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PHILLIPS COUNTY  
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PHILLIPS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The Phillips County Historical Society

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EXCERPTS FROM  
"BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF GEN.  
PAT CLEBURNE AND GEN. T. C. HINDMAN"

BY

DR. CHARLES E. NASH

In January, 1850, Drs. Hector M. Grant and Chas. E. Nash formed a partnership in the practice of medicine and in that year also bought out the firm of Lott & Freeman, druggists, their small drug store being on the southwest corner of Lot 9, in Old Helena, the northeast corner of the intersection of Rightor Street and River Alley. Mr. A. J. Lott wished to study medicine and agreed to remain as clerk only until they procured another man. Mr. Freeman wished to move to Cincinnati, his former home, and the doctors deputed him to get them a clerk from some reliable house. Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, born near Cork, Ireland, had landed in America in 1849 and was visiting his sister in Cincinnati when Mr. Freeman persuaded him to accept the position, Cleburne being highly recommended by Mr. Salter of Salter's Drug Store, in Cincinnati.

When Patrick Cleburne arrived in Helena about the first of April, in 1850, the census of that year shows there were a total of 905 households in Phillips County, 6935 population, the population of Arkansas being 209,639. There were then ten townships in Phillips County, and Helena was listed separately in that census report, which shows 83 households in Helena, including hotels and boarding houses, one boarding house and two hotels being listed. On October 14, 1850, the censustaker listed the following household in St. Francis Township:

Hector M. Grant, aged 28, a physician, born in Kentucky, who owned real estate valued at \$400;  
Sarah C. Grant, aged 24, born in North Carolina;  
Mary E. Grant, aged 2, born in Kentucky;  
Enoenia Griffin, aged 6, born in North Carolina;  
Mary Epps, aged 42, born in North Carolina;  
John M. Grant, aged 35, an attorney, born in North Carolina;  
Arthur J. Lott, aged 29, a druggist, born in Mississippi;  
Elizabeth Lott, aged 20, born in Mississippi;  
Mary F. Epps, aged 19, born in North Carolina;  
PATRICK CLAIBORNE, aged 22, a druggist, born in Ireland;  
Martha E. Daniels, aged 12, born in Kentucky.

There were 101 households listed in St. Francis Township, which included a large portion of what is now in the City of Helena. It is interesting to note that the censustaker spelled Cleburne's name as "CLAIBORNE" - undoubtedly a phonetic spelling



indicating, as all of Helena and Phillips County stubbornly insist, that his name from the time he arrived until the day he departed and since then has always been pronounced "Clai-borne" and not "Klee-borne," as it is so often mispronounced in other sections.

Dr. Nash describes Cleburne as follows:

"He was a young man about six feet high, twenty-four years of age, weighing about 180 pounds; his head covered with dark brown hair; his eyes grey, shading into blue, not far separated. It is not the fierce eye of the carnivorous bird, nor yet the tame blue of the Saxon, but the mixed eye of the two, showing the combination of fierceness with judgment. His nose was long and prominent, his cheek bones high, his forehead narrow and moderately high. His head long and narrow, setting high upon his shoulders, neck thin and rather long, shoulders wide, covered with thick heavy muscles. His arms long, breast capacious, hands thin and fingers long and tapering, showing that he had done but little manual labor. There was a beautiful symmetrical fit between the upper and lower extremities."

Also working for the Doctors was Joseph Maxey, the apprentice, who was young and mischievous. This same Joe Maxey was, on June 4th, 1862, the Clerk and Recorder pro tem of Phillips County, and on Sunday, September 27, 1868, the day of the assassination of General Thomas C. Hindman, was shot and killed while trying to arrest the negro who shot Bart Turner, according to the diary of James Millinder Hanks. However, in 1850 he was playing tricks on Cleburne.

"In June the farmers bring into towns a large quantity of watermelons. Cleburne had never seen a watermelon, and therefore was ignorant of its use. One day a wagon drove up in front of the store door with a number of large melons. Joseph Maxey, the apprenticed boy, said to Cleburne, "Buy one and give us a treat." Cleburne purchased the melon, then turning to Joe asked him how he ate it. Joe, full of mischief, saw his chance to take advantage of Cleburne's ignorance and said to him, "you must stew it." Cleburne scoured up his brass kettle and made a fire, then cutting up the melon, placed it in the vessel. Joe all the time looking on with a quizzical countenance, expecting the full fruition of a rich joke. Now the melon was stewed, what was the next step? Joe says, "Put it into dishes and eat it with a spoon." Cleburne procured some dishes and spoons from an adjoining neighbor, and cleaning off the counter set them thereon. Joe says, "Now let us wait until the doctors com in, and give them a treat." In a short time Dr. Grant and myself made our appearance. Cleburne says, "Gentlemen, I have a nice treat for you," and opening the middle door, invited us in; Joe standing on the outside of the door ready to make his exit, as soon as the joke was discovered. Upon our drawing close to the dishes, Grant asked what it was.



"A watermelon," replied Cleburne.

Grant says, "Who ever heard of a melon being stewed; you have spoiled a nice melon, Cleburne!"

Cleburne then found that Joe had played a joke on him and sprang to the door to catch and chastise him, but the bird knew the hunter and had fled. Joe practiced many jokes on Cleburne before he learned our American ways. But this is sufficient."

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Refuting the charge that Cleburne was a deserter from the English Army, Dr. Nash writes:

"I feel it imperative on me to give, as well as I can remember, the exact words he gave me in regard to his joining the English army. He said: "My father was a widower, my mother dying when I was small. He married the second time, a French lady, and as I had a great horror of a stepmother, I ran away from home and joined the army. As soon as my father found out where I was, he came and bought me out, and I returned home with him. I soon found my stepmother a noble companion for my father, and kind and considerate of her stepchildren. My father then put me in a drug store in Cork, where I learned chemistry and pharmacy, and after getting my certificate" - which he showed me - "I determined to come to the United States."

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"In 1852 a Mormon priest came to Helena. His name was Gay. He was a carpenter, and engaged as a contractor for building houses. The writer gave him a contract for building a cottage house. Gay obtained permission from the sheriff to hold his services in the court house every Sabbath evening. The writer went to hear one of his harangues, and finding a large part of his audience composed of women of the ignorant and medium classes, and seeing the impressions he was making upon their minds to turn them to his polygamous doctrine, and thereby upset the Christian teachings of the sacredness of marriage, went to the sheriff and told him that it was an insult to the better classes of society, especially the members of the church, to permit Gay to hold his services in the court house - a house that did not belong to him, nor was it at his disposal. To which the sheriff replied, "I will look into the matter, and if the people do not sanction it, will order him to discontinue." This he did, and then ordered Gay not to hold his meetings in the court house any longer.

When Gay found out that I had been instrumental in his removal, he became very angry and said, with words not suitable for a preacher, "I will get even with you!" Cleburne, knowing what I had done, and thoroughly endorsing my action, was in a condition to befriend me.



In a few days Gay came to the store, and charging the writer with unwarrantable interference in his affairs, denounced him in severe language, which brought on an altercation which was about to terminate in blows. Gay was standing in front of the counter and Cleburne and I on the opposite side. Gay attempted to pull a pistol to shoot me, but Cleburne, whose eye was keener than mine, and knowing that I was unarmed, jumped over the counter and quickly seizing Gay by both shoulders, kicked him out of the house, saying to him, "If you ever come in again I will serve you worse."

This difficulty aroused the citizens of Helena, and a mass meeting was called, and resolutions to this effect were passed. Mr. Gay was given a reasonable time to sell his effects; that he should preach no more Mormonism in the city, public or private, and if found in the city after a given time, should be treated with a coat of tar and feathers, prepared by the ladies and applied by the gentlemen. Gay got ready for his departure in less time than was allowed, and after selling his residence to Gen. Tappan took his leave of Helena, with his six wives, never to return. This was the rise and fall of the Mormon empire in Arkansas. You will see that Cleburne had no personal feeling against Gay, and only took the part of a friend whose life was about to be sacrificed for the good of the people.

Another instance I will bring in to show his fidelity to a friend. The Irish levee men were in the habit of coming across the Mississippi River and getting on sprees. A gang came over, and visiting John Smith's saloon a little too often, became furiously intoxicated. Quite a number of them had gathered in a room above the saloon, and were disorderly. One of them was seized with a drunken fit, and as I was the nearest doctor, was called."

(NOTE: John C. O. Smith's saloon was just across the street, on the southeast corner of the intersection of Rightor Street and River Alley, from the Grant & Nash Drug Store.)

"Supposing that a little blood drawn from his temples would give relief, I proceeded to apply my old fashioned cups to one of his temples. Upon seeing the blood run, a burly Irishman of tremendous strength struck me a blow in the back that felled me to the floor. Another man seeing what he had done, struck him a blow and he fell by my side. Still another, picking me up, proceeded to throw me down the steps, crying, "The bloody butcher! he wants to kill him!" By this time Cleburne had heard of the affray, and as he was only across the street, turned his long, strong muscles loose and with a few bounds up the steps was at my side. He said excitedly, "What's the matter here, doctor?" I replied, "No matter at all, only a fresh cut." "Where is the man that struck you? Show him to me



and I will hurl him down the steps with a kick that will last him to his grave." The wound upon the man's head was still bleeding, for I had cut a superficial artery. I had to be called back to stop the bleeding, but Cleburne must go with me. I succeeded in stopping the blood, and dressed his head. The men all came over the next morning and apologized for their rude behavior.

As I am giving the incidents that occurred in the first four years of Cleburne's life in Arkansas, I will give them in succession up to the fall of 1852.

