning home, were met by their loved ones and were treated with great respect and considertion by the Federal soldiers stationed at the Capital City and other places in the State.

For some time it seemed that matters of government were adjusting themselves to the satisfaction of the entire country, but this was a delusion. The politicians in the North, as well as in the South, began to sow the seed of strife and dissension. This strife and dissension was centralized at Washington. Andrew Johnson had been nominated on the Republican ticket with Mr. Lincoln, and when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated by Wilkes Booth, a bloody-handed murderer, Johnson, by virtue of his office became President; then the trouble began.

Andrew Johnson was a Southern man, having been born and reared in East Tennessee, and had become a great stump orator; he could sway the people as with a magic wand, but he was never a statesman in the broad sense of this term. He was only placed upon the ticket as a matter of political policy; and, while I do not think he was corrupt, in fact I feel sure he was not, but he was wholly unfitted for the responsible position which had fallen to him by accident; he was unable to cope with the leaders of his party, and it

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mattered little what he did, if it was not in accord with the then dominant party, he was unmercifully criticized and censured; the very fact that he was a Southern man lent encouragement to such abuse and censure. It was openly stated that he was a President in disguise; that he was a Southern sympathizer and a traitor to the party which had elected him. Such epithets were systematically and zealously heaped upon him, and it was an easy matter, so soon after the Civil War, to fire up the passions and prejudices of the people, and thus the reconstruction of the Southern States followed.

We hardly think that at this day an intelligent man could be found, either in the North or South, who would not say that reconstruction was a failure and a farce. It did more to engender a bitter feeling between the people of the North and South than even the Civil War; it went so far that it was carried into the homes of the people, and in many instances caused a breach between families who had theretofore been friends.

I have always thought that the death of Lincoln was not only a calamity to the South but to the whole country. The paramount thought with him during the entire war was the union of the States; this idea dominated his pure and noble spirit and was the great incentive to all his actions. He not only had the confidence of the great body of people, but he was idolized and worshiped by the soldiers; he had the power to combat and expose hypocrisy in every form and shape and was the greatest statesman of them all. With this confidence, with this great and overwhelming power and with his innate principles of justice and with an idea single to rehabilitate the States and perpetuate the Union, he could have overcome every opposition and crowned himself with more glory than he had already achieved; still I have often heard the idea advanced that even he could not have stood the pressure and his death came at an opportune time, so far as his own reputation was concerned; but in this I do not concur. But, we have digressed somewhat.

Coming back to Arkansas: A provisional government had been established in this State after General Steele had

forced the Confederates from the capital and he had established his headquarters in that city, and Isaac Murphy became the Governor of the State, under the provisional government. Delegates were selected as a rule from organizations of State troops, and many of them selected as delegates lived many miles from the county they were supposed to represent. In this way delegates assembled at Little Rock, who framed the Constitution of 1864, under which the provisional government was established, which provided for the meeting of the Legislature on April 11, 1864. This Constitution provided for a provisional State government; the Governor, Lieutenant Governor and other officers; Isaac Murphy was selected as the first Governor.

It was but a short time until the passions of those in power were fanned into a blaze under this government; one of the first acts of the Legislature was to disfranchise those who had participated in the rebellion. This act was passed May 31, 1864. Those who were engaged in the Confederate service were not criminals; they were among the best citizens of the State; they were fighting for the right—for their homes and firesides; they composed the valor and chivalry of the State.

Governor Murphy had voted against the ordinance for secession in 1861 under instructions from his county, but when the State was threatened with invasion by the Federal forces and the convention was reconvened by Judge David Walker, its president, to take some action in view of the threatened invasion of the State, Governor Murphy was the first to offer a resolution requiring a committee on military affairs to prepare for a plan of organizing the forces of the State to resist such invasion; but he still voted against secession. His idea was that the State should remain in the Union, but, if it was invaded by Federal forces to meet them on the border and try to arrest their progress. Governor Murphy was not considered a bad man, but he was certainly a weak one, and under his administration a field for strife and discord was readly invoked.

Under an act of Congress of March 2, 1867, the socalled rebel States—Virginia, North Carolina, South Caro-

lina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Arkansas—were placed under military government. They were divided into five different districts, Mississippi and Arkansas being in the fourth district, and each district was to be governed by some military officer, whose rank was not less than that of major general. Major General Ord was appointed by the President commanding general of the fourth district, with headquarters at Vicksburg, Miss., including Arkansas.

Under this act, the major general commanding in such district was authorized to organize military courts with full power to try and punish every one charged with crime; there seems to have been but one limitation upon his power, and that was that no one should suffer the death penalty except upon the approval of the President; hence, when two long years had elapsed, reconstruction began in the South.

General Ord came to Little Rock, soon after his appointment, in military pomp and splendor; he conferred with the leaders of the party in power as to whom he should appoint registrars. After this act was passed, the dream of peace which had been anticipated when the surrender came was dissipated and anarchy and confusion must necessarily follow. This was more than two years after Lee's surrender and three years after the provisional government under Lincoln's proclamation. The restoration of peace through the Murphy government was a delusion.

The effect of this national legislation was intended to enfranchise the negro and disfranchise the whites who had participated or sympathized with the rebellion; its provisions excluded many of our best and leading citizens by reason of the fact that they had at some time taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States and had afterward engaged in the rebellion. Still there were a great many young men, who had grown to years of manhood and maturity since the Civil War began, and it was to them that Arkansas looked chiefly for support. Under these conditions the sword was again unsheathed; the war cry of rebel and traitor was again the watchword to the end that the Constitution of 1868 should be adopted, and the Legisla-

ture, under such Constitution, should adopt article 14 of the amendment to the National Constitution.

The Fourteenth Amendment, by an act of Congress, passed June 16, 1866, had been submitted for ratification. It was necessary under the Constitution that this amendment should be adopted by three-fourths of the States of the Union. This was only an indirect way of proceeding through unconstitutional methods to adopt the constitutional amendment, which should deprive the States of their inherent power to regulate the elective franchise in the several States.

This was done, although it had been repeatedly held by the Supreme Court of the United States that the power to regulate the elective franchise belonged to the several States, and it has been further held that citizenship had no necessary connection with the right to vote or to hold office.

It is hardly presumed that any lawyer in Congress at that time contended that the acts of Congress were within the spirit and meaning of the Constitution; but, in order to justify these acts, it was assumed that the South was still in a state of rebellion—that the war still existed. The preamble to the act itself is as follows:

"Whereas, no legal government or adequate protection for life or property now exists in the rebel States, namely, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas," etc.

To those of us who lived here at that time and even under the conditions then existing had witnessed the rapid progress which our people had made in building up their lost fortunes and in bringing about a better state of feeling between the two sections of the country, such a declaration was startling; that an intelligent people and a law-abiding people should have been subjected to a military government at that time was not only unnecessary, but it was an unpardonable crime. Under the Constitution of the United States, "All powers not delegated were reserved to the States." This is the language of that instrument, and it has been uniformly held and sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

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In order to vote at this election for a constitutional convention, the applicant to vote had to be registered by the registrars appointed through the military department; that is, by General Ord. These registrars had unlimited power and they did not fail to use it, and before anyone was entitled to vote he had to take and subscribe to an oath in substance as follows:

"I do solemnly swear that I am a citizen of lawful age; that I have not been disfranchised for having participated in the rebellion or Civil War against the United States, and that I have not taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States and afterwards engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the United States or given aid to the enemies thereof."

This was a crisis in the history of the State. What were the people to do? A great many of them, under the act of Congress, were not permitted to vote, and even those who could qualify had to submit to the arbitrary power of the registrars as to whether they should vote, even after they had registered; and even after they had voted, the question of counting the votes was left alone to the military machinery. 'The condition seemed to be hopeless, and the people throughout the State were wrought up and they eagerly sought the advice of those who were the most competent, and at this critical moment an address to the people of the State was prepared by many of our best and wisest citizens. The address is as follows:

"To the People of the State of Arkansas, or such as may be entitled to vote at the coming election fixed by General Ord for the 5th day (first Tuesday) of November, A. D. 1867."

"Each of us whose names appear in this paper has received from time to time letters from various persons in the State, asking our opinions and advice as to the course to be pursued in the election above referred to. Upon consultation, we have agreed upon this method of answering those letters, and, in so doing, we but give our opinions, and do not assume to direct anyone, or to dictate to anyone.

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"After a careful and thorough consideration of the reconstruction act itself, with all the reasons for and against which we have heard and read, we regard reconstruction under that act as an impossibility. Some sort of restoration may be had under it, but a reconstruction, such as will give our people equal rights with others, and such as will secure to our State and her citizens full constitutional rights, can not be had under that measure. Any reconstruction short of this would be a cruel mockery, and would result, in the end, in the certain degradation, prostration and complete ruin of the State. As harsh and severe and as odious as military rule may be, we prefer it infinitely to what must, of necessity, follow from any kind of restoration or reconstruction under that act.

"Therefore, a convention to bring about such a reconstruction, as this bill contemplates, is to be avoided as the worst of evils. And, if the convention is not needed to effect national restoration, or national integrity, certainly it is not necessary for any merely local purposes. This is more particularly true when in its proceedings hundreds and thousands of our citizens are not permitted to even have a voice, but are altogether excluded from it, and besides are disfranchised, and branded as traitors and felons.

"We regard it, then, as a sacred duty on the part of those who claim this as their home, and who feel for the pride, honor and prosperity of the State, to go to the polls and vote against a convention, and at the same time to vote for cautious, prudent, wise and conservative delegates, so that if a convention should be held its proceedings will be controlled and directed with an assurance that the State will not be given up to destruction.

"These are the views we entertain on this most important question, and they are submitted with a full conviction and a perfect sense of the magnitude of the interests at stake."

This paper was signed by Daniel Ringo, A. H. Garland, R. C. Newton, George C. Watkins, E. H. English, U. M. Rose and many other of our most distinguished citizens. These men had lived through the exciting scenes of the

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Civil War; they had witnessed the destruction of property and the sacrifice of life, and the scene pictured by them in this communication showed that, with all their experience, the worst had not been seen, and subsequent events showed they were right.

It will be seen from this address that there was no effort to argue the constitutionality of the acts of Congress; this would have been futile, however convincing such argument may have been.

Andrew Johnson, through his legal advisers, had already exhausted this subject in returning the several reconstruction acts of Congress with his objections, but the Northern States, excited and infuriated by political leaders, passed the acts over the President's veto, by the required two-thirds vote, some time prior to this address.

At this time John G. Price had established a newspaper at Little Rock called "The Republican," which was made the official organ of the Republican party. Price assumed that he was very much pleased with the address, and he published, through his paper, the following item:

"The Bourbons have issued an address, which is eminently characteristic of their inability to learn anything, and will give comfort to the friends of restoration and good government. We will with the most disinterested purpose advise them to beware how they monkey with the 'buzz-saw.'"

While the term "buzz-saw" had a well-defined meaning, its application to the conditions, as they then existed, was not understood. The people were made familiar with the term in subsequent events.

The registrars were appointed by General Ord. The negro, under the act of Congress, was entitled to register and vote; they then constituted about one-third of the entire population of the whole State; the right to register was freely granted to such of them as applied to register and not one of them neglected this privilege, as it was the first time in their history such a privilege had been bestowed upon them, and they did not even realize what a calamity it was for them. In many instances they would register three or

four times, as they said they wanted to be sure they got their names on the "register book." This was sometimes occasioned by reason of the fact that many of the negroes had continued to hold the names of their masters while others had taken other names, and in such instances, for fear they might be left out, they were registered under both names, and none of them failed to vote, and if necessary they would vote at different precincts under different names.

They had organized what they called "The Union League," a secret organization, which embraced the entire colored belt of the State; in fact, wherever a negro was to be found the Union League was organized for his special benefit. At the meeting of these leagues, they were stimulated to recite their experiences of oppression and punishment prior to their emancipation, and in this way they were influenced to a heat of frenzy against their old masters and the Southern whites; their zeal and enthusiasm were so worked up and intensified that they rode from five to ten miles to the gatherings of the Union League, riding the mules furnished them by the landlord, and this was carried to such an extent as to bring about failure in the crops and bankruptcy for the landlord. The negroes would be harangued at all public and private meetings.

"One James Hinds seemed to be peculiarly adapted to arouse the feelings and the passions of the negro. He was a lawyer, who came to Little Rock soon after the surrender; it seems no one knew from whence he came; he was what would be called a J. P. lawyer; he did nearly all the negro practice. The following is said to be a fair sample of his speech to the colored people:

"My colored brothers and sisters, I am a 'missionary.' I am one of those fellows who used to be called an 'abolition emissary.' I am authorized to save souls by making people free. I believe there is no hope of heaven for a slave, because he has committed the unpardonable sin of being a slave. This is the day of your jubilee; you vote for a convention and vote for me, and I will give you a free ticket of admission to the heavenly city." (Harrell's History of the Brooks-Baxter War, page 41.)

In pursuance of the reconstruction act of Congress and a general order of General Ord, chief officer in command of the United States for Mississippi and Arkansas, dated at Vicksburg, September 26, 1867, an election for members of a constitutional convention for the formation of a Constitution for Arkansas was to be held in the several counties beginning on the first Tuesday in November of that year. No time for its continuance was fixed; that question being left to the discretion of the commanding officer, who retained the power to order a new election, in case of election frauds, he being the exclusive judge as to whether such frauds had been committed. As it turned out, the elections in the different counties were ratified by military authority at different times, and in Jefferson county the polls were kept open for weeks in that election. Large numbers of votes were disfranchised on account of participation in the rebellion.

Many of the members returned as elected were persons who had recently come into the State from Northern States, and who were commonly known as "carpet-baggers;" the president and chief officers of the convention that met in Little Rock on the 7th day of January, 1868, belonged to that class, which controlled and dominated the convention throughout.

The proceedings and debates of the convention were taken down in shorthand, and were afterward printed in a volume of 985 pages; certainly one of the most singular books to be found anywhere filled with debates, frequently degenerating into angry personalities, upon almost every subject then in the public mind, except matters relating to the formation and contents of a Constitution. This, by some strange coincidence, seemed to have been entirely overlooked.

The debates took such a wide range that it might have seemed that the convention was sitting in permanence under circumstances that precluded the accomplishment of the task which had called it into being.

There was, however, a committee called "The Committee on the Constitution, Its Arrangement and Phraseology." composed of five leading "carpet-baggers." We do not

use this word in its offensive sense; this is what they were then called. There were also thirty-one other committees, whose functions related to the different subjects; such as, "On Executive Department," "Judiciary Department" and so on, all of whose duties were, as it turned out, perfunctory, for after the convention had been in session for twentyseven days, at the night session of February 10, 1868, the "Committee on the Constitution, Its Arrangement and Phraseology," under suspension of the rules, made its final report, embodying a complete Constitution, printed in twenty-seven pages of the report of the proceedings of the On the motion of another "carpet-bagger" convention. "that the Constitution, its schedule and ordinances be now adopted as a whole, and without division," the draft of the Constitution, as thus prepared, was adopted, the motion being carried by a vote of 46 ayes against 19 nays.

A motion being made that the Constitution be read, the president ruled it out of order, on the ground that the matter had been disposed of. As each member was, however, allowed five minutes to explain his vote, two days were consecrated, to that ceremony, and the convention finally adjourned on the 14th day of February.

Three of the leading "carpet-baggers" were made a board of commissioners for the purpose of presiding over a popular election to be held as ordered by the convention. They were James L. Hodges, Joseph Brooks and Thomas M. Bowen. It was provided, that if any one of the commissioners should be a candidate for election to any office at the election, the functions of the board should devolve on the other two members. The board had power to set aside any election on the ground of intimidation of votes, and in this respect their powers were autocratic and arbitrary. The election was fixed for the 13th day of March next ensuing, and it was declared that it should last as long as the commissioners might direct.

Thus the Constitution was adopted by the convention without consideration or discussion; without even a reading. The record shows that it was solely the work of the "Committee on the Constitution, Its Arrangements and Phrase-

ology," consisting of J. L. Hodges, chairman; Clifford Stanley Sim, John McClure, Joseph Brooks and John N. Sarber.

The convention was called to order January 7, 1368, and closed February 11, 1868. The 13th day of March, 1868, was fixed for the date of its submission or ratification and the election of officers under it. Only one month was allowed to make the canvass; the campaign was waged with much zeal on both sides. But this election was to be conducted by the same machinery that had conducted it for the calling of the constitutional convention, and the same disqualification was prescribed for the voters; hence, the result might have been foreseen.

This Constitution was fraught with many evils; not so much perhaps for what it did contain, but more objectionable, because of what it should have contained. The door was left wide open for the Legislature to enact laws giving the Governor power to appoint all officers and to remove them at his will; thus placing in the hands of one man the power to dictate the policy of his administration.

Powell Clayton up to this time had taken but little part in politics: it was said that he was a proslavery Democrat before the war. He had been a gallant and successful officer in the Union Army and had been promoted to the rank of brigadier general. He had married a Southern lady at Helena, in this State, and after the war had purchased a plantation below Pine Bluff, where he and his brother lived. But he was ambitious for place and power, and whatever prejudices he had, if any, against the Republican party he · sacrificed them and accepted the nomination for Governor. He at once became bold and defiant, and thereby challenged the admiration of his party. The campaign, as conducted by him, was violent and bitter During this campaign I heard him make a speech at Searcy to about two hundred negroes. It related chiefly to what the Republican party had done for the colored man and the tortures which they had experienced during their slavery. In his speech he quoted the Latin phrase, "Vox populi, vox Dei." The negroes thought this was the time to applaud, and such yelling was never heard, and it continued for such a length of time that

it was perfectly deafening; and yet there was not a negro in the audience who understood the expression; it simply showed their devotion to the man who would espouse their cause in the manner in which Clayton did.

On February 28, 1868, the Congress of the United States adopted an additional measure, which provided that the ratification or rejection of the Arkansas Constitution should be decided by a majority of the votes actually cast at the election, and that at the time of voting upon the question of the ratification of the Constitution the registered voters might also vote for Representatives in Congress and for all elective officers provided for by said Constitution. Notice of this act was received two days after the election had commenced. The election was not held as now, all through the State at one time, but the election officers would go from place to place to hold the election. This was doubtless a mere scheme to elect State officers and members of Congress without opposition, because, after the election commenced there was no time to nominate candidates, and such an effort upon the part of the Democratic party at that late date would be futile.

On April 28, General Gillen, who had in the meantime succeeded General Ord, reported to the general of the army that the election held in Arkansas, commencing March 13, 1868, upon the ratification of the Constitution, showed 27,913 votes for the Constitution and 26,597 against it. General Gillen also made a report in regard to frauds claimed to have been perpetrated by both parties, but Congress paid no attention to this, and on June 8, 1868, passed an act to the effect that the State of Arkansas had adopted the Constitution and that the Legislature of the State, which had in the meantime convened, had duly ratified the amendment to the Constitution of the United States, known as Article 14, and the State was entitled to representation in Congress as one of the States of the Union.

President Johnson vetoed the act with his objections; he said in part as follows:

"If Arkansas is a State not in the Union, this bill does not admit it as a State into the Union. If, on the other hand,

Arkansas is a State in the Union, no legislation is necessary to declare it entitled 'to representation in Congress as one of the States of the Union.' The Constitution already declares that 'each State shall have at least one representative; that the Senate shall be composed of two Senators from each State; and that no State without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.' * * * I have been unable to find in the Constitution of the United States any warrant for the exercise of the authority thus claimed by Congress. In assuming the power to impose a 'fundamental condition' upon a State which has been duly 'admitted into the Union upon an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever,' Congress asserts a right to enter a State as it may a Territory, and to regulate the highest prerogative of a free people—the elective franchise. This question is reserved by the Constitution to the States themselves. and to concede to Congress the power to regulate this subject would be to reverse the fundamental principle of the republic, and to place it in the hands of the Federal Government, which is the creature of the States, and the sovereignty which justly belongs to the States or the people, the true source of all political power, by whom our federal system was created, and to whose will it is subordinate." (Ib. 48.)

The officers declared to be elected were: Powell Clayton, Governor; James M. Johnson, Lieutenant Governor; R. J. T. White, Secretary of State; James R. Berry, Auditor of State; Henry Page, Treasurer of State; John R. Montgomery, Attorney General; Thomas Smith, Superintendent of Public Instruction; Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, Lafayette Gregg, John McClure, Thomas M. Bowen and William M. Harrison.

Thus it will be seen that Joe Brooks did not appear on the list of officeholders. From this time there was a spirit of rivalry between him and Powell Clayton. Brooks did not think his service to the party and his ability had been recognized and appreciated, while, on the other hand, Clayton saw in Brooks the most powerful competitor for preference and distinction; hence, he was unwilling that he should ever

get strongly intrenched with the leaders of the party. This feeling continued to increase with more or less bitterness until the Brooks and Baxter war.

Under the Constitution just adopted, the Governor had the power to appoint the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court and all the judges of the inferior courts. He appointed W. W. Wilshire Chief Justice and sixteen circuit judges and the chancellor. Comparatively few of those appointed circuit judges had ever practiced law, and some of them did not even profess to be lawyers. They were appointed for political purposes and were subservient to the will of their masters; they readily subscribed to any policy which might be dictated, and in that policy it may be seen what John G. Price meant by the word "buzz-saw," and from that policy it may be seen that the prediction of Mr. Garland, Mr. English, Mr. Rose and others in their address to the people was literally fulfilled. They said:

"As harsh and severe and as odious as military rule may be, we would prefer it infinitely to what must of necessity follow from any kind of reconstruction under the act of Congress."

The election which resulted in the adoption of the Constitution was a mere sham and mockery. The act of Congress authorizing the election of all officers came too late for the people to have any knowledge of it, and, besides, the then commissioners appointed to supervise the election were vested with power to control it absolutely; they had the selection and control of the election officers; under this power, they could hold the election as many days as they saw proper; they had the power to count the votes and to reject all they saw proper; they could set aside the election or change the results in any county, precinct or ward and decide the right to any office contested. An election, under such circumstances, was nothing more than cruel mockery. The people of the State were shorn of all their power; the power was centralized at the Capital; the Governor was the emperor without restraint; the power of the State was his will; the people of the counties, towns and cities had no right to control their own affairs.

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Clayton was the man above all others to grasp and utilize the situation to the best advantage. He was a man of dash and unquestionable personal courage, and a man of ability. He had made himself a splendid reputation as a soldier in the Union army; hence, he held the key to the situation. Joe Brooks could excel him in public debate and in stirring up the negroes, but Clayton was possessed of the power, and through his military operations was enabled to make a display of such power, and the negroes stood in awe of him and he had them under his control. The negro likes military pomp and display, so long as there is really no danger; as a rule they prefer to be with the power in control.

Clayton was fearless in the exercise of his executive power—so much so, that he was often criticised by members of his own party for the use of such powers, but he always came out the victor, and those who opposed him were made to suffer the penalty.

In order to meet the extravagant expenses in the payment of salaries, it became necessary to increase the revenue, and in order to do this, assessors seemed to become much concerned and solicitous.

The act of July 22, 1868, provided: "It shall be the duty of the Governor forthwith to appoint some person assessor in each county, whose term shall continue until the general election in 1870, unless sooner removed by the Governor." In other words, the Governor always held the key to the situation.

The clerk of the county court was authorized to correct errors and omissions in the assessments, but in no event could he reduce the assessment. Under the same act the assessor was entitled for his services 3 per cent of the amount of taxes levied upon his assessment list. It is unnecessary to say that this was a great stimulus to place the highest assessment upon all property, and he very readily yielded to this seductive influence. With such a law on the statute now, there would be no necessity for Governor Donaghey to urge a higher rate of assessment.

This same assessor, under an act of March 25, was authorized to appoint the judges and the clerks of the elec-

tion. He was a mere agent of the Governor and could be removed at any time at his pleasure. It is not difficult to understand how the taxes were increased under this system, but, with all its increase, the amount raised was perhaps not sufficient to even pay the interest on the debts which had been created.

Under the Murphy government, from April, 1864, to October, 1867, it only required \$64,800 per annum to support the State Government. It must be remembered that during this time there were no charitable or educational institutions to support. James R. Berry was Auditor under the Murphy government; also under the Clayton government and was elected Auditor on the Baxter ticket in 1872. He was under oath as a witness before the congressional committee, of which the Hon. Luke E. Poland was chairman, and he testified that the total amount expended for the years 1868 to 1872, inclusive, was \$6,284,281.62. In addition to these enormous expenses, bonds were issued and the State's indebtedness increased almost without limit.

Bonds were issued to railroads built chiefly on paper, under the act of 1868, to the amount of \$5,350,000. Bonds to pay for supplies furnished the militia \$400,000; and a still further means of depleting the treasury and piling up a huge debt for posterity, the Governor, under an act of April 6, 1869, funded the Holford bonds to the amount of \$1,370,000. Furthermore, the Governor was authorized to issue, and did issue, bonds in the sum of \$300,000 and sold them on the market to supply the deficit in the depleted treasury and to pay interest on the funded debt.

By this time there was a great restlessness and discontent among the people; under the taxation by the assessors, the clerks and boards of equalization, the taxes had been increased to a point which meant confiscation; only the office-holders prospered. Hodges and Weeks under a contract had charge of the State penitentiary, which gave them large sums from the State treasury. They built palatial residences on what is now called Lincoln avenue in Little Rock. In making some supposed changes or additions in the penitentiary building, they removed slate and used it for the

purpose of covering their own homes. Senator McDonald and W. S. Oliver, clerk and collector of Pulaski county, built splendid homes in the same community. For many years these places were familiarly known as "Robbers' Roost" or "Rogues' Hill."

But the general condition of the country was alarming; the cotton crops fell short; the negroes had become insolent and unmanageable; they had been cropping on shares chiefly, but they, under the influence of political leaders, would go to political gatherings and Union League meetings; they began to distrust their old masters and to neglect their crops and became imbued with the idea that the property of their old masters would be confiscated and divided among them; hence the familiar saying of "forty acres and a mule" must be allotted to each of them.

About this time partisan heat had reached its climax; the reconstruction acts of Congress had created a stir throughout the South.

In order to give the Democratic party a showing for success, the Democratic State Committee advised the Democrats to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution of 1868 and as required under the reconstruction measure, and to register and vote at this election; otherwise, it would have been folly in the extreme to have placed a ticket out with the entire Democratic party in the South disfranchised by reason of having voted against the Constitution.

The Democratic party issued and address, urging the party to take this course, but this course was condemned by many of the old leaders of the party. But, notwithstanding this confusion and dissatisfaction for a time, the people as a rule took the oath and registered preparatory to the coming election. When it was seen that the Democrats were taking the oath and registering, disorder and unrest began to enter the Republican forces; something had to be done to counteract the avalanche of votes which would be polled according to the registration returns. So, on November 1, 1863, just a few days after the election, Clayton addressed the following letter to the members of the Republican party, who had been returned as elected to the Legislature:

"November 1, 1868."

"Dear Sir: I am led to believe that it will be absolutely necessary to proclaim martial law in several counties in the State. These counties are now in a state of insurrection, and the civil authorities in them are utterly powerless to preserve order and protect the lives of the citizens. Many officers and citizens in these counties have been assassinated or driven away, and a reign of terror is now existing in them. I have consulted with the State officers and the representative men in the city, and they unanimously agree with me that this is the only course that can be pursued that will put an end to the existing evils, and I now communicate with you for the purpose of obtaining your views upon the subject and your co-operation and assistance in restoring civil authority and bringing to punishment the violators of the public peace.

"I urge upon you the necessity of coming here soon after the election, as it is believed a concerted effort will be made to so diminish the number of the members of the Legislature as to prevent there being a quorum. If your views coincide with mine as to the expediency and necessity of this course, I trust you will use all your influence to assist in the organization of the State Guards. The success of this movement depends very greatly upon the promptness and dispatch with which it is carried out. A decided and prompt effort will, in my opinion, settle the difficulty within thirty days.

"Awaiting your reply, I am,

"Very respectfully yours, etc.,

"Powell Clayton,

"Governor of Arkansas."

(Harrell's History, 66.)

After this letter was written, general disorder prevailed throughout the State; negroes in great bodies would congregate in towns, armed with their shotguns. Monks, a renegade from Missouri, with about fifty men of his low type, chiefly from Missouri, crossed the border in the northern part of the State, and by them men were put to torture;

some of them robbed and plundered and some murdered without cause.

Baxter was then circuit judge in that part of the State and realized the conditions, as they existed. He wrote Monks the following letter:

"Col. William Monks:

"We ask you most earnestly, as officially representing the judiciary of Arkansas, to turn over the prisoners to the sheriff. We beg you as citizens to allow the majesty of the law to be vindicated in this matter, and not to imperil the lives and homes and property of all good citizens of this State.

"Respectfully and truly yours,
"Elisha Baxter" (Ib. 77).

About the same time trouble was inaugurated again in Conway county and a number of men were killed without jury or court and without provocation or censure.

Martial law in many of the counties had been declared. D. P. Upham was put in charge of the northeastern part of the State; S. W. Mallory was given command of the southern part and R. F. Catterson was assigned to the southwest. Gibson of Dardanelle, Coolidge of Union and Demby of Montgomery, all members of the House, accepted orders to raise men and send them to the respective commanding officers to enter upon the field of carnage and bloodshed.

The militia was taken chiefly from the mountain districts; they had said that the war "was a rich man's quarrel and a poor man's fight." They had not served in the Confederate army; many of them lived in squalid poverty with but few demands, and they were usually termed "renegades" or "grey-backs," which were terms used to denote those of but little character; but, led on by hope of bounty in the way of pecuniary pay from the Federal Government, many of them joined the Federal army before the close of the war and became mere holders-on to draw a bounty and monthly pay, but not to fight; but, when the Governor called for volunteer militia, these same men, seeing a chance for plunder and of revenge for some real or imaginary wrong

which they had received from the Confederate forces during the war, readily entered under the several commanding officers. They were indeed brave men to go to fight the battles for their country when there was no enemy to be found—no one to fight, except prisoners who would surrender and be robbed or murdered.

In a greater portion of the State the condition was indeed forlorn and apparently hopeless. The war had been fought to save the Union; the Confederate forces had surrendered; they were invited to their homes to participate in everything to upbuild the country and make the Union of the States the greatest and most formidable power in the world; they had accepted this invitation; they had begun to work in good faith for the betterment of mankind; they had laid aside their arms—their swords were turned into pruning knives—when they were confronted with the new enemy of peace and good government; they were helpless and defenseless; many of them were hounded down and murdered without jury or court, or without even a mock military trial.

Upham was among the most active in gathering up the "grey-backs;" he had in a short time gathered up several hundred of the marauders at Batesville, and while there wrote to the Governor for full instructions as to his powers, to which he received the following answer:

"Little Rock, Ark., November 18, 1868.

"Brig. Gen. D. P. Upham, Batesville:

"Sir: In reply to your communication of November 13, I will say that the provision of the militia law to which you refer applies only to the discipline of the militia force, and not to political offenders. A military commission is not governed by any written law. It is simply the will of the commander-(in-chief). You are authorized to organize military commission for the trial of citizens, but will not enforce the death penalty without sending the proceedings to these headquarters for approval. By order of the Governor.

"J. M. Barton,"
"Private Secretary," (Ib. 81).

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In this letter Upham was told "a military commission is not governed by any written law; it is simply the will of the commander-in-chief." In other words, he was authorized to organize a military commission for the trial of a citizen who might fall a victim to their greed for plunder and murder; but he was directed not to inflict the death penalty without the approval of the Governor.

But Upham did not follow out any of these directions: many of the best citizens of Woodruff county were murdered without the semblance of a trial, either military or otherwise; many of these were put to torture and plundered with no charge against them; many fled from their homes and sought refuge among their friends in other parts of the State; others were arrested without a charge against them. and would only be discharged upon the payment of a ransom, this depending in a measure upon the amount that could be raised. No private home was safe from the marauders while Upham's militia were engaged in this indiscriminate murder and plunder; his faithful allies in crime were busily engaged in their bloody and inhuman work; many upprotected men were shot down without even a form of a trial and in some instances women were brutally assaulted.

Center Point, at that time, was a little village in Howard county, and was the scene of a bloody battle when Catterson's militia stormed the town and shot down several helpless and defenseless people. Catterson also received orders from headquarters telling him to deal with all desperate characters summarily and that his actions through the military court would be final. When Catterson and Locke had gone through the country from Center Point to Hamburg, then a prosperous little village in Ashley county. they robbed and plundered people on their way, and when they reached Hamburg they robbed Col. A. W. Files, who is now a citizen of Little Rock, and who was then a merchant at Hamburg; they drove him from home and threatened to take his life. Colonel Files, in speaking of this matter a short time ago, said that his only offense was that he was chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of that

county. On the 25th day of December, 1868, the following order was sent to S. W. Mallory:

"Executive Office, December 25, 1868. "Gen. S. W. Mallory, Commanding District Southwest:

"Sir: I am instructed by the Governor to say, that as soon as General Catterson reaches you, you will proceed at once to arrest the parties whose names have been sent you, as well as any other outlaws. He thinks you can safely execute many of them. It is absolutely necessary that some examples be made * * * It may be desirable to have troops here, by the 1st of January, if the thing can be safely done. There will be a large Democratic convention here at that time, and the militia may be needed as delegates. He thinks you have acted wisely in disbanding the colored troops, under the circumstances.

"Very respectfully yours,

"J. H. Barton, "Private Secretary," (Ib. 87).

It seems that some of the negroes had mutinied and it was said that they had threatened the life of Mallory; hence, they were disbanded; many arrests were made under this order, while others, whose names had been given, fled the country. Some who had money enough to pay a ransom sufficiently large were released; some made their escape and some suffered death.

"Stokes Morgan, a bright and promising young man, was accused of being implicated in the death of a white man named Dollar, who had deserted his family and was living with a negro woman. Morgan was tried by a military commission and discharged, but General Catterson reversed this decision and ordered him hung; he was first sent to the penitentiary at Little Rock and then returned to Monticello and hung there." AIb. 87).

"Other communities in the southwestern part of the State were visited by Catterson's militia and some of the most shocking outrages were perpetrated on many citizens; their homes were invaded and others outraged. A Mr. Brooks, in Sevier county, a reputable citizen with no charge

against him, was bound hand and foot and he and his children were forced to witness the outrage of his wife by negroes." (Ib. 88).

Along the Little Missouri river, where it winds its way through picturesque spots in the southwestern part of the State, amid the deep pine forests and pure springs gushing from the mountain side, where to violate the law was practically unknown, was the scene of the most atrocious crime; but the last act of this perfidy and shame was perpetrated by an act of the Legislature on April 6, 1868, which legalized all proceedings and acts done by the military commission, or done in aid thereof, and prohibiting all courts, original or appellate, from taking jurisdiction in such cases, or to hold any person for any act done by martial law between November, 1868, and April 1, 1869.

This act is perhaps without a parallel; it was known everywhere that innocent men had been killed; that others had been outraged; that many were tortured and forced to give up money without any charge against them, and yet, these men were exempt from prosecution and were protected by the statute of the State. These outrages had been carried on with such ruthless, relentless hands, that many of the leaders of the party in the Northern States began to censure those in control of the Southern States.

The violations of the law, under the direction of the military government, had been so gross and cowardly that some of the members of the party were outspoken in their condemnation of martial law.

On the 13th day of March, the Senate adopted the resolution already passed by the House, ratifying the Fifteenth Article of the amendment of the Constitution. Thus the work for which the State had been put under military rule had been accomplished; the negro was made the political equal of the white man; he was authorized to vote and hold office, and then the political pot began to boil; disaffection sprung up in the ranks of the Republican party, such as is always the case where a government is established by military forces and violations of law, rapine and murder; the victors are sure to fall out among themselves. It was so with

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Robespierre. When he had reached the zenith of his glory, when he was seeking to become the ruler of France and assume the place of a dictator, he succeeded in having a law enacted on the 10th day of January, 1794, in which those who opposed him could not have even an appearance of a fair trial. No witnesses were allowed under it; the court was one merely of arbitrary power and condemnation. Under this act, more than twelve hundred people perished on the guillotine in Paris within six weeks time. But the extreme cruelty and lawlessness brought about such resentment that Robespierre and others fell victims to the instrument of death which they had prepared for others.

After these stirring events after the reconstruction act had been passed and the election was held in Arkansas, calling the Convention of 1868, and after the Legislature had made and declared the Constitution adopted and Congress had declared that Arkansas was then one of the States of the Union, having adopted a Constitution, which in form was republican, things assumed a more quiet form for the time being, but during the interval until the election in November, 1870, the desire for greed and office still increased. The State funds had been squandered and the revenues of the counties were exhausted; the treasuries of the towns and cities had been so depleted and new debts incurred until they were hopelessly bankrupt. State scrip could be bought for from fifteen to twenty cents on the dollar and county scrip in many counties was practically worthless, except for paying county taxes.

The desire for holding office was so increased and so many places had been made that the State was filled with an army of officeholders. There was not only a State Superintendent of Public Instruction, but the State had been divided into ten districts and a district superintendent was appointed for each district with a salary of \$3,000 per annum for each. Many of these district superintendents could not write a sentence correctly and they were wanting even in the fundamental principles of an education. These, as well as county offices, were filled by appointment. The election machinery was entirely in the hands of the dominant party,

when the returns as made showed Republicans in the lower House sixty-four, while the Democrats numbered nineteen. The Senate was controlled by about the same proportion.

In the meantime, the breach between Brooks and Clayton had become more pronounced and bitter and continued to grow wider and deeper. Brooks had succeeded in calling to his assistance some of the brainiest men of the party, such as B. F. Rice, Milton Rice and Sidney M. Barnes. The Rices and Sidney M. Barnes were Kentuckians, and came to Arkansas soon after the war. They were able lawyers and good debaters. This at once made the opposition assume rather a formidable shape, and if all other things had been equal would doubtless have controlled the party. Clayton, however, held a vantage ground. He held the key to the situation. He could remove officers at his pleasure. So with this vast power it was hard to dethrone him from the head of his party. The Legislature convened January 2, 1871. time fixed for convening same was 12 m. of that day. two factions of the party were then described as "Minstrels" and "Brindle-tails." The followers of Clayton were called the Minstrels, while the followers of Brooks were called the Brindle-tails. It is a little curious to know just how these names came to be applied to the two wings of the party. They came in this way: John G. Price was quite a musician and something of a comedian. He had always been a partisan supporter of the Clayton wing, and on one occasion when a minstrel show came to the city of Little Rock and one of its principal actors was out of place, they secured the services of Price to fill several engagements for it, and it is said he made quite a "hit" in the role of a negro minstrel, musician and comedian. Hence, the Brooks men called the Clayton followers "Minstrels." A negro by the name of Jack Agery was the source of the Brooks followers being called Brindle-tails. Agery was rather a small negro, a perfect African in type and black as the ace of spades. He had been a slave, was a great wag and a successful imitator. He always made it a point to be on the side of the party in power. He was for Clayton as long as he was in power and when Mr. Garland, although a Democrat, became Governor, he was not

long finding his way clear to support him. With his great power of mimicry he was always a leader among the negroes. While he was uneducated, still no negro and but few white men could stand his ridicule and sarcasm. On one occasion he went to Eagle township, in Pulaski county, where many negroes had gathered together to hear him speak. He was then supporting Clayton and he said that there was a great big tall, lank, lean man at Little Rock who made speeches to negroes. He said this man reminded him of a big brindle bull with a brindle tail which he had known when he was a He said the bull would paw the dirt and throw it over his head and bellow and bellow until you could hear him for miles and he said that man was Joe Brooks, and after that the followers of Brooks were called Brindle-tails. When the members had gotten to the capital the excitement was more intense than ever as to which wing of the party would control the organization. The Democrats, of course, could do nothing more than cast their small strength with either the one wing or the other. Several of the Democratic members reached the front steps which led up to the hall of the House of Representatives, which was then the south end of the old Capitol building. They had reached there perhaps half an hour before the time fixed for the meeting of the Legislature. There they were confronted with about twelve militiamen standing on each side of the steps with their guns and glittering bayonets. The members were told it was not time for them to enter. They then supposed, of course, that no one had gone in in advance of them, but after waiting some half an hour they were directed to ascend the steps, and as they did so the militia with their guns and bayonets formed an archway for the purpose of passing under, imitating the old Roman custom when they had conquered an army, in order to make them feel completely subjugated they were required to pass under the yoke, but the English-speaking people have never worn the voke and never will.

When these members reached the hall of the House of Representatives the temporary organization had been completed by the election of C. W. Tankersley Speaker of the House, a carpet-bagger, who had been imported to Arkadel-

phia, Clark county, and thus the "Minstrels" succeeded in its organization.

The Democrats, being in a hopeless minority, were in a dilemma to know what to do. In the lower House there were eighty-three members, of these sixty-four were Republicans and nineteen Democrats; and the members of the Senate were about in the same proportion. The Democrats were willing to cast their lot with either wing of the party which could promise the best results for them.

James M. Johnson of Madison county was then Lieutenant Governor. He was a native of that county and regarded as a good citizen, and he had privately assured the Democratic members that if Clayton was elected to the United States Senate he (Johnson) would then become Governor, and as such Governor he would enfranchise those who had been disfranchised by the reconstruction measures and the acts of the Legislature. In other words, that he would restore the people of the State to their citizenship and would insure a free ballot and a fair count.

This seemed to be the most plausible and quickest way to obtain that result, so on the 10th day of January, 1871, when there was a United States Senator to be elected the Democratic members, with the exception of four, voted for Clayton for United States Senator, having held a caucus the night prior thereto, where many of the leaders of the party were urging this course to be pursued. Among them were such men as Mr. A. H. Garland, Gen. Robert C. Newton and the Hon. Thomas Fletcher. This caucus was intended to be exclusive, and each member was enjoined not to reveal its results. It was not held at the Statehouse, or any public place, as caucuses are usually held, but it was held in a private house on Scott street, between Second and Third streets, in the city of Little Rock, about where Charles T. Abeles's place of business now is.

The Democratic members who did not vote for Clayton were not present at this caucus and doubtless did not feel bound to abide by its instructions.

Among the Democrats who voted for Clayton, under instructions of the caucus, were such men as Judge B. B. Bat-

tle, who has been on the Supreme Bench for more than twenty years; W. H. Cate, who was for many years circuit judge in the district in which Jonesboro is situated and afterwards elected to Congress from his district; Hon. George Crump, who was United States marshal under Cleveland's administration and now a prominent lawyer at Harrison, Ark.; Hon. Wm. R. Harley of Dallas county; General Thornburgh, now in this city, and the Hon. E. P. Watson of Benton county, and the writer of this paper and eight others; in fact, all the Democrats voted for him, except four who voted for different persons.

These were all true and tried Democrats then and have been faithful servants of the party ever since. Their motive for voting for Clayton was never impugned until thirty years afterward; because the people at that time understood the motives which prompted the Democrats to cast their votes for Clayton, and even when they were criticized it was only by those who were too young to remember the reasons or motives of those who voted for him, or those who are not well enough informed to know the history of the State: or they may have been very small politicians, who would not seek the truth, if falsehood served their purpose better; but no one who lived through that exciting and lawless period would criticize the Democratic members who voted for Clayton. Information justifying their course could have been obtained at any time by consulting Senator James H. Berry, Senator James K. Jones, Judge J. N. Cypert of Searcy, John M. Moore of Little Rock and many others of the older citizens, or from the printed journals of the Legislature of 1871.

Those who voted for Clayton were prompted to do so through the most patriotic motives; they were controlled by the same motives that controlled the National Democratic party in 1872, wherein it endorsed Horace Greely for President, who had been a most pronounced Republican and a bitter man against the South during the Civil War. But, when the war was over, he sought to place the Southern States in the Union where they belonged, with all the powers of local self-government. They were controlled by the same motives which prompted the Democratic party, when it met in con-

vention on the 19th day of June, 1872, in Little Rock, and declined to put a Democratic ticket in the field and indorsed the Reform Republican ticket, headed by Joe Brooks, one on the ticket being a negro; they were prompted by the same motives which controlled the Democrats in rallying to the support of Governor Baxter in 1874, when he had been ousted by a bogus and void judgment and Joe Brooks was by force installed as Governor. Baxter had shown by this time, by his acts, that he was a friend to the people, and it was his purpose to restore them to citizenship. Hence, although the Democrats had supported Brooks in the election of 1872, yet, when he was installed as Governor by the "Minstrel Wing" of the party, the Democrats, almost to a man, instinctively and voluntarily rallied to the support of Baxter.

We trust we may be pardoned for quoting from Harrell's History of the Brooks-Baxter War, at pages 100 and 102, as it refers to the writer of this paper, but it seems to explain the position of the Democratic members, who voted for Clayton for United States Senator. It is as follows:

The Governor, meaning Clayton, at his first election as United States Senator, had received the vote of many Democrats. Their support was upon the principle of Grecian ostracism of those who were dangerous to the State, or obnoxious to the people. The motive that impelled them to give that support was not exactly the same that the Athenian avowed for plumping his shell in favor of banishing Aristides—"because he was tired of hearing him called 'The Just.'" Such motive was eloquently disclaimed. It was declared by the able and fearless young members of the House, Mr. House, from White county, in explanation of his vote for Clayton when, upon a second balloting for United States Senator, he withdrew his support for Clayton; he said:

"'I desire to say, that heretofore I have let the record explain my votes, and I am willing today to let that record stand as a living monument in all time to come, and as my platform with which I am willing to stand or fall. I did not explain my vote cast for Governor Clayton for the United States Senatorship, because my constituents, to whom I am

alone responsible in my representative capacity, will understand my reason for casting that vote.

