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Meetings are held in September, January, and May, on the fourth Sunday in the month, at 3:00 P. M. at the Phillips County Museum.

The Phillips County Historical Society supplies the QUARTERLY to its members. Membership is open to anyone interested in Phillips County history. Annual membership dues are \$5.00 for a regular membership and \$10.00 for a sustaining membership. Single copies of the QUARTERLY are \$1.25. QUARTERLIES are mailed to members. Dues are payable to Mrs. C. M. T. Kirkman, Treasurer, 806 McDonough St., Helena, Arkansas 72342.

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PHILLIPS COUNTY  
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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IN MEMORIAM

This issue of the Quarterly is dedicated to Bessie McRee, our late Membership Chairman and Treasurer.

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It is hard to write about Bessie for some reasons, but it is not hard to write about her place in the Phillips County Historical Society. She probably contributed as much as any other one person to the life and progress of the Historical Society since its beginnings. She was a charter member at its organization in 1962, and became Membership Chairman in 1963. She became Treasurer in 1965 and, combining this office with that of Membership Chairman, continued in this double position until her death in May.

At a time when interest in the Historical Society was slight and its membership was not exactly growing by leaps and bounds, she somehow managed to get each Quarterly printing bill paid. She encouraged, reminded, telephoned, and in every way tried to round up members. These things brought results finally, and with the efforts of a few other members to increase the size of the Society, the membership reached 200 in 1972.

She had an extensive correspondence with out-of-town members, taking time to answer questions about articles in the Quarterlies and happenings here.

We will miss Bessie in the Historical Society and in other places where her interest and encouragement were felt.

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"THIS OLD BOOK"

The Civil War Diary Of  
Mrs. Mary Sale Edmondson  
Of Phillips County, Arkansas

Edited By

R. P. Baker, Archivist  
Arkansas History Commission  
1972

CONCLUSION

PREFACE

The vast majority of Civil War diaries which have come down to this present time are those of the soldier himself. They give a thrilling account of the battlefield, the campfire and the march, but usually little else. This diary is different. It is an account of a different kind of battlefield, the home front in the South. But it is no less a story of privation, destruction and bravery.

This is the diary of a very literate southern gentlewoman. It reflects her interests in the welfare of her home, her husband and children, and her Negro slaves. In it is captured the essence of a way of life rapidly being destroyed forever by Yankee Soldiers. Gone were the gracious ways, the leisurely civilization and finally, life itself.

INTRODUCTION

MARY FRANCES SALE EDMONDSON was born November 16, 1816, in Amherst County, Virginia, the eldest of the eight children born to the Reverend Alexander F. and Sarah Crenshaw Sale. In 1821, the family emigrated with a large group of their fellow Virginians to Lawrence County, Alabama, and settled

near the county seat of Moulton. Here they made their home for a number of years.

In 1848, Mary's brother, John B., a lawyer by profession and the fifth County Court Judge of Lawrence County, "was seized by a desire to try a new Country" and removed to Aberdeen, Mississippi. It was no doubt through her brother's new friends and acquaintances that Mary met a widower from Pontotoc County, Mississippi, Dr. Albert G. Edmondson. Dr. Edmondson's first wife was Caroline Pinson and they were the parents of three children: William, Mary E., and Caroline L. The first Mrs. Edmondson died about 1848 or 1849.

Dr. Edmondson and Miss Sale were married in Mississippi on May 23, 1854. Their first child, Alexander, was born April 20, 1855, but died eight days later. Their second child, John Albert, was born on May 23, 1856.

In 1857, Dr. Edmondson, his father-in-law, Alexander Sale, and two of his brothers-in-law, William and Melville Sale, joined the great American move westward. Choosing Phillips County, Arkansas as their new home, they settled northeast of Walnut Corner. Here they bought over one thousand acres of land in the Blackfoot or Central neighborhood, along Spring Creek Road. William named his plantation Granmedi, and the home shared by Dr. Edmondson and the rest of the Sale family was called Holly Grove. Some of the other families which made up this neighborhood were those of: Judge John T. Jones, George R. Johnson, Richard Ford, Thomas and John Gist, Joseph Green, Arthur Robinson, Richard Anselm Blount, Amos Jarman, James Cook, Alexander Graves, Warren and Jack Smizer, Dr. T. R. Welch, F. H. Dade and David Threlkeld.

On September 20, 1858, Mrs. Edmondson's third child, Sarah Susannah, or Sallie, was born - only to die on June 24, 1860, ironically the same day as the birth of her fourth and last child, Louise



Titus, or Lou. Mrs. Edmondson died on February 7, 1865, after several months of illness. Dr. Edmondson died in Phillips County in 1885.

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#### DIARY

OCTOBER 2, 1864, Sunday. Doctor called to see Capt. (J. W.) Stansel. What a pity that he too should be sick where he cannot be easy a moment! Mr. Wilk's twelve negroes are in Flat Fork at the back of our field; Lou and I are the only white folks at home. (We) stood at the gate and listened to the song of the worshippers in the forest, they were sweet and cheering and my soul went out in thanksgiving to God who had not forgotten us. Carrie and Albert had gone to May Threlkeld's to take letters to Lieut. Stansel to carry to sister Louisa (John's wife) and son William, from which last we had recently had the joy of a letter, the first for more than a year. He was well and doing well in the service of his country.

OCTOBER 3, 1864, Monday. Dr. (has) been gone all day. Carrie gone to visit Sally (Dade)<sup>1</sup> for the first time in a great while. A painful rising on my thumb has kept me from work today.

OCTOBER 4, 1864, Tuesday. Dr. came home late at night finding everything more neglected than usual, which is saying a great deal--(of the two man business, I mean).<sup>2</sup> He has been with Jake, oh so much, because he was Will's negro--and sent back here by those who were very anxious about us--for our benefit--inasmuch as his presence would render his wife (Lucy) more content. They have stayed here more than a year, yet I do not believe they will continue--nor will they support themselves. The only advantage any of them have been is to save us from drudgery that we must have sunk under physically--and enabled us to do without Carrie and Albert, so they could go to school. They have

consumed our substance and added but little thereto. We have tried to act patiently and generously toward them but nothing will satisfy them but Yankee freedom and equality--and Jake's strong influence working with their own wills, will leave us alone and helpless soon.

OCTOBER 5, 1864, Wednesday. My finger still unfits me for work, of which I have much to do. I never felt so restless in idleness before. Albert and Carrie have lost a month from school, also by Mrs. Robinson's illness. I feel dreary and down hearted, and will ride over and see a neighbor who is worse off than myself, for she has no help, and her husband and children are all sick.

OCTOBER 6, 1864, Thursday. Poor, little Mrs. (James) Martindale! I spent the afternoon with her and her little, suffering children--took them some loaf bread as she had to cook for herself. Met three soldiers as I went over.

