

PHILLIPS COUNTY
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CAVE-IN

From the HELENA SHIELD of September 29, 1866, as reprinted in the ARKANSAS GAZETTE of October 8, 1866.

CAVING OF THE BANK-SOMETHING IN THE WAY OF EXCITEMENT.-On Wednesday morning the river bank, in the rear of the late residence of Dr. Hargraves, and of the property recently purchased by M. H. Wygant, Esq., on the corner of Main and Elm streets, commenced going in rather alarmingly, carrying several small out-houses into the turbid Mississippi. Of course preparations were made for the prompt removal of the main buildings, which is now going on pretty successfully.

The same evening about 5 o'clock, the ground upon which was situated an old frame building at the east end of State street (one of the two diagonal streets abolished by city ordinance), west of Coolidge's store, commenced dropping in, and so suddenly, too, that a part of the building, used as a kitchen by a colored family, containing a cook-stove, table ware, and some other articles, of furniture, went in. This created quite an alarm among the colored occupants of the house, who worked like beavers, for a time, to save an old billiard table and some other articles, as well as the remainder of the building which had to be torn down.

Things seemed so threatening for awhile that Judge Coolidge commenced removing the goods from his warehouse, which stood across the alley on York street. In the last day or two no caving of a serious character has occurred, but there is no telling at what moment it may break out in a fresh place and go in by the rod. We can only hope that the present remarkable rise will change the channel of the river, which will of course avert the wearing away of the front of our town.

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From the HELENA SHIELD of October 6, 1866, as reprinted in the ARKANSAS GAZETTE of October 19, 1866.

SUDDEN AND FEARFUL CREVASSE OF THE RIVER FRONT.-Yesterday morning about seven o'clock the river bank immediately in front of the Commercial Hotel, and the old store house belonging to the estate of the late Col. Wm. F. Moore, suddenly commenced dropping in, and in a very short time the cave had extended quite up to the front gallery of the Hotel. As may be imagined, this created quite a feeling of excitement, and alarm, we might add for a time, which will not be wondered at when we state that several large shade trees that stood in front of the Hotel went down, seemingly perpendicular entirely out of sight, in less time than it requires to read this paragraph.

This sudden crevasse is but additional proof of the insecurity and instability of the banks of the river at this point, whilst the channel sets in so heavily against the Arkansas shore. It was not believed that any serious caving would occur until the river commenced receding which is now unprecedentedly high for the season--but in this, as in other calculations as to the action of the Mississippi river, and the only hope for the preservation of the river front is the change that may take place in the channel during this rise.

The Hotel building seems in peril, and the front will probably have to be torn down to prevent it falling into the river. It is owned by Mrs. Whayne, relict of the late Maj. M. J. Whayne, who was keeping the house. This estimable lady has the sympathies of the entire community in her misfortunes; and it is to be hoped that speedy arrangements may be effected that will secure her a larger and more appropriate building for the business she seems so well qualified to conduct.

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ARKANSAS GAZETTE, January 27, 1867.

LAND-SLIDE AT HELENA.-The HELENA CLARION of a

recent date says that another serious encroachment has been made by the Mississippi upon the limits of that city. On Sunday morning, the 18th inst., the bank opposite the Exchange Hotel slid into the river, taking a portion of Main street, and endangering the foundations of the hotel and several stores, which will have to be torn down and rebuilt further back. It is feared that a number of the largest business houses in the vicinity will have to be vacated at an early day.

*

ARKANSAS GAZETTE, March 31, 1867.

The HELENA CLARION of the 22d says: "The inundation of East Helena, by the Father of Waters, has caused several of our merchants to remove their goods to West Helena. A number of temporary business houses have already been erected." After a ramble over the deluged town the editor says: "Our time having expired, we took passage on the Daisy Dean--a fair little craft--and returned to our office. Upon arriving here we found the steam ferry boat cabled to our front door, endeavoring to raise the Water Witch and Invincible engines (fire engines) out of the water. The house was taken up, but the engines were found too heavy to raise with appliances at their command and are still under water."

*

WISCONSIN TROOPS AT HELENA: X

The 28th Wisconsin Infantry Regiment was mustered into service in October, 1862, at Milwaukee, under command of Colonel James M. Lewis. The Regiment was immediately occupied in quelling and arresting draft rioters at Port Washington, Wisconsin. It was then sent to Columbus, Kentucky, and Hickman, Kentucky, and arrived at Helena on January 7, 1863. The 28th started on an expedition up White River. When at St. Charles about January 14th, men of the 28th were accused of burning the settlement, which the Confederates had evacuated, but they were proved innocent.

The 28th was transferred to the 1st Brigade under General Salomon, and in February, 1863, embarked on the Yazoo Pass Expedition. It participated in the fighting at Fort Pemberton, and also at McNutt. The Regiment returned to Helena on April 8th, left here in early May to search out the enemy near Cotton Plant, and finding none, returned to Helena on the 17th. It did post and garrison duty at Helena through May and June until the battle on July 4th. At that time, it took position in the rifle pits, supporting Battery B. Its loss was 2 killed, 4 wounded, and 5 missing. In early August, the Regiment was transferred to the Army of Arkansas, leaving Helena. It saw action at Little Rock, Pine Bluff, Mt. Elba, New Orleans, Mobile, and Clarksville, Texas. It was mustered out at Brownsville in August, 1865.

*

From diary of Edmund Holt, Private, Company F, 28th Wisconsin. At Helena.

Saturday, May 16, 1863.

Today nothing of importance is going on there is nothing worth writing down.

Sunday 17

Today is another day when nothing is going on.
Monday 18

Today our Captain went home on sick furlough he is very sick and it is doubted whether he will recover.

Tuesday, May 19, 1863.

The orders now are very strict but one man is allowed from a company a day to come to town.
Wednesday 20

We was ordered back to our regiment by order of Gen Fisk and three of the 33d are going to take our place here. We have had a very good place.
Thursday 21

The regiment went out to drill this forenoon and in the afternoon we went out on Brigade drill. The weather is very warm.

Friday, May 22, 1863.

We go out to drill almost every day. Sometimes we have Brigade drill. We are out on either one or the other just about every day.

Saturday 23

The weather is getting rather warm and almost too warm to drill much but there is no signs of stopping.

Sunday 24

The regiment has moved down off the hills to about a mile below town on the river bank.

Monday, May 25, 1863.

We are now with the regiment. We have not got a very good place for a camp ground. We have cut brush to shade our tent.

Tuesday 26

We have co. drill every morning at four o'clock and sometimes we have battalion or Brigade drill in the afternoon.

Wednesday 27

Today there is nothing going on. The regiment is not in very good health at present. We have very poor water.

Thursday, May 28, 1863.

I have been on picket once since we came to the regiment. It was said that that post had been fired

upon but we saw nothing.

Friday 29

Today our outposts on one of the roads was driven in by the rebels. Our regiment marched out two miles but the rebels did not come further.

Saturday 30

We were ordered back for provost guard. At eleven PM we were ordered to get ready in heavy marching order. We marched up town and then had to march back.

Sunday, May 31, 1863.

We went up town again and went on provost guard. Co B went to guard the jail and the rest of the regiment went back on the hill on the old camp ground.

Monday June 1

We are now at our old job and it suits us very well. We are liked very well and I hope we may keep the place.

Tuesday 2

Two other companies of our regiment are helping us but they do not like the business.

Wednesday, June 3, 1863.

The other two companies are ordered back to the regiment. They seem as if they would rather be there than here.

Thursday 4

Our company is now doing guard duty alone. We have but a few men on at once. There is not many troops here at present.

Friday 5

It rained blew and hailed till nine PM and then it cleared up. There has been a good many soldiers going up the river lately.

Saturday, June 6, 1863.

Governor Salomon (Edward Salomon, Governor of Wisconsin and brother of Brigadier General Frederick Salomon who was in command of the Union defenses of Helena at the battle on July 4, 1863) visited the 28th and made a short speech to them. He was going down the river to Vicksburg and called to see the 28th.

Sunday 7

The wather is rather gloomy today. We are on duty about every third day sometimes every second day but the guard duty is light.

Monday 8

We get our mail every other day most of the time. The steamboat (?) is the mail boat from here to Memphis.

