

PHILLIPS COUNTY
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

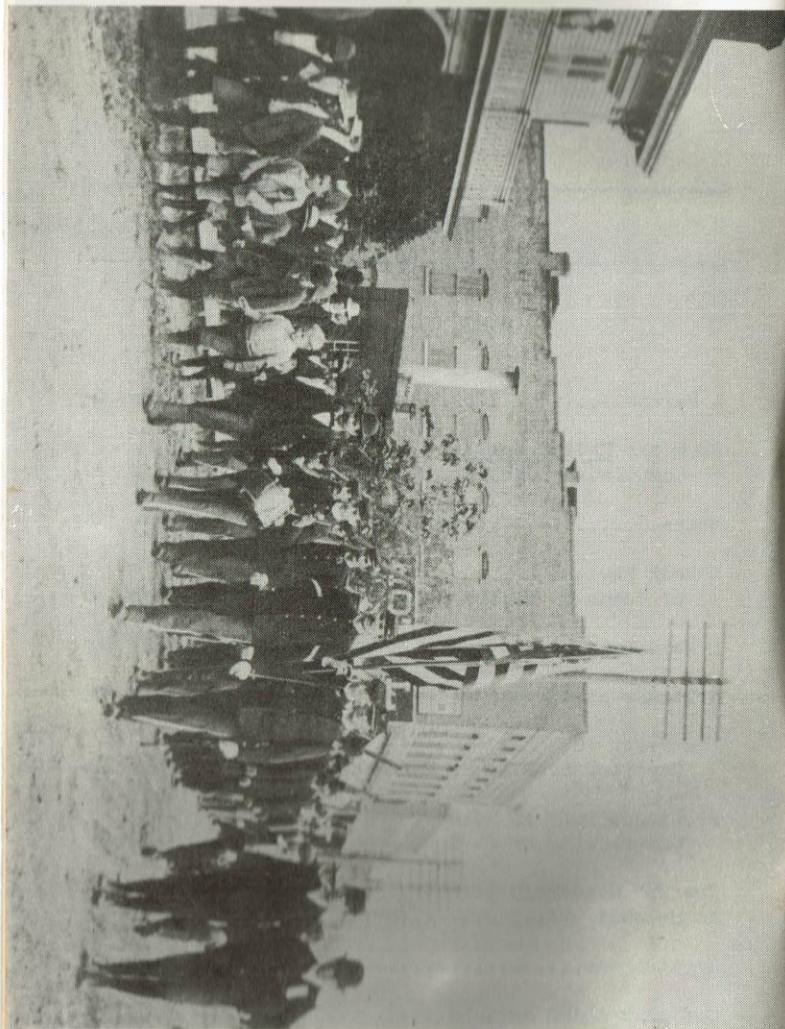
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

A Parade.....	Page 2
From the <u>Helena World</u> , Compiled by Gene Bradford.....	Page 4
Notes.....	Page 8
A Book Review, by James V. Belsha.....	Page 9
A Memorial.....	Page 19
Arkansas Historical Association.....	Page 20
The First 10 Years, Compiled by Dale P. Kirkman.....	Page 21
President Taft At Helena, Contributed by T. E. Tappan.....	Page 24
The 28 th Wisconsin Infantry Regiment At Helena: VII.....	Page 30
Invitations.....	Page 41
The KATE ADAMS Aground.....	Page 43



A PARADE

The picture on the preceding page has come to light since the article, "\$100,000 Blaze," was printed in the last issue of the Quarterly. It shows the Nonpareil Hotel and the Lohman house, and was probably made within a few years of the 1901 fire.

It is thought that this parade was held in connection with the raising of troops for the Spanish-American War. It is known that Company G of the 1st Arkansas Regiment of Volunteer Infantry was made up in large part of men from Helena. The men were mustered in at Camp Dodge, Little Rock, in May, 1898. They were stationed at Chickamauga Park, Tennessee, and then at Fort Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, and were mustered out at Little Rock in October, 1898. It is possible that the soldiers in this parade were of that group.

FROM THE HELENA WORLD

Compiled by
Gene Bradford

January 7, 1940

Ice continued its way down the Mississippi.
Expected to arrive here Tuesday.
Ohio frozen for 236 miles.

January 19

The Mississippi River had ice in it at Helena today--in fact ice floated as far down as Dennis, Mississippi. Engineers said the ice sheets were about 1" thick and represented shore ice which had broken loose and headed downstream. Along the Arkansas and Mississippi shores of the river here there were long borders of shore ice about the same thickness as those floating by the city.

January 21

Ice in large quantities said to be between one and six inches thick floated past Helena in the Mississippi River yesterday and the Helena Glendale Ferry was forced to cease operation. Capt. A. C. Johnson said it would probably be another day or two before operations could be resumed as the ice is expected to be worse today.

January 24

Ice was gorged in the Mississippi River at Old Town today and it was believed that unless the gorge is broken loose the movement of ice past Helena will be stopped tomorrow. U. S. Army Engineers said they believed it was the first time probably in history that there has been a gorge below Helena. The nearest gorge to the city was several years ago when the river was clogged at O K Landing about 20 miles above Helena.

January 25

Army engineers reported today that the Mississippi River at Old Town is not completely clogged with the ice gorge as was reported yesterday. The ice is heavy but a small passage was still open this morning.

January 26

The Vicksburg which passed Helena yesterday was unable to get through the barrier and was forced to return here at noon. The steamer Memphis on its way up river yesterday afternoon stopped at Modoc and will be forced to remain there until the ice breaks or return down river. Ice moving by Helena today had slowed up considerably and was barely moving.

January 29

Despite rising temperature which climbed to 27 yesterday the ice threat appeared more dangerous than ever today as the Mississippi River became barricaded from shore to shore at Helena, and the slow moving icebergs decided to stand still.

Still stranded below Old Town Bend where the gorge accumulated last week were the Federal Barge Line steamers "Vicksburg" and "Memphis." Smaller boats caught in the surrounding ice were said to be in more or less danger. These include the Helena-Glendale Ferry, the transfer steamer "Pelican," the Canal Barge Company steamer "Bull Calf" and the U. S. Engineers steamer "Griffith" and "Reese" all in port here.

February 1

A man said to be Jim Abbot who lives just over the levee from the Y and M V Depot walked safely across the frozen ice to the Mississippi side of the river this morning as the gorge held. It was probably the first time in history that the feat more or less hazardous has been accomplished, although there was an unverified report that a Helena man walked across on the ice to win a bet during the winter of

1917-1918.

Wearing hip boots and carrying a staff the better to secure his footing, Abbot started across the river shortly after 10 o'clock this morning. He did not inform his wife of his intention and she could not verify the report that the man was her husband. She guessed it was, however, as he had tried several days ago, but found air fissures in the floes and turned back.

This morning, however, he made the trip by taking a round about way, going up the river to get around what appears from this side to be an open place in the water or probably thin ice straight across from the Solomon Building. Watchers in the Solomon Building's fifth floor who gathered to watch the man, saw through field glasses that he stopped short of the Mississippi side, punched a hole in the ice with his staff, and secured a drink of water. He then went aboard the barge tied up near the Mississippi ferry landing.