He had never ridden a horse, but seeing so many persons, ladies and gentlemen, indulging in this pleasant exercise, concluded he would like to learn to ride horseback.

One fine evening in October, he proposed to borrow my horse and fill an engagement he had with his friend William Nash, to take a ride over the hills. When asked for the horse I told him he could not ride him, that he was a wild and unruly animal; that he ran away with all who attempted to straddle him, and that he had that day run away with me.

Cleburne replied, "Doctor, if you don't want to lend me your horse say so, but don't say I cannot ride him." I said, "Cleburne, you are perfectly welcome to him, but before getting on let me fix the stirrups for you." His legs being much longer than mine, the stirrups needed to be lengthened. After seating himself in the saddle, I placed his feet in the stirrups, telling him not to run his feet far into the stirrups, lest they should get caught in them, and if the horse should run away and throw him, he would kick him to death. Knowing the horse so well, I did not give him my whip.

Soon Nash made his appearance on one of Hargrave's fine spirited horses. Nash knew the temper of my horse and knew also that he had been a race horse. At that time a large lake separated the town from the hills and there was only one crossing, and that was an old plank bridge that led to the foot of the hill. Before getting to this bridge Nash gave his horse a stroke with his whip, and the horse started in a run. Cleburne's horse took this as a banter for a race, and sprang quickly ahead of his antagonist. At the first jump Cleburne's hat flew off; soon he was across the bridge and at the foot of the hill. Cleburne did not wish to go over the hill, and leaning forward, catching the bridle close to the bit, attempted to stop him in this way, but as the horse's mouth was hard he did not succeed. As he was always composed, the thought occurred to him that he would catch him by the nose and turn him towards the lake, mire him up, and jump off. This he succeeded in doing, which resulted in his being plunged into the mire up to his waist. The horse was as badly mired, but both came out unhurt.



This escapade caused great laughter. Cleburne said in a joking way: "I can't tell which got the best of it, he or I. I shall part company with him, he wants his way and I mine. I am satisfied to let him have it in the future, as I never wish to make a laughing stock of myself again."

Another incident occurring in this year will show as much as any I have written, or may write, the disposition of the man to always help the weak, when he thought they were imposed upon. There was a butcher (Norman by name) who kept a shop in the lower end of the town. He had raised a bear from a cub to a full grown animal. This bear was chained in the yard fronting the street. The boys were accustomed to tease the bear and make him show his tricks. One day a bear hunter with his dog was passing that way, and the dog wished to attack the bear. The butcher protested, as he said the bear was chained and could not use himself. The hunter replied, "The dog can whip him, though he were loose." Norman said, "I will bet you fifty dollars that he can't." The bet was taken and the day appointed for the fight. Now bruin and collie were to test their courage and strength in a bloody battle. They were to meet upon a level place selected on the hill. A large concourse of people - men and boys, not women - assembled to see the fight. The bear was led to the contest by a long chain, the dog was free, trotting by the side of his master. A ring was then formed by the spectators; beyond the chain they were not to pass. The bear was led in and turned loose. The hunter then entered with the dog following. These four were all that were admitted into the ring. Bruin did not at first seem to be offended at his canine antagonist, as he had been accustomed to see peaceable dogs pass the butcher pen daily. The dog, raising his bristles, looked at the bear angrily, but evidently did not wish to advance. But when his master gave the word, "Tige take him!" he flew at the bear with the ferocity of a Comanche Indian. The bear raised upon his hind legs and embraced the dog with one of his friendly hugs. The dog attempted to seize the bear by the throat, but as the chain had rendered this part of his anatomy sensitive, he objected to wearing a necklace of dog's teeth around it. He gathered the dog in his powerful arms and gave him one of his welcome embraces, reversing matters and applying his teeth to the dog's neck. The hunter seeing his dog was about to be killed, jumped forward and caught the bear by his hind feet to turn him on his back and break his hold. At this the butcher struck the hunter a blow under the ear, which sent him whirling to the ground. Then several of the spectators jumped into the ring and struck the butcher in the face, drawing blood freely.

Cleburne seeing that the butcher was overpowered, sprang into the ring and jumped between them, exclaiming, "The first man that strikes him another blow I will make him bite the dust!" The men, knowing Cleburne's firmness, dispersed, and the fight was over. The dog got the worst of it, being badly bitten about the head and neck. The butcher did not claim the bet, as he said



it was not fair. The spectators were fined for witnessing this fight, as it was contrary to law.

In giving a history of one's life we should give the bad traits as well as the good. Mr. Cleburne was what we would call a temperate man; he was not accustomed to indulge in intoxicating drinks, but, like other young men, was sometimes led into improprieties against his better judgment. He was very fond of a game of chess, and organized a chess club, to which he was elected president. This club met one night in the rear room of the drug store, and as several of the young gentlemen were accustomed to indulge too freely on such occasions, they prevailed on Cleburne to give them a treat out of some old Cognac brandy that was in the store. It was but a short time before they became intoxicated, Cleburne among the rest. Instead of making Cleburne jovial it made him angry, and, as he said, crazy.

On going to the store next morning I found Cleburne in bed. I asked him what was the matter, and if he was sick. "No," said he. Pointing to his wardrobe, he said, "Look there." I saw that the doors were stuck all over with glass. He said, "I was drunk last night and bit a piece out of a glass, then throwing glasses at the wardrobe, stuck it all over as you see." I remarked, "Why, Cleburne, who ever heard of your being drunk!" I was surprised.

In a short time a customer came into the store and asked for some Spanish brown to clay her hearth with. I looked in the drawers to find the article, but could not do so. I went to Cleburne and asked him where he kept the article. He replied, "In the drawers." I said I could not find it. He replied, "Look again." Returning, I said I could not find it. He said, "Look again." Knowing that I had searched every drawer and could find nothing of the kind, I replied in an angry manner, with an oath, "You get up and get it yourself, sir!" He replied, in as angry a tone, saying: "I will hold you responsible for the insult. Go and prepare yourself and I will meet you anywhere." I walked out of the store and was going down to Dr. Hector Grant's house to get one of his pistols when I met Grant on the street and informed him what had taken place, and what I wished. He said: "You and Cleburne are not going to fight, sir. The idea of two such friends falling out for such a trifling matter is ridiculous. I'll fix it up." He went to the store and found Cleburne in bed, the effects of the whiskey not yet worn off. Cleburne rehearsed the conversation that took place between us, and added: "I thought he knew I had been selling red lead for Spanish brown, as they were used for the same purpose. I did not want the customer to know it." Grant said, "I don't think he knows anything of the kind." Cleburne replied, "Whether he did or not, he had no right to curse me, and I will not take it, though he is the best friend I have on earth." Grant replied: "If he says he did not



know it, will you take back the challenge? You know you must not, no you shall not fight." Cleburne said, "I will make the apology, if he says he did not know it." We met in the store in the presence of Grant and exchanged apologies. We shook hands with tears in our eyes, for Cleburne's heart was tender as well as brave, and we pledged our friendship anew. This bond was never broken, as will be seen in the sequel. This took place in 1851, when he was the clerk of Grant & Nash.

Cleburne had a great fondness for children. While he was boarding with Dr. Grant he became very fond of his little daughter Mary, and petted her a great deal. This little girl, noted for her beauty and simplicity of manner, with a genial, good disposition, was taken ill in the fall of 1851; her illness lasted many days and proved fatal. Cleburne watched by her bedside night after night, until the dread messenger came and took her to her home in heaven. He wrote a beautiful epitaph, which was placed on her tombstone. This was the first evidence Cleburne gave of his literary taste. It gradually developed, until he became a literary man. He was a great reader and memorized well; fond of poetry, biography and history, giving preference to English literature. He was very fond of Roman and Grecian history. He read Plutarch's lives over many times. I have the old volume he read in my library. It shows it is badly worn, but well read. On military affairs Wellington was his model, and he would become excited whenever he heard Napoleon Bonaparte eulogized. As Napoleon had many admirers in Helena, Cleburne was often annoyed, Judge T. B. Hanley being one of the chief sources of irritation.

Cleburne was made a Mason in Lafayette Lodge No. 16 in 1852. The Masonic Hall was a small room above Wm. Bevin's printing office. There were no chequered carpets upon the floor, only rough planed boards. The seats were plank benches and a large goods box with a clean white covering served for the altar, a smaller box with a gavel thereon and a split bottom chair served for the Oriental chair. This chair was then occupied by Wm. C. Myrtle, who presided over a handful of as devoted and intelligent Masons as ever pronounced "Shibboleth." H. M. Grant was S. W., and A. J. Lott, Jr., Warden. It was here that the Master's Degree was conferred on the hero of our story. In 1853 Cleburne was elected Master. He never missed a meeting, was faithful to the trust imposed upon him, and spent much time in making himself proficient in the two lower degrees. \*\*\*\*\*

In this year, while he was Master, the question of subordinate lodges paying a regular stipend for the support of St. John's College came up. Cleburne, with many leading Masons, such as Hanley, Tappan, H. P. Coolidge, Wm. F. Moore, Chas. W. Adams, Henry L. Biscoe, Royal F. Sutton, Wm. C. Myrtle and Thos. R. Welch, took a firm stand against the constitutionality of the decree issued by the Grand Lodge. This rebellion against the



decree of what was the highest Masonic law, produced quite an opposition to Lafayette Lodge No. 16, and her charter was taken away and her jewels returned to the Grand Lodge. This lodge took the first action, but was soon followed by other lodges in the state. Lafayette Lodge was under suspension when the civil war broke out, and as there were a number of its members who wished to have the protection Masonry affords in time of distress, petitioned to the Grand Lodges of the states they were in to affiliate them. The Grand Masters of the states of Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama made the following reply: "You are competent to join any lodge in the state; also to visit all lodges anywhere in the world, as you can take the test oath. You were not suspended for any unmasonic conduct." The Grand Lodge of Alabama also said that Masonic Lodges had no right to build college edifices and endow them under Masonic law. Whether this decision was made to fit the occasion, or was one of the fundamental principles of Masonry, the writer is not competent to answer.