Tuesday, June 9, 1863.

We recieved two months pay twenty six dollars. Every thing is quiet at present. The wether is rather warm.

Wednesday 10

We are having fine times now. We get plenty of vegitables from the country. They come in every day. And a little fruit.

Thursday 11

Carl Wiehrminn started for home on sick furlough. Quite a number are getting furloughs from this place.

Friday, June 12, 1863.

Quite a large number are being sent up the river on sick furlough or being sent to the hospitals at Memphis and Keorkuk Iowa.

Saturday 13

Some fruit begins to come in but it is not sold very cheap and if an old sesh comes in he has to look sharp or he has nothing to sell.

Sunday 14

All goes quiet most of the time. Sometimes we have a little trouble when one gets a little too much liquor.

Monday, June 15, 1863.

The wether is rather warm in the daytime but the nights are nice and cool except once in a while there is a warm one.

Tuesday 16

We are now living fine. We draw better rations then we did while we were with the regiment.

Wednesday 17

There is a scout goes out once in a while and fetches in beef cattle. We get fresh beef rations

once in a while.

Thursday, June 18, 1863.

There is not much use in writing what occurs every day for they are so much alike excep once in a while we have a raid.

Friday 19

Large reinforcements have been going down to General Grant. It seems that old unconditional surrender is going to stick at Vicksburgh.

Saturday 20

There is a great deal of sick here at present. Some are sent off up the river every few weeks.

Sunday, June 21, 1863.

There seems to be a great deal of sick below for every few days a boat load coms up the river from Vicksburgh.

Monday 22

There is nothing new going on in our line of duty. The morning and evening gun is fired in Fort Curtis.

Tuesday 23

The marine fleet goes by here every little while. This fleet consists of infantry cavilry and artillery.

Wednesday, June 24, 1863.

Sometimes the lines are open for a few days and the citizens are alowed to come in and trade. They are not kept open (?) at once.

Thursday 25

The regiment has a great deal of duty to do. They are on picket about every other day and on fatigue between.

Friday 26

Small forts are being made on the hills back of town. There is fort A. B. C. D. There is one upon every hill.

Saturday, June 27, 1863.

Riflepits are being thrown up between the forts. There is some talk of our being attacked. A scare comes in once in a while.

Sunday 28

There is a level piece of land between the river and the hills. Across this ditches has been cut or rather big holes so that cavilry cannot cross.

Monday 29

Our regiment has got rifle pits along the top of one of the hills. They are near battery B.
Tuesday, June 30, 1863.

If the rebels should ever come here they would find a warm place for them. We have not many troops here but we are well fortified.

Wednesday, July 1

General Burnside's corps went down to reinforce Grant some time ago. We expect to hear of warm work about the fourth.

Thursday 2

It is rumored that the rebels are coming in to take dinner with us on the fourth. If they do come they will find a warm one.

Friday, July 3, 1863.

All is quiet tonight. We hear that there is going to be a salute fired tomorrow morning. The weather is rather warm but most of the nights are cool.

Saturday 4

Early this morning the rebels drove in our pickets and fought us till eleven o'clock. The rebel force numbered 15000 ours 3800. The rebel loss in all was 2,400. Ours was less than 100.

Sunday 5

Yesterday the first platoon of our co. was sent on board the steamboat silverman as assistant guard to guard 550 rebel prisoners to Memphis. We are anchored in the middle of the river opposite the city.
Monday, July 6, 1863.

This morning our prisoners were removed to another boat. There was 860 of them. Among them there was 63 commissioned officers. We reached Helena again about 12 o'clock.

Tuesday 7

Whilst we have been gone the boys say they have had two or three scares up. The alarm guns had been fired but it was only a scare.

Wednesday 8

All has got quiet again. The rebel dead have all been buried although it seems to be a long time for them to be unburied. We have news that Vicksburgh has fallen.

Thursday, July 9, 1863.

Vicksburgh has fallen and Grant has captured one hundred and thirty cannon and 25000 prisoners besides a great number of small arms.

Friday 10

We have quite a pile of small arms that we captured here. They are piled on the ordnance boat. There is guns bent in every shape.

Saturday 11

On the morning of the fourth one of our ambulances went out after a couple of wounded and the rebels took it away with them.

Sunday, July 12, 1863.

All is quiet and going on as usual. All the rebel stragglers that were captured a day or two after the battle have been sent up the river.

Monday 13

Some of the rebel wounded are here yet. A large hotel has been made into a hospital for our wounded.
Tuesday 14

The rebels left two houses full of wounded about five miles out. Most of them were badly wounded.
Wednesday, July 15, 1863.

General Price must have got a warmer dinner than he wished for for he did not stay long to enjoy it.
Thursday 16

Fruit comes in more plentiful now. There is plenty of apples and pears comes in now. Some of it we buy and some of it we don't.

Friday 17

It is certain now that Port Hudson has surrendered to Gen Burnside. We hear that these places has fallen (?) that we don't believe it for some time after.

Saturday, July 18, 1863.

William T. Skyter died in regimental hospital on

the 15th day before yesterday. We expected an attack. The 117 Ill came down from Memphis hearing we are fighting.

Sunday 19

This morning a large scout went out. All is quiet here this morning. The wether today is very warm.

Monday 20

Today I am on guard. The street guard is reduced down to four men and a relief man.

OBITUARY of Edmund Holt from a Wisconsin newspaper:

Died at his home in Rock Elm, Wis., Tuesday, May 4, 1897, at 8 p.m., Edmund Holt, aged 54 years, 1 month and 18 days.

Mr. Holt was born in England Mar. 16, 1843. In 1845 he with his parents, came to this country and settled in Waukesha county, this state. August 20, 1862, he enlisted in Company F, Twenty-Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. He served his country honorably for two years and ten months when he was sent home--as his Captain said--to die. (His army record shows that he was absent on sick leave or in U. S. hospitals in 1862, 1864, and 1865.) While he has never enjoyed many well days since he came out of the army, yet the good Lord saw fit to prolong his days until this time.

In 1869 he came to Pierce county and on May 1, 1872, he was married to Sarah Jane Heslin. There was born to them four children, Frank G., Calvin C., Estella D., and Albert W., all of whom are living, except Calvin, who died at the age of one year.

All of the material and data in the above article are from the collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

ONE BOY'S HELENA IN THE NINETIES

by

Albert A. Hornor, M. D.

Part One of Two Parts

Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison
44 Brimmer Street
Boston, Mass.

March 17, 1976

Dear Admiral Morison,

Your book "One Boy's Boston" interested me greatly and like many others I enjoyed reading it.

As I approach my ninetieth birthday I am writing some stories about my boyhood in Helena, Arkansas, to be published in the Phillips County (Arkansas) Historical Quarterly. If you have no objection I would like to entitle the articles "One Boy's Helena in The Nineties." Will you please return the enclosed postcard indicating your reaction to my use of the said title.

Very sincerely yours,

ALBERT A. HORNOR
134 Middlesex Road
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

*

You have my permission to use the title "One Boy's Helena In The Nineties" to be published in the Phillips County (Arkansas) Historical Quarterly.

SAMUEL E. MORISON, and good luck

The 1890s afforded many chances for a Helena boy to see, hear, admire and ride on steamboats. Their bells and whistles were musical and could be heard frequently every day. The most beautiful of

these were on the big packets such as the Kate Adams, the "Jim" Lee and those of The Anchor Line. This Line ran boats to and from St. Louis and New Orleans. Several of these were named for cities along the Mississippi River. The City of Vicksburg took, on a round trip to St. Louis, my father, mother, sister, myself, "our baby brother," Sidney Henry, Jr. and "Steady," for many years our cook, to help Mama care for the baby. The trip is well remembered after more than eighty years. I was only four years old at the time. Papa had many friends connected with 'The Anchor Line' and was welcomed in the Pilot House.