Nearly a hundred persons gathered along the levee to watch Abbot's trip across the river and a larger number were waiting this afternoon for him to start his return trip.

The Old Town gorge was said to be enlarging hour by hour, until it extends some seven miles up the river. It was said that a man can walk across the river at Friars Point.

The ice here was said to extend up river about five miles somewhere in the vicinity of the mouth of the St. Francis River.

February 2

The five mile Helena ice gorge across the Mississippi River broke for the second time within 24 hours this afternoon shortly after 1 o'clock, sending tons of icebergs to pile up along the river-front or against small craft and the river terminal barge, and are then stopped again.

Already damage estimated at approximately \$30,000 has been done by the crushing floes. This included the smashing and sinking of a \$15,000

pontoon boat pile driver belonging to the IC Railroad, \$12,000 damage to the towboat "Curly," some small damage to the transfer boat "Pelican," and the loss of two landing barges also, owned by Capt. A. C. Johnson.

The first break in the ice pack came unexpectedly late yesterday afternoon soon after Jim Abbot, veteran riverman, had returned from walking across to the Mississippi side and back. For a while it moved rather fast, smashing against the boats, sinking the pile driver completely, beaching one small boat and damaging houseboats. After moving along for about an hour it stopped almost as suddenly as it had started, and rivermen were of the opinion it would take much warmer weather to start it again. However, this afternoon it again broke and crowds began to gather.

February 6

Mr. James R. Mullen in a letter to the Helena World said that in February, 1882, a gorge formed just north of Arkansas City and held for three months. It was finally rammed loose by Capt. Thorwagan's steel hulled steamer "Charles P. Chauteau." "In my lifetime it has formed a gorge below Helena several times--1882, 1887, 1892 and 1917-1918."

February 9

Ferry service was resumed here today by the Helena-Glendale Ferry Co. Service was discontinued over two weeks ago because of the ice in the river. Capt. Johnson said that for the immediate future the ferry would run in the daytime only and that night trips would be resumed as soon as all danger from floating ice had passed.

February 14

All day yesterday the "Bull Calf," piloted by Capt. Fontaine Johnson, shuttled back and forth among the floes, cutting paths in the south end of the ice, like cutting paper, and letting the huge sheets drift southward. However, late yesterday the huge gorge

opposite the Solomon Building still held.

February 15

Capt. A. C. Johnson, operator of the Helena-Glendale Ferry announced this morning that he would begin operating the ferry here on a 24 hour schedule beginning Saturday.

NOTES

The Annual Meeting of the Arkansas Historical Association will be held here on April 22nd, 23rd, and 24th. The Second Annual Helena Pilgrimage has been planned to coincide with that meeting. The dates of the Pilgrimage are April 24th and 25th.

The Historical Society has received two copies of a booklet entitled, "The Arkansas - Renaissance Of A River," from the U. S. Army Engineer District, Little Rock. This booklet contains an authentic history of the Corps of Engineers' 150 years on the Arkansas River in Arkansas. The booklets are in the Arkansas Room at the Library.

Dues for the membership year, 1976-1977, are payable as of May 1st to the Treasurer. They are \$5.00 for a regular membership and \$10.00 for a sustaining membership.

Any member of the Historical Society who wishes to attend the dinner meeting of the Arkansas Historical Association on Friday, April 23rd, please call Mrs. Katherine Hill as soon as possible to make reservations.

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A BOOK REVIEW

by

James V. Belsha
Phoenix, Arizona

The book, Arkansas, by Robert Connell, Sr., was dictated to his daughter Winifred Connell Cartmell in 1928-1929 at Prescott, Arizona, and published in 1947 by Paebur Company, New York, and copyrighted by Mrs. Cartmell in 1947. Neither the book, the author, or the publisher are listed in current catalogs of books in print; a dealer in rare books in Scottsdale, Arizona says the book is very rare and most expensive when found. It is a small but very interesting book of 130 pages, including an "Explanation" of the delay in publishing and a "Foreword," both by Mrs. Cartmell, with pictures of the Author, his wife, their home at 333 South Montezuma Street, Prescott, and some military men.

The setting of the story is in the Connell's Point-Indian Bay-Big Cypress Creek-Big Creek-White River area. It begins about 1822 when all that area which lies east of White River was part of Phillips County, and continues through until 1932 when the Author died at Prescott. The first 4 chapters are entirely about the Author's family and their life in Phillips and Monroe Counties, and shortly after the Civil War, when he went first through Missouri to Chicago, Ill., then west across the several states, arriving in Prescott, Arizona, where he became a man of importance in business, city, county, and state government, twice elected to the Territorial Legislature and being very active in the group who fought for and gained statehood for Arizona. In Chapter 13 he tells of a trip to Washington, D. C. and New Orleans, and on his return, a visit to Clarendon and

his old home place near Connell's Point in Monroe County.

Any fisherman or hunter in Marvell and surrounding areas can tell you where Connell's Point is and how to get there, but to make sure just where it is located, I asked my friend Ben Davison of Marvell, and he drew a rough map of the area showing it at the mouth of Big Cypress Creek, where it empties into Big Creek about 12 miles up from where Big Creek empties into White River. (Note: A map of this area appeared in the last issue of the Quarterly in connection with the article by Mrs. Dorothy Crisp.)

The Author's father, Robert Smith Connell, was born in South Carolina on the Peedee River in 1804; the family moved to Alabama and in about 1822-1823 at about age 18 he left home, came to Arkansas, married and settled down on the White River in what was then Phillips County, a large part of the area being cut off in 1829 and established as part of Monroe County. He married four times, names of the first, third and fourth wives not being disclosed. His first wife had four children and after she died, Mr. Connell the elder married Maria Walker, who had eleven children, of which Robert Connell, Sr. (referred to as the Author) was the third, born August 13, 1846, at the farm owned by his father on or near White River.

The elder Mr. Connell also owned a woodyard at the mouth of Big Creek on White River and sold wood to the steamboats as they passed by on the river, up Black River, and Current River as far north as Newport, Jackson Port and Batesville, then when the water was sufficiently high on to Powhatan and Pocahontas on the Black River. The 1830 Census of Monroe County lists Robert S. Connell aged 20-30, his wife aged 15-20 and a girl 0-5 years. He sold his woodyard and a house he had built nearby to a man named Durden--time not stated--and moved to a farm about twelve miles distant located near the

White River and also not far from the incorporated town of Indian Bay. The 1850 Census lists the family in Montgomery Township, Monroe County, Household No. 176, as Robert S. Connell aged 47; Maria aged 31, born in Kentucky; and Thomas G. aged 16, Lucy A. aged 14, Vincent aged 8, and Robert aged 4, all born in Arkansas; also John Sands aged 49, birthplace unknown and James Goings aged 23, born in Arkansas. (Census records shown in this review were not included in the book.)

The Author tells of rowing down Big Creek about 12 miles to a large wharf built by his father on White River, with details of its construction if you would like to build one, and about one Bartholomew (Tholly) Short, a neighbor who floated his logs down to the mouth of Big Creek where he would make rafts late in the fall and "rafted" them down to sell to sawmills on the Mississippi River. Here follow specific details of how to build the rafts, also.

