

PHILLIPS COUNTY
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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The Phillips County Historical Society supplies the Quarterly to its members. Membership is open to anyone interested in Phillips County history. Annual membership dues are \$3.50 for a regular membership and \$5.00 for a sustaining membership. Single copies of the Quarterly are \$1.00. Quarterlies are mailed to members.

Neither the Editors nor the Phillips County Historical Society assume any responsibility for statements made by contributors.

Dues are payable to Miss Bessie McRee, Membership Chairman, P. O. Box 629, Helena, Arkansas 72342.

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

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ADDITIONAL MEMBERS FOR 1968 - 1969

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* Sustaining Members

In April, the Phillips County Historical Society will have been in existence for seven years. With each passing year, interest in the Historical Society appears to increase. This is evident from the growing list of members, and it is evident in the many suggestions made by members concerning possible articles for the Quarterly. People throughout the county, and elsewhere,

MATTIE JANE THWEATT DUBE

by

Betty McGinnis Faust

On my living room wall hangs an original oil painting almost one hundred years old. This picture was painted by one of Phillips County's foremost artists, Mattie Jane Thweatt. The subject for this painting is my Greatgrandmother Cook's open Bible with three open roses and rosebud from her rose garden on it. This Bible belonged to Mrs. James Cook, the mother of Sue Cook (see "Diary of Sue Cook" in the Quarterlies). The artist, Mattie Thweatt, was a good friend of Nannie Cook, one of the four Cook daughters and a sister of Sue Cook. Nannie Cook later married Rev. F.A. Jeffett, a Methodist minister and the father of the late Dr. W.F. Jeffett of Helena and grandfather of Frank Jeffett, now living in Dallas. Because of this friendship between Nannie Cook and Mattie Thweatt, Miss Thweatt was a frequent visitor in the Cook home near Helena. She painted this picture as a gift for the Cook family. It was given to me by my aunt, Miss Frances Cook.

There is a companion picture to the one in my living room in the Phillips County Museum. This painting is hanging on the south wall of the museum. In this picture there is the same open Bible as in my painting. On the Bible is a pair of old fashioned spectacles and in the left corner of the picture is a brass candlestick and candle. Both paintings are oil on canvas, about fourteen by twenty inches, in ornate gilded frames. The painting in the museum was a loan from Miss Margaret Crebs, a granddaughter of Mrs. Cook.

There is another oil painting by Mattie Thweatt hanging in the living room of Estevan Hall, home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schatz. This large painting depicts a ship at sea with full-blown sails. "Miss Johnnie" told me that her father bought this beautiful painting at an art exhibit in Helena held by Miss Thweatt to finance a trip to Paris, France, for further study.

And Mattie Thweatt did go to Paris to study. My aunt gave me an undated clipping from the Helena World, published about 1920, that reads as follows

Mrs. Theodore Dube, formerly Miss Mattie Thweatt, was born in Phillips County and maintained a studio in Helena in 1883. Following the then growing practice of studying abroad, she went to Paris, where, after suffering all the privations and hardships of art tradition, she was honored by having a still life canvas hung in

the Salon. She won fame as a mural decorator and portrait painter. She is at present living in Switzerland, although in ill health.

There is another painting by Mattie Jane Thweatt hanging in the living room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Jarman on Perry Street in Helena. Mattie Jane Thweatt was a cousin of Mr. Jarman. There was no relation to Judge P.O. Thweatt of Helena. This large oil painting belonging to Mr. Jarman is of Yosemite Valley and was painted as a gift for Mr. Jarman's grandfather, Amos Green Jarman. The painting is dated 1885 on the back. Miss Thweatt was a favorite niece of Amos Green Jarman. Mr. Calvin Jarman told me that Mattie Jane Thweatt was born December 27, 1854, the last of ten children born to William Archibald Thweatt and Mary Catherine Jarman. Her mother, Mary Catherine Jarman, was a sister of Amos Green Jarman. "Colonel Jarman" was mentioned frequently in the Cook diary since he lived on the adjoining plantation to the Cook's. The Jarman house was near the northwest corner of the intersection of U.S. Highway 49 and Arkansas Highway 1 near Barton. Mr. Calvin Jarman says the trees in the front lawn of the Jarman home are still visible from the highway even though the house has been torn down for many years. After Mattie Thweatt went to Paris, married Theodore Dube, and achieved fame, she returned to the Jarman home near Barton to visit. Mr. Jarman said that she wore the latest French gowns with trains sweeping the floor, and that she would hire a little Negro boy to carry her train for her wherever she went.