One day while the steamboat was running at full steam--not long after it had stopped somewhere for cargo, "Steady," whom everybody loved, went to Mama and said, "Miss Betty, do you know where Albert is?" "Probably up in the Pilot House with Mr. Hornor," was Mama's reply. (I never heard my mother refer to my father except as "Mr. Hornor.") "I done looked there and all over the upper decks. I can't find him." "You better go and tell Mr. Hornor,- he's up in the Pilot House." She did, and Papa with the help of some officers began to look but could not find Albert, so they went to the Captain who soon decided to have the Mate (the second in command of the boat) ring the bell for "All Hands." This brought to the foredeck the second class passengers and the roustabouts as well as the boat officers. When the Captain announced the reason for the bell ringing, the roustabouts became a little restless but one had the nerve to say, "He's down in 'The Pit' with us." "We was only betting on how far he could ride a pig." Soon I was brought out and taken to my mother. 'The Pit' was the place to the rear of the steamboats' boilers where the roustabouts lived, ate, played, gambled, and fought.

Few other memories of life aboard the "City of Vicksburg" persist, but I do remember a large number of boats loading and unloading at St. Louis--great barrels of molasses rolled by one or two roustabouts

as well as bales of cotton carried by them. The dinner of our whole family at noon eaten in a most beautiful room at The Planters Hotel, corner of Fourth and Olive Streets, St. Louis, lingers in my memory.

It was fun to go down to the river at Helena to watch boats load and unload freight and passengers. The passengers were let off before any freight was handled. Few people today would believe that the roustabouts always ran (never walked) rolling a barrel of molasses, 500 lbs. About 1930 I tried to get an artist who was going down to the Mississippi River to paint such a picture for me. He painted a beautiful Mississippi River boat loaded with cotton and laden roustabouts but they are standing erect. (Later a professor of physiology at Harvard Medical School explained that to run slowly takes less effort than to walk.) It was also fun to welcome or say goodbye to friends at dockside.

Occasionally someone would unload from a river boat fifty or more mules to be sold to farmers. This might be quite exciting and was always interesting. The mules were frequently led by a 'Bell Mare.' The ferry boats that went back and forth across the river often carried heavily loaded wagons as well as people and to see the drivers handle their mules getting off or on the boat was fascinating.

Every Spring there would be 'shanty' boats come down the river. Some of these boats had little or no power and just floated with the current, perhaps helped by a few enormous oars (sweeps). There were several places north of but near Helena where a boat might lie up for several months. How those who lived aboard the shanty boats managed I never knew. Of course, they had "good clean river water" (the river water, though cloudy, was unpolluted and free of sediment) and could catch fish. Sometimes they would plant a garden near their anchorage. I always wanted to go aboard a 'shanty' boat but that was NO!

Of course, there were a few 'Show Boats,' some

with beautiful calliope, that came down every Spring. Most of these boats stopped for a few days at Helena, but that too was a NO!

How old I was when first permitted to go or come from Memphis alone on the Kate Adams I don't remember, though I remember once returning from Somerville, Tennessee, and starting down the long walk from Front Street to the "Loving Kate" with a big travelling bag and how glad I was to find two colored boys to carry it for me to the boat at a cost of 25¢.

As long as my family lived in Helena I enjoyed meeting the Kate Adams and once or twice a summer when I was in College or Medical School, I would join a group of boys and girls to board the Kate Monday night, go to Arkansas City and come back Wednesday morning. We would dance, eat and enjoy the boat and all its landings together. It was lovely to sit with a beautiful girl on the upper deck and look down at the river or at the shore. Of course, we talked about many things, some of which we knew something about. Some of these trips were the highlights of my youth.

There was little boating for fun on the Mississippi, though Lloyd Berton always had a skiff that he would use to take us up and down the river or across to Mississippi where there was a good swimming beach. We always towed up river so that we could float home. We tried to learn to swim, but the Mississippi was a poor place to learn.

BACKGROUND

My father, Sidney Henry Hornor, was born in Helena, Arkansas, and spent his boyhood there. During the Civil War he lived near Stamp Creek on a plantation owned by his father, John Sidney Hornor; with his parents, his sister Mary, his brother Hamilton Seymour and the wife and children of his brother John Joseph. The brothers Albert Aurelius and

John Joseph had joined the Confederate Army promptly after the start of the Civil War.

Within a few days after the Battle of Helena, July 1863, Hamilton Seymour joined the Confederate Army and the rest of the Hornor family left for Texas. They traveled by carriage and wagons and were accompanied by a group of loyal servants. The story of their trips to and from Texas and their life there has been treated in a memoir by my brother Joseph Mosby Hornor.

After his final return from Texas Papa worked for several different merchants in Helena, among them Mr. Fritzon who owned and operated on Ohio Street a store similar to a modern Woolworth Store. The merchant for whom Papa worked the longest time was Mr. McKenzie who owned and operated the biggest General Store in Helena. This store faced Ohio (Main) Street at the corner of Rightor.

The Mississippi Levee was at the rear of the store. Across Rightor Street was a big vacant space between the Levee and Ohio Street. Here, at least as long as I lived in Helena, most of the farmers' wagons that came to town camped while the Country Folk were trading and enjoying the town. The McKenzie Store did a big business with residents of Eastern Arkansas and with merchants in St. Louis, New Orleans and Memphis, to which places Papa made many trips by riverboat. One of the things he learned in New Orleans was how and where to buy the best sugar-house molasses. (I wish I could find some now in 1976.)

The story I recall best about the McKenzie Store was that Papa frequently, perhaps regularly, slept there, and often some of his friends like Mr. Joe or Mr. Ned Pillow would also spend the night sleeping there on one or more of the long flat counters. This store later became McKenzie and Hornor's Store, - Papa's brother Uncle Hammy being the Hornor, and after Mr. McKenzie retired he took over the

business as H. S. Hornor & Co., and moved it to Cherry Street.

During the 1870s Papa had begun to devote more and more of his time and effort to helping his father who as a fiduciary was busy trying to help citizens of Phillips County untangle their affairs from the results of the Civil War and other calamities. Then in 1875 they formed the banking firm of John S. Hornor & Son, which in 1880 became the Bank of Helena. This continued to be Papa's chief interest until his death in 1900. Meantime he had made it a rule to invest in every new industry that came to Helena, becoming the Treasurer of many of them, including the Arkansas Midland Railroad.

Meantime Papa, with another Phillips County boy, Heber Jones of Lexa, went for two years to school in Tennessee. The school they attended was on a farm adjacent to the Mosby plantation (Lucerne) owned by Mama's family. Luckily both Heber Jones and Papa were able to live and board at Lucerne. Heber Jones went on to Medical School and became a famous physician in Memphis. He is generally given credit for keeping Yellow Fever out of Memphis during the 1906 epidemic. Memphis had suffered greatly in the epidemics of 1878 and 1879.

During his two years at school in Tennessee, Sidney Henry Hornor fell in love with Betty, a daughter of Joseph Royal and Cornelia Booker Mosby, - they were married October 20, 1880. Mama was really a country girl, - her schooling was done by well educated young ladies brought from Virginia, who lived with the family at Lucerne. These tutors certainly did a beautiful job, including a good training in playing the piano. In addition to learning from her tutors, she held classes for the children of the former slaves who lived on her family's plantation.

Once Mama's friends throughout Fayette County learned of her engagement, they began to tease her about planning to marry a man from that wild country,

Arkansas, where people even eat pumpkin pies and "cow" frogs. (Of course no lady in the 1870s could use the word bull.) Mama used to love to tell us that she asked Mr. Hornor if this were true and Papa replied, "Yes, and you will learn to like both of them." I am sure that frogs' legs were never served at our table.

The house built before the Civil War by Mama's parents is still standing. It is in excellent condition, a true Colonial Home with columns and porches. The house is owned by a cousin, descended from the Schoolmaster who ran the School Papa attended. I last saw the house in 1965. Grandpa Mosby's farm in addition to large areas devoted to crops, - corn, cotton, tobacco and vegetables, had many acres devoted to pastures with big ponds for watering stock, - milk and beef cattle, horses and mules; there were also barns for stock with big lofts full of grain and hay. It was fun to play in these barns in the 1890s. The fresh cut hay had been stored in stacks on the hay fields before it was put into the barns. There were also the quarters for the field hands, - originally slave quarters, - cabins of two to four rooms, with a porch or two for every cabin. These cabins always looked neat and had good facilities for cooking, washing and for the storage of food even as late as 1897 when I spent a summer at Lucerne.