"'It was not because I approved of Governor Clayton's administration. God forbid that I should ever approve of such an one! It was not because I loved Powell Clayton, but because I loved my country more; not that I expected to gain any favor at the hands of his Excellency, but that I might be instrumental—that I might lend a helping hand for the relief of the oppressed, outraged and down-trodden people of the State of Arkansas. It was not that I expected he could do us any good in the United States Senate, but that I thought he could do us about as much harm in that body as the newsboys in the streets of New York City, or the auctioneer in the stockyards or market places of Paris, or as a doorkeeper in the House of Commons of the Parliament of Great Britain.

"'At that time I believed that Governor Clayton was guilty of malfeasance in office; of high crimes and misdemeanors, and I am more thoroughly convinced of it now. I can not say positively that he authorized, but there can be no doubt that he approved of the conduct of the militia in some sections of the country, where they robbed and plundered the best citizens, intimidated others and drove them from their workshops and other places of business, while other honest, quiet, inoffensive citizens, for no cause whatever, they took from their bedsides and families, at the dark hour of midnight, and murdered in the most horrible manner, without jury or court. And today, these very men. whose souls are blackened with crime, whose hands are stained with human gore, are held up, as I believe, by his Excellency, as the model men of the country, ready to do the same inhuman work at the mandate of the master." (Harrell's History, 100, 101.) See also House Journal, 1871, page 562.

But Clayton was too smart to be caught in this trap.

In a few days it was noised about that the Democrats and the Brooks wing of the party had conspired to put James M. Johnson, as Governor, in control of affairs in Arkansas. Thereupon the war began between the two fac-

tions of the party, Clayton leading one wing of the party and Brooks the other, and perhaps the stormiest scenes followed that was ever witnessed in a deliberative body in this State. The whole situation seemed to be in confusion. On January 30, 1871, articles of impeachment were prepared and presented against Lieutenant Governor James M. Johnson, and the resolutions preferring the charges of impeachment only lacked two votes of being carried, thirty-eight members being for impeachment and thirty-nine against and a few The chief charge made against Johnson was scattering. that while Lieutenant Governor and presiding as President of the State Senate, he administered the oath of office to Senator Brooks, who as shown by the returns had been elected from Pulaski County, and that he afterwards recognized the said Brooks as a Senator on the floor. A curious thing about this tragedy is that Mr. Brooks had been declared elected and a certificate given to him by O. A. Hadley, who was the chief supporter of Clayton. Following this effort to impeach Lieutenant Governor James M. Johnson, on the 16th day of February, 1871, articles of impeachment were preferred against Clayton, charging him with high crimes and misdemeanors in office. The resolutions preferring the charges were carried by a vote of forty-two to thirty-eight, and a committee was appointed to present the articles of impeachment at the bar of the Senate for final hearing, but when the articles of impeachment were presented at the bar of the Senate a majority of the Senators had absented themselves without leave and continued to do so for several days, thus preventing a quorum. It was charged by some that they had gone to Argenta and by others that they were in hiding at Mount Holly cemetery, but the question is still open and has never been judicially determined as to where they really were.

On the 4th day of March, 1871, Powell Clayton notified both branches of the Legislature that he would not accept the office of Senator, which had been tendered him, and in declining to accept the same, among other things he said, as follows:

"Executive Department, State of Arkansas, "Little Rock, March 4, 1871.

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

"On the 10th of January, 1871, it was ascertained that I was elected, by the General Assembly, United States Senator by a vote of ninety-four to nine, on joint ballot. I not only received the united support of my own party, but many of the opposition members voted for me. This large and almost unanimous vote, to myself and the outside world. could not be construed otherwise than as an endorsement of my official action, and, I may here state, that I felt highly complimented by it. At the time of my election by the General Assembly, the Republican members of the Legislature seemed to be thoroughly united, and I had reason to hope that the Lieutenant Governor would pursue such a course as would commend himself to the confidence of the Republican members. By subsequent events, I have been forced to the unwilling conviction that many of the members who then supported me were actuated more by a desire to place a person in the executive chair who would carry out a policy adverse to the wishes of a large majority of the Republican party, than to have me represent the State in the United States Senate. In other words, many of the members who supported me, deemed the control of the State Government of more importance to the consummation of their wishes than representation in the Senate of the United States.

"At the time referred to, both branches of the General Assembly were under the control of the Republican party; but since that time a coalition seems to have been formed of a few Republicans under the leadership of the Lieutenant Governor, and the entire conservative element of both houses. I can but regard this coalition as being anti-Republican and having for its object the overthrow of the present State Government on the one part, and the gratification of private malice and revenge on the other. With this conviction, I can not by any act of mine be instrumental in placing in the executive chair the leader of this coalition. Were I

to consult the promptings of a selfish ambition rather than the perpetuation of the principles of the party which has honored me with its confidence and that saved the State to the Union, I should accept the position to which I was elected by your votes.

"Feeling that such a course would not only be a betrayal of the confidence reposed in me, but a desertion of principles, a sense of duty compels me to decline the position tendered." (House Journal, 1871, page 543).

Thus it became apparent that Clayton was in the saddle again, and whatever thought had been cherished in displacing him and putting Lieutenant Governor James M. Johnson in as Governor, had been dispelled, and under these conditions it was but a short time until Clayton had many of the recalcitrant members in line again, and James M. Johnson was induced to resign his position as Lieutenant Governor and accept the office of Secretary of State, while O. A. Hadley was appointed Lieutenant Governor, and afterwards Clayton was again elected as Senator and, of course, O. A. Hadley, by virtue of his office, became Governor, thus ending, perhaps, one of the most stormy sessions of the Legislature that was ever witnessed in Arkansas. Things moved on then in the usual course until the fall of 1872—when another State campaign was at hand-when the fight between Clayton and Brooks had continued to increase in its intensity. In the meantime there had been a general revolt in the Republican party, led by Brooks, Rice and Barnes, and they organized a Liberal Republican party, and nominated Joseph Brooks for Governor, while the Minstrels nominated Elisha Baxter of Independence county. The Democrats convened in convention at Little Rock and declined to place a ticket in the field, and tacitly or directly endorsed the Brooks ticket, and the fight was on. Immediately after the Democrats had taken this course, Joe Brooks made a speech to the delegates then assembled at the front end of the old State Capitol building in the city of Little Rock, in which, among other things, he said "if he were elected Governor he would fill the penitentiary so full of the Minstrels that you could see their legs and arms sticking out at the windows,"

which was most devoutly prayed for by all Democrats. It was the most scathing and vituperative speech I ever listened to. However, his speeches were always strong and convincing. The election came and Baxter was declared to have received a majority of the votes cast in the State and was duly installed as Governor on the 7th day of January, 1873.

But he had scarcely entered upon his duties as Governor, until the General Assembly, which met January, 1873, began to enact laws vicious and far-reaching; but Governor Baxter remembered the pledges to the people to the effect that the people should be enfranchised; that he would secure a free ballot and fair count, began to veto such measures as fast as they were presented to him.

One of these measures was introduced by Benton Turner, who represented Conway county, of the order of a non-descript, without ancestry or progeny, so far as the people of Conway county knew, and who subsisted entirely by reason of his party affiliation. While this bill was entitled "An Act Amendatory and Supplemental to an Act to Aid in the Construction of Railroads; Approved July 1, 1868," yet, it was familiarly called "The Railroad Steal Bill," which was more appropriate. But Governor Baxter, with his sense of honor, his obligation to the people, vetoed this bill and other bills perhaps more vicious.

These acts turned the "Minstrel Wing" of the Republican party—those who had espoused his cause for Governor—against him, and had the effect of bringing the Democrats, who had supported Brooks, to his (Baxter's) support. Governor Baxter's dilemma, perhaps, can not be better described than his own language. He said:

"I may name, among the measures of which they attempted to compel my approval, the subsidy bill, by which certain railway companies were to be released from payment to the State on account of bonds issued to them for the construction of their respective lines, about \$6,000,000; the metropolitan police bill, which proposed to constitute the State a metropolis, the police of which should have power to arrest without warrant any citizen of the State, and drag him for trial at the capital; an election bill, concentrating

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in the hands of three men, designated a board of canvassers, and having for their chairman the Lieutenant Governor, not alone the power of appointing judges and clerks of election, but also the supervision and review of all proceedings and returns in elections; a triumvirate which could have held the liberties of the people in the perpetual grasp of a clique. When it was discovered that I could not and would not lend my influence or give my consent to measures such as these, persuasion and intimidation gave place to attempted bribery and kindred propositions of a most disgusting character." (Ib. 179).

This serves to show that political grasp, which had come from reconstruction, was to be renewed, extended and intensified, and it was by reason of Baxter's opposition to these measures that they failed to become laws, and which caused the "ouster" proceedings to put Baxter out and Brooks in.

Joe Brooks had brought a suit against Baxter on the 16th day of June, 1873, in which, among other things, he alleged that on the 5th day of November, 1872, at a general election held on that day in the State of Arkansas pursuant to the Constitution and laws of said State, for election of Governor of the State for the term of four years from the 1st day of January, 1873, said Joseph Brooks received the highest number of legal votes cast at said election and that Baxter had usurped said office of Governor and unlawfully withheld the same from said Brooks and received the salary, fees, emoluments, etc., pertaining to said office and asked that he be declared duly elected Governor. Baxter appeared in said cause and demurred to the complaint chiefly upon the ground that the court had no jurisdiction and the power to determine a contested election for Governor was exclusively within the province of the Legislature. This cause remained pending in the Pulaski Circuit Court from time to time until the 17th day of April, 1874, when the court, in the absence of Baxter or his attorneys, overruled the demurrer to the complaint and pronounced judgment in favor of Brooks, declaring that he was entitled to the office. It so happened by previous arrangement of counsel that a number of those identified with the Minstrel wing of the party were present, and an officer armed with a writ of ouster immediately walked up to the Governor's office and imparted the information to Baxter that the court had decided that Brooks was the Governor and that he was directed to surrender the office. He declined to surrender the office, but he surrendered the quarters of the Governor to Brooks and immediately retired. Of course, this created a commotion that can not be described. Baxter was first conveyed to St. John's College, about one mile from the Statehouse, where he was protected by the students of said college, but afterwards took up his quarters in the then Anthony House, which was about one-half block east of the corner of Markham and Main streets in the City of Little Rock. The excitement was not only confined to the city of Little Rock, but within less than twenty-four hours it permeated the entire State. The result of this transaction was that practically all of those who had supported Brooks in the campaign in the fall of 1872 came to the support of Baxter, and those who had supported Baxter came to the support of Brooks. course, there were a few exceptions, and in less than three day's time after this occurrence, men has assembled from all parts of the State to the support of each aspirant for Governor, armed and equipped; in fact, it looked like a sureenough war had commenced again. The Brooks men occupied the Statehouse, while the Baxter men occupied the Anthony House as headquarters and other places. street was the dead line. At that time there was a regiment or battalion of United States soldiers, under the command of Colonel Rose, stationed at Little Rock, and they were directed by the President to preserve the peace until the contest should be closed. These troops formed a barricade in front of what is now called the New Capital Hotel, across Markham street. In the meantime Judge Rose, at the instance of the Baxter forces, went to Washington City to intercede in behalf of the Baxter cause and the Brooks forces also had their representatives there. General Newton was placed in charge as commander-in-chief of the Baxter forces, while Gen. James F. Fagan, who had been a brigadier gen-

eral in the Confederate army, commanded the Brooks forces. Several persons lost their lives during this struggle. A few days after the war had been declared between the two belligerents the Baxter forces ascertained that the steamer Danville was coming down the Arkansas river with arms and equipments from the University at Fayetteville. So, they equipped the Halley, a small boat, and a company of troops took charge of her and started up the river to capture the arms, but the Halley was intercepted by the Brooks forces when it had reached Palarm or near there, on the Arkansas river, and was fired into and Frank Timms and Ben Meyers were killed, and Bascom Leigh was seriously wounded. A few days after this H. King White, who had come from Pine Bluff at the head of from three hundred to five hundred negroes in the support of Baxter, had his negroes lined up in front of the Anthony House, extending up nearly to Main street and extending down the street perhaps for two hundred yards, and Baxter was on the veranda in front of the Anthony House making a speech when some of the Brooks forces had secured positions on top of the Metropolitan Hotel on the northwest corner of Markham and Main street, and while Baxter was speaking a volley of musketry was turned in the direction of the Anthony House, whereupon the negroes stampeded and great confusion necessarily followed. Baxter, of course, retired back to his private room in the hotel. I really do not know whatever became of the negroes. I have never heard from them since. And, on this occasion, Dave Shall, a prominent real estate dealer, was killed. He was either standing or sitting near the window on the west side of the hotel immediately under the balcony from which Baxter was speaking. Just opposite and across the street from the hotel was an immense pile of coal and a great many people had gathered in front of this coal pile for the purpose of listening to Baxter's speech, but when the firing commenced the coal pile did not seem to be much in their way and during the balance of that day it was not difficult to tell those who had been near the coal pile from the color of their hands. I may be pardoned for referring to a little incident with which the

writer of this paper was connected. At the time the firing began I was standing on the west side of the alley immediately west of the Anthony House, where I was not exposed to the fire. In the stampeding of the negroes, however, some of them came down this alley, and, strange as it may seem, yet it is literally true, I could not exaggerate it if I were to try, a negro came down the alley wearing a pair of shoes which had been worn so long that the soles seemed to stand up on the side of his feet, and they were very much in his way. They impeded his progress. He fell down before me, threw up his feet and exclaimed, "Marser, for God's sake pull off my shoes," which I proceeded to do. He rose running, making it looked to me like about twenty feet at a step, and when he reached the town branch, immediately to the rear of the Anthony House, about where Second street is now in the city of Little Rock, and which had not been enclosed at that time, he leaped across it, it seemed to me, without increasing his speed or lengthening his steps. This was the last I saw of the negro. While these incidents were going on at Little Rock, President Grant had been besieged by both of the parties to declare them the legal constituted Governor and to order the other to disband his troops and retire to their homes. Finally, on the 15th day of May, 1874, George H. Williams, Attorney General of the United States, addressed a communication to the President, giving in detail the condition and the legal status which had led up to the conflict between the two contending Governors, and held that Baxter was the legally constituted Governor of Arkansas. Whereupon, Joe Brooks and his followers were ordered to disband, and it had the appearance of the disbanding of a regular army. Paroles were granted to those who had been in arms against Baxter, and they were permitted to return to their homes. Thus ended a tragedy which perhaps never had an equal in the history of civilization. In the meantime, since Baxter had become Governor, he had succeeded in displacing some of the members of the Legislature who were antagonistic to him and filling their places with his friends. So, during the period of the Brooks-Baxter war he called a meeting of the General Assembly and on the

18th day of May, 1874, passed an act calling for a constitutional convention, which is the subject of this paper. The convention convened on the 14th day of July, 1874, and adjourned on the 7th day of September, 1874.

At the conclusion of the convention, a committee was appointed to prepare an address to the people, urging the adoption of the Constitution. Among other things the address contained the following:

"The new Constitution is framed with a view of correcting these abuses by keeping, as nearly as may be, all power in the hands of the people, and holding their agents in office directly responsible to them—the chief end and aim of all popular, representative government. It is liberal in its provisions and challenges the admiration and support alike of Democrats and Republicans, who are not biased by party feeling. It gives equal rights to all, regardless of race or color, or previous condition of servitude.

"In conclusion, we ask all, regardless of party, who are tired of strife, and who long for a permanent restoration of peace, to unite in supporting the new Constitution, that we may have in its behalf the moral effect of the largest popular majority that is possible of attainment under the circumstances."

Signed by H. M. Rector, R. K. Garland, J. W. Butler, S. P. Hughes and Bradley Bunch, committee.

Hence, after more than ten long years of strife and bitterness, of political turmoil and financial distress had passed, it was natural that the people, upon an opportunity to return to power, should have selected their wisest and best men. It was not strange that under these conditions that they should have selected such men as Flannigan, Eakin, Mansfield, Butler, Cypert, Doswell, Rector, Brown, Horner, Hughes, Bunn, Eagle, Fishback, Crowley, Frierson, Chism, Royston, and others among the ablest lawyers of the State, to aid in the construction of the fundamental law of the State.

Even the Republican party, except the negroes, selected among their ablest lawyers. Sidney M. Barnes of Pulaski and John A. Williams of Jefferson. They were both promi-

nent in the convention and strong in debate. The coming together of such men as these under the conditions was perfectly natural. It necessarily followed. This has been the history of the civilized world that when the people are stirred up by internal strife and discord, or by a great civil or political upheaval, the most capable men are brought forth.

When James II of England began to usurp the legitimate power of the government; when he displaced honest and competent judges because they would not carry out his bidding, and finally when he suspended the writ of habeas corpus—the great charter of their religious and political liberties—the people of England arose as one man and forced him to abandon the throne.

In 1776, when England was involved in great political turmoil, such men as Fox and Pitt and the immortal Burke came to the front and their logic and eloquence surpassed anything that had preceded it.

When the thirteen colonies had suffered under the sting of taxation without representation and the people were in the throes of degradation and ruin, such men as Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, and the immortal Patrick Henry, who gave utterance to the expression, "Give me liberty, or give me death," were called into action.

So it was in 1874, when more than ten long years of political strife and discord had passed—when financial ruin threatened the State and the people had a chance, it was not strange that representation should be made from among the ablest citizens. These patriotic citizens came from every part of the State; from the northwest, the home of the apple and health-giving springs; they came from the lower valley of the White river, from the fertile valley of the Mississippi river, from north and eastern Arkansas; they came from the southwest, where the gushing springs give forth their pure and sparkling water! they came from the pine-clad hills of the south and southeast; in fact, from every part of the State.

It is not my purpose to discuss in this paper the various provisions of the Constitution; they have been before the

people for more than thirty-five years and the most of them have received judicial interpretation with which the lawyers are familiar. While there has been some criticism of the Constitution, and at one time, I am free to confess that I thought it was too restrictive in its provisions, this would naturally come, because one extreme will always bring another; but these restrictions have been modified and changed by amendments until now, with few exceptions, in my judgment it is a splendid Constitution. At the time it was framed, it was the best that could have been promulgated. There is not a provision in the Constitution that was not thoroughly and ably discussed in open convention, and I have always regretted that the debates could not have been preserved—they would have thrown a flood light upon those questions upon which the courts have entertained some doubt, and many of the speeches were of such a character that they could have been handed down to posterity as models of thought, of English diction and logic.

It is true, that for many years every now and then we have heard suggestions coming from some source that we should have a new Constitution, but up to this time it has never met with any substantial support. The State had four Constitutions prior to this, and this one has already lived about as long as all the others put together. There may be a few changes that ought to be made, and they doubtless will be made, but that can be done by amendment. It is exceedingly doubtful whether a new Constitution could be promulgated which would give more satisfaction to the people than the one of 1874. Its provisions have been interpreted by the courts and they are now understood by the lawyers, while a new Constitution would have the effect to stimulate a wider field of litigation.

Those who urge the calling of a constitutional convention as a rule, do so on the ground that the cities and towns should be permitted to issue bonds for the purpose of internal improvement. I think this would be a just provision. But this proposition was submitted to the people in the way of an amendment to the Constitution a few years ago and was defeated, and it would hardly be right to frame a new

Constitution with this provision in it to force its adoption, when taken alone the people were unwilling to approve it. In other words, we would be getting at it in an indirect way. Up to this date there have been ten amendments adopted.

Amendment No. 1, known as the "Fishback Amendment," was to prevent the Legislature from making appropriations to pay certain bonds or interest thereon.

Amendment No. 2 relates to the franchise and requires a poll tax receipt in order to enable one to vote.

Amendment No. 3 empowers the Governor to fill certain vacancies in office by appointment.

Amendment No. 4 authorizes the Legislature to correct abuses and prevent unjust discrimination in the way of excessive charges by railroads, canals, turnpikes, etc.

Amendment No. 5 authorizes the county court in the several counties of the State to levy an additional tax, not to exceed three mills on the dollar, for road purposes.

Amendment No. 6 provides that officers may execute bonds by giving as surety bonding companies.

Amendment No. 7 relates to the payment of mileage for members of the General Assembly, and provides that no member's salary shall be increased during the time for which he is elected.

Amendment No. 8 relates to increasing the rate of taxation on account of school funds.

Amendment No. 9 requires the payment of poll tax in order to entitle one to vote.

The tenth and last amendment is the initiative and referendum.

As I said before, it is not my purpose to stir up old issues and revive the bitter feelings which existed during the days of reconstruction. Those were times in which the people were wrought up; they were times of great political upheaval and excuses may be made in some instances, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been inexcusable. But it is not my intention to condone any violation of law, whether done by Democrat or Republican. It must necessarily follow, from what I have said, that reconstruction was not only a failure, but it was a crime against civilization and

an offense, which in my judgment, can never be condoned. If the powers of the Federal Government, after the Civil War, could have exercised a spirit of forbearance; if there had been due regard for the Constitution of the United States and a determination to support it until it should be changed through intelligent and patriotic forces in the mode prescribed by it; if the proper regard had been given the Constitution of the several States, if an equal and impartial regard for the rights and powers of all the States, without regard to sectional differences, whether north or south or east or west; if a love for patriotic sentiment among men could have been exercised, the dark days of reconstruction could never have occurred.

Nor was there any excuse for martial law in the State at the time it was called into existence. In my opinion, there never was a time when the intelligent and patriotic citizens of every county in the State would not have done all they could do to prevent lawlessness and to enforce the punishment of crime. I wish to call attention to one instance in verification of this opinion, which I think deserves special mention here.

In 1872, during the bitter campaign between Brooks and Baxter, martial law was declared in Pope county and a reign of terror prevailed there, perhaps greater than it had been in any county. One Dodson was sheriff and Hickox was clerk, both appointees of Governor Clayton. had collected about seventy-five or one hundred militiamen. and in conducting the registration had acted in such a way as to make him very odious among the intelligent and lawabiding people. Hickox had made an affidavit for the arrest of a young man by the name of Poynter. In making the arrest the deputy sheriff was shot and killed. Thereupon a warrant was issued for a young man by the name of N. J. Hale and his father and Joe Tucker and Perry West, charged with the murder of the deputy sheriff. Dodson with his militia, under a pretense of carrying them before Judge May, circuit judge at Dardanelle, for examination, in the darkness of the night, caused young Hale and Tucker to be

shot down, and in return both Hickox and Dodson were assassinated.

About this time there was intense excitement throughout the length and breadth of that county; many of the citizens of Pope county had taken up arms to resist Dodson with his militia. Reece Hogan, a young man perhaps not over twenty-three years of age, was selected to lead them against Dodson. Hogan was a man of unquestionable courage. At this juncture, it became necessary to appoint another sheriff in that county: it was difficult to find a man who had the courage to undertake it. At that time O. A. Hadley was Governor, but Clayton was at home engaged in a heated campaign with Joe Brooks. Finally Col. A. S. Fowler, who is now a citizen of Little Rock and a most excellent gentleman, was selected as being the proper man to become sheriff of that county. Fowler said to the Governor, "I will accept the office upon one condition, and that is that you disband the militia and allow me to go alone." The Governor insisted that he would be taking his life in his own hands if he did so, but Fowler would not accept the office under any other condition; so he was appointed and went too Dover, the county seat. Upon reaching Dover, he took it upon himself to visit the leading citizens of the little town and inform them that he had come for the purpose of enforcing the law and not to violate it. This met with the approval of all good citizens, and it was but a short time until this information was conveyed to all parts of the county.

A day or two after, Reece Hogan, at the head of his thirty men, came to Dover and called for Colonel Fowler and said: "I understand that you have been appointed sheriff of this county." Colonel Fowler said, "Yes." Hogan then said: "I understand further that you have come to enforce the law and not to violate it." Fowler said, "Yes." Hogan then said, "Here are my weapons and these are my men who are following me; we now surrender to you." Fowler said to Hogan, "I do not want your weapons nor your men; I simply want you to aid me to enforce the law." And Hogan informed him that he would do so.

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This was the end of strife in that county; and, be it said to the credit of both Colonel Fowler and Reece Hogan, they were very warm personal friends from that time up to the time of Hogan's death. In our opinion, the same results could have been accomplished in every county in the State at the time.

But, be this as it may, so far as I am concerned, I am willing "that the dead past shall bury its dead." I bear no bitter animosity against any one who was connected with the tragedies of that day, and I trust the bitter feelings engendered in those days will not have a tendency to control the action of our people in the future. We have a great State and a great country; we are a people of one political household, with a common destiny and a common end, and every good citizen should feel it his duty to do all he can to support the Constitution, which is but another name for the liberties of the people and the union of the States.

Of course, in this paper, it will not be expected for me to take up each delegate of the convention and undertake to give his history; and while I will not refer to all the names, yet the great majority of them are entitled to a record in history.

I think it may be said with propriety that Governor Flanagan was perhaps regarded as the ablest man of the convention. This can be said without detracting from any one else. He was by no means what would be called an orator, but he was concise, logical and convincing, and, with his great ability, he was as modest and unassuming as a child. Though plain and unassuming, when he spoke he always commanded the respect and consideration of all. I doubt whether his ability as a lawyer, up to that time, had been thoroughly understood and appreciated by the bar of the State. He was comparatively a young man at the beginning of the Civil War, and was Governor when the United States forces invaded the State and seized the capital; hence, he had but little opportunity to display his marked ability.

Judge Mansfield was a conspicuous figure in the convention; not by reason of his effort to make himself known and felt as a leader, but by reason of his intrinsic merit. Per-

fectly conscientious in every act and always considerate of the opinions of others, he never hesitated to assert himself upon all important questions. He is now too well known to the profession to need any eulogy at my hands.

He was one among the leaders in the convention and since then he has served a term on the Supreme Bench, where he was recognized as an able and upright judge, and it was universally regretted by the bar of the State when he decided to retire to private life. The only criticism I ever heard of him as a judge—no, I shall not use the word "criticism," because it was not intended as such, but it was perhaps the highest compliment that could have been paid him. Judge Cockrill once told me that Judge Mansfield was one of the most painstaking judges he had ever known. He said it was nothing unusual when the judges had had a conference and agreed what the opinion should be, to find Judge Mansfield in the library looking up the questions involved for fear the court had not reached a correct conclusion.

In other words, when there was any great principle involved or the liberty of a citizen at stake, he wanted to be doubly sure before he wrote the final opinion. He is now an aged man, and it is my greatest hope that the last years of his life will be those of peace, quiet and happiness.

Judge John R. Eakin, a delegate from Hempstead county, was one who wielded a splendid influence in the convention. He became Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, where his ability was recognized by the bar generally. I think in early life he had been the editor of a newspaper; he was a well-read man and thoroughly understood the use and force of the English language. While he made no pretenses as an orator, and all his speeches were in a conversational tone, yet all his expressions showed he was master of the English language.

The "exemption" clauses in the Constitution perhaps gave more occasion for debate than any one part of the Constitution. There were two extremes in the convention upon the subject of "Exemptions;" some were in favor of very limited exemptions, if any at all, while others advocated the idea of putting a man upon his honor and making his ex-

emptions without limit. Judge Eakin belonged to the latter class. I have always thought that his speech on this subject should have been printed for the benefit of those who came after him.

In this speech there was no effort at display, yet it was a speech that would appeal to the heart and conscience of any man. I know it had the effect to modify my views upon the subject to such an extent as to induce me to prepare the clauses of the Constitution upon the subject of "Exemption," which were adopted substantially as they were presented.

Judge Eakin, among other things, pictured the scene of a young man, who had started in life full of hope and ambition, and when he had built him a comfortable home and his good wife, upon one side of the porch had trained a beautiful rose around the post, so that when the springtime came and the shades of night began to fall, he and his wife and children could sit beneath its foliage and breathe its rich aroma, while the mocking bird gave forth its sweet strains of music; while upon the other side of the porch the good wife had trained the honevsuckle and the morningglory in rich profusion, extending from the earth to the top of the little home which sheltered and protected the little ones from the rays of the morning sun, and yet, when the owner by some troubles and reverses had become involved and the creditor would send the sheriff to the little home with an execution and the wife and children be thrown out to start anew in the great battle of life.

He was one whose soul went out to the poor and distressed and whose heart was filled to overflowing with "the milk o' human kindness." It is to be regretted that we do not have more of such men.

Judge Cypert of Searcy was also a distinguished figure in that convention. He bore the distinction of having been in two constitutional conventions prior to the one of 1874. First, the constitutional convention of 1861, which was called to decide upon the question as to whether the State would secede or not. Judge Cypert was at that time a Union man and voted against secession. But that convention later on took a recess, and on being reconvened, the question of seces-

sion was sustained—Judge Cypert finally voting for it. He was also a delegate to the convention of 1868.

He had served in a number of political capacities, and was always ready and strong in debate. He was a man who always spoke his sentiments, and, in doing so, he sometimes offended those with whom he differed; but it was never intended in an offensive sense. But, whatever may be said of him, the poeple of the State, and especially the people of White county, will never be able to honor him for the great good he has done. He has always stood for right, for law and order, for good government and the rights of the people, and he always condemned the wrong and was fearless in expressing his opinion upon any great question. He is now eighty-seven years old, having spent a life of unselfishness and usefulness.

Judge James W. Butler of Batesville was likewise one of the leaders in the convention; he was a splendid lawyer, and after the convention, served as circuit judge for a number of years in his district, with perhaps as much satisfaction as any judge who ever served. He was modest and unassuming, but at the same time fearless in urging what he thought was right. He was the author of the clause in the Constitution enlarging the rights of married women. I do not say that he made this a hobby, but he stayed with the proposition until it was engrafted in the Constitution, and it is now recognized as one of the wisest provisions. He was always candid and sincere, and thereby had the confidence and esteem of all the delegates.

Judge John J. Horner of Phillips county was among the leaders of the convention; his ability as a lawyer was perhaps never recognized by the bar generally as it should have been. He was modest and unassuming, attending strictly to his own business; but, while in the convention, he took an active part in the discussions of all legal questions, and his arguments were always strong, explicit and convincing. He was always courteous, but positive, and he did much in molding and shaping the Constitution, and his death was a great loss to the State.

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I can not conclude these personal recollections and reminiscences without referring to my good friend, E. Foster Brown, delegate from Clayton (now Clay) county. He was a unique and prominent figure in the convention from its beginning to its end. He was perhaps the youngest member but was in a class by himself. He took an active but not an offensive part in most of the discussions. He had a keen sense of humor, and always enjoyed a good joke, but, unlike most men, he enjoyed them most when they involved himself, and he took great pleasure in telling those in which he was made the chief object of ridicule. I remember one which he always enjoyed in telling his friends.

He said when he was quite a young man, before he had reached his majority, he had occasion to take a trip on horseback from the northeastern part of Arkansas into Missouri, and at the end of his first day's journey, after he had traveled some distance into the eastern part of Missouri, he stopped at an humble home and asked if he could stay all night. The reply was he could, if he could put up with their fare, and was told to carry his horse around to the barn and feed him. He did so, and in a few minutes supper was announced by the good woman, and he soon found himself seated at a table ladened with fried ham and eggs and an abundance of fruits and preserves, which the good wife had prepared herself.

It so happened that on that very day a gray horse had been stolen in that neighborhood and a posse of men were in hot pursuit, and while he was seated at the family fireside entertaining the children with stories, some one hailed at the front gate. The man of the house went to the door and said, "Who's there?" And he was asked if there was a stranger stopping with him, to which he replied there was. The man then said, "Tell him to come out." Brown said he went out, thinking perhaps they were lawless marauders, as they were common in that section of the country at that time, and found the house surrounded by men; he said it looked to him like there were at least a hundred of them, and there was no means of escape. So he made up his mind that if he had to die he would die bravely, and he said:

"What is it you will have of me?" One of them replied that a large grav horse had been stolen in the neighborhood and that they had tracked a horse coming in that direction until it was so dark they could not track him further, and then asked him if he came horseback. Brown told them he had. They then asked the color of the horse, and Brown told them it was a gray horse. Then there was a general cry of "He's the thief! He's the thief!" Brown said it seemed to him that there were a hundred voices shouting this at the same time, but he maintained that cool, calculating courage which always fortifies a man when he is innocent, or in the right, and he said to them: "Gentlemen, I am not the man you are after; while my horse is a gray horse, he is a small horse, and I will lead you to the barn so you can see for yourselves." He led the way to the barn by the light of a tallow candle, which the good woman had furnished him, the men following, using the most vile epithets to him. When he opened the door the horse was lying down, but arose as they entered and they exclaimed, "That's the horse!" That's the horse!" Brown said when the horse got up it looked to him as if he had grown six inches since he had put him in the barn; that he looked as big as an elephant. The horse was led out for examination, and upon close inspection it was discovered that he was not shod, and as the horse which had been stolen was shod, this could not be the one they were looking for. The crowd then apologized to the family and to Brown for having disturbed them and went on in pursuit of the thief. And Brown would then say: "I want to tell you, gentlemen, when they said that was not the horse I was the happiest man you ever saw, and ever since that time I have been very fond of an unshod horse, and if any of my friends ever want to give me a horse, it must be unshod, as I will have none other."

I remember on one occasion, when the exemption clauses were under discussion, I had opposed any exemptions for a single man. Brown in replying said, among other things, that he could very well understand why his young friend, the delegate from White county, opposed any exemption for young men; that while his friend was a young man,

he understood that he was to be married as soon as the convention adjourned and the exemption clauses would not apply to him. I replied to this by saying that I understood the delegate from Clayton county had been engaged to be married, but his girl had gone back on him; hence, his position on the subject.

When the convention took a recess and Brown and myself walked out he said, "House, how did you find that out?" I told him that I had never heard it, but that it was the only reply I could make to get even with him, and he said, "Well, it's all right if you never heard of it."

He was always a well-dressed man; he wore a Prince Albert coat and beaver hat. I said to him on one occasion: "Brown, how is it you are a country-raised boy, with limited means and limited opportunities, that you come here so well-dressed?" He said: "Well, House, I will tell you. When I began the campaign I had no idea of being elected, but somehow I succeeded in convincing the people I was a little better man for the place than the other fellow (and just privately he said, I will say, there wasn't much choice between us), but, contrary to my expectations, I was elected. At that time I only had \$85, and with that I bought this suit and hat and had just enough money left to pay my way to Little Rock and about one week's board."

He was universally popular, not only with the members of the convention, but with all others with whom he was brought in contact; so much so, that Mr. Gleason, who was then running the restaurant at the Capital Hotel, at that time the best in Little Rock, offered to board him free of charge; but he declined to accept the offer.

He was logical and concise in debate and always commanded respect and attention of his fellow-members. After the convention he was elected to the State Senate, where he maintained the same high standard he enjoyed in the convention. He was then elected prosecuting attorney in his circuit and distinguished himself as an officer of the law. He became a sound lawyer and for several years did an extensive practice at Jonesboro, where he lived, and in the surrounding country. However, later on he turned his attention more to

industrial pursuits and has accumulated quite a competency, and is now an honored member of the community where he lives; and it is my wish that he may live for many years longer and that they will bring even more happiness than he has ever enjoyed.

The farmers predominated in this convention, but they were practical and successful farmers; those who did not farm by talking but farmed by actual demonstration. Many of these were men who had served in the Confederate army and were representative men of their respective counties; they belonged to that class of men who helped to build up the country and desired to establish the best possible government for future posterity; there were such men as Bradley Bunch of Carroll county, Henry W. Carter of Pike county, who was the father of our distinguished Judge J. M. Carter. who presides with so much dignity and satisfaction in his judicial circuit; there was Daniel F. Reinhardt of Prairie county, John Dunaway of Faulkner county, James Rutherford of Independence county, Charles Bowen of Mississippi county, R. K. Garland of Nevada county, E. H. Kinsworthy of Sevier county, whose son is now among our most distinguished lawyers, having been Attorney General and is now one of the general attorneys for the Iron Mountain system in this State. There was Louis Williams of Sharp county, Walter J. Cagle of Stone county, B. F. Walker of Washington county, Jesse A. Ross of Clark county, Jos. T. Harrison of Yell county, Ransom Gulley of Izard county, Roderick Joyner of Poinsett county, John R. Hampton of Bradley county, and many others whose names I have not mentioned; all representative men, who helped to build up Arkansas and to make her what she is.

While the convention was only in session about seven weeks and the weather was excessively hot, the debates, as a rule, were earnest and serious. Yet a few incidents occurred which we think may be of interest here as to the *personnel* and things that happened in the convention.

At that time Phillips county had not fully recovered from the throes of reconstruction and negro domination; so the Democrats in that county joined with the negroes, and in

this way two negroes and one Democrat were elected as delegates to the convention.

J. T. White was one of the negro delegates and was an eloquent and earnest speaker and wielded a powerful influence over his colored brethren.

On one occasion, when the franchise clause was up for discussion. White obtained recognition from the President and was making an earnest and impassioned speech against the clause. In his great zeal and enthusiasm while speaking he moved several feet from his chair and when he had concluded there were perhaps a dozen members standing on the floor anxious to reply to him. In the meantime Bradley Bunch, delegate from Carroll county, had been temporarily called to preside, and when White concluded his speech, in attempting to take his seat and being unconscious of having moved, fell sprawling down on the floor with his feet up in the air, and those standing on the floor ready to reply to him were exclaiming, "Mr. President; Mr. President!" Mr. Bunch, having a keen sense of humor, as he raised his glasses said in a facetious way: "The gentleman from Phillips has the floor."

This ended the discussion—for a time at least.

George P. Smoot, a delegate from Columbia county, was quite an able man and fluent speaker. He was both a lawyer and a preacher, following one or the other as the spirit moved him, and he was quite good in either capacity. He frequently related the following story of himself:

On one occasion he was at Prescott while the circuit court was in session, with Judge McCown on the bench. Just before court adjourned for the evening, Mr. Smoot addressed the court and said: "If your Honor please, I am going to preach at the Methodist Church at 7:30 p. m. and shall be glad if you will have the sheriff announce it." The judge promptly said: "Mr. Sheriff, Brother George P. Smoot will preach at 7:30 tonight at the Methodist Church; please announce it." He then turned to the clerk and said. "Mr. Clerk, please enter this order of record." Mr. Smoot immediately arose and said: "If your Honor please, it is unnecessary to enter it upon the record." But the judge said: "Well,

Brother Smoot, I want to get you one time on the record as a preacher."

Jabez M. Smith, from Saline county, was another man who was picturesque in that convention. He was an old bachelor, very droll in his mannerisms and unkempt in his dress. He was very slow and phlegmatic in his speech and actions; but he was a sound lawyer and a man of great physical courage.

On one occasion some discussion came up (I don't remember now what it was about) and in the heat of the debate W. M. Fishback, who afterward became Governor. retorted in rather an uncouth manner to something Mr. Smith had said, practically disputing his word. The members of the convention turned instinctively, thinking that Smith would resent it, either by replying to him or making a personal assault; but Smith sat seemingly perfectly unconscious, and business went on perhaps five or ten minutes. A little later I heard a rumbling noise and Smith had just reached the conclusion that Fishback had insulted him and he arose in his seat and said, "I'll be d— if I will take that." His remark came so long after the words had passed that everybody began to laugh, and Smith at once saw the absurdity of his position and took his seat.

He is the same Mr. Smith who became judge of the circuit court immediately after the convention of 1874 in the circuit in which Saline county is located.

At that time Mr. A. H. Garland had some unfinished business in that circuit and he got Mr. Robert A. Howard, a distinguished lawyer from Little Rock, to represent him. Mr. Garland had become Governor in the meantime. It is said that when Mr. Howard returned from trying the cases before Judge Smith, Governor Garland said to him: "How is my friend, Judge Smith, getting along as a judge?" Howard replied: "Oh, first rate; but he is too d—— impetuous." Of course, this was irony in the extreme, because Smith did not know what it was to be too impetuous.

On another occasion the writer of this paper happened to be attending court in Woodruff county and Judge Smith was holding court on an exchange of circuits. A witness

failed to appear who had been subpoenaed and an attachment was issued for him and he was brought in and taken before the judge, who asked him why he had not answered the subpoena. Mr. W. B. Ferguson, who was clerk of the court, but who had not met the judge, stepped up and said: "Your Honor, I know this gentleman; he is one of our best citizens and did not intend any disrespect to the court, and I shall be glad if you will let him off." The court discharged the witness, but in the course of a few hours called the sheriff and asked him who was the gentleman who had come in and represented the witness who had failed to answer the subpoena. The sheriff told him it was Mr. Ferguson, clerk of the court. The judge told the sheriff to have him come before the court, and when Mr. Ferguson appeared he said: "Are you the gentleman who appeared for that witness this morning?" Mr. Ferguson replied that he was. The judge then said: "I will fine you \$5 for contempt of court; I don't allow any man to practice in this court without a license." It had taken him all that time to decide what he was going to do about it, but when he once made up his mind he usually followed his convictions, and altogether he was a safe and sound lawver and a most excellent gentleman.

THE ARKANSAS BAPTISTS AND INTERNATIONAL RELIGIOUS LIBERTIES.

(BY REV. J. B. SEARCY.)

Baptists have ever been the bold champions of religious liberty, and the fierce opponents of the "union of church and State." Any legal connection of church and State, however slight, is dangerous to religious liberty. This evil began in what was called "Canon Laws." These laws prescribed penalties for moral or religious violations, but the State had to inflict the penalties. This opened the floodgate to religious persecution.

Rhode Island, under Roger Williams, its founder, was the first State that ever guaranteed absolute religious liberty, and prohibited the union of church and State. Williams was one of the first Baptists of the New World.

While Baptists have always stood for the absolute separation of church and State, yet they have stoutly contended for "the right of petition," and have repeatedly appealed to the State and National Governments for the protection necessary to carry on their evangelistic work. These petitions have been filed for protection and redress both on behalf of the individual and of the church. Acting on this principle, some sixty years ago, when our mission work in China was in its infancy, it seemed perilous to risk our missionaries among a people that had no idea of the meaning of "religious liberty."

In 1853 the Arkansas Baptist State Convention met at Camden, and during the session addressed a "memorial" to the President and Congress of the United States on the subject of international religious liberty, which this writer thinks is worthy of a place among the archives of early Arkansas history. The following is the "memorial":

To the Honorable, the President and Congress of the United States:

The memorial of the Arkansas Baptist State Convention respectfully showeth that your memorialists are members of a religious body which embraces a large and respectable portion of the citizens of the United States. The object of their petition is one which in the estimation of your memorialists, and in that of hundreds of thousands of Christians in this land, embraces interests of great importance. As the community of civilized nations find it necessary for the protection of the persons, property and rights of their respective inhabitants when visiting foreign countries to enter into treaties with each other, and to establish resident officers abroad, in order to watch over and secure these rights, it seems to your memorialists as reasonable and justifiable to provide in our treaties for the security of free toleration in religious worship as for the security of any other rights.

All intercourse among civilized nations must be based on a firm exchange of free privileges, and a reciprocity of advantages and immunities, and therefore, as the citizens and subjects of all nations with whom we form treaties enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of their religious opinions and worship on our shores, we think this great and powerful republic owes it to her citizens who reside in or visit foreign countries to include in their treaties not only stipulations for their commercial and social rights, but also a guarantee for freedom from molestation in their religious worship, a right deemed more sacred and important by Christian nations than any other privilege.

Your memorialists, in behalf of the body which they represent, and uttering the sentiments of millions of their fellow-citizens in different parts of the land, earnestly request the attention of your honorable body to this subject. And your memorialists will ever pray, etc. Signed by the

regular officers of the convention in behalf of and by the unanimous vote of the whole body, now in session, in Camden, Ark., this October 3, 1853.

JESSE HARTWELL, President.

SAMUEL STEVENSON, Secretary.

It is worthy of remark that this "memorial" had the desired effect, and for more than half a century our missionaries in China have had as good protection in their religious teaching and worship as commercial men have had in their business, and I am glad to send down to posterity a copy of the "memorial."

THE ARKANSAS HISTORY COMMISSION—A REVIEW OF ITS WORK.

SECRETARY'S REPORT, BY DALLAS T. HERNDON.

From small beginnings less than half a dozen years ago this Commission has made rapid strides towards the goal which it set out then to attain. It is easy enough for any one to see why nothing less than that was to have been expected.

It is now but a little more than a dozen years since a small coterie of forward-looking citizens waked up to the fact that there had never been any effectively organized effort made to save the sources of our own state and local history. A brief look over the field was quite sufficient to convince these same seekers after truth—the truth of how the State and its institutions and its people came to be such as they are—that this condition of affairs must not continue to exist.

Knowing full well, as they did, that subtle, vital forces, which make for enlightenment and progress, were lying dormant and impotent in thousands of old records and documents, everywhere in the State, rotting and eaten of worms for want of proper care, these discerning persons did not wake up to fall asleep again.

Straightway the little band organized for action. A campaign was started—a campaign that canvassed the whole State as its field of operation. During the six and more years of preparatory work the workers so wisely and throughly cultivated the field that patriotic citizens in every county and town in the State were reached and stirred to a lively sense of the importance of the thing to be done.

What was the result? Simply this: Public opinion has continued united in staunch support of the Commission for these last half dozen years, while the latter—the Commission itself—has forged ahead with the work for which it was called into being.

A good many years ago a great American, who was himself a notable example of his own teachings, said, "If a man

write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

A little while ago one of the leading periodical journals of the country made capital use of the simple truth which this homely figure drives home. The aptness of the application was such that the meaning fairly struck one in the face. "When Emerson or whoever it was that said that," said the editor, "he put the secret of efficiency and its reward into words that will be remembered till men cease to believe that doing one's own task the very best one can is worth while."

Since the day of its birth some dozen years ago, as the history of its transactions amply testify, this Commission has moved with singleness of purpose straight to its mark. All that it has attempted to do has been shot through with one spirit—a spirit intent on doing the thing in hand, just that and nothing more, in the best possible way under the circumstances.