He also tells that when he was about twelve years old, the elder Mr. Connell having ordered two barrels of flour through a Captain of a passing steamboat who would bring it from Memphis or elsewhere on the Mississippi, to the wharf at the woodyard, and the men all being busy, his mother sent him to bring the flour up the river or creek to their home, which he managed alone in such a record time his mother thought he had not gone, but one of the men came to his aid, saying the boy surely had made the trip since he had a bottle of whiskey in his arms the man had asked him to get.

The Author also tells of green coffee and salt shipped to them in the same manner up the river from New Orleans, and explains that White River got its name because its banks were composed of hard white clay that the water could not cut, therefore the river never got muddy. One time years later he was passing through and crossed the river just below

Jackson Port at Newport where a steamboat was anchored in water so clear he could see the rocks on the river bottom many feet below the surface, so he knew he was getting close to his old home where, if a person dived into the water he could be seen ten or more feet below the surface. Many more details of life on the river and happenings of interest, including fish fries and commercial fishing for shipment by boat to Memphis are recounted. Chapter One ends with the statement that when the Author was past thirteen his mother died; that was Maria Walker Connell.

When the Author was fifteen, his brother Vincent was seventeen and joined the Confederate Army. The boys and men remaining formed a Home Guard company. Vincent died a few days after being wounded at the Battle of Perryville, Kentucky. The Confederacy called up all men over 18 and under 45 and the Author's half brother Thomas had to go; he left on June 17, 1862, the date of the Battle of St. Charles. The call to arms took many of the older men, members of the Home Guard, so it was practically ended. St. Charles is in Arkansas County on the west side of White River, almost due west of the town of Indian Bay and about six miles from the Connell home, where the Author could hear the shooting and smell the gunpowder during the battle.

About 400 men from the neighborhood went to Trenton, Arkansas, organized a battalion and headed for Little Rock to go into the Confederate Army, but ran into a fight between the Rangers and Union men, finally getting around the Union soldiers and headed for Helena. In the fall of that year Thomas got a furlough and came home. The story follows; the two brothers took corn to Kendall's Mill, about ten miles from their home and on their way back ran into a swarm of angry yellow jackets whose nest had been raided the night before by a raccoon. Robert's mare took fright and stopped right over the nest and threw

him off. His arm and shoulder blade were broken, his kidneys bruised and his back was sprained. After the death of Maria his father married again for the third time; she had a boy and died soon after and the boy died when about two years old. The father married for the fourth time and moved to another county, the Author and a half sister remaining on the farm.

The Battle of Helena was fought July 4, 1863, and the noise of the battle was heard at the Connell home. The Author tried to plow, but the noise of battle distracted him from his work and he went to the house where all the women of the neighborhood had gathered, screaming at every cannon's boom. His brother Thomas was killed in that battle, having told his wife and brother that he had a premonition that it would happen.

Chapter Three begins with the story of one Major Carmichael of the Union Army stationed at Helena, who had orders to burn every house in the district, which he did excepting those that were occupied, many being vacant because their families being alone had moved in with others. Upon arriving at Kendall's Mill the Major advised Mr. Kendall his mill must be destroyed, since he had been grinding corn for the rebels. Mr. Kendall told the Major all the women and children in the area would starve to death if the mill was destroyed, so the machinery was carried out of the shed and steps taken to protect the boiler, the shed then being burned, but the mill was running again in about two weeks.

Upon arrival of the Union Army in the south, the black men would leave the farms and plantations and go to the Union camps, where they would be mustered into the Union Army. The Union Army at Helena sent out foraging parties to find grain to help feed their soldiers, but the Rebels harassed them, took much of the supplies they had found, equipment, etc., so about 1000 of the black soldiers were sent to

build a post for foraging on the bank of Big Creek. A road was built on a high grade, or levee, connected with a bridge across Big Creek. The water being low, the black soldiers were building the post on one side of the levee. About 800 Confederate soldiers, commanded by Colonel Dobbins who heard about building of the post, came up on the opposite side of the levee and attacked the black men, who fought well and repulsed Col. Dobbins and his men twice; but on their third attack the black men stampeded and ran towards Helena for help. The entire camp of the black men, including their guns, artillery, ammunition, provisions and equipment, was captured by Col. Dobbins' men, who then followed the fleeing black men until they got near where the Union Army was encamped near Helena. Many black men were shot and died, but many of them were found dead without a scratch on their bodies, having died from exhaustion by reason of their having run 20 miles or more on their retreat.

The Connell home was about three miles from the home of Bill Mayo, who went to war, but told his young son Fred to let the women and children have all the corn they needed. One day a regiment of Union soldiers came down to White River to Indian Bay, also three miles from the Mayo farm and raided it, drove off the cows, took the chickens, burned about 10,000 bushels of corn, but none of the houses were burned. The 1860 Census of Montgomery Township, Monroe County, Household 581 shows William M. Mayo aged 38, born in North Carolina; Jane E. aged 31, born in Virginia and four children. Household 594 shows James A. Mayo aged 26, born in N. C.; Mary A. aged 23, born in Tenn.; Sallie E. B. aged 2 and Adodenisa, a girl aged 9 months, both born in Tenn. and Sallie E. Blain aged 21 and 4 younger Blains, all born in Tenn. Also, Household No. 608, John Kornegay aged 37, born in Tenn.; Narcisa aged 21, John K. aged 3 and Harriet aged 1, all born in Arkansas, and Birgett ? a man aged 34, born in Tennessee.

Adjoining the Mayo farm was the "Carnegie farm" (should be Kornegay, as above). Mr. Kornegay had gone to the Confederate forces, but left the farm in care of his brother Burch Kornegay. The Union soldiers took his old horse from him and took him into the woods, put a rope around his neck, threw the rope over a limb, pulled him up and then lowered him and asked him to tell them what he knew about the rebels, which he did but it was not much, so they pulled him up again and even a third time, but he could tell them no more. They took him with them to Indian Bay where they kept him a few days, then gave his horse back to him and sent him home, where he died a few days later on account of the harsh treatment. Here follows the story of those soldiers being soundly beaten by three companies of rebel soldiers and a battle at DeVall's Bluff, ending Chapter 3.

Chapter 4 tells of difficulties following the war and the Author finally going to Memphis, then to Illinois and subsequently other chapters tell of his final arrival at Prescott, Arizona and in January, 1878 he was elected to the City Council. In 1882 he was elected to the Twelfth Territorial Legislature and was re-elected in 1884. At that time the capital of Arizona was at Prescott.

Chapter 13 tells of his return from a trip to Washington, D. C. on which he and his family stopped for a time at Hot Springs, Arkansas for treatment of an illness of his wife. From there he went on alone to visit his old home on White River. On his way he had to lay over one night at Clarendon and next morning he spoke to some men sitting on a porch and was invited to join them. He told them he was a former citizen of the county, having "lived on what was called Connell's Point" and that his name was Bob Connell. He was asked if he had known a man named Parker C. Ewan and he said yes, whereupon his questioner said "you are talking to him now." It

developed that Mr. Ewan had come south from Ohio about two years before the war broke out; he joined the Confederate forces, advancing to the rank of Major. Mr. Connell asked him why he had not gone north and fought in the Union Army. Mr. Ewan answered, "I had to make up my mind to live here, and where I live, I fight."