During the first year of their married life Mama and Papa lived in a house owned by Papa's father (still standing, I think) at the northwest corner of Beech and Market Streets. Mama went to Lucerne for the birth of their first child, Joseph Mosby, but shortly after that the house on the northeast corner of Porter and Columbia Streets, built by Mr. Michael Brennan and bought by Papa, was ready for occupancy. This house, now owned by Mr. Ivey Gladin, is on the list of National Historic Preservation Houses. The other six of Sidney H. and Betty Mosby Hornor's children were born in this house.

The amount of land that came with the house was

about one-fourth of the city block, this was increased within a few months to one-third of the city block, thus affording room for a larger garden, a stable lot and a stable. The entire property was fenced, and the fence put one foot back of the lines defining the property so there would be no question of joint maintenance of the fence with neighbors or the City of Helena. The fence around the garden and stable lot was an eight-foot high board fence. A part of this fence along Columbia Street was the west wall of the two-story stable and another part was the west wall of the coal house, where several tons of Pittsburgh coal was stored every Fall. The front yard began at the south side of the coal house and so did the lovely wire fence that enclosed the front yard on the west and south. On the east side of the front yard was a four-foot plank wall fence. The plank fences as well as the coal house and stable were carefully 'whitewashed' every year or two, a job with which I loved to help, especially if it was being done by skilled whitewashers who made the white-wash with definite proportions of lime and water. Once after studying the Encyclopedia Britannica I made a satisfactory lot of whitewash, with the help of the hired man.

The house on Porter Street had no inside plumbing, - water for all purposes, - cooking and washing, had to be brought in buckets from the cistern until Helena had its city water works, and for several years thereafter. This of course meant work for the boys as well as the servants. I recall what a thrill it was when we could get to the second floor tub, water through a hose from a hydrant in the yard. When the east wing of the house was added, Papa had a tub put in, supplied with water by an insulated pipe that could be drained outside during cold weather. The water for the bath was heated by an instantaneous gas heater, - it was wonderful. After Sister became a grown lady and I was away at school, a modern system of indoor plumbing was installed, also

central heating, and the need for fireplaces was greatly diminished.

SUNDAY, AN IMPORTANT DAY

Sunday was an important day. Sunday morning breakfast was the occasion when men friends of Papa came to enjoy breakfast before going with Papa to their Sunday School Class, presided over by Judge Hanks. These guests included one or more men who normally ate at Mrs. Tanner's boarding house.

Of course the food was even better than usual, perhaps included quail or squirrel or lamb chops, and surely included fresh, hot risen rolls. Except in late Spring and Summer there was always sugar-house molasses to put on the hot buttered rolls.

The men conversed freely among themselves about the Bible, the price of cotton, high water and the building of levees. I do not really recall any talk about politics. We children listened with great interest.

After breakfast everybody except Mama went to Sunday School. She went to church later unless busy with a young baby. At Sunday School we sang, prayed and answered Biblical questions. Our teachers were lovely. The classes were mixed for the littlest boys and girls, but by the age of ten they were divided! We all had nickels for the plate and were quite proud when we became big enough to pass the plate. I still have the book "Jack and Jill" by Louisa M. Alcott, inscribed in beautiful Spencerian handwriting, "To Albert Hornor for Taking Interest in Sunday School Lessons" June 13, 1897, from Miss May Bailey. This was when I was promoted into the big boys' class taught by Mr. Bob (R. C.) Moore, - he was wonderful.

After Sunday School we played carefully because we still had on our Sunday clothes and it was only a little over an hour till Papa came home from

church for Sunday dinner at noon (our weekly dinners were at 4:00 p.m.). Guests at Sunday dinner usually included Mama's brother, Uncle Henry Mosby, frequently another brother, Uncle Joe Mosby, and others.

The main course included whatever Uncle Re (Dr. A. A. Hornor) had sent from one of his farms, - a leg of lamb, a turkey, some veal, pork or a leg of kid. We could not tell kid (goat) from lamb. From our garden came fresh tomatoes (Mama often had her tomatoes ripen before any others in Helena), string beans, peas, carrots, roasting ears (green corn to a New Englander), turnip greens at times, Irish potatoes or sweet potatoes. Usually we had to buy more potatoes than we grew.

The standard dessert was chocolate cake and fresh frozen vanilla ice cream. We took turns turning the handle on the freezer. Once some one of us asked Mama, "Why always chocolate cake and vanilla ice cream?" Mama suggested we all vote on desserts and after a few minutes it was decided we all wanted chocolate cake and vanilla ice cream.

One hot Sunday afternoon the family decided to go into the orchard (4 apple trees) where all could sit in the shade. I was given permission to get one of our carriage horses, 'Dock' by name, and bring him there to eat grass. Dock and I were good friends and I could ride him without a saddle and with only a halter. As we entered the tall grass Dock stepped into a discarded well-hole, fell, and lay on top of me.

Brother (Joseph Mosby Hornor) immediately sat on Dock's head so that he could not move and hurt me. Papa and the rest of the family came and after putting a large timber under Dock's body I was easily removed and taken to my mother's lap. There I sat unhurt while Brother, Sister, Papa and others tried to get Dock up on his feet with no luck. Finally I convinced all that I was unhurt and left Mama's chair to see how badly Dock had been hurt. When I got in

front of Dock and he saw me he sprang quickly to his feet unhurt. Our friendship continued for years.

Shortly after dinner, unless it was very hot, raining, or the roads were too muddy, our team of two horses was hitched to our carriage and Papa and Mama, all our brothers and sisters, and frequently other children, got into the carriage. The largest number I can recall going on the Sunday afternoon drive was twelve. This included a nursing baby and several large children who walked up the hills or, rarely, rode on the back of one of the horses. Our favorite trip was to Stamp Creek where Mama and the youngest sat on the porch of the plantation overseer's house while Papa took us to see the stables where there were colts, the mule lot, the cotton gin or to wade in Stamp Creek and look for pieces of petrified wood, of which there was plenty. My amazement was great when told that the petrified wood was hundreds or perhaps thousands of years old.

Once the double-tree on the carriage broke and Papa as well as the 'big boys' were at a loss on how to make it hold so the horses could pull the carriage home. Mama came to the rescue. She passed a fresh diaper and some extra safety pins to Papa who then repaired the double-tree and on we went home.

Believe it or not but boys who went barefooted had to wash their feet before going to bed, but occasionally they could wade in 'Big Spring,' climb directly from the water into the carriage, and on arrival home be carried up to their bed with no further foot washing.

There were no paved roads, few were covered with gravel and in the Spring one or more wheels of a carriage or wagon might sink to its hub - even a horse but never a mule might get bogged down. To get out of the bog required a lot of work and ingenuity, so instead of a ride into the country Papa would take us on a long walk, perhaps to the Walker Levee to see the North Helena overflow which

occasionally caused evacuation of all residents, and water could be seen inside the first story of many houses there. Next we would walk along the main levee to see boats, skiffs or dugouts, even a steam launch. This was especially interesting when the river was high and boats were anchored or tied up at the levee. Also we could often see one or more houseboats and rarely a show boat. The Y. & M. V. R. R. track extended on top of the levee as far north as Porter Street, and from there the train of cars could be backed down "The Incline." This we loved to watch, - the engine with the cars ahead of it backing down "The Incline" at the bottom of which was a float on which were tracks to connect the tracks on the incline to those on the transfer boat. The engine would then be disconnected and come back up the incline while the boat carried the cars across the Mississippi to a similar incline with its floating section of track and a waiting locomotive to pull the cars up rails on another incline and then on to Memphis or New Orleans and way stations. Why there were no severe accidents, I cannot imagine. The inclines at Helena were not the first in the U. S. A. but I doubt if there are any operating now in 1976. The Ead's Bridge at St. Louis was the first to cross the Mississippi but many others, including one at Helena, have followed.

Papa often us to the "Round House," a favorite site. There we could see the locomotives go on to the table which could be pushed around 360 degrees and permit the engine to leave on one of several tracks. Once the engine was inside the round house its fire was removed and the engine cooled for cleaning and oiling before being fired up with coal for another trip. We also liked to go to the waterworks, a 1904 installation where water was pumped from an artesian well up into the Reservoir on Old Cemetery Hill for distribution to all of Helena. This water was clear, cold and delicious and led to the abandonment of most of the cisterns in Helena.