While Mattie Thweatt was living in Paris, she met her husband, Theodore Dube, who was also an artist. They had one child, a daughter named Theodora. When a young lady, the daughter Theodora fell in love with a young man who contracted tuberculosis. As was the practice in those days, he went to Egypt for the dry climate. Theodora followed the young man whom she loved to Egypt, contracted tuberculosis herself, and died there in Egypt even before the young man. Her mother, Mattie Jane Thweatt Dube, never painted again after the death of her daughter Theodora in 1916.

Mrs. Amos Jarman of Helena also has a small oil painting by Mattie Thweatt. The subject for this painting is a lace handkerchief with fresh cut roses lying on it. This painting was purchased by Mrs. Jarman from the home of Mrs. A.D. Adams.

Mrs. Fred Schatz has an undated newspaper clipping with further information about Mattie Jane Thweatt Dube. This article is entitled "Arkansas's Famous Painting" by Nell Cotnam. It is accompanied by a picture of "the famous Dube painting acquired by Little Rock Museum of Fine Arts." The article is as

have become more and more willing to take time to add helpful information to articles, and to write them. The disinterest which was often apparent a few years ago when questioning local residents about historical material, seems to have changed to interest. Approximately 160 articles of varying lengths have appeared in twenty-two Quarterlies in the seven years, and the surface of possible historical lore has hardly been scratched. Any and all are invited to add to the accumulation.

Mrs. John W. King, grandmother of John C. King, Jr., and a longtime member of the Society, died this past fall. She did not write articles for the Quarterly, but was very helpful in supplying information for others who did. Miss Lucy Sanders, librarian of the Helena Public Library for twenty-nine years, died in the fall. She was not a member of the Society, but was an early contributor, and she was working on another article at the time that she broke her hip. The Helena Public Library Association plans to place a suitable memorial to Miss Lucy in the Library.

A portrait of Major-General Patrick R. Cleburne which was copied from a photograph, was painted in 1930 to be hung in the new Museum. A portrait of Major-General Thomas C. Hindman was done at the same time and hung there. Recently another portrait of General Cleburne was offered to the Phillips County Museum by Dr. John L. Ferguson of the Arkansas History Commission. Mrs. Jeffries brought it back from Little Rock, and it has been hung in the Museum on the same wall with the portrait of General Cleburne which has been there all along. The newly acquired portrait, dated 1874, is a copy of another portrait of Cleburne, and though in very dark tones, is superior to the one which has been here since the founding of the Museum.

DOCTOR FRANCIS N. BURKE

by Albert A. Hornor, M.D.
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

The picture of the members of the Phillips County Medical Society in 1897 or thereabouts, as published in the Quarterly, September, 1968, showed among others Dr. Francis N. Burke, who was born December 25, 1828, in Concinnati, Ohio, and died in Helena, Arkansas, January 27, 1906.

Doctor Burke was known to have been of Irish descent and very proud of that fact. He was a great friend of Doctor Hornor who made sure every Saint Patrick's Day to get some shamrock from his sister's garden and take it to Doctor Burke, who wore it in his buttonhole as long as it lasted.

Doctor Burke was a great scholar in Latin and Greek. Many times Doctor Hornor told the writer that one should strive to know as much Latin and Greek as did Doctor Burke if one wanted to succeed in the practice of medicine.

For many years prior to his own death, Doctor Burke, who had lost his wife January 27, 1867, lived and had his office on the second floor of the building at the northwest corner of Ohio and Perry Streets. The first floor of the building was occupied by "Professor" Bagnall who ran the "Picture Gallery."

Doctor Burke is listed in the History of the Arkansas Medical Society, published 1943, along with Doctors Hornor and Linthicum as having served in the Army of the Confederacy. This I believe to be in error. The Veterans Administration sent the writer a copy of the war record of Francis N. Burke who was appointed Major and Surgeon, U.S. Volunteers, September 4, 1861. His service was in Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee. On February 19, 1863, he was "granted 20 days leave to settle accounts at Helena, Ark."

Perhaps "the accounts" he wanted to settle consisted of his desire to marry Evalina Coolidge of Helena, Arkansas, who was then 20 years of age. Unfortunately, I have been unable to get the wedding date though I do know their daughter, Mary E. Burke, was born December 27, 1865.