Though political turmoil and strife have sometimes beat round about as if bent on injecting the blighting influence of indifference and incompetency into much that is of vital concern to the public welfare, it is gratifying to be able to say to the intelligent, forward looking citizens of the State, those who truly want to see the State's educational interests of every helpful, hopeful sort forge ahead, that the History Commission has never in all its history suffered itself to be diverted for an instant from prosecuting the high aim charted for it by the legislature that created it.

Though we have not built our house in the woods, so that the paths leading to the State museum and library of public archives appear as beaten, yet of the hundreds and even thousands who have come in here during the past year, few perhaps have passed out again without indicating some measure of admiration for the forethought of a people who think it worth while to preserve those records that reveal even the very life and spirit of the community.

Indeed, there is hope—more, there is a positive guarantee—of the integrity and efficient administration of

democratic institutions when public opinion commits itself definitely to the principle which holds that nothing short at the least of an elementary understanding of the history and traditions of the community where one lives should constitute a part of the mental equipment of every freeman.

If we were asked to single out one feature of this work and put it forward ahead of the rest, as the most vitally important part of the whole task to be performed, perhaps we should all with one accord agree that to the duty "to build up a library rich in the original sources of our history," belongs that distinction. That part of the work would seem to strike deeper and closer to the real heart of the whole matter, though at most it only differs from the rest in degree and not in the quality of its importance. For with the undertaking in all that it comprehends the ultimate aim is to stimulate every man of us to think more clearly and straighter to the point, each for himself and of himself, as responsible members of the community in which we live. While we have striven to overlook no part of the work. especial pains have been taken day in and day out to assemble and assimilate as well reliable and trustworthy material for the history of the State—of its laws, of its institutions and of its people.

And now, at a time when we are surveying the work of the Commission as a whole, it is highly gratifying to be able to say that anyone wishing it may, with the difficulties in the case reduced to a minimum, find his way by the use of our card catalogue system to much of the published information of an historical and biographical nature that has appeared from time to time in the years that are gone.

Many of the sources of this information are rarely to be met with by the public generally. Only a little while ago no small part of it was even quite forgotten.

Today, whatever is listed in our biographical catalogue, for example, has been gathered up and placed in the archives in such a manner that it is easily accessible to anyone who may have occasion to use it.

In the first place, a number of books, largely or wholly biographical in character, have appeared from time to time

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in other years. Most of them, in the very nature of the case, could only hope to touch the field of historical biography in a few high places. The editions were quite limited—copies of the several books were never at any time accessible to more than a few hundred individuals. Some of them, and probably all, are now entirely out of print.

In the preparation of this catalogue it was and is our aim to present the whole mass of this published biographical material, such as it is, in that manner that one may at least know what we have and be able to make use of it for whatever it is worth. Thus has been laid the basis or a foundation for beginning a much larger undertaking in this particular division or department of the work.

It is necessary to speak here but briefly of the plan for further developments in this direction. The Commission has already acquired possession or the custody of newspaper files covering almost the whole period of the State's history. In these old files is written the only record in existence of the part played by hundreds and thousands of those who in their lifetime had a share in the processes which have brought Arkansas to its present state of development.

Many such records appear in public print, usually at the time when the "grim reaper" has but lately sealed the fate of one's career. Naturally, the record, if not indeed the individual, is soon forgotten. A few years pass and nobody knows where to look to find any account of the life of the person in question.

Newspapers, as a rule, do not index their files. The information they contain is lost, therefore, for all practical purposes, until by patient research, someone who knows how to assess historical values has had an opportunity to bring to light whatever is worth preserving.

At present the biographical catalogue of the Commission contains, alphabetically arranged, several thousand references to biographical narratives from just such sources. All those so arranged may be found on consulting the archives and newspaper files of the Commission, if one has only a very little time and patience to follow up the references given under each separate entry in the guide index.

But more than that, all the information thus far put into the classified catalogue, has been published as a bulletin, making a pamphlet of more than 160 pages—a very handy guide book of fugitive biography that has made its appearance only to be forgotten. The advantage of such a publication doubtless will readily occur to anyone. With such a book at the elbow persons living at a distance may ascertain on the instant what is to be had about anyone in whom they happen to be interested, without even taking the trouble to visit the quarters of the Commission.

As time passes and the lines marked out in this direction are followed up, the results ought to become an asset of inestimable value to the State. Can any truly sincere well-wisher of all conscientious efforts making to put the people of Arkansas in that state of mental preparedness which will enable them to make the most of their opportunities entertain doubt about the value of such work?

Still another matter of similar character, though perhaps of greater importance even, is worthy of some special mention in this connection.

From the very first there has been more or less constant demand for information of one kind or another concerning all sorts of questions relating to the history of the State. Every such demand has always received our careful consideration. And in consequence the requests for assistance and guidance to reliable sources have grown more numerous.

In response to these demands, and for our own convenience—in order that we might serve the public more acceptably—we have evolved a plan of our own for assembling and organizing permanently into systematic whole, just as they come to surface from time to time, various fragmentary bits of information about many subjects.

As it stands today with this special feature of our work, something like 10,000 different items—each having a certain historical value, some more and some less valuable—have found their way into the body of this material. The whole lot of it is arranged in logical order under about 500 separate topics. So that if one should want to know something in particular about our common schools, our colleges,

the State University, courts of law, our revenue laws or system of taxation, banks and banking, farms and farming, roads and highways, the war and reconstruction and so on through a wide range of subjects, by consulting a card catalogue any item of information in this division of the Commission's archives may be extracted at pleasure.

The material for this department of the work is selected from many sources. In part the selections have been taken from newspapers published in different parts of the State. The whole lot of the material is so disposed that its mass or bulk occupies perhaps the smallest possible amount of space. The system of classification is such that almost any amount and variety of new matter can be added at any time, just as books are added to a library or letters to a letter file, without disturbing in the least what has already found its proper resting place.

Furthermore, we now have plans under way which will greatly enlarge and extend the service of this information bureau.

A number of students are at present doing intensive research in the newspaper files of the Commission. In each such instance, of course, the student is in search of information about some special topic or epoch of Arkansas history, such as, for example, pioneer immigration, the early roads, the first railroads, early banking, public lands, slavery, the Indians, and so on ad infinitum. Every student who engages to search out new facts about any one or more of these and a hundred and one other questions is necessarily compelled to make for his own use copious notes which indicate exactly the place or time and character of the sources drawn upon.

It is planned to take advantage of the work that is done by all such persons in the public archives in a way to make it unnecessary for those who come after—those who wish to pursue the same subject further or to discover something of an allied subject—to repeat labor that has already been performed acceptably.

In consideration of the services which the Commission stands ever ready to render all comers, it is assumed that persons seeking such help will gladly turn back the results

of their work in order that the information exploited may become available for general use. By entering all such references in the card catalogue just mentioned we shall in due course perfect and greatly extend our facilities for public service.

Reference has been made more than once in what has gone before to newspaper files and their use. In the variety and scope of the files thus far confided to our safe-keeping we are peculiarly fortunate. It may seem idle or superflous to enlarge on what has been said heretofore and incidentally of the importance of these sources of information.

In a continuous file of any first rate newspaper one may glimpse and gauge the ebb and flow of public opinion as it acts and reacts towards the issues that stir the emotions, fire the mind and move men to action. The facts and the sweep of opinion which such records reveal are the flesh and blood of history, without which all historical writing would at best be but a skeleton of dry bones.

Perhaps the most notable single achievement in all the varied experience of this Commission was only recently brought to a successful issue. That was the acquisition of the Whittington files as a trust loan.

In passing the collection over to be held in trust the present owner said he was sensible of a certain inherent right which the people of the State have in it—the right to share the benefits of the vast store of information hidden away in the musty, weather-beaten pages of these old volumes. Such sentiments, be it said, are the sparks of a generous spirit and should be counted an honor to any man who has that within him which enables him to rise to such an occasion.

In this connection it would seem only proper that special recognition be accorded the Chairman who thrust his hand deftly into the business of negotiating this loan at the psychological moment. The good-will and understanding which he was able to bring to bear on the case with a stroke of his good offices turned the scale by just the right inclination to make a successful conclusion of the whole matter.

Altogether we now have in the archives more than five hundred volumes of files running the whole length of our history from territorial times. Likewise, as well, these same files cover a broad sweep in the affairs of the State, containing, as they do, the daily or weekly chronicle of a moving stream of events and doings in the life of no less than a dozen different centers of early settlement and subsequent growth.

If time permitted it, we might set down here a long list of the names of patriotic, public-spirited citizens who by acts of generosity have made it possible for these gleanings from the past to become a source of public benefit. For the present it is, perhaps, enough to say that the whole lot of it has been acquired actually at remarkably small expense. And the achievement is all the more impressive when viewed in the light of a little knowledge of what some other States have expended for similar material of far less real value.

As narrated here once before on another occasion, matters had so adjusted themselves by the beginning of the biennial period just now closed that it became the duty of the Commission to assume responsibility for the care and preservation of certain public documents, which, up to two years ago, were still stored at the old State Capitol. As stated in our last report, the whole lot of books and papers was gone over very carefully to make sure that everything of any value at at all from an historical point of view should be saved. Many hundreds of volumes of this material were brought away and stored as best they might be in rooms set aside permanently for the purpose.

Several hundred feet of rough book shelves have been built—some prior to our meeting a year ago and more since then—with such lumber as was to be had by taking down shelves along with the books where they stood at the old State Capitol. More shelving space is needed in our storage rooms. When that shall have been provided these thousands of books can be set up and assorted and the work of classification completed.

Part of this material, by no means an inconsiderable part of it, comprises the journals of the General Assembly,

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departmental reports and other printed matter of more or less public importance, which has gone on accumulating from time to time during the last three quarters of a century and more. Naturally, there are in some instances a goodly number of duplicate copies of these various documents. And, it goes without saying, there is no lack of demand for whatever there is of this matter that will not be needed to furnish our own wants to perfect the State's public archives.

As a single illustration of the practical value that can and ought, it seems, to be made of it, the following is quoted from a recent interview or letter in which the author indicates that he has had occasion sorely to lament the paucity of Arkansas public documents and history sources to be had even in the Library of Congress.

"Students of Arkanses history," says the writer, "who desire to consult original sources, such as State papers and documents, will find scant material in the Library of Congress. Arkansas is one of the few States which has been remiss in supplying the Congressional Library with copies of State papers and documents. Three shelves about three feet wide containing about 70 volumes and possibly two dozen pamphlets is the sum total of Arkansas' contribution, and this little collection is an odd miscellany of titles and dates.

"Of the 70 odd bound volumes in the Arkansas collection most are journals of the legislative assemblies, and there are many breaks in this set. Only the journals for the first territorial assembly is found, and the thirteenth, fifteenth, thirtieth, thirty-fourth and fortieth assemblies are missing. There is another lapse for the legislative assemblies from 1871 to 1881. The biennial reports of the State departments and institutions are not as complete as the journals. The documents unbound are principally the messages of the governors of the State and skips of from 10 to 15 years together are found in these."

By dint of much rather disagreeable toil we have succeeded in bringing order out of chaos in the arrangement of part of the Arkansas documents to which the Commission has fallen heir. It is now possible to determine, in part,

what there is in the pile. And besides it is practical to handle it with some degree of expedition.

Having notified the Librarian of Congress only lately of our progress along this line and advised him of the fact that we are in position to supply much that is wanting in the national library, he replied very promptly that the Commission, by so doing, would render a marked service to the State and no less the Nation.

Two years ago the Legislature gave the Commission an appropriation which would have enabled us to secure photographic copies of the greater part of the State's Confederate records in the archives of the Federal Government. The appropriation was vetoed. In that circumstance there was nothing left to be done but continue as best we might the work of preparing a roster of our Confederate soldiers from such scant, meager records as have been put at our disposal by numerous private individuals.

We now have a roll of some 20,000 names. These are arranged in alphabetical order. The name of each soldier was first recorded on a specially prepared card, with whatever else was to be known about his service. All the cards were later assembled in card cabinets in a-b-c order. But until we have the means with which to get copies of the forty-five hundred original rolls—perhaps a little more or less—in Washington this particular feature of our work must remain sadly defective in many ways.

For one thing, thousands of names, of which we now have no record at all, appear on the more complete rolls in the War Department. To illustrate precisely what would be gained besides that point, if only we might sift the officers' rolls and reports of the different commands, let us follow a little the career of a private who served in the ranks of company "E," Sixth Arkansas Infantry, tracing his movements as revealed in the fuller reports in possession of the United States Government. From all the sources that we have succeeded in laying hands on up to now outside of the War Department we glean the following meager facts concerning Henry M. Stanley, the late world-renowned English explorer:

He appears as a private in the volunteer company raised in Arkansas County by Samuel G. Smith. It also appears from the roll of muster that this company, called the "Dixie Grays," was accepted and sworn into the service of the State of Arkansas at Little Rock about the first of June, 1861, as "Company No. 7" of the regiment commanded by Col. Richard Lyons. Stanley was reported present for duty on the day of muster and also as having taken the oath of allegiance to serve the State for a period of twelve months. From this point forward, however, the record lapses into silence, so far as Private Stanley is concerned.

From the War Department records, which are in the nature of some half-dozen muster or inspection rolls made out from time to time during the four years of war, we learn that Private Stanley was transferred to the Confederate service with his regiment by his own consent on the 26th day of July, 1861, at Pocahontas, Arkansas. The officer receiving the regiment into Confederate service was Col. Thomas H. Hindman. Stanley and the rest, those who consented to the transfer, agreed thereby to serve out what remained of the term of their enlistment under the State, that is to say ten months and five days.

By another roll, made out Feb. 8, 1862, at Shelbyville, Kentucky, we learn that Private Stanley was in camp with his regiment on the date mentioned. Up to that time he had reported regularly for duty.

A third muster, made out on the 30th of April, 1862, gives the following explanation opposite his name: "Missing since the battle of Shiloh." It appears from the various inspection rolls which were made out on subsequent occasions until the last day of August, 1864, when the last roll now of record was made up, that Private Stanley never rejoined his company and regiment after the memorable battle of Shiloh. What happened to him there on the 8th of April, 1862, and of his later career, he himself has told us in his autobiography, all of which is here beside the mark.

The point to be emphasized is just this: By the expenditure of a small sum of money we shall be able to secure the records of very many of the Arkansas troops who saw

service in the Confederate Army—records that are reliable and of a character such as to enable the Commission to complete the roster, now a part of the public archives of the State, in a manner that will make it a very simple matter to trace the movements of thousands and tens of thousands of private soldiers, of whom posterity knows little or nothing definite as touching the part they took in the war.

Is it not worth while to spend such a sum to make it possible for the present generation, and as well those unborn, to know something definite concerning the conduct of the brave men who made up the rank and file of the armies that followed the fortunes of the Confederacy?

And now, despite anything that may be said, perhaps there will always be those in our midst who think that the results of all such labor lead only to naught; that all our efforts, be they ever so successful, still are as "Love's Labors Lost," because put forth, forsooth, in unproductive, noncreative employment.

But how about the problem of saving something of what we produce while the processes of production go merrily on? Whether or not we are qualified to give a satisfactory answer to that question—and act accordingly—will depend, after all, half the battle of life. Many a man has made a fortune only to die a pauper and a failure. To create just for the satisfaction of consuming is the very essence of selfishness. The last estate of those who produce for no other, higher purpose may be even worse than the first.

Each generation owes a duty to itself, to say nothing of the future, to add something to the common store of wealth and wisdom so essential to sustained progress in the universal struggle for fuller and freer and better ways of living.

The finer things of life that are wrought out by the slow and painful process of experience do not get themselves saved by chance. Those who are called to the task of preserving the fruits of our collective experience ought, it would seem, to consecrate themselves to that work as a service to the divine spark that is in us. -11-1-3 SHAY -- / 14Y

JOHN POPE—AN UNFINISHED SKETCH.

(By U. M. Rose.)

Explanatory.—This account of the life of Governor Pope (Governor of the Territory of Arkansas, 1829-1834) was done by the late Judge U. M. Rose in the time of his last illness. One day, not many before his death, a messenger put into my hand a note which requested me, if and when convenient, to call at his house. The manner of the summons, since it left no doubt in me of its being at bottom a matter of business pertinent to my station, stirred in me a lively sense of curiosity. Upon going to his house a few days later I was received by an attendant in the uniform attire of a professional nurse, who informed me in all courtesy, though with firm and impressive mien, that I must on no account prolong my visit beyond thirty minutes. Once in his presence I took in at a glance how matters stood —how it fell out that such precautions came to be taken. The mere physical force of the man was, as unmistakably appeared, far gone in infirmity. But withal, despite the enfeebled state of his body under the weight of his many years, there shone in the light of his eye and revealed itself at every word the luster of an intellect of whom it was never more truly said: "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." I shall never forget the one, to me, most valued impression I brought away-of the winsomeness of this truly great man's supreme modesty, even simplicity.

'The business he wanted of me had to be drawn to a close all too soon. A more inspiring half hour I never hope to experience. In the course of it I learned of his purpose to write something of what he knew by actual experience of the life and work of Gov. John Pope, relating perhaps more especially to Pope's services rendered the State of Arkansas while it was yet only a Territory. One point made by Mr. Rose I remember very distinctly. It was this. The bitter political rancor raging at the time while Pope was governor had prevented his being properly appreciated even to this day. Since that memorable interview I have had oc-

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the first of the party of the late of the casion more than once to satisfy myself somewhat of the truth of this matter to which my attention was there called for the first time. What a pity it seems that such a work as I gathered from Mr. Rose he had it in mind to write was suddenly cut short.

(Signed) Dallas T. Herndon.

Some years ago in reading a sketch of early days in Arkansas I came to a passage relating to the second territorial governor, John Pope, in which the writer spoke of him in terms of praise, adding, however, that but little seemed to be known of his life, a circumstance on which I had often reflected myself, wondering how such a thing could be. It was well known in a general way that Pope had held many high official positions, both State and Federal, in all of which he acquitted himself creditably; that he was always unusually popular; and so must have been much beloved; and that he died without any stain on his escutcheon. But details were sadly and strangely lacking. No one seemed to know even when and where he was born or died.

My attention was rivited on Governor Pope very early in life from the fact that he was the first person that I ever heard make a political speech. That was long ago; not far from seventy years ago, during the presidential campaign of 1844. The occasion was a democratic rally, or a Jacksonian demonstration, most probably in the month of June, when Jackson had just a year to live, passing his last days quietly at the Hermitage.

I beheld the multitude assembled, largely made up of farmers from the surrounding country with their neighing steeds that seemed to proclaim some coming event of worldwide importance. And then I saw for the first time the man that was to be the center and the oracle of the occasion. He was sitting in an old-fashioned splint-bottom chair at the foot of an immense tree, receiving his friends with a grave, friendly and polished courtesy that was characteristic of the period, quite naturally, and in a manner equally free from restraint and any kind of affectation.

It was a splendid day in early summer. The grass was green, and the sky, seen through the tops of the trees that seemed to breathe a benediction on the scene, was blue, That was the man of the hour sitting serene and cloudless. there in the old-fashioned chair; the man that had had a large influence in building up what is the present State of Arkansas, and whose services are commemorated by one of our counties named in his honor. As I remember him thus appearing in more than limelight to my youthful vision, he was neatly and elegantly dressed in light colored garments appropriate to the season. He had the appearance of being still quite young, he was of medium statue, and quite erect; his features were regular and classical in outline; his manners easy and unconstrained. What riveted my attention was that this striking-looking person had only one arm, and I had never before seen any one who had been thus mutilated. It was afterwards told me that when a boy he had lost his arm in some kind of agricultural machinery. One could easily see that the orator of the day was among his friends, as everyone treated him with the most marked deference and respect.

In that period of our history political excitement ran high. There was no neutrals; and every one must be either Geulph or Ghibeline; every one was eager to hear what the speaker had to say on the weighty questions that deeply agitated the public mind. The audience were mostly seated on long benches and chairs provided for the occasion, though there was a pretty large contingent leaning against the trees, or seated on the lawn. Then there were two or three benches occupied wholly by women, the darlings of the period. "The loving and the loved of vore" dressed in Quaker style in dresses extremely narrow and skimp, coming clear down to the ground according to the fashion of the day. It was formerly a part of Spanish dogma that the Queen of Spain had no legs; and at the time of which I speak it was considered that modesty required that in polite estimation women had no feet, though such pedal extremities by reason of obvious utility were their own excuse for being. The head-dresses, on the other hand were conspicuously

visible, consisting of poke bonnets ornamented with a profusion of wide ribbons of many hues. At present such a display of costume would be deemed irrelevant and impossible; but we cannot doubt that these specimens of the fair sex were much admired and flattered in their time. Poor unsophisticated beings! Not one of them aspired to the right of suffrage, or had ever smashed a window. "Their time!" Where are they now? Where are the snows of last year?

I have no recollection of anything that was said on that day by Governor Pope. I only remember that I regarded him as the triumphant champion of the great patriot and warrior—Andrew Jackson, who had disconcerted and put to flight the Whig cohorts, who were bent on the overthrow and destruction of free government. I recall also that the speaker was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic and vociferous applause.

Though Governor Pope was born, lived and died in a county adjoining that in which I was born and spent my youth, I never saw him afterwards; and I strongly suspect that I am the last survivor of the not inconsiderable audience in 1844. They are probably as dead as the political principles that were then discussed. Well might Burke exclaim, "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!"

Mrs. Pope was a lady of cultivation and refinement, and was highly esteemed for her many virtues, for her accomplishments and for her social qualities. She was the sister of the wife of John Quincy Adams, the sixth president of the United States. Her father, Joshua Johnson, was for some years consul at London. Governor Thomas Johnson of Maryland was her maternal uncle. Later he became a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and while holding that position declined an appointment as chief justice of that court.

These two estimable ladies always moved in the best society in Washington and elsewhere. It was in that city and in London that much of her life was spent. It was in Washington that she was married to Governor Pope, then a member of Congress from Kentucky.

December 9th, 1912.

Judge U. M. Rose, Little Rock, Ark.

My Dear Judge:-

I desire to begin this letter with the confession of my dereliction of duty in not having acknowledged the receipt of your favor of recent date, asking me to give you such information as I could obtain in regard to ex-Governor Pope of your State, because I know that I should have acknowledged the receipt of your letter at once.

I beg to assure you, however, that I have not overlooked the matter and have not intentionally delayed writing you. Immediately after the receipt of your letter I undertook to learn what I could with reference to the life and career of Governor Pope, but as I had access to nothing further than the standard histories of Kentucky, I soon found that their references to him were very meager, and I suppose that you probably had full opportunity to examine these for yourself.

It then occurred to me that as Dr. Curran Pope, of Louisville, was known to me to be one of the nearest living relatives of Governor Pope, he would likely be able to give me more information than any other person, so I wrote him immediately to give me all the information which he could furnish in reference to Governor Pope, and in a few days thereafter I received a letter from him, saying that he would write me in a short time fully in answer to my letter, and it was because of his delay in furnishing me this information that I have delayed writing you.

I have today received from him an answer to my letter, enclosing the attached memoranda with reference to Governor Pope, which I hope will reach you in time for your purpose. Also I enclose herewith the letter from Dr. Pope written to me with the desired enclosure. I infer from his letter that he understood that I was investigating this matter upon my own account, but he misunderstood me, as I merely asked him to furnish me the information. I did not disclose your name to him because I did not know that this

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would meet your entire approval, but as I have stated, merely asked him to furnish me this information.

This will explain to you the cause of my delay and my apparent discourtesy, which I beg to assure you was in nowise intentional, and while I should have acknowledged the receipt of your letter promptly, I delayed, hoping each day that I would be able to receive this information from Dr. Pope, and fully expecting to forward it to you promptly.

I know Dr. Pope well by reputation, and know that he is a very accomplished and high-class gentleman and in every way trustworthy, and I felt that such information as he would give me would be entirely reliable.

I hope this may reach you in time to serve your purpose, and if there is anything further that I can do, or if I receive any information from Judge Humphrey, who is referred to in the letter of Dr. Pope, I shall take pleasure in forwarding the same to you without delay.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Rose and yourself, and hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you in person during the Christmas holidays, I remain,

Your friend, Emmett M. Dickson.

December 7, 1912.

Mr. Emmett M. Dickson, Paris, Ky.

Dear Sir:-

I take pleasure in sending you herein an account of the life of Gov. John Pope. I obtained the information enclosed through the courtesy of my friend and cousin, Mr. Rogers Ballard Thruston, who has gathered this data during the course of a somewhat extended investigation. I trust that it will give you the facts you desire, and enable you to prepare the paper you propose writing.

I am trying to get some further data from my cousin, Judge Alexander P. Humphrey, who I hope will be able to furnish same, which I will forward to you at once.

Regretting the delay, which was due to an unusual pressure of professional work, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

Curran Pope.

JOHN POPE.

Eldest son of Col. William Pope was born in Prince William County, Virginia, in the year 1770. He emigrated to Kentucky in 1779, attended Dr. Priestley's school at Bardstown, Ky., about 1785-6, and lost his right arm by an accident in a cornstalk mill when still a youth. He engaged in the practice of the law and had a strong leaning towards politics; soon became a power in the Federal party and was presidential elector in 1801. Represented Shelby county in Kentucky Legislature in 1802 and Fayette county in 1806-7. In 1806 he was elected a United States Senator from Kentucky and served from 1807 to 1813 and was president pro tem of that body in 1810-11. His colleague in the Senate was Henry Clay, a Democrat and on practically every point the two were opposed to each other and by the time 1816 came around, they seemed to have swapped horses. It was in this year that George Madison died, and was succeeded by Lieutenant Governor Gabriel Slaughter, who appointed John Pope his Secretary of State in 1819. President Monroe paid a visit to Louisville, accompanied by Gen. Jackson. They were warmly received and entertained at a public dinner at Washington Hall, then the principal hotel, on the south side of Main street near 2nd. They were entertained at the home of Alexander Pope, a brother of John Pope, then residing on the south side of Jefferson between 6th and 7th. It was here that Gen. Jackson was first put forward as a Democratic candidate for president. In 1821 he was one of the legislative committee of four appointed to thoroughly consider the educational condition in the State and to prepare a common school bill. This was done in a thorough and most complete manner and though recommended by the governor to several legislatures, it was never acted upon. He was a State Senator from Washington county, Ky., from 1825 to 1829, when he was appointed territorial governor of Arkansas by Gen. Jackson, and being reappointed, held the position for six years until 1835. It was during this period that he had a bitter quarrel with Mr. Noland that would have resulted in a duel had it not been that his

opponent was not willing to fight a one-armed man. nephew, Fontaine Pope, son of Alexander, who was his secretary, espoused his uncle's quarrel, fought the duel and was killed in 1831. For this Gov. John Pope was very severely censured by practically everyone, including his own family. The feeling was so intense that upon one of his visits home, he was almost ostracized by his former friends and associates. At the expiration of his second term as governor, he returned to Kentucky and settled in Washington county, ran for Congress and was defeated by Ben Hardin. He again became a candidate and was elected for three successive terms and served from 1837 to 1843. He was a Freemason. at one time being the Grand Orator, and died at his home in Washington county, July 12th, 1845, in the 74th year of his age. Governor Pope was a brother-in-law of President John Quincy Adams, but voted for General Jackson in 1824, and actively canvassed Kentucky and Virginia in Jackson's behalf in the campaign of 1828. After the election, it was strongly intimated from high sources that he would be appointed to the portfolio of Attorney General in President Jackson's cabinet, but that honor went to John M. Berrien of Georgia. He was married three times, first to Miss Christian, second to Miss Elizabeth Johnson, and third to Mrs. Walton, widow of Gen. Matt. Walton of Springfield, Ky., who was a member of Congress from 1803 to 1807. By his first and third marriages he had no children. His second wife was Miss Elizabeth Johnson, daughter of Hon. Joshua Johnson, who was American Consul General at London in 1794-5, at which time John Quincy Adams, afterwards president of the United States, met her sister, Miss Louisa Katherine Johnson, whom he subsequently married July 26, 1797. Their father's brother, Thomas Johnson, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, first governor of Maryland and afterwards one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. By this marriage, Gov. Pope had two children, Florida and Elizabeth. Florida died young and unmarried. Elizabeth married John Cocke, a prominent lawyer of Arkansas, by whom she had two children. John and Mary.

John Cocke, whose name was afterwards changed to John Pope, married Theresa Smith, first cousin of Mrs. Isaac Caldwell of Louisville, Ky., and his daughter, Mary Elizabeth, married E. P. McAdams, son of a wealthy tobacconist in Western Kentucky.

Mary Elizabeth Pope and E. P. McAdams' children are as follows: Louise, who married Ike C. Adair, banker of Fordsville, Ky. They have one child, a daughter, Marion. John Pope is a first lieutenant in the United States army. He married Miss Francis Hennen of Hawesville, Ky., and has one daughter, Martha Hall. Lena B. married W. C. Kelly, merchant of Hawesville, Ky. She has four children, Wm. Carroll, Margaret Elizabeth, Eugene and James Pope. Samuel L. married Miss Pearl Lawson, of Hawesville, Ky. They have three children, Milton, Mary Elizabeth and George Newman. Robert Pope is an assistant paymaster in the United States navy. Edward Pope is cashier of the National Bank of Beattyville in Eastern Kentucky. Eugenia is in school at Nazareth, Ky. Carroll, Eugene and George died young and unmarried.

John Pope (son of John Cocke and Elizabeth Pope), was a major in the Confederate army. He died at Owensboro, Ky., age 38.

Mary Cocke (daughter of John Cocke and Elizabeth Pope), married Jas. B. Johnson, a brother of United States Senator Robert W. Johnson, who was killed in the Civil War. After his death, his widow married Major Nicholas Hill and removed with him to Maryland, where at last accounts, she was still living, and has four children, two Johnson and two Hill children.

Gov. John Pope's third wife was the widow of General Walton of Springfield, Ky., by whom he had no children.

WHAT WAS HERNANDO DE SOTO'S ROUTE THROUGH ARKANSAS?

(By Ada Mixon.)*

It has never been satisfactorily determined just where De Soto crossed the Mississippi river on June 18, 1541, or how far westward he went afterward. His wandering through the present states of Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi have been traced with a fair degree of accuracy. but the few writers who have touched upon his route through Arkansas each give a different account of it. Some chroniclers state that he went as far west as the Rocky Mountains, unmindful of the fact that it took him two years to travel from Tampa Bay to the point where he crossed the Mississippi, and that his travels west of that river occupied only a year. Some writers have placed the point of crossing at Chickasaw Bluffs and their route through the Ozarks of Arkansas and Missouri. Later writers are of the opinion that the point of crossing must have been a short distance north of the thirty-fourth parallel, and this is far more likely, as may be determined by the description of his wanderings immediately after reaching the western bank.

The route as outlined on the accompanying sketch has been worked out from a careful study of the only recorded accounts which are regarded as accurate. First in importance is the report of the factor or chief commissary of the expedition, Don Luys Hernandez de Biedma, which was written from notes jotted down during the journey. This is very brief, giving only a few essential details, names of

^{*}Ada Mixon is a native of Marianna, Arkansas, and a graduate of Peabody College at Nashville, Tennessee. Since 1907, Miss Mixon has filled a clerkship in the Department of State at Washington. She has written many articles for the magazine section of various newspapers but of late she has been interested in playwriting. It was while looking up material for a pageant play with the history of Arkansas as a theme that Miss Mixon became interested in the puzzling question of De Soto's route west of the Mississippi.

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tribes, towns, rivers, resources and some directions. Second, the journal of Rodrigo Ranjel, De Soto's private secretary, which bears evidence that it was an actual journal made during their travels and gives more fully than Biedma's work the directions taken and descriptions of the various regions traversed. Third, the account given by an anonymous writer known only as "The Gentleman of Elvas," a resident of Elvas in Portugal, who, with a party of Portuguese gentlemen, joined the expedition of De Soto at Seville. A list of names of these Portuguese is given in this narrative and no doubt so modest a cavalier as "The Gentleman of Elvas" has placed his own name last upon this list. If this deduction is correct, his real name was Don Alvaro Fernandez, who is mentioned last in the list of nine names. His account of the expedition was undoubtedly made from notes and dates set down on the trip—this has been proven by comparison with the calendars of the years 1539 to 1543. While some of his statements are evidently made in error, his narrative has been accepted as the best story extant of their travels through those primeval forests, both on account of its engaging literary style and its reliability as compared with the two official texts. It is worthy of note that this is the only contribution from Portugal to the history of the New World. Its merit places it in the foremost ranks of history of that period, a period which includes some of the brightest stars in the literary firmament. Without doubt "The Gentleman of Elvas" was a cavalier of some standing at home, and of some importance in the expedition itself. being present at the counsels of the officers and bearing his part nobly both in the deliberations and in the fighting.

Previous writers on this subject have based their determination of De Soto's route largely upon the account of the Inca Garcilero de la Vega, a historian of the Sixteenth century, whose narrative was written from reminiscences related by an old soldier forty years after he had returned from the expedition. It is an interesting and romantic story, but obviously inaccurate and highly colored. This narrative has been entirely ignored in tracing the route of De Soto herewith presented.

Besides these sources of data for the route, the only other corroborative method possible is a personal examination of the country involved, and this has been done by the author as far as concerns the first portion of the journey immediately following their crossing of the Mississippi river. Beyond that, the directions and descriptions in the three records referred to have been followed, and the fact that the map of the region corroborates their accounts may be considered further proof of the general accuracy of the whole.

De Soto's method of advance in his explorations seems to have been, first, to surprise the natives and take a number of prisoners who were retained as hostages until he could communicate with the cacique or chief of the tribe. His interpreter, Juan Ortiz, had spent twelve years among the Indians of Florida and was his means of communication during the first three years of exploration. After reducing the chief to submission, exacting tribute of supplies, guides, interpreters and slaves to help carry their burdens, De Soto and his party, after stopping in one village a few days or longer, would pass on to another province. From the Indians he learned where gold might be found, or where abounded the most fertile fields, the most prolific crops and the most abundant game. Very often they would reach a village to find it deserted by the natives, who had heard of the approach of the Spaniards and had fled in terror.

It is remarkable that these Indians of 1541 knew nothing of the calumet which was regarded as an important institution 150 years later by the Indians in the same territory. Also, their demeanor was altogether at variance with our generally accepted ideas of Indian characteristics. When defeated or when seeking clemency, the chief always gave way to tears instead of maintaining the stoical dignity of the tribes of later years, the type long familiar to us in song and story.

As De Soto had heard from the Indians on the east side of the Mississippi reports of the prosperity of the Pacaha country on the opposite shore, his desire was to find the Pacahas as soon as he crossed the "Great river," as the Missis-

sippi was designated by the Spaniards. For that reason, after crossing the river his course was northeasterly, following the river until he reached a large town in Aquixo and advanced to the town of Aquixo, which Ranjel says was "very beautiful or beautifully situated." No doubt after the swamps which opposed their passage on both sides of the "Great river," and among which they had wandered for many weary days, they were pleased to see the hills of Crowley's Ridge, which began at the present town of Helena. On the principle that what was a good site for a town then would still be a good site, it is most likely that the town of Aguixo stood upon the present site of Helena. This town is partly on the hills and partly on the plain below, stretching to the "Great river," and may be described as "a beautiful village or beautifully situated." One day's journey below Helena, therefore, may be regarded as the most probable place at which De Doto's expedition crossed the Mississippi river, but owing to the changes which have occurred since then in the river bed it is impossible to give any one spot even as a mere conjecture. It is a well-known fact that the Mississippi river has changed its course at various points and at various times within the memory of man and in the course of 350 years the topography of that vicinity has probably undergone a complete change, although 200 miles south of the area affected by earthquakes.

They crossed the "Great river" Saturday, June 18, and stayed at Aquixo from Sunday until Tuesday, states the terse diary of Ranjel. The Indians at Aquixo told them of a fertile and prosperous country called Casqui, three days' journey from there, and they started in that direction and crossed "a small river." Neither of the three chroniclers state in what direction the party went in search of Casqui and previous writers have assumed that they continued their northeasterly course and that the "small river" was what is now the St. Francis river. But there were tall pines at the town of Casqui and none exist in the St. Francis river valley—certainly not on the eastern side of that river, where the land is low and swampy, nor is the land "higher, drier and more level than any other alongside the river that had

been seen until then," as Elvas describes the land of Casqui. To find such a country we must turn to the westward, where three days' travel from Helena, in the southern part of Monroe county, it is "higher, drier and more level" and is also a region of pines. Pine City may be considered the site of one of the Casqui towns, possibly the town of Casqui itself, where a cross of pine fifty feet high was set up by the Spaniards on a hand-made hill. The "small river" which they crossed was Big creek, which at that time was larger than its present dimensions, as all smaller streams tend to grow less if the region through which they flow is under cultivation. For example, in 1812, when the city of Washington was besieged by the British, it is a matter of history that the British ships sailed up the Anacostia river as far as Bladensburg, Md., an impossible feat at the present day for even the smallest sea-going craft.

On Wednesday the travelers passed through "the worse tract for swamps and water they had found in all Florida," according to Ranjel. On Thursday they reached the Casquin country. It was here that the pine cross was erected at the request of the Chief of Casqui. Observing that the Christians were more powerful than himself, he expressed a desire to worship the Christian's God, frankly admitting that his wish was born of a desire for material profit. He willingly furnished them with supplies and offered to help them invade the Pacaha province, whose tribe were his hereditary enemies.

The Gentleman of Elvas says that "in the fields were many walnut trees, having tender-shelled nuts in the shape of acorns, many being found stored in the houses." This is the region of pecan forests. Ranjel says that in the town of Casqui "over the door to the principal tent were many heads of fierce bulls," which were without doubt the heads of buffaloes.

From here they went in the direction of Pacaha, accompanied by Casqui, who sent his men ahead to build a bridge for the Spaniards across a lake or swamp which separated the two provinces. The Elvas gentleman calls this "a lake like an estuary that entered the great river," and it was

"half a cross-bow shot over, of great depth and swiftness of current." Ranjel refers to it as a "swamp." The bridge made for them by the Indians was "built of wood in the manner of timber thrown across from tree to tree, on one side there being a rail of poles higher than the rest as a support for those who pass." It took the Spaniards a day to cross this swamp. Northeast of Casqui or Pine City, in the southwestern corner of Lee county, is a cypress swamp which is still a formidable body of water in high-water time, and in those days before the surrounding region was under cultivation no doubt covered a much longer and wider extent of territory. They took several towns in Pacaha, one of which may have occupied the present site of LaGrange on Crowley's Ridge, and three days later they reached the village of the chief of Pacaha, which was near the Mississippi and the mouth of the St. Francis river. They surprised the Pacahas, who fled as the Spaniards approached and took refuge on "an island between two rivers," one of which was the "Great river."

There seems to be little doubt that this other river was the St. Francis, but the exact point at which the St. Francis then entered the Mississippi is difficult to determine. examination of the map of this territory shows that these two rivers come within one and a third miles of each other at a point about nine miles in a direct line above the mouth of the St. Francis. The topography of this region leads one to the conclusion that it may be possible that formerly the Mississippi's course led through this one and a third mile "cut-off," and into the present channel of the St. Francis, where that river follows an irregular course around an extent of territory which probably at some time was an island. If this is the case the "island between two rivers" may have been at the mouth of the L'Anguille river, where it now flows into the St. Francis river, the St. Francis at that time entering the Mississippi at the western end of the "cut-off."

Says Ranjel: "In Aquixo, Casqui and Pacaha, they saw the best villages seen up to that time, better stockaded and fortified and the people of finer quality excepting those of Cofatichiqui." Pacaha was the first fortified town the Spaniards found in Florida. It was surrounded by a stock-

ade of timber ten feet high and plastered with mud. Around this was a moat which was fed by a ditch leading from the "Great river," and this moat was well stocked with a wonderful variety of fish, as were all the waters in that neighborhood. The travelers caught them with nets, and "however much might be the casting there was never any lack of them." "There was a fish called bagre, the third part of which was head, with gills from end to end, and along the sides were great spines, like very sharp awls. Those of this sort that lived in the lake were as big as pike; in the river were some that weighed from 100 to 150 pounds. Many were taken with the hook. There was one in the shape of a barbel; another like bream with the head of a hake, having a color between red and brown, and was the most esteemed. There was likewise a kind called peel-fish, the snout a cubit in length, the upper lip being shaped like a shovel. Another fish was like a shad. * * * There was one called pereo, the Indians sometimes brought, the size of a hog, and had rows of teeth above and below."

The sportsmen who fish in these waters will recognize many of these types of fish today.

In Pacaha they found many shawls, deer skins, lion and bear skins and many cat skins. "Numbers who had been a long time badly covered there clothed themselves. shawls they made mantles and cassocks; some made gowns and lined them with cat skins, as they also did the cassocks Of the deer skins were made jerkins, shirts, stockings and shoes; and from the bear skins they made very good cloaks. such as no water could get through. They found shields of raw cowhide out of which armor was made for the horses." This passage and the preceding one regarding the fish are from the narrative of the Elvas gentleman. Evidently the buffaloes roamed in those primeval forests not many miles from the Mississippi river. As the travelers had lost most of their clothing in the great fire at Mauvila (Mobile) they were now glad to array themselves in the habilaments of a pioneer trapper, even the priests of the party. All the sacred vestments and implements of the holy office had been lost in the fire, so that the first religious services conducted

on the western side of the "Great river"—first recorded at Casqui—were more Lutheran or Calvin than Roman in character.

De Soto, after invading Pacaha with the aid of Casquin, was deserted by Casquin at a critical moment in the fight. Later, having subdued Pacaha, he had arranged to aid Pacaha to conquer Casquin, but that wily chief, hearing of his design, came to him weeping and humbly acknowledging his fault. In a long speech, punctuated with sobs, Casquin asked why De Soto wished to treat him, a friend and a brother Christian, so cruelly.

De Soto received him kindly, and endeavored to make peace between him and Pacaha, and thought he had succeeded until he invited them to join him at a feast. As they were about to sit down at the banquet, the two chiefs began a heated argument and were about to come to blows. Summoning the aid of the interpreter, De Soto learned that both the great chiefs claimed the distinction of sitting at the right hand of his host. They agreed to submit the question to "the governor," and each gave his reason for demanding the place of honor as his right, Pacaha because his ancestors were more honorable and Casquin because he was older and more distinguished. De Soto finally gave the right-hand place to Pacaha. Thus the first discussion of the question of diplomatic precedence recorded on the North American continent took place in the backwoods of Arkansas in the summer of 1541, but the end of such disputes is not yet, as the hosts and hostesses of these latter times might testify.

DE SOTO'S ROUTE IN ARKANSAS.

While the party was at Pacaha an expedition was sent to the Northwest in search of more provisions, and, as always, on the lookout for signs of gold. They were anxious to find, also, a route to the sea. They traveled for eight days "through a wilderness which had large pondy swamps"—which answers to the description of certain parts of Lee and Monroe counties in high-water time, more especially in the tracts now reclaimed by cultivation. Biedma, who went on this expedition, says they found a region "where we didn't

NAMES OF TAXABLE PARTY.

find even trees and only some wide plains on which grew a plant so rank and high that even on horseback we could not break our way through"—this must have been Prairie county. Finally, they came to a small village with huts covered with rush sewed together—they called this province Caluca. The people "cared little to plant, finding support in meat and fish." They returned from this expedition "in great extremity, eating green persimmons and cornstalks found in this Indian town." These Indians told the party that toward the north the country was thinly populated; the "cattle were in such plenty no corn field could be protected from them and the inhabitants lived upon meat."

Eight days' journey northwest of Pacaha would follow a line more or less parallel to the Missouri and North Arkansas railroad, which runs through the prairie region of north Monroe county and in Prairie county. The Carluc village may have been on Cache river, as the inhabitants lived on fish and meat. It was the custom of these people to move their tents of skins from place to place, according to the supplies they found. As soon as the fish and meat of one region was gone, they folded their tents and moved on to another better supplied.

After a month's stay at Pacaha the governor and his party went back toward the land of the Casquines. Indians had told the Spaniards of a large province and country of great abundance toward the southwest called Quiguate. On the way toward Quiguate they visited Casquin, and that friendly chief took them in canoes across the river of Casqui, which was a branch of the "Great river" and was as "large as the Guadalquiver"—this refers to White Their place of crossing was probably at some point river. near Casscoe. On the second day they camped by a stream, probably Rattlesnake bayou, in the neighborhood of Goldman. About three days' journey from White river brought them to Quiguate, the "largest village they had seen in all Florida," according to the testimony of all three of the authorities from which this record is taken. It was situated on another river of Casqui-now known as the Arkansas The second of the Land and the state of t river. According to present calculations, Quiguate was in the vicinity of the site of the present city of Pine Bluff, on the Arkansas river. This country of Quiguate, "like that of Casqui and Pacaha, was level and fertile, having rich river margins, on which the Indians made extensive fields," says Elvas.

At Quiguate they were told that eleven days' travel to the northwest was a province called Caligua, where they subsisted on certain cattle and where interpreters might be found for the whole distance to the "other sea." De Soto was trying to find a way out to the Gulf of Mexico. Also, Caligua was in the mountains and he hoped to find gold there.

They remained at Quiguate eight or ten days to find guides and interpreters, leaving there August 26 in search of Caligua. They traveled northwest through a region of swamps, finding no place to camp for three nights—"from swamp to swamp made a journey over four swamps and days' marches, seeing no end of fish, because all that country is flooded by the "Great river" when it overflows its banks. "Swamps where we drank from the hand and found an abundance of fish," says Biedma. This was through the low marshes and swamps between the Arkansas and Saline rivers. They were following in a general way the direction of the Saline river toward its source in the mountains of Saline county.