Leaving Clarendon, Mr. Connell visited some cousins named Berry Walker and Dick Walker on the 3rd and 4th of July where he attended a big barbeque, which he describes in detail. After visiting with relatives and friends he went down to his old farm home, but had to get a friend to show him where the house had been. After fifteen days he went back to Hot Springs and ten days later started back to Prescott, Arizona, where he had first arrived November 6, 1874, and where he died April 16, 1932 in his eighty-fifth year, "still pioneering, still following new trails."

Following is an excerpt from a lengthy article about Mr. Connell in the Prescott Evening Courier of April 18, 1932.

DEATH SUMMONS CONNELL, SR.

Death about eight o'clock Saturday night claimed the life of one of Prescott's oldest citizens, Robert Connell, Sr., 85, who played an important role in the early-day affairs of the community and territory.

He died in the hospital at the Arizona Pioneers' Home, where he had been a guest since September, 1930. A fall last Thursday morning, while walking to town and which resulted in a broken left hip, undoubtedly hurried his death.

Funeral services are scheduled for two o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the Lester Ruffner chapel, followed by burial in the Masonic cemetery beside

the remains of his wife, who died here in 1918, and three children.

In his day, Mr. Connell was constable, miner, saloon keeper, volunteer fireman, territorial legislator, city councilman, and staunch believer in statehood for Arizona.

He was born August 13, 1846, in Arkansas on the White River, near the present town of Holly Grove, but when a young man went to Illinois. In a short time he was made constable in the southern part of that state and served under Justice of the Peace James Golliher, who, though Mr. Connell then did not know it, was to become his father-in-law, because his future bride, Miss Lucretia Ellen Gollihar, and he fell in love.

But the marriage was not destined to take place while Mr. Connell was a law officer, because he left for the west to pursue the occupation of a prospector, of which he was very proud, and a miner, principally in Colorado. It was while there he and another man were given a railroad contract to furnish ties for a new line.

It was customary at the railroad camp to call everybody by some nickname. Mr. Connell was called "Arkansas." And it so happens that while he was in Colorado a gulch near Golden was named "Arkansas" after his nickname.

In 1874, November 6, he came to Prescott and worked out of here as a miner, chiefly in the old Hassayampa district. Later, he became the owner of a saloon on old Whiskey Row. Four years after coming to Arizona, he returned to southern Illinois to marry Miss Golliher, in Murphysboro. For a honeymoon the newlyweds crossed the plains to San Francisco and on down to the then town of Los Angeles. From Dos Palms, Calif., to Prescott the couple made the trip in an old stage and buckboard line.

To what now is 333 South Montezuma street, Mr. Connell brought his bride. In that house were born their seven children, four of them still living. The same residence is occupied today by a

Connell, Garland, Sr.

When Prescott was the capital of Arizona, Mr. Connell served as a member of the twelfth and thirteenth territorial legislatures. At one time he was a member of the city council and in 1885, at his own expense, he went to Washington, New York, and other eastern cities championing the cause of statehood for the state. He was a great friend of the late Marcus Smith, Arizona territorial representative, and also of Governor Hunt. In politics Mr. Connell was a Democrat though it is said he did not necessarily hew to the line and vote a straight ticket; rather, he split his vote.

Three of Mr. Connell's surviving children will attend his funeral services tomorrow afternoon. They are Mrs. Winnie (R. G.) Cartmell of Jerome, Robert Connell, Jr., of Prescott, city superintendent for the Arizona Power company, and Garland Connell, Santa Fe railroad engineer. Mrs. Beatrice Hall, the other surviving daughter, is in Rock Springs, Wyo., but will not be able to attend the services on account of her health.

The four grandchildren of Mr. Connell will attend the services. They are Mrs. Sally (James) Temple of Phoenix, daughter of Mrs. Hall; Robert Connell's two daughters, Roberta and Anna Margaret; and Garland Connell's son, Garland, Jr.

A MEMORIAL

There is a memorial window on the west wall across from the entrance of St. John's Episcopal Church, Helena, which was placed to honor those church members who served in World War I. It is inscribed as follows:

THANKSGIVING UNTO GOD FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF
THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF ST. JOHN'S PARISH WHO
FOUGHT FOR LIBERTY AND PEACE 1917-1918.

Benjamin Tappan	Moore Tappan	Ned Green
Erwin Von der Au	Marshall Key	Charles Purvis
Arthur Lockwood	Jordan Lambert	Thomas Purvis
John Friberg	Ben Prince	George Purvis
Edward Carvill	Homer Prince	Thornton Purvis
Carroll Short	Gilbert	George Polk
Gover Knight	Yaeger, Jr.	Joseph Govan
Albright Horn	Arthur S.	Bogan Gist
Frank Horn	Thompson	Charles Gist
Morse Upshaw Jr.	Walter E. Winn	Henry Otis
Oscar Trice	John Harris	Walter Lucy
Sidney H. Hornor	Krickel	Ben Lucy
A. P. Hornor	Jerome Pillow	Richard Allin
Herbert Thompson	Farmer Morrison	Leslie Allin
Miss Susie Almer	Stuart Faulkner	Leighton
Miss Christine	Thomas Faulkner	Worthley
Sanders	James Faulkner	Walter Roe
Harry Lipscomb	John I. Moore	Sidney Walton
Charles Afflick	Mercer West	Leo Marcus
William Coolidge	June Davidson	Walter Johnson
Robert Tappan		

ARKANSAS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
Fayetteville, Arkansas

THE BICENTENNIAL AWARD IN ARKANSAS HISTORY

The Board of Directors of the Arkansas Historical Association, as part of the society's participation in the American Bicentennial year, is pleased to announce the award of a \$200 prize for the best manuscript article on an Arkansas subject. The article can deal with any phase of the history of the state or with any individual connected with its history. Any person is eligible to submit a manuscript and the contest is not restricted to residents of Arkansas.

The manuscript should be no more than thirty-five (35) pages, should be typed double-space, and must be documented. The footnotes, however, can be typed double space on separate sheets at the back of the article, with triple space between each note. The footnote pages need not be counted as part of the main text, but should be numbered. The title page should contain the full title, the author's full name, and a complete address.

All entries must be submitted in triplicate by December 31, 1976, to:

Walter L. Brown, Editor
Arkansas Historical Quarterly
Department of History
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701

All articles, including the winner, will be considered for publication in the Quarterly.

The winning article and author will be announced at the 1977 annual meeting of the Association.

THE FIRST 10 YEARS

Compiled by

Dale P. Kirkman

The Town of Helena was incorporated as a City on December 5, 1856, with city status being granted by the General Assembly of Arkansas. This meant a change in the way the local government was organized and a change in the governing officials. In January, 1857, by direction of the sheriff of Phillips County, an election was held for Helena city officials. Following the election of a mayor, seven aldermen for a city council, and the marshal-tax collector, the Council itself elected a clerk or recorder, a treasurer, city engineer, and city attorney. These positions were filled from that time on, except in the cases of the city engineer and city attorney, and it is not clear if the men mentioned here occupied these offices during the whole 10 years, exclusive of the war years, or only a part of them.