In 1853, Cleburne, H. M. Grant and C. E. Nash formed a class and took the sublime degree of Royal Arch Mason. This degree was conferred upon us by our great poet, lawyer, statesman and Mason, Albert Pike. Out of this class, with others, a chapter was formed, named Helena Chapter. It was in good working order until the suspension spoken of. This little lodge, No. 16, had grown by gradual development from a few charter members to the huge proportions of one hundred and fifty-two members, and from the small, illy furnished rooms to the handsomest building in the city. A building, at the cost of six thousand dollars, was erected on one of the beautiful lots in the center of the city, with all modern improvements and expensive paraphernalia thereto belonging."

NOTE: The building referred to was on Lot 91, Old Helena, the northwest corner of the intersection of Porter and Ohio Streets - hardly the center of the city at the present date. However, in the 1850s the main streets were Water Street (no longer in existence) and Ohio Street. A cypress swamp is shown on the plat of Old Helena angling down Pecan Street southwesterly to Rightor Street - evidently the "lake" Dr. Nash refers to. Lots in the western part of Old Helena, west of Franklin Street, were referred to as being in West Helena.

"Nearly all the respectable male members of the town, and many from the country, belonged to this lodge. Some who became prominent in the affairs of state we will mention: Thos. B. Hanley, Jas. C. Tappan, Charles W. Adams, and others." \*\*\*\*\*

"In 1852 the writer was married to Miss Mary Frances Epps, of North Carolina, a sister-in-law of Dr. Hector M. Grant. During his courtship Cleburne was his best friend, smoothing over many



rough places in Cupid's path - "true love never runs smooth." After this marriage Cleburne commenced boarding in my family, and made himself one of the family. At this time he was the clerk of Grant & Nash. He insisted upon having his breakfast at daylight, that he might get to the store and open it before anyone had their stores open.

Cleburne was a very bashful young man. My wife could never get him in the parlor when young ladies were visiting us. Misses Maggie Tollison and Annie Broadnax, from Cat Island," (NOTE: A Mississippi River island between Helena and Memphis), "were frequent visitors, and Cleburne had to meet them at the dinner table. For a while he blushed if one of them spoke to him, but Miss Maggie, by her grace and easy manners, was not long in getting him to engage in conversation, and by her winning ways and charming appearance, soon secured him as her escort. This brought on a friendly feeling between them. Whether it ripened into more than friendship, the writer is unable to say, but, judging from the subsequent actions of both, suspicioned that a little love was mixed up in the affair. Cleburne at first was extremely awkward and ill at ease in ladies' company.

At a little social we gave to these young ladies, Cleburne attempted to dance, but as he did not know a figure he balked the dancers several times. This mortified him, and he refused to dance another set. I was as much mortified as he was when I heard the girls laugh and call him the raw, gawky young Irishman. I persuaded Cleburne to take dancing lessons from a teacher just down from Memphis. He learned rapidly and danced gracefully; then all the girls wanted him for a partner."

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"In the year 1854 James T. Crary, a lawyer and an orator, who had passed through the exciting canvass of Jas. K. Polk and Dallas, and who had taken the stump in his native state (Tennessee) for them, came to Helena, and early making the acquaintance and securing the friendship of Cleburne, could rely on him in cases of difficulty. Cleburne was then a whig and Crary a democrat, so this was not a political affair, but purely personal. Crary was a young man, full of dash and self confidence, rather austere in looks, but conservative in speech. Cleburne formed an early attachment for him, and it became mutual.

Mr. Hoggett Clopton was a young gentleman, the son of a very rich and respectable planter, who lived a short distance from Helena. Young Clopton was just from school, a graduate with honor, and full of himself. Of his personal appearance he might have been proud, as he was considered the handsomest man in the country. He was six feet high, spare made, long of arm and length of limb, his features fine cut and well shaped. He was a great beau with the girls. His small head was covered with a



coat of sleek black hair, which he trained with good taste. He was of dark complexion, with a haughty, self sufficient air. This young man came into town one day riding one of his father's fine Virginia horses. The horse was as vain as his rider. Hitching his steed at the rack in front of Fadley's Hotel," (NOTE: This Hotel, later known as McGraw's, was located on Lot 15 and the North 6 feet of Lot 14, Old Helena, on Water Street, Wm. F. Moore's store being on the south 60 feet of Lot 14, Old Helena, the northwest corner of Water and Porter Streets) "and hearing the dinner bell ring, he proceeded to the dining room to get his dinner. Soon after Clopton was seated Crary came in. Crary had a special seat at this table, which Clopton took. After seating himself Crary said to the stranger, "You have taken my chair!" Clopton replied: "I didn't know you had a preemption on this chair. Are you the landlord, or who are you?" Crary replied, "I will show you who I am," at the same time seizing a tumbler and throwing it at Clopton's head, striking him on the forehead and inflicting a wound which bled freely, spoiling his beautiful suit of hair. Clopton, drawing his fine silk handkerchief from his pocket and wiping his face, said, "I will see you later."

Nothing more was said or done until a few days later, when Clopton in company with his father, Major John Clopton, and his uncle-in-law, Dr. Gray, came into town. Hoggett Clopton sent word to Crary to arm himself and come down on the street.

At this time Crary was occupying an upper room above Licurgus Cage's drug store. Crary sent a messenger to Cleburne to come and see him. They had an interview in my presence, as I was chosen by Crary to be his surgeon on this occasion. The conversation, as I recollect it, ran in this way: "Cleburne, I want you to stand by me in this difficulty and see that I have fair play." Cleburne replied: "I have no fear in that direction, as your antagonists are brave and generous. However, in a street fight there may be some who are always officious on such occasions; I will go and arm myself and be ready for an emergency."

Clopton, with his two relatives, was waiting at the foot of the steps for Crary to come down. Soon Crary made his appearance, when the firing began. Crary, from his derringer, fired the first shot, but missed the mark. Crary threw down that derringer and drawing another fired his second shot, that like the first missed its mark. Clopton replied with another discharge from his gun, but also missed his man. At this Crary thought he would try a better weapon, and drawing his long bowie knife advanced towards Clopton with fire in his eye and vengeance in his breast. Clopton seeing that this formidable weapon was out of proportion to his six shooter, retreated backwards a step with his face fronting his antagonist, fired again, still missing his aim. Crary made another ferocious lunge, keeping his eye on Clopton's finger and dodging his bullets. This firing



and retreating was kept up from the old court house to Ball's saloon on Diagonal Street, when Clopton's fifth shot took effect in Crary's arm, paralyzing it so that his knife fell from its grasp. The flow of blood and the exercise so weakened Crary that he fell. Clopton had one remaining shot, and when told by some outsider to shoot him again, replied, "I will not hurt him any more."

Crary was taken up to his room and the wound dressed by his surgeon. This proved to be a dangerous wound, as traumatic erysipelas intervened, but the arm was saved. Cleburne was friendly with all the parties, none of them entertaining any ill feeling for him in the part he took. He was acting in the same capacity Clopton's two relatives were. This is another instance of his true friendship. Clopton and Crary became reconciled and remained friends up to the time of Crary's death by drowning, of which I will now give a description."

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Dr. Nash has not told his story in chronological order, inserting the story of Crary's death between events of 1854 and 1855. On Feb. 16th, 1855, Patrick R. Cleburne, having been a resident of the United States for five years next preceding said date, and of the State of Arkansas one year (in this instance, for more than one year), became a naturalized citizen of the United States of America, taking the oath before the Honorable Charles W. Adams, presiding Judge of the Phillips County Circuit Court, Arthur Thompson, High Sheriff of Phillips County, and Edward H. Cowley, Circuit Clerk and Ex-Officio Recorder of Phillips County. On January 22nd, 1856, "on motion of James T. Crary, Esq., it was ordered that the name of P. R. Cleburne be enrolled as a member of this bar," appears on the Circuit Court records of Phillips County, Arkansas, and Pat Cleburne became a full-fledged attorney at law. Crary's death, then, occurred subsequent to January 22, 1856.

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"One beautiful May evening, when the wind was gently blowing northward, Crary came by the store and asked Cleburne to go sailing with him. This was an amusement often indulged in by both sexes. So popular had it become that Mr. Can. Underwood kept a number of sail boats for the accommodation of the people. Some of these boats were elegantly furnished with cushioned seats and pretty white flying sails. Crary rented one of the best of them for an evening's ride.

Crary and Cleburne entered the boat, and after trimming her sails, set out on their journey. The vessel smoothly moved up the river in a graceful ship like manner. Cleburne sat on the hinder seat and steered the boat, while Crary managed the sails.



They headed her towards Island No. 60, which is about three miles up the river from Helena. At this season of the year it is covered with dewberries. Numbers visited this island to gather the fruit.

They arrived at the island after a pleasant voyage. After strolling over the island and gathering all the berries they wished, they set sail for home. As their voyage must be down stream, the sails must be shifted to accommodate the current. When the wind is blowing up stream the waves of the Mississippi river run high, and such was the case in this instance.