OCTOBER 7, 1864, Friday. Rode over to see Mrs. Green today--her baby sick--met a soldier walking--suppose him to be a deserter who was suspected of having shot at some men last night--the horse of one was killed--came home at 1 o'clock with a bad headache--fear I am going to be sick. Carrie has gone to stay with Jenny (Graves) while Mrs. Robinson goes to town by permit to make some purchases before leaving here. Dr. may not be home tonight--has gone to Dr. Hughes whose wife is not expected to live.<sup>3</sup> Albert tells me that Jake and Emily<sup>4</sup> say that they will leave here Christmas and go to the free states. I would like for Emily to stay for George's sake, but I knew Jake did not mean to go alone. I doubt if they all go! Oh for the blessings we used to enjoy--so ungratefully, before this dreadful war broke out! Freedom, peace, and plenty. The society of our friends--schools for our children, the public means of grace in the house of God. Oh Lord, let what has been suffered suffice to bring the people to repentance



and restore to us our lost heritage of blessings. Lord help me, for vain is it to look for help from man.

Thou only canst give me Faith, Hope and Love. Grant, oh grant thy saving, sustaining grace in what may be before me that with humble submission I may kiss the chastening rod. Oh my God, help me or I shall faint under the weary pressure of these months of trial.

OCTOBER 11, 1864, Tuesday. I was only kept in (for) four days. My swelling thumb was my worst physical ailment--that hinders my work and has lasted twelve days of precious time when my family requirements were heavy work.

Yesterday was Lizzie's (Anna Elizabeth Sale) birthday. I do not remember how old she is--but this is the third October since I saw her dear face, and she has had the weight of several years of sorrow, in the loss of her home and the danger of her husband, added since that time. There is just a year's difference between her and Mell. Oh Mell! If I could only hear from you and know what had become of you, my dear, youngest brother! August, September--how long it seems since I heard that little word--you, "were well then"--shall I ever see or hear from any of you again? I do not remember if I have mentioned having started a letter to sister Lou (sister-in-law, Louise) by (Capt.) Stansel--this month, also one to Wm. Edmondson. Oh father, help (me) to endure this lack of tidings from almost all that are dear to me. No news from country or friends! It is awful to be so shut up from all avenues of information when events of such moment are in progress--can hear nothing of what interests me so intensely from the armies--from our friends and relatives! I feel much depressed.

Mrs. (A. J.) Hughes was buried yesterday.<sup>5</sup> I carried my clothes to Mrs. (James) Martindale today for winter clothes for Lou--and am struggling to get more clothes spun for Dr., Albert, and the boys against (when) they come home. Will they ever come?

Ah, me, I feel much disquiet in regard to some of our neighbors; I fear Sue Johnson will not resume her school. What will my poor boy do? It seems almost impossible to teach him at home even if I had time. I called to see Jennie Graves today. Saw Lieut. Sipson who has come for them.<sup>6</sup> I much fear he will be picked up before he gets back--poor fellow, he looks feeble after his illness. Carrie is absent, no one but me and my two little children here tonight, but I trust God, who has hitherto kept us in safety, will not leave or forsake us notwithstanding our many short comings, and wanderings from Him. I am not unfrequently led to paraphrase that favorite Hymn.

When all Thy mercies, oh my God. My faithless soul surveys, Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost, In wonder, love, and praise?

I hear today a report, passing through four or five persons, that my dear brother William has been very ill at a plantation on the other side of the Arkansas river, Billy Sherwood's I suppose--as his company was not far from there. Oh, may God speak to his soul in this sickness, and restore both Soul and body. My poor brother, how much more dear in your poverty and affliction than when affluence clothed your board, and you could then dispense and render healthful to your souls this cup of adversity! Oh, that I could know you were well again, Will, and comfortably situated. I am exceedingly depressed in feeling and do not enjoy that spiritual comfort without which my life is almost a blank...

(This that follows was added by my Mother's sister, Mrs. Jones. Louise Edmondson Alexander.)

And so the gloomy days of Nov. and early winter (came) on bringing no respite--no relief from weary burdens, and heart, and strength consuming anxieties, cares, and suspense--until health and strength failed--and the strong warm heart was broken--and the weary spirit was released from earthly



limitations. But the priestly, patriarchal Father, the tender mother, and deeply loved brother and sister were far away from here as from your Aunt Sally's<sup>7</sup> bed of death and of life--the door of entrance upon the heavenly Inheritance--and Life Eternal.

She was nursed by several of her neighbors.

Mrs. (George R.) Johnson, Mrs. (J. W.) Keesee (then Miss Sue Johnson), Mrs. (James) Cook and her daughter and others beside Mrs. (Jennie) Fraser who was with her when she died--she and her family.

Mrs. Amos Jarman prayed with and for her.

Aunt Sue.

A letter in conclusion of your Mother's diary from your Father.

My dear Children:

The foregoing pages were written by your dear mother for your information and remembrance of her and as giving some clue to a knowledge of her and her family. I, your Father, will give you some account of her last days on earth and I hope you will continue to remember the good lessons and loving kindness of that best of mothers, and most devoted and loving wife.

She was taken sick really on the 23rd of January. After suffering most excruciatingly, she was relieved of that suffering, which remedies could only give temporarily, by death on Feb. 7<sup>th</sup>.<sup>8</sup> She died in full hope of immortality, and of meeting her brother, sister, and honorable sainted father--with your little sister, Sallie Susannah, and your lovely, half-sister, Mary Elizabeth in Heaven.

You must not forget how she took you, my dear son Albert, and you, my dear daughter Louisa, to the secret closet at evening and then prayed to God with and for you, and all of us. And how she strove to teach you by precept and example the way to your God and hers, that you might be prepared to meet her in heaven when you die. We have been alone since the death of your dear lamented mother. Oh, what a lonely, desolate house ours is. Your kind lovely

sister Carolina and yourselves are the only consolation to your greatly bereaved father in his advanced life of 59 years. She was kindly trying to give you both instructions, each day hearing your lessons, and trying to get you started for an education. We have no opportunity for a school for you now. May God keep you in remembrance of your mother and an honor to that memory, and make you be useful in your days and the sphere in which you may be called to act. May the good Lord open a way by which we may be enabled to meet your dear Grandma, Uncles and Aunt, and bring us to live together again quietly on earth, and finally to meet in heaven with those dear ones who are now there...

your father (Albert G. Edmondson)

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#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup> F. H. Dade	Aged 34	Born Va.
Mary E. Dade	30	S. C.
Sallie E. Dade	11	Miss.
Alice Dade	7	Ark.
Fanny Dade	5	Ark.
Mary Dade	3	Ark.
Arthur Dade	2	Ark.

Household # 293, 1860 U. S. Census, Spring Creek Township, Phillips County, Arkansas.

<sup>2</sup>The Edmondsons had only two grown Negro men, Dick and Jake.