Another trip was to the "Ice Factory" where we saw water distilled and then run into forms holding 300 pounds for freezing. These cakes of ice had to be handled with care, for if one touched the container with a bare hand a frozen finger might result. The cakes were loaded into ice wagons as soon as the container ceased to be frozen to the ice cake. Everybody had to have ice and it was fun to run behind an ice wagon and get "chips" of ice to suck. Most households tried to get along with 50 pounds of ice (price 50 cents) for a week during the summer. Rarely did a household use over 150 pounds. It was fun to crack the ice for the ice cream freezer.

Papa was interested in every industry that came to Helena, and he took us on our Sunday walks over the years to most of them, from the saw mills, cotton compresses, cotton oil mills in South Helena, to the "Elevator" on the river. The Elevator had been designed to move freight to and from the river boats, but really was only an enormous warehouse on the river bank. The roustabouts could carry the freight into the warehouse cheaper than could the Elevator. The cotton compresses stored many hundred bales of cotton, and before shipping them by rail decreased their volume about 30% by compression. Papa also took us to the sites of Civil War happenings. The most interesting was Cemetery Hill, especially when the Helena Water Reservoir was being built there and filled from the artesian well.

Sunday night we were often told stories after we were in bed. If Papa's brother, Uncle Hammy, had been at our house for supper we would get long stories about life in Texas or life on the farm. Papa might tell some Biblical story, - his stories were all good though short. The one I remember best was about ghosts. Like every small boy I almost believed in ghosts because many of my young friends, both colored and white, were in doubt, and I surely did not want to meet a ghost. My vision

of ghosts if they existed was that they lived under the bridge on Porter Street, just west of Beech Street, that was over "The Branch" (a small creek) that ran from North Helena to South Helena. I thought the ghosts could come out at night and go by a small store at the southwest corner of Beech and Porter Streets then along under trees to Columbia Street where there were many trees--near our house. So I was anxious for Papa to tell me all about ghosts. His story was:

Once there were two men who were great friends and thought alike except that one did not, in fact refused to believe in ghosts, - this man had dogs, cats and a monkey about his house.

The man who believed in ghosts was anxious for his friend to change his mind and after some efforts to do this had failed, decided on a dark night he would cover himself with a sheet and "prove there were ghosts." He walked under his friend's bedroom window and after a little while he turned his eyes backward and there was another ghost, a smaller one covered with a sheet. The friend, looking out his bedroom window, saw both ghosts running and shouted, "Run, Big Fraid! Little Fraid'll catch you!" He realized that his monkey had entered the show.

One Sunday afternoon when I was only four or five years old, the family went for its usual ride into the country. My privilege as a youngster was to ride a horse along with the carriage. This was of course great fun, but after we turned around on the Little Rock Road and headed for home I rode ahead of the carriage and took my horse down into a stream for him to get a drink. The carriage came by and my horse immediately raised his head and started to follow, leaving me on the stream's bank where I had fallen and become unconscious.

The horse went ahead till he came to the carriage which stopped and he was easily caught. All returned to the bank where I was lying. I was put

into Mama's lap and remained unconscious till the carriage stopped at our stable gate. Then I saw some one get off my horse and I announced that I would lead him through the gate.

The lesson that a horse will try to keep up with horses he knows was learned by all. That was the first time I was hurt in a fall from a horse. My father said it was not the horse's fault, - he thought he should join the horses pulling the carriage.

My sister Elisabeth, though only two years my senior, was greatly beloved, but I enjoyed trying to tease her. As a very small boy I used to get under the piano when she was practising and interfere until she called for help from Mama or quit and began to play with me. Later I frequently upset her playing "paper dolls," especially if some other girl had brought over her own paper dolls and they were playing weddings or other festive imaginative games with their paper dolls. The favorite place for this occupation was the stairway to the upstairs.

(Aurelia) Rea Thweatt, about nine months older than Sister, came over to play with Sister almost every day except Sunday, and on many Sundays. These two first cousins were devoted to each other. During their childhood, paper dolls was their chief interest. Often on Saturday mornings Sister would drive the one horse and buggy and take Rea, myself and perhaps a couple of other boys, to drive into the country. In the Fall we stopped to get persimmons near the one mile post on the Big Spring Road. Carpenter's Drug Store had the advertisements on the mile posts. In June we might go to the Orchard for apples (Uncle Re and Papa had dairy cattle, peacock and about 100 acres of apple trees there). Grazing among the apple trees were several heifers and usually a well bred Jersey bull.

All of us were afraid of the bull but he never wandered far from the barn and feed troughs.

Occasionally some one would shout that the bull was coming and then all climbed quickly over the fence and back into the buggy.

All of at least one Spring the Big Spring Road was being repaired by "the chain gang." Only a few of the prisoners wore ball and chain. These men were commanded by Mr. Joe Gonia who was very friendly with us and saw that the prisoners made a part of the road good enough for our buggy to cross. Mr. Gonia had one of the finest saddle horses (a Tennessee Walker probably) in Phillips County and this horse was always beautifully groomed.

Naturally Sister learned to ride horseback before I did, and though she could ride skillfully astride, she preferred to ride side saddle. Papa was anxious for her to have a real saddle horse and one Sunday afternoon while we were playing at and in Big Spring, a negro man rode along and watered his horse which attracted Papa's attention. He ascertained that the horse might be sold and then with the owner's permission, asked me to mount and ride the mare a short distance. This I did and immediately felt that I was riding a beautifully gaited horse. Papa inquired about the price which he decided was right, and in a few days Daisy was Sister's horse.

Meantime we had learned that she (Daisy was a mare) was a Wood's Colt and that one of our friends had a small mortgage on her and this was satisfied. The expression "Wood's Colt" refers to a colt born to a mare that had become impregnated while she was loose and grazing the woods. We always felt that Daisy's sire had been some fine stallion. Daisy continued to be Sister's horse until 1911, when the family moved to Texas. At that time we thought Daisy was more than seventeen years old.

Meantime Daisy had been ridden daily by some member or friend of our family. Daisy was always friendly, though once after I had given her two or three lumps of sugar from my pocket and then put my

hand into my pocket but did not take it out with a lump of sugar, she stuck her mouth into my pocket. I thought she bit me, but soon decided that she had not bitten me but was looking for another lump of sugar.

Until she went away to college Sister rode Daisy almost daily. Sister's most frequent companion was her contemporary Marie Cocke, step-daughter of Mr. Clark Moore and later wife of Tom Ed Tappan; their son is the second Thomas Edward Tappan.

To those who did not know, it seemed that these two girls would ruin or kill one of their horses by the speed at which they rode. The onlookers were wrong, - their horses were ridden too skillfully to be tired when brought home. (Actually no one ever knew which horse could single-foot the faster. They really went like a matched team, whether walking or single-footing.) After I myself rode Daisy she might be exhausted, for though I prided myself on my horse riding, I frequently made Daisy do too much.

During the summer months I often had a horse of my own and at other times I could borrow. Perhaps the most cherished compliment on my riding ability came from Papa by way of Mama. One Sunday afternoon while riding a partially broken colt I wanted to pass our carriage where the road was narrow. The colt did not want to do this and really "bucked." As Papa watched he turned to Mama and said, "Albert can ride any horse he can mount."

A few years later I was riding a wonderful but fractious horse when a steam engine crossed the street about a hundred yards ahead. The horse reared up so far that a bystander shouted, "Hit him on the head or he will fall over on you." He did not fall. How I persuaded him to get back on to 'all fours' I do not recall. Anyway the horse regained his confidence and I had no trouble riding him between two cotton oil mills, across two railroad tracks and between two sawmills, on to a shaky bridge to get to

the stable at the Helena Box Factory, where I was to borrow another horse. The bridge was so shaky that the horse had no confidence in anything except me. This horse and I became great friends.

THE FRONT YARD AND GARDEN AT PORTER STREET

The front yard at our Porter Street home in Helena was busy most of the time. Children too small to go to school played there, were perhaps rocked in a hammock or pushed in "The Big Swing." This swing, a board 8 inches by 18 inches, was suspended by ropes 25 or 30 feet long from a timber 6 inches square and 15 feet long, supported by 2 cottonwood trees each one foot in diameter. There was also a pair of iron rings, hanging by ropes from the above mentioned timber. The rings were about four feet from the ground and were greatly enjoyed by older boys.