After leaving the island a short distance, they observed three persons standing on the Mississippi shore, who waved at them to come and take them aboard. This they did. One was the mail boy, another a citizen, and the third the famous butcher, Norman, whom Cleburne had so bravely defended at the bear fight. After taking them in the vessel's prow was turned down stream. By this time the waves were running unusually high. As Cleburne was accustomed to sailing on the briny deep, they feared no evil. No accident had happened until they were nearing the wharf boat. At this time the large and magnificent steamer Robert J. Ward, Capt. Silas W. Miller commanding, left the wharf and throwing her immense body in front of the small craft took the wind out of her sails. The skiff drifted under the Ward and threw them out. The butcher and the citizen caught on to the paddles of the wheels and were saved, while the mail boy, Cleburne and Crary attempted to save their lives by swimming. The mail boy soon went down under the surging billows, while Cleburne and Crary swam for life. Crary rode the waves for some time and then he went down, but before doing so cried to Cleburne, "Goodbye, Cleburne, I am gone!" and he sank to rise no more.

Cleburne struggled manfully with the waves and strong down current until assistance could reach him. This was done by several persons forming a line and catching each other by the hand; the foremost, an expert swimmer and stout man, carried a line in his mouth, while the others held it. Cleburne caught the line and was pulled to shore, so exhausted that he could not stand. Cleburne's matchless strength and strong will power kept him afloat until assistance reached him.

One of the most remarkable incidents in the history of Helena is that there was not a water craft of any kind at the wharf. Cleburne could never recur to this scene without the deepest emotion. Crary's body was not recovered for several days, and then one hundred miles below Helena, near Arkansas City. Clopton was one of the pall bearers at Crary's funeral. This was a tragic ending of an innocent amusement.

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In the year 1855 the small town of Helena, at that time containing about 1500 inhabitants, was stricken by the most terrific epidemic of yellow fever that had been recorded in the annals of medicine up to that date. Isaiah's prophecy was literally true in this case. He said, "For the time that it goeth forth it shall take you, for morning by morning shall it pass over you, by day and by night." The fever broke out the 5th of September and was accounted for in this way: A newsboy, William Burnett, boarded a steamer from New Orleans, to sell his papers. There were a number of yellow fever cases on board and several deaths. Up to this time there never had been a case of the fever in Helena, and therefore no necessity for a board of health. No restrictions were placed upon boats coming from infected districts. The boy Burnett was the first case. Mrs. Burnett's family consisted of her mother and four children - two boys and two girls. In a short time all were stricken down - three having the disease in its hemorrhagic form. One, a girl of fourteen years, died with black vomit. Mrs. Burnett was a poor widow, who supported her family by her needle, with what assistance her boy William could give her by selling papers. Many of the citizens who had boarded this boat fell victim to this dreadful fever and a large number died. As the people of Helena had no apprehension at first of the disease spreading, they gave their permission for the corpses on the boat to be buried in the city cemetery. An unfortunate step, as many cases were traced to this source. I will not elaborate further on this epidemic, but confine myself to the part our hero took as a nurse, and will have to link his name with another of Arkansas' heroes of the South.

As soon as the news spread of the advance of this fever, all who could get out of town fled to the country for safety, leaving only a few to take care of the sick and bury the dead. Three physicians only remained in the city to do the work - Drs. Grant, Nash and Jacks. Dr. Grant was stricken down early with the disease, and barely escaped with his life. The entire medical work rested on the two latter. We could get no volunteer nurses for the sick, as a complete panic had struck the citizens. When the doctors made known the imperative necessity for taking care of and nursing the sick, only three came forward and offered their services - Cleburne and Hindman and a young Methodist preacher, a Mr. Rice. There never will be three persons who braved every danger and made more personal sacrifices than the three young philanthropists named above. They made their rounds day and night, doing all the labor of women consistent with modesty and decorum. They went to the bakery and with their own means purchased bread, made tea and soups with their own inexperienced hands, and performed all kinds of menial labor. If in this contest one deserved more praise than the other, the mantle should fall on the young preacher's shoulders. He would take his little pocket Bible with him wherever he went, read a chapter, sing a hymn, and de-



liver a short prayer. This did not interfere with his other work. He discharged his duties as actively as either of the others. There is no doubt but many souls were saved at the eleventh hour by the spiritual comfort he was able to give them. There were no battles in our late war in which Arkansas' two prominent generals showed more courage and self exposure than in this. \*\*\*\* It will be seen by this that three churches were represented - Cleburne, Episcopalian; Hindman, Presbyterian, and the Rev. Mr. Rice, Methodist. The little newsboy, William Burnett, was trained by a devoted Christian mother, who lived to see her son rank with the leading journalists of the state.

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The part that Cleburne and Hindman took as nurses made them confidential friends, though they differed at that time in politics. From this time the two heroes will have to walk side by side, as they are inseparably connected in these narratives.

On the 4th of July, 1854, a barbecue celebration of the day, and also a celebration of the breaking of the first dirt for the Midland railroad took place at the foot of Crowley's Ridge, near the large plantation of Major Richard Davidson. Major Davidson presided over the meeting. The major, though a democrat, did not take an active part in politics, which made him a suitable chairman, as the celebration was both patriotic and personal. Sebastian (Judge William K. Sebastian) made the Fourth of July oration, and was cheered to the echo for the many beautiful expressions of patriotic emotion. After dinner Sebastian was followed by Mr. Jas. L. Alcorn, not yet major or governor (of Mississippi). Alcorn, in speaking of the enterprise and liberality of the citizens, let drop a word or so for the whigs. Alcorn was invited by the whigs to make a speech, as he was then considered a leading politician of Mississippi. There was no leading democrat on the ground to reply to Alcorn. Mr. M. Butt Hewson (NOTE: Mr. Hewson was a newspaper correspondent) came to me and said he had heard Hindman speak in Mississippi, and that he was a fine orator, and he insisted that I should call him out. After consultation with the boys, we commenced yelling, "Hindman!" though none of us had ever seen him before. Hindman responded with one of his graceful bows, and commenced by saying he was a stranger to all, but not a stranger to the grand old party when volunteers were called upon to defend her honor. His remarks were so thrilling and so thrusting that the whigs began to show a little restlessness and asked him for the authority of his remarks, whereupon he read from one of their own papers. He paused here, but the democrats cried "Go on!" He spoke about two hours. Alcorn said that as it was getting late he proposed to adjourn to meet at the court house if this young champion of democracy would meet him. Whereupon Hindman said, "I will meet you anywhere and debate with you from Monday morning until Saturday night." The two champions met at the court house that night



and made lengthy speeches. It was a drawn battle, neither winning a victory. This was Hindman's first effort in Arkansas.

Here I will bring in an incident in which both our heroes took part. Hindman put up at the Fadley Hotel. He was remarkably neat in his personal appearance, though not dudish. A crowd of gentlemen collected in the cool of the evening in front of the hotel and discussed the merits of the two young orators. A young lawyer, David Badham, a strong whig, took Alcorn's side, and observing Hindman's presence, addressed his remarks to him. Hindman replied in an excited manner, when Dave jumped up and sarcastically, "And who are you, my sweet scented individual?" Hindman made a grab at him, when a bystander jumped between them and said, "Dave is too small to fight you;" and the affray stopped. But the little game cock was not satisfied with this solution of a vexed question. He sent him a challenge by his friend Mark W. Alexander. Hindman accepted the challenge, and as he had choice of weapons, selected bowie knives. Each was to hold in his right hand a knife, and the left was to be tied close to the body. The place selected for the combat was Tunica county, Mississippi. The time, 12 o'clock at night.

The reader will observe that this altercation took place on the 6th of July, 1854, before Hindman and Cleburne had known each other. Cleburne heard of this bloody fight that was to come off, went to Dave Badham and learned the particulars. Cleburne said, "It must be stopped; it is brutal." Dave replied, "I shall meet him, and then there will be one peacock less strutting around to bully whigs." Cleburne then went to Mark Alexander, Dave's friend, and said, "This fight must not come off. In the first place the antagonists are not physically equal, and I do not consider it a fair and honorable fight. The conditions may be in the code, but I consider it brutal." Alexander said he was willing for a compromise if it could be effected without compromising the honor of his friend.

At this time Gen. Gideon J. Pillow was down on a visit to his plantation, and he and Cleburne being friends, Cleburne set out to find him. He found him at his house, and upon making known his mission, the general replied that he had heard of the affair and was going to see Hindman. Gen. Pillow was always a peace maker, whenever appointed a referee. Cleburne and Pillow fixed it up so that neither of the combatants' honor was tarnished. I never heard Cleburne say how it was done. If I did, I have forgotten it. In this instance Hindman met his full match in bravery.

In 1854 the democratic party had gained a signal victory over the whig party in Phillips county. For many years the strength of the two parties was about equal, the whigs always sending Walter Preston to the lower house of the legislature, while the democrats never failed to put in their Davis Thompson,



Dr. (George) Jeffries and Jas. C. Tappan. The senate was always democratic. At this election Dorsey Rice and Robt. Macon, both democrats, were elected. At this session the know nothing rage ran high, and some of our best democrats were leaving the old party and joining the new. (NOTE: William Dorsey Rice was the principal head of the American Party - the "Know Nothings" - in Arkansas). Hindman was a lobby member at this session. He took an active part in 1856 in the canvass of Conway and Yell, supporting (Elias N.) Conway, the regular nominee. This canvass and that of 1858 made Hindman a leader of the democratic party, and the Johnsons became jealous of him and were beginning to make quite a stir in the know nothing party. He made many eloquent denunciatory speeches to crowds who gathered to hear him. By his eloquence and fearless dash he became a favorite with the democratic party, taking sides against the old leaders of the party - the Johnsons - who had inherited their right from their father, Judge Benjamin S. Johnson. Hindman, as an ambitious politician, saw there was no chance for him but to join the Rector (Henry M.) wing of the party. This was in the canvass between Richard H. Johnson and Henry M. Rector for governor in 1860.