January, 1857.

Mayor: Lycurgus Cage. Aldermen: Quincy K. Underwood, J. B. Jamison, William H. Dickson, James M. Hanks, James T. Moore, Charles P. King, Robert B. Lambert. During the year, Aldermen Underwood, Hanks, and King resigned, and Jerry C. Watson, Daniel B. McKenzie, and Dr. Richard H. Hargraves took those places. Marshal: Thomas J. Evans, then J. B. Thompson later in year. Recorder: John Q. Taylor, then Charles H. Hill. Treasurer: F. H. Dade. City Engineer: W. B. Garo. City Attorney: James R. Parrish.

January, 1858.

Mayor: Dr. Richard H. Hargraves. Aldermen: John S. Hornor, James C. Tappan, Samuel W. Myers, Henry P. Coolidge, James T. Moore, Robert Maloney,

John N. Ware. Marshal: A. C. Robertson. Recorder: W. H. Kinsey elected and refused, office to John Hall, then later to Charles H. Hill. Treasurer: F. F. Howerton.

January, 1859.

Mayor and aldermen remained the same as in 1858, except for John N. Ware's place as alderman being taken by Lycurgus Cage. Marshal: E. K. Harris. Recorder: Charles H. Hill, then Price Tappan. Treasurer: George W. Burris. City Engineer: J. B. Jamison.

January, 1860.

Mayor: James T. Moore. Aldermen: John S. Horner, George West, Dr. George McAlpine, Henry P. Coolidge, Arthur Thompson, Daniel B. McKenzie, Lycurgus Cage. Marshal: Robert T. Shell. Recorder: John W. Stayton. Treasurer: John Hall. City Attorney: James T. Bailey.

January, 1861.

Mayor: James T. Moore. Aldermen: John S. Horner, George West, Dr. George McAlpine, James Blackburn, Arthur Thompson, Daniel B. McKenzie, Q. K. Underwood. During the year, Aldermen West and Blackburn resigned, and M. J. Whayne and Dr. R. H. Hargraves took those places. Marshal: Robert T. Shell. Recorder: John W. Stayton. Treasurer: John Hall.

In the course of this year, three Wards were established and the aldermen elected for 1862 would represent these Wards. Ward 1 was the area north of York Street and east of Columbia, three aldermen; Ward 2 was the area north of York and west of Columbia, two aldermen; Ward 3 was all south of York Street, two aldermen.

January, 1862.

Mayor: M. J. Whayne. Aldermen from 1st Ward: C. G. Baldwin, Henry P. Coolidge, R. F. Sutton; from 2nd Ward: S. W. Childress, Q. K. Underwood; from 3rd Ward: Hector M. Grant, William F. Moore. Marshal: Robert T. Shell. Recorder: John W. Stayton. Treasurer: John Hall. City Attorney: S. W. Childress.

June, 1862--June, 1865. No city government. WAR.

June, 1865.

Mayor: H. M. Grant. Aldermen from 1st Ward: Jesse A. Jackson, Dr. George McAlpine, Thomas J. Nixon; from 2nd Ward: Robert Maloney, E. K. Harris; from 3rd Ward: Daniel E. Severs, Oliver C. Joyce. Marshal: J. C. Wells. Recorder: Nicholas Rightor. Treasurer: L. W. Clark.

January, 1866.

Mayor: H. M. Grant. Aldermen from 1st Ward: Jesse A. Jackson, Dr. George McAlpine, Thomas J. Nixon; from 2nd Ward: Dr. L. B. Dunn, Q. K. Underwood; from 3rd Ward: Dr. R. B. Shelby, J. I. Mulkey. Aldermen McAlpine and Dunn resigned later in the year and those places were taken by James B. Miles and E. K. Harris. Marshal: J. C. Wells. Recorder: Nicholas Rightor. Treasurer: William S. Burnett, then A. K. Cameron later in the year. City Engineer: J. B. Jamison. School Commissioner: John Q. Taylor.

In the course of the year, the areas of two of the Wards were changed. The 1st Ward remained the same in size and had three aldermen; the 2nd Ward was designated as all that area west of Columbia and Biscoe Streets, with two aldermen; the 3rd Ward was the area south of York Street and east of Columbia and Biscoe Streets, with two aldermen.

PRESIDENT TAFT AT HELENA

Contributed by

T. E. Tappan

From The Commercial Appeal, October 24, 1909

HELENA IS ON DRESS PARADE

Helena, Ark., Oct. 24. With but twenty-four hours intervening before the arrival of President Taft and the greatest river pageant in the history of the country, the City of Helena is on dress parade.

Every wire, building, and pole along the line of parade is gaily trimmed and draped with the red, white and blue, prominent among which is the waterways slogan - "Fourteen feet through the valley and river regulation is rate regulation," and not alone is there this great bunting decoration, but every forty feet along the line of march is an arch of red, white and blue lights extending across the street, and Helena expects to fully fulfill the prediction of Mr. Wheeler, who is traveling in advance of the President - "Helena will stand out unique."

The great speakers platform, which seats 150 persons, built along the north wall of the custom house, and the 1,000 seats which are prepared for the visitors in general are completed and are decorated as tastefully as possible.

The different committees have completed their work and are retiring a tired but well satisfied lot of men. That nothing might cause delay, Helena has not prepared a programme to include anything except the introduction of the President by Gov. George W. Donaghey and the President's speech, but have today

asked that Speaker Cannon give a ten minute talk following Mr. Taft's speech, but have as yet not heard whether this will be granted or not.

TRAINS ARE LOADED

Trains arriving this afternoon and tonight are bringing in thousands of people and this is expected to continue throughout tonight; and tomorrow more than a dozen trains will be run into the city, and it is believed that not less than fifteen to thirty thousand people will welcome President William H. Taft to Helena, Arkansas.

In order that the crowd may be controlled easily, the entire line of march, both sides of the streets, and the wharf will be roped off and hundreds of deputies will assist the local military company in keeping the enthusiastic horde clear of the line of march.

*

From The Arkansas Gazette, October 28, 1909

DONAGHEY TOO LATE TO SPEAK

Helena, Oct. 27. Governor George W. Donaghey of Arkansas and other public men who were scheduled to appear here tonight with President Taft failed to arrive in time, as their boat, the Gray Eagle, carrying Governor Donaghey, Governor Shallenberger of Nebraska, Governor Prouty of Vermont, Senator Gore of Oklahoma, Senator Warner and members of the Missouri river delegation, was run aground 10 miles above Helena, following an accident in the engine room. The grates dropped in the fire room also and it was feared the boat would catch on fire. As a result, Mayor Martin introduced the President. Governor Donaghey did not arrive until the President's fleet was leaving Helena. The President's boat was also one hour and 55

minutes late. Although the Gray Eagle was disabled, no one was hurt, and as quickly as possible the passengers were transferred to the Illinois and other boats of the President's fleet.