A baby would enjoy being held in the lap of a grown-up, sitting in the swing. At first the baby would want the swing pushed only a few feet, but very soon, like all the older folk, he or she would enjoy being "run under" when the swing might reach a height of ten feet and take several minutes to cease swinging. Pumping the swing by oneself was difficult for a beginner, but for a pair facing each other to pump was easy and lots of fun. If six or more people were present the swing would not be idle until dark or rain intervened.

There were two trees planted near the east fence of the front lawn, which for about eight years we expected to bear pecans, then later they bore walnuts. Near the gate in the fence, between lawn and garden, there was a play house, 6 feet high, built about 1895 for my sisters and greatly enjoyed by all. There was a lovely hammock supported by one of the "big swing" trees and the garden fence. This was enjoyed by adults and older children.

A croquet set was always available and was used a great deal. There was plenty of room. Tennis was attempted but not really played. Baseball was not played, but football might attract a dozen or more players. The football was round and rubber. We kicked it much as is done in soccer today. We had never heard of a leather football. The number of boys and girls playing in the yard often reached ten, sometimes more.

To climb up a tree to the timber that held the swing and rings was so difficult that I nailed slats on to one of the trees and this made climbing easy. Unfortunately after a year or so the nails no longer held and as my brother Louis climbed up to get away from me (I was chasing him), one of the slats pulled loose leading to Louis' fall and breaking a bone in his right leg. This was the worst tragedy of our childhood, and Louis did not recover from its effects for several years.

Occasionally a four month old calf would be allowed to come into the front yard to graze, and possibly be ridden by a small boy, - more often a gentle horse would be brought into the yard and visiting children would ride on the horse led by one of us. Once in a great while a piece of watermelon rind would be available for a boy or girl to feed the horse or calf.

There was a fence around the yard, and to get to the front gate one went down about six steps because there was a nice terrace between lawn and front fence. For several years our shepherd dog, Kittyboo, spent most of his time sleeping between the front gate and the terrace steps. Once a favorite cousin, sure that the dog was asleep, reached over and struck gently one of my little sisters, - the dog had not been asleep and promptly retaliated.

Mama was quite anxious to have a screen of Marechal Ney roses climbing on the south side of the porch. For several years she tried but the roses

either died or sent up vines of a different variety. Finally one of these had beautiful pink blossoms and bloomed almost every month of the year. The vines reached the level of our second floor. My brother Sidney loved flowers and early became a good gardener. My brother Louis and I thought gardening was a girl's task and avoided it whenever possible. I could usually find work to do with the milk cows.

There were two gardens east of our house, - one flower and one vegetable. The flower garden was separated from the front yard by a white picket fence. A gate opened into the garden where there were beds of violets, pansies, pinks, roses, nasturtiums, lilies of the valley, and near the fence separating the garden from the backyard was a calycanthus bush which afforded wonderful switches for Mama to use in punishing little boys as well as sweet-smelling buds for little girls' handkerchiefs. Beyond the calycanthus was a pear tree that never bore but was fun to climb. To the east were the apple trees and the discarded well. The rest of the garden was devoted to vegetables.

Both before and after the east wing was added to our home, Mama's room was the center of everything that went on from supper to breakfast. It was down the chimney to her room that Santa Claus came, and when we awoke on Christmas morning the floor was full of presents for all from Santa. He always left presents for every child who might visit between Christmas and New Year's. Mama and Papa loved Christmas and fostered that love in all of us.

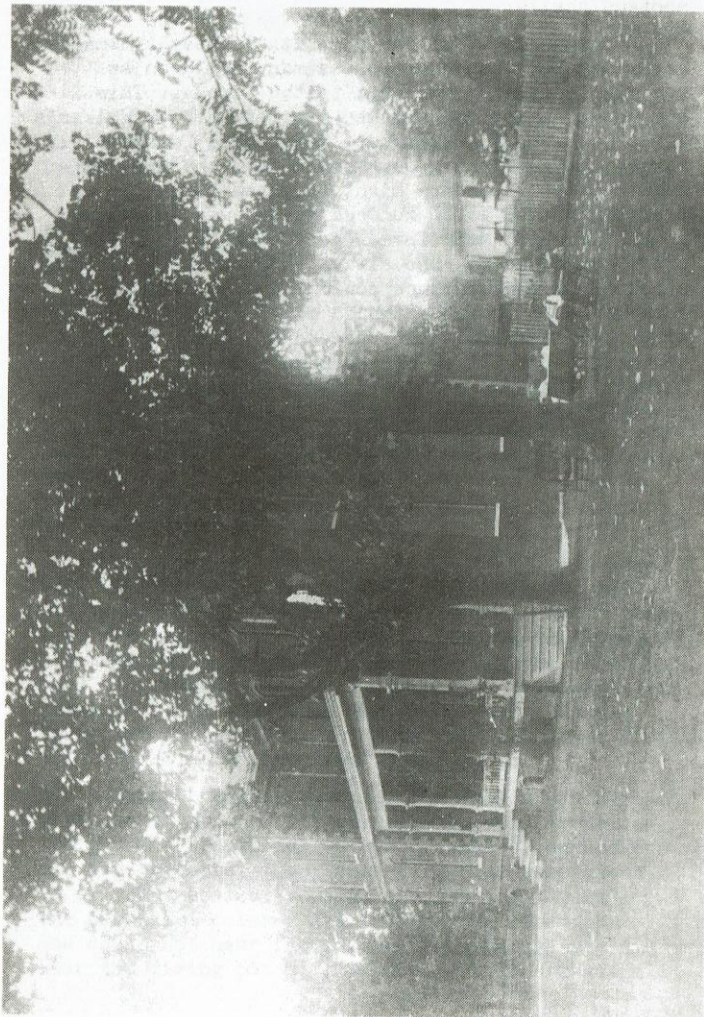
From Christmas Eve till New Year's Day fireworks were exploded in every family yard in Helena. Santa Claus brought a few roman candles, skyrocketes and firecrackers. Many more fireworks were given us by young uncles, cousins and friends. Mama loved the beautiful colored lights from the fireworks. She could not hear the firecrackers though she did hear the firing out of a window of blank 12-gauge

shotgun shells.

Mama's greatest fun exploit of the year was in early October when she took as many children as could get into our carriage to the Circus. This came once a year and pitched its tents above Walker's Levee near the Fair Grounds. Of course, we were warned against taking our horses near the wild animals because the odors might frighten them. So we tied the horses a few hundred yards away and walked to the Circus. Mama loved every clown, lion, elephant and acrobat. She always enjoyed the mule that nobody from the audience could ride. Older boys I knew would be promptly tossed off. Finally some one from the bleachers would succeed in riding the mule to the great applause of the band and everyone at the Circus. The trained dog and pony shows were also enjoyed.

-To Be Continued-

On the following page is an old photograph of the Sidney H. Hornor home, from the collection of Ivey Gladin.



THE REVEREND WILLIAM HENRY BARKSDALE

The information in this article about Mr. Barksdale came from several sources. Russell P. Baker, Archivist at the Arkansas History Commission, Little Rock, who has sent us material before this which concerned Phillips County, contributed the articles from the religious publications. Mrs. William Donoho Barksdale of Fort Smith, whose husband is a grandson of Mr. Barksdale, supplied the journal pages and some biographical data. Other data came from a newspaper article about the 50th anniversary of the founding of the 1st Baptist Church here, which appeared in the last issue of the QUARTERLY.

Mr. Barksdale came to the 1st Baptist Church at Helena in January, 1858, from Leighton, Alabama. Here he stayed, one gathers from his journal, through the war years, though there is no record of any conference from November 30, 1861 to September 18, 1865, when he was again called here. He remained at Helena until January, 1867, when he took charge of some country churches, in Arkansas and in Mississippi.

He was married first to Miss Mary Frances Baskette, daughter of Dr. William Baskette of Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The Barksdales had three children prior to the move to Helena. His second wife was Miss Lucy Elizabeth Donoho, a native of Clarksville, Tennessee. Their son, Jefferson Donoho Barksdale, was born at Helena in 1868, which leads one to believe that the "country churches" of Mr. Barksdale were near Helena. Jefferson D. Barksdale was the father-in-law of our contributor, Mrs. W. D. Barksdale.