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In the contest for governor, Hindman took the stump for Henry M. Rector. So brilliant was his oratory and so forcible was his argument that he turned many of the followers of the Johnsons to Rector. Hindman, seizing on Rector's victory, rode the old war horse of the democratic party into the Federal congress. (NOTE: Hindman was Representative of 1st Congressional District, 1859-1861, the Civil War preventing him taking his seat for the term 1861-1863).

While in congress, Hindman was regarded the most brilliant speaker and the most forcible reasoner of his age, locking horns with the best talent the north could send against him. The time he was in congress, a little over a year, he was seen and felt by all within its walls. Hindman was after the Napoleonic stripe, both in civil and military tactics; he was a great admirer of Napoleon, and those of my readers who admire the bold dash of the French general, not always balanced by mature judgment and unselfish feeling, will admire the character of Gen. Hindman.

But back to the thread of our story. (NOTE: The fight which Dr. Nash now narrates occurred on June 3, 1856)

Hindman, in a speech at the court house in Helena, accused Dorsey Rice of selling out to the know nothings, and denounced him as a traitor and renegade from his party. It was said by Henry Mooney, a whig, that Hindman had stripped every vestige of political clothing from Rice and left nothing but his naked deformity. Rice left the court house in a very angry mood, as was to be expected, and determined to attack Hindman on the street.



He went home (he lived in the country), and returned the next day in company with his brother Jamison.

Hindman, hearing of their arrival and of their intentions, doubly armed himself and came to the drug store to see Cleburne. Informing Cleburne that the Rice brothers intended to attack him as he was going to dinner at Major McGraw's hotel (the old Fadley house), he said to Cleburne, "I want you to accompany me, and see that I have fair play." Cleburne said he would, if what he had heard was true, that the know nothings were going to back Rice. Cleburne was now a democrat.

Cleburne now armed himself with two derringer pistols, and they walked out of the store side by side, until they came to Wm. F. Moore's dry goods store on the corner of the street, (the northwest corner of Water and Porter Streets) when a pistol shot was fired from behind the door. This shot was fired at Hindman, but missed its aim. Another shot was fired at Hindman across the street, taking effect in his left breast. Cleburne then turned to see where that shot came from, when another discharge came from behind the door, taking effect on him three inches above the crest of the illium on the right side of the spine, and ranging upwards lodged underneath the skin, resting on the ensiform cartilage.

The gentleman who fired across the street was Dr. Maryatt, (NOTE: In The Arkansas Gazette reported as "James T. Merriott") the nephew of the Rice brothers. A braver man never stood in shoe leather. Hindman returned Maryatt's fire, which took effect in his bowels, but he did not fall. Cleburne seeing no one but Maryatt shooting, fired at him before he fell, his ball taking effect also in Maryatt's bowels.

This firing was done in much less time than it takes to write it. This statement was made to me by both Hindman and Cleburne, and is substantially correct.

Dr. Maryatt was taken into an office and soon died, after suffering agonies, but without complaint. He stated before his death that he was there to keep his uncle from being overpowered. The same capacity Cleburne was in and the only two who were seriously wounded. Maryatt was as brave a man as ever breathed the atmosphere of free people.

Hindman was taken across the street to an office of the justice of peace, and there his wound was dressed by Dr. Jos. S. Deputy, a noted surgeon. While Deputy was cutting out the bullet, which had struck a rib and running around lodged deep under the pectoral muscles, Hindman was smoking a cigar and laughing. There was a large crowd of know nothings standing around to witness the operation. When they left a friend asked Hindman if it did not hurt when the doctor was cutting, to which he replied, "Yes; but



do you think that I would let those d----d know nothings know that I cared for their bullets?"

Cleburne was borne to a room above Licurgus Cage's drug store. I was at my dinner when the summons came for me to go to Cleburne. The messenger stated that he w killed. I sprang from the table and in a few minutes was at his side, overcome with grief and stricken with sorrow. \*\*\*\*\*

For ten days and nights I watched by the bedside of my friend, giving him all the attention my strength would allow. \*\*\*\* As observed before, I found the ball just under the skin, and seeing the amount of hemorrhage from the stomach, concluded that this organ had been perforated in one or two places, and judging from the innocent position it occupied, I would not extract it, fearing a fistulous opening into the stomach, and hoping plastic matter would close the wound, was my reason for letting it alone. Dr. Grant concurred with me in this decision.

After the wounds were healed - the one in the back and the one in the stomach - and Cleburne was able to walk about the streets, Hindman proposed that they should make a visit to his father's and spend a week or so in the country, to which Cleburne assented.

The ball was taken out by Dr. Ellis, a brother-in-law of Hindman. This was a comparatively painless operation, and the wound healed in a day or so. He told Cleburne that my hope had been realized, and that the orifice had been completely closed.\*\*\*\*\*

It will be seen that Cleburne must have been shot by a man on the inside of the house and behind the door, who must have been lying down for the ball to have struck where it did and taking the range it did - an angle of 45 degrees."

"In the year 1856 Hindman was busy in his courtship with the beautiful, accomplished and simple Mary Watkins Biscoe. In this race he did not find that "true love ran smooth," for there were many warm admirers of the Helena belle to contend with, besides the opposition of the girl's father. So firm was this opposition that the old gentleman concluded to enter her again in college, saying she was too young to marry.

Accordingly, he entered her in St. Agnes, a Roman Catholic institution in Memphis, with strict injunctions not to let any one see her except a member of the family, or one of her two uncles. Hindman by some means was let into the secret, and assuming the name of her uncle Peter, visiting her at the college. There is strategy in love as well as in war, and it is said all things are fair in each. When this trick was exposed, the old man (Colonel Henry L. Biscoe) rose, stamped the floor, pulled his



hair, and said many bad words. The old lady cried, wrung her hands and threw a dusting cloth over her shoulders, crying, "The scamp! the scamp!" The old grandma sitting in her rocking chair was tossing her hands over her head as though she had St. Vitus dance, making long groans and grunts at short intervals, but saying nothing.

But all this was to no purpose, as Hindman had planted the seeds of love so deep in Mollie's heart that they were not to be eradicated by words or acts alone. These seeds grew rapidly into the flowering stage, and it was at this time, all things being reconciled, that the most beautiful and attractive bride that has ever been led to Hymen's altar by a noble knight of "politics," joined hands with her in the presence of Rev. Mr. Welch and a large assemblage of relatives, and renewed the promises he had made her when trying to win her heart. This marriage took place in November, 1856.

As might be expected, Cleburne was Hindman's best man, while Miss Maggie Tollison (who has been spoken of before) was Miss Biscoe's first lady. After the marriage a bridal trip was contemplated. It was decided that this trip should be to Little Rock, for two reasons. The first was that Hindman wished to make the acquaintance of the leading politicians of the state. The second was that Mollie wanted to make her uncle and aunt, Dr. Robt. A. and Mrs. Mary W. Watkins, a visit.

At this time there were no cars running to Little Rock. The trip had to be made by steamboat and coach, the bridal party consisting of the four above named. They took a boat at Helena for White river, and at Aberdeen disembarked for the stage coach. The weather was very frosty. When they stopped at the first station, Hindman alighted from the coach and ran into the house to get a warm brick to put to the small, cold feet of his bride. Dr. John W. Glenn, a noted wit, said to Hindman, "Go back and get the grindstone for Cleburne's feet." Cleburne had a large foot, and as he was then more than half way in love with Miss Maggie, replied in a very sarcastic manner, "I don't thank you, doctor, for your remark; you think it is wit, but it is nothing but low down personality." Glenn had to apologize."

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As said before, Cleburne was fond of discussion, and having that talent developed in his debating society, he came to the conclusion that his mind ran more upon law than medicine, and decided to take up this intricate study and devote his entire time, with his accustomed energy, to the prosecution thereof.

Knowing that medicine and law was as hard to mix as oil and water, I told him, if that was his intention, we must sell the drug store, as I had no desire to run it myself. He agreed to remain until we could sell out, which we did in a short time to



the Lindsley Bros. By this sale Cleburne was put in possession of about three thousand dollars, his part of the profits the firm had made." (NOTE: Cleburne had bought Dr. Grant's interest, and the firm was Cleburne and Nash. Dr. Nash and Cleburne dissolved their partnership July 11, 1853. However, Dr. Nash conveyed his interest in the assets of the drug store to Cleburne on May 1st, 1854. As noted before, Cleburne was admitted to the bar on January 22, 1856.)

He now entered the office of Judge Thos. B. Hanly as a student. After a year's hard study, cutting himself off from all amusements and society, he presented his application to the court for license to practice law. He passed his examination with credit.

The first case he had was one of a rich widow, who wished to eject a tenant. He was opposed by Charles W. Adams." (NOTE: Charles W. Adams, the grandfather of Helen Kellar, was, later, one of the seven Confederate generals from Phillips County) "As the two parties were of some wealth and influence, the case excited more than ordinary interest. The room was filled to hear the maiden speech of the popular young lawyer. As Cleburne had the opening speech, he used the testimony for his client with unusual force, and tried hard to invalidate the testimony of the defendant. As the witnesses were all credible, Adams must show in his rebuttal the inconsistency of his attack. Cleburne closed his argument by making an eloquent appeal to the jury in behalf of her widowed rights, saying that a gallant man should have more respect for the ladies than to draw them into court to defend their rights before the law. The whole house believed that the young lawyer had won his case, and the wish was father to the thought.

Judge Adams must now reply. He arose gracefully and with rather a subdued expression, knowing as he did that he had to face the beautiful and influential leader of her church, and that to win his case he must annul the pathetic speech which had been so eloquently made by her attorney.