And now comes one of the most puzzling passages in the whole account of the expedition. They left Quiguate August 26, and on Tuesday, September 1, they reached the River of Caligua, "and Wednesday likewise the same river." At first blush this sentence leads to the conclusion that the party were doubling on their trail, as they were sometimes compelled to do, owing to the mistakes of the interpreter in understanding the directions given by the Indians. But as Juan Ortiz did not die until they reached winter quarters at Autiaque, it is not likely that such a mistake occurred at this point. An explanation may be found by an examination of the map of Saline county where the Saline river takes its rise in four branches or forks. Evidently they first

reached the North fork and next day the Alum fork of Saline river. When they left Caligua they "crossed the river again," says Ranjel, referring to the Middle fork, which is south of the Alum fork. As no mention is made of the South fork the presumption is that Caligua was situated in the extreme western portion of Saline county between Alum fork and Middle fork. Going southward, they would find the South fork a much smaller stream, and cross it without making any note of it.

According to Biedma's description of Caligua, the "land is very plentiful of substance, and we found a large quantity of dressed cows' tails and others already cured." In reaching the town they "went over much even country and other of broken hills coming straight upon the town, as much so as if we had been taken thither by a royal highway, instead of which not a man in all time had passed there before."

This is perhaps the earliest description on record of a buffalo trail.

They found the town of Caligua populated, and "from it they took much people and clothes and a vast amount of provisions and much salt." "It was a pretty village between some ridges along the gorge of a great river," says Ranjel. According to Elvas, "About forty leagues from Quiguate stood Caligua at the foot of a mountain in the vale of a river of medium size like the Caya, a stream which passes through Estremadura." Estremadura is the name of a province of Portgual, but the name of Caya does not appear on the map. There is small doubt, however, that the stream was the Middle fork of Saline river. The soil was very rich. yielding corn in such profusion that old corn was thrown out of store to make room for new grain. Beans and pumpkins were in plenty, "larger and better than those of Spain." Elvas adds that the "pumpkins when roasted have nearly the taste of chestnuts."

From Caligua "at midday they went to kill some cows, of which there are very many wild ones," says Ranjel. This town was in what is now the national forest reservation near the present town of Beaudry.

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The Indians at Caligua told them that six leagues north were many cattle where the country, being cold, was thinly inhabited, and that to the best of their knowledge the province that was better provisioned than any other and more populous was to the south called Cayas. The chief of Caligua gave them a guide to the Cayas province.

They left Caligua Tuesday, September 6-on Wednesday they passed some mountains, evidently where the South fork of Saline river takes its rise, and came to Calpasta, where was an "excellent salt spring which distilled good salt in deposits." On Thursday, September 8, they reached Palisema, which must have been somewhere north of Hot Springs. Elvas says that at Palisema, the house of the cacique was canopied with colored deerskins with designs drawn on them and the ground likewise was covered as if with carpets. The chief left his house in that state for the governor's use, though he didn't dare to await his coming. The governor sent a captain with horse and foot to look for him, and though many persons were seen, owing to the roughness of the country only a few men and boys were secured. Houses were few and scattered and corn was scarce.

Sunday they reached Quixila, where they rested over Monday. This may have been on the site of the present city of Hot Springs. Tuesday, the fifth day of their journey from Caligua, they reached Tatilcoya, which was on "a copious river which empties into the Great river." This was the Ouachita river at some point in Garland county southwest of Hot Springs. Here the guide led them four days' journey upstream to Cayas, which they found to be "a very rough country of hills." They camped at Tanico, which was probably situated near Cedar Glades, in Montgomery county, among the Magazine mountains.

The province of Cayas seems by the map to be in close proximity to the province of Caligua, and the route they took in reaching Tanico is a roundabout course. This was on account of the roughness of the country, the intervening mountains forming a boundary between the two provinces

and the southward trail was perhaps much easier, and, though longer in distance, shorter to travel. Besides, the travelers were totally in the hands of the Indians, who may have had reasons of their own for taking them by a roundabout way. Perhaps they didn't want their visitors to know that in Cayas they would be so near to Caligua.

Both Ranjel and Elvas state that salt was made from the sands in Cayas. "The salt is made along a river which, when the water goes down, leaves it upon the sand. As they can not gather the salt without a large mixture of sand, it is thrown together into certain baskets they have for the purpose, made large at the mouth and small at the bottom. These are set in the air on a ridge pole, and, water being thrown on, vessels are placed under them wherein it may fall; then, being strained and placed on the fire, it is boiled away, leaving salt at the bottom," says the Gentleman of Elvas. Ranjel, after describing the same method of making, adds "and in that way our Spaniards made excellent salt, very white and of good flavor."

They "tarried a month at Tanico, in the province of Cayas." Here, Elvas says, the horses fattened more than anywhere else, owing to the large quantity of corn there. "Blade of it I think is the best fodder that grows." The beasts drank so copiously from the very warm and brackish lake that they became swollen and ill.

The cacique of Cayas told them of a fertile province upstream called Tula. According to Elvas it was "one and a half days' journey to south of Cayas." The province of Cayas is now comprised in the Arkansas National Forest Reservation, where the Ouachita river follows a tortuous course through the Magazine mountains, though its general direction is to the west. South of Cedar Glades (Tanico) the Ouachita river curves to the southward and then makes a sharp turn toward the northwest, so that the region of the Tulas may have been both "upstream" and in a southerly direction.

Before reaching Tula they passed over some very rough hills. After a fight with the Tulas they returned through a bad passage in a vale made by the river. Later, De Soto Deposit American Company of the

went back with a large force to conquer these Indians. They were the fiercest fighters the Spaniards met in "all Florida." Says Ranjel: "They fought with long, hard poles like lances, the ends hardened by fire, and were the best fighting people the Spaniards had met with, and they fought like desperate men, with the greatest valor in the world." "Came on us in packs by eights and tens like worried dogs." says Biedma. And Elvas: "The struggle lasted so long that the steeds, becoming tired, could not be made to run." They showed no mercy and asked none, so that it was almost impossible to take any prisoners. Finding that they were always overtaken by the mounted soldiers, the Tulas took refuge on the tops of their houses, going from roof to roof, defending with the courage of any white man the sanctity of his home and his family honor.

Evidently they lived in huts and not wigwams. Elvas says the speech of this Cacique—like those of the other chiefs, and all the messengers in their behalf who came before the governor—no orator could more elegantly phrase." For this brave chief also came finally before the conqueror in tears and acknowledged his indiscretion in resisting so powerful an enemy.

From Tula they went southwest to Quipana, at the base of some very sleep ridges and near a river, reaching the town after a journey of five days "over some very sharp mountains." Ranjel says it was "between ridges of mountains near a river," and "all the country was mountainous from Tula." Elvas calls it a "very rough country." This river was the Big Mazarn creek in the western part of Hot Spring county, which runs through a mountainous section, and the place of crossing may have been in the neighborhood of Chandler.

From Tula toward the west was thinly populated—to the southeast were great towns principally in a province called Autianque, eighty leagues, or ten days' journey from Tula. Near Autianque was "a great water, which appeared to be an arm of the sea," which they afterwards learned was the same as the river at Cayas, the Ouachita. On the way to Autianque they passed two towns called Anoixi and Cata-

maya. Says Biedma, they marched "in a direction to the east, and having crossed these mountains, went down some plains, where we found a population suited to our purpose—a town nigh to which was much food on a copious river emptying into the Great river."

It took them twelve days to reach Autianque from Tula. on account of the roughness of the country and the fact that they had to care for their wounded, several of whom died on the way. The town of Autianque was probably near the present site of Saginaw, in Hot Spring county, south of Malvern on Ouachita river. Ranjel says it was "a plain well peopled and of attractive appearance." They reached Autianque Wednesday, November 2, and left it March 31. During this long, cold winter, the Spaniards learned from the Indians how to catch "conies," as they called the squirrels of those mountains. According to the Gentleman of Elvas, they were of two sorts, one of them like that of Spain, the other of color, form and size of the great hare, though longer even, and having bigger loins." The contrivance they used for catching the conies "is a strong spring that lifts the animal off its feet, a noose being made of a stiff cord to run about the neck, passing through rings of cane that it may not be gnawed."

The winter was severe at Autianque, with "so much snow we thought to have died," says Biedma. Here Juan Ortiz died, a loss that was irreparable.

"Monday, March 5, 1542, the governor left Autianque to seek Nilco, which the Indians said was near the Great river," with the purpose of going to the sea to recruit his forces. He had not over 300 efficient men, nor more than forty horses left of that gallant force of 600 men and 200 horses which had landed at Tampa Bay some three years before. Some of the horses were lame. "They had had no shoes for a year, but had little need of them in a smooth country."

Ten days' journey down the Ouachita river brought them to Ayays on that river, where they crossed in a pirogue which they built. This crossing was made to avoid the Little Missouri river, which enters the Ouachita at the inter-

section of Dallas, Clark and Ouachita counties. The town of Ayays, therefore, was at this place. From Saginaw to the mouth of the Little Missouri seems a short distance for a journey of ten days, but after the death of Juan Ortiz, their only efficient interpreter, they had to depend on an Indian youth, who, in ascertaining the directions concerning the route they wished to go, would require a whole day to find out what Ortiz could learn in a few hours, and more often than not he would understand the opposite of what was intended, so that the party often had to retrace their steps after a day's journey in the wrong direction, thus losing much time.

They were now on the east bank of the Ouachita. After crossing they traveled three days "through a desert, a region so low, so full of lakes and bad passages that at one time for the whole day the travel lay through water up to the knees at places, in others to the stirrups, and occasionally for a distance of a few paces there was swimming," says Elvas. The Portuguese gentleman uses the word desert to convey the idea of deserted.

They reached Tatilpinco, a town near a lake "which flowed copiously into the river with a violent current." It was March, which is the overflow season. They traveled all day along the margin of this lake seeking for a ford, but could discover none, nor any way to get over.

This must have been Two bayou, where appear a number of small lakes. Returning to Tatilpinco, they found two friendly natives, who showed them the crossing and the road, as in the overflow the marks of trails and paths are completely covered by water. They made rafts and causeways from reeds and timber of houses, and on these they crossed this river. Three days' journey from here brought them to the province of Nilco, which was plentifully supplied with stores of corn, beans, walnuts and dried persimmons. It was the "most populous country that was seen in Florida and most abundant in maize, excepting Coca and Apalache," which were east of the "Great river." Nilco occupied the territory between the Saline river and Bartholomew bayou.

"The Governor sent a captain with 50 men and six canoes down the river to Guachoya, while he, with the rest, marched by land," and arrived there the middle of April. He took his quarters in the town of the cacique, which was palisaded, and situated "a cross-bow shot" from the Mississippi. This province of Guachoya was most likely the same territory now comprised in Tensas county, La., and was separated from the province of Nilco to the northward by Bartholomew bayou.

From Guachova De Soto sent a detachment to find a way southward to the sea, but they returned in eight days, reporting that they had been able to travel only 14 or 15 leagues in that time on account of the great bog that came out of the river, the canebrakes and thick scrubs that were along the margin, and that they had found no inhabited spot. Then the governor sank into a "deep despondency," seeing that he could not sustain himself in the country without succor. Before taking to his pallet he sent a messenger to the chief of Quigaltam, on the other side of the Great river, to say that he, De Soto, was a chief of the Sun, and demanding tribute. By the same messenger the chief sent a reply to the effect that he would not believe that De Soto was a child of the Sun unless he would cause the waters of the Great river to dry up. He added that it was not his custom to visit any one—instead of that all of whom he had ever heard had come to visit him and pay him tribute, either voluntarily or by force. He ended with these words: "Neither for you nor for any man will I set back one foot." De Soto was at that time "very ill of fevers" and could not accept this haughty challenge as he otherwise would have done.

Opposite the Tensas shore 150 years afterward there lived the Natchez, who were known to the trail makers of that time as very fierce and warlike Indians. It may be that these of Quigaltam were the progenitors of the Natchez.

At Guachoya on May 21, 1542, died Don Hernando de Soto, governor of Florida, after naming Don Luis de Moscoso as his successor in command of the expedition and governor of Florida until the king could make a per-

manent appointment. After his burial in the Great river, De Soto's effects were sold at auction among the members of the expedition. "For each slave or horse was given two or three thousand cruzados, to be paid at the first melting up of gold or silver, or division of vassals and territory, with the obligation that should there be nothing found in the country the payment should be made at the end of a year, those having no property to pledge to give their bond. A hog brought in the same way, trusted, 200 cruzados. Those who had left anything at home bought more sparingly and took less than the others," on the principle, presumably, that he who has nothing can lose nothing. De Soto's property consisted of two male and three female slaves, three horses and 700 swine.

Thus Guachoya, besides being distinguished as the place of De Soto's death and picturesque burial, is also notable as the scene of the first slave market on the North American continent.

Under Moscoso's leadership the Spaniards decided to find a way to the sea toward the west, and on June 5 they started back the way they had come, following the Ouachita river at least a part of the way. Their wanderings during the next year are chronicled only by Biedma and Elvas, the first named devoting only two pages to what must have been a year of dreadful privations. Lacking the directions and dates of Ranjel, one is left only the narrative given by the Portuguese gentleman, who becomes less and less explicit as their difficulties increased. There is, consequently, scarcely enough data for even an approximate account of their travels. It seems an unquestionable fact, however, that they reached the valley of the Saline river in southwest Arkansas. which is not the same Saline river of the Magazine mountains eastward of the Ouachita, and here they found more salt. So many difficulties beset their passage that they finally decided to return to Nilco, there to make preparations to journey down the Great river to the sea. On reaching Nilco they found the natives had no crops nor supplies for them, but they were told of Amanoya, a plentiful land to the north of Nilco, whither they went, and found, besides plenty of

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corn and fodder, suitable timber for building the brigantines they needed. Aminoya was probably in Desha or Chicot county, Arkansas. In June, 1543, they left Amanoya and after many vicissitudes and privations, succeeded in reaching Panuco, on the coast of Mexico, a sad looking crew, ragged and barefoot, totally unlike the brilliant company which had sailed from Cuba four years before.

In the eyes of the world De Soto's expedition into Florida was regarded as a failure, but in view of its achievement, history has accorded him a prominent niche in its hall of fame.

BREAKING UP A PARTY OF ARKANSAS RIVER GAMBLERS.

(BY WILLIAM T. HORD.)

Dr. William T. Hord, Medical Director of the United States navy, said, "Our old home in Mason county, Kentucky, was often in a state of ecstacy when friends and relatives came to make us a visit. Mother was very fond of her relatives and endeavored to make their stay agreeable so they would come again. Cousin Mary Yell, on her way to and returning from Washington, had stopped to visit mother many times and she enjoyed her company very much, because she described beautifully the scenes she had witnessed in Washington, the great men in the diplomatic service as well as congressmen, senators, statesmen and their wives. Her descriptions were so lifelike and vivid that mother often said she thought she could see the persons and places spoken of.

Cousin Maria frequently caressed me and sometimes called me "my boy," which endeared me to her. She persuaded my mother to let me accompany her on a visit to her home in Arkansas, promising to bring me back safely on her return trip to Washington.

On our way we visited friends and relatives at Lexington and Hopkinsville, and crossed the Mississippi river at Hickman to New Madrid, Missouri. We were soon on the road leading to Batesville, Arkansas.

Mr. Robert Smith was one of our party, and we stopped at his house on our arrival at Batesville, where his wife,

This account of the breaking up of a party of Arkansas River gamblers was furnished the Arkansas History Commission by Mr. Bryan Obear of St. Louis, Missouri.

"The narrative," says Mr. Obear, "is an extract from a biography of the late Dr. John Gano Bryan, 1788-1860, of St. Louis. The biography itself is in possession of Missouri Historical Society at Columbus. The commission may make such disposition as it deems proper of the extract."

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Cousin Susan, gave us a welcome and entertainment that could not be surpassed by a Kentucky hostess. Her house was commodious and of the Southern home style, with a large yard filled with shrubbery, flowers and great forest trees, in which I loved to walk and listen to the birds sing and see the pet deer and squirrels gambol.

On the fifth day after our arrival, our horses being sufficiently rested, it was determined to move on to Fayetteville, where Cousin Maria and Governor Yell resided; so in the morning the servant called to awaken me early, and while helping me to dress, informed me that Dr. Bryan and his son, Master Edward, with a party, had arrived during the night, and would be to breakfast with us. The rest of their party had struck camp in the pasture near the spring. This information interested me and surprised me, for I had heard a great deal about both of them through family talk and others, and felt some temerity at meeting them so unexpectedly.

Cousin Susan met me as I came down the stairs and took me into the parlor for an introduction to Dr. Bryan and my cousin Edward. They both greeted me cordially, and Edward, being about my age, we were soon fast friends. All constraint vanished when Dr. Bryan tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Sister Susan, he is all but a man, and will be one before we know it." That remark cherished a hope which I have carried to this day.

After breakfast Mr. Smith asked us to go to the pasture to see the Doctor's fine horses, and on the way he said, "The Doctor is going to Clarksville to perform an operation," at which Col. John Ringgold, who had joined in with us, laughed outright. Governor Yell asked Mr. Smith if he thought it would be a successful one, and he replied, "I don't know—you see it is a hard case, but if all Jim Madden says is true it ought to be done." These remarks made an impression on my mind and I wondered what they meant and who was going to be operated on.

At the camp were two white men, who Governor Yell said were "herders" and drove stock from Missouri to Arkansas for the Doctor. They were fondling the dogs, and as

we approached arose and saluted most politely. The negroes were grazing the horses in the pasture, each holding a horse with a halter, a little distance apart. The Doctor stated to Colonel Ringgold the merit of each animal and gave the pedigree of each, which seemed to interest him, but he eyed more closely than any other a certain chesnut mare, that was a perfect beauty, and finally asked if that mare were "Eveline," to which the Doctor replied, "Yes." Colonel Ringgold then said, "She looked beautiful last year when you defeated Dr. Mercer and Dr. Newman at Natchez on Mr. Bingaman's place—she seems to have spread out." To which the Doctor assented, and added: "She will grow another year, for she is only six years old." Colonel Ringgold said, "I really believe the account of that race as told by Dr. Mercer, prolonged the life of Senator Porter two months." The Doctor replied, "He was very fond of horses and quite partial to her strain of blood." Governor Yell asked, "Where is the filly Henry Clay presented you with?" The Doctor replied, "She is at home suckling her third foal, over yonder is her first foal by 'Boston.' Edward rides him everywhere." The Doctor hailed a negro groom and he brought up a chestnut colt with four white legs and a blaze in his face, to be admired by all present. He was a model of his stock, so Mr. Ringold said, and filled the eye of a horseman brimming full. Governor Yell then said, "I remember when Dr. Lewis F. Lynn rode his dam to Washington for you, in order to mate her with 'Boston' as a courtesy from Mr. Long." The Doctor replied, "Yes, and the colt is worthy of its ancestor. Mr. Clay thought a great deal of his grand-dam; she was his best race mare; I called the filly 'Miss Clay;' she was by Dunbars Stockholder." Governor Yell then said, "Mr. Clay thinks as much of the Glencoe filly, Dr. Mercer gave him, as he does of the presidency; I hear he has, named her 'Magnolia.' What is this colt's name Doctor?" "He has no name as yet," replied the Doctor.

And so they went on and talked of each horse, and each dog, until I was bewildered and asked, "Why they did not turn the horses loose to eat grass." When Edward said quickly, "They would kick each other to death—you fool

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you!" This reply staggered me and I asked no more questions, although I noticed that the dogs were chained and tied together in pairs—hounds and stag-hounds each had boots on them—some were very ugly looking brutes.

Cousin Maria decided to postpone our departure until the next day, to have a tete-a-tete with the Doctor, who purposed to continue his journey as soon as the moon arose that evening; and they conversed together with Cousin Susan on the porch, while Col. Ringgold, Governor Yell and Mr. Smith drank "juleps" in the hall, discussing the approaching presidential election, state politics and public affairs.

At the dinner table the Doctor invited me to go with him to Clarksville, saying he would return by way of Fayetteville in about a week, and that it would be a good opportunity for me to see the country. He stated the road was very rough and mountainous between Batesville and Fayetteville, and that horseback riding would be more comfortable than to be pitched about in a carriage. After some persuasion on his part, assisted by Cousin Susan, Cousin Maria consented for me to join the Doctor and Edward on their trip to Clarksville.

The Doctor indicated the horse I was to ride, and after assigning a servant to wait upon me, we bid adieu to Cousin Maria and Cousin Susan and rode away in the bright moonlight, behind the Doctor and Col. Ringgold, followed by the rest of the party—"herders," dogs tied together in pairs, loose stock and negro camp hands. All moved together like a company of cavalry. Our pace at first was no faster than a walk for two or three miles, gradually was pressed into a "fox-trot," then into a gallop, which soon settled down to a long swinging stride of which the horses seemed never to tire.

Creeks, streams and hills passed in such rapid succession that it put my head in a whirl, and the fatigue of the journey increased my desire for sleep, and my consciousness was only sustained by the cool night air. During the night we stopped twice to tighten up the girths of the saddles and to secure the packs on the horses, scarcely a word was

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spoken, and a shrill whistle from the Doctor was the signal and command to move forward. At daylight we turned off into a wood on the bank of a stream, unsaddled our horses and let them roll in the sand. Each horse was then tied to a tree and given a bundle of hay in a loose woven net sack made of heavy twine string, which' they munched ravenously. Our breakfast was soon ready. It consisted of "Johnny Cake," bacon and coffee sweetened with brown sugar and no milk. My bed was made near the root of a tree by my servant, who seemed to be amused at my fatigue, and having a basin of water and a tin cup of salt, offered to bathe my sore parts. While this was being done I saw the Doctor and Col. Ringgold amongst the horses, petting and caressing them, as the negroes fed them grain from canvas Edward and I were soon asleep. buckets.

It was high noon when the howling and barking of the dogs awakened me, and as I sat up in my bed I saw two deer hanging from the boughs of a tree, with their entrails taken out, which each dog was awaiting a portion. On the ground were turkeys, squirrels and quail, and I observed each one was shot through the head. As I was examining them, the Doctor came up and said that Edward was bathing in a shady pool near by and asked me if I did not want to take a bath, at the same time handing to my servant a bottle and a large towel. The bottle contained whiskey, and my servant rubbed me all over with it. It proved most refreshing and I learned that morning the virtue of whiskey for bathing purposes, and never drank of it in after life. Edward and I lingered at the pool until the sun drove us away from it. When I complained of being sore and aching, he said, "Wait until tomorrow morning, Pa's going through to Clarksville tonight." I asked him how far it was, and he replied "about sixty-five miles." Then I asked, "What is he in such a hurry for?" He replied, "Because the boat will be at Morrison's Bluff tomorrow night, and Pa wants to see the horses the gamblers have on board."

Returning to camp we found all asleep, and some of the horses lying down, excepting the cook, who was cutting up the venison into steaks, having cut up two turkeys for fry-

ing in the Dutch oven, and prepared quail and squirrels for broiling. Edward and I laid down to rest and sleep.

The servants awoke us for dinner, which was served on the ground, and the repast was all that we could wish, consisting of hot biscuits, coffee and all the game meat we could eat, deliciously prepared.

We had rested twelve hours when the Doctor gave a shrill whistle—the camp was all bustle in a moment—preparing for our departure. At the start we all moved together and at a slow pace for more than an hour. Our road led along the course of the Little Red river and crossed it frequently. We came on to a bunch of black bear playing and bathing in the river. Their antics were most amusing and we stopped a few moments to watch them; then the Doctor took a rifle and shot a small bear, when the balance scampered away. A negro brought the bear to the roadside and I saw that it was shot through the head in such a manner that both eyes were torn out. It required only a few moments to disembowel the bear and place it on a packhorse.

During the night we seldom spoke to one another, and our ride was about the same as the night before, although it was over a better road than the one we came down "Devil's Fork Creek."

Before daylight we arrived at the farm of Col. J. Madden, three miles east of Clarksville, a brother-in-law of the Doctor, who gave us a most cordial welcome. Lamps were lighted and breakfast served just as day was breaking. After which we all retired to bed.

About 10 o'clock Edward and I arose and found the Doctor, Col. Ringgold and Col. Madden talking in the hall. Col. Madden said, "If they are going to carry on always as they have two years past, we all might all well go to raising mules, for we cannot sell a horse now for a quarter of what it is worth." Col. Ringgold asked, "How many are in the party?" And Col. Madden replied, "Five, and they just scoop everybody." Col. Ringgold asked their names. Col. Madden replied, "John Robinson, John Moro, Cameo Kirby, Tom Woolhite and Bill Mitchell. They are the worst

set of thieves on earth—what they don't get by cards they get through the horses. At Arkansas Post last year they won two hundred bales of cotton from Mr. Dobyns and twenty niggers, and poor old Mr. Varner lost his plantation and all his servants and is now a poor man. There are just lots of people they robbed out of one to ten thousand dollars each, to say nothing about the horses, mules and cattle they actually stole through their so-called horse races. If I was not certain that the horse John Robinson has is yours, I would never have written to you about him. Tyree Musette says he knows they are yours and that it is a shame to let those gamblers rob everybody as they do. I wrote to him one day last week before I did you, to come down here and help to break up these villains, but it's a rough road to Fayetteville and I guess he has to come slow."

Mrs. Madden entered the hall at that moment and patted the Doctor affectionately on the head, saying, "Brother Jack I told everybody that I knew, if those were your horses, Sister Sarah and you knew nothing about it, and so soon as you found it out you would put a stop to John Robinson's wild horse race antics mighty quick. You would not tolerate your horses being used to plunder people for one minutewhy, all our work in these twelve years since we left Ste. Genevieve county, Mo., has been thrown away, nothing made, and we can't get ahead a bit for John Robinson and his thieving gambler friends. I wish Moses Austin had stayed on this place and we in Ste. Genevieve county." The Doctor put his arm around his sister's waist and said, "Mary, if John Robinson has taken my horses, he will have to give them up and return to his wife, or he will return to his God." Mrs. Madden screamed "Brother Jack, don't kill him—just give him a good thrashing." The Doctor said, "He needs more than that-he's neglecting his wife and children and he must go home or go somewhere else." "But Brother Jack, promise me you won't kill him, thrash him, horsewhip him, but don't kill him for Sister Sarah's sake. She would never get over it," said Mrs. Madden. The Doctor replied, "She would be better off if he were dead!" Mrs. Madden replied, "I don't care—but I don't want you to kill

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him," and she threw her arms around his neck and sat on his lap and began to cry, saying, "You shall never leave this house until you promise me you won't kill him." Then she said, "We sent for the sheriff from over the river and our own sheriff with his fighting men and our friends, the horses can be taken away from them, and all the gamblers arrested for vagrancy and placed in jail. If there is any killing necessary to do that-let the sheriffs do it!" The Doctor smiled and said, "You have an easy way of doing it, Mary." Col. Madden interposed, "No sheriff will ever arrest Tom Woolhite, Mary, he has killed many a man, and Bill Mitchell killed a sheriff at Helena last winter. John Moro is a Spaniard, and he will shoot any man in the back if he gets a chance. Cameo Kirby is young and the best of them all, but he will fight and he is a dead shot." Mrs. Madden broke in, "I don't care-but Brother Jack must not kill John Robinson. Helena is only a rendezvous for thieves, gamblers and murderers, and if they did kill a few down there I expect they needed it-but Brother Jack must not kill John Robinson, it will kill Sister Sarah!" And she threw herself on the sofa convulsed with grief and buried her tears in a sofa pillow.

While we were eating dinner there was a loud "Hello" at the front gate. Col. Madden looked out of the window and said, "Tyree Musette and Jimmie-I knew they would get here!" In a few moments they were seated at the table with us, and it was evident they were tired from their long ride from Fayetteville. Young James Madden was about the age of Edward and myself, and the Doctor complimented him on his growth and height. Mr. Musette asked where Mr. Robert Smith was, and the Doctor said he was too much fatigued from his trip to Washington to come with us, and added that they were to meet Governor Yell in Fayetteville next week. Mr. Musette then said, "I hope so-Tom Woolhite will fight and John Moro is a treacherous man; we will have to look out for him. Mitchell is no coward and he has had many a duel and killed many a man, but I do not think it will be necessary to kill more than two or three of them. You see they have been robbing this country a long time and

they know every respectable person in Arkansas is down on them. They are sharp and are wide-awake. We will have to be careful, Doctor!" Mrs. Madden interposed, "Mr. Musette, I want you and every one else to promise me you will not kill John Robinson, arrest him, whip him, but don't kill him."

Mr. Musette replied, "It's a hard thing to whip John Robinson, Mrs. Madden, he is strong and heavy, and there are few men in this world who can whip him." "Brother Jack can whip him," said Mrs. Madden. "Yes, Madam," said Mr. Musette, "but he might shoot him." He won't try that—Brother Jack has done too much for him. No, John Robinson will run as soon as he sees Brother Jack-you mark my words, he will run, and Brother Jack must not shoot him. He knows he has done wrong and he knows who his friends are, and his conscience will hurt him and he will give up rather than be killed!" "Mrs. Madden, it's a desperate undertaking to stop John Robinson and his associates from their doings—they are flushed with success at the expense of every planter and stock grower in the Arkansas valley, but they must be broken up, hap what hap, I don't want to see any one killed, but you can only fight the Devil with fire, and the only way we can stop them from pilfering is to kill them—if we don't, they will kill us. Law—shucks! They just laugh at the law and they care no more for a sheriff than for any other man. But I promise you I will not shoot John Robinson if he does not start to shoot at me, I have a wife and four children as well as he has!" "Thank you," said Mrs. Madden, "I mean that for all of them," said Mr. Musette. "I do not want to kill any one, and I feel as if I am somewhat to blame for selling that horse 'John Belcher' to Cameo Kirby, he won a lot of property from Mr. Davis at Dardanelle with him last fall, and Mr. Davis could not afford to lose; he has been struggling along for some time. I did not think the horse was any account for racing. He is twelve years old, Doctor." "He was a good mile horse several years ago by Imp. Barefoot from Adriane," replied the Doctor. "Ever since Col. Nolan brought 'Volcano' into the country, I thought him the best horse," said Mr. Musette. "Yes," said the Doctor, "I think the state of the s

you did well to sell him." "But we have to have an out cross, Doctor," said Mr. Musette. "Certainly, if it be of the right sort," said the Doctor. Then Mr. Musette looked at Col. Madden.

After dinner we all started for Clarksville, where we met Col. C. F. M. Nolan, who was talking to the sheriff as we rode into town. Col. Nolan told the Doctor that everything was ready, and we rode down Spadra Creek to the Arkansas river. We rode up the river a mile or more to a sand bank, where the Doctor ordered one of the "herders" to stand with the dogs, and the sheriff left two horsemen with the "herders" with orders to arrest or kill any one that might leave the boat and try to come ashore. We crossed the Arkansas river above Morrison's Bluff and took positions just above the steamboat landing. Shortly afterwards we heard the boat whistle down the river, and within an hour she was at the landing.

The Doctor was the first to jump on board, he passed rapidly to the rear and soon came back, saluted the captain as he went upstairs, followed by Col. Ringgold and Col. Madden. He entered the cabin and firing began immediately. John Moro jumped from the deck to the bank and was met by the sheriff, the "herder" and the dogs. He surrendered his pistols to the sheriff. At the same time a man was seen swimming in the river trying to make the far shore. Cameo Kirby walked out on deck half dressed, and threatened Mr. Musette, who stood besire Col. C. F. M. Nolan, who commanded him to surrender with a drawn pistol. At this · moment the Doctor and Col. Ringgold came out of the cabin and saw John Robinson in the water swimming for dear life. The Doctor demanded the surrender of the boat, manifest, books, papers and cargo from Captain Yerzley, who was taken so much by surprise that neither he nor the mate had time to make a remonstrance or issue a command. reply Capt. Yerzley said, "You seem to know what you are doing, gentlemen-resistance is useless. I am at your service and the boat at your command."

At this moment some ladies began to shriek in the cabin, and the Doctor entered it. In a few moments he returned

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with the ladies walking before him, giving them every assurance of protection. The ladies looked at Cameo Kirby with much surprise, who stood with folder arms. He and John Robinson were asleep in their state room when the Doctor and Col. Ringgold first entered the cabin. John Moro, Tom Woolhite, Bill Mitchell and Mr. David Simpson were playing cards at a table. The Doctor demanded their surrender, but as they started to draw their pistols, the Doctor fired and they returned the fire—five shots in all, with Mitchell and Woolhite dead. As their bodies were brought from the boat, I noticed that each was shot through the head.

The Doctor demanded from the captain that all horses be removed from the boat and delivered to the sheriff. As the horses were being removed, Cameo Kirby claimed two as his property. The Doctor said, "You are a prisoner in the hands of the sheriff, on your release show your bill of sale to him." Cameo Kirby said, "Do you mean to dispute my word, sir?" "I mean to dispute the word of any man who has the comrades you have," said the Doctor.

The horses being unloaded, the Doctor demanded that the cargo be unloaded on the bank and delivered to the sheriff on his receipt therefor. Capt. Yerzley replied, "Yes, sir! I was paid five thousand dollars for this trip from Helena to Fort Smith and was to be paid the freight back to Helena." The Doctor replied, "There will be no freight back to Helena this trip, and if you engage again for this sort of an expedition, your boat will be burned."

'The stevedores worked hard unloading the cotton, molasses, hemp, and common stock. The two dead men were buried without coffin, shroud or a minister. Then the Doctor called to Capt. Yerzley that he could back out and take his boat where he pleased. It was soon under way and headed down stream.

It was late when we reached Clarksville. John Robinson, John Moro and Cameo Kirby were in the jail. The sheriff asked them which they would prefer to do—leave the State or stand trial on a charge of vagrancy. They promised to leave the State.

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Mrs. Madden kissed the Doctor for not killing John Robinson, and took him away with her, promising to send him home to Sister Sarah in Ste. Genevieve county, Mo.

The Doctor gave James Madden, Jr., Mr. Tyree Musette, Col. John Ringgold and Col. C. F. M. Nolan each a horse as a compliment for their assistance, and gave directions for two other horses taken from the boat, to have heavy shoes placed on them for mountain travel.

We were about to retire at the house of Dr. Bennett, when a note was received from Cameo Kirby demanding satisfaction for the insult the Doctor had given him on the boat. The Doctor gave the note to Col. Ringgold, saying, "Arrange to meet him at sunrise on the Fayetteville road, where it crosses Horsehead Creek, near the old birch tree." This arrangement he made with John Moro, second for Cameo Kirby, and we retired to bed, but I could not sleep from apprehension and the day's excitement. I heard the Doctor snoring soundly in the next room. Dr. Bennett called us at 3 a. m. and the servants served us with coffee and biscuit before we rode away to the meeting place.

Cameo Kirby and his party were on the ground when we arrived and it did not take long for Col. Ringgold and John Moro to select the ground and position. At the word "Fire" both pistols went off as one shot, Cameo Kirby turned to one side and dropped his pistol. Dr. Bennett reported a wound in the muscles of the right arm and that the bullet had grazed one of his ribs. Col. Ringgold asked John Moro if he demanded another shot, and he answered, "No."

The Doctor mounted his horse, and as he rode by said to Cameo Kirby that he would give him further satisfaction when his wound healed, if he demanded it. Pointing his finger at John Moro, he said, "You thieving, murderous skunk, you better get out of this State if you value your life!" Then he whistled, and our party rode on about ten miles to the farm of Mr. Linville, who was away from home on our arrival, but his wife gave us a fine dinner of fried chicken and fish caught in Mulberry river, five miles distant. Here our party was joined by Mr. James Harrison, whom the Doctor talked with about organizing a company

 to work the iron mountain. The Doctor said that Mr. Mc-Ilvaine had died a year before and that Mr. Valle was disposed to make some concessions and he hoped a union of interests could be effected advantageous to all the owners of the property. That night we rode to Fayetteville, where we found Governor Yell and Cousin Maria. After listening to a recital by Col. Ringgold of our experiences and happenings, the Governor said, "It is the best thing that ever happened for the State. The Helena gamblers have their backbone broken now and they will scatter to other parts. Doctor, we all owe you a debt of gratitude, and I wish to thank you in the name of the people of Arkansas, and for myself. You have labored for twenty years to give us good horses, and now this act of yours will give us better citizens."

I heard that John Moro and Cameo Kirby went to Mississippi, where they quarreled. Moro shot Kirby in the back. After his recovery Kirby fought Moro a duel and killed him.

John Robinson returned to his family at Ste. Genevieve county, Mo., and for a few years remained at home, but he returned to his old habits, and the Doctor, unable to persuade his sister to leave him, outfitted them for a trip to California in 1849, where Robinson died.

I also heard that the sheriff advertised the money and cargo taken from the boat, for thirty days, and disbursed it amongst the rightful claimants. The remainder went into the county "Fund for the poor."

The Doctor remained a day with Governor Yell, and I learned much of his past life, received useful information which was valuable to me in after life. He left Fayetteville saying he was going to Neosho to see Mr. Cravens, to Newtonia to see Nathan Boone, to Springfield to see John S. Phelps and to Salem to see William Linville, before returning to Potosi.

When a man is born with a profound moral sentiment, preferring truth, justice, and the serving of his country to any honors or any gain, men readily feel his superiority. They who deal with him are elevated with joy and hope; he lights up every circle in which he stands. In his presence, or

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within his influence, every one believes in the omnipotence of his efforts and follows his instructions with implicitness, almost bordering on credulity. It happens now and then that a soul is born that has no weakness of self—which offers no impediment to the Divine Spirit—which comes down into nature as if only for the benefit of others, and all its thoughts are perceptions of things as they are, without any infirmity of earth. Such souls are the apparitions of Gods amongst men, and simply by their presence pass judgment on them. Men are forced by their own self-respect to give them certain attention. Evil men shrink and pay involuntary homage by hiding or apologizing for their action, when under the scrutiny of that glance, which flashes from beneath the awful brows of genius.

The Doctor was one of these men, and united to a firm and incorruptible nature, his hatred of everything mean, his unyielding enthusiasm and confidence, his reckless disregard of danger, his passion for incessant fighting for the right, were all the physical and intellectual qualities which make a great leader of men. A trait on which he constantly relied was intuition, an almost infallible divination of an opponent's design, and a rare analysis which enabled him to ascertain the purpose and unravel deeds, as if he held a printed programme in his hand.

His physical endowments were greater still. Imbued with a wonderful nerve energy, bold, reckless, self-reliant, but with a marvelous good nature, his face indicated quickness, impulsive daring, wiry alertness, and great bodily endurance. And with all generosity, kindness and inherent honesty. He was a man such as I have never seen since. Cousin Maria summed him up after he left, when she said: "Dr. Bryan knows how to do things, when to do them, and then does them," and of this I had ample evidence.

WHEN THE QUAPAWS WENT TO RED RIVER—A TRANSLATION.

(BY DALLAS T. HERNDON.)

This narrative is a free translation of an old faded manuscript recovered some years ago from a lot of papers thrown out of the governor's office in the old State House. It is written in correct French, but was evidently done with a goose quill on flimsy paper, so that much of it is barely legible.

It is dated January 1, 1826, and has every appearance of having been written during the journey of the Indians from the vicinity of Little Rock to some point south of Red river, or it may have been written from notes made along the way at the end of the journey.

The author, perhaps a person appointed by the Governor of Arkansas Territory or the President of the United States to escort the Indians to the reservation given them in Louisiana, does not sign his name. He does record the fact that the account was written as a report to the Governor.

It is a well-known fact that the Quapaws were removed from Arkansas to a tract of land south of the Red river in Louisiana about this date, 1825 or 1826, and that they came back to Arkansas not many months later because of the sickly climate and the hostility of the Caddo Indians. It is very likely that the dates and the account here given of their journey are correct. The account follows:

THE FRENCHMAN'S REPORT.

"On leaving the village of Lord Sarrasin I joined the Chief Hekatton at Waditteska Wattishka, in other words the Bayou of Black Clay. It was there that the beautiful daughter of the Chief Hekatton was delivered of a daughter. It was necessary that the chief remain there all that day of the 15th in order that a little strength might be recovered by this remarkable person, for the accouchment had been very terrible. For three days she was in labor,

and if the great doctor of the nation had not been found there they would have thought that nothing ailed her. This is a manner in which the disease was treated by the said trustworthy doctor, for I was present when he offered his services.

"The doctor, with an eagle's feather in his hand, seated near the patient, began immediately to hum a song very softly, at the same time he stroked with a feather the stomach of the woman. In this manner she was instantly delivered (it is necessary to believe it thus). So they ask our great doctors of the Little Rock if their music is of the same strength.

"On the 15th I was within six miles of the Bayou of the Saline, where I met a company of fifty savages, who assembled about my fire in the evening. They wished to know of me whether Sarrasin was yet on the way and why he delayed, etc.

"The 16th I met with another troop of savages as strong as that of the 15th, which we had journeyed with. The latter place was ten miles further on from the Bayou de Saline (the savages called this little river Wattishka Jinka). The evening of the 16th each watch his fire because of the excessive cold.

"The 17th the savages had been to the chase; my interpreter and I had been eight miles further on to a place which the savages called Jasta Waditta.

"The 18th it rained.

"The 19th the Chief Tomojinka was ill, which required him to ride a horse on the march; all the doctors, sorcerers and physicians of the nation had been called together for the cure of this respectable good-for-nothing. They used songs and music about the prince, but Providence made the cure in a few days.

"The evening of the 19th Sarrasin returned to us, while many braves in the party surrounded my fire. In the conversation with Sarrasin many questions were asked him about the terms of the treaty.

"The 22d we spent on the march.

"The 23d we came to the Bayou of the Marshes. That is where a great many beavers were seen. The snow kept us there for two days. They had consecrated these two days to the chase and they had not been unlucky.

"These poor savages suffered great misery on their journey (I am speaking of the old men and old women and also of the little children). Almost all the long evenings, however, beautiful weather prevailed, and they danced around my fire, which lasted until the morning. In all their journeys these poor savages showed much contentment.

"The surroundings of these bayous and little rivers of which I have spoken already are charming. The earth is also good. The vines grow luxuriously here on the hills and mountains which are near. To have good vineyards it is only necessary to plant them and then let them alone; after a little there will come wine flowing in abundance.

"The picture of the journey would have been curious if it had been painted with a good brush, but my best is very feeble. Nevertheless, I am going to try to give one an idea just as I traveled.

"Picture to yourself first a mass of persons without any order carrying with them all sorts of things without value, little articles for the human race, but very precious to them, they say. I have noticed in this little nation three or four kinds of faith in God. There are those who worship the eagle, others a spirit of war which the ancients had left to them as a thing very sacred. Still others worshiped the pipe in the emblem of an eagle, which they called the pipe of peace.

"Speaking a little of the manner of their march, one could see a party of women, as they marched, carrying on their backs, besides the cooking utensils, a child and other things. Some on horses carried kneading troughs, others riding astride held in their arms mangy dogs. Some rode little ponies, etc. When they camped I placed myself as near the centre as possible in order to satisfy my curiosity. To be in the center of that company would have been disrespectful and impudent. * * Necessity was the only guide of all; order and peace filled all our camp.

"Many times I laughed and at others I was all astonishment, but nothing could surprise the unhappy Quapaws. If when they returned from the chase they found a piece of cooked meat, they gratified their appetite, and, their stomach well filled, sleep caused all their cares to disappear.

"Cleanliness was rare in their camp. Imagine three to four hundred dogs; they were not provided for, as you might know, with the best of food. They certainly did not fail to eat with a great smacking, devouring all they found. Filth was everywhere. After the savages had thrown food to the ground, the dogs ate, licked their chops and licked basins and tin plates. They drank and returned again to the agreeable smell of the refuse which had stuck to the end of their noses, and to their lips. Judge of the rest, for this is not a weak sample. Let us here leave this filth and speak a little more of great Sarrasin.

THE CHIEF AND HIS GOD.

"Before his departure Sarrasin had set up * * * his God, a little image six inches long, in the earth, and here is the language that he offered to him in the presence of his children: 'My God, thou art also the God of our father, as we have been taught to believe. For it is He who speaks to us. He has told us also to abandon this country, and we are going to that which our friends have given us. I hope thou will follow us and be favorable to us in that new land, as thou hast been in that which we are leaving.' Hekatton spoke a few words in the same manner.

"In traveling I have noticed this in the person of the Lord Sarrasin. He carried his God with much care, but he was much more careful of the seven hundred dollars which he carried with him. 'For,' said he, 'thieves will not attempt to steal my God, but I know well that if I do not watch my money they will surely carry it off.' And he never lay down until he had it in a safe hiding place.

"From the 27th until the 4th of February the savages spent their time in the chase and in finding several men who had gone astray on account of the dense mist which lasted four days. It was there that I went in advance with Joseph

Bonne, and we waited for the others at Washittaw (Ouachita). They had arrived there on the 5th of February. There Chief Hekatton rejoined us with all his children. It was in the evening that the savages again assembled themselves around my campfire. This was where Chief Hekatton told us he had lost three of his horses, and that he believes that the Chattaws (Choctaws), whom they had met with some days before, had stolen them from him.

"On arriving at the little Bayou of the Bear I had arranged to make the fire near a large cypress. In the night there had fallen a little rain. It was found that at the foot of this cypress a bear had strayed with her little ones, and the rain which had fallen in the night led us to discover her. She had been obliged to run and seek cover in a way which we heard very distinctly. The next morning we set ourselves to cut the tree, and when it fell, the great noise which the tree made upon the earth frightened this poor animal a little. The terrible animal and the two little ones, which were no larger than rats, were overpowered to our great joy. It was along this bayou that the savages had killed many bears.

A GREAT INDIAN SORCERER.

"On the Washittaw we lost a woman. It was there also that I saw a great sorcerer, who did all he could to save the woman. But his medicine and his incantations were useless. Instead of being helpful to her diseases, they rather aided her death. After the death of the woman, it was necessary to remain there four days, for the husband was obliged to stay there to kill deer and get food for his wife. This is the custom of the savages, for they put food at the head of the dead who are buried, and other savages eat it. It was thus that they fed her.