Despite the hitch in arrangements, the reception accorded the President here was a splendid success. The President, still hoarse, declared in his speech that the work of improving the Mississippi River should be started at once.

Speaker Joe Cannon was also cut off the program, on account of his late arrival. Minus the Gray Eagle, the President's fleet left Helena in regular order.

THE PRESIDENT SEES HELENA

The President was welcomed to Helena by Mayor Martin in a short address on board the Oleander, after which, accompanied by the local Reception Committee, Messrs. Hugh Martin, Greenfield Quarles, E. C. Hornor, S. S. Faulkner, Gilbert Yaeger, Joseph L. Solomon, John I. Moore, Aaron Meyers and Edwin Bevins, the party was driven by automobile the entire length of Cherry Street, which was decorated with bunting and arches of red, white and blue lights, to the custom house building where the immense speakers' stand and ten thousand seats had been arranged.

MR. TAFT IN GOOD HUMOR

In the absence of Governor Donaghey the President was introduced by Mayor Martin. Though very hoarse, the President was in fine spirits and good humor. He referred to the flotilla as a "traveling show advertised for a full performance, but with only one part of it arrived." He declared his show was composed of 12 or more steamers loaded with valuable cargoes of governors, Uncle Joe Cannon, senators to burn, congressmen till you couldn't rest, and the governor of Arkansas, but that they were stranded upon a sandbar and at the time of his

speaking were contemplating the beauties of the moon somewhere along the waters of "Old Mississipp."

MEANING OF THE RIVER TRIP

"In view of their misfortune," said the President, "I will try to speak for the whole show. And first, what is the occasion? Some who are flippant will say that all this is a mere free junket, but those who know understand that the time of all these men who have made this trip is valuable, and they could not afford to spend it except to impress upon the country what is one of the most important issues of the day. You have a lively town here, you deal largely in cotton and are anxious for lower freight rates. If the river is improved to compete with the railroads, if the terminals are arranged so that the railroad has no advantage, the river will be a real competitor. But if the river cannot be depended upon at all times, it doesn't furnish any adequate means of competing with the railroads.

MUST BE GENERAL PLAN OF IMPROVEMENT

"Congress has the power to improve the river ways. We have spent much money and spent it lavishly, but we have not entered into a general plan from St. Louis to the Gulf, nor on the Ohio and Missouri Rivers. We all realize that if we do anything effectively, or economically, we must do it upon a general plan, a plan that contemplates the Mississippi River and the Ohio on the east and the Missouri on the west. It must first be determined practicable, and to find this we must go to men of experience.

SHOULD IMPROVE RIVER AT ONCE

"Congress ought to do it if it is practical, and if it can be done I favor doing it quickly. We ought to treat it as we have treated the Panama Canal, which means to do it as quickly as possible and as economically as possible. And the quickest and most practical way is to issue bonds. I am not in favor of issuing bonds and doing the work in piece

meal, but believe we ought to center on a general plan and hurry the work through."

MR. TAFT'S VOICE STILL BAD

The President cut his speech short on account of the serious condition of his voice and closed with a sincere wish that the cities along the Mississippi may see a speedy solution of the river traffic problem.

The second boat to arrive was the George W. Hill, occupied by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. This boat was about 15 minutes behind the Oleander. Behind her came the Quincy, the St. Paul, the Erastus Wells, the Alton, the Cape Girardeau, the Lilly and the Illinois, all of which landed, but too late for the passengers to come up into the city. The Illinois arrived in Helena just prior to the departure of the fleet, which was begun at 8:55 p. m.

MEMPHIS TOO HOSPITABLE

There was much confusion at the river front, occasioned by a general mix-up which occurred at Memphis, where, as Governor Donaghey explained, hospitality was overflowing, causing the visitors to be left by their respective boats and thus forcing them to catch any boat they might, and the straightening out took place here. Some of the people were unable to get a boat at all.

Just prior to the arrival of the President, a special train from Lula, Miss., brought several governors and congressmen, among whom was Congressman Randal of Louisiana and a number of members of the business organizations, who had been left in Memphis, to Helena. These gentlemen, upon learning of the departure of the fleet from Memphis, took a regular train to Lula, Miss., where they were met by a special train, which they had chartered, and arrived here just ahead of the President.

THE PRESIDENT ALWAYS GALLANT

In this party was a prominent young society girl of Mississippi, who had been traveling with her sister on board the Cape Girardeau. Just previous to the departure of the fleet from here, the young lady took her troubles to the President, who requested Commander Tillman to signal the Cape Girardeau that the young lady might be taken on board.

The 12 boats of the fleet again took up their regular positions and steamed out of Helena together, making a most imposing sight. In the meantime, the President had been transferred to the Quincy, where he was to be dined by the congressional party. Speaker Joseph Cannon had expected to make a short address here, but owing to the ragged manner in which the fleet arrived, he reached here after the President had returned to the Oleander.

Gen. Powell Clayton, H. L. Remmer, and Col. F. W. Tucker of Little Rock were among the visitors to Helena today and were most enthusiastic in their praise of the decorations and arrangements Helena had made for the coming of the chief executive.

THE 28th WISCONSIN INFANTRY REGIMENT AT HELENA: VII.

Letters of Captain Edward S. Redington, Company D

Helena, Ark., July 3, 1863.

Dear Mary:

I have been all day hard at work making my Quarterly Report and in various other camp duties. This evening I have been on a committee to make some arrangements for a proper observance of our natal day but from what we have learned others have arranged matters for us to celebrate; it may be to our cost. We have had many rumors of a force of Rebs in our rear for some time and have been well on the alert. Tonight since eight o'clock news has come in that Price is within a few miles with 18,000 men and will surely make an attack on us tomorrow or next day. The odds are largely against us. We have reported for duty of all the various kinds of arms but 3800, but on a pinch we can add from our teamsters extra duty men, and those reported for light duty, nearly 1000 more, but they have four to one the best way you can fix it. The fight will be a desperate one, if it comes off. It may be all scare, but somehow I think it will come. There is one thing sure that we cannot run. There is not a boat here except a ferry boat and one gunboat, so we must whip them or surrender.

I have packed up all my papers and clothes; loaded my pistols; filled my pockets with ammunition; have examined every cartridge in my company; filled up every box that was not full; talked the men into good humor; and sit down to write you this line, and shall write but few lines more and go to bed. We are ordered to all be under arms at half past three, whether there is an alarm or not. I was a good deal disappointed in not getting a letter today. I have not heard from you in ten days and begin to be anxious to hear. I would give \$25 to

get one from you tonight. I shall not write more tonight but will fill out the sheet tomorrow if I get a chance.

Yours until death,

Edward

Kiss the dear little ones Good Night for me.

*

Helena, Ark., July 6, 1863.

Dear Mary:

We are all in a perfect fever of excitement today over the taking of Vicksburg, and cannot think what to write and could not write if I could think. I will only say that we were not attacked last evening, although we spent the night in the trenches. All the dangers we are now in is that everyone will get tight; they have already hollered themselves hoarse. I will write fully when I am a little less nervous.