Adams granted all that had been said in the widow's praise to be true, and that he, less than any other man, would for an instant drag a lady into court. But that he had not the making of the laws, and the law made no exception in cases of business contracts between men and women, but he should confine himself to the law controlling the contract. He produced the contract and read it with the names of two respectable witnesses attached. Handing her the contract, he asked her if she had not signed it, and if that was not her signature. On her replying in the affirmative, he pointed out the part of the contract which had been misconstrued by the lady, showing that she could not evade it, however ignorant she might be of the law.



Cleburne seeing that this interpretation of the law would destroy his argument, arose and in an excited manner, almost to anger, disputed some of Judge Adams' construction, to which Judge Adams replied in a cool, composed and smiling manner, saying, "Mr. Cleburne, I have no feeling in the matter whatever, and disclaim any intention of wounding the feelings of any one."

This was a case where Adams thought prudence was the better part of valor. The case was given to the jury. The verdict was adverse to Cleburne's client. He walked out of the court house, mortified and deeply chagrined, with the determination of posting himself better on the law governing contracts."

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"Cleburne and Mark W. Alexander, a young lawyer with the brightest prospects of any of the young limbs of the law in his day, formed a partnership, but this did not continue long, owing to the death of Alexander. The next year Cleburne formed a partnership with Berry Scaife and L. H. Mangum, under the firm name of Cleburne, Mangum & Scaife. During this partnership the writer moved to his plantation in Tunica County, Miss., with the view of retiring from the practice of medicine.

Cleburne must now find another home. He had lived in my family, with the exception of his first year, when he lived with Dr. Grant, continuously up to this date, 1858. But after this he visited us every week when he could leave his business. The partnership above spoken of lasted up to the breaking out of the war in 1860.

As I had been somewhat of a land speculator, a company in North Carolina, wishing to purchase a large number of acres of swamp lands, wrote to me to take the contract; \*\*\*\* I declined the offer. I took the letter over to Cleburne and told him he could make a fortune out of it, and it would be a stepping stone as a great land lawyer. He replied, "Doctor, I know nothing about lands, never having gone five miles out of the city, but if you will let me do the work and give me your advice about what lands I should enter, I will take the contract." He said he would take his part in lands, as he had no use for the money. I wrote to the company, and they accepted him as my substitute. He entered several thousand acres under this contract, which accounts for his having so many acres of swamp land." (NOTE: A majority of the lands entered by Cleburne were held jointly with Dr. John F. Hanks) "He would have been a wealthy land owner had the Confederacy succeeded. The legislature remitted the tax on these lands for two years, and seeing that his relatives took no interest in them, the state sold them for taxes. His relatives lived in the North.



Cleburne, at the first call to arms, joined the first company that was organized in eastern Arkansas, and perhaps the first in the State. It was the first company that formed the first regiment of which he was elected colonel. This company, called "Yell Rifles", he joined as a private. It was commanded by Capt. Ed. Cowley, who was at that time County Clerk. Capt. Cowley received an injury in the head, and Cleburne was elected captain, jumping from private to captain at one leap. \*\*\*\*\* Cleburne did not go out as captain of this company. Ed. Cowley was captain and remained its chief officer until he received an injury in the head which disqualified him from further service, and he returned home, from which wound he died. The writer knows whereof he is speaking, as he attended Capt. Cowley in his last illness. Whether the wound was received in the first battle in which this company engaged or whether by accident the writer has forgotten. From this company Cleburne was made colonel of the first Arkansas infantry, state troops, a regiment which "by confusion of records came to be called the fifteenth Arkansas."

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By this time T. C. Hindman had erected a handsome two story brick residence on the hill near the old Biscoe home - now occupied by the Catholics for a female college. This beautiful residence erected by Hindman is now occupied and owned by Mrs. Jas. H. O'Conner, the stepmother and half aunt of Mrs. Hindman. Hindman now had three children born to him, his oldest a girl, Susan Nash, named for her grandmother, now dead; Biscoe, a boy of unusual sprightliness, and a little girl whose name I have forgotten. She died during the war at Meridian, Miss. The two remaining ones, Thos. C. and Blanche, were born: Thos. during the war, I do not know where; Blanche was born in Mexico in 1866, during Hindman's flight..."

Hindman took his family with him wherever he went. At times they were a considerable charge to him, and on retreats a great anxiety. He took with him two trusty servants, a male and a female, who also went with him in his exit to Mexico. \*\*\*

In 1860 Hindman resigned his seat in congress and came home, to use his influence in getting the state to secede from the union. \*\*\*\*\* By a commission from President Davis raised a battalion in eastern Arkansas. In this effort he was greatly assisted by Dr. Aurelius A. Hornor, whom he appointed surgeon, and who remained assistant surgeon to Hindman's division during the war. Dr. Hornor had charge of the military hospital at Montgomery in 1863, and rendered efficient service in his profession, making many friends amongst the unfortunate sick and wounded soldiers. This battalion in Mr. Hempstead's history of Arkansas is called the second Arkansas infantry. If this is correct, it shows that Phillips County furnished the first two regiments and the first two colonels to command them. Giving this county



the honorable distinction of being first in war and last in peace, as Arkansas troops were the last to surrender. "

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Leaving Dr. Nash, in the scrapbook of Mrs. W. E. (Naomi Hays) Moore (in the possession of Mrs. Moore Tappan) we find an address by Judge M. T. Sanders wherein he describes the day Patrick Cleburne marched off to battle:

"Vividly do I remember the pathetic scenes and hallowed incidents that cluster around the memorable day he marched to battle. Orders had been received commanding the company to report for duty at Mound (Cheek) place in Crittenden county, a short distance above Memphis. The steamboat Judge Fletcher, furnished by the state government, arrived Sunday morning, April 27th, 1861, to transport the company to the rendezvous. Every preparation to embark had been made. The morning of April the 27th dawned with resplendent beauty and as its crimson sun light kissed the dew drop from the flower, the reveille was the signal for the "Yell Rifles" to meet at Magnolia Hall. The citizens of Helena had requested Capt. Cleburne to assemble the company at the Methodist Church before taking its departure. At the appointed hour the company formed on Ohio street in front of where the old court house stood. (NOTE: On the southeast corner of the intersection of Ohio and Porter Streets) There were 108 men in lien with the following commissioned officers: P. R. Cleburne, Captain; Edward H. Cowley, First Lieutenant; James Blackburn, Second Lieutenant; L. E. Polk, Third Lieutenant. The officers and men were in full uniform, with arms and accoutrements. The company marched thence to the church, which was crowded, and hundreds stood on the outside and hung in the windows, but seats were reserved in front for the company. (NOTE: The Methodist church at that time was on part of Lot 141, Old Helena, the east side of Cherry Street, between Porter and Rightor Streets) Religious services were had, and the holy Bible was presented to the company. Cleburne was pale and nervous and responded briefly, but his words were scarcely audible. The blessing of the God of battles was then invoked, and the final hour for parting with relatives and friends came with overpowering effect. Cheeks but a moment before flushed with the excitement of the hour grew pale, eyes filled with tears, voices broke down in sobs, strong men gave way to their emotions. Fathers, mothers, sisters, sweetheart grasped our hands in silence. Feelings were too strong and tender for utterance. Silently, with bowed heads we filed out of the church, formed into line and marched to the landing where the boat lay cabled to the shore. Here a vast concourse greeted us. The river bank as far as eye could reach was a solid mass of human beings. Hundreds of banners were displayed. It seemed that almost every hand waived a "bonnie blue flag."

A halt was ordered and Gen. Thomas C. Hindman, in one of the most impassioned and thrilling addresses that ever fell from the



lips of that matchless orator, bid the company in behalf of the citizens a final farewell."

Cleburne fell at Franklin, Tennessee, on November 30, 1864, and was buried near Columbia, Tennessee. Following the war, the Phillips County Memorial Association was formed, its object to take care of the confederate dead and to decorate their graves at stated times. One of the earliest acts of the association was the bringing of the dust of Patrick Cleburne from Tennessee and giving it a choice spot on Confederate Hill. In the U. D. C. scrapbook in the Helena Public Library we find this account of Cleburne's return to Helena:

"Helena, Ark. April 29th, 1870. The steamer Geo. W. Cheek arrived at our wharf this morning, having on board the remains of Gen. Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, in charge of Judge L. H. Mangum and Dr. H. M. Grant.

A committee of twelve gentlemen received and escorted the casket containing the remains to St. John's Episcopal Church, from which building at 1:30 o'clock P. M. they were borne to their last resting place in Evergreen Cemetery, near this city. (NOTE: Now called Maple Hill) The day's ceremonies were touchingly beautiful, and from beginning to end bore unmistakable evidence of the love and respect in which this people hold the memory of this lamented Celto-Southern Chieftain.

Long before noon most of the business houses were closed, and from noon until the funeral ceremonies were concluded, every business house in the city was closed and draped in mourning. The city wore the appearance of the Sabbath day, and here and there on the streets were groups of men discussing in subdued tones those incidents in the life of the deceased which endeared him to the people as a man and as a soldier. In the church the scene was singularly impressive. The chaste metallic casket containing the remains, wreathed in immortelles and other floral emblems of the Christian hope, rested on a bier just before the chancel. Around the coffin, in a semi-circle stood the pall bearers in full regalia of the ancient order of Masonry, for Cleburne claimed fellowship of the mystic tie, while the rest of the Masonic brethren, the ladies of the Memorial Association, the members of the fire companies, and other societies of Helena, citizens and strangers filled the church to its greatest capacity.