"We had started on the 8th to Washittaw, and we found ourselves the same day at the bayou which the savages call Ny Wassa Jinka, that is to say, the Little Bayou of the Bear. The rain detained us there two days. It was there that I took the lead with Joseph Bonne and we found ourselves on the Red river the 13th. On leaving the said bayou

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we crossed a plain, superbly surrounded, ten miles long. If the earth had been a little richer, this piece of land would have been of great value, but it was a little too sandy. From there almost to the Red river, in the direction of the place where we had crossed, the ground appeared to be very sandy and not worth much. It was only on the bayous and creeks that one was able to find any fertile land.

FEAR OF THE CADDO INDIANS.

"The savages did not start on until the 1st of March, and they had remained a long time upon the Red river without daring to cross it for fear that the Cadeaus would not grant to them the land which they had promised them last August. The Chattaws and other nations roaming in that country had made known to them that the chief Cadeau was going to dispute the treaty. If I had not forced them to go take possession of their place they would have remained on this side of the Red river. * * *

"I have given information of almost all that passed at the time of the journey of the Quapaws to the land of the Cadeaux. I am also going to be content with saying only this.

A RAP AT CAPTAIN GRAY.

"The Quapaws were already prepared to put themselves in accord with Captain Gray, and with the Cadeaux to form only one nation. If I have been a little tedious, my project, I believe, is to render a good deed to the government. The accusation that Captain Gray made to the savages, if he had given me the insult openly, had put the Quapaws beyond reconciliation. Of the atrocity on the part of this terrible tyrant it was my duty to wholly acquit myself. Nevertheless, I believe myself still capable of such an action (acquitting myself) if the despotic power of that fellow Gray had caused him to be reduced to the rank of a private citizen.

"I have written all this in order to satisfy slightly the curiosity of Monsieur the Governor, and to give him a complete idea of the journey of the Quapaws."

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PRICE'S CAMPAIGN OF 1861.

(BY GEN. N. B. PEARCE.)

Writing solely from memory now in 1892 of occurrences in 1861, I may not remember accurately—many things will have been forgotten and matters that others might remember with clearness and be considered of greatest moment may not have impressed me then so positively and time may have obliterated nearly every trace—only such facts, as of my knowledge or based on what I then and now consider reliable sources, will it be my object to mention in my narrative of those stirring times when men's passions were running riot over the land, and only passion ruled.

The question of secession was not a popular one in Arkansas, where I was at the time. The people loved the Union. They read Washington's farewell address and prayed that his utterances might be heeded; that Civil War might be averted. So the people of Arkansas by a large majority refused to secede. And but for the unfortunate call of Mr. Lincoln for 75,000 men, such action would not have been had then. We had hopes that the border States convention, led by Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky, would command the attention of fanatics North and South and that their efforts would prevent the fratricidal war that was so imminent. But alas, that call for 75,000 men, of which the South was required to furnish her quota, came, and the result was secession.

The day on which it was received at Bentonville (my county town) the Union party were having a grand speaking at the courthouse. The Hon. Bob Johnson, United States Senator, was there to deliver a secession speech to his old Democratic constituents. The feeling was so violent against secession that he was hissed and hooted down. I took the stand and appealed to the assembly to hear what the honorable Senator had to say with courtesy; give him the respect and consideration due his position, and, when

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done, we had speakers to reply. He was heard patiently though not applaudingly, and when done our gallant Union orator, the Hon. Hugh F. Thomason, made a most excellent and acceptable response, judging from the uproarous applause, with which he was continually greeted during his address. We were all in a glorious, good-natured mood, all happy.

The stage drove into town and the driver threw out some of the handbills containing the printed proclamation calling for 75,000 men. The effect was wonderful. All was changed in a moment. What! call on the Southern people to shoot down their neighbors; help those from whom we had for years only received injury and wrong! No, never! That grand and glorious old Union man, Judge David Walker, at the solicitation of all the leading men of the State, reconvened the convention to meet in Little Rock on the 6th of May. Our ordinance of secession was passed on that day, showing the universality of the change produced by that call for 75,000 men by Mr. Lincoln. Only one vote is recorded against that ordinance. Honest old Governor Murphy! I can see him now, as he rises in his place and hear him say, "I told my constituents that I would suffer my right arm severed before I would ever sign an ordinance of secession and I will not. But I am a Southern man, and will go as far as the most determined secessionist in behalf of the South." And he did remain in the convention until its adjournment. He voted for the resolution creating an army for the State, in which myself, with others, were given commands. He introduced the ordinance which was passed requiring me "to use the men, means and munitions of war to defend Arkansas against the approach of any enemy daring to violate her sacred soil." Acting under that ordinance (the convention was the source of all power then in the State) I proceeded to organize, equip, drill and lead to battle the brave and gallant first division of the army of Arkansas. History has made Governor Murphy famous as the one man who had the nerve to vote against secession, and consequently a patriot. While we, who obeyed the orders promulgated by the convention, at his instance, are classed by

certain writers as—no, I am not. I hurl back the foul epithet with contempt. We of the South were not traitors.

The convention having passed the ordinance of secession, the Rubicon was passed, and having burned our ships we must prepare to meet the consequences. Troops were called for, and the call responded to with a promptness and alacrity clearly convincing the most skeptical of the earnestness and enthusiasm that pervaded the whole people. Companies were rapidly formed, regiments organized, camps of instructions established. Only war was thought of or talked of. Nor was the enthusiasm alone among the men. Our lovely women were as earnest and patriotic as any of the sterner sex, and, by their devotion and example, stimulated to exertion their dear onesfathers, husbands, lovers and brothers. And when they had sent them off to the field, then by their efforts were they clothed and fed and nursed in sickness, and encouraged to efforts of greater daring in defense of the land we all love so well. Can such conduct be called by any other name than patriotism? Our whole South was full of patriots. .

A camp of instruction and organization was established in the northwest corner of the State, Camp Walker. There was organized the troops as they arrived:

The Third Arkansas Regiment of infantry; Col. John R. Gratiot, Lieut. Col. D. Province and Major Ward.

The Fourth Arkansas infantry; Col. David Walker, Lieut. Col. T. M. Gunter and Major Sam W. Peel.

The Fifth Arkansas infantry; Col. T. P. Dockery, Lieut. Col. Neill.

First Regiment of Arkansas Cavalry; Col. De Rosey Carroll, Lieut. Col. Berry and Major Sam W. Pell.

The Little Rock Battery of Artillery, Capt. W. E. Woodruff.

The Fort Smith Battery of Artillery, Capt. James Reed. Which constituted the first division of the army of Arkansas and was under the command of Brig. Gen. N. B. Pearce.

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The famous Indian fighter from Texas, the brave and gallant Ben McCulloch, had been commissioned a brigadier general by the president of the Confederate States and ordered to Arkansas to raise and organize his army. He also established his headquarters at Camp Walker, and soon had organized the following regiments, composing his command:

First Regiment Arkansas Mounted Rifles; Col. T. J. Churchill, Lieut. Col. Matlock and Major Harper.

The Texas Cavalry Regiment, commanded by Col. E. Greer, Lieut. Col. Lane and Major Chilton.

The Second Arkansas Cavalry Regiment, commanded by Col. James McIntosh (who was also the efficient chief of staff to General McCulloch); Lieut. Col. Embree.

The Arkansas Battalion of Col. Dandridge McRae.

The Third Louisiana Regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Louis Hebert, Lieut. Col. Haynes and Major Leonard.

Affairs in Missouri, after the surrender of Camp Jackson, had assumed a warlike nature. Major General Sterling Price had been made commander of the Missouri State Guards by Gov. Claiborn Jackson, and the following named officers had been assigned to certain military districts of the State with the rank of brigadiers general: James S. Rains, W. M. Parsons, James McBride, John B. Clark, Sr., and W. Y. Slack, and authorized to raise troops in their respective districts for the State Guards.

After the affair at Booneville, the State Guard, under Colonel Marmaduke, accompanied by Governor Jackson, retreated towards the southwestern part of the State to join General Price and General Rains. General Seigel, commanding a body of Federal troops, attempted to intercept their march, and near Carthage a sharp fight took place, Seigel soon retreating. In fact, his whole fight was a retreat. He successfully effected his escape, after considerable loss, and moved towards Springfield. This was the first engagement of the war in the Southwest, and the result was to influence the minds of the people and determine them to join the army. War was inevitable. And many who had heretofore remained out of the service could not

The second secon stand to see their neighbors shot down by Seigel's Dutch, and the result was a very great increase of the army under General Price.

Generals McCulloch and Pearce with a portion of their respective commands had, at the request of General Price, advanced into Missouri for the purpose of enabling Governor Jackson and General Price to organize the State Guard, and had arrived at Neosho, Mo., the day of the Carthage fight. Colonel McIntosh of McCulloch's staff, with a squadron of cavalry, captured a company of Seigel's Dutch in Neosho, having completely surprised and captured them without firing a gun. Here we captured several wagons belonging to Seigel's command, containing an abundant supply of commissary stores, which we freely distributed and generously consumed by the young soldiers of the Confederacy. Having marched most of the night and all the day before, they had emptied their haversacks of rations. They rejoiced over their first capture.

Seigel having been driven back to Springfield, the commands of McCulloch and Pearce returned to Camp Walker, in Benton county, Arkansas, and General Price established his headquarters on Cowskin Prairie in McDonald county, Missouri, in the southwest corner of the State, and then proceeded to organize the Missouri State Guard. A finer body of men were never collected together, mostly young or middle-aged men. Smarting under the insults heaped on them by the Federal element in the State, they had left home, wealth and comfort to join "Old Pap" Price, to assist him to drive out the invaders of their State and the despoilers of their homes, and, unfortunately, truth commands me to say, murderers of their beloved and innocent ones at home. These men now demanded to be armed and led against the enemy. To the Missourians the question of arms was a serious one. He who possessed a double-barrel shotgun was a happy soul. A Colt's revolver was a prize indeed. And many could only bring a squirrel rifle, but he knew how to use it effectively.

Col. B. F. Walker had raised as fine a regiment of cavalry as was in the State, but could get no arms. At the re-

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quest of General Price, General Pearce loaned Missouri 1,000 flintlock army muskets with bayonets. Well do I remember what a remarkable appearance this splendid body of men made in the bright moonlight as they marched away from Camp Walker armed with this unusual cavalry weapon, to join General Price. And more forcibly do I remember the telling effect these same men and muskets made subsequently on the battlefield.

The country was full of wild rumors of the advance of Federal troops from St. Louis to Springfield, and soon it was learned that Captain Lyon, made notorious by the conduct of affairs at St. Louis and the Camp Jackson surrender, now came as commanding general of the Federal forces in Southwest Missouri. General Lyon was a graduate of West Point and had served several years in the United States army and held the rank of captain at the beginning of the war. He was a bitter black Republican, and hater of Southern institutions, in fact, fanatical as regard to slavery, but he was a man of marked military ability and of indomitable perseverance and courage, in full sympathy with the most advanced abolitionists, and no doubt had he survived the defeat at Oak Hills (Wilson's Creek) would have been promoted to the command of the western armies of the United States.

About the 20th of July, 1861, a consultation was held between Generals McCulloch, Price and Pearce, which resulted in an agreement to march on Springfield and give battle to General Lyon. General McCulloch did this reluctantly, not that he did not want to fight, for then he was in his glory, but President Davis was very scrupulous in his States' right ideas, and Missouri had not passed an ordinance of secession; had not been admitted into the Confederacy, and until she asked Southern aid, Mr. Davis hesitated about invading her territory with Southern troops. General McCulloch had kept the President informed of the situation and was daily expecting orders that would justify his moving his army into Missouri. The Missourians were clamorous and fretful at the delay. They wanted to drive the vandals from their homes, which they had been forced to

abandon. Believing that the President would approve his course, on becoming informed of the true situation, General McCulloch assented to General Price's request to make the advance into Missouri. General Pearce did not hesitate to acquiesce in the movement. By an ordinance of the State convention, "directing him to defend the State against any enemy," he decided that the best defense he could give the State was to fight her enemies as far away from her soil as possible, so decided to join Generals McCulloch and Price in the movement against General Lyon. The three commands were to rendezvous at Cassville, Barry county, Missouri, which was effected on the 29th of July.

I wish here to state a fact which I know of my own personal knowledge in regard to how General McCulloch became the commander of the entire force. After having gone into camp at Cassville, on the afternoon of that day, I went to General Price's tent and told him the object of my visit was to come to some definite understanding as to the rank and command of the combined forces; that as we were near the enemy and likely to meet him at any moment, I was not satisfied to have so many separate and independent commanders; that I would willingly serve under either General Price or General McCulloch, but wanted a head to the army, but that I did not claim any precedence for myself. General Price said that he was in entire accord with my views, and rising, said, "Let's go to see General McCulloch." Without further mention of the subject, we repaired to General McCulloch's headquarters near by, and General Price, addressing General McCulloch in his dignified and courteous manner, informed him of what I had said, and then voluntarily, before McCulloch replied, proffered in his own name and mine to serve under General McCulloch, stating that although his commission was higher than General McCulloch's, being major general, yet, in compliment to the Confederate States, and desirous only of how he could best serve Missouri, he willingly waived his rank and placed himself and command under the Confederate commander. General McCulloch knew nothing of any such idea until we entered his tent. He agreed that it was important to success that

the army have a head, and, thanking General Price and myself, accepted the offer in the same kind and earnest manner in which it had been tendered him. This is the plain truth as to the manner General McCulloch became the general in command of all the troops.

Under the foregoing agreement, General McCulloch issued an order assuming command of the entire army. In that order the command was formed into three divisions. The first division was commanded by Brig. Gen. Rains of Missouri. The second division was commanded by Brig. Gen. N. B. Pearce of Arkansas and the third division by Maj. Gen. Price of Missouri. Each division was made up of troops as named in the order issued by General McCulloch, without reference to their former commanders (not having the order before me, I can't name the separate regiments constituting each division). And in the order named the march began towards Springfield on the 30th of August.

As there were a great many refugees from their homes in Missouri, having been forced to leave or be imprisoned, as was the case with many at Springfield when the Federal troops took possession of that city, the order of General Mc-Culloch required that this large body of unarmed men and camp followers remain one day's march in rear of the army. And although ahead of my narrative, I will here state that as the command camped some four days on Wilson's creek, and as General Rains' command was mostly from Southwest Missouri, many of these camp followers had friends in his camp. They disobeyed the order to remain one day's march behind the army and had gone into camp along the creek, near where General Rains' division was encamped, and when the Federal troops began the attack on our left, there was a stampede of this unarmed body of men that was fearful and at one time threatened to be serious, as was the case with Col. McRae's battalion, which was literally run over by this rabble trying to get out of the way (of harm) that those who wished might have an opportunity to fight. It was estimated that there was no less than three to five thousand men in this unarmed body accompanying the army. When these were out of the way, the numerical strength of

General McCulloch's command was very naturally diminished. Want of arms, not fear, caused this mad rush to the rear.

At Cane Creek, some thirty miles from Springfield, the army camped for two days. General Rains with a portion of his command, on the 2d of August, had reached Dug Spring, where he encountered the advance guard of Lyon's army, consisting of some United States regulars, and the result was a sprightly skirmish for a short time, as Rains was always ready for a brush. The Federals lost about half a dozen killed and some thirty wounded. When they fell back towards Springfield, Rains lost Lieutenant Fullbright from sunstroke and several men slightly wounded, and a few prisoners. It was ascertained that General Lyon's whole army was advancing to meet us, but this skirmish decided them to return to Springfield.

General McCulloch moved on to Moody's spring and encamped. Next day the army moved on as far as Wilson's Creek, where it encamped from the 6th to the 10th of August. General McCulloch was vainly endeavoring, by sending out scouts and spies, to learn something of the condition and position of Lyon's army. General Price and the Missourians were urging an immediate advance, but General McCulloch insisted that it was impossible to do so without having some definite information as to General Lyon's strength and position. This state of affairs lasted the 7th. 8th and 9th, until about 3 p. m. of the latter date a couple of ladies, in a buggy, drove into General Price's camp, from Springfield, having obtained a pass through the Federal lines, and then by making a detour by Pond Springs, succeeded in evading the Federal pickets and entering the Confederate camp. These ladies informed General Price of the position of General Lyon's troops, about their numbers and also the pieces of artillery. In fact, gave the information for which General McCulloch had been so anxiously waiting at Wilson's Creek. A council of war was immediately called by General McCulloch, and General Price, having made known the facts stated above, it was decided to make an advance on General Lyon at 9 p.m. The necessary or-

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ders for the march were issued by General McCulloch, and immediately every preparation for the movement made. The entire camp became suddenly a scene of commotion, the anxiously wished for opportunity to meet the invaders of our beloved country was soon to be had. The several commanders of divisions, brigadiers and regiments busied themselves in superintending the preparations necessary to insure the prompt advance of their respective commands at the appointed time. And as one of the most fatal obstacles to be surmounted was the scarcity of ammunition, many a pair of bullet moulds was brought into requisition, and groups of earnest and anxious men were to be seen all over the camp moulding bullets and making cartridges.

During the time the army encamped on Wilson's Creek, Colonel Weightman of Missouri and myself made a careful reconnoissance of the grounds around the camp, especially to the east and southeast, thereby obtaining a very general idea of the character of the topography of the immediate vicinity. General McCulloch had also made several excursions in the immediate neighborhood, and had on more than one occasion tried the effect of his brush loading rifle on the advance pickets of the enemy, much to their discomfiture and greatly to his amusement.

The afternoon of the 9th of August, as stated, was dedevoted to making preparations for the advance on Lyon, ordered for 9 o'clock p. m. Shortly before that time it had begun to rain, and as much of the ammunition was carried in canvas bags or haversacks, there was great danger that the powder and cartridges would be ruined by the rain, and instead of the order to march at 9 o'clock, orders were issued by General McCulloch to "rest on our arms" and remain until further orders. The rain continued and there came no orders for the march, and the troops slept on their arms. Then occurred one of those unfortunate circumstances that but for the heroic bravery of the Southern troops, might have resulted disastrously. When the order to march at 9 o'clock, on the night of the 9th was issued. the pickets, which the cavalry commands had out, by General Rains on the north and by Colonel Churchill on the

south and east, were withdrawn, by whose order I am unable to state, and when the order delaying the movement "until further orders" was given, these pickets were not sent out, as it was expected the command would move at any moment.

Owing to the fact that most of the men of the command were in citizen's clothing, many companies having no uniforms, made it possible for spies to enter the camp, defying detection. They lived in the country and some were Union in sentiment, and such were utilized by the Federals to get information of the movements and intentions of General McCulloch and his command, and it is stated that within three hours from the time the order was issued for the advance on General Lyon, that he had been notified of it.

It is stated that General Lyon, having knowledge of the contemplated attack to be made on Springfield that night, made his disposition to surprise and attack the Southern army on its night march to Springfield. Before doing so, however, it is said that a council was held, at which General Lyon and a majority of those present favored the evacuation of Springfield and retreating on Nalla, or Fort Scott. Gen. Thomas Sweeny, a one-armed soldier of the Mexican war, who had been commissioned a lieutenant in the regular United States army, and then holding the rank of brigadier general in the Union St. Louis Home Guards, was so earnest in his opposition to the proposal to retreat, that he finally prevailed. The contemplated retreat was abandoned and General Lyon issued the orders for the movement to surprise and attack McCulloch on the march to Springfield.

The plan of attack seems to have been for General Lyon, with three companies of United States regular infantry, under Captain Plummer, Gilbert and Hoston, all under Captain Plummer, a portion of Missouri volunteers under Major Asterhaus, B troops, U. S. cavalry, under Lieutenant Canefield, some Kansas mounted volunteers and Captain Latton's battery of six pieces light artillery, U. S. A., with Major Sturgis, U. S. cavalry, as chief in command. Next came Blair's regiment Missouri volunteers and some regular army infantry under Capt. Fred Steele, U. S. A., some irreg-

ular troops and Dubois' battery of four pieces. With General Sweeny bringing up the rear with the First and Second Kansas volunteers, the latter under Colonel Mitchell, the First Iowa infantry and some Missouri militia, constituted the portion of the Union army which moved to the right or on the north line of march and along the Mount Vernon road and was under the immediate command of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, U. S. A.

The southern line of march was under command of Gen. Franz Seigel. Under him was the Missouri volunteers (Seigel's regiment), a portion of Colonel Soloman's regiment, some regular United States cavalry under Captain Curr, U. S. A., and a battery of six pieces of artillery. His advance was mainly west and south along the "wire" road leading to Fayetteville, Ark., and continuing on until about daylight on Saturday, August 10, 1861, he turned the Confederate right. There being no pickets for him to drive in, he planted his artillery on the hills commanding the valley, where the Confederate cavalry was encamped, and opened fire on Colonel Churchill's regiment in camp.

. The first intimation we had of the approach of the enemy was from Sergeant Hite of Captain Carroll's company, General Pearce's bodyguard, who had gone early to a spring for some water and was challenged by the Federal advance. He succeeded in escaping, though was fird at, and came at once to General Pearce's headquarters and gave the information of the presence of the enemy. He was ordered by General Pearce to go to General McCulloch's headquarters and inform him, but before he reached there the command under General Lyon had reached the left flank of the army and had attacked General Rains. Thus far the Federal troops had carried out their plan of battle. They had turned both flanks of the Confederates and had surprised the army in their camps, but never was a body of troops better prepared for a surprise. The troops were sleeping on their arms and each commander knew the exact position of the several bodies of troops comprising his command, and while there was no "order of battle," nevertheless there was perfect concert of action, and promptly did the Southern

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troops respond to the Federal attack, both left and right. General Rains disposed his men to resist the advance, and soon General Rains had other Missourian troops to his assistance, having directed Generals Parsons, Clark, Mc-Bride and Slack to occupy the high grounds to the west of Wilson's Creek. Supported by Bledsoe's and Guibor's batteries, with the gallant Weightman, they contested the ground inch by inch. Here was witnessed some of the most heroic valor displayed during this trying war. It was Western men, accustomed to outdoor life and hardships and to the use of firearms, engaging other Western men just as brave, just as heroic and just as fearless and determined as themselves. When such men make war they are in earnest and fatal results follow their meeting.

The possession of these woody heights being the key to the battlefield, here was made the most determined resistance by both armies. General Lyon, seeing and understanding the importance of this position, concentrated his main efforts to secure and hold it. Equally did General Price comprehend the situation and manfully did he lead his brave Missourians against the determined foe.

That portion of General Lyon's command, under Captain Plummer, crossed to the east side of Wilson's Creek into Ray's field, and there were attacked by General McCulloch with the regiment of Colonel McIntosh's dismounted riflemen and Colonel Herbert's Third Louisiana infantry. After a severe fight, in which both sides lost severely, the Federals retreated across to the west side of the creek and joined the main body of Lyon's army. During this engagement DuBois' battery was effectively served against the Southern troops in Ray's field. Latten's battery had also been actively engaged against Price's troops and also at intervals on a portion of General Pearce's command. the Third Arkansas infantry, under Gratiot, and Woodruff's battery of light artillery. The latter had been paying his compliments with telling effect on his old drillmaster, Captain Latten, whose old battery, captured at Little Rock, Ark., was now commanded by Captain Woodruff and did most excellent service in this battle.

We now return to General Seigel. After he opened fire with his battery on Churchill's camp, that regiment hastened out of the field in which they were encamped into some timber to the southwest, and there Colonel Churchill succeeded in forming the regiment as infantry and led them to join General Price, in defense of the position for which the two armies were contending. Churchill's loss was very heavy, but that of the enemy in front of him was also large. Seigel moved on through the camp and north in Sharp's field near Sharp's house, coming immediately in the rear of the Confederate center held by General Pearce's command. As soon as the information was received that the enemy was approaching, General Pearce ordered his Third Arkansas regiment to support Woodruff's battery on the heights, east of the creek and south of the Favetteville road. He moved Reed's battery to a hill lower down the creek and assigned the Fifth Arkansas infantry, Colonel Dockery, to support it. The Fourth Arkansas infantry he stationed on an eminence still further east and in the direction Seigel was reported to be seen approaching. These dispositions were promptly and rapidly made, as the commands had slept on their arms, and had only to be called to "attention" to be ready for action. Then Seigel moved to the rear of the position assigned to Reed's battery, he ordered his pieces unlimbered, and directed north towards the troops on the hill, but did not fire. He then limbered up, moved west near Sharp's house and went in, battery facing west. It was still so dark it was difficult to distinguish what command it was in the field. General Pearce ordered Captain Jefferson. chief of ordnance, and Emmet McDonald, A. D. C., to go and ascertain to what command these troops belonged. Captain Jefferson was captured by them, and, before Mc-Donald could return, with his field glass General Pearce had recognized the flag, as the beam allowed the wind to extend its folds, and, turning to Captain Reed, ordered him to "open his battery on them as they carried the Stars and Stripes," which order was obeyed with alacrity and with most telling effect. He literally tore Seigel's command and battery to pieces.

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General McCulloch having discovered the approach of Seigel, had taken a portion of the Third Louisiana regiment, and leading them across the creek and down towards Sharp's house, had, just as Reed's battery opened on Seigel, attacked him in front with the Louisianians and completely routed the whole command, capturing five pieces of artillery and many prisoners. Seigel's troops scattering through the woods, were pursued by the Texas and Missouri cavalry for miles, and a good many were captured. In fact, General Seigel reports that he reached Springfield with only a single orderly. The discomfiture of Seigel he accounts for by claiming that he mistook the Confederate troops for a portion of General Lyon's command, which he supposed had succeeded in defeating the Confederates in his front and was then ready to join Seigel in eliminating the remainder of McCulloch's army; that when Reed's battery commenced to mow down his "Dutchmen," they cried out in Dutch that their "friends were firing on them," and Seigel says refused to fight, and in terror and disgrace threw down their arms and fled. Seigel also claims that Captain Curr with his cavalry did not render him any protection. He got away. At about 8:30 a. m., General McCulloch found the field favorable to the Confederates. McIntosh and Hebert had repulsed Plummer and driven him west of Wilson's Creek. The Arkansas and Louisiana troops had completely defeated Seigel's command. But matters were not so satisfactory with Price, in front of Lyon. Here had been desperate fighting and over the same ground, both armies had advanced and retreated repeatedly as the one or the other procured the advantage. Both armies were worsted, in fact exhausted, and, as if by mutual consent, a cessation of the combat was agreed to. But this in reality was only the lull before the storm—a recuperation of energy to more effectively strike the fatal blow, a reserving of power for the final and desperate effort.

An A. D. C. from General Price rode up to General Pearce with the request that he come to the assistance of the Missourians, who were sorely pressed by the Federals.

Colonel McIntosh, General McCulloch's chief of staff, also came to me and informed me that General McCulloch wanted me to reinforce General Price and his Missourians. as they were about to be overpowered by the Union troops. I directed McIntosh to take a section of Reed's battery and five companies of Dockery's regiment, and that I would take Gratiot's Third Arkansas regiment and go to Price's assistance. In crossing the creek, Lieutenant Colonel Neil, commanding the five companies of Dockery's regiment, was mortally wounded, and Colonel Dockery then lead the command. I immediately gave command to Gratiot's Third Arkansas to move by the left flank and marched them across the creek and up the slope to the crest of the hill to the west. When I met General Clark, who pointed out the position held by General Price, I directed the regiment to where he was and reported that I had come with reinforcements, and asked him for orders. He directed me to move to the north (left), telling me the enemy held the ground in front. In the meantime the troops of both armies had recuperated and were preparing for a final struggle. General McCulloch, to meet the preparations being made by the enemy, who could be plainly seen massing his forces, at once began concentrating the troops on General Price's command, as there was the key to the position and for which the main struggle had been made. The Missourians occupied the center of the new line of battle. Colonels Hebert's, Churchill's and McIntosh's regiments, with McRea's battalion, constituted the right, and the Third Arkansas, followed by a section of Reed's battery and the five companies of the Fifth Dockery's regiment, comprised the left. The battle was opened by a charge led by General Pearce, with the Third Arkansas, and the Second Kansas, Colonel Mitchell. impetuosity compelled the Kansans to give way, and, falling on their second line, created confusion in their ranks, and before they could recover from it Gratiot's regiment was pressing them so that both lines gave way, and Colonel Mitchell of the Second Kansas, shot through the thigh with Minie ball, fell from his horse. While this was going on STORY OF STREET

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on the left, General Price with his brave Missourians had charged the enemy's center, and after a severe struggle, succeeded in repulsing the enemy and finally driving him back with great loss. General McCulloch with the troops on the right made a brilliant charge on the left of the enemy and drove them, after a hard fight, back on the center, which had been forced to retire by General Price. The whole line of the enemy had given way, and the Confederates advanced their line over and beyond that held by the Federals since about 8:30 that morning. And soon the fact was discovered that the enemy was in retreat; in fact, but little more firing occurred.

During the engagement just described the artillery companies were not idle. The batteries of Latten and Du-Bois were actively engaged and rendered great assistance by opening on the Confederate advance as they charged the Federal lines. Guibor and Bledsoe were also conspicuous for the splendid manner in which their batteries were served. The section of Reed's battery that accompanied the Arkansas troops did gallant service against the Kansas and Iowa troops.

General McCulloch seeing the Federals driven from the field, held the battlefield until the enemy had retreated and then directed the troops to return to their camps, after which the necessary details were made for burying the dead and taking care of the wounded. Temporary hospitals were improvised by the medical staff, and those brave self-sacrificing men devoted their skill and science to the relief of the unfortunate wounded. Thus terminated the first battle of the Civil war of any importance in the West.

Many have wondered—and others criticised—General McCulloch for failing to push his success, as there is no doubt but had the enemy been pursued the whole army would have surrendered. Then why was it not done? For the best of all reasons—the Confederates were out of ammunition. The bullets they had moulded the evening before the battle had been expended in the fight, and there was no ordnance department to furnish a fresh supply. I have never

doubted for a moment that, had there been a supply of ammunition, General McCulloch would have captured the entire Federal army—not having it, he could not.

Some time during the hard fighting on the bloody hill, General Lyon, the commander of the Federal forces, was killed. It was believed he was shot by one of General Mc-Bride's men with a squirrel rifle, but that such was the case no one can tell. Colonel Mitchell of the Second Kansas told me, when I visited him in the hospital (courthouse) at Springfield, where he had been taken for treatment, that when the charge was made on their lines by the Confederates and they were driven back on their second line, that before they could extricate themselves, the Confederates pressed them so hard that the second line also broke, and that it was while attempting to rally these troops. General Lyon received the fatal shot: that he (Mitchell) assisted him from his horse and that he soon expired; and that in a few moments he received the wound in the thigh that disabled him from further service, and that the command was assumed by Major Sturgis, U. S. A., who at once ordered a retreat. But of this fact there is no question that a brave, capable and aggressive officer had fallen, one that possessed the entire confidence of the abolition party, and was in sentiment far in advance of that of the time. And there is no doubt that had he lived he would have held high command, as he had the military education and qualifications eminently fitting him for a great general. Backed as he was by those high in authority, whose entire confidence he enjoyed, would have enabled him to surpass all competitors for high command and distinction. But the great leveler, death, came, and ambition is laid low.

On the Confederate side was killed Colonel Weightman, commanding a Missouri brigade, a gallant, fearless and accomplished officer, whose service in the West had made him a popular and noted man. Also Colonel Ben Brown of Ray County, Missouri, Col. G. W. Allen of Saline County, Missouri, and Major Rogers of St. Louis, and some 150 noncommissioned officers and privates, belonging to the Missouri

State Guard, gave up their lives in this battle in defense of their homes.

In McCulloch's command were killed Captain McAlexander and Adjutant Harper, Lieutenants Dawson, Chambers and Johnson of Churchill's regiment, Captain Henson of the Third Louisiana regiment. And in General Pearce's command the following brave men were killed: Capt. Sam Bell, Captain Brown and Lieutenant Walton of Third Arkansas infantry, and Lieutenant Weaver, Woodruff's battery. Lieutenant Colonel Neill of the Fifth Arkansas infantry and Major Ward of the Third Arkansas infantry were mortally wounded; Captain Walker of Carroll's cavalry regiment dangerously wounded, and Captains Ramsem and Porter and Lieutenants Raney, Hardeth, King, Adams and McInn of Churchill's regiment were slightly wounded. Colonel McIntosh was hit by a grape shot, but not badly hurt, and Jud Cravens of Clarksville, Ark. (late M. C.) was wounded severely, having received four or five wounds. Southern loss, as ascertained from the official reports, was about 270 killed and about 950 wounded and 100 prisoners. The loss of the Federals was, as reported: Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, commanding; Captain Mason of Iowa; also wounded, General Sweeney, Colonel Mitchell, Second Kansas; Colonel Deitzler, First Kansas; Lieutenant Colonel Merritt, First Iowa: Lieutenant Colonel Andrews, First Missouri: Adjutant Waldron, First Iowa, and Captain Plummer United States regular infantry, and of the rank and file about 235 were killed, 750 wounded and 250 prisoners and missing. Colonel Churchill's Arkansas regiment sustained more losses than any other command in the battle, being 42 killed and 155 wounded out of about a total of 600 men.

McBride's Missouri brigade sustained a loss of twentytwo killed and 124 wounded; Weightmar's brigade, 35 killed and 110 wounded, and Cawthorn's (both belonging to Rain's division) brigade lost about 25 killed and 75 or 80 wounded. General Stark lost 40 killed and about 90 wounded.

Gratiot's Third Arkansas regiment lost, in the charge made by General Pearce against the Kansas and Iowa troops,

about 100 men killed and wounded in less than twenty-five minutes, out of a total of about 650 or 700 men.

The First Kansas (Federal) lost heavily, being 77 killed and 200 wounded and missing.

The First Missouri lost 76 killed and over 200 wounded and missing.

The First Iowa lost 13 killed and 136 wounded.

Captain Plummer's battalion lost 19 killed and over 50 wounded.

ARKANSAS AND THE JESUITS IN 1727—A TRANS-LATION.*†

(BY W. A. FALCONER.)

T.

LETTER FROM FATHER DU POISSON, MISSIONARY TO THE AKENSAS TO FATHER.....

Among the Akensas, October 9, 1727.

Are you curious, my dear friend, to learn something the least curious, and yet, something which costs most dear to learn by experience? Well, it is the mode of travel in the Mississippi region, a country, at the same time, so vaunted and so decried in France.

And would you like to hear about the people found there? Then, here goes and I ask no more than this: if the story of my journey bores you, charge it to the country; if it is too long, charge it to my desire to talk with you.

During our stay at New Orleans, we saw peace and good order re-established by the care and wisdom of the commanding general. There had been two parties among those who were at the head of affairs; one was called "The big band" and the other "The little band." This division has disappeared and in all quarters there is hope that the colony is more solidly established than ever. Be that as it may, we awaited every day the arrival of the pirogue which

^{*}The following letters were translated from a French work en-'titled, "Choix des Lettres Edifiantes, ecrites des Missions etrangeres," published by LaSociete Bibliographique—at Paris, in 1837. My translation is made from the sixth volume of the third edition. I have preserved the spelling of proper names as used in the text.

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carried Father Tartarin, Father Donutreleau, one of our monks, and the nuns. What hastened our departure was to spare the Reverend Father de Beaubois an increase of his embarrassments, altho it was the worst season for traveling on the Mississippi. Moreover this Father had on his hands Brother Simon, who, with some rowers (engages), had come down from the Illinois country (des Illinois) and who had been expecting us for three or four months. Simon is a gift from the Illinois Mission. Here they call "rowers" (engages) those who engage themselves to row in canoe or boat, and, we might add, to drive mad those who employ them.

Well, then, we embarked, May 25, 1727, Father Souel, Dumas and I, under charge of our good natured Simon. Father de Guienne and Le Petit intended, within a few days, to take another route; the former, as you know, among the Abbamons, and the latter among the Chasses.

Our baggage and that of our boatmen made a pile more than a foot above the sides of our canoes (pirogues). We were perched on a mass of bales and boxes, with no chance to change our positions. It was prophecied that we would not go far with this outfit. In ascending the Mississippi, it is necessary to go very slowly because the current is so strong.

Scarcely had we gotten out of sight of New Orleans, when an overhanging branch struck a chest, overturned it, threw a young man who was on board a somersault and gave Father Souel a severe blow. Fortunately it was broken in its first assault; otherwise both the box and the young man would have gone into the water. This accident decided us when we arrived at Chapitoulas (aux Chapitoulas), three leagues from New Orleans, to send a dispatch to Father de Beaubois and ask him for a larger canoe.

During this time we were in a known region. The barbarous name which it bears indicates that it was formerly inhabited by savages. Now the same name is given to five concession (land-grants) along the Mississippi. M. Dubreuil, formerly of Paris, received us at his estate. The next three belong to three brothers, Canadians, who came to this section, "with a staff in their hands and a girdle

about their loins," and who have prospered better than the concessionnaries from France, although the latter sent over millions of franc to found (fonder) their (grants) concessions, which are, indeed, now, for the most part, quite founded (fondues). The fifth belongs to Mr. de Koli, a Swiss, master (seigneur) of the estate of Livry, near Paris, one of the finest men one can find. He came over in the same vessel that we came on, to see for himself the condition of his concessions, for which he has fitted out ships and made infinite expenditures.

On each of these concessions there are at least 60 negroes. Maize, rice, indigo and tobacco are cultivated, and they are the crops which have succeeded best.

I speak of "concession" and I shall again have occasion to speak of it, as well as of "etablissement," settlement, and of "habitation," plantation. You probably do not know what it's all about; then have patience and read the explanation.

A concession is a certain tract of land conceded or granted by the Indies Company to an individual or to several persons who have formed a society to clear and improve this land. In the time of the greatest vogue of the Mississippi they were known as comtess or earldoms; hence the concessionnaires are the gentlemen of this country.

They are not people who intended to renounce France. They equipped vessels filled with managers, stewards, store-keepers, agents, workmen of various trades, provisions and supplies of all kinds. They busied themselves in penetrating the forests, in building cabins, in selecting fields and in burning the cane and trees.

These beginnings must have seemed quite arduous to persons ill-accustomed to such labors. The managers and their sub-alterns contented themselves for the most part in places where some Frenchmen were already established, and there they consumed their provisions; and scarcely was the work begun before it was ruined. The laborer, poorly paid or poorly fed, refused to work, or became his own paymaster—the stores became their prey. There you recognize the Frenchman. This is one of the reasons which kept

the country from being developed as it should have been, notwithstanding the prodigious expenditures which have been made for that purpose.

A habitation or plantation, is a smaller portion of land granted by the company. A man with his wife or a partner clears a little tract, builds a house on four piles and covers it with bark, and sows some maize or rice for his provisions. Another year he raises a larger crop and plants tobacco. If he reaches the point finally of owning two or three negroes, that's the end of his troubles.

That is what is known as a habitation or plantation, and a habitant is a planter. But alas! How many are mere beggars when they begin.

An *etablissement* or settlement is a district, or canton, where there are several plantations close together, forming a sort of village.

Besides the concessionnaires and planters there are in this country people who have no other business than to rove about:

- 1. Women or girls drawn from the workhouses of Paris, from la Salpetriere, or other places of like repute, who find that the marriage laws are too hard and the charge of housekeeping too troublesome. Voyages of 400 leagues do not alarm these heroines. I know already two of them whose adventures would furnish material for a romance.
- 2. Voyageurs: these are, for the most part, people sent for cause to the Mississippi country by their parents or by the legal authorities and who, finding that the land is too low to dig, prefer to engage themselves in rowing and in ferrying from one bank to the other.
- 3. Hunters of Chasseurs: these ascend the Mississippi at the close of summer, two or three hundred leagues, into the regions where there are buffaloes; they make "flat sides" (plats cotes), that is to say, they dry the flesh which is on the sides of the buffaloes and salt the rest; they make bear's oil also. They descend the river towards spring and supply the colony with meat. The country from the upper region to New Orleans makes this trade necessary,

They was not always away

because it is not sufficiently inhabited and cleared up to permit the raising of cattle. At 30 leagues from here buffaloes begin to be seen. They are in troops in the prairies and along the rivers. A Canadian last year, sent down to New Orleans 480 tongues of buffaloes which he and an associate had killed during the winter.

We left the Chapitoulas on the 29th. Although a larger boat had been sent us, and in spite of the different arrangement of our people, we had almost as much discomfort as before. We had only two leagues to make that day to sleep at the Burned Canes, at the house of M. de Benac, manager of the concession of M. d'Artagnan. He received us cordially, and regaled us with a Mississippi carp, which weighed 35 pounds. Burned Canes embraces two or three concessions along the Mississippi-it is a place much like the Chapitoulas. Its situation appeared to me even more beautiful. The next day we made six leagues; more than that is scarcely ever made in ascending the river. We slept. or, rather, we camped at the Germans (aux Allemands). This is the quarter assigned to the languishing remnant of that band of Germans who had perished of distress, either at Lorient, or on their arrival in Louisiana. Their plantations show great poverty. It is here really that one begins to learn what a voyage on the Mississippi means.

I will now give you some idea of it so as not to be obliged to constantly repeat the same thing.

We left at the time of high water. The river had risen more than 40 feet above its ordinary stage. Almost all the country is low ground. Thus we were exposed to the chance of finding no camping place (cabasnage), that is land on which to sleep and kindle a fire. When such a place is found, this is the way we sleep. If the ground is still muddy, as is the case when the waters begin to recede, a bed of leaves is made, so that the mattress will not sink in the mud. Next a skin or a mattress is spread and bedding, if there is any. Three or four canes are then bent in a half-circle and the two ends are stuck in the ground, which are separated from each other according to the length of

the mattress. On these canes three others are laid at right angles and upon this little edifice is spread the baire, that is, a great sheet or cloth, the ends of which are carefully tucked under the mattress. It is in these tombs, where the heat is stifling, that the traveler is obliged to sleep. first thing done after landing is to make the baire in all haste. The mosquitoes do not permit you to do otherwise. If one could sleep in the open air, he could enjoy the freshness of the night and would be only too happy. When a dry spot cannot be found there is even greater reason to complain. Then the boat is tied up to a tree. If a large drift is at hand, the kettle can be heated on it, and if none is found, it means sleeping without supper. More correctly one does not sleep, for he remains in the same situation as during the day, exposed all night to the fury of the mosquitoes. A drift is a mass of floating trees uprooted by the river and constantly driven on by the current until stopped by the roots of a tree still standing or by a point of land, when they accummulate, the one upon the other, they form enormous piles. Some of them can be seen which would furnish abundant fuel for your good city of Tours for three winters. These places are difficult and dangerous to pass. It is necessary to graze these drifts. for the current is rapid there and if it should push the canoe against these floating trees the canoe would immediately disappear and be engulfed in the waters under the drift.

Our voyage was in the season of the most intense heat, which increased each day. During our trip we had only one whole day of cloudy weather. A broiling sun constantly shone over our heads, with no means of constructing an awning above our canoes and thus obtain a little shade. Besides, the height of the trees and the denseness of the woods which border both banks of the river the whole way, do not permit the traveler to taste the slightest breath of air, although the river is a mile and a half in width. The air is felt only in the middle of the river which it is necessary to cross in taking the short cuts. We pumped water

through canes from the Mississippi to quench our thirst; although quite muddy, the water is not bad.

Another refreshment which we had was the grapes which hang from the trees almost everywhere and which we snatched off in passing or which we gathered when we landed. There are, in this country, or at least among the Akensas, two kinds of grapes, one of which ripens in the summer and the other in the autumn. They are of the same species. The berries are quite small and afford a juice that is quite thick. There is another species; the bunches have only three berries which are as large as Demascus plums. Our savages call them asi or contai; that is, grapes or muscadines.

Our provisions consisted of biscuits, bacon, salty, and quite rancid, rice, corn and pease. The biscuit failed us a little beyond Natchez. We had no more bacon after ten or twelve leagues from New Orleans. We lived on pease, and then on rice, which lasted until our arrival here. The seasoning consisted of salt, bear oil and a hearty appetite. The most common form of nourishment in this country, almost the only kind for many people and especially for the *voyageurs* is hominy (gru).

They crush the maize to remove the outer husk, and boil it a long time in water. The French sometimes season it with oil. That is hominy. The savages, after pounding the grain quite fine, cook it sometimes with suet, more often with water only and make a sort of mush. Moreover, the hominy takes the place of bread,—a spoonful of hominy and a piece of meat go very well together.

But the greatest annoyance, without which the rest would only be play, and surpasses belief, unless one has experienced it, is the mosquito,—the cruel persecution of the mosquito. The plague of Egypt was, I believe, not more cruel:

Dimittem in to et in servos tuos et in populum tuum et in domos tuas omne genus muscarum et impelebuntur domus Aegyptiorum diversi generis et universa terra in qua fuerint.

There are litle gnats, regular fire-brands, whose bite is so sharp or rather so burning that it seems as if a spark of fire has fallen on the spot which they have pricked. There are other insects like gnats, that are firebrands too. (brulots), but which are smaller. You hardly see them. They attack the eyes especially. Then there are wasps and there are horse-flies; in a word there is omne genus muscarum. But I should not speak of the others without mentioning the galli-nippers, or mosquitoes (maringouins). This little animal has caused more swearing since the French have been on the Mississippi than all the swearing up to that time in all the rest of the world! Be that as it may, a swarm of galli-nippers (mosquitoes) embarks with the traveler in the morning; when he passes across the sandbars or near the cane, (as is almost always the case), another swarm hurls itself with fury on the canoe and does not leave it. It is necessary to keep your handkerchief constantly flapping, and this scarcely troubles them, for they make a short flight and instantly return to the attack. Your arm tires sooner than they do. When you land for dinner, from ten o'clock to two or three o'clock, you have a whole army to fight. You make a (boucane), that is, a great fire, smothered with green leaves. You must get in the midst of the smoke to avoid the persecution. I do not know which is better, the remedy or the disease.