This daughter was always called Lizzie (so the E. probably stood for Elizabeth). According to Margaret Sliger Klotz, whose mother Maggie Carpenter attended The Convent, Lizzie Burke was one of that congenial group at The Convent which included Maggie Carpenter (later Sliger), Anna Polk (later Pepper), Zelda Polk (later Hargraves) and Susie Polk (later Keese). Miss Lizzie Burke died November 17, 1892.

Doctor Burke, after his "20 day leave" in Helena, was assigned to command the Jefferson Hospital, Memphis, Tenn., and later to command the Gayoso Hospital, also in Memphis. For the last month of his service with the U.S. Army, he was Medical Director of "The Department of Alabama."

In addition to his membership in the Phillips County Medical Society, he enjoyed being a member of both the Arkansas Medical Society and the American Medical Association. He is listed among those attending the meeting of the American Medical Association in 1880.

Unfortunately the writer has no recollection of specific achievements of Doctor Burke, but he was frequently sought in consultation by other physicians and his opinions were right and respected.

W

THE COTTEN CORRESPONDENCE: CONCLUSION

We have the meanest hands on our place, in the country. Martha is entirely under Claytons influence, and he heads all I've ever seen. No manner of politeness, but as insolent as can be. Clayton looked daggers at me, when I went there with my bed, and almost ordered me out of the house. I bore it quietly. Stayed 3 nights. Never before did I receive such insults from any one. For your sake, I bore it all. He dont want to pay me any money, & all the rent in the last cotton.

At Home, Feby 1st 1871

My Dear Wife,

I came here yesterday, bringing a bed, chair and covering, put all on my bed stead, & slept up stairs, over Ma's old room. My object in staying here is to get Clayton to settle with me, and hurry work up, as much as I can. I have been ginning all day, feel very tired tonight, but not too much so to prevent a pleasant talk with you on paper. How are you my dear ones, and how does the workd serve you, since I left, nearly one month ago. It gives me great trouble to be separated so long from my little family that are so dependent, our darling children, all being so young, and your not having a help, that I know of. Your life, I fear, is not pleasant, but trust it is.

If you could see things as they are here, I feel that you could sympathise with me, but not without. My loss in being burnt out, houses to build, etc., and having so much trouble all come at once, nearly crazes me. Oh, if I only had you to console me, to be with my dear family again, I feel will repay me for all the mental suffering I have endured. I expect the carpenters to begin work on the cabins Monday next. That was the arrangement when I saw them Saturday. I wish it was so that I could be with you all now, but tis best that I should attend to my business here, as no one else will do any thing.

It takes a time to get any thing done here, so much cotton still in the fields ungathered. I have sent only four bales to market. Tis harder to get work of that kind done, with me, than any other. Why, hands dont want to pay what they owe me, else the work could have been done two or three times over again. If you were here, I really believe one word from you would effect more than a weeks talk from me. Write me fully, & freely of all your trials & troubles. I know your cheerful, & happy disposition, & only regret that I cannot always be with you, & at all times, like you.

On Sunday, I went to see Bob Cotten, Minerva, & Winney. They were all glad to see me, gave me a nice dinner. All asked

after you & the children. It gave Winney pleasure to hear the children were so smart. This is a lovely frosty morning. I have just eaten breakfast, & Clayton told me at table that I must write Miss Fanny word that I drank sage tea sweetened with molasses, as he had no coffee nor sugar. If you would only write to him, through me, requesting him to go into the new house, when completed, that it is very necessary, as our expenses, after building, fencing, paying off workmen, their board, then our expenses, if we still remain in Tenn, will amount to more than the rent will come to from the hands on the place.

At present, I cant get any thing to do in LaGrange. If I could, it would help us get along. See Norton, if he cant give me something to do that will pay the rent of his place. Tell him I am hard up, & need assistance. Martha just came in, & says send her best love to Miss Fanny & the children, & old Mistress. Tell Ma all the old Negros ask particularly after her. I think of going to Jim's this week. Have been there once only. Tis so far from my business.

When we can return to our home, go to work, & have the place fitted up again, if I dont come & attend to it myself, our place is bound to go down. Dont you think so. There is only one thing I fear in bringing you all back. If we came, & any one of you should sicken & die, I never would forgive myself for it, nor get over it. My property here is being made too free use of & benefiting others more than us, in our absence, & every thing is going down hill. I must tell you that there is a quantity of water now, since the late rains. But then every one of the Ladies here stay at home, unless a circus comes along. They all turn out then.