The day was beautifully fine, balmy and vernal. The golden sunshine streamed in through the windows of the neat and pleasant little church, flooding with a glorious light the thronged edifice, while the solemn tones of the organ, in sweet and touching melody lifted the soul on the wings of faith from the ashes of the hero martyr on earth to his spirit triumphant in heaven. (NOTE: Pat Cleburne had helped to build this little church on the southwest corner of Cherry and Rightor Streets)



The rites of the Episcopal Church having been performed at the first burial of the distinguished dead, six years ago, no religious ceremony took place in the sacred fane today.

A silent multitude of sympathetic friends, men who had slept with him in the bivouac, waited with him in the trenches, marched with him in the advance, and fought with him on the battlefield, and fair and beautiful women who knew and loved him as an humble citizen, as well as a Confederate chief, whose prayers ascended for him in the dark days of the war, and who for him now, "Shed tears as fast as Arabian trees their medicinal gum," paid silent homage to his departed worth.

From the church one of the most imposing processions that ever assembled in Helena escorted the remains to the cemetery. The Helena Cornet Band, with muffled drums and playing one of those solemn measured marches for the dead, which always stirs the blood with memories of the battlefield, led the procession.

They were followed by the members of the Water Witch Fire Company No. 1, in uniform, under the control of C. R. Coolidge, sub-marshal of the day, a fine body of men all these, and their appearance was one of the chief features of the procession. Then came the hearse bearing the ashes of Pat Cleburne, whose fame is not only national, but world wide.

On either side of the hearse the following gentlemen, in Masonic regalia, and wearing badges of mourning, officiated as pall bearers: Gen. J. C. Tappan, Maj. W. E. Moore, Judge H. P. Coolidge, L. Cage, J. S. Monnier, Judge George West, Capt. J. C. Davis, E. D. Pillow, Maj. Jesse A. Jackson, J. E. Burke, Maj. P. O. Thweatt, Captain J. C. Barlow, Captain W. B. West, R. N. Bailey and H. H. Smith. Then followed the members of Lafayette Lodge No. 189, F. and A. M., in full regalia, under the control of Dr. D. A. Linthicum, the Masonic marshal of the day.

Under the auspices of the Ancient Order, the funeral cortege moved along. Then followed the chief marshal of the day, Judge L. H. Mangum, the particular friend and law partner of the gallant Pat Cleburne.

Next came in carriages the ladies of the Memorial Association of Phillips County, bearing flowers, wreaths and festoons to deck the grave. Then citizens in carriages. Then a fine body of young men on horse back. Then citizens on foot. The procession was fully a mile in length, and was composed of the very best material of the intelligence, wealth and respectability of Phillips County.

Evergreen Cemetery is situated on the hills north of and immediately near the corporate limits of Helena. It has only recently been opened to the public and is yet in the hands of an efficient landscape gardener, Mr. (Leon) Archais, by whom it



is fast being moulded into "a thing of beauty."

\*\*\* Upon the most southern and highest of these hills, commanding a fine view of the city and of the noble river and the shores of the Mississippi, for miles up and down the Father of Waters, ample space has been set apart, consecrated to the Confederate dead. To this sacred spot, through the instrumentality of the noble ladies of the Memorial Association of Phillips county, have been conveyed and interred the remains of many a Confederate soldier. Here in their midst sleeps the impetuous, the gifted Hindman; and today, the Harry Percy of the Southwest, the adopted son of Arkansas, the dauntless Celt - the remains of the brave and gallant Irishman, Pat Cleburne, came to bivouac with the dead.

Up the winding, terraced road, the procession moves, the ladies of the Association have dismounted, and two by two, bearing their floral tributes of respect, ascend the way. \*\*\*

And now we are at the open grave. The coffin is lowered, and Masonic rites, grand, suggestive, imposing - and the beautiful moral teachings prescribed by the order to be read at a brother's grave, close the solemn scene. Singularly enough, the band is playing the sweet, sad air, "Home, Sweet Home."

And now "earth to earth" the workmen fill the grave, and trim and shape it carefully with the spade, and then, one by one, the gentle, loving hands of women strew the new made mound with the wreaths and crowns of immortelles and violets, and white roses, until the brown earth is transferred into beauty, glorified with floral loveliness and fragrance. Tears and blessings then bedew his grave. He sleeps well; his epitaph is written in the hearts of his people; his ashes to the earth, his spirit with his God. \*\*\*\*\*

"Copied from an old scrap book of Mrs. S. H. King, at one time secretary of the Ladies' Memorial Association, and turned over to "Seven Generals Chapter," Helena, Ark."

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General Hindman survived the war, went into exile in Mexico immediately following the surrender, returned to Helena, became embroiled in politics, and was assassinated on Sunday, September 27, 1868. His assassin was never convicted. Dr. Nash relates the following account of his murder:

"Hindman had many personal as well as political enemies, and it was thought some of them committed the deed. Be it who it may, it was a dastardly, cowardly act, perpetrated after night, when he was watching by the bedside of his old grayheaded



mother, in the act of giving her a dose of medicine. (NOTE: James M. Hanks, in his diary of 1868, stated that Hindman was shot from the southeast front window; that tracks approaching and leaving were found, but no other clues to the murderer. Jos. Maxey, the apprentice who teased Cleburne when he first arrived in Helena, was shot and killed this same day.) He was shot in the jaw and upper part of the throat, tearing a large part of the integuments away, and causing great hemorrhage from deep seated arteries.

A large crowd soon assembled, and Hindman came to the front gallery and spoke to them for some minutes. After alluding to the unpleasant altercation between himself and Clayton (Union soldier Powell Clayton, later carpetbag governor of Arkansas), he said, "I do not know who killed me; but I can say, whoever it was, I forgive him!" and calling to Col. James H. O'Conner, with whom he had had some words, he said, "Colonel, I beg your pardon; will you forgive me?" The colonel replied, "I freely forgive you, general!" Hindman then said, "I ask you then to take charge of my family and be a protector to my wife and dear little ones." (NOTE: Colonel O'Conner was the husband of Mrs. Hindman's stepmother and half aunt) The colonel promised to comply with his request. He then said, "I forgive everybody, and I hope they will forgive me." He then kissed his wife and children and sank into a chair, exhausted from the excessive hemorrhage, and breathed his last."

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CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS  
FROM PHILLIPS COUNTY

From clipping in U. D. C. Scrapbook  
in Helena Public Library

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"The following soldiers from Phillips County, what is now Phillips and Lee, was Phillips County then, went out to war, and nearly all went in the years of 1860 and 1861.

Keep this list for ere long the persons named here will have passed from memory, and will cease to be known as our soldier boys.

THE YELL RIFLES - It was named for Governor and Colonel Archibald Yell, and General Pat R. Cleburne was in the beginning a private in its ranks. It was ordered to Little Rock as early as February, 1861, by Governor H. M. Rector, to aid in the capture of the United States arsenal, located there. Pat Cleburne became captain upon the complete organization of the company, with Edward H. Cowley first lieutenant, James Blackburn second lieutenant, and Lucius E. Polk third lieutenant. It was composed of 115 men, rank and file, and contained in its original membership four men who acquired high rank in the Confederate army - Major Generals Pat R. Cleburne and Thomas C. Hindman, and Brigadier Generals J. C. Tappan and Lucius E. Polk. Cad Polk of Helena went out from Tennessee and afterwards transferred to Arkansas and promoted to colonel. On May 14, 1861, at Mound City, Tenn., the Fifteenth Arkansas regiment was formed, with P. R. Cleburne colonel commanding, though at that time known as the First Arkansas volunteers, and Cowley became captain of the Yell Rifles. The company began active service at Pittman's Ferry in July, 1861, under General W. J. Hardee. Later it was sent east of the Mississippi river and placed in the command of Albert Sidney Johnson. Up to this time it was still called the First Arkansas volunteers, but permanently changed to Fifteenth Arkansas infantry. The company took part in the battles of Shiloh, Richmond, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, Resaca, Pickett's Mill, Dallas, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Ezra Church, Jonesboro, all in Georgia, and Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., in November and December of 1864, and the last at Bentonville, N. C., in 1865, when its remnant surrendered with Joseph E. Johnston April 18, 1865. The Yell Rifles fought with the utmost gallantry everywhere and the long list of their bloody struggles fully attests their heroism. This descriptive muster roll was made April 1, 1865, and the original was used from which to make this copy. The original is the property of M. E. West of Helena.



# YELL RIFLES MUSTER ROLL

List of names of the Yell Rifles that enlisted in the Confederate service at Pittman's Ferry, July 23, 1861:

E. H. Cowley, Captain - wounded and disabled at the battle of Shiloh. L. E. Polk, first lieutenant, promoted to colonel since Brigadier General Cleburne died. J. F. Lanford, second lieutenant, C. L. Moore, third lieutenant, L. H. Mangum, first sergeant, discharged on account of wounds received at the battle of Shiloh, promoted to Lieut. Cleburne's aide-de-camp. J. F. Terry second sergeant, authorized by the secretary of war to raise a company. J. W. Clopton, third sergeant, detailed as clerk in quartermaster's department. P. H. Taylor, fourth sergeant, transferred from promotion to Humphrey Marshall command. R. N. Bailey, fifth sergeant. Q. Elliott, first corporal, died at the hospital at Nashville, Tenn. A. P. Lambert, second corporal J. A. Ross, third corporal. R. E. Barksdale, fourth corporal, killed at the battle of Shiloh. C. H. Bailey, corporal, clerk of division headquarters. W. B. Blankenship, corporal, transferred to Harden's escort. R. P. Boothe, corporal. W. G. Browdnax, corporal. J. M. Brown, corporal. F. B. Blount, corporal, disabled and on post duty. O. Burgell, corporal, prisoner of war. V. M. Burgess, corporal, musician. J. C. Barlow, corporal, transferred to Calvert's battery and promoted to sergeant and then lieutenant. M. B. L. Clark, corporal. H. L. Carr, corporal. C. P. Chandler, corporal. L. P. Dodge, corporal, transferred to Hindman's staff and promoted to lieutenant. L. G. Dade, corporal. E. D. Davall, corporal. T. J. Delaney, corporal. T. J. Dowity, corporal, in the A. C. S. department with brigade. W. Edmonson, corporal.