<sup>3</sup>See "Cook Diary," October 8-9, 1864. Phillips County Historical Quarterly, Vol. 5, No. 1, December, 1966.

<sup>4</sup>Perhaps Davy's wife.

<sup>5</sup>See "Cook Diary," October 10, 1864. Phillips County Historical Quarterly, Vol. 5, No. 1, December, 1966.

<sup>6</sup>Mrs. Robinson and her family.

<sup>7</sup>Mrs. Edmondson's sister, Sarah Elizabeth Sale, who died September, 1853. D. A. R. Records, Vol. V.

<sup>8</sup>See "Cook Diary," January 30-February 9, 1865. Phillips County Historical Quarterly, Vol. 5, No. 2, March, 1967.

\*

Fayetteville, Arkansas  
November 1st, 1913

My dear Mr. Herndon,

I was glad to receive your letter and to learn that you thought the little diary might be of some value in throwing light on certain phases of the war. The lender is Mrs. Louise Edmondson Alexander, who was with me for twelve years in my school in Searcy and who is now teacher of some of the history classes in Crescent College in Eureka Springs. She makes no pretensions to being a fine historian, but has been rather forced into that work by the arrangement of classes that has taken place in Eureka Springs. She comes of an excellent family from the great cotton section of this state, a family which seemed to be so situated as to bear many heavy burdens during the troublous times. I wish you could meet her.

Her daughter, Mrs. Everett Tucker, of Tucker, Ark. is the brightest young woman that graduated from my school. She lives near Pine Bluff. She is the kind of woman you would specially enjoy knowing...

I am very cordially yours,

Mary Jasper Willis

CRESCENT COLLEGE AND CONSERVATORY  
FOR WOMEN

Eureka Springs, Arkansas

November 10, 1913

Mr. Dallas Herndon  
Secretary, Ark. History Comm.  
Little Rock, Arkansas  
My dear Mr. Herndon:-

Your letter regarding my mother's diary was received several days ago.

If after reading it, you still wish to have it copied, I will be glad to leave it in your hands for that purpose, asking that you return it afterward, because it is a very precious possession to me.

Being so entirely personal in character, I doubted if it could be of use in a general way; but was glad to accede to Mrs. Willis' request to have it, and if you can use it I am glad.

It has been a dream of mine to incorporate it in a modest contribution to the literature that illustrates the greatness of our women in our day of stress and struggle; but that will perhaps remain a dream.

With best wishes for your splendid work for our state, I am,

Very sincerely,

Louise Edmondson Alexander



THE 28<sup>th</sup> WISCONSIN INFANTRY REGIMENT AT HELENA: II

Contributed by

Dale P. Kirkman

In this article are letters of James B. Loughney, Company G, 28<sup>th</sup> Wisconsin. He mentioned some of the same people and events that Edward N. Walden noted in his diary. See our last Quarterly, that of March, 1974, for the Walden Diary and for a different map.

The Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series I, Vol. XXII, Pt. 1, Reports, which includes the Battle of Helena, mentions the 28<sup>th</sup> Wisconsin four times. One reference is to the fact that it was a part of the 1st Brigade, 13<sup>th</sup> Division, Brigadier General Frederick Salomon commanding, of the 13<sup>th</sup> Army Corps, U. S. A.

The second reference is that two companies of the 28<sup>th</sup> were ordered to the valley west of Fort Curtis by General Salomon as a reinforcement for Batteries C and D, shortly after 5 A. M. on the day of the battle.

The third reference is to the map by Lt. Fred. Sommer, included here, which is the one nearly always used to show the locations of the Union batteries, forts, and troops at the Battle of Helena.

The fourth reference in the Official Records to the 28<sup>th</sup> Wisconsin is its division and brigade assignment in the Arkansas Expedition against Little Rock not long after the fight at Helena.

The Loughney letters are owned by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin at Madison.

\*\*\*

Father, Mother,  
Matt, Maria. &c.

Helena, Ark. July 5<sup>th</sup>, 63  
Sunday P. M.

Dear Friends All.

I fear that before you receive this you will hear news from the 28 Wis. Regt. that will cause all of you to be very anxious about my safety, as well as that of our Co. & Regt. But I am very glad to be able to inform you that I am very well, & all things considered, so too are our Co. Regt. and all the boys on our side which this time happens to be the big one.

Our Co. G. went out on the outpost with 26 of its members all told, besides our two Lieutenants, Turner & Richenor, on the Picket line. Just this side of the plantation on which our Regt. & many other troops were encamped last winter, where the Picket line crosses the Little Rock road 2½ or 3 miles out from town. We reached our post before 5 P. M. and had a very pleasant time that evening as the P. M. was dry though very much threatened rain. About dark 6 men were detailed for watch during the night but as I was not one, I slept very soundly, till about 3 A. M. yesterday, when we were waked and called into line to salute the Grand Rounds as the officer of the day is called. I was soon asleep again, but in a very short time we were aroused by the Pickets firing at the post next to us, but a few rods distant (say from 6 to 10) when it was announced that the long expected attack meditated by the Rebels on this place was in all human probability now at the point of fulfillment.

Think of our situation. The rebels for a long time past had every facility afforded them to ascertain the strength of this place, as the lines were open to the people back in the Country, and of the No. of troops here. Of course the people had to go through a certain formula entering their names, description of their person, as hight, &c. after they had entered the lines, and were searched by the



officer of the post on the Picket line on the road before they were permitted to pass out.

There we were within a few rods of a large force of Cavalry, infantry & Artillery, and we were just 18 men, 8 sergts. & corporals & our two Lieut. all told. A Company of Cavalry of an Ind. Regt. was right by but they retreated and left us without firing a shot. I believe some of the pickets retreated immediately leaving us completely alone and unsupported. After changing our position two different times, we advanced under cover of an Osage Orange hedge of small growth, from 5 to 7 ft. high, took aim through the hedge at one or two Companies, directly in our front from 15 to 20 rods and fired.

The effect of our fire was the emptying of at least 5 or 6 saddles, besides the wounding or killing of several horses. At the same time that we fired we received the fire of a small force of infantry that had advanced unknown to us on the opposite side of the hedge by which three of our men, Butkins, Jacobie & King were wounded in the legs, but not so severely but that with some help they were able to reach camp in a short time.

As soon as we delivered our fire we turned and fled to the beech woods in our rear every one for himself at the hight of his speed till we had retreated 80 or 100 rods on the lower river side of the Little Rock road, when Lt. Turner ordered us to cross the road to the ridges on the hillside. Over these, where we were quite safe from the pursuit of the rebels, we continued our retreat about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 miles when as we reached a point on the road opposite one of the batteries, that on the extreme left, the commanding officer of the battery hallooed to Lieut Turner that they wanted a force to support them, when we immediately advanced from the road up the steep ascent 75 to 100 ft. high, and filed into a rifle pit, or breastwork where for the first time after we started we for 3 to 5 minutes sat down on the bank.