I was awakened this morning out of a sweet sleep & dream about you, by Jake, but dont now recollect much about it, only we were together, very happy. Would that it were so this bright morning. Has Ma got right well. I hope so. Give her much love. I write you from one to two letters every week. I have rec'd but two letters from you, the last dated 19th Jany. Take good care of yourself dear Fanny, & the children. Don't try your strength too much & please write me how, & what you all are doing, & getting along. I want to know ever thing, as it is. Did you get the boys any boots, dear little fellows.

I have given you all so much thought, since I left you on the morning of 3rd Jany, & felt when leaving you, I had almost as soon see my grave, & start for this place without my dear ones. With you. I can be happy any where on this earth, without you most miserable. Good bye my dear kiss the children for me. Tell Lena kiss Mama over, & over again for Papa. With many prayers that I may return safely to my family, & find all well, is the wish of your most devoted loving husband.

N.H. Cotten

This is to Clayton and Martha. Tell Clayton I am very much disappointed in him. I thought he was a man of his word. Tell him he must remember that the money he owes us is our dependence for a living. Every thing in the world we live on we have to buy and pay high for, wood, house rent, washing, and provision; and then he is the cause of our having to be separated so long. To settle with you for it will be the best for him in the end to know he has acted honest and fair with you in all things and Martha the same. Good bye my dear darling husband Lord grant we may meet soon. From your own true and loving wife I send you many kisses.

Fanny Cotten

cr

Thursday Morning Feb 2nd 1871

My Dear Husband,

In one of your letters you said tell Cousin Clarence to see Mump Harris for you and see if he would go to Arksaw, or if he could get some white man that would like to rent. I said nothing to him, but applied to Mr. Osbourne. He is doing all he can for us. Write to him and make him some offer I think with a little insisting he would rent or work the place on the half. I told him you were depending on him. If I had spoken to him sooner, he could have gotten just as many hands as he wanted, now it is doubtful whether he can get any. However you had better write to him and ask him to help you.

I received your letter this morning written the 26th. I am perfectly willing to the move, will try and dispose of the things you mentioned and unless I can sell them for chash I will not have enough money to pay expenses (I mean traveling expenses). Write me exactly what to do in everything, what I must ask for the table, chairs, and bedsteads, and plows, hoe, and rake. Ma is well was to see me yesterday is very anxious about you wants to see you very much. Had a pleasant visit, at Capt Jones is much improved.

I feel much better satisfied to know what I am going to do, will wait with a great deal of patience for the time when we will meet again. I am well, the children too and look better than I ever saw them. They are delighted at the thought of going back to their old home to be with Papa and help him work. No one has been staying with me, I can live cheaper not to have any one, and no ones company supplies the absence of yours.

Mrs Landrum thinks our cow will have a calf sometime this month would it not be better to send her over before she has a calf. Lucian Swift wants to buy the cow he is going in-to the

dary business sell milk, and butter. What must I do with the supplies I have on hand. Miss Bet Yancey will take one of the bedsteads at 5 dollars and 3 dollars worth of coffee which will pay her for the boys schooling. Cant you get Brother Sam to come over and settle up your affairs and take us over. I would like it better and maybe he could get you some hands.

Mr Lanier is teaching school here in Mr Mansons place. I will try and get him to measure the land Mr Sims worked in corn and settle with Mr Sims. Mr Osbourne told me today he had seen Mump Harris he is opposed to going to Arkansas. Says it is too unhealthy. Tell Clayton we dont want the buggy we need the money, dont you think so. My darling I am thinking so much about you I cant write about business. I cannot think of waiting untill April to see you without crying you know what a baby I am. But dont force Clayton to leave the house for it is impossible to get hands here, they have all got homes for this year. Ask Bet if she will let us stay with her, untill you can have the two rooms put up. Tell her I will cook for her and do anything, to be with you. This separation is getting to be unbearable, I cant stand it much longer.

Dont you think I had better send the cow over next week. You can get some one to keep her untill we move home. I have not seen Alice since you left. Lee is still here dont know when he will leave. I commenced this letter Thursday morning after receiving yours of 26. Company came in and I did not finish it. This is Saturday evening warm enough to do without fire. The children are all out at play. I am sitting on the side of the bed. I have been lying down had head ache all day. When I think of you ~~afar away~~ and I here in this comfortable house, with plenty to eat, wood, and coal to burn I cant lie down unless I am asleep. Oh my dear husband how much I do long to be with you, You are not able to under go so much exposure and fatigue, and to think it is all for myself and the children and we here in this comfortable home. But I hope it will not be the case much longer.