After dinner you would like to take a little nap at the foot of a tree, but that is absolutely impossible. The time for repose is passed in fighting mosquitoes. You re-embark with the mosquitoes; at sunset you land, then you must run and cut canes, wood and green leaves, to make the sleeping place, the fire and the smudge; it is every fellow for himself.

Then there is not merely one army, but several armies that must be fought. It is the inning of the mosquitoes; they eat you, they devour you; they get in your mouth, in your nostrils, in your ears; face, hands and body are covered with them. Their stingers pierce through your shirt and leave a red mark on the flesh, which swells up if you are not innoculated against their bites.

Chicagon, in order to convey to his people some idea of the multitude of Frenchmen that he had seen, told them that "There were as many of them in the big town (Paris) as there were leaves in the trees and mosquitoes in the woods."

After supping in haste, you are impatient to shut yourself up in your baire, though you know you will stifle there with the heat. With what address, with what subtilty you glide under this baire! A few mosquitoes always get in and one or two are enough to spoil a night's rest.

Such are the trials of a Mississippi voyage. How much the *voyageurs* suffer for a very modest gain!

There was in the canoe which went up the river with us, one of those heroines of whom I have spoken, who was on her way to join her hero. She did nothing but chatter, laugh and sing. If for a little temporal gain, if for crime even, one makes such a voyage, should men bent on the saving of souls fear it? But I return to my journal.

The 31st we made seven leagues; in the evening, no landing place; only water and biscuit for our supper; lying stretched out in the canoe, eaten by mosquitoes during the night. (It was Whitsunday eve, a fast day!)

June 1st we arrived at Oumas (Aux Oumas) at a French plantation, where we found enough land not inundated to enable us to camp there. We spent the next day on that place to give rest to our equipage.

Father Dumas and I embarked in the evening on a canoe, which was to make during the night the same distance that we would have made the next day, and thereby we avoided the intense heat.

June 3rd we arrived very early in the morning at Bayagoulas, (name of an extinct nation), at the house of M. du Buisson, manager of the Paris brothers' concession. We found beds of which we had almost forgotten the use. In the morning we secured the repose which the mosquitoes had denied us during the night.

M. du Buisson omitted nothing for our comfort. He regaled us with a wild turkey. They are altogether like our domestic turkeys, but of a better flavor.

The concession appeared to us well managed and in good condition. It would be still better if it had always had such a manager. Our people arrived in the evening and we left *Bayagoulas* the next day charmed with the good manners and graces of M. du Buisson.

Framboise (Rasberry), chief of the Sitimachas, who was a slave of M. de Bienville, came to see us and to invite us to dine at his house, which we expected to reach about noon. He had already given the same invitation when he went down to New Orleans with his tribe to chant the calumet for the new commandant. That gave occasion for the following adventure. The overflow had forced the Sitimachas to flee back into the woods. We fired a musket to announce our arrival. A musket-shot in the Mississippi woods is a clap of thunder. Immediately a little savage presented himself. We had a young fellow with us who knew the language and who spoke to him, and then told us that the little savage had been sent to guide us, and that the village was not far away. It needs be said that this young fellow was hungry and he saw very well that we could not make a camp on account of the waters. On the strength of his word, we got into an Indian canoe which was there. The child took the lead. We had scarce started when the water failed us; it was little more than mud. Our servants who assured us that it was only a step further, pushed the canoe forward with their arms; the hope of a feast with Framboise encouraged them; but finally we found nothing except fallen trees, mud and holes where the water soaked in.

The little savage left us there and disappeared in a moment. What a plight to be in these woods without a guide! Father Souel leaped into the water; we did likewise. It was something amusing to see us paddling about among the briars and bushes and up to our knees in water. Our greatest trouble was to draw our shoes out of the mud.

e and the second And the same of th Finally, much bespattered and very weary, we arrived at the village which was more than a half league from the river. Framboise was surprised at our arrival. He told us coldly that he had nothing for us. In this we recognized the savage. Our interpreter had deceived us, for Framboise had not sent to seek us; he did not expect us and had thought that he risked nothing in inviting us, being persuaded that the overflow would keep us from reaching him.

However, that may have been, we turned back quite quickly and without a guide. After wandering a little, we found the Indian canoe, got in it and regained our own as best we could. Those who had stayed, had much fun with our appearance, and our adventure. We never had laughed so much; in fact, it was the only time that we had laughed. There was no land on which to make a fire, as I have said, and it was necessary to content ourselves with biscuit.

In the evening we arrived above Manchat. The Manchat is a branch of the Mississippi, which empties into Lake Maurepas. No land, no camp-fire, no sleeping place and millions of mosquitoes during the night. No ta iterum; it was a fast day! The waters began to subside and this made us hope that we would longer have to sleep in the canoe.

The Sitimachas inhabited the lower part of the river in the beginning of the colony. They then killed M. de Saint-Come, a missionary. M. de Bienville, who commanded for the King, avenged his death.

The map of the Mississippi incorrectly locates the Sitimachas nation. That is not its only error.

After these little evidences of Mississippi erudition I will return to my trip. On the 4th we slept at Baton Rouge. This place is so called because at that place there is a tree painted red (un arbre rougi) by the savages, and which serves to mark the hunting limits (qui sert des bornes pour la chasse) of the nations who are above and below.

There we saw a French plantation, abandoned to the deer, rabbits, wildcats and bears, which had ravaged everything. Four of our people went hunting and returned next day with no game except an owl.

The 7th we dined at the concession of M. Mezieres. It had the appearance of just having been started. We found there a shanty, some negroes and a simple rustic, who treated us neither well nor ill.

In the evening we camped at Pointe-Coupee opposite the house of a settler, who greeted us kindly. Rain delayed us next day and allowed us to make only one league. This brought us to the home of another settler. His house, resting on four piles, protected us only moderately well from the frightful storm. What a need these good people have for consolation, both spiritual and temporal!

On the 9th scarcely were we embarked when an execrable odor came out of the woods. They told us that there was an animal in the woods called a polecat (bete puante), which scatters this bad odor wherever it goes. In the evening we camped at *Petits Tonicas*, in the canebrake. They fire this cane in the winter and cut it in the summer, in order to make their camps. The Indian village is on the bank, and is distant from the *Grands Tonicas* ten or twelve leagues by river. By land there is only one point or tongue separating the two villages.

Formerly a portage was made in going by land. They still call this cut off "The portage of the cross." The river has penetrated this point and covers it entirely during the high waters. We had next day to cross this place, a distance of two leagues, to avoid the ten leagues that we would have had to cover if we had continued our journey by the Mississippi. At Petits Tonicas, we got a savage to serve us as guide.

On the 10th, we therefore entered this forest, this sea, this torrent; for it is all that at the same time. The guide, whose language nobody understod, spoke to us in signs. One interpreted them one way, another, another; thus we proceeded at a venture. Nevertheless, when a person is entangled in these woods, he must go on or perish, for if he trusted himself to the current to carry him back, this swift flood would certainly cast his canoe against a tree, which would break it into a thousand pieces. But for that we

would have withdrawn from so dangerous an enterprise as soon as we had entered upon it.

It was necessary constantly to row the boat a zigzag course to keep it from being struck by the trees. times it would be wedged in between two trees which did not leave space enough for passing, contrary to the expectation of the man in charge. Now it was a torrent, whose entrance was almost closed by a drift, or merely by two trees of enormous length and thickness, and which being cross-wise of the current rendered it more impetuous; sometimes the entrance was entirely closed by a tree; then it was necessary to change the course in the chance of finding a like obstacle a moment later, or of striking shallow water, mud and briars; then it was necessary to shove the boat over by force of our arms. Often one of our men was obliged to throw himself into the water up to his neck and fasten the boat to a projecting tree so that if the current proved stronger than the force of the oars, and caused the boat to go backward, it would not be broken against a log.

Our boat ran the greatest risk. It began to fill in a current which was forcing it backward, and one moment we thought we would sink, but the force of the oars saved us, and by good luck, there was neither a drift nor a tree turned crosswise.

After having passed another which only left a passage way the width of the boat, our canoe remained for a moment immobile between the force of the current and that of the oars. We did not know whether it would advance or go back; in other words, we were then between life and death: for if the oar had given way to the force of the current, we would have been hurled against a large tree which lay almost entirely across the current. Our party who had gone on just ahead of us in the other boat, looked on in a sad and mournful silence and raised a great cry of joy when they saw us out of danger.

I would never finish, if I attempted to relate all the labours of this day. This passage is called "The passage of the cross." A traveler who knows what it is and yet at-

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tempts it, merits the madhouse (les Petites Maisons) if he escapes. By this cut-off we lessened our voyage only by one short day. The Lord saved our lives, and we came at length to the end of these two fatal leagues.

We arrived, then, at 4 or 5 o'clock, at Grands Tonicas. The chief of this nation came to the water's edge to receive us, to grasp our hands and embrace us. He had skins and a matting spread out before his hut, and invited us to sleep there. Then he presented us with a huge dish of blackberries and a basket of green beans. It was a real feast to us. The Passage of the Cross had not permitted us to stop for dinner. The chief had been baptized, and a number of his tribe, by Mr. Davion; but since the return of this missionary to France, where he retired soon after the arrival of the Capuchin Fathers in this country, he has little of Christianity except the name, a medallion and a string of beads. He speaks French a little. He asked after M. Davion. We told him that he was dead. He expressed regret and seemed to desire a missionary. He showed us a medallion of the King, which the commanding general had sent him in the name of his Majesty, with a writing which certifies that it is in acknowledgment of the attachment that he has always shown for the French, that this present was made to him.

There are some French among the Tonicas and they expressed great sorrow that they had no missionary. Father Dumas said mass the next day very early, in the house of the chief, and we were much edified that there were some Frenchmen to profit by this opportunity of coming to the Sacrament.

The 11th we passed the night, for the last time, in the canoe.

The 12th we camped at Ecors Blanes, and the 13th at Natchez. We immediately paid a visit to the Reverend Father Philbert, a Capuchin, who was cure there. He is a man of good sense, who was not frightened at seeing us, as his confreres had been at New Orleans. Moreover he is a man of integrity and very zealous. We then descended to the river bank to make camp.

The French settlement at Natchez is becoming important. They make tobacco there which is considered the best in the country. The location is quite elevated and from it you can see the Mississippi winding as if in an abyss. There is a countless number of hills and valleys. The land of the concessions is more level and more beautiful. excessive heat prevented us from going there as well as to the Indian village. The village is a league distant from the French. It is the only nation, or almost the only one, where is to be seen a sort of religion and government. They maintain a perpetual fire, and they know by tradition that if it goes out they must replenish it from the Tonicas. The chief has great authority over those of his nation and compels them to obey him. This is not so with most of the nations. They have chiefs who are so only in name; each one is master and yet one sees no sedition among them. When the chief of the Natchez dies, a certain number of men and women must be immolated to serve him in the other world. Several have already devoted themselves to death at the time when he shall come to die. On such occasions they are strangled. The French are doing what they can to prevent this barbarity, but they have great difficulty in saving anyone. They say that their ancestors crossed the seas to come to this country Some persons who know their history and usages better than I do, pretend that they have come from China. Be that as it may, the Tonicas and the Natchez are two great nations, each of which should have a missionary. The chief of the Tonicas is already a Christian, as I have told you. He has much influence over his people, and moreover, everyone admits that this nation is very well disposed towards Christianity. A missionary would find the same advantage among the Natchez, if he had the good fortune to convert the chief: but these two nations are in the territory of the Reverend Capuchin Fathers, who so far have learned no savage tongue.

We left Natchez on the 17th and we, Father Dumas and I, embarked on a boat which was leaving for the chase. Our men had not yet secured their provisions,—that is, had not

bought and ground their maize. Now sandbars began to appear; on them we found turtle-eggs, a new delicacy to us. These eggs are a little larger than pigeon eggs. They are found in the sandbars. The sun makes them hatch. The tracks that the turtles make lead to the discovery of the places where they have concealed their eggs,—of which quantities are found. From them omelettes are made which taste good to people who have been living on hominy. It is estimated that from New Orleans to the Natchez is about 100 leagues, and from the Natchez to the Yatous is 40; we made this second stage without other adventure, than that we were overtaken one night by a violent storm with lightning and thunder,—judge if one is well protected from the rain under a cloth.

The next day a savage, who went up with us, landed in order to go hunting. We continued our journey, but we had not made half a league, when he appeared on the bank with a deer on his shoulders. We camped at the first sandbar to dry our clothes and to make a big campfire. The repasts that they have after the hunt are quite after the Indian mode. Nothing can be more pleasant. The animal is in pieces in a moment; nothing is lost.

Our *voyageurs* draw from the fire, or from the kettle, each one according to his fancy; their fingers and some little sticks serve them in the place of every kind of kitchen and table utensils. To see them covered only with a breechclout, and more sunburned and discolored by smoke than the Indians, extended on the sand or squatting like apes, devouring what they have in their hands, you would not know but what it was a band of Gypsies, or people making a witches revel.

On the 23rd we reached the Yatous (Yazoo). This is a French post, two leagues from the mouth of the river of the same name, which flows into the Mississippi. There are an officer, called a commandant, about a dozen soldiers and three or four settlers. In this place was M. Le Blanc's concession which has gone to decay like many others. The land is elevated with hills and not very open. It is said

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that the air there is unhealthy. The commandant, on our arrival, fired off all the artillery of the fort, which consisted of two pieces of very small cannon. The fort is a miserable affair where the commandant lodges, surrounded by a palisade, but well defended by the situation of the place. The commandant received us in his home with much graciousness. We camped in his court yard.

Our two canoes, one of which bore Father Souel, missionary to the Yatous, arrived two days after we did. The fort gave him the same honors which it had given us.

This dear father had been dangerously ill during the trip from the Natchez. At Yatous he began to recover. He has written me since my arrival here that he had again been taken sick, but that he was convalescing when he wrote.

During our stay at Yatous he bought a house, or rather a cabin, while waiting to complete his arrangements for locating among the savages who are a league distant from the French post.

There are here three villages which speak three different tongues and which compose a rather small nation. I know nothing else about them.

On the 26th Father Dumas and I re-embarked. From the Yatous to the Arkansas it is counted 60 leagues. We arrived there July 7th, without any other adventure than that we once had a feast (chaudiere haute) of a bear which one of our men killed in a hunt.

The villages of the Akensas are badly located on the map. The river at its mouth makes a fork. Into the upper branch flows a river which the savages call Niska, Eau Blanche, White Water, which is not marked on the map, altho it is a considerable stream. We entered by the lower branch. From the mouth of this branch to the place where the river divides is seven leagues; from where it is two leagues to the first village which contains two tribes, the Tourimas and the Tougin gas. From this first village to the second it is two leagues by water and one by land. It is called the village of the Southouis.

The third village is a little higher up on the same side of the river: here are the Kappas (Quapaws); on the other side and opposite this last village are the French settlements.

The three Indian villages which embrace four tribes, bearing different names, form only one nation under the common name of the Akensas which name the French have also given to the river, altho the Indians call it $Ni\ Gitai$, Eau Rouge, or Red Water. They speak the same tongue and are in all about 1200 souls. We were but a little way from these villages when a band of young Indians, having seen us, raised a great shout and ran to the village.

A French pirogue, which had preceded us by a day, had notified them of our coming. We found the whole village assembled at the landing. As soon as we had landed, an Indian inquired of one of our men whom he knew and who understood the language, "How many moons will the black chief remain among us?"

"Always," replied the Frenchman.

"You lie," said the Indian.

The Frenchman answered:

"No, there will always be with you, men to teach you to know the Great Spirit, just as among the Illinois."

The savages believed him then, and said:

"My heart laughs when you say that."

I had this same Frenchman conduct me to the village of the Southouis, by land. Before arriving there, we found the chief under his *antichon* (this is the name which the French give to a sort of arbor, open on all sides, and where the chief goes to enjoy the cool air).

He invited me to sit down on a mat, and presented me with some hominy (sagamite). He spoke a word to his little son who was there. He immediately gave a savage yell, and cried with all his might: "Panianga sa, panianga sa, the black chief, the black chief." In an instant the whole village surrounded the tent. I had someone explain to them with what purpose I was there. I heard on all sides only the word, "igaton." My interpreter told me that it meant, "That's good."

The whole assembly conducted me to the water, giving great yells. An Indian made us cross the river in his canoe and after walking an eighth of a league, we arrived at the French settlements. I lodged in the Indian Company's house, which is also that of the commandants when there are any here, and I felt a great joy in being at the end of the 200 leagues which I had had to travel. I would rather make twice the voyage that we made across the sea in the same season than to go over the one I have just had.

Father Dumas was only at the half-way point of his journey to the Illinois. He re-embarked the day after his arrival.

There is not a settlement to be found between here and the Illinois; but one scarcely ever fails to kill some buffaloes which accommodate people very well who have nothing but hominy (gru) on which to live.

Adieu, etc.

II.

LETTER OF FATHER DU POISSON, MISSIONARY TO THE AKENSAS, TO FATHER PATOUILET.

(Written from the Akensas country, probably about December, 1727.)

Reverend Father:

Accept the compliments of a poor Mississippian who esteems you, and, if you will pardon his saying so, who loves you as much as the best of your friends.

The distance between the places where Providence has placed us both will never weaken my affection for you, nor lessen the gratitude I feel for the friendship which you saw fit to have for me when we lived together.

The favor that I beg of you henceforth is to think of me a little, to pray to God for me and to give me from time to time some precious news of yourself.

I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with the country and the morals and manners of the savages to give you an account of them; I will simply say that the Mississippi pre-

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sents to the traveler nothing beautiful or rare except itself. Nothing spoils it except the continual forest on its banks and the frightful solitude which oppresses the traveler during the entire voyage.

Having nothing curious, therefore, to relate to you of this country, permit me to entertain you with an account of what has happened to me since I have been at the post to which Providence has destined me.

Two days after my arrival the village of the Southouis sent two savages to me to ask if I would permit them to come to sing the *Calumet* in full regalia,—that is, with all the body painted in different colors, wearing tails of wildcats at the places where artists paint wings in the pictures of Mercury, carrying the Calumet, or pipe of peace in their hands, and with their bodies ornamented with rattles which announced their arrival from afar.

I replied that I was not like the French chiefs who command warriors and who come with stores from which to make them presents; that I had merely come to teach them to know the Great Spirit, whom they did not know and that I had brought only the things necessary for this purpose; that, however, I would accept their calumet on the day when some canoe of mine should come up the river. This was equivalent to putting them off until the Greek calends.

They rubbed the calumet over my face and turned away to carry my response. Two days later the chief came to make the same request, adding that it was without any design, that they wished to dance the calumet before me. "Without design" means with them that they make a present without any view of its being repaid. I had been warned on that score. I knew that the hope of booty (butin) rendered them quite eager and that when the Indian gives even "without design" it is necessary to pay him double or he becomes discontented. Hence I made the same response to the chiefs that I had made to their envoys. Finally they returned once more to the charge to ask if I would at least allow their young people to come and dance at my house, "without design," the dance of the discovery (la decoubierte),—(that is what they do when sent out to locate the

enemy). I replied that I would not be averse to it, that their young people could come and dance and I would watch them with pleasure. The whole village except the women, came the next morning at daylight. There was nothing but dancing, singing and harangueing until noon. Their dances, as you may imagine, are rather bizarre. The exactitude with which they keep time is as surprising as the contortions and the effort they make. I saw very plainly that it would not do to send them away without making them a feast. So I borrowed from a Frenchman a kettle which is similar to those they have in the kitchen at the Invalides.

I gave them meal without stint. Everything passed off without confusion. Two of them assumed the office of cooks, divided the portions with the most exact equality and distributed them in the same way. The only exclamation heard was the usual one, "Ho," which each one uttered when given something to eat.

Never have I seen people eat with less grace and greater appetite. They went away quite contented, but soon one of the chiefs spoke to me again of receiving their calumet. I answered them as I had done before. Moreover, it is quite expensive to receive their calumet. In the beginning when it was necessary to humor them, the managers of M. Laws' concession and the commandants, who received their calumet, made them many presents. These savages here believed that I was going to re-establish the former fashion; but if I were able to do so, I would be sure not to, because there would be danger that in the end they would hear me speak of religion only from interest. And it is known from experience that the more you give the Indians the less reason you have to be pleased with them, and that gratitude is a virtue of which they have no conception.

I have not so far, had the time to apply myself to their language. But, since they pay me frequent visits I question them. "Talonjajai?" "What do you call that?" I know enough of it to make myself understood in the most ordinary things. There is no Frenchman here who knows it thoroughly. They have only learned it superficially and

only what is necessary to know in trading. I already know as much about it as they do.

I foresee that it will be very hard for me to learn it so as to speak of religion to these savages. I have reason to think that they are persuaded that I know their tongue perfectly. A Frenchman was speaking of me to one of them, when the Indian said:

"I know that he is a great spirit, because he knows everything."

You see that they do me infinitely more honor than I deserve. Another one delivered me a long harangue, of which I only understood the words: "Indatai," "my father;" "uygihguai," "my son." I replied quite at random, when I saw that he questioned me; "Ai," "Yes;" "igalon," "that is good."

Then he passed his hand over my face and shoulders and did the same with himself. After all these motions he went away looking quite well pleased. Another came some days later for the same ceremony. As soon as I learned of his coming I sent for a Frenchman and asked him to explain to me what I should say, without it appearing that he was acting as my interpreter. I was anxious to know whether I had made a mistake in my answer to the other one. He asked if I would consent to adopt him as my son. He said that whenever he returned from the chase, he would, "without design," throw his game at my feet; that I need not ask as the other Frenchman did, "for what are you hungry?" that is, "what do you want me to give you?" but that I should make him sit down and feed him as if he were my own son and that when he returned the second time. I could say:

"Be seated my son; now, come, here is some paint and some powder."

You see the genius of the savage. He wanted to appear generous in giving "without design" and yet did not want to lose anything by it.

I replied to his discourse: "Igaton the'," "very good," or "I consent," after which he passed his hand over me as the other one had done.

The second secon The second secon Here is another incident which shows how generous they are. Day before yesterday I received a visit from a chief. I gave him a pipe and tobacco,—to fail in that would be to be wanting in courtesy. A moment later he took a painted deer skin which he had left in the hall of my house and put it over my shoulders. That is their custom when they give presents like that. I asked a Frenchman to inquire of him what he wished me to give him.

"I have given without design," he said. "Do you think I would barter with my father?"

However, a few moments later, he said to the same Frenchman that his wife had no salt, and his son no powder. His object was just that,—The Indian gives nothing for nothing and you must observe the same maxim in dealing with him, unless you would invite his contempt.

A painted, or matachee, skin is one painted by the Indians in different colors and on which they paint pipes, birds and animals. Those of the deer serve as table covers and those of the buffaloes make bed coverings.

The French settlement among the Akensas would be considerable if M. Law's credit had held out four or five years. His grant or concession, was here in a boundless prairie, the entrance to which is two gun shots from my house. The Indian Company had made him a grant in the form of a square, and it is about 100 leagues around it, I think.

His plan was to build a city there, establish manufactures, have a quantity of vassals and troops; in fine, to make a duchy of it. He began to work just before his downfall. The effects that he sent into this country amounted to more than a million and a half francs. There were among other things superb equipments sufficient for two hundred cavalrymen. He had also bought 300 negroes. The French engaged for this grant were people of all sorts of trades. The managers and subalterns, with 100 men, came up the river in fine boats, to start the enterprise. They planned to provide supplies for those whom they had left below on the river. The chaplain died on the way and was buried on a sandbar in the Mississippi. Twelve thousand Germans

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were engaged for this concession. That was not a bad start for the first year; but M. Laws was disgraced. Of three or four thousand Germans who had already left their country, a great part died at Lorient, almost all upon landing in the country; and others were countermanded. The Indian Company took over the grant and soon after abandoned it and everything went helter-skelter. About 300 Frenchmen remained. The fine character of the soil and climate alone kept them, for they have received no outside aid.

My arrival gave them pleasure, for they thought this meant that the Indian Company did not intend to abandon this section, as they first believed, since a missionary had been sent there.

I could not tell you with what joy these good people received me. I have found them in great need of everything. This misfortune, with the excessive and unusual heat which they have had this year, has put everybody on the sick list.

The few remedies which I brought with me have been a great aid to them. The time which I have had to give to the sick has not prevented me from giving each Sunday and each feast-day, an exhortation during mass, and an address of instruction after vespers. I have had the consolation of seeing that the greater part of them have profited by it, and have come to the Sacrament and that the rest are disposed to profit by it.

It is indeed a reward for the greatest labors, if they are followed by the conversion of even one sinner.

The fatigue of the sea and of the Mississippi, which are still greater, and the change of food and of climate and of everything, have in no way altered my health. I am the only one of the French who has been preserved from sickness since I came here. Yet they used to complain of the pallor of my complexion before I left France. One could not complain, for the opposite reason, of Father Souel, who has already been sick three times since he has been in this country.

Pray God that He gives me grace to consecrate what strength I have to the conversion of the savages. Judging

January Market State of the Control the second terms of the second second from a human standpoint, there is little good to be done among them, at least, in the beginning, but I hope for everything by the grace of God.

I have the honor to be, respectfully.

III.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF FATHER LEPETIT TO FATHER D'AVAGOUR.

New Orleans, July 12, 1730.

Reverend Father:-

(P. 296)* * After having given you some idea of the customs and genius of the Natchez, I will now give you an account of their perfidy and treason. It was on the 2nd of December, 1729, that we learned that they had surprised the French and had almost annihilated them. The sad news was brought by one of the settlers who had escaped their fury and it was confirmed on succeeding days by other French fugitives. * * *

The alarm and consternation at New Orleans were general. Altho the carnage occurred more than 100 leagues from here, you would have said that it had happened under our very eyes.

Each mourned the loss of a relative, friend or property, and all feared for their lives for there was ground for believing that the conspiracy of the Indians was universal.

This unexpected massacre began on Monday, October 28, 1729, toward 9 o'clock in the morning * * *

Father du Poisson had just come to perform the burial service of his companion, Brother Crucy, who died suddenly from sun-stroke. He had gone to consult M. Perrier and take measures with him necessary for bringing the Akensas down the river for the accommodation of travelers.

He reached the Natchez November 26th, just two days before the massacre. The next day, which was the first Sunday in Advent, he said mass in the parish and preached in the absence of the curate. He intended to return in the

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afternoon to the Akensas, but he was delayed by some sick people to whom he had to administer the Sacrament. Monday, he had just said mass, and was carrying the holy viaticum to one of the sick, who had confessed the evening before, when the slaughter began.

The chief, Big Leg, caught him around the waist, threw him to the ground and cut off his head with the strokes of a tomahawk. As he fell the priest said only, "Oh! my God, Oh! my God!"

M. Du Codere drew a sword to defend him when he was himself killed by a gun-shot fired by another Indian whom he did not see. * * *

The Illinois, (who remained faithful to the French), left on June 1st, to join the Akensas and fall upon the Yazous and the Carroys. The latter were in retreat intending to retire among the Tchikachas where they were carrying the French scalps which they had taken. But they were surprised on the way by the Tchatchoumas and by some Tchactas who took from them 18 scalps and recovered the French women and their children.

À little later they were again attacked by a band of Akensas who took four of their scalps and made several women prisoners. These good savages, on their return, met two canoes of French hunters, whom they robbed, after their custom, from their heads to their feet, as they wept over the death of the French and of their Father in Jesus Christ.

They swore that while there was an Akensas (un Akensas in the world, the Natchez and the Yazous would not be without an enemy. They showed a bell and some books which they were carrying, they said, for the first "black chief" who comes to their village. That was all that they found in Father Souel's cabin.

The faithful Akensas mourn every day in their village for the death of Father du Poisson. They beg with great insistence for another missionary. We cannot refuse to grant this request of a nation so amiable and at all times so devoted to the French. The second secon

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* * * There is nothing to fear at New Orleans.

* * * As for the missionaries, they are very tranquil.

The perils to which they are exposed, seem to increase their joy and reanimate their zeal. Remember them and me in your holy sacrifices, in whose union I am with respect, etc.

IV.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF FATHER VIVIER TO FATHER.............
In the Illinois Country. November 17, 1750.

(P. 326) * * *

One hundred leagues above the Natchez, (a nation now destroyed), are the Akensas, an Indian nation of about 400 warriors. We have near them a fort with a commissary to furnish supplies to those who go up to the Illinois country. There are several settlers, but in May, 1648, the †Chicachots, our irreconcilable enemies, seconded by some other barbarians suddenly attacked this post, killed several people, and took away 13 in captivity. The rest fled to the fort in which there were then only about a dozen soldiers. They acted as if they wished to attack, but scarcely had they lost two men, when they beat a retreat.

[†]Chicasaws.

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MICHAEL SHELBY KENNARD.

(BY GEORGE P. KENNARD.)

Michael Shelby Kennard, son of G. W. and Eliza Hobson Kennard, was born February 12, 1833, at Gaston, Sumter County, Alabama, and attended school at that place until his fifteenth year. He then entered the University of Alabama, where he graduated with honors in July, 1852. On the 16th of September of the same year he was married to Mary Saunders, at Saunderville, Sumner County, Tennessee. Nine children blessed this union. In the spring of 1853 he taught a select school in the parish of West Feliciana, Louisiana, at the same time employing his leisure hours in the study of law. Removing to Batesville, Ark., in July, 1854, he was there admitted to the bar, and successfully practiced his profession until the beginning of the Civil War. also, he entered the field of journalism by establishing "The Independent Balance," a paper devoted to the interests of his town and county; and so ably did he conduct the editorial department of his paper that it soon found place in the front rank among Arkansas newspapers of that day. With characteristic determination to excel in this as in every undertaking, he soon had one of the best equipped printing offices in the State, and was prospering, both as lawyer and editor, when the war came to blight his prospects. In 1860 he was sent as a delegate to the Bell and Everett convention, Baltimore, Md., and afterwards as a delegate to the constitutional convention at Little Rock that passed the ordinance of secession. On his return to Batesville, he joined Colonel Sweet's Texas regiment; was captured, with his whole command, at Arkansas Post, and sent to Gratiot prison, St. Louis, Mo. After being kept there for three months, he was sent to Alton, Ill., where he remained for nine months, until released through the efforts of his brother-in-law, Col. Rolfe S. Saunders, a warm personal friend of Mrs. Abraham Lin-

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coln. While in the army he received a wound in the head from which he suffered headaches in later life.

With this brief summary of the principal events in his early life, I have given the reader an introduction to the man whose work as an educator deserves larger mention than one can give it in a short journalistic sketch. The life of M. Shelby Kennard during the thirty-six years from the end of the Civil War until his death in 1901 was rich in materials that would grace the pen of the most skillful biographer.

One of his first acts at the close of the war, which I mention because it strikingly reveals the virtuous magnanimity of his soul, was to destroy accounts which he held against his fellow-citizens to the amount of several thousand dollars. Although these accounts were just, and legally collectible, his sympathy for his debtors, who, like himself, had suffered the losses incident to those four terrible years of strife, prompted him to generously release them from all previously incurred obligations to him. He did not, however, demand like treatment from his creditors; and, though some of them relentlessly pushed their claims against him, he would not take cover from their ungenerous exactions under the bankrupt law; but, preferring poverty with unstained honor to material comforts enjoyed at the expense of self-respect, sold his home in order to pay his debts.

Though now at the bottom of the ladder of fortune (financially speaking), the reputation that he had already won, both as a lawyer and as an editor, predicted for him a future of brilliant success, had he chosen to continue in either of these vocations. Neither of them, however, was to his liking. God had ordained him for a higher calling. He was born to be a teacher, and now entered upon the lifework for which he was peculiarly fitted, both by natural endowment and education. His transient labors in other fields were divergences from the path prescribed for him by Providence, whose kindly hand now led him back into the way from which a youthful ambition had for a short time lured him.

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Under the influence of a godly father, who was a Baptist minister, he had early been led to faith in Christ. From that time to the end of his life he was a devout and consistent Christian of the Baptist persuasion. While pursuing his studies in the University of Alabama, he was impressed with the belief that God had called him to the Gospel ministry, and in letters to his fiancee expressed his intention to make this his life-work. So tenacious was this impression that it led him, even in advanced age, to accept from his church a license to preach, though he was never ordained to the full work of the ministry. His mind seemed never to be entirely relieved of this obligation, however, until he had the pleasure of seeing one of his sons, the writer of this sketch, ordained to the Baptist ministry. It was this ineradicable conviction that God had called him to devote his life to the service of others that led him to enter upon his life-work as a teacher; and no one fully acquainted with the man, and thoroughly apprised of his success in his chosen field of labor, could doubt the wisdom of his choice. His teaching was preaching, most fruitful of results, because his auditors were the young, whose minds were as clay in the potter's hands. He held before them the beautiful ideal of a blameless life, and exemplified it by his own. He kindled in their minds the fire of a holy ambition, and taught them to detest an ugly act or an impure thought. Each daily session of his school was opened with the reading of God's word and prayer; and in those chapel exercises I have frequently heard him lecture his pupils with tearful emotion. No one could come under his influence without receiving an inspiration to strive for the loftiest and best in being and conduct.

In addition to the moral influence of his life and teaching upon his pupils, he possessed superlative skill as an instructor. With a mind clear, penetrating, sharply analytical, and disciplined to rigid accuracy by its love of truth, he quickly perceived the source of the pupil's confusion, wisely guided him out of his perplexity, and insisted upon his clear solution of every difficulty and complete mastery of every problem. His motto in teaching was, "Thorough-

ness first; then progress." He insisted upon accuracy in details. Every sentence that came from his own lips or pen was ready, without change, for the printer's page. He was not guilty of such a fault as a misspelled or mispronounced word, or a mispunctuated sentence, and he taught his pupils to aspire to the same degree of accuracy. He believed that education consists in having the mind well disciplined and prepared to grapple with life's problems, rather than in having it crammed with a confused mass of useless knowledge; and it was his conviction that this task is best accomplished by the thorough mastery of a few subjects, rather than by an attempted acquaintance with many.

A few general statements may serve to set his moral character before the reader in clearer light. Never was a soul less sordid; he was absolutely free from the love of money. He taught out of pure love for his profession-a love arising from his love to God and to his fellow men. He found the greatest pleasure in assisting young men and young women to obtain a liberal education; and, to this day, there are many of these that gratefully remember the help he gave them. No impure word was ever heard from his lips by any member of his family, nor, I am sure, by any one else. He was disgusted with anything that bore the slightest resemblance to vulgarity or obscenity. He was scrupulously honest in all his dealings with his fellow men, and conscientiously truthful. In this respect, his life fulfilled the description in the fifteenth Psalm of the man that shall dwell in God's holy hill: "He that * * * speaketh truth in his heart: * * * he that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." Though not lacking in self-respect and consciousness of his own ability, he was retiring and modest, and never sought to push himself into such prominence as his most intimate and appreciative friends thought he deserved. Though amply qualified for any office within the gift of the people, only once could he be induced to seek a prominent office—that which he was best of all qualified to fill—the State superintendency of public instruction. His failure to secure the office resulted from political wire-pulling, in which he would not participate to avoid defeat.

The limits of this sketch forbid more than the briefest mention of further events in Mr. Kennard's history. Nor is it necessary to expatiate upon any of these where one is not attempting to write a complete biography. After teaching two or three years at Batesville, he was induced by friends that knew his worth to move to the adjoining county of Izard, where he founded LaCrosse Academy. Three years thereafter, in the year 1870, the citizens of Warren, Bradley county, in the southern part of the State, having learned of his ability and success as a teacher through one of his former patrons, addressed to him an urgent petition to become the principal of the Warren Academy, offering to guarantee him a salary of \$1,500 and to make him a deed to their entire school property. In response to their invitation he moved to Warren, but generously refused to accept either the guarantee of salary or the deed to the property. After six wellspent years in Warren, he returned to LaCrosse in 1876. This move of two hundred miles was made in wagons, sent by his LaCrosse friends, whose desire to have him return caused them to offer this free transportation for his family and household goods. For eight years, LaCrosse Collegiate Institute, as it was then known, flourished under his management; and here he would probably have spent his remaining years but for one of those terrific disasters that are frequently wrought by nature's violent forces. In the year 1884 a cyclone wrecked the school building and practically destroyed the whole village. The people of the community, impoverished by their own losses, could only replace the wrecked building by a smaller and cheaper one. The village never recovered from the ravages of the storm. Mr. Kennard soon found it necessary to go elsewhere for a support for his family. He afterwards taught at Smithfield. Evening Shade and Newport. He later was elected professor of Greek, Latin and mathematics in Mountain Home Baptist College, where he remained five years. During part of the time he held the office of president of that institution. Returning again to LaCrosse, he labored for three years under the strain of declining health, caused by some disorder of the stomach. Closing his last session in March, he set

out for Heber Springs, hoping to obtain relief from those waters; but, reaching Batesville on his way thither, he was compelled by failing strength to stop at the home of some friends there, where, after a month of suffering, he died in the spring of 1901, surrounded by his wife and children, who had gathered to his bedside to witness the end of his virtuous career. His last words, spoken in a whisper to his wife, were these: "I am trusting in the blood of the everlasting covenant of our great God and Savior, Jesus Christ."

In the beautiful cemetery at Batesville, his first Arkansas home, not far from the river, whose flow is ceaseless as the tide of years, his body rests, awaiting resurrection at the trump of God; but in the "beautiful isle of somewhere" his spirit exults in a beatific vision of Christ, and his memory here is cherished by many to whom his life was a benediction. As a token of their affection, his pupils have adorned his grave with a modest monument—the only kind that would have suited—and on it are engraved his last words. Not less than three thousand young men and young women of Arkansas were trained for life by his teaching, and from him caught a glimpse of that better life that awaits the faithful "beyond this bourn of time and place;" and all of them that may chance to read these lines will join with the writer in this estimate of his character:

"His life was gentle, and the elements So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

The following is a letter of appreciation written June 26, 1916, by one of Professor Kennard's former students, William T. Hopper, who at the time of writing it was treasurer of the Home Savings Bank of Los Angeles, Cal.:

"I am just in receipt of your letter in reference to Professor Kennard, and beg to say: Having studied four years under him in Mountain Home Baptist College, from which institution I graduated in 1895, and having been intimately associated with him in institutes and normals, I am convinced that he was truly one of the strong men of the Nation. Had he had the disposition to put himself forward he

could no doubt have held any position of public trust with distinction and honor, but he preferred the modest but more important work of training the youth of the country, who idolized him in life.

"One of his pet sayings was this: 'No one knows anything well until he is able to explain it to others,' and he continuously drilled that into his pupils. When we would say we knew, but could not explain, he invariably said we did not know until we could explain. Once when I was examiner of Baxter County, and was holding an institute, I said that no one could teach in the schools of Baxter County who in any way used intoxicating liquor. Professor Kennard at once took up the thought and said with emphasis that these words should be written in gold and placed in every schoolhouse in the county."

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EARLY DAYS OF CAMDEN.

(BY MRS. A. A. TUFTS.)

The story of the early days of Camden has been told more than once in the columns of our newspapers, and from these accounts I have gleaned a few of the main facts. For the rest I will simply recall some facts as related by my father and mother, who settled here in 1844. It was then called Ecore Fabre. They came from Gainesville, Ala., stopping at Helena eight months, before finally deciding upon this point. I remember a certain old oak center table which for many years was the prominent feature in our living room, and one day I crawled under it and saw the words "Ecore Fabre" in large black letters. This was part of the shipping address, and I, who was born some years after the name of Camden was adopted, had to ask what Ecore Fabre meant. I was told then the story of the first white man who ever lived here. He was a French trapper, who must have been a man of fine judgment, as he chose to tie up his skiff and pitch his tent on the bluffs of the Ouachita at this point. hence the name "Fabre's Bluff." It was near the close of the year 1844 that some of our citizens began to agitate the subject of a change of name, and conflicting reports have been made as to why the name of Camden was chosen. Among these reports the most plausible seems to be that Gen. Thomas Woodward selected Camden, in honor of his native town of that name in Alabama. At this time residences were of the most primitive style, built of logs, on the plan known as that of "two pens and a passage." younger members of the family were usually assigned sleeping quarters in the loft. I remember hearing my mother tell of her embarrassment once, while my father was entertaining some distinguished guests, when one of the boys, becoming a little frightened at some unusual noise outside, came crawling down the narrow, steep stairway very thinly clad; and, as he was coming backwards, did not realize the pres-

PARK BAYES OF COURTS.

THE R. P. LEWIS CO., LANSING MICH.

ence of the guests. The first church in Camden was built by the Methodists in 1844. Before that time religious services had been held in a private house. The church was a modest wooden building forty feet square on the same lot where the handsome brick church now stands. The laying of this cornerstone was a great event. The Blue Lodge took an important part in the ceremonies, and the "Heroines of Jericko" and "Good Samaritans" marched bravely in the ranks. They were all there, even to Mrs. Peter Pope, who had told her husband on the night of her initiation that if she saw or heard anything "contrary to the word of God," right then and there she was going to turn back. Dear sainted souls! Any of them would have died a martyr's death rather than be untrue to their ideals! My father used to tell us of one day during the Sunday service, in this old church, when a boy slipped in and quietly passed the word along to the men and boys that a wild cat had been sighted in the ravine which divided the town north and south. A good brother was making a long prayer, and when he uttered the final amen and rose from his knees, every male member of the congregation had disappeared. Before the close of the sermon which followed they all came trooping by, with dogs in hot pursuit of the wild cat. Our men would never leave "an ox in the ditch" nor a wild cat in the ravine, even on Sunday. Ezra Hill was the first merchant in Camden. He was a wealthy and influential man, and his daughter, Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Vaughan, was a prominent figure in social life. Her name is preserved by our little Miss Elizabeth Vaughan Holmes, her great-great-granddaughter. Of all the names which have lingered in the memory of the old settlers none possess so much interest as that of Berenice Woodward, whose charming personality and early pathetic death enshrined her in all hearts.

General Woodward's residence was the first frame house built in Camden. My father, Judge Scott, was the first lawyer, and had an office in a small log cabin near the residence of Mr. W. W. Brown. There was a gruesome story of the first hanging. A white man named Dowdy killed an Indian on the main street of the town, under cir-

The second of th COLUMN THE PARTY AND THE PARTY AND PARTY. cumstances which resulted in a speedy sentence. There was no need for setting a death watch, the Indians attended to that. They spent their time watching him stealthily through the cracks of the log jail, and at meal times especially would jeer at him and make remarks such as, "Eat heap, Dowdy—get fat—hang nex' week." He was hung in due time, and one of my brothers, now a Confederate veteran, fainted at the sight, and as he tumbled down from the lofty perch he had selected for a good view, it happened to be my father who rescued him. The surprise was mutual, as father had strictly forbidden the boy attending the hanging and had remarked that he was only going out for "a little drive," in hunter's parlance—mother saw to it that day that my brother escaped his usual punishment for disobedience.

Hiram Smith was the first postmaster, and letters were expensive luxuries, with postage at twenty-three cents. Rowland B. Smith was the first boy born in Camden. Certain newspaper writers have tried to prove that he was not, but if there is a discrepancy of about ten miles involved there will be no trouble about that, as Camden will undoubtedly reach that limit before long. Historians may destroy some of our most cherished ideals. They are welcome to the cherry tree and the hatchet; they may even lay violent hands on that other member of the Smith family, Captain John, of Jamestown, and his dusky charmer, but we refuse to part with our first "boy baby," as he was called.

Our first livery stable was owned by a man who rejoiced in the name of Napoleon Bonaparte Sullins, but was some times called "Dick" for short. The first tombstone brought to Camden was to mark the resting place of Thomas Stone. This stone was an object of the most intense interest to all the surrounding country, and was one of the sights to be enjoyed by visitors. Berenice Woodward had the first piano, and it was not uncommon for Indians to slip up near the house to peep curiously through the window and listen, with great wonderment, to her playing. The first tailor in Camden was John Works, a diminutive specimen of mankind, who was the wonder of all the small boys of the town. Blood-curdling stories were told of his previous life; he had

surely been a pirate, or at the very best an absconding husband and father. The most generally accepted thing was that he had been a soldier in the Texan war and an active participant in the battle of San Jacinto; and afterwards a noted gambler and horse-racer—always a brave fighter, who carried a bowie knife stuck down the back of his neck. From the day he appeared in Camden he led a singularly quiet life, was a consistent Methodist, and when he died many years ago left his little fortune to missionary work. Doctor Ponder was the first physician. Previous to his arrival it was necessary to send to Washington, some fifty miles away, for medical service, so it is not surprising to hear of the old ladies who went from house to house with simple remedies in their little reticules, and many choice recipes for preparing broths and poultices and teas. The first log house was the home of John Nunn, and here court met, religious services were held and the postoffice kept until suitable buildings were erected. When the Nunns first came, there were so many bears prowling around the town that Mrs. Nunn used to tie her small children to the bedposts for fear they might stray out of doors and be eaten alive. Sterling Backana was our first mayor. In beautiful Oakland cemetery will be found many another loved and honored name of those who gave their best to the upbuilding of Camden.

"May they rest in peace and may perpetual light shine upon them."

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ARKANSAS MOUNDS.*

(BY EDWARD PALMER.)

ARKADELPHIA, CLARK COUNTY, ARK.

Feb. 6, 1882—Blind man keeps a book and news store, walks about, makes long journeys, can tell the right from the left turns in roads, by lying down, can distinguish the different kinds of money (coin). He is also an inventor of a fire screen.

Feb. 8, 1882.—Was so cold and slippery that I could not go any where, nearly frozen in the open and bad hotel.