Here we found that instead of following the road along which we retreated they the rebels filed off to the left and in front of the battery at which we were, & soon the firing on both sides at this point became sharp with musketry & some shots from the forts.

We soon passed down one steep ascent and up another and took our position in a riflepit to the left of the bat. Here we found one or two Cos. of the 43 Ind. Inf. & some of the 33 Mo. Regts. so that we all numbered from 70 to 100 men: this was about 5 or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock. Though at the time we began the day's work the air was quite clear as day was breaking in the east, & the moon was shining brightly, at the time of which I now write, a heavy fog had settled in all the ravines about us, hiding the approaching rebels from us, though when we arose to fire they had a good chance to see our forms as they looked to the top of the ridges on which many of us had taken our places.

In this way, one of our Co., Jerome B. McKinstry, who incautiously raised too high, was shot in the abdomen, the ball entering directly in front and passing entirely through, coming out through the back, from the effects of which he died early in the P. M. This darkness was increased by the frequent discharges of artillery, and the heavy volleys of musketry, which made me, and I presume many others, very anxious, as the darkness was decidedly in the enemy's favor. When to our great joy & satisfaction the fog about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock began to scatter, by  $7\frac{1}{2}$  A. M. it was quite clear.

About this time, for the first time in my life, got sight of a rebel flag at which I fired one or two shots & soon after the accursed rag of the Confederacy. Never more will the sound of whizzing bullets be new to us, after the way that they whistled past us over our heads and between us, as we held for a time our places along the top of the ridges. Geo. Church, Danl. McNeill & Corp. Snyder,



& myself fired many shots from behind a red oak stump, each retiring to the low ground in our rear about one or two rods to reload, when he would again advance wait till he saw a fair chance, & fire, as before. All this time while the action waxed hot and general along a large space to the right of us, the rebs. advanced on us in such large Nos. that the order was given to us to retire behind some breastworks which we had previously occupied a distance of 15 to 25 rods. While executing this order at double quick or a little quicker if we could, I saw several balls strike the ground in front of me and on both sides.

When reached the breastwork I dropped myself behind it as a hunted frog would jump from the long desired bank to hide in the water where he hoped to be safe. We retired a short distance and waited till the rebs. gathered on the ground we lately occupied, when we rallied gave them a good volley, when all of them that were able retired leaving some of their No. dead & wounded on the ground.

Yours Jas. B. Loughney.

\*

In Camp Helena Ark.  
July 6 1863.

Matt,

As the mail is going soon I will send this note to you. Inclosed you will find a sketch of the early part of the fight here which I think made a grand celebration of the fourth of July. The Anvills at Hale's Corner long ago, when S. M. booth spoke there was nothing to it. The Fight was over at noon & it resulted in the complete defeat of the Rebels, & they retired, because it was prudent you know. Price was at the head with Dobins Cav. &c. I hear today that the adj. General's report was found & himself captured I believe. The report is said to show their effective force to have been 13900 effective men, but about 3500 to 5000 attacked

us. We had one gun boat to help us, & the dubuque Battery & 4 guns of a Mo. Bat. I am here Matt. & you are there & I honestly tell you that the success is so great according to what I hear our own men & officers say that I can scarcely believe it.

About noon on the 4<sup>th</sup> on one boat we sent 870 up the river, and another boat load afterwards. Yesterday they surrendered 3 or 400 wounded to us as prisoners, beside one or two times this No. that they left on the field besides a vast no. dead which lay in heaps of from 3 or 4 to 8 or 10 right over one another, besides vast numbers spread over a large space of hill and valley. We captured one flag at least, 2 or 3 cannons, and a large no. of small arms including Enfields like our own, Old U. S. Harper's Ferry Muskets, marked 1816 & 1818 which the villains stole of course. They were pretty well prepared, with good cartridges &c.

They attacked us at the upper end of the town on the north side. We were on the S. W. corner. I think Co. G. was exposed to more fire than all the rest of our regt. Two of our Co. G. are missing we know not whether killed, wounded, or captured, Jacob Goelser, & Sandy Cameron, both good boys making in our Co. a total of six casualties, in Co. H. or E, one was killed. Our whole no. of Casualties was about 140 in all our forces: in our Regt. 11. All our New Berlin boys are all right also those from Muskego.

The rebs. took one of our batteries of two guns, but did not hold it long. It is said the woods back were strewn with killed or wounded rebs. Our effective force here at the time of the fight was 3200 & we killed wounded & captured that No of the enemy; we have large reinforcements from Memphis & 2 or 3 gunboats. They will not attack us again. We heard yesterday & today that Vicksburg surrendered on the 4<sup>th</sup> 10 o'clock A. M. It is considered reliable here. I did no wonders to boast of or nothing to be ashamed of. I am very well not hurt or sick thank God I will write soon again.

\*



Please to write  
to me soon.

In Camp, Helena Ark.  
July 7<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My Maria,

Listen to me a little while. Yes now kiss me, so as to pay me for doing what you will be pleased to hear I did, viz. helping to drive the followers of Jeff. from this place on the 4<sup>th</sup> inst. Oh. I wish you could have witnessed the truly grand Celebration we had here that day, while you would be at a safe distance till the fight was over, and then you could come with your congratulations, & Say, well done brave & good Soldier Boy. Maria! What do you think is required to truly celebrate the fourth now more glorious than ever before; for in times past it was a defense to our deadly foe the Slave power, but hereafter will they not remember the day on which they were compelled to surrender Vicksburg, and were repulsed in their attack on Helena? But there will be no such thing as a Slave Power in our own dear Land of Freedom.

Well we had heaps of Shot & shell and tons of powder, thousands of muskets, & cartridges, all very busy, "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom." It was so encouraging to see a dozen fierce war dogs on the several batteries, and Fort Curtis send forth a death-laden blaze of fire into the ranks of our foes. My health & spirits are very good I wish there was someone here that would get a good dinner for me.

I heard no hypocritical Union speeches, made by traitorous villains a la J. C. Breckinridge to crowds of duped spectators, heard no silly boasts of our glorious Freedom in all the States, including those states in which there was no freedom but that of doing gigantic Wrong. But every one of our shots was true, honest, and unmistakably for the Truth & the Right & the Free Union, which we will soon see rise on the track of the old union and out

of its ruins. Then we will have peace and happiness at home among all our own people, & we can have a good time driving the power of England from Canada, so as to pay her for the many kindnesses she has done us during the last two years, as if she had not helped the rebels.

In our celebration of the fourth we used some firecrackers, but not such as the boys play with in the up North Country; ours were from 6 to 32 lbs. weight, filled & fired with a great pinch of powder such as would fill a 3 or 4 quart tin pail like the large ones children say 5 or 6 take their dinners to school in up north. At two or three different times we heard the rebels make a mighty shout as they charged some of our works, one of which, a battery of two guns they took and occupied for a few minutes, but from which they were driven by a few well directed shots from fort Curtis.