Mr. Barksdale preached in Memphis from 1870 until his retirement in 1900. He was a missionary Baptist minister, and his training for the ministry

was received at Bardstown (Kentucky) Theological College and the Baptist Seminary at Louisville. He died at the plantation home of Jefferson Barksdale, at Barfield, near Blytheville, in 1904. The journal pages printed here are the only pages preserved from Mr. Barksdale's journal, having at some time been torn out of the lost or misplaced journal.

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THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST, Nashville, November 6, 1858.

Our Alabama and Arkansas Department. Arkansas and Her Improvements.

Brother Editors:--As your Arkansas correspondent, will you permit me through your paper, which has an extensive circulation, to reply to quite a number of your readers, who have interrogated me in regard to our State. And should my letter be lengthy, remember it's for the benefit of your readers, who have addressed me and will therefore be as much interested in its perusal, perhaps, as almost any thing else you could put in the same space. Since my location in Helena, I have received so many letters from brethren, whose faces I have never seen, living in Virginia, Georgia, Missouri, Alabama, and Tennessee, soliciting information in respect to the health, various diseases of the country, fertility of the soil, average price of lands; also as to the Churches, schools, number of physicians, lawyers, dentists, merchants, &c., in Helena and her vicinity, that it is a task to reply to them all satisfactorily.

Although I have written letters past numbering at present, and there are yet upon my table several unanswered, waiting for leisure moments, yet, "still they come." Think me not impatient, brethren; always glad to hear of any prospect of a good Baptist coming to our State, or any worthy citizen; and if you will allow me this mode of responding, I shall be saved much labor, and can at the same time go into particulars more extensively than I could possibly

take time to do in so many private correspondences.

Assuring you that I am ever ready to grasp you by the hand and bid you welcome I would nevertheless say, rely upon no man's judgment in selecting you a home; move to no section of country without first seeing it for yourself. In nothing else is the old maxim, "many men of many minds," more fully illustrated, than in looking out and selecting locations. It is morally, civilly and religiously impossible for one man to tell what will in every respect please another. And often have individuals been censured by emigrants for advice given, descriptions made, and pictures drawn to fancy, as inducements to move, when really the friends, however prospectively some of their descriptions may have been drawn, thought they were giving the very best advice, when they said to their friends, "come."

With all of this premised, I will now state that as to our young city, she is endeavoring to regain the character she lost by the recent overflow; for after all our boasting, she did go under. Long did she resist the rolling tide, however menacing; generously did she call upon her equatio friends below to come up and share her hospitalities, believing herself above the flood. But, oh! Mississippi, coming once enraged, knows no restraint, and catching the boasting acclamations of our citizens, suddenly the maddened spray from his foaming billows began to be thrown upon the pavement of our front row, and succeeding a mile below town in his threats like an insidious enemy, took us on surprise.

We are now determined, however, to grow wiser by the experience of the past, and now the "Father of Waters" shall not find Xerxes with his chains, but Helena with her secure levee confining him from henceforth to his channel. The levee is to have a base of seventy feet, and seven feet to every foot in height, to be five feet above the high water mark of this last overflow, and to be sown in Bermuda grass, used as a public road, and to be completed by

the first of February; reaches from the hills just above Helena, known as the Croly ridge, to Old Town ridge, sixteen miles from Helena. Thus our young and thriving city will presently retrieve all that she lost in the recent overflow.

Our city has been truly fortunate in another sense. The late Junius W. Craig, of this State, made a will shortly before his death bequeathing a legacy of nearly half a million of dollars to endow a college in Helena. This was not to be realized, however, until the death of a certain individual--a lady to whom he was engaged to be married. She proposes to endow the College now, or at least, as the will is contested by certain relations of the deceased, she and the City Council of Helena will defend the will, and if successful, a certain sum of the estate Helena will immediately receive.

We are now blessed with schools enough for three times the amount of children present, and when we get that handsome donation we will put up buildings which, in connection with competent teachers, will merit extensive patronage from abroad. And while on this subject, let me say to the teachers who have been writing for locations either in Helena or vicinity, I know at this time of no opening; but no doubt you can find them in the State. (Mr. Barksdale was greatly interested in education. County Court Record Book G shows that he was School Commissioner for the county in 1860.) We have about eight or ten schools in our midst; six denominations; ten physicians, (nearly one hundred in the county); twenty lawyers; two dentists; nine stores; six family groceries; and some drinking houses, I am sorry to say; two drug stores, tailors, mechanics, &c. So that, with money in view, you can get any thing you want.

As to the lands, we have both the bottom and table lands, which vary in price according to improvements and locality. Alluvial lands, and rich table, if improved, sell high, ranging according to distance from

Helena, between twenty and fifty dollars per acre; uncleared land of the same quality from five to twelve. There is yet fine land at government prices. My advice is, come and see them and be your own judges.

I am asked if we have the chills? They shake a fellow right hard here sometimes, though I have enjoyed as good health in Helena as any place I have ever lived.

I will give next week a sketch of our internal improvements.

Again, let me say to all, come and see for yourselves. To Brother Forbes, of Albemarle County, Va., I would say by all means come and look, before he selects any other location, and tell all his Virginia friends to do likewise.

I am, dear brethren,
Respectfully yours,
WM. H. BARKSDALE

Helena, Ark., October, 1858.

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THE BAPTIST ADVANCE, Little Rock, December 14, 1911.

REV. W. H. BARKSDALE, D. D. was born February 19, 1827, in Rutherford County, Tennessee. He professed conversion at 14 years of age and was baptized by Rev. R. W. Janeway at Enon church, Rutherford County, Tennessee. He early felt that it was his duty to preach and used to hold meetings at nights on his father's farm with the negroes. He was anxious for an education. As he lived near Murfreesboro, Tenn., he became acquainted with Dr. J. H. Eaton, president of Union University, and father of the late Dr. T. T. Eaton of Louisville, Ky.

This gentleman proved his constant friend and benefactor. He agreed to take Mr. Barksdale into his school and look after his education, taking his

note for tuition to be paid after he had finished his school course. A similar arrangement was made with a Mrs. Burton for his board. When through school he taught, made the money and paid Dr. Eaton and Mrs. Burton for his tuition and board, declining to accept the aid of benevolent funds that were offered him. He received the degree of A. M. from Union University.

In 1858 he accepted a call from Helena, Ark., and removed to that city, where he was very successful, baptizing more or less every year of his pastorate till the war and even then he stayed on the field preaching and helping the scattered flock until his church was taken from him for a hospital. It was then that he put up a large room in his yard at his own expense. Here he taught the children during the week and preached to all who would attend this place on Sundays. At the conclusion of the war he divided his time between Helena and Shufordville, Miss., where he was very successful. He also the next year preached with similar success to Spring Creek church and Forest chapel, both in Arkansas. During all this time he still lived in Helena and preached for them. In 1866 he returned to Tennessee, when his labors in Arkansas ceased.

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JOURNAL

Helena Arkansas
February 19th 1862

What! Can it be possible that I am this day Thirty five years old? How fast time passes onward. And what little good have I accomplished in my pilgrimage to the tomb as onward I move. Lord make me more wholly thine.

May 10th 1862

Alas for earthly treasures! Through the

industry of my preserving nature, and the smiles of my heavenly Father I had succeeded in obtaining a comfortable income. The few dollars I could save from my salary, and other sources, I have been laying up ever since my misfortune in May/58. I bought a few lots in our city and sold again, and in this way I realized a profit, until, with the means, I was enabled to improve three places, besides my residence. These, I could in easy times, before the war broke out, rent for \$600. But misfortunes seem to follow me again. The overflow of the mighty Mississippi has washed off one entirely; and so undermined another, that I shall not be able to rent it, without considerable expense. This building brought me \$300 rent last year. But I shall not set down to murmur. God is too good to us. Perhaps, worldly things had too much engrossed my attention, and my heavenly father designed it as a check to worldling-mindedness.