## PRIVATES

J. Essop, died at Clarksville, Mo., J. C. Gray, James Gillen, J. Goff, D. M. Gilbrath, discharged at Corinth, Miss., overage. J. Green. M. L. Hicks, discharged at Tupelo, Miss., for consumption. J. P. Hall, prisoner of war, J. W. Hall, wagonmaster, Smith's artillery. P. C. Hickey, W. A. B. Hill, T. Harris, transferred to artillery; T. L. Jones on the signal corps of Cleburne's division; O. T. Jackson, R. Knowlton, J. W. Kendall, W. H. Kinsey, R. C. Lanford, major A. C. S. department; S. H. King, A. C. S. department, P. Smith brigade; W. H. Lanford, Clerk A. C. S.; J. Lennon, killed at Chickamauga; P. Littell, W. J. Locke, O. F. McCrary killed at Shiloh; J. H. McGonigal, W. H. Mowson, P. Moore, J. M. Murphy, J. I. Mulky, T. B. Moncreef, J. Nanum, S. O'Neal, S. H. Phillips, W. H. Pierce, A. Quarte, A. P. Randall, prisoner of war, C. Ross, R. F. Rumbe, M. E. Smith, H. L. Smith, died of wounds received at Shiloh, J. W. L. Smith, H. H. Smith, W. W. Sellers, killed at Shiloh; W. H. Stone, clerk in medical department with Dr. Michel, J. W. Stansell promoted to captain A. C. S. A. M. Scott, prisoner of war; M. W. Sale;



H. A. Sale transferred to N. C. regiment and promoted; G. W. Sale, D. A. Simpson, W. P. Tollison, T. S. Thorn, W. B. West, transferred to Thirteenth Arkansas infantry and promoted to Captain; J. H. West, E. Wellburn, R. N. Yerby on detached service in Trans-Mississippi Department.

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MUSTER ROLL CAPT. JOHN CLENDINNING'S  
COMPANY - CO. B, 23D ARKANSAS VOLUNTEERS

Thomas Henderson has furnished the Helena Shield a copy of the original roll of Capt. John Clendenning's company, which went from Phillips county in the beginning of the civil war. The company was known as Company B, 23d Arkansas Volunteers, C. S. A. The roll has the following note on the margin: "July 4, 1863, all very quiet along the line. Ate green pumpkin for our 4th of July dinner, cooked with water only. Tom Henderson."

This was while at Port Hudson, when the Confederates were starved into a surrender. Gen. Gardner was in command. This was just forty years ago. A copy will be sent to the Historical Society at Little Rock. Here is the roll:

Captain, John Clendenning; first lieutenant, J. W. Greer; second lieutenant, Milton D. Norton; third lieutenant, P. W. Lane; John E. Acree, Andy Adams, J. J. Rosworth, deserted in 1862; Archibald Adams, L. Blankenship, killed at Corinth, 1862; John Bell, John Ballard, Alex Brewster, Elias R. Crawford, Joe Crouch, Jesse Cole, Geo. Cunningham, killed at Port Hudson, 1863; Dan ? ; Geo. McCulloch, deserted in 1862; James Carrington, Zephen R. Davidson, John Dollar, James Dozier, Alfred Daugherty, Cornelius Edwards, Robt. Ealey, Perkins Ealey, John Farmer, Bud Friar, Joe Fletcher, Jim Fletcher, Bill Goens, John Greves, John McGonnigale, Thos. Henderson, Andrew Henderson, John M. Hill, J. W. Humphries, Van Houser, Booger Hill, Henry Jourdon, Wm. Jacks, Martin Jacks, Stonewall Jackson, Bill Jones, John Lawlew, Lige Littlefield, Henry Lane, Wm. Moore, Jas. Mason, Jasper Marsh, Marion Marsh; deserted; Jas. Newnum, Jas. Norman, Wm. Orman, Wm. Orr, killed at Port Hudson; Jas. Page, Jas. M. Patterson, Jno. Price, Wm. Price, Robt. Patterson, Joseph Patterson, Jas. M. Quinn, Thos. Roach, Jas. W. Satterwhite, Jno. Saltsman, Oscar Sawyer, Charles Swanfield, Thos. Sexton, Henry H. Turner, Cread Thomas, Jordon Thomas, Thos. T. Willingham, Jno. Williams, deserted in 1862; Lon Wilson.

The only survivors of the above so far as known are Thomas Henderson, who furnished the list, Jones Peterson of Blackton, Elias Cranford of White county, and Bob Ealey of White County.

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ROSTER COMPANY F,  
SECOND ARKANSAS REGIMENT, C. S. A.

Captain - D. C. Govan  
Lieutenants - J. K. Phillips, R. C. Boyd, J. J. Govan, A. J.  
Calhoun, Longfield Loftain, W. T. Derrick.  
Adjutant - H. N. Hutton.

Bill Adams, --- Alexander, Lev Beaty, B. F. Burns, J. M.  
Burns, Peter Black, Silas Brandon, M. Brandon, Bill Claiborn,  
William Craig, Oscar A. Davidson, Frank Dill, Jim Doyle, Sam  
Daugherty, Frank Goster, LaFayette Foster, Ransom Folks, Thomas  
Freeman, W. D. Freeman, Dan Garey, Wm. Glover, Jim Glover, John  
Graham, Ed Grissom, Richard Harrison, Thos. H. Howard, Ed Howard,  
Wm. Hawkins, Pat Hailey, Sol Hester, William Harris, P. P. Harris,  
Davis Jones, L. Justice, Steve Kimble, B. F. Kelley, Nat Kerns,  
Obediah Kail, Robt. F. Lanford, Kit McCoy, Wm. McConnell, Lucius  
McBride, Robt. McBride, -- McCaffity, Lan Miller, James McFall,  
W. F. Motley, William Moxley, Harvey Minor, James McCool, James  
Nicholson, Marion Patterson, B. Perryman, Jack Perryman, Jimmie  
Quinn, Hiram Roberson, Jim Roberson, Joe Roberts, R. F. Riley,  
R. P. Rafort, Wm. Renolds, John Saddler, Lewis Simpson, George  
Sutton, John Short, Hal Slaughter, Jno. W. Shorter, W. S. Sawrie,  
J. M. Thompson, Ben Thompson, John Thompson, Chas. Thompson,  
Jake Thompson, Steve Tribble, J. M. Underwood, Don Underwood,  
Sam Underwood, S. Wardsworth, Alf Wooten, Joe Webb, W. A. Walton,  
J. M. Weatherly, Enoch J. Wall, F. B. Yarbrough.

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CAVALRY COMPANIES OF CAPT. WM. WEATHERLY AND  
CAPT. JOHN SWAN

In the latter part of the war two cavalry companies were or-  
ganized with Captain Wm. Weatherly and Capt. John Swan.

The entire roll cannot be found, but many are living who will  
attest to the fact they were in the last and hardest part of it.

Jesse P. Clopton, Jeff Thomas, J. Carr Turner, Calven Harrill,  
Vince Herril, Dr. J. H. Vineyard, Wm. R. Turner, Martin Combs,  
John McCoy, Wm. Goodman, Wm. Glenn, John Glenn, Bob Gambol, J. J.  
Underwood, Lafayett McGinnis, W. T. McGinnis, John Connelly, Geo.  
B. Turner, W. S. Turner, James Chappell, Newt Chappell, Wm. McGraw,  
Wm. Crumbo, H. H. Bellamy, James Calvert."

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## NEWS, NOTES AND COMMENTS

At the May meeting, 1963, the following new officers were elected: Mrs. Floyd E. Curtis, President; Mrs. F. A. Faust, Secretary; Mrs. Hesta McElroy, Director. Miss Bessie McRee is now our Membership Chairman, succeeding Mrs. Faust.

Our Society has grown from 64 charter members to almost 200 members in a year. Annual dues were payable in May, 1963, and if you have not remitted, please do so at once. The amount is \$2.00. Make checks payable to The Phillips County Historical Society and mail to Miss Bessie McRee, P. O. Box 629, Helena, Arkansas, or deliver to County Treasurer's office, Courthouse, Helena.

We still have some copies of the December, March and July issues of the Quarterly available. These may be obtained for \$1.00 each at the Phillips County Library.

Two of our newest members are Mr. and Mrs. Howell Purdue, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Purdue is writing a biography of Major General Pat Cleburne, and we are indebted to him for his help in locating the site of the Cleburne and Nash drugstore and other items. Our greatest Confederate General deserves more recognition than he receives, and we are looking forward to this Cleburne book. Incidentally, there should be a "Cleburne marker" - possibly on or near the site of the drug store, which is in the downtown area. The markers of the sites of the old Forts are beautiful and we should continue the job. Also - couldn't someone persuade Mr. Chas. Halbert to retain the name "Cleburne Hotel" and perhaps have a "Cleburne Room" or "Seven Generals Room"?

Mr. Ernie Deane, of the Arkansas Gazette, was in town this week, checking the location of the first steam sawmill in Arkansas, established by George King and Benjamin A. Porter in 1826. This site should also be marked, possibly at the juncture of Walker Street and the main levee, as the millsite was not far north of this point, with an avenue to the river.

The Quarterly still needs writers and articles. Won't someone contribute an article or two? Please?

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