I fired several shots over the clay breastwork as well as many behind stumps. When I fired over the breastwork, I took off my hat as it was black & so would make a good mark, but my hair being the color of the clay, there was little danger except from stray shots, or those fired at others which buzzed by and fell around in all directions. While thus engaged, the sun beat down strongly from the sky which was then clear, but the heat was so great that it made me sweat so as to wet my clothes which became almost covered with mud from contact with the loose clay.

Our men made a brilliant little charge by which we surrounded from 200 to 300 prisoners in one little hollow. Some of the force here were conscripts as one wounded young man that I helped out of a ravine told me, he had been forced in about a year ago. He said he wanted, or probably he meant wished, them to surrender long before they did. The rebels fired a few shots with some artillery they had, but it was not very effective. Our men took 3 cannon from the enemy, also one flag or rather a



rebel rag. They took one of our guns but had to relinquish it.

It is said that the ladies of this town were very jubilant at the prospect of their friends, as they called them, soon having possession of the place. Some of them cheered for Price and got shot for it I hear. Others were busy getting dinner for their friends. It is also said that many women were with the army as they too expected that the place would fall an easy prey. Till noon yesterday we were on the alert ready for an attack at any moment, and are yet ready to try again--but old Price has lost so many of his late dupes who now curse him, in killed wounded & prisoners that there is not the least possibility of him trying to rally his scattered and demoralized bands.

Our G. Co. & I at the time was along have the honor of giving them the first fire at daylight as we were on outpost from 2 to 3 miles out. I say honor Maria, for I certainly consider it more honor than it would be if I were in Old Wis. & had a great spree and a big ? and a dance with some very pretty & very silly girl. Don't you? I know you do. Oh I wish you were here so I might see you, & talk with you at least for an hour; or that I could be at home to dinner if you had notice to come home from school at noon; even if I could stay but an hour, but I would like to stay till 5 this P. M. or till 9 when you might go to sweet sleep and then "I'd off to the wars again," for I must help it clear through even till the end however bitter.

But I have always a very strong trust in God that I shall not lie in any of those hills or valleys about here, and if the reports we have heard lately be true of the fall of Vicksburg & still later of Little Rock, Capital of this state to our troops & a lot of other encouraging signs of the times I hope to clasp you in my arms by or before next new years.

So try to be a good girl, & I will try to be a good boy. Three of our Co. are "non respondent." Do you remember that piece in last Nov. Harper's Mag. J. B. McKinstry dead, shot in action & Cameron & Goelser missing. These may return alive & well. Jacobie, Butkins & King are wounded. My Love to all who love Right & Liberty. Love to your parents & those absent Brothers. Kisses & love to you and all those little ones, & cousins My Dear Maria.

James B. Loughney

Weather is rather warm for comfort, with cool nights & frequent showers.

The rebel loss is about as follows. Killed 400 to 500, wounded about 1000 & prisoners about 1150. We hear Vicksburg is ours, with about 23,000 prisoners & 200 to 300 cannons. I hope it is true.

\*

In Camp Helena Ark  
July 7<sup>th</sup> 1863

Dear Father,

When you hear this letter read, you will be glad to hear that we whipped the rebels in their attack on this place, which the rebels were told by their leaders would not be more than 15 or 20 minutes work to take the rich spoils and large stores gathered here. Many times since we returned from the Tallehatchie, the word was brought by our spies, which have been scattered among the rebels wearing the genuine butternut clothes and passing everywhere as such among the rebels, that the rebels meditated an attack on this place.

Our Officers here, such as Gen. Salomon, Prentiss, and others very wisely had the place strongly fortified at every assailable point, as batteries & breastworks commanding all the roads. This imposed heavy duty on the boys, who in their ignorance of



the true state of affairs often cursed the projectors of these works as they did not believe that their heavy labors would be of any avail & were not needed. But at last the time has come & when our works and defenses were the means of saving to us many a brave boy's life, and scattering the poor minions of the Slave Power misguided and ignorant as they are, led on by desperate men with all the recklessness which usually characterizes those who realize that if they lose their point all is lost.

The general opinion here now is that the enemy fought desperately and with a bravery and determination worthy of a better cause. But all this was not like the pluck exhibited by most, if not all of our boys who fought with cool and deliberate purpose to hurl back the assaults of the foe. As I have heard that the canteens and some bottles belonging to the rebs. contained powder & whiskey by which the poor wretches were wrought to the highest pitch of madness, and reckless exposure. What our intelligence, and sense of duty and firm purpose to defend our Liberties and Human Rights, animate us to perform & to dare; the enemy must resort to the stimulants that frenzy their dupes, to lies & deception.

So far as I know or have heard no whiskey was given to our men before enduring the fight, though I was sorry to see some miserable trash divided among them during the following day and a half during the greater part of which our Regt. was in the breastworks. I had some nice warm tea which was as good for me as the whiskey was for others.

In the fight on the side of the rebels were Missouri, Ark. & Texas troops; on our side were three Iowa Regts. 29<sup>th</sup> 33 & 36; 33d Mo. 43 Indiana our Regt. and perhaps some others. Here met in battle men from the same Co. in Mo. but very many of the enemy of the prisoners as well as some of the wounded declared that they were tired and sick of the war. Some of the latter in my own hearing

declared that if they ever got well they would not fight against us any more & spoke as if they felt like cursing their leaders.

Tuesday evening, July 7

This P. M. I have been over a part of the battle field, on which we had so glorious a celebration of the Anniversary of the Independence of the old union of Free & Slave states; and if all or nearly all the reports we have lately heard be true viz. the fall of Vicksburg at 10 o'clock A. M. July 4, the defeat of the enemy with his force of from 4 to 7 times our number at this place, the surrender of Little Rock to our men is rumored, also large successes by our men in Tenn. & Va. If these or nearly all of them are true I think we should make the fourth of July the anniversary of the New & Free (& I hope vastly better) Union which will soon be established.

I have seen sights that make me sad when I think of the bad purpose & untimely end of so many of my fellow beings, though they are enemies & though I most heartily rejoice at our truly great Victory. In one place I saw where 40 are laid together in the dust, in another place perhaps 20 to 30 in other places on yet another 4 or 5 & so on. The poor wretches have nothing that can be called uniform, & are not at all fitted out as well as we are, nor as well equipped as many of their guns are old U. S. arms stolen from the government, but some were splendid English Enfields, at least as good as our own. Strewn about were coarse heavy coats or jackets, such as poor men would wear at home. May Heaven overthrow the Tyrants of the World, and Save the people.

Our lines are all now established as before the fight and all is secure and quiet. I am going on picket tomorrow & hope for some mail from you and I will start this to you. I hope your health is good, & cheer up and place all your hope & trust in God. Be of strong hope, knowing that ours is the strongest side, & also the right one. I hope you



are not sorry, but glad, that you have a son in the war for the Union & the Right.