Yours ever,

Edward

*

Helena, Ark., July 7, 1863.

Dear Mary:

I will, according to promise made yesterday, try this morning to give you something like a description of what we passed through on the ever to be remembered Fourth of July, 1863. Such another I never wish to see, although ending so gloriously for us and the cause we are fighting to uphold. As I wrote you on the evening of the third, we received information at dark, that a force of from 18,000 to 22,000 men were within three miles of us, all ready for an attack sometime in the night or early in the morning. We had received so many false alarms that nobody believed there was any cause for alarm, but

somehow I felt a perfect assurance that they would come, as I wrote you that night, and made my calculations accordingly, and about twelve lay down to snatch an hours sleep. At three o'clock the drums beat the assembly, and we were quickly under arms. Still, almost every one thought it all nonsense, and we were sitting around, talking of everything but a fight, until a few minutes after four, when bang, went the alarm gun on Fort Curtis bringing every one all standing. Still, hardly any one believed then there would be a fight, and after a few minutes settled down again, thinking perhaps it was only meant for a salute at sunrise, in honor of our natal day; but in about ten minutes all such notions were scattered by our pickets beginning to dance, first by pop, pop, our right, then pop, on our left, then a dozen pops, and a volley in front, a bang, bang, bang, from two batteries of four guns each, one on our right, and one on our left, then an awful roar from the gunboat Tyler, a sixty lb. shell howling and screaming through the air over our heads, and plunging into the timber a mile or more beyond us, and exploding with a roar almost as loud as the gun that sent it, and that came back as evidence that its mission was accomplished.

Thus the ball was fairly opened. By this time they came swarming out of the woods, first one regiment, then a brigade, then a whole division, until there were over seven thousand massed to charge on two of our batteries, manned by two companies of the 33rd Missouri, and supported by four companies, making not over 150 men. The batteries were C and D. Our regiment was in the center, at battery B, about 800 yards to the right, in full view of us, but could not be seen by the gunners of our forts. Up to this time there had been a heavy fog that concealed all their movements; but shortly after sunrise the fog lifted and everything stood out in bold relief to us, but concealed from the forts.

The hills are so abrupt that they could get

within a hundred yards without being seen from the works. Oh, what terrible feelings came over us as they slowly made their way up the hill, we all the time thinking that they were entirely out of range of our rifles, and that we could do nothing to protect the batteries. At last in sheer desperation, we commenced to fire on them, without as we supposed, doing one particle of good. On, on they went, yelling like demons, up to the breastworks, and in an instant were driving the brave little band of heroes that stood until they actually crossed bayonets with more than thirty times their number. The gunners stood to their guns, until the last time they were discharged, they were not twenty feet off.

They as soon as possible after they got possession of the two batteries, massed their forces behind the hill, and made a desperate charge with three brigades on our principal work, Fort Curtis, but they had gone their length, and their success soon proved their ruin. As they charged down the hill (and a braver charge was never made) how grand they looked, and how for a moment, our hearts almost ceased to beat as those ranks of daring desperate men came over the hill, and we thought all was lost, they were met by a storm of shot and shell, and by a murderous flank fire from our regiment, we, by this time having got the elevation, and every ball went through their ranks; but still on they came, and some of them nearly reached the fort, but fiends themselves could not stand such a fire, and they broke in all directions. Part of them started back up the hill, and part of them ran into the deep ravines. Not one in three ever got away. Some two hundred came into the hollow on our side, and crept into a ravine and commenced to fire on the gunners but unluckily for them, they were not covered next to us. Our first fire killed fifteen, and wounded half the rest of them. They ran for the cover of the hill, but not one in ten reached any place of safety. One whole regiment got into another hollow,

and after about an hour fighting surrendered.

There still remained, in the batteries taken and lying behind the hill, ten times our number, but everything was waked up, and they could not leave cover, it seemed without meeting shot and shell with minnie balls for sauce. Now came the last struggle. Our men formed a charge up the hill to retake the forts, and we were ordered not to fire. We being on the hill, on the flank, could see the enemy and knew the number our men were charging on. There were not over 100 of our men to charge on at least 1500; but then all of our guns and batteries were aimed at the brow of the hill, and the danger was not as great as would seem. They crept cautiously on up the hill, until they could look over, and as they saw the masses opposed to them, fired their guns and broke down the hill.

The rebels not knowing how many were coming got scared and ran also, and I think of all the laughable sights I ever saw, that beat them all. The rebels ran one way and our men the other, and each supposed his next step would be his last. We now opened on them with our rifles, and oh how they were cut down. Every time our boys fired they yelled and if they saw a man fall they yelled twice. I had been trying to get permission to go with my company behind a ridge within thirty rods of them, being perfectly sure that we could have taken every man when they started to run. I tried again and finally obtained permission to go. The boys all started with a yell, and ran down the hill, across the flat and up on the other side; but we had nearly half a mile to go, and before we could get to the rear of them, nearly all had passed. But we stepped up and made prisoners of 118 not wounded, and God only knows how many wounded. (Note: This incident was mentioned in a speech given at a reunion of the Society of the 28th Wisconsin in later years, as being a highlight of the 28th's participation in the battle.) The hollow was full of them.

We now found how terrible had been our fire when we thought we were doing nothing, while they were charging on the first battery. We killed Gen. McCrea, Col. McKee, one major and three lieutenants, and wounded another major, two captains, and half a dozen lieutenants that we got, besides several officers that we saw them carry off, and how many men I can not tell. The hill was strewn with them. A short time after the fort was taken, three officers came riding up to it when some twenty of my boys and Captain Williams fired on them, mortally wounding as we afterwards learned, Gen. Parsons. We thought, from his actions, that we had hit his horse and made him unmanageable, (he was a splendid black charger), for he ran like the wind as far as we could see him, followed by the other two.

One of them, on a splendid cream, came back in about ten minutes. He had just got to the fort and was giving some orders, when he was knocked from his horse by one of our balls, and the horse was led down into the ravine. I kept watch of him, and when the rebels ran started a man before they were out of sight, and got the horse and have him now, and shall try and keep him. He is the prettiest riding horse I ever saw. The man who rode him was a Major Victor (Rector?), an Aid to Gen. Holmes. While we were struggling against six or eight times our number, Marmaduke, with six or eight thousand men, made an attack upon our right, and Col. Dobbins, with nine hundred cavalry, four pieces of artillery and one brigade infantry, made an attack upon our left. I could not see either of them, but knew, by the incessant discharge of cannon and small arms, that the struggle was desperate; but as every one had to fight for himself, neither the center or either wing could spare a man to help the other. We could only wait, with what patience we might until we could hear of the result, which we soon learned was as glorious as our own had been. Now as to the result of the battle.

We now have the reports of all the regiments and batteries, and they sum up 227 killed, wounded and missing. Some forty are known to be prisoners, and a large proportion of the balance are missing, either killed or prisoners. Perhaps part may be accounted for. Six of the wounded and killed were officers, one a Captain and the balance Lieutenants. One was killed by one of our own shells, which took nearly all his head off. Of the enemy we killed two Generals, Genl. Parsons of the famous fighting Missouri Brigade, and Genl. McCrea from Arkansas, two Cols., three Majors, and God only knows how many Captains and Lieutenants.