Feb. 10, 1882—Heavy rain and at night thunder and lightning. A second blind man of the place invented the glass slide for the cracker boxes. Visited the old Indian Salt Works near by, on Saline Bayou. Another very wet night (Feb. 10, 1882), which was a great disappointment, so much loss of time, which those at a distance may not be disposed to recognize as a fact or reason for no more being done in winter. This State is not a very sunny part of the South—a small repetition of last February. The salt works are one mile from the banks of the Ouachita River and two miles southeast of Arkadelphia, but along the banks of the Saline Bayou. They are wells, which are salt as also is Saline Bayou.

HECKATOO, LINCOLN COUNTY, AAK.

Jan. 3, 1883.—Arrived at Heckatoo. Captain Felix R. R. Smith entertained me. It rained three days and nights making it wet and miserable.

^{*}Observation and results of excavations made around the mounds in various parts of the State: Salt wells, filler mounds, journey from Osceola, remains of old fortification on the Arkansas river, etc., etc., made in various years.

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SARASSA (P. O.) MOUNDS, LINCOLN COUNTY, ARK., NEAR HECKATOO.

The soil is sandy, and much roofing is found. Long Lake. These mounds are strewn over with pottery, having been cut up by the plow, and was originally only eighteen inches under the ground. Covered by a fine growth of weeds, none of which fragments were collected. For three days the rain made it difficult to work.

SARASSA MOUNDS, NEAR HECKATOO, LINCOLN COUNTY, ARK.

These mounds are composed of sandy loam, and have been cultivated for years. They are thickly scattered over with brick stuff, pieces of pottery and stone implements. The materials left under the soil appear to be only eighteen inches under-according to the limited examination I could make. The cultivation of the land confirmed this also. As the mound was covered over with cotton not gathered the owner did not wish it disturbed. Besides, the earth was very moist. During the following plowing whatever is found is to be sent to the National Museum. The mounds are arranged around a space of five acres of ground and are from three and one-half to four feet high and twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter. The mounds vary in distance apart from ten to one hundred and fifty feet. At the lower part of the plot a slough covered with weeds and water and from this earth may have been taken to make the mounds. Specimens found on surface as numbered.

SMITH'S MOUND, HECKATOO, LINCOLN COUNTY, ARK.

On the farm of Felix R. R. Smith in southwest quarter section 17, range 7 south, 5 west. It is seven feet high, thirty feet wide and thirty-eight feet long. Stump of a tree two and one-half feet in diameter stands on the top. A cut five feet deep and three and one-half feet square was made. Sandy loam six inches, and the rest was stiff clay with no evidence of occupation. Not even ashes or a scrap of pottery. Around is very rich soil, but low, and covered with fine timber. A cypress swamp is near.

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ADAM'S MOUND, TWO MILES WEST OF SOUTH FROM HECKA-TOO, LINCOLN COUNTY, ARK.

This mound is near the Smith mound on land belonging to Major J. D. Adams. It is in northwest quarter section 20, west side near the northwest corner, range 7 south, 5 west, and is sixty feet west of a cypress bayou.

This mound is twenty feet high, sixty feet wide, and ninety feet long. Trees two feet through are growing on its summit. Its summit was covered by deer, and other wild animal tracks. Its outward appearance is that of a mass of yellowish waxy clay. A cut was made six feet deep and running six feet back. Nothing but stiff clay was found, not even a bone or piece of pot. On the top a cut was made downward with the same result. The land around is low and during heavy rains is more or less under water. The soil is very rich and covered with cane and large trees.

PROHIBITION TOWNS, ARKANSAS.

Steamboats and express companies evade the law.

The Steamer Josie Harry, mail boat to White River, had on board numerous jugs of whiskey and brandy from Memphis for parties in the prohibition towns. The common deck hands often at the end of the month owe at the bar of the steamer more than the pay due them.

St. Francis River Bottom. Left Forest City by twomule team, an ex-Confederate soldier for driver. He called home-made tobacco Arkansas scrip. Told his experience as prisoner at Camp Butter, Springfield, Ohio, and at Erie, Pa.

Nov. 3.—Apple and peach trees in bloom. Neglected grave yard of U. S. Troops at Madison, St. Francis county, Ark.

Forest City on Saturday. No saloon, drug store. Have a hole the money and bottle placed by a hole move go the bottle is filled no one seen.

Seeds of the china tree cures * * * in horses. (Forest City, Ark.)

A Cap. Cook would not allow his mounds disturbed because his negroes would not rent his land, fearing hants.

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Nine hundred inhabitants. No bakery, bread from Memphis or Helena. Turnips one cent each. Apples and Irish potatoes bushel. Sweet potatoes fifty cents. Meat beef ten to fifteen cents a pound. Chickens small 25 cents each. No bank.

SALT WELLS NEAR ARKADELPHIA, CLARK COUNTY, ARK.

Pottery borrowed from C. C. Scott of Arkadelphia, and also from George Fuller of the same place. The numbers that were loaned by the above are 790-91-92-93.

Feb. 1883.—Since visiting that part of the Arkansas below Little Rock it has seemed to me that the character of the pottery changes, becoming more ornamental. I therefore visited Arkadelphia to see if the same conditions extended that way. By the few specimens obtained am satisfied that it does. Near Arkadelphia was the location of a large settlement of Indians, when the whites first settled there. The whites resorted here for the purposes of making salt from Saline Bayou which is two miles southeast of Arkadelphia and one mile from Ouachita or Washita River. The Indians soon disposed of their home for the white intruder wanting salt. The whites having suitable tools to dig the salt had much the advantage of the Indian with his crude implements. The Whites had iron vessels to boil down the water while the Indians only had pails of unglazed earthen ware.

During the late war the Confederates made war here and nearly obliterated all traces of the Indian occupation. A few parts of mounds or what were formerly mounds occupied by Indians, remain as these fragments would indicate. Fragments were round.

MALVERN, JUNCTION, Oct. 1, 1883.

Prof. Thomas,

Dear Sir:

Find enclosed report of work done since forwarding box of specimens from Arkadelphia.

Valentine of Richmond is making a great effort to get work done in this State. He is writing to everyone he

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thinks will help him, asking them if it will be convenient for them to open mounds for him and on what terms if not to recommend some one that could. L. E. Gibney of Arkadelphia, handed me two letters he received from Valentine to read, which explained his plans and gave names of his friends who are helping him. At the railroad stations notices are posted stating that the highest cash price will be paid for any Indian antiquities. The figures of pipes stone, axe, heads and spears head the posters. There are other parties in the field, in consequence of which I think it best to go to those localities likely to yield good results without striking the work done by others.

BRYANT STATION, SALINE COUNTY, ARK.

Sept. 16, 1883.—Visited Bryant station. No team could be had to go into the country, all having gone to camp meeting even the boarding house. Had to get the station keeper to go with me to the sawmill and get me a chance to stop until next day's train for Arkadelphia.

Mounds six miles south of Arkadelphia, Clark County, Ark. These mounds are in the woods.

Mounds on farm of Woodby Triggs, four miles northwest of Arkadelphia, Clark County, Ark.

Mounds three miles north of Arkadelphia, Clark county, Ark. Mounds are owned by W. A. Triggs.

WINCHESTER STATION, DREW COUNTY, ARK.

'W. B. Dumas entitled to thanks of Bureau of Ethnology. Nov. 22, 1882.—Seventy-five cents or one hundred pounds of lint cotton is taken for ginning cotton (a bale)—formerly it was one dollar. In some places the seed is taken for the ginning.

FILLER MOUND, DREW COUNTY, ARK.

Two and one-half miles southwest from Winchester Station.

The Filler Mound is situated on the farm of J. T. Filler, two and one-half miles southwest from Winchester Station and the second s

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on the Little Rock, Mississippi River & Texas railroad, Drew county, Ark.

The mound is four hundred and fifty feet from the bed of Bartholemew Bayou. It is two miles by section lines from the mounds on Holleywood plantation. Mr. W. B. Dumas, who having this farm rented, kindly gave me permission to dig into the mound. It is nine feet high, eighteen feet across at top and forty-five feet across base.

As the iron probe indicated there was something below. I commenced on one side so as to dig over the entire mound. At one foot below the surface I commenced to find pottery, remains, etc. This deposit of bodies deepened to two feet toward the centre. They were without any definite order of deposit nor did they face any one direction. The bones of one body often lay across another or under. Sometimes the vertebrae of one were found pressed between the upper and lower jaw of another. Two or three heads were very near together. It was a very difficult task to extricate the bones, pottery, etc., owing to the irregular manner of intermixture with the soil. Twenty-five skulls were so decayed that they could not be saved. A number of sound bones were saved which may be useful to study.

Four pots were taken near one head, two near another with a pipe. Also several mussel shells were found. Two were near the heads. Two turtle shells were inside of Cook Pot. The soil in which the deposit was found was vegetable loam and sand. Sandy loam was at base of mound.

Some of the skulls were in fragments so were many of the small bones. It rained during the examination and the specimens had to be gotten out as quickly as possible and placed to dry. The drawing gives a fair idea of the irregular way in which things were mixed up. Bayou Bartholemew is on the right of picture and does not overflow its bank.

Along Bartholomew Bayou the soil is sandy and the subsoil a yellow clay. No burnt brick like substance or ashes were found in or about the mound. From this mound much pottery was taken, including stone spades, pipes, bones and shells.

Mounds, West Point, White County, Ark., on Little Red River.

Oct. 6, 1883.—Agreed with some black men for one dollar per day to open mounds. At night one came and said they did not like to handle dead bones, that it was money enough for that kind of work. I told them I would handle the bones, as it was necessary to have them. I told him one dollar and twenty-five cents per day would be paid. He said he was going to church that night and would let me know early the next morning. This he did not do. Picked up a black man and boy and finished the work. West Point was once a famous river settlement, but now nearly deserted. Railroads the cause. It is nicely situated among oaks on a dry bluff land on Little Red River.

HARRISBURG, POINSETT COUNTY, ARK., 1882.

Hotel one dollar and fifty cents per day, food badly cooked and badly served. The beds wretched, drinking water with insects in it. No shoe mender in the place. One hundred and fifty inhabitants.

Poor brick court house, jail inside, but unfinished. There is a doctor's shop, printing office, post office all in court house. Owing to its unfinished condition prisoners are sent to other jails.

Saloons are voted out of town. But drunken men are seen. Kansas eggs may be around filled with whiskey and sealed with white wax and sold 10 cents each or one dollar per dozen. A grocery has an inner room and a Saturday crowd is especially noticeable from other days.

- J. H. Hall and S. C. Stone are entitled to the thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology.
- E. T. Walker presents three ears of corn said to have originated from corn found in a mound on the St. Francis River. No. 419—This rare and new corn.

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STONE MOUND ON FARM OF F. G. STONE, THREE MILES EAST OF HARRISBURG, POINSETT COUNTY, ARK.

On the same farm is a mound fifteen feet high, fifteen feet across at top and two hundred feet at base. After digging off the top soil of eighteen inches, two skeletons were found three feet apart, with face down, one to the west and the other south. Nothing but pots were found with them. A large oak tree grew in the centre about three feet in diameter, the roots of which had broken the pottery. No ashes, bones, charcoal, burnt clay, bones of food animals or birds were found. The first two feet was black loam, then clay with gravel.

BROOKFIELD MOUND, THREE MILES EAST OF HARRISBURG, POINSETT COUNTY, ARK.

One-quarter mile east from the "Stone" mounds in the thick woods belonging to J. C. Brookfield is a mound ten feet high, fifteen feet across with small bushes growing on the summit. A hole was dug from the summit to the base without finding the least trace of anything indicating that man had occupied it. First a few inches of soil, then a mixture of clay and gravel.

HELENA, ARK., January 2, 1882.

New Year is celebrated at the post office.

I called on Major Arnot Harris of the Yeoman and Dr. S. M. Grant and presented letters from Dr. Morgan Cartwright of Indian Bay.

Jan. 3.—Left by ferry boat to Mississippi side and took cars for Jonestown with letter to ex-Governor and Senator J. S. Alcorn. Returned to Helena, Arkansas, from Forest City and left January 11th for Marianna by boat.

Mounds on Farm of Hugh Waller in Carson Lake Township, Six Miles a Little Southwest FROM OSCEOLA, ARK.

There are several mounds on this farm, all of which have been more or less changed. I am informed that the earthquake of 1811 and 1812 cut large fissures through or The second secon

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ran close by all of them. Only one contained anything and that was one of the smallest. The earthquake cut a furrow through it on one side and near the edge of this furrow were found two nice water-vessels by the side of a skull, the rest of the body being precipitated into the deep furrow. In the centre of this mound were found six skeletons, the bones of which, though in place, were much split and cracked by the force of the earthquake.

OSCEOLA, MISSISSIPPI COUNTY, ARK.

Nov. 10, 1881.—The grand jury had two black men on it and gave great satisfaction. The petit jury had one black man on it. Some strong talk by some against it. Shoes seem to wear out very slowly—no stones.

Three cotton gins were burnt this year. Chinamen who live here by burning bricks. They are very industrious and dress as other men, his hair cut even all around. Consumption in dogs and animals is caused by dampness. Osceola is a dirty, damp expensive place to live. The buildings are small. The grog shops outnumber any other kind of shop or business. The grand jury had three hundred witnesses before it and served sixty subpoenas, so said the foreman.

JOURNEY FROM OSCEOLA, ARK.

Oct. 27, 1881.—Left Osceola, Oct. 27, 1881, in a mule team for Little River over low woodlands for some miles, then through the new cut road. Trees blazed along the old road, along which were a few scattering houses. Had to pass through cypress swamps up to the knees. There was a good deal of water also. It rained all days. Twenty miles brought us to Arnold's but we could not stop. He had a fine cotton crop. Settlers are few and far between. Crossed Little River which was a dry sand bed, but steamboats run up it for one-half the year.

Stayed all night on its bank with Mr. Beggs in a rude hut (log) and was entertained in a handsome manner. He was only temporarily here till his own house was finished. A company of log cutters arrived.

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A fierce storm of wind raged all night. Falling trees kept up a noise like the roaring of many cannons, fearfully blocking the roads which are not cleared of obstructions if they can be passed around.

We moved on to Big Lake, a hunters' haven. Noticed cottonwood trees having holes cut in them for collecting water to quench the thirst of travelers. Passed camps of hunters and a few log huts inhabited by long-haired, dirty, sickly people, who claim to live in a healthy country. On every hand is malarial fever. Some said they had no food but what they shot.

PEMISCOTT BAYOU, TWENTY-TWO MILES SOUTHWEST OF OSCEOLA, ARK.

We stopped here, at Peterson's, an old resident. Bees, cotton, fowl, cows, corn, mules and etc., were seen in numbers. The house was poor and disorderly. Three temales met us with snuff sticks in their mouths. Three men with guns, just returned from the hunt, approached the house. The place beggars description. Its dirty appearance and clothing of the people would lead you to infer the people never wash.

Conversing with the owner about his fruit trees, the owner let a fearful tirade against the agent or nursery drummer who sold him a quantity of trees and plants. "All that lived," said he, "is six strawberry plants, two roses and three fruit trees, and I believe my skin," said he "if he ain't sent me a bill, all dead uns too."

Then with a threat of what he would do if another tree man came, we went to supper. The black table cloth spoke for itself as did the black coffee and plain corn bread, and most abominably cooked wild goose. The landlord was not very complimentary because of my disturbing the dead, he styling it a sin, and he could not see the use of the nonsense. or his part they all belong to the church, but order or cleanliness was not a part of their religion. A horse-power gin was on the place. With sufficient help about to

secure his crops. He was waiting for white men to come and hire for that purpose.

Suggesting we could send him black men from Osceola as they were getting through their work. With scorn and contempt on his features, he said he would have none of the trash on his place. He did not want any of them to settle near or among them. Three slept in a bed on the floor, not only dirt, but bed bugs and fleas.

Domestic animals and fowls took possession of various parts of the house. At breakfast we had black coffee, corn bread, and racoon very tough with a little new made stinking butter. We had seen the dogs tip off the cover from the churn and put their heads in and lick out the cream. We did not wait for dinner but left for Osceola.

CHICKASAWBA, TWENTY-FOUR MILES NORTH OF BAYOU PEMISCOTT, ARK.

Oct. 31, 1881.—Visited a mound here in a team. The mound was twenty-five feet high and had one-half acre on top. It had been so variously dug into that it would scarcely pay to open it, besides no men could be had. The owner did not wish to have it opened as he wanted it for a cellar for his house. For a wide distance around were the dwellings and graves of hundreds.

OSCEOLA, MISSISSIPPI COUNTY, ARK.

July 4th.—Was here July 4, 1882. It was very hot in the day. Night wind changed and was very cold. Overcoats comfortable.

Colored people had a festival. Ice cream and cake at night. During the day they had a barbecue a few miles out of town. White people a few of them ceased work or partially so. Many did as usual. Being no saloons there was sobriety. A few whites had a picnic in the country.

The colored people have a society known as Knights of Wise Men, they paraded at night with music and regalia. Swords of wood silvered over, each one with lantern. They

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occasionally at the order of an officer represented in their evolutions that of a ball room. Why all this?

B. F. Jackson, Louise, Mississippi County, Arkansas, entitled to thanks of Bureau of Ethnology.

REMAINS OF OLD FORTIFICATION ON ARKANSAS RIVER, DESHA COUNTY, ARK.

On what is known as the Turner place and now owned by the widow of Thomas Bizzell are the outlines of an old fortification.

Four hundred yards from the old part of the Arkansas River there are three-quarters of an acre within its bounary. It is four feet high. It has been a garden for years. There is a path from it to where the Arkansas River formerly ran. This path is thirty-five feet wide at the part and fifteen feet at the lower part. There appears to have been fifty yards of new land made from this path to the *now river*. Mr. Oliver Bizzell who lives near informed me that thirty-five years ago the trees that now grow on the new made land were then but small saplings, while some of them now are three feet through.

This fort was made very probably to protect a French trading post. As Mr. Oliver Bizzell says, numerous thimbles, pipes, broken dishes, parts of revolvers, gun, and pieces of silver coin have been found, as if the centre had been used for gun sight. The remains of an old forge were uncovered a short time ago and Chinese and other coins were found with broken articles of Indian origin. A Chinese coin and part of a pistol (stone) were presented to that gentleman, who also says that stone bullet moulds have been found. The specimens mentioned have been forwarded under the number 422.

Not far from the fort is a ridge that appears to have had houses of European origin upon it. At one corner of the fort is a hole sixteen feet deep, supposed to have been a magazine. At this place De Soto is said to have encamped or may have built it as some say. Part of a stone pistol found here. No. 798—the Chinese coin.

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WALDESTEIN MOUNDS, ONE AND ONE-HALF MILES NORTH OF LINWOOD STATION ON THE RAILROAD TO ARKANSAS CITY.

These mounds are in the thick woods. Graves are on the tops. They are composed of sandy soil, but no outward signs of occupation were seen. These mounds are built on the bank of Long Lake. They average fifteen feet high, thirty-eight feet wide and forty-five feet long.

GARDNER MOUND.

On the farm of Wm. Gardner, one mile east of Menard Mound, Arkansas County, Ark.

One mile east of the Menard Mound and near the bank of the Menard Bayou is the farm of William Gardner. Here is a mound that has been cultivated for years. It has sloping sides. The plow has turned up the soil and the rain has beaten it down, leaving whatever was beneath near the surface and easily to be disturbed. The surface is covered with pieces. The mound is ten feet high, one hundred and fifteen feet long and seventy-five feet through. I sank several holes in the mound. Found only sandy loam and no brick like substance.

Specimens from surface (Thomas' Nos. 714-13-16-17-15.)

JAMESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, ARK.

1883.—There is here situated what has been called an Indian mound. It is, however, a natural one, very irregular and large for an artificial. It is in a hilly country, not wanting artificial elevations. Traveling in heavy rains brought on neuralgia which gave me much pain and no sleep. Face much swollen.

Oct. 31, 1883.—Left for Little Rock.

Bradley's Landing, Oldham, P. O., Crittenden County, Ark.

Boat hotel—a railroad hand waiting for a boat spent twenty-five dollars among loafers in three hours while dressed in the poorest clothing. He praised the James boys as heroes. He was from Mississippi.

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Mounds, House Sites, One Mile from Bradley's Landing or Oldham P. O., Crittenden County, Ark.

These mounds, house sites, etc., are owned by Mrs. Bradley and are situated in a field one mile from the landing.

The field containing these mounds comprises twenty-five acres which have been cultivated for thirty or forty years. A creek runs back of the field called Wappanocka or Wappanoca. It empties into the Mississippi River one mile from Bradley's Landing. It runs northwest to southeast and is seven miles long. The field is not now overflowed.

The land outside the field shows that a river once ran by there and then there may have been overflows as on examination, the spot not disturbed by cultivation and the plow shows a deposit stratified as if deposited by water. Where no human remains are found the same stratified soil continues of sand or clay with vegetable remains. Mississippi River is one-quarter mile directly opposite. This seems to have been made since the river ran by the field in which are the mounds. Many of the trees on this land are five feet in diameter, and eighty feet high. The human remains, etc., found in this field are found varying in depth from three to five feet. The mounds occupy the highest spot, so the further you go from the mounds the deeper are the things found. This would be the case by overflow, the greatest deposits in the low places. The soil is of a sandy nature in the higher and greasy clay in the low parts.

. The mound had been so much dug up by relic hunters that I feared not much good could be done, besides the renter of the land would not grant permission as the cotton was not yet gathered; so I turned my attention to the house sites found all over the field.

In the same field as the mound are many house sites. Out of these house sites many things have been taken from time to time. Examining the undisturbed portions clearly proved that three to five feet was the depth the house sites are found. They were without any regularity, some are near together, while others are far apart. The human remains are found without any preference to facing any one

quarter of the compass. Some were face up, other down or on the side, and but few bones could be saved. Some skeletons had one pot, others had more, with them together associated with other articles. After the top soil was removed was burnt clay which was sometimes a foot thick either crumbling with impressions of grass and sticks or hard with reed impressions. Then more or less ashes associated with some six inches of burnt grass with which were the human remains.

CHOCTAW MOUND, DESHA COUNTY, ARK.

At the junction of Wells and Choctaw Bayous with Walnut Lake and four or five miles south of east from Walnut Station, on the Little Rock, Mississippi & Texas Railroad. It is situated on a fine rich bottom of loam and clay and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. I did not ascertain who was the owner. It would make a grand signal station. It is ten and one-half feet high, forty feet through at the base gradually tapering to four feet at the top.

One foot of loam was removed and the mound was solid to the bottom, of solid clay with here and there fragments of pottery, but no ashes or charcoal, no burnt brick like substance or any remains of settlements.

From Choctaw Bayou to Felix Smith's plantation at Heckatoo is said to be a dry communication that was used by the ancient inhabitants and also from Wells Bayou was a dry communication to Star City, county seat of Lincoln County, Ark. It is a hilly country.

Mound Russell Farm four miles northwest from Arkadelphia, Clark County, Ark. This farm is owned by W. A. Triggs. Pottery 214—Stone implements under that number were surface finds.

Mounds near Arkadelphia, Clark County, Ark. Natural mounds and sometimes used by Indians.

Mounds, Saline Bayou two miles southeast of Arkadelphia, Clark County, Ark. Nos. 210-11-12-13.

Carpenter's Mound six miles south of Arkadelphia, Ark.

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1883.—Took food a colored woman cooked and I slept in a corn crib. Walked to and from the mounds—it was cheaper.

ARKADELPHIA, CLARK COUNTY, ARK.

The following are entitled to the thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology: W. A. Trigg, C. C. Scott, George Fuller, L. E. Gibney.

Sept. 19, 1883.—The butchers ring a bell, a mournful toned bell, when they kill meat, to bring up the mourners for the wretched stuff called beef.

ARKADELPHIA, CLARK COUNTY, ARK.

Feb. 2, 1883.—Arkadelphia has sixteen hundred inhabitants, no saloons, two years since there were three hundred and fifty-two majority against saloons. Last year election only (Oct. 3, 1882) nineteen against saloons. A place not benefited by railroad. Some chills and fevers seen even at this time. Picturesque rolling gravelly hills. Some small flowers in bloom in the warm bottoms.

Feb. 4, 1883.—Cold weather, sleet and snow. Stalagmites covered the ground irregularly, patches variously tinted with the mud.

Feb. 5.—Snow and sleet covered the ground, bad traveling, but went two miles out into the wood to mound that was natural.

· Feb. 6.—So cold and bad no work could be done.

BENTON, SALINE COUNTY, ARK.

Mending street holes with broken pots from pottery factory. It contains seven hundred or eight hundred people. The Indian finds are very badly exaggerated. The roads are very bad. A reported buried city.

Jan. 27, 1883.—A wet day—at night heavy rains, with thunder and lightning. The same thing occurred one week ago, very warm the sun came out a few minutes. Bees and moths came out.

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Idle men are common. Many good houses idle. Good careful farmers wanted. Instead of making heaps of leaves and weeds for their farms and gardens, prepare their fences, buildings, and put their tools in order for coming spring and get their wood ready, they idle away the mild winter, and the spring finds them with all their work at once on their hands.

BENTON, SALINE COUNTY, ARK.

J. T. Chidester entitled to thanks of Bureau of Ethnology.

HUGHES' MOUND, THREE MILES SOUTHWEST OF BENTON, SALINE COUNTY, ARK.

On the farm of Geo. Hughes is situated a fine mound one hundred yards from the Saline River. From appearance this river once ran within fifty feet of this mound. The land around has been cultivated for years. Some years since the farm house and its outbuilding stood encircling this mound. It became necessary to dig post holes and level several small mounds when skeletons, pottery, stone implements and etc., were found under ashes and bricklike substance.

This mound is southwest to northeast and has two parts an elevated somewhat circular part and an elongation or a long mound attached to its base. The highest part is eighty feet long and long part is one hundred ten feet long. The northeast part of long mound is fifty-four feet across, but at near the junction of the elevated part is seventy feet across. At the top of the highest part of the mound it is thirty-four feet across. The total width including the slope base and attachments is one hundred twenty-four feet. Height of the mound proper is twenty-five feet. The lean to, at its highest part which is next to the mound proper is twelve feet, the lower or northeast part is but ten feet high. Various parties, it is said, have dug into the mound and found various things which the soil does not indicate. In the centre of the mound proper a hole four feet square and

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ten feet deep was dug when it became hard and without the least indication of any deposit. It was simply sandy loam. The prober touched nothing below this. Eaxmining the appendage with a long iron rod, six places were struck that were proved by spade examination to be about three inches deep of bricklike stuff, then four inches of ashes and charcoal. After this nothing but sandy loam was found. The brick deposit was about two feet below surface.

By spade examination of four places the same results were reached, but not topped with burnt clay.

At the depth of five feet was a sandy loam with nothing below. I am of the opinion that if anything was ever deposited in this mound it has been taken out. I saw no signs of human remains. The earth was frozen hard which made the examination more difficult. Near the northeast end of this mound is the river, a good view of which can be had from the top of the mound. The surrounding level bottom land is also seen for a distance (long).

A photograph of this mound was taken from the southwest end. Wind and storm prevented any other. From appearance one is inclined to the opinion that this mound was first a long low mound and that the tall part was an after addition; that the central half of the long part had two feet added to it, because, at that depth, charcoal, ashes and brick stuff were found. The other half of the long part of this mound was two feet lower indicates this as the original height. Two feet below surface, ashes, and burnt clay were found. The land is all covered about this time by the high rise of the Saline River. After taking the photograph I had a pencil drawing made from it and from notes, because the photographer could not, owing to bad light, take in the entire mound at the time of my visit.

House Sites on Farm of J. T. Chidester, Three Miles Southwest of Benton, Saline County, Ark.

These are situated on the farm near the banks of Saline River. For the space of ten acres it was four feet higher until last year than the surrounding surface. The excessive overflow of the river uncovered this spot very irregularly

revealing house sites. The ten-acre spot, now, presents a very uneven appearance, the water having left here and then evidences of occupation and exposed more or less various patches of brick-like substances, ashes, charcoal or slight elevations of black earth. The brick stuff being carried away. In two instances parts of skeletons were found in the black earth. Under one of the brick patches was found nearly a complete bowl and two slate pendants near by. Near one of the black piles of ashes were found some human bones, pieces of pottery and a stone flesher. Near another pile of ashes was found a stone implement. Several stone implements more or less associated with these house sites. Many things were washed out during the overflow and carried away.

PECAN POINT, MISSISSIPPI COUNTY, ARK.

Left Osceola Nov. 12, 1881 for Pecan Point. On the train were judges, lawyers, and many passengers all more or less connected with the circuit court. There were six black prisoners chained two by two and one white man. The white man sat ironed by the judge, deputy sheriff, lawyers, etc., to see them play cards. The white prisoner ate at a table near me, and after dinner he smoked a cigar with the clerk of the court. The black prisoners sat the whole while just inside the cabin so that their white guards could be in the cabin and look after them.

Dr. F. G. McGavock, who now lives contiguous to Pecan Point informs me that during the last year of the war he went to Castle Garden, N. Y., and hired eighty-six Irish girls at \$20.00 per month, with board. (Saving the cotton crop by Irish women). All but five were Catholics. The negroes had left his father's large plantation. White men had all been drafted. Federal gunboats were in front of his house and Confederates camped in the rear who called for contributions while the Federals had plenty. There were only three old men as superintendents on the place. Cotton was selling at from \$1.40 to \$1.80 per pound.

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These females were hired to work the cotton for one year and they did it too. While part of the crop remained yet unpicked the floods came. The doctor promised each girl a new balmoral and a pair of shoes if all the cotton was pulled up and saved. All the teams were put in the field, four women on a side and the entire cotton crop (the rest) was pulled and loaded on the wagons and taken to a dry place and saved. They—barefooted with dresses between their legs. Priests came every Saturday to gather money and keep them straight. He had a free ride. The year after the war only one-half remained, most of those who left received places as domestics in Memphis replacing the negroes.

The doctor complained that he had to feed officers of both sides. German men were hired but they were a decided failure. Heavy rains prevented me from finishing at this place from reaching Little Rock from here, so I left by steamer, but waited all night for a boat, in a low wood, but on the river bank. Rain and wind made the night very unpleasant, besides it was very cold. Several others were waiting and a corpse. There was no fire which rendered it very uncomfortable. A snag catching in a wheel and breaking it, hence the delay. A telegraph along the river bank would obviate the difficulty. Country stores—negro hands and their fondness for whiskey.

PECAN POINT, MISSISSIPPI COUNTY, ARK.

· Mrs. McGavock is entitled to thanks of Bureau of Ethnology.

Oct. 1882.—At one place three and one-half feet under the surface was found a layer of hard wood ashes one and one-half feet thick and near by was a skeleton and two pieces of pottery. In other localities the soil is generally one and one-half to two feet over the remains, in the above it is between three and four feet over. The excess in this locality has been added at various times by the overflow of the Mississippi River near by since the burials were made.

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PECAN POINT, ARK.

On the land belonging to R. W. Friend and one mile west from the Mississippi River are two mounds, one fifty feet across and five feet high. Nothing was found in it. The other is four feet high and twenty-five feet across. At the depth of sixteen inches but not near the centre were found two skeletons (decayed). These mounds are near a lake. May they not have been used to watch game (the larger for ball game).

On the same estate and not far from the above mentioned mounds is another mound in a field, twenty feet across and three to four feet high. It was cultivated one year which let in the water and destroyed the bones as they were but twelve to eighteen inches from surface. The large trees that once grew over it had split the pots turning the pieces in every direction.

One hundred thirty-one (eleven) bundles more or less in pieces were found near together; and belonging to several pots. Probably some of the pieces may belong to some of the other bundles from this mound.

One hundred thirty-two (five) packages presented to the Smithsonian Institution by Dr. J. M. Lindsley of Pecan Point, Mississippi County, Ark. They were taken from a cultivated field containing fifteen acres. It is one-half mile from river.

Numerous huts like modern Indians must have been built over it judging by the ashes and burnt roofing which was met with three to four feet thick and without regularity skeletons, pots, etc., are found with the same house sites.

PECAN POINT, ARK.

For a week before the Fourth of July, 1882, at Pecan Point was one hundred two and one-half midday—night ninety-five and fell so suddenly during the night of the Fourth that by five a. m. on the morning of July 5th the thermometer registered but sixty-four—a very unusual condition for the time of year and locality. Overcoats in demand. The sudden cold was severely felt by the early risers.

Dr. J. M. Lindsley of this place presented five fine pots.

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INDIAN BAYOU, ARK.

1883.—Left Indian Bayou latter part of Oct. 27, 1883, for Lonoke, Lonoke County, Ark. Twenty-two miles by a two-horse wagon with a cotton cover—a very rainy, raw day. At post office at Lonoke received letter ordering me back to Indian Bayou by end of November. As my wagon was going over to the Iron Mountain railroad went with him to flag station. Twenty-two miles only for midnight trains. Conductor kindly sat up with me to flag train at eleven thirty. At two p. m. reached Newport. Went to bed—hotel kept by colored men. Very good fare and lodging. Town was lately burnt out. All appears new and now commencing to build brick houses.

A hard name—gamblers—saloons. Started on Sunday for Batesville, Independence County, Ark.

INDIAN BAYOU, ARK.

1883.—The quarters occupied by me at Indian Bayou are scarcely discribable. I slept in a lean-to with part of the end out. The host said he was not prepared to entertain strangers. Poor methods and poor ways.

A. J. Tait Mounds, Indian Bayou, twenty-two miles south of Lonoke, Lonoke County, Ark., 1883.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, ARK.

1883.—A neat place full of business, situated among the hills. Left by Jamestown seven miles southwest.

ROMAN MOUNDS, HIGHLAND LAKE, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, ARK.

1883.—At the northwest corner is the farm of John W. Roman—Blackfish, P. O. It is six miles southwest of Tyronza Station on Memphis, Kansas City & Springfield Railroad. The owner commenced with little but is now building a good house. There is plenty around and a good orchard. A pleasant man and wife, good food, clean though

poor and without education. They show the qualities to rise in station and wealth. He is a man of true economy.

There are several mounds in the woods in a very isolated place.

Mounds, House Sites, Gilmore Station, Crittenden County, Ark.

Twenty-eight miles northwest of Memphis, Tenn.

1883.—Twenty-eight miles from Memphis, Tenn., on the Kansas City, Springfield & Memphis Railroad is Gilmore Station. In making the railroad two small mounds were cut through. Three others remained but they had been dug into.

The house and gardens of Mrs. Gilmore is on natural high ground and from which house sites have been plowed out. This thrifty farm and cattle ranch was made so by its late owner who commenced with nothing; by economy and push, he died while yet young with plenty.

TYRONZA STATION, POINSETT COUNTY, ARK., ON MEMPHIS, KANSAS CITY & SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.

1883.—Mrs. Martha Starker presents two spear heads and a piece of a fine water vessel, for which she is entitled to the thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology. These were plowed from a mound.

PACIFIC PLACE, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, ARK.

Captain Charles Morris presents specimen of very fine stone spade for which he is entitled to the thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology. Saw his mound collection. He has a very fine farm but a very poor cotton crop this year, pleasant old fashioned hospitality. He wants to sell to give his children advantages of society and the school.

CLARENDON, MONROE COUNTY, ARK.

Dec. 31, 1881.—Was the last day for the sale of liquor. A dull county seat with but little business. There is a miserable hotel which charges two dollars per day for transients, per week four dollars. Three beds in a room and two in a bed—very poor board.

A new railroad (The Texas & St. Louis) is being constructed which fills up every house. The old road, narrow gauge is the Helena & Arkansas Midland Railroad. Men at the hotel let out the old year and brought in the new by a noisy drunk.

PINE BLUFF, ARK.

Dec. 30, 1882.—Since the Saturday before Christmas all has been holiday though the finest of weather, and thousands of bales of cotton remain unpicked. Yet on this day the town is full of idlers, acting as though the world owed them a living work or play—a dancing bear show.

Jan. 1, 1883.—Fire broke out in one of the best brick blocks. It is a bankrupt city—the fire department unorganized—no head. Demoralization and destruction of property street scene next morning.

PINE BLUFF, ARK.

Henry J. Lewis is entitled to the thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology and also J. W. Bocage, J. M. Taylor and G. W. Davis. One fine pipe donated by E. W. Martin.

Six stone implements and five specimens of pottery (good) donated by J. M. Taylor (sent two photographs May 17, 1883). One fine stone spade donated by Major G. W. Davis.

Pine Bluff has twenty-eight thousand negroes and eight thousand whites. Passengers were discussing that point as to what might be expected.

Nov. 13, 1882.—The first frost, cotton seed at oil mill will pay renter eight dollars per ton but planters ten dollars.

PINE BLUFF, JEFFERSON COUNTY, ARK.

1882.—Formerly only sheep and cows ate the seed. The lints get into the throats of hogs and kills them. Cotton seed and meal sell at fifteen to twenty dollars per ton, cake sent to Europe. The hulls are used for fuel and ashes for lye. Lint is taken from the seed by a fine gin. Twenty-five

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pounds of lint in a ton of seed and this sells at five cents per pound. One hundred pounds of cotton seed generally yields thirty pounds of lint cotton. In 1882, Nov. 20th, the highest price at New Orleans was eleven and one-half cents, the lowest eight and one-half cents per pound. One bale to the acre if properly cultivated. It takes one-third of its value to pick it.

Rent for Lands.

One-half when team and food are furnished for the same. They pay for ginning.

Eighty pounds of lint cotton per acre and pay for ginning.

Six to eight dollars in money per acre and if goods are furnished a mortgage is taken on the crop. Fifteen cents a bale for weigher. A certificate is given, the owner takes this and a sample and sells. The cotton factor arrange to supply the merchants money at eight per cent per annum in two and one-half per cent accepted drafts on merchants. Two and one-half per cent for advancing money at end of three months. It is compound interest. River insurance, fire insurance, and repairs to bale—then you pay two and one-half per cent commission for sales and storage. The merchant to meet these expenses must double on his goods.

1863-64 cotton was one dollar per pound. 1865 cotton was five cents per pound. 1866 cotton was thirty-five cents per pound. Land rent fifteen dollars an acre.

PINE BLUFF, JEFFERSON COUNTY, ARK.

Negro Graves.

The spades used to dig graves are left ten days on the grave after it is filled up. They believe snakes can be infused into the limbs and stomachs of each other by conjurers by giving them cooked reptiles broken up fine and mixed with their food.

Poor hotel-no single rooms-two dollars per day.

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House sites on farm of Robert Anderson twelve miles northeast of Forest City, St. Francis County, Ark., on St. Francis River.

The remains appear to be house outlines. From Anderson's farm two miles southwest was the old Burnt Mill, and three miles north the old military ferry that crossed the St. Francis River. At this place on the immediate bank is a projecting point which I am told was at one time much larger but from time to time it has caved in until now there is not much more than ten feet projecting into the river. I was informed that human remains, much pottery and many stone implements were washed out by the disintegration at the point by water, and lost, the settlers putting no value on them.

There is now to be seen the space of fifty feet square covered with bricklike substance. Part is in a cotton field all but ten feet of the balance has been a wagon road for many years, thus the brick roofing and whatever was deposited under it has been destroyed as deep ruts are made through it. The remaining ten feet was at a projecting point into the river.

Two mounds on Anderson estate one-quarter mile from former place. Twelve miles northeast of Forest City, Ark.

- (1) One-quarter back (removed) from former place is a mound three feet high and forty-five feet across. This mound is bare of vegetation or trees, but large trees surround it. During every high rise of the St. Francis River cattle have been kept upon this mound until it is stamped solid. Permission was given to dig a small hole in the centre. The first foot and a half consisted of a mixture of clay (burnt) ashes, and soil. The balance was sand. It is near the bank of a slough.
- (2) The second mound is one-half mile in a direct line from the above and on bank of the same slough. It is five feet high and fifty feet across. The cattle kept upon it during the overflows have made it quite hard and no brick-like substance was found. First three feet was black loam, then yellow clay. The owner did not wish these mounds

disturbed at the outer edges as he kept his cattle thereupon. The water would penetrate and carry the earth away. Large trees and thick cane surround the mound.

ST. CHARLES.

Dec. 8, 1881.—The hotel is kept by one-legged Confederate soldier. It was used during the war as a United States Headquarters. The building used as a hospital is still standing, but the rest of the town is destroyed. The Confederates in cutting their ditches allowed the river and rains to encroach so that the town had to be moved high up from the river. Darkies with buggies are common.

Saturday is a great day for shopping and getting drunk. A black man drove me to Indian Bay. He was out collecting a fifty-cent debt from a colored minister of that place. He was free in his denunciations of many ministers.

CARPENTER'S MOUNDS, SIX MILES SOUTH OF ARKADELPHIA, CLARK COUNTY, ARK.

1883.—Six miles south of Arkadelphia is what is known as Carpenter's field and two hundred yards from the Ouachita River is a group of mounds. These mounds are located amidst dense woods and cane. Trees cover the greater portion of the mounds. The two largest trees are oak measuring three and four feet in diameter and one hundred twenty-five feet high. A slough runs back of the mounds and empties into the Ouachita River two hundred yards off. Did not remeasure the mounds as Mr. Gibney had accurately done that before. At ten feet from west end of the mound made first trench twelve feet long and eight feet wide-found two feet of soil, then eight inches to two feet of burnt clay with impressions of grass and sticks which is sent under a. Among the irregularly arranged mass was found a mud dauber's nest sent marked with letter b. Third layer was ashes varying from

On opening the Carpenter Mound there was only one chance for food or lodging. A colored woman provided food for me at her cabin and I slept in a corn crib. Walked to and from the mound—some distance.

DASAIC, ARKANSAS.

1883. Leaving Desaic I remarked to the hack driver, "What a neat, comfortable house and what beautiful flower gardens!" "Yes," said he, "That's our county clerk. How that wife's family have sprung from nothing since the war! They made up their minds to do something and they have succeeded remarkably well."

MALVERN FROM JUDSONIA, ARK.

Oct. 2, 1883.—Left at eleven thirty Malvern for Judsonia—arrived at two thirty. Wet night—walked with heavy baggage to town—a deception. Inquired of mail man about hotel, if one was near by. "Oh, yes, I keep one," he said, so followed him. Next day I found one near the depot.

Oct. 5.—Left by horse for West Port, four miles, fare fifty cents.

JACKSON MOUND, MISSISSIPPI COUNTY, ARK.

House Sites.

Close to the above mound after digging through the burnt clay and ashes, then at four feet a hard burnt floor (or fire place) somewhat round was found. This was covered with about three inches of ashes and in which was found two entire pots. Following in the same level a broken pot was found without human remains, but with burnt clay and ashes as the preceeding.

FOUR MILES FROM LUNAR LANDING, ARK.

Major W. B. Street lives on the river about four miles above Luna Landing.

BRADLEY'S LANDING, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, ARK.

Feb. 6, 1883.—Left Memphis for Bradley's Landing. The river had overflowed the bank so that the hotel could not be reached. There being no other place to stay I went back to the steamer. It rained very hard, a sheet of water

all round the landing. I could not hire a boat or owner, it being dark. Next morning ice everywhere, in the afternoon heavy snowstorm which covered the ground and it was exceedingly cold for this section.

MALVERN, HOT SPRING COUNTY, ARK.

1883.—Stone implements donated to the National Museum by T. G. Steele for which he is entitled to the thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology.

JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON, D. C., FROM ARKANSAS.

Excessive rains drove me from Arkansas. I arrived in Washington, Feb. 2, 1882, just in time to overhaul four boxes of dirty looking pieces of pottery. Their peculiar figuring was unseen until they were washed. These were taken from one mound and formerly was on the house top when it was burnt down they fell remained in three rows one in side or laying by the mouth of the other. House was originally standing. In the fall of the house the pots were much broken but the burnt clay roofing kept their forms complete. But they had to be taken out in fragments to be cleaned and reconstructed in Washington.

DESHA COUNTY.

Wynn Mounds or as this locality is known by the name of Mound Lake which is twenty-five miles from mouth of old Arkansaw River and sixteen miles from the present mouth of that river. This group of mounds is situated on the bank of a lake. The largest mound is fifteen feet high and fifty feet through and one hundred thirty feet long.

Its appendage is three feet high, one hundred forty feet long and sixty feet wide of a sandy soil. No brick-like substance found. A numerous settlement did not reside here judging from the fragments of pots, stone implements, etc., found. The large mound is covered with cane and trees. In it is deposited the remains of the dead of this settlement for 30 years.

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The house of Mr. Wynn is on a small mound and fruit trees are planted on another. This place is not disturbed by overflow and has been cultivated for many years.

DESHA COUNTY, ARK.

Clayton Mound at the nine mile post.

Twelve miles due east and west from Arkansas City, Desha county, Ark., is situated a very fine mound on property of J. P. Clayton. It is nearly hid by large cane bushes and trees. One oak is three feet through and two others are three feet, six inches.

For many years this spot has been used as a burying ground. It is due east and west on Cypress Creek. It has an appendage which enables an easy assent. No brick-like substance was found on the surface. This appendage is sixty-five feet long and sixty feet across, and seven feet high. The mound is thirty feet high, one hundred twenty-five feet long and sixty-five wide, of sandy soil. It stands in a dense thicket of cane, it is two and one-half miles northeast from the De Soto Mound.

DESHA COUNTY, ARK.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Near the junction of Opossum Fork and Cypress Creek, which is six miles northwest of Arkansas City, Desha County, Ark., is three mounds on the farm of Benjamin Franklin, about two hundred yards from Cypress Break to first mound on which is erected a cattle shed. Fifteen yards to center one and thirty yards to outer or third one. Average height seven feet. Average length fourteen yards on top. Thirty-one yards at base. Width on top eleven yards.

Dense cane with scattering trees surround these mounds. During the overflow from the streams these mounds' summits are above water and cattle resort thereto. All the top soil is tramped off leaving the yellow clay as compact as can be made. Nothing to indicate life found.