We killed & captured many officers of the enemy. Our killed & wounded number about 140 or 150, & a loss of about 20 prisoners. According to the most accurate estimates that I have heard yet the enemys loss is about as follows. 1150 prisoners, 400 to 700 wounded & from 350 to 500 killed. Our Generals would not take 400 or 500 wounded that the rebs. had taken off the field & which they wished to have us take care of as prisoners. I like this as I think if the rebels can get men to fight us, they not we should take care of them when they get wounded or sick.

Thanks to God  
I am very well

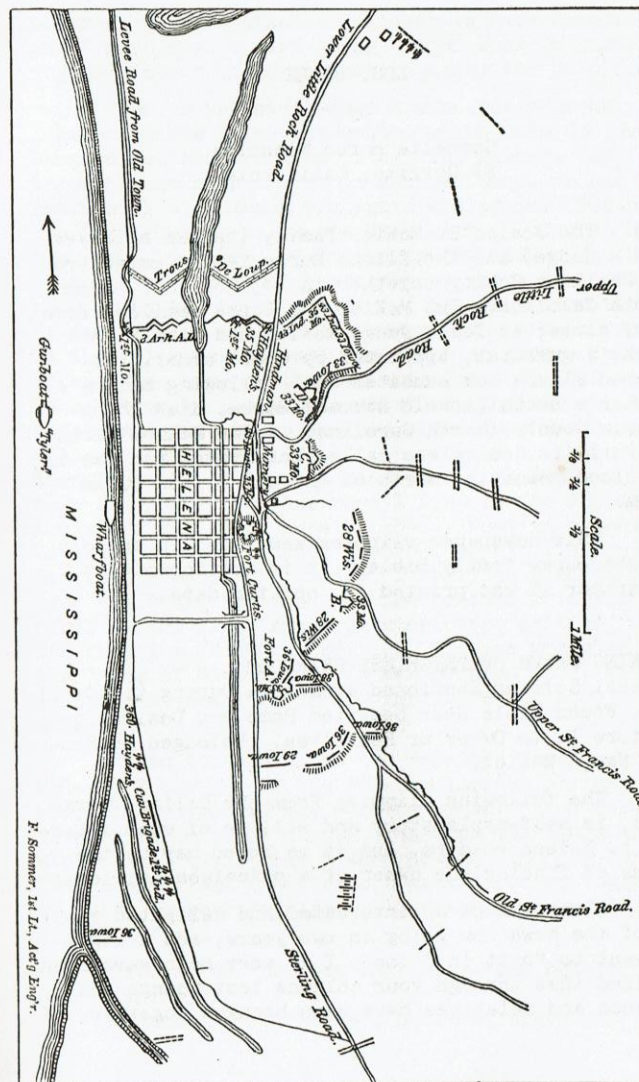
Affectionately your son  
Jas. B. Loughney

With Respect

Matthew Loughney  
New Berlin Waukesha Co. Wis

P. S. I hope your back is now well  
I hope Mother is well too JBL.

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## A LOST BIBLE

by

Cornelia Burke Nicholls  
El Cerrito, California

The Josiah S. McKiel family (he was a lawyer and a judge) and the Elisha Burke family emigrated to Phillips County together in 1836 or 1837, from North Carolina. The McKiel and Burke families were very close; in fact, Judge McKiel had been Elisha Burke's guardian, appointed by court order. He reared Elisha and educated him, following Elisha's father's death (Arnold Shumack Burke, died 1806, Chowan County, North Carolina). The McKiel place in Phillips County was called Oak Grove, and was in Richland Township, north of the old Elisha Burke farm.

This newspaper clipping was found in the old Elisha Burke family Bible. It is not known what newspaper it was printed in, nor the date.

\*

### SEEKING OWNER OF PRICELESS HEIRLOOM

Federal Soldier Stationed at Helena During the Civil War, Found Bible Near Deserted Home and Desires to Restore It to Owner or Relatives. Belonged in Family Named McKiel.

The following clipping from the Dallas, Texas News, is self-explanatory and will be of much interest to Helena readers, and it is hoped may be the means of finding the owner of a priceless heirloom:

"I have been an interested and delighted reader of the News now going on two years, and I begin to want to 'butt in,' too. I am very much surprised to find that through your columns lost things and friends and relatives have been brought together. I

see some most remarkable discoveries have been made, and I must say you are doing a good work in furnishing this means of communication among the people.

"Now, I believe I have a case for your help. I have a Bible in my possession which does not belong to me, and I did not steal it, either. If through your help the owner can be found, or his relatives, I will thank you again and again. During the Civil War I was in the Union Army, lying at Helena, Ark., in 1863. I picked up this Bible on the greensward of a country residence, where the household goods had been tumbled out in the vicissitudes of war. There are family records in the book, and by these I hope to reach the owner or others interested. The name on the Bible is Josiah McKiel, and he seems to be the patriarch of the household. His wife's name was Lydia and his oldest son was named William, born March 12, 1817. Harriet McKiel was born Sept. 27, 1819, but died when 2 months old, Nov. 12, 1819. Another name I find in the book is Louisa C. Sullivan, June 9, 1848. Now, if by any of these marks of identification, we can find any of the relatives of the family, I shall be glad to turn over the Bible to them. In the preface I find the Bible is the first American stereotype edition, copied from the Edinburgh edition, and was approved by the 'King of Scotland.' It was printed at 27 William street, New York, 1815, imprint of D. & G. Bruce.

"When I found it at the deserted house near Helena, I thought of the fleeing inmates of that home and I deplored the horrors of war. And because of such reflections I have treasured the Bible and wished many times that I knew how to find the owner. That book brings even the bitterest enemies together, and I hope your paper will reach the eye of a kin of McKiel.

"Yours for 'the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.'

"Nathan Moore, Box 38, Decatur, Ark."

\*



MRS. BEULAH CONNELLY WARFIELD

by

Gene Bradford

This story had its beginning in October, 1880, when a daughter was born to Nettie Bonner Connelly and Thompson Connelly of Poplar Grove. She was named Beulah and was their second child. The family physician at that time was Dr. D. E. Byrd of Marvell. Mrs. Connelly, daughter of C. S. Bonner,<sup>1</sup> was reared on what is now known as the Percy Kale farm. The Bonner family were early settlers, having come from Tennessee when there were still very few people in Phillips County.

Joining the Bonner place on the south was the Connelly<sup>2</sup> farm, and it was here Thompson Connelly built his bride a home and here the baby Beulah was born. There was a beautiful holly tree on the site chosen for the house. It was a lovely spot, but because of its isolation and Mrs. Connelly's loneliness, Mr. Connelly soon built her another home in Poplar Grove next to the Seeman house and that of Dr. Pearson.