I saw three Lieutenants lying in one place, and we have buried, that have been officially reported, 327 men, besides what they buried themselves and quite a number buried by the citizens, many having fathers, sons and brothers killed among the rebels. We know that a good many have been buried by the Rebs.

In one place there were sixteen new graves, and how many there were put together we cannot tell. Through the woods, graves are scattered in all directions for miles around. Then we have something over 1500 prisoners, not including what were given up by them to us, wounded, after they retreated, the number of which is not yet definitely known, but is supposed to be enough to swell the list to 2000. Dr. Castlebury, our medical director was out to their hospitals, and the Rebel surgeon on charge was an old chum of his. He informed Dr. C. that their killed and wounded amounted to over 2500, which in figures very nearly agrees with ours, if he includes those who are not wounded among our prisoners. If he does not we have the figures too small by over a thousand. We have it bad enough, and I would rather be right than him. If he is right, we have killed, wounded and taken prisoners, just a man apiece for every one of us engaged, for we number a few less than 3500, not including the negro regiment, who

never fired a gun.

They made the men reported for, the day before we went into the fight, up to 3800. I do not think but that they would have fought if they had had a chance, but they were placed on the extreme left between the Levee and river bank close to their camp, and stayed there all day and were not molested and of course could not fight. We have already picked up over 3000 stand of arms, besides what were carried off by the citizens and negroes, which number is quite large, for every man you saw had all they could carry. We have learned that the night after the battle they had a regular stampede. First they got reports that we were largely reinforced and were marching to attack them. A horse got loose and ran through their camp, scaring others until it was magnified into an attack by us and they all skedaddled and scattered in all directions.

If we had had 2000 men more so that we could have followed them with what we had, we could have crushed them fine. As it was we dare not leave the town unprotected and follow them, for we knew that Genl. Frost was a few miles down the river with 8000 men, and if we marched out, he could march in, so we had to let them go in peace. Now as to the force that made the attack upon us. As near as I can get at it, there were just 14000, consisting of the famous Parsons Missouri Brigade, numbering 2500. They have fought thirteen battles, and never failed in a charge before. Next Genl. Fagan's Brigade of 3000, Genl. McCreas Brigade of 1500, Genl. Marmaduke with something over 6000, and Dobbins Regt. of 900, with eight pieces of artillery manned by 200 men, making in all 14100 actually in the fight, with Genl. Frosts division of some 8000 for a reserve, the whole commanded by Lt. Genl. Holmes and Genl. Price, so that you will see we had no small number of unskilled officers to contend with. Now as to how we were commanded.

The first in rank here is Genl. Prentiss. He is commander of the district of Tennessee, but has nothing to do with the handling of the troops, being a sort of Commander in Chief of all. Next Genl. Salomon. He was at that time commanding the troops and the port, and the handling of all the troops, and to him is due the credit of managing the whole fight. And well has he done it. Never was a General more respected, or obeyed with more alacrity. Any one from the drummer up would go into a fight under his lead with perfect confidence, no matter what odds they had to contend with. Of our own officers Col. Gray was the only field officer we had, and well did he acquit himself. He was just where he was needed every time, and at the right time, cool, and collected, quite delighting the men and inspiring them with the confidence he himself seemed to feel. He is a capital officer.

There is no use to discriminate, when all did more than was required of them. Lt. Schram was acting aid to Gen. Salomon and rode three horses nearly to death carrying orders. Lt. Watts was with me, cool as a cucumber. The only time I saw him excited was by being hit on the finger by a spent ball that came through the top of the breastworks. He thought the man behind him had fired into the bank instead of firing over, and was using some rather ejaculatory language about such carelessness until he picked up the ball and saw that it was none of ours. If it had come one inch higher he would have sworn very loud.

I think another of my men got the lower part of his ear stung slightly, and another got a ball through the leg of his pants. Why half of us were not hit I cannot see, for every foot almost all about us was hit by bullets.

I had to stop writing to go with my company to a celebration in honor of the taking of Vicksburg. We have had speeches from all the Generals,

including Col. Gray and Adj. Savage. Now as I write, the very heavens seem to shake by the continual discharge of all kinds of artillery, from a three-pound gun to a 200-pound mortar. Everybody is half crazy and many before night, I am afraid, will be more than half drunk. I suppose there is no use of my writing any news about Vicksburg--you will get all the particulars before this reaches you. I will only say, that Gen. Prentiss said just now that he had had a dispatch informing him that there were 31,000 prisoners and 170 guns with small arms innumerable.

There is one thing that I saw in the report of the battle that needs correcting. All the praise is given to Gen. Prentiss, the gunboats and negroes. The 1st had no more to do with the fight than Gen. Pope did. He was simply here and that was all. The gunboat Tyler lay in front of the town and threw shells away over our heads, not knowing where they were going any more than a boy knows where a stone will fall that he has thrown into the air. All the damage we can hear of being done by them was by a shell that went full a mile beyond us and happened to fall in the woods where a Rebel surgeon was dressing their wounded and killed twenty already more than half dead. As to the negroes, they were not in the fight at all, as I said before and did not fire a gun. To Gen. Salomon is due the praise of directing all--even the Cavalry fought as though the whole thing depended on them, but then they were dismounted and fought on foot and had no chance to run.

I will not attempt to describe the horrors of the battlefield. I have read dozens of descriptions by the best of writers; but nothing ever written can give one the faintest idea. As I passed among and over the dead and dying, picking up those whom we thought could bear moving, I thought nothing of the dreadful scenes around, but after the excitement was over, I walked over the field, and O what a sight. God forbid that I ever see another. I will not say

more about it the thought is bad enough. I received yours of the 1st this morning and will answer it in a day or two, so Good Bye for the present.

Yours ever,

E. S. Redington

INVITATIONS

SOCIAL PARTY.

Mr. W. H. H. H. H. H.

Your Company is respectfully requested
at a party to be given at the Magnolia Hall,
by the young men of Halloway on Friday evening
Feb. 24, 1861.

MANAGERS.

L. H. MANGUM,
CLIFTON WALKER,
J. C. FARLOW.

C. A. BRIDWELL,
P. R. CLIBURN,
R. O. LANFORD.

Halloway, Feb. 24, 1861.

Mr. J. H. H. H. H. H.
At Home
Wednesday Eve 8 O'clock
March 25th 1857

Mr. J. H. H. H. H. H.
At Home
Tuesday Eve 8 O'clock
January 4 1859

FIREMEN'S BALL

AT MAGNOLIA HALL

Your company is respectfully solicited to attend a Ball given by the Water Works Fire Company at Magnolia Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 25th, 1852.

COMMITTEE:

T. C. ANDERSON,
L. B. HESLER,
J. J. HORNOR,
W. H. KINSEY,
R. T. SHELL.

O. W. BAILY,
J. W. STAYTON,
J. T. BAILY,
W. J. LOCKE,
W. W. BAILY

KATE ADAMS #3 AGROUND AT HELENA 1917



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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 Street, Helena, Arkansas 72342.

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