LAWRENCE, MONROE COUNTY, ARK., December, 1881.

Major J. W. Powell.

Sir:

I visited Lawrenceville December 7th. This place is situated on the edge of Maddox Bay. Here is a fine mound but there is a grave yard on top, so could not touch it. There was a fine bank along the edge of the bay on which the Indians had lived but the owner would not allow it to be disturbed. But in a field near the large mound, belonging to Daniel Thompson were found numerous signs of ancient habitation. This field has been cultivated for several years, consequently what has not been turned up by the plow remains under the soil mostly in a badly broken condition. In one spot close to the surface was found the burnt roofing (that was clay) (eight inches thick) of a house one hundred feet in circumference. Nearly imbedded in this clay was found a cocoanut shaped pot. I am of the opinion that this curiously shaped vessel was on the top of the house when it was burnt down. There was part of another vessel on the same roof.

Mounds at Akron, Independence County, Ark.

Nine miles northwest of Jacksonport on Big Bottom of White River is a large mound seven feet high and three hundred feet across, of circular form. It is covered with graves of the townspeople, as it is on the outskirts. In digging the graves many things have been taken. From one grave a fine carved shell and a number of shell beads were found and presented to the National Museum by M. A. Mull of Jacksonport, Jackson county, Ark. A figure of clay was taken out at the same time with the shells. It was sold to Dodd, Brown & Co., corner Fifth and St. Charles streets, St. Louis, Mo.

There is another mound near the above. It is four feet high and fifty feet across. One foot from surface found six inches of burnt clay-brick stuff, then five inches of ashes and charcoal. A few important things were found.

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Turned over the whole mound. The base is of clay and sand.

INDIAN BAYOU, LONOKE COUNTY, ARK.

1883.—R. B. CarLee of DeVall's Bluff, Arkansas, presents a fine stone implement obtained at Indian Bayou. She is entitled to thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology.

INDIAN BAY, MONROE COUNTY, ARK., December, 1881.

Major J. W. Powell.

Sir:

I visited Indian Bay December 12th. At this place is a large mound belonging to A. Spencer. It is three hundred feet above the high water of the bay and two hundred and fifty feet long. Permission could not be obtained to open it.

Just outside of Indian Bay settlement is a large mound now used as a burying ground by the townspeople. Close to it is a field owned by Dr. Henry Shipman, in which field are two small mounds, three to four feet high and thirty feet in circumference. In one two feet under the soil was found a skeleton of a half grown person with the three vessels (158) arrayed by the head. They were somewhat injured by plowing over the ground.

No. 159. Taken from the field but the skeleton was destroyed by the plow.

No. 160. The broken pottery under this number was taken from the other small mound before mentioned or rather it appears to have had on it a two-room hut with a clay roof upon which must have been placed several pots. By the destruction of this house by fire the pots were precipitated and broken and mixed with the debris. No skeletons, etc., were found.

No. 161. The broken pottery under this number was taken from under the burnt roofing of a house situated in a field thirty-five yards from the above mound. If they were not under the roofing at the time of burning they would have been more or less mixed with the top and not covered up as

was the case. Some of these vessels are of different ornamentations from anything previously found.

No. 162. Found on the floor of the fire places, covered with debris of roofing of houses and without skeletons or anything else.

Separated the fragments as much as possible. The falling of burnt house near has necessarily mixed them somewhat with the houses underneath.

No. 163. Pieces from under burnt roofing of second house ten feet from No. 161.

No. 164. Wasp's nests.

No. 165. Stone implements and burnt floor. Roofing supposed to be brick bats. There is a scarcity of stone implements, there being little or no stone in the country.

There are two mounds on Big Cypress Creek and in dry part of year used as places to watch for game, and for temporary occupation. The mounds are at the divide between the overflow and the highlands.

No. 166. Floor of house.

No. 167. Cypress bark for roofing and clothing.

INDIAN BAY, MONROE COUNTY, ARK.

Christmas day at Indian Bay. This is a short crop year. Merchants and land renters complain of non-settlement of debts. Every species of jug and bottles are carried away filled with whisky. Not only were the necessaries of life carried away, but also the luxuries. The wearing apparel bought by the colored people was not adapted to the condition of poor people. Is not a dry season a blessing if we utilize its dictates. Two days before Christmas Baley's family troop, consisting of father, brother, wife and their six children arrived and performed in the school house to whites only, at twenty-five cents per head. If colored were admitted it was only by special permission. Take the human race as a whole, there is nothing in color, it is in the quality of the human composition.

In the south and the north so much is wasted on Christmas. The day before Christmas young and old are The second secon

trying to catch each other with the cry of "Christmas Gift!" It is a day of extravagance and a means to dissatisfaction. The poor fret because they cannot do as the rich.

Dec. 25, 1881.—A pleasant spring-like day with some leaves on peach and apple trees, green weeds and grass.

Dec. 26, 1881.—Left by stage for Holley Wood, Ark.

KNAPP MOUNDS OR MOUND LAKE, SEVENTEEN MILES SOUTH-EAST OF LITTLE ROCK, PULASKI COUNTY, ARK.

This mound derives its name from a field by its banks owned by Mr. Gilbert Knapp, in which field is one of the finest group of mounds in Arkansas. This lake is three miles long and about one-quarter mile wide and more resembles an arm of a river than a lake.

The field in which is situated this celebrated group of mounds contains ninety acres and has been cultivated for thirty years or more. It is connected with the lake by an embankment one mile long, five feet high, five feet across at top and eight feet at the base. It starts at the lake, circles around the field and connects again at the lake. In 1844 during the period of the greatest overflow ever known in this section, these mounds were above the water and many families with their household effects and live stock came here for safety.

The largest mound of the group is one hundred feet high, two hundred four feet long at base and one hundred and sixty-five feet wide. It measures sixty by seventy feet on the top and is nearly square. It has natural bushes and trees covering it. Some elms are eighteen inches through. The owner gave permission to have a shaft dug on the vacant summit. It was eight feet square. At first were two feet of vegetable mould, in which were mixed some animal bones and pieces of pots. Then for eight feet was sandy loam which became so hard that at ten feet solid clay was struck and I could go no further. A tunnel had been made some time since by a relic hunter in the back of the mound and the same hard conditions of sandy soil were met. I myself dug a tunnel in the side midway between the top and the

base, but found the same hard sandy loam. The top and sides were examined without finding even brick-like substance.

The second in size of these mounds is seventy-five feet high, eighty-five feet wide on the top and one hundred ten feet long. At the base it is one hundred eighty feet long and one hundred fifty-five feet at the west end, but at the east end it is one hundred seventy-five feet wide. It presents a prominent squarish front. A shaft ten feet deep was sunk and eight feet wide in the summit. At first was two feet black sticky clay. In the center of this cut were found two fine crystals. At this depth were found a few pieces of pottery but no ashes or burnt clay. At two feet the soil changed to a yellow greasy clay which continued for eight feet when it became too hard to work. There were no indications of a change, and nothing showing human occupation was found in this formation.

The exteriors of the mounds presented the same yellow clay and extended to the base. The top has been cultivated as a garden for years.

Fifty feet from the mound is a pond of water fifteen feet across, and two hundred and sixty feet long and is grown over with trees and bushes. This pond may have been made by taking earth to build the mound. An elm tree eighteen inches in diameter stands on one side of the mound.

The largest of this group and the third in size in the Knapp field is a mound twelve feet high, forty-eight feet wide, fifty-seven feet long on top and nearly square. At the base it is one hundred eight feet long, and ninety feet wide. A cut eleven feet deep and five feet square was made in the centre of this mound. For from four feet it was sandy soil with vegetable mould, and intermixed here and there with a piece of pottery and animal bones. In the centre at four feet deep, a broken pot was found. At five feet a yellowish sandy soil with a little clay took its place for seven feet when it became so wet and without any ashes, etc., that I abandoned it.

The second largest mound is five feet high, one hundred two feet long and seventy-eight feet wide. A cut

four feet square and four feet deep yielded a mixture of sandy soil with a good admixture of vegetable matter. In this were irregularly mixed pieces of pottery and animal bones. Upon this mound seem to have been two kinds of house sites. For instance four places were seen which have burnt clay and five places with ashes and human bones only. For years this mound has been plowed over and having sloping sides the rain has washed off the soil and bares from time to time the articles deposited. Examination showed that at one and one-half feet below the surface is found what the plow has left undisturbed. The plow has mixed up things in this mound.

Protruding out of the soil but a very little as if turned out of one of these house sites, with burnt clay, was a stone tool somewhat like a hide dresser iron tool and with it were fragments of human bones.

From another of these house sites where burnt clay had been turned out by the plow and at the same time partially exposed were three broken pots and some human bones.

In the second division of house sites without burnt clay, the plow had much mixed the soil with ashes, and human remains, and pottery fragments.

From one of these spots a small medal (71346), human remains, and fragments of pottery were taken, the soil was sandy.

The smallest mound with the two other small ones and a small mound like at the side of the largest mound average about four feet high, about one hundred feet long and seventy-eight feet wide.

Holes four feet deep were dug in them from the centre. Their composition was a light sandy soil with an admixture of vegetable mould with here and there pieces of pottery, animal bones, mussel shells and stone implements.

The trees are left from off the bank of the lake and the caves are clearly seen on each side of the largest mound. May not the earth have been obtained here to build the mound, while at the same time these caves afforded anchorage for canoes?

The mounds and ponds are entirely surrounded by the lake and ancient levee.

Dec. 25, 1882.—Visited the Knapp mound. It was situated midway in a field. A colored woman invited me to dine with her in her cabin. My coat pocket yielded an apple and some pecan nuts. There is a great waste of powder at Christmas in this section.

July, 1884.—Tallest of the mounds is eight hundred thirteen feet in circumference at the base. The southeast slope is ninety-six feet with the base of forty-seven feet.

Southwest slope is one hundred two feet, base fiftyseven feet, five inches. Diameter of top, fifty feet. Circumference on top, two hundred fifteen feet.

Second Large (Square) Mound.

Length, northeast end, one hundred eighty-six feet.

Length southeast side, two hundred and thirteen feet, slope seventy-one feet.

Length, northeast end, one hundred and ninety-two feet, slope height eighty-six feet.

Length southwest side, two hundred and thirteen feet, four inches, slope eighty-six feet.

Top Measurements.

Length of northeast end, seventy-one feet.

Length of southwest side, ninety feet, four inches.

Length of northwest end, seventy-five feet.

' Length of southeast side, eighty-eight feet, eight inches.

Diameter, seventy-six feet, five inches.

The above are my own measurements.

July 1, 1884.—Visited the Knapp Mounds on the west side of the Arkansas River and measured the mounds. I was very kindly entertained by a colored family (named Sparks). Color line departs when hunger demands something to eat. They were in position to give it and did not want to charge, but that would not do so paid to my own satisfaction.

Mr. Knapp had given me a letter to Mr. Sharks. There is a way too, that will please, if the intention is at hand.

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Crops are backward because of the late wet spring. Cotton blooms rare.

Scanlon's Landing, twelve miles below Memphis, Crittenden county, Ark.

MOUND NEAR WALNUT LAKE STATION, DESHA COUNTY, ARK.

The mound is situated on the banks of Walnut Lake near Walnut Lake Station, on the Little Rock, Mississippi & Texas Railroad, and commands a fine view of the lake. The mound is owned by Mrs. Moses P. Embree, who gave me permission to examine it. Nothing was found, however. It is eight feet high, fifteen feet across at the top and forty feet at base. I dug a shaft to the base. It was entirely of sandy loam.

Walnut Lake is six miles long and of an average width of seventy-five yards. No sign of occupation was found.

Mounds on Frenchman's Bayou, Six Miles West of Golden Lake Post Office on Mississippi River, Mississippi County, Ark.

These house sites consist of several elevations of circular form and composed of sandy loam. The highest is eight feet and covered with graves. Most of the mounds are in plowed fields cultivated for years and are above the overflow. The human remains, pottery, etc., once there must have been near the surface, the plow having cut to pieces everything there originally. There is an abundance of pieces of brick-like substance with ashes, animal bones and mussel shells. Nothing was found in place as originally.

A house is standing on one of the mounds. In the garden was dug up a stone bead and a piece of pottery. Presented by J. W. Uzzell.

STEPHENS' MOUNDS, SIX MILES SOUTH OF NEWPORT, JACKSON COUNTY, ARK.

On the farm of G. R. Stephens, six miles south of Newport, is a mound five feet high and fifteen feet across,

The state of the s and circular in form. A few inches under the soil, in the centre, two skeletons were found. In plowing over it the skull of one was nearly carried away. They lay face down and each in a different direction and quite opposite. Two wheel-like tools and a bone tool covered with copper stain were found with them. The copper may have been taken away by the plow. Two pieces were found. One had three pieces of bone stained with copper. The other skull had pipe and pieces of pots. There were some little charcoal and ashes, but no brick stuff.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Jan. 15, 1883.—Took passage on the steamer, Woodson for Reed's Landing. A colored lady school teacher, a very promising person, bought a cabin ticket and was refused by a white woman to stay in the cabin by the assumption of the woman supposing she was the wife of an officer. She complained to the clerk who ordered her out to the room of the colored chambermaid. She talked of prosecuting. The captain, who came in, said the law allowed him to assign passengers to any part of the boat he chose. What a farce of justice! A known lie, a prejudice against reason.

Jan. 20, 1883.—In the early morning lightning and thunder with a heavy sleet and very cold. Traveled eight miles southeast of Little Rock to J. R. Thibault, who has a fine private collection of mound specimens. His wife, an educated woman, shares his joys, a woman whose father always instructed her to observe natural objects.

Memphis for Little Rock, on the cars was A. Philips, a rough specimen of the old planter. He said he despised the negro, because he said he was not now a profitable and dependable workman. He blamed the Republicans for it all. He said the race is decreasing and as soon as the old negroes are gone, the new race must move or be killed. The two races cannot live together. A shower of oaths and a large whiskey bottle and all round him a filthy floor with tobacco juice. He said he was a Democrat of the straight kind. He rejoiced at the defeat of the Republicans. The discus-

of the latest the same of

sion changed when the subject of the Democrats fathering the liquor question was mentioned. Two gentlemen of the State said they had all along voted with Democrats, but now they could not support such immorality. This silenced the man of filthy habits.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology are due to the following: J. K. Thibault, F. T. Gibson, Gilbert Knapp. J. K. Thibault donated fourteen fine specimens of pottery.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Nov. 1882.—Passed two school houses for white and colored both alike. Children well fed and clothed.

Pyracanthus in bloom, November 9th.

1882.—Visited U. S. Armory building, large and in good repair. The air of comfortable independence pervades it. The building looks as if newly repaired.

Nov. 11, 1882.—While passing the cars as they came in from Pine Bluff, a gentleman said, "The cars are crowded, that's' like the darkies, they are always on the move; he is good for nothing; he never will have anything; he is only fit for a slave!"

ANCIENT INDIAN CANAL, PULASKI COUNTY, ARK.

Eleven miles northeast of Little Rock, Ark.

This water course has the appearance of being artificially cut. It is somewhat irregular in form and is said to be nearly as it was when the country came into the possession of the whites.

It connects Mills Bayou with Galloway Lake. Mills Bayou empties into the old Arkansas River, and thus the ancient inhabitants had a continuous water communication.

THIBAULT MOUNDS EIGHT MILES EAST OF SOUTH OF LITTLE ROCK, PULASKI COUNTY, ARK.

1883.—These mounds are situated on the farm of J. K. Thibault, Esq., eight miles southeast of Little Rock, Ark.

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They are small, averaging one and one-half feet high above surface and eighteen feet in diameter. These mounds have so little slope that the plow and rains have not materially worked off the surface. The owner had practically examined the most of them carefully and as soon as the weather permitted said he would finish them. A foot of soil being removed you strike burnt clay, then ashes and with these, human remains, pottery, etc. This gentleman presented through me to the National Museum several specimens of Crania and pottery under Smithsonian numbers.

Mr. Thibault has been asked to lend several of his finest specimens to the National Museum, those taken from his mounds.

The Arkansas River is now one mile distant from the mounds. Judging from the surroundings the river once ran by this ridge upon which are the mounds, the spot being inhabited. These mounds might be called house graves. The huts seem to have been erected five or six feet apart over the mounds. As the soil remains, as it was originally, the plow has not materially disturbed whatever is under the soil and in the house remains. My visit to this gentleman, J. K. Thibault, was during a heavy storm and seeing that it would put him to great inconvenience I returned to Little Rock. His house was undergoing repairs. A fine collection. He is giving all his duplicates to the National Museum and will lend his choice specimens that drawings and casts may be made from them.

This gentleman presented me with several specimens for the National Museum which are sent in package marked x. His collection cannot be purchased or obtained by exchange. He has some rare painted specimens of pottery and some with curious inlaid ornamentations.

He has a happy household, the wife and children taking an interest in his mound examinations.

He has also some curiously shaped specimens of pottery and some pipes, slate beads the finest ever seem by me. A curious paddle shaped implement made of slate. I have pointed out to the owner several choice articles which will be desirable to borrow. A sister, Mrs. Helen E. Hobbs, and

a brother-in-law, F. T. Gibson, have both some choice specimens which Mr. Thibault will borrow from them and send with his specimens should you so desire.

MENARD MOUND, OR HILL OWNED BY NAPOLEON MENARD.

Seven miles west by land of Arkansas Post, Arkansas River, Arkansas County, Ark.

1883.—Menard Mound or as it is commonly called, Menard Hill is one-quarter mile in a direct line from the Arkansas River to Poynters post office and ferry, and seven miles west, by land, of Arkansas Post. It is situated on the farm of Napoleon Menard and is one of the best known mounds in the State.

This mound is seventy feet high, one hundred fifty feet wide at the base and forty-five feet across at the top. I think it was originally circular. Sheep and individuals climbing up its sides for several years have made the sides very irregular, besides the digging into its sides to see what could be found accelerated its present ragged condition. I examined three cuts made ten feet into its side and found mixed composition of sandy loam, black vegetable earth, and clay. This may be owing to the earth having been taken from several places and thrown without order on the mound.

This mound has two wings, the larger or the west wing is twenty feet high and one hundred and fifty-six feet long and twenty-seven feet wide at the narrowest part, the widest part is sixty feet. The south or lowest wing is seven feet high and one hundred and seventy-five feet long and sixty feet wide. These wings are of sandy soil with yellow clay subsoil. Some few pots were taken out last year.

One wing is composed of six inches of sandy loam, another of six inches of burnt clay, and the third of three inches of matting and corn. Not much of the matting or corn could be saved, so badly burnt were they; on the same side of the wing, but nearer the mound were found many broken pots under a thick layer of burnt clay, last year. On the opposite side of this northern mound was to be found not even burnt brick stuff. Thirty acres are included in the space around the mound in which are many house sites from which many pieces of pottery have been taken.

The house sites look like a cluster of small mounds, the highest not more than two feet with flat tops and all consist of soil, burnt clay and ashes with which skeletons, pottery, etc., were found. It was from these, that last year so many things were taken by me. The line running through the small mounds indicates a fence. Near by it the Menard Bayou, or the old bed of White River across which is a road leading to Poynter's post office on the Arkansas River.

MENARD MOUND, ARKANSAS COUNTY, ARK.

Napoleon Bonapart Menard entitled to thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology.

Left Arkansaw Post for Grand Prairie, fifteen miles northwest on a visit to John R. Maxwell.

As the fires have for years been kept out of the prairie the timber has sensibly increased and driven outward and lessened the area of the Grand Prairie.

ARKANSAS POST, ARKANSAS COUNTY, ARK.

Landed at the Post late in the afternoon. Stayed at a noted hotel. This place is as old as Philadelphia. It once had a State bank, was the capital of the Province of Louisiana. Some bricks of the government house remain. The town was destroyed by the war and the change of the war.

The new town has thirty to forty inhabitants. The intrenchments of Confederates in the late war admit river and rains to encroach and carry away the soil until the town may be endangered. Thanksgiving day, November 24th, I had no turkey. There was no observance of the day. The ground was frozen.

Circus that travels upon a river boat. (Admission twenty-five cents.)

Gambling tables, dice, roulette, and guessing for dollars seem to be the main object, so as to pass counterfeit money.

There was also a twenty-five cent side show consisting of an exhibition tent and a dressing tent to accommodate a miserable variety show for which ten dollars license and the same of th

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was paid. Had the whole show exhibited it would have been \$100.

The performers were a hard-faced lot. The poor crowd of dupes, black and whites, by their appearance had better put the money to their own comfort.

For three days after my arrival here there was a raw, wet, cold rain, then frost so that the ground was frozen for three days, after which it was warm and pleasant.

Mounds fifteen miles northwest from Arkansas Post, Arkansas County, Ark., Month of December, 1881. Major J. W. Powell.

Sir:

At the beginning of the month I left Arkansas Post to visit some mounds said to be fifteen miles northwest of Arkansas Post. Said mounds were small. A previous party had taken from the largest mound five skeletons with nothing with them. I found nothing in or about the mound but camp fires. These mounds are situated just inside of what was called Grand Prairie. Game passing to the prairie from the woods could be watched from this elevation by the hunters.

Journey to Little River, Ark., October 13, 1882. to Fishmouth.

From Osceola to Little River most of the journey was through dense woods. The water rose last winter eighteen feet, covering the woods leaving the water sediment marks on the trees and the blazed ones by the axe made by the men in their boats as they sailed along the tree tops so as to mark their return road. Neither bird nor animal seen on the road. Fishmouth Highlands old river cut off. Cotton though topped is six feet high. Mr. Jackson's mad bees.

Fishmouth Highland, Ark.

The first mound visited was four feet high, forty feet long and thirty feet wide and of oval form. Three graves of white people were on the summit, but the owner gave permission to examine between the graves. The first hole dug

was two and one-half feet below surface in nice black soil, then ten inches of burnt clay, six inches of charcoal and ashes, associated with which was a skeleton and pots. In the second examination the same result was obtained as the first with the skeleton and pottery. Four feet below the former skeleton a hard burnt floor was struck covered with two feet of ashes and two specimens of pottery but no skeleton. In the third hole dug, after passing through the top soil, then burnt clay, charcoal and ashes same thickness as first hole dug. In the ashes was a broken pot, but no remains.

The human remains were found facing some to one quarter, others to another, face downward or on the back.

The second mound visited was seven feet high and twenty-five feet across. Graves covered its surface so no examination was made.

House Sites.

Thirty yards from the last named mound is a level spot with burnt brick-like stuff protruding more or less out from the surface soil. This extended about two hundred feet square. A house and outbuildings covered a part of it. On removing the brick-like substance for six inches to two feet, two skeletons were found a few feet apart (grown) and one of a child. The former had five pots each, the child one and two toy vessels. Ashes were associated with the skeletons.

Several house sites with broken pottery were found. The spot was once larger, but the overflow from the Little River cut-off, which runs by it, has carried away part of it.

Left Forrest City for Madison, St. Francis county, Ark., November 3, 1882, by two mule team, an Ex-Confederate soldier for driver. He called homemade tobacco Arkansas scrip. He told his experience as a prisoner at Camp Butler, Springfield, Ohio and Erie, Pa. Apple and peach trees in bloom. Neglected grave yard of U. S. troops at Madison.

CHERRY VALLEY, CROSS COUNTY, ARK.

Nov. 1, 1882.—Three months old. A new place built on the bottom lands on the Crawley's ridge branch St. Louis, Iron Mountain Railroad.

Three new stores going up, one frame and one log dwelling finished. A well is dug. Hotel commenced. There is a frame boarding house in which is the post office. Blacksmith shop under boards. A saw mill under upright boards and an upright board shanty. A fine timber country, but they are getting ready to waste it.

Cotton bales, cotton seed and staves await shipment.

Each man expects a fortune in a hurry and he praises the railroad. Land owner gave for depot lot two hundred by fifteen hundred feet deep. Lots (front) fifty feet by one hundred feet back sell for twenty dollars. One acre blocks back part sold for fifty dollars.

MARIANNA AND OTHER PLACES IN ARKANSAS.

Jan. 1882.—The colored barbers keep separate shops for white and colored customers.

Jan. 18, 1882.—Snow and sleet with ground slightly frozen, a very disagreeable day.

Marianna has eight hundred population, a fine post office. This place is twelve or fourteen miles up the Languille River, thirty-five miles from Helena by river and twenty-five by land.

Two miles south of this place on the Helena road is the Lone Pine Spring. The tree is yet standing. Here the thief Murrell had his counterfeit shop for making money, vestiges of which are said to still remain.

Travel on the railroad suspended for several days as the only two engines were injured. Disagreeable waiting, and when started was slow. Freight was taken along and delivered by the wayside. Steam would give out then a stop to get up a new supply.

GARRETSON'S LANDING, ARKANSAS RIVER, ARK.

Mr. Garretson informed me that his mother who lived here from her childhood, while the Choctaw Indians were here, often spoke of their burying their dead by laying them upon the mounds and covering them over.

GARRETSON'S LANDING, JEFFERSON COUNTY, ARK.

Major H. P. Spellman entitled to the thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology.

Houson Mounds, Two Miles Northeast of Garrettson's Landing on the Arkansas River, Jefferson County, Ark.

Two miles northeast from Garrettson's Landing are two mounds on the Houson farm. They are close to the road leading from Garretson's Landing to Linwood railroad station on the railroad, leading to Arkansas City. One mound is twenty-five feet high, forty-four feet wide and fifty-five feet long. It is flat on top and covered with graves. No pieces of pottery, bones or burnt clay seem to have been turned up in digging the graves. Its exterior showed a sandy soil. It is forty-five feet from Cypress Bayou which is back of it.

The second mound is three hundred fifty yards in a line from the first and forty feet from Cypress Bayou. It is thirty feet high, fifty feet wide and sixty feet long. Graves are on its top. No examination was allowed. It is of sandy soil. The land around is of rich bottom.

SMUGGS' MOUND, ONE AND ONE-QUARTER MILES SOUTH FROM GARRETSON'S LANDING ON ARKANSAS RIVER, JEFFERSON COUNTY, ARK. (OWNED BY CHILDREN OF LATE Mr. SMUGGS.)

This mound is situated on the estate of Mr. Smuggs. It is ten feet high, thirty-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide. I made a cut five feet deep and four feet square in the

side and found nothing but clear sandy soil. Previous to my visit, a large hole had been cut from the top to the bottom, but nothing but sand was found. No sign of ashes or even of pottery was seen.

Seventy-five feet from this mound is Long Lake, across which are dense woods.

HOLLY GROVE, ARK., AND VICINITY.

Dec. 26, 1881.—Left by stage for Holly Wood. Found everybody celebrating Christmas. I stopped at Widow Smith's Hotel. The influence of her daughters attracts boarders and so her house is full.

Next morning started by team to Mrs. Trotter's farm near East Lake, four miles from Holly Grove and six miles from White River. Stayed at the house of Shoebly Taylor. The people were kind but of many words. Theirs was a rented place.

Dec. 29.—Left for Clarendon, Monroe county, Arkansas by team ten miles.

HOLLYWOOD PLANTATION, ARK., TAYLOR MOUNDS.

Nov. 22, 1882.—Leaving Winchester State for Dr. J. M. Taylor's, four miles—got lost by not being rightly directed and went ten miles out of our way. After miles of wandering, it being dark and hearing chopping, followed the sound and came upon two men chopping poles. Went to their cabin to hire one and team to take us to the Taylor Mounds.

Darkies excited over skulls would not touch them. One took two sticks to take one up. One would not keep with my colored man because he handled bones. He said he feared the dry bones would shake about him at night.

Three days and nights rain.

W. B. Dumas kindly entertained us.

HOLLYWOOD PLANTATION NEAR WINCHESTER STATION, DREW COUNTY, ARK.

Dr. J. M. Taylor entitled to thanks of Bureau of Ethnology.

HOLLYWOOD PLANTATION.

Mounds on the farm of Dr. J. M. Taylor, four miles west from Winchester Station, Drew County, Ark., on the L. R., Mississippi & Texas Railroad.

I found this celebrated group of mounds in a field of sixty-three acres, known as the "Mound Field." This field is bounded by Bartholomew Bayou and a line of what is supposed to be artificially made ponds running east and west. Some of these hold water most of the year. It is from these very probably that the earth was taken to build the mounds. They are largely filled up now. Before the war the ponds had large trees growing about them. These were cut down, the ponds drained and cultivated. For several years they have been neglected and trees are growing up. These intersect Bartholomew Bayou. Bayou Bartholomew is said to be five hundred miles long and sixty feet wide in channel and two hundred feet from bank to bank. There is often an eighteen foot rise of water, but it never overflows its banks which are on an average of twenty-four feet high. It runs north and south.

The lower part of this mound field is made up from the overflow of the Arkansas River, when it runs over Ambro Bayou below Pine Bluff. There is now a levee there so no overflow comes from this source.

The top soil is black sandy loam and the bottom is a sandy loam of light yellow clay.

The upper part of the field is stiff black loam and subsoil is a stiff waxy clay of a reddish to black soil.

We examined the subsoil about the mounds and brought to light numerous pieces of pottery, mussel shells, bones and stone implements that had been turned up by the plow. This field has been cultivated for years. There are many house sites to be found in this field. All that I found had mostly The De York and the latest of the latest of

been previously disturbed. For years various ones have dug and plowed up skeletons, pottery, etc. At two feet deep I found an abundance of ashes in which were the following: Turtle shell, pipe, mussel shells, pots, pottery fragments, stone implements plowed out.

Bayou Bartholomew lies on the right of these mounds and ponds on the left.

The openings between the ponds vary in width from thirty to one hundred feet. You pass from these outlets to cleared land and back of which are natural woods.

One of the mounds is thirty feet high and of sandy loam mixed with clay.

A second mound is fourteen feet high and one hundred feet wide at the base and thirty feet through at top. It is of sandy loam at top and clay at base.

Another mound is nine feet high, eighteen feet through at top and thirty feet at base and of same composition.

Several other mounds average three feet high and fifteen feet through and are of same composition as the second and third. Nothing was found in these mounds. The action of the plow and rains in uncovering mounds, and the repeated examinations of various ones with spades has left nothing to be found. Many fine things have been taken out of the house sites found between the mounds in this field.

This mound field is fifteen feet above the water channel of Bayou Bartholomew. No overflow.

FORREST CITY, ARK.

I arrived late, and the hotels being full had to take room at a colored restaurant.

Helena & Iron Mountain Railroad.

No saloon—drug stores have hole in which the money and bottle are placed, the money is displayed, the bottle is filled, returned and no one seen.

Seeds of the China tree used to cure botts in horses.

Captain Cook would not allow his mounds disturbed because his negroes would not rent his land for fear of hants, as they express. 16. 10. 10.11

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The place has nine hundred inhabitants and no bakery, bread is brought from Memphis or Helena.

Turnips one cent each, apples and Irish potatoes one dollar per bushel, sweet potatoes fifty cents per bushel, beef ten to fifteen cents per pound, chickens small twenty-five cents each. (No bank).

FORREST CITY DEPOT.

Wishing to go to Memphis by the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad at six a.m., was on hand with my trunk as the train arrived. The checker refused to check the trunk because it was not at depot twenty minutes before the train arrived so it could be entered on book for the train. The ticket agent said to him, check it as there was time, but he refused, so I lost a day that was wanted at Memphis.

CROOK MOUND, TEN MILES SOUTHEAST OF FORREST CITY, ST. FRANCIS COUNTY, ARK.

This mound is situated on the farm of Captain W. J. Crook, ten miles southeast from Forrest City and sixty feet from Tuni Creek. It has been cultivated for over fifteen years and besides during the overflows cattle are kept there for months. Their constant tramping has so mixed up the soil, that but little of the soil as it originally was remains. I found (three) small spots, however, of original deposit with four to twelve inches of loam and three inches of burnt clay—then ashes variable in thickness. The base was of clay. It is oblong in form fifteen feet high, four hundred eight feet long, and one hundred fifty feet wide. It has been very deeply plowed. A skeleton or two with a few pots have been taken out.

Extensive examination could not be made as the owner feared that water would affect the mound and make it an unsafe place for their cattle.

This place is at the foot of Crawley's Ridge.

House Sites, Called Old Brick Fort or House on the Property of Major Chairs, Known as the Blackwell Patric Farm, Four Miles Southwest from Forrest City, St. Francis County, Ark., and One Hundred and Fifty Feet from Crow Creek.

This is called by some people the Old Brick Fort or House from the quantity of brick-like material found more or less exposed.

There are (3) of these house sites. A public road runs by the only perfect one and cuts through the other two.

These three house sites are about ninety feet apart.

Major Chairs lives at Columbia, Tenn His agent, A.

C. Hickey gave me permission to examine the mounds.

CHAIRS' MOUND ON PROPERTY OF MAJOR CHAIRS, FOUR MILES SOUTHEAST FROM FORREST CITY, ST. FRANCIS COUNTY, ARK.

On the same estate as the house sites, but two hundred yards from Crow Creek. It is ten feet high, thirty-six feet across. Small brush grown over it.

The back water of St. Francis River comes near to this mound.

Mounds on Lake Anderson, Ten Miles Northeast from Forrest City, Ark.

Lake Anderson or Mud Lake is six or seven miles long and about two hundred yards wide and three-quarters of mile to the St. Francis River. Here are some mounds on the farm of John Anderson on the bank of the lake.

Three hundred yards from first mound is another on the bank of the lake. It is five feet high, forty-five feet wide and circular in form. Cattle tramping over it have rendered it very hard and thoroughly mixed the materials composing it. It consists of clay, loam, ashes and burnt brick-like material.

Still further to the south is another seventy-five yards from the last mentioned mound. It is round in form, five

feet high and fifty-five feet across. Its composition is like that of the former and is equally mixed and as hard trampled.

There is a depression in the lake bank in front of the mound and so a good view of the lake is had. These mounds are in a bottom covered by timber of large size.

One-quarter mile from the last mentioned mound and close to the bank of the lake are several patches of brick-like material, finely ground. For years the public road has passed over them so that whatever was originally beneath this burnt clay has been destroyed by vehicles which have worn deep ruts in the ground. These house sites are only one and one-half feet above the general surface.

Mound at Arkansas City, Desha County, Ark.

Little less than one mile north of Arkansas City is a mound situated on a level bottom that overflows by the Mississippi River, which is one mile back of Cypress swamp that is contiguous to mound and from which the prehistoric people may have obtained their water supply. This mound during last years overflow, which was of unusual height, was five feet above water. Since the settlement of the country this mound has been used as a burying ground, its surface is thickly studded over with graves. In digging which, bones, pottery and brick-like substance is turned out, giving evidence as to its having been inhabited previous to the advent of the whites. It was probably nearly square originally.

Should anyone depart this life at Arkansas City during an overflow the remains is taken to this mound in a boat followed by the inhabitants in various kind of water crafts, a novel procession.

Alianthus trees have taken freely to the mound, an oak or two of natural growth remains on its surface.

The mound is one hundred eight feet long, seventytwo feet wide and twelve feet high.

There is about thirty-five feet of a slope at east end which was produced by the breaking down of the mound surface.

This view of the mound shows Cypress Bayous in the background, also the graves on the top and right-hand end.

DESOTO OR DEPRIEST MOUND, THIRTEEN MILES NORTHWEST OF ARKANSAS CITY, DESHA COUNTY, ARKANSAS.

This mound is generally known as the DeSoto Mound, it being supposed by some that DeSoto camped here during one winter. H. T. Depriest now owns it and has his house on the attachment or slope from the mound.

It is close to the bank of Cypress creek which empties into the Mississippi River, eight miles from the mound. This stream is thirty to forty yards wide and twenty feet deep. Five miles in a direct line is the Mississippi River. Back of the mound is a large pond from which the earth was taken to build this mound. It is of black and sticky nature. Fruit trees are planted on the top and corn, etc., have been cultivated there. No brick-like substance was found on it. A few pieces of pottery were turned up by the plow. The mound is sixty feet high on the back side, but sloping toward the addition upon which the house stands. This attachment was probably to enable an easy ascent to the mound. The mound is one hundred ten feet across, one hundred forty-four feet long and has one-half acre on . top. The accompanying view is of the so-called "De Soto" mound on Cypress Creek looking southwest with Cypress on the north.

Depriest Mound, Thirteen Miles Northwest of Arkansas City, Ark.

Returned from Depriests' Mound to Arkansas City December 6, 1882.

There was the necessity of stopping on the journey. I stayed with a poor, but very accommodating white man.

The colored driver of the two-mule wagon and my colored artist stopped with a friend of the driver, the bill of the two was three times as much as mine.

Alarm of fire brought out a crowd, a new store on fire two stories high—no fire department—with buckets soon put out the fire.

Side walks so staked in place that rise as water rise they remain and the people walk on the water.

Dec. 1882.—Was like May much of the time.

ARKANSAS CITY, ARK.

Col. B. F. Grace, James Murphy and J. D. Coates are entitled to the thanks of the Bureau of Ethnology.

ARKANSAS CITY, ARK. FROM GARRETTSON'S LANDING, MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

1883.—January 10 at 1 a. m.—Arrived at Arkansas City by freight train, City Hotel was full so had to sit in a chair by the fire. Had walked or rode all day in the mud and it was very cold, all the way from Garrettson's Landing on Mississippi River.

ARKANSAS CITY, ARK.

1882.—Noted for saloons and a hard crowd. There is a fine oil mill.

Feb. 27, 1882.—Water rose eighteen inches above the City Hotel floor and on the level five or six feet.

Wooden court house, jail and a wooden town.

At the hotel cockroaches march over the table, the wall and floor, no water or fire in rooms, a filthy place—two dollars per day—an obliging lord, but does not know his business.

Dec. 6, 1882.—Transit of Venus—a clear and warm day, at sundown clouded and at night a fearful wind. At seven next morning, clear and cold. Stayed all night in an open house—very uncomfortable.

The day of December 6th was unusually bright with a peculiar blue sky. Roads fearfully muddy.

MOUNDS TO WATCH FOR GAME. BIG CYPRESS CREEK, ARK.

These mounds during the dry part of the year was resorted to by the Indians to watch for game, as the waters overflow the country, the mounds being at the divide between the overflow and the high lands.

MENARD MOUNDS, EIGHT MILES SOUTHEAST OF ARKANSAS POST, ARKANSAS COUNTY, ARK.

ARKANSAS POST, ARK., November 29, 1881.

Major J. W. Powell, Sir:

Since forwarding my last communication, I have visited a section of land owned by the heirs of the late Frank Menard, Esq., eight miles southeast of Arkansas Post, Arkansas County, Ark.

These mounds are situated in a field of twenty acres. It is forty feet high, nine hundred sixty-five feet in circumference at the base and three hundred feet at the top with trees and bushes growing on its tapering sides.

I did not open this mound as two cuts had already been made in it without revealing anything, but an eight foot hole was dug in the top at which depth were found ashes, in which a metal cross of six or eight inches long was found. From the top of this mound a good view of the surrounding country was obtained.

From the eastern side of this mound projects an appendix, ten feet high, twenty feet across and three hundred feet in length, and at the end of which is a small circular mound fifteen feet high and forty feet across. Nothing was found in this mound, but evidences of its once having been occupied by numerous houses were verified, by finding of dwellings. As the Arkansas River once ran near by the site, it was doubtless occupied during the overflow of the river, so also might have been the connection between it and the big mound. Near the center of this connection and just under the soil burnt clay roofing of a house was found, then a few inches of ashes and charcoal. This house was fifteen feet in circumference. At one side of this house

imbedded in the burnt clay debris were many broken pots. Their position and the material with which they were associated would lead one to the conclusion that the Indians of former days like those of now use the roof of their clay houses to put their cooking utensils upon, as the smallness of their dwelling and the absence of shelves would render these frail objects liable to be broken. These pots differ in ornamentation and form from those found with the dead, thus they are of especial interest.

On the opposite side of the house from which these pots were found, were several inches of wood ashes below which was a hard floor of burnt clay with a smooth surface three feet across. This floor must have been made of wet clay smoothed and then burnt hard by the heat of the fire. The burning down of the house whether by accident or design converted the outer clay roofing to a red brick-like substance, bearing the impression of grass and sticks supports in it and precipitating the pots of clay. Four pots were found inside of each other, but cracked all over, in the last one was a large piece of burnt roofing. This material was variously mixed amongst the rest of the broken pots. If these pots had been under the roof, the roof would have covered them, breaking them up and forming an even mass or layer.

LIST OF ARTICLES, MENARD MOUND (No. 3), ARK.

1881.—137 Stone implements.

138 Mixed pieces of pottery.

139 Heads of animals (one as a rattle).

140 Pottery, more or less broken (the pieces may be somewhat mixed—found with a skeleton, the head of which had been previously destroyed).

141 Three specimens of pottery found with a decayed skull.

142 Three pots (with half-grown person decayed).

143 Pot with skull.

144 Two pots on human form placed in four bundles. The crania found with them is in a separate bundle with the mark (144).

145 Two pots found with a decayed crania.

146 Four pots found with a decayed skeleton of a child.

147 Two pots with a decayed skeleton of a child.

148 Three pots found with half-grown person.

150 Flooring.

151 Clay and charcoal (burnt).

152 Burnt clay from inside of pots.

MENARD MOUND, SEVEN MILES WEST OF ARKANSAS POST, ARK.

1883.—The large mound seen in the picture is seventy feet high, one hundred fifty feet wide at base and forty-five feet wide at top. It was originally circular, but sheep, cattle and individuals climbing up its sides accelerated the present rugged sides. Its composition is a mixtrure of sandy loam, black vegetable earth and clay irregularly intermixed which may be owing to the material being collected from several parts.

This mound has two wings or appendages, the larger or west wing is twenty feet high, one hundred fifty-six feet long, twenty-seven feet wide at narrowest part and sixty feet a widest part. It was in the center of this wing that so many broken yellow flat dishes were found. This visit yielded charred corn, matting, etc., which have been forwarded under 423-24-25.

First—Six inches of soil. Second—Six inches burnt clay. Third—Three inches matting and corn. These were found on the north side of wing which is covered with brick-like substance, of which the opposite side has none. The south or lowest wing is seven feet high, one hundred seventy-five feet long and sixty feet wide. These wings are of sandy soil with yellow clay sub-soil.

MOUND AND GRAVE.

Page 80.

In speaking of the first settlement on the Arkansas River, says, in one of the Tumuli Mounds on the bank of the bayou intersected by the falling away of the earth, a

pot of this kind still employed by the Chickasaw and other natives for boiling their victuals in had fallen out of the grave and did not appear to be of very ancient interment.

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Speaking of the mounds the author says, I suspect that the mounds are merely incidental, arising from the demolition of the circular dwelling in which the deceased had been interred, a custom which was formerly practiced by the Natchez, Cherokee and other natives.

"Journal of Travels in Ter. of Arkansas, 1819, by Thomas Nuttall, F. L. S., 1819."

ARKANSAS POST, VILLIAGE ON ARKANSAS RIVER.

The first attempt at settlement on the bank of the Arkansas was begun a few miles below the Bayou which communicated with the White River. An extraordinary inundation occasioned the removal of the garrison to the borders of the lagoon near Madame Gordons and again disturbed by an overflow, they at length chose the present site of Arkansas Post.

'They cultivated peach and other trees. (Nuttalls' Travels.)

INDIANS HAVE NO RELIGIONS.

Vol. 2.—Kalm's Travels says the Indians have no religion.

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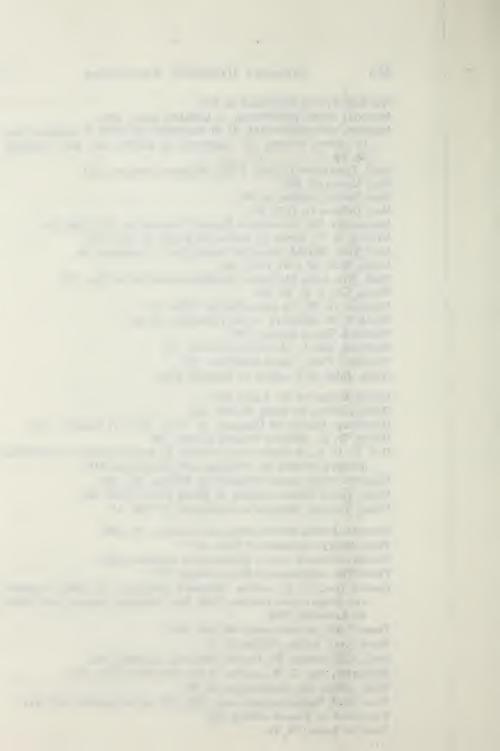
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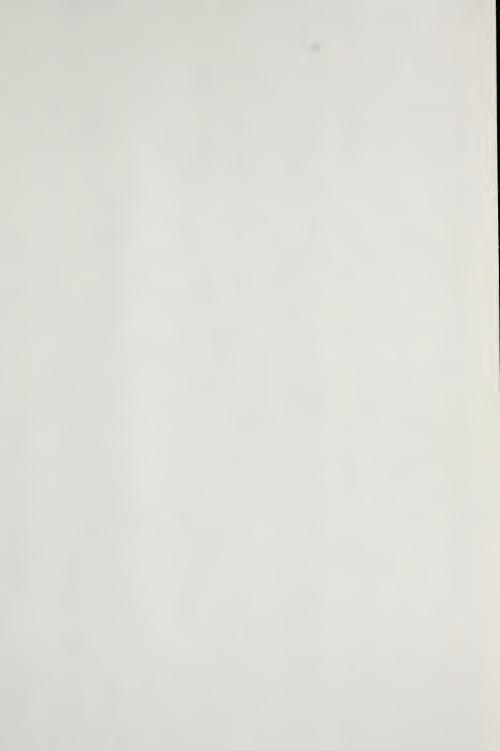
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