The family, which included Mr. and Mrs. Connelly, Beulah, and her older brother, Sydney, moved there. When the little girl was two or three, her father died. Among her mother's friends were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Turner, the Derricks, the Kellers, who owned a store in Poplar Grove, and the Gayharts.

Little Beulah first attended school in Poplar Grove where her teacher was Professor Cole. About this, Miss Beulah tells an interesting story. In the early 1880s, the Clopton family of Marvell, while visiting in Kentucky, met Miss Emma Parrish and persuaded her to come to Marvell as governess for their children. Her fiancé, Professor Cole,

soon followed her to Arkansas and secured a job teaching in the Poplar Grove school. He then offered a job to Miss Emma's sister, Miss Illia Parrish, and she in turn came to Poplar Grove where she boarded with the James R. Turner family. He was the postmaster and a merchant.

Mrs. Warfield says there were three unrelated Turner families in Poplar Grove at that time: James R., Bart and his brother, Renfro, and George. Miss Illia married James Turner's half-brother, Carr Turner, who clerked in the Turner store. She taught in Phillips County until the late 1930s, and in the middle Phillips County area her name and education were synonymous. She and Mr. Turner never had any children, but Mrs. Turner always called Miss Beulah "Daughter."

When little Beulah was seven her mother bought a piano for her, and she began taking music lessons from Miss Illia in a room in the back of the Presbyterian Church. (This church was on a little hill just across a small branch from the Methodist Church which Beulah attended.) Three years later her mother died and Beulah and Syd went to Searcy to live with Mrs. Connelly's sister, Aunt Loutie Bonner, who had been a member of the faculty of Galloway College since its founding in 1889. (Galloway was later moved to Conway where it merged with Hendrix College. When records of Galloway College were destroyed by fire, all graduates, including Beulah Connelly Warfield, were then granted degrees from Hendrix College.)

At the age of seventeen Miss Beulah graduated from Galloway College and returned to Phillips County, to give private music lessons at Marvell. She remembers the Dalzell girls, Willie Carlock, and Nancy Palmer as being among her first pupils. (Aunt Loutie had taken Miss Beulah's piano to Galloway College, and Miss Beulah later took her piano to the schools where she taught. She now regrets that after she married she sold her piano to Tony Muscalino



of Lexa.)

Miss Beulah did not stay at Marvell long. Professor Jack McCullough of Poplar Grove offered her \$40 a month to become his assistant and teach the younger children. She is sure of only one of her children here, Alec Clements, who had only one eye. She remembers that he sidled up to her one day to say, "Miss Connelly, the reason I can't learn is I'm one-eyed." At that time, to enter the school ground one climbed a stile, and Miss Beulah recalls sitting there discussing Latin with Kate and Annie McCoy and other high school girls who were very nearly as old as their teacher.

Kate, Annie, and Emma, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. McCoy, all went to school in Poplar Grove before the family moved to Helena in 1903. Kate married Bart Rabb and Emma married Al Haraway. Alma started to school in Helena, and she married Miller Akers. Their mother was Mary Lou Matthews McCoy, whose parents settled three or four miles northeast of Poplar Grove before the Civil War.

While teaching in Poplar Grove, Miss Beulah boarded out in the country with the Weedman family. Mrs. Weedman's first husband was Miss Beulah's uncle, John Connelly, the father of the late Mrs. J. L. Turner of Cypert.

Each summer Miss Beulah was pianist at Spring Creek, near present day Aubrey, for the protracted church meetings, and each summer Dr. Snipes would attempt to convince her that she should remain there as teacher. (The town of Aubrey was named for Dr. Snipes' son.) She eventually succumbed to his persistence and went there to teach. Lula Thompson was one of her pupils. In later years, Lula's son, Bob Austin, and his wife, Fannie Ruth, were to be among Miss Beulah's most cherished friends.

Miss Beulah later taught at Latour, Ford Hall, and Vineyard. At Latour, she boarded with the Frank Figures family, and as the three Figures girls,

Hattie, Eliza, and Daisy, were often her only pupils, she taught in her room at their home. The only other pupil she remembers here is Margaret Ermer. When the Figures family moved to the Longley place west of Lexa on the old Alabama Road, it left the school with no pupils, so Miss Beulah went to board with the Bogan Gist family and taught at the Longley place. Mr. Roane Vineyard lived in the Longley home and the school was a small building in the backyard. The Longley home is gone now. The only signs of it are a few shrubs and the brick cistern, which was located inside the house.

At Ford Hall, located on what is now the northwest corner of Lexa Junction, she taught, in addition to the Figures children--Charles and Bogan Gist, Jim, Olan, and Corrine McAlexander, Warfield Gist, and Elmo and Annie Prince. The Ford School was surrounded by six or seven ponds which were quite snakey. One of the boys' favorite pastimes, and Miss Beulah still shivers as she recalls this, was to sit on the school steps and skin the snakes they had caught. The skins were made into belts.

While teaching here, Miss Beulah boarded with the Larkin family who lived in the Jarman house at Barton. An excellent equestrian, she rode sidesaddle to school, and each morning she was met in front of the Richardson home by Morris Keesee, who would then escort her to school. Worship was always important to Miss Beulah, and while living here she attended Central Church at North Creek.

It was while Miss Beulah was living here that the "Country Club" was formed. This club, which had as many as eighteen members at times, would meet at a different home about once a month to discuss the latest best sellers and exchange books. After an elaborate luncheon, the afternoon was spent playing euchre, or high five. Among the members were: Mrs. Katie Johnson, Mrs. Annie Keesee Richardson, Mrs. Mabel Woodin, Mrs. Alice Jones, Mrs. Illia Turner, Mrs. Eliza Johnson Figures, Miss Hattie Figures,



Mrs. Lizzie Warfield, Mrs. Peter Deisch, Mrs. Joe Mitchell Walker, and Miss Connelly. It is not known when the club disbanded, but Miss Beulah's daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Holder, remembers going with her mother to the different homes.

While she was teaching at Ford Hall, the Larkin family moved into the Sale home at Latour, and Miss Beulah went, too. About this time, she met a particularly handsome young man--Charles Warfield. Formerly a clerk for Warfield and Butts, a firm in Helena owned by George Warfield, he now clerked at the Warfield store in Lexa. To Mr. Charlie, nothing was more precious than a horse and the loan of a horse was the finest way to court a pretty lass, so each Saturday morning he would send a horse, side-saddled, down to the Sale house for Miss Beulah's pleasure. During the week, Mr. Charlie would often ride to Ford Hall while off for lunch. His arrival was announced by the Gist boys who teasingly called, "Here comes some man on a horse."

Miss Beulah's last school, or so she thought, was at Vineyard. Here she boarded with Ras Vineyard and his wife, Jennie Cook Vineyard. She remembers teaching the children of the Robards, Pattersons, McGrews, and Holtzclaws. Mr. Charlie had now become a very important figure in her life and nights were spent working on her trousseau.