July 19th (?) 1862

Another stroke! My property mentioned above, has pretty well, all been destroyed by the Federal Army, under the command of Gen Curtis. They arrived here Saturday the 12th and continued to pour in until Tuesday night, being about 30 thousand strong. My property below was immediately devoured by them for the purpose of making their fires at camp. Truly we live in eventful times. The heart sickens at the tails of wo rehearsed, of old men, lonely widows and helpless orphans, who are now left destitute.

My houses, being damaged by overflow were unoccupied; soon they were stripped of the weatherboarding, hauled off & burned. Every where, they are devouring and laying waste the labor of man's hands. Our (wives?) are not free from their insults--but they walk in armed with pistols & sabres, and thus compell with armis, our wives to cook for them! The surrounding country is, for miles around, swept by foraging parties. Farmers have both negroes and all kinds of stock stolen from them. Some of my dear

brethren, are striped of nearly every thing by these ruthless invaders. The officers, I am told, do not approve of this great destruction and have taken some steps to stop it.

Every family in town is compelled to keep a special guard. O tempora & mores! The times are fearfully ominous. It seems that Curtis' army is bent upon starving out this county. And as man is not a ---? creature I fear they will to a considerable extent succeed, unless God interposes, and suddenly indites this whole army for malfeasance. But why should I complain "Shall not the righteous Judge of all the earth do right." What if the property for which I have been offered \$6.000 is all swept away, is not Job's God my God and has He not said "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage and he shall renew thy strength?" Wait then, I will on the Lord.

"O thou great God, whose piercing eye,
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let one hear thy presence meet."

Wednesday March 25th
1863

Eight months have come and passed away since the last entry in my Journal. What changes since then! How many sad faces are now seen, both north & south, brought about by this lamentable war!! I shall not attempt, here, to portray the ills of this sad stain upon our once glorious country, but leave it to other pens more capable of doing justice to the melancholy picture.

Since my last entry, Genl Prentiss has taken command of the forces at this place, and as the result of this change the Oath of allegiance has been required of all citizens, or they were ordered upon refusing to be put beyond the lines; Thus to be torn from their homes, their families and all the comforts of life, without so much as a blanket to wrap

ourselves in, was more than we could bear.

I hesitated long--friend after friend had taken it, and now my time of selecting between the two evils, was drawing rapidly to a close; I then penned the following letter to Gen. Prentiss.

Rev. W. H. Barksdale's compliments to Gen. Prentiss.

Sir; Aware as the writer is that all invading armies on the seizing of any post, should have some guarantee from the citizens that they would not in anyway be guilty of rendering any assistance to the enemy, either in the imparting of information, or smuggling of contrabands; and that such assurance must be evinced by the administration of the Oath of allegiance, or in some other satisfactory manner to the authorities, the writer would therefore avail himself of this opportunity of assuring the Genl that he has in no way held communication as to any contraband information with the citizens in the country, nor has he smuggled any goods, nor will he be found in any manner violating the confidence of an honorable man. He would furthermore assure the Genl, that he has never but twice been outside of the lines, since the occupation of this place by the Federal forces, and both of these instances were funeral occasions.

And most respectfully would he inform the Genl that he is no belligerent--never had taken up arms never expects to; To preach the gospel and visit the sick has been his occupation for years.

My house has been thrown open to boarders from among your officers. The sick and the dying have been nursed by my family since your army's arrival. But Genl I have conscientious scruples to taking that Oath; To leave the lines with what I have already lost would be to beggar my family; I would therefore most respectfully petition you to let this suffice as a most solemn obligation on my part, that I shall be guilty of no violation of honor while

within the lines, and wave the enforcement of the Oath in my case.

Genl B. M. Prentiss

Most respectfully

Your obt. sert.

W. H. Barksdale

Pastor of Baptist Church
Helena Ark.

This letter was handed to the Genl by his Adjutant who read it and after consultation informed me the Oath must be taken or I would be required to leave the lines in a few hours.

Consulting my Bible, I found the following instruction (Matt 5:2-- "Agree with thy adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him lest at anytime the adversary deliver thee to the Judge, and the Judge deliver thee to the Officer, and thou be cast into prison." "Let every soul be subject unto the higher power" (Romans 13:1-7).

I accordingly stepped forward and subscribed to the Oath-believing it is our religious duty to submit to "the authorities that be." It was a painful duty, inasmuch as many of my relatives and warm personal friends were engaged on the side of the rebellion and my brother had fallen (Robert) already in the defence of Southern rights. This brother was wounded in a skirmish at Shilo just before the bloody engagement, he was shot in the leg on Sunday Morning April 6th/62, his leg was amputated the evening of the same day. I heard of his misfortune and attempted time and again to reach him, but on account of strict orders prohibiting anyone from coming within their lines, I did not reach him and by the next Sabbath; he lived only 3 hours after my arrival. No pen can paint, nor tongue describe my feelings. I saw him thus suddenly cut down in the prime of youth. Oh! how I loved him, but he is gone, to...(unfinished)

Helena March 22d 1865

Maj Gen McCook,

After the compliments of the writer, permit me to say, it is with no little degree of pleasure, that I learned from bretheren Taylor and Hickey, of your intention to return us our Church, which was promised them, the other evening in the pleasant interview they had with you. This Sir; is a move in the right direction and when we find our Generals sympathizing with the desolated condition of Zion & Cyrus-like ready to restore the altars, then we must, and can but feel that it is an earnest of a "better time" coming.

I have been forced, at my own expense to provide a temporary house of worship for the people, where I have been preaching ever since Fall of /63. You know Genl the inconvenience of a congregation (to a family) at a private residence. Our School room has been crowded every Sabbath. We are proud to see so many Officers and private soldiers attending our services, and thus breaking down all distinctions, and mingling as one people in the worship of our God. I am glad that we have over us a Genl, who will aid in so desirable an enterprise. And will you allow me to express the hope that you will restore our house of prayer, at your earliest convenience. I am engaged with my school during your office hours and if convenient and in accordance with your feelings, would be pleased to call on you any evening after 4: 0' clock. Will you be at leasure Friday Evening and would you grant me such an interview?

I am, dear Sir,
Very respectfully
Yr obt Sevt,
W. H. Barksdale

Apl the 9th/65. Have been thinking of Sister Eaton, the consort of the Rev Joseph H. Eaton L. L. D. my warm personal friend and once my teacher. Perhaps a letter to his wife might be a comfort to her in these dark days of adversity (see copy on.. (unfinished).

Helena Ark
April 9th 1865

My Dear Sister Eaton,

Though you may never obtain this, on account of irregularity of mails, yet I am impressed with an inclination to write you, trusting to the chances of its safe arrival at your domicile: Four years are full enough for a suspension of that sweet communings of spirit and friendly intercourse, which I have ever been wont to hold with my friends, who are journeying with me to the "spirit land." Time after time have I tried to get letters to Murfreesboro, but from the silence, which ensued have been led to the conclusion that all mail facilities have suffered a suspense, while the God of War rolls its unnumbered hecatombs of earth's noble sons upon the sacrificial altars of our country's indefinable destiny! My sister, tell me, have you and yours escaped? Alas! how many Mothers mourn in sadness on the desolate hearth-stone of their once happy homes. Fathers, husbands and sons all--all gone! --And the few surviving ones, denied the privilege of dividing their sorrows with distant relatives & friends by letter, because mails in many places, are not. Truly we have fallen upon eventful days!

I have received but two letters from Tennessee in four years. One was from our esteemed friend Dr. Howell, and the other from my father in law Dr. Bas-kette, a few days since, until which, I knew not what had become of Tennessee kin and acquaintances. My brothers have all been killed and relatives not a few. I said I had received only two letters from Tennessee. I should have said from Murfreesboro. I have received one from Miss Allen, near Smyrna, a relative, which informed me of the death of her Brothers, which occurred, if I mistake not at the battle of Murfreesboro.

Are you yet living at your home, where I last saw you? Your son Thomas & Miss Joe with you? Long may

they live to lessen your cares and make smooth your way through life. I have so often thought of you, and have prayed God to uphold you through every trial. Oh: how consoling to know that He, the Unerring One sits at the helm, and not a sparrow can fall without his notice. He does reign, and glory be to name. Let us praise him, even when the cup of bitterness be pressed to our lips.

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