On January 18, 1906, she and Charles Warfield were married at the Methodist Church in Poplar Grove. The Reverend W. A. Lindsey performed the wedding ceremony. Josie Krow played the wedding march, Madge Terry was maid of honor, Mrs. Illia Turner was matron of honor, and Hattie Figures was an attendant. Aubrey Burke served as best man and Sydney Connelly and Joe Butts, Sr. were groomsmen.

Miss Beulah, now Mrs. Warfield, quit teaching, and she and Mr. Charlie went to live in the old Warfield home at North Creek. Three weeks after the wedding Mr. Charlie's sister, Lizzie, married Roland

Cook, and a month later his mother died. This left only the bride and groom in the old house. Mrs. Beulah did not know her mother-in-law very well, but recalls that she talked often of an uncle, General Russell, who served in the Revolutionary War.

The Warfield home and those of the Woodin, Gist, and Figures families were all connected by a neighborhood telephone, a new and very modern convenience for county families. It was this telephone that brought Mrs. Beulah the comforting presence of the Bogan Gists the night her first child, Charles Connelly Warfield, was born. It was a cool night in October, 1906, and the Warfields were sitting by the fireplace when Mr. Bogan Gist called. On hearing that Dr. Snipes had been sent for and the birth of the Warfields' child seemed imminent, he assured Mr. Charlie that he and Della, his wife, would be down as soon as he could get Tom's nanny over to stay with the children. Tom, the Gists' youngest, was about five months old.

The Warfields lived in the North Creek home about a year before moving into the Lex Graves home, a big two-story house about a quarter of a mile west of Lexa, and thus much more convenient for Mr. Charlie, who now owned both the family store and gin in Lexa. (Barney, who had for twenty-three years been the elder Warfields' cook, moved into the old home.) The Warfields lived in the Graves home about six years until litigation involving the Judge Jones place was cleared.

George Warfield then bought the Jones home-site, tearing down the old house, a one-story clapboard building, and using the same fireplaces built the big house only torn down in the last few years. Mr. Charlie bought eighty acres across the road from the Graves place and built what was to be Mrs. Beulah's home for twenty-five years. This house still stands on the south side of the road midway between Lexa and Lexa Junction.



After sixteen years of being a wife and mother, Mrs. Beulah felt her children were old enough so that she could return to teaching. Mr. Charlie no longer objected as long as she kept a good cook. Mrs. Beulah taught at Lexa High School and served as its superintendent until it burned in the late 1920s. She then began teaching at Woodruff in West Helena, where she taught for eighteen years. Mr. George Cromwell was superintendent nearly all of these years. The first year after the school at Lexa burned, Mrs. Beulah carried some of the Lexa pupils with her to West Helena. She says that she also picked up her present doctor, Pat McCarty, and his sister, Katherine, at their Wycamp home and took them to Beechcrest.

In the late 1930s the Warfields bought their present home in Lexa from the Burke family. This house was designed and built by the same architect who built the Lexa School Mrs. Warfield so loved. While living there, Mr. Warfield died in July, 1960.

Mrs. Warfield is a member of the Lexa Methodist Church, where she served as superintendent of the Sunday School, was organist, and for many years taught the Bible class. Mrs. Paul (Annie) Muscalino taught the primary class at that time and still teaches in the Lexa Methodist Church.

Mrs. Warfield has made her home for the past several years at the Heritage Home in Helena. Her daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Holder, lives in Helena and her son, Charles Warfield, lives in West Helena. Few names in the annals of Phillips County evoke the love, inspiration, and respect of so many as that of Beulah Connelly Warfield, teacher superb and human being extraordinary.

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# FOOTNOTES

## <sup>1</sup>1860 U. S. Census, Marion Twp., North Creek

	Sex	Age	Born
Charles S. Bonner	M	36	Tenn.
M. J. Bonner	F	30	Tenn.
Sarah Bonner	F	9	Ark.
Anneta Bonner	F	5	Ark.
Franklin Bonner	M	3	Ark.
Infant Bonner	F	2/12	Ark.

## <sup>2</sup>1860 U. S. Census, Marion Twp., Trenton

John Connelly, Sr.	M	54	Ky.
Ann I. Connelly	F	30	Ga.
Joseph Connelly	M	19	Ark.
John Connelly, Jr.	M	17	Ark.
Thompson Connelly	M	9	Ark.
Craven Connelly	M	7	Ark.
Margaret E. Connelly	F	5	Ark.
Isabel Connelly	F	3	Ark.

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#### MISS BEULAH'S VINEYARD SCHOOL

The students in the picture on the preceding page are identified as follows. Reading by rows from bottom to top and ignoring the numbers written on the picture, they are:

1st Row: Mildred Martin, Jennie Cook, Margaret Patterson, Mary Moore Vineyard, and unknown girl.

2nd Row: Barney Sallis, Estell Hollowell, Celeste Patterson, Nannie Mai Gregory, and Mary McClen-  
don.

3rd Row: Unknown boy, Fred Botterff, Orpha Hollowell, Miss Beulah, Hesta McGrew, Louise Patterson, and Oba Robards.

4th Row: Hardy Sallis, Sylvestus Holtzclaw, Gertrude Holtzclaw, and Margaret Gregory.

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#### HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Phillips County Historical Society met Sunday afternoon, May 26<sup>th</sup>, at the Phillips County Museum, with Mrs. Thomas E. Faust presiding. She welcomed several guests and asked them to introduce themselves.

Following the reading of the minutes and the treasurer's report, announcement was made of the officers for the coming year: Mrs. Katherine S. Hill, President; Mrs. Thomas E. Faust, Vice President; Mrs. Frank O. Griffin, Sr., Secretary; Mrs. C. M. T. Kirkman, Treasurer; and Mrs. Dick Cunningham, Editor of the Quarterly. Members of the Board of Directors are Mrs. Floyd E. Curtis, Thomas E. Tappan, and William H. Woodin.

Thomas Tappan read a letter from the Arkansas Historical Association accepting our invitation to host the annual meeting here in the Bi-Centennial year of 1976. Dr. Waddy W. Moore, formerly of Helena, and the newly elected president of the Arkansas Historical Association, will still be president of the Association at that time.

Mrs. Faust introduced John Patrick Horan of Fayetteville who is working on a bust of General Patrick Cleburne. He told a little of the background of his work on the statue. In the absence of Mrs. Glennis Parker of Little Rock, who was to present the program telling of Bi-Centennial plans on local, state, and national levels, Mrs. Faust asked Miss Lily Peter to tell the group something of her projects for the Bi-Centennial celebration.

Mrs. E. G. Green presented the Historical Society with an ownership map of Phillips County, compiled by Guy Beauman in 1901 and printed in Pine Bluff. This is a very interesting item, and may possibly be the first such ownership map made of county lands. It belonged to the late E. G. Green. The map will be placed at the West Helena Library, and may be seen and used by interested persons.