The children have come in the house they send a great deal of love to Papa. Ida says she commenced a letter last week, but wrote so badly she was ashamed to send it. You must write every week if you can, and try and keep in good spirits and good health. It is the nightly prayer of us all that you may keep well, and we may be spared to meet again. Lena blesses you in her little prayer, and wants to kiss me every letter I get from you. I live in prayer more and more every day of my life. From your own true and loving wife.

Fanny Cotten

I will write to you again this week but writing dont relieve my heart. Nothing but seeing, and talking with you will do that

and I must do that soon. I cant stand this way of living for while we both live we must be together. Dont you say so too my darling one.

Lagrange Tenn Feby 8th 1871

My Dear Husband,

I have just received your letter written the first of this month where you say you moved up home yesterday carrying a bed and covering and sleeping up stairs in that cold room. My dear it will run me crazy for you to be over there exposing your self as you are doing and then to be insulted in your own house. It is too much. Tell Clayton I am astonished to hear that he would treat you so and tell him for my sake to do as you want him, to hurry up and pay you all that he owes you and the rent too for we will be compelled to have every dollar that is due us.

I dont know what we are to do. I have just had a long talk with Mr Osbourne. He says if you will rent your place to Clayton, get your houses up and come over here, and go up in North Alabama he thinks you can get hands and carry them over, have your farm put under a good fence and make a corn crop. Says he will go over with you, and I will go at the same time. I never will forgive myself for not going with you in January. The five weeks that you have been gone have been the most miserable I ever spent on this earth. You cant for your life imagine the anxiety, and care, I have suffered on your account. My face is seldom dry of tears day or night. I feel like I shall never see you again. The time seems so long, for you to have the houses built, cant I move over and stay in my old room untill you get the cabins up. I dont think we will then have any trouble in getting Clayton to give up the house.

Write me as soon as you get this. You say you have received only two letters from me. This makes nine I have written you besides one to brother Sam. You say I must write you fully and freely of all my trials. I have no troubles or trials except being separated from you. I have plenty to eat am comfortably fixed, every one is kind to me, Mr Morton, and Mr Osbourne are very kind. I have plenty of wood and coal, the children are well and very obedient, and good. They talk about you every day and wish they were with you in Arkansas.

Oh my dearest one if I could only be with you this evening it would repay me for all the mental suffering and anguish I have endured. Nothing on this earth can make me happy but to be with you. Get your brother to come over for us, you paying his expenses or if you say so I can come alone but had rather have some one with me. Write me exactly what to do and I will do it. If I am spared to be with you again it will be the happiest day of my life. Eddie is standing by me as I write with his arm around my

neck. He says dont cry Mama you will see Papa before he dies. Lord grant it my son is my prayer. Lena kisses me many times for Papa through the day, and every night before going to bed.

I have been alone every night since you left me, do my own cooking, but it is no task. Employment is best for me, it keeps me from thinking so much. I have some nice sugar house molasses have made nice cakes several times and the children would say save some for Papa but no Papa has come yet to eat cakes or any thing else. When I look at the place we lived last year it almost breaks my heart, and what must your poor heart suffer over there so lonely, and so shamefully and disgracefully treated by those contrary hands. Mr Osbourne thinks you had better get your money and rent if you can that is get what you can and fix things the best you can for this year. Let Clayton go on with the place you come back over here, remain untill September then, move your family over so that you will be there when the crop is being gathered and then you can have things all your own way and get every dollar with interest the hands are owing you.

He will go in with you and help you work your entire place, he will get the hands and manage them you having no trouble. He says you are not able to attend to a farm. He says if you come over now he will go to Alabama and get you some hands for this year if possible and if he can leave his business will go over home with you and help you in any way that he can. But you must write soon and let me know what you want me to do. I am willing to go to Arkansas and live in a log hut in the woods to be with you. I never want to be separated from you again while I live and never intend to while I have my senses.

I will leave the cow with Mrs Landrum untill we can get her, the table and stove with Mr Osbourne. My dear dont let us be troubled about things of this world but take things easy and (illegible). From your lonely and troubled wife

Fannie

She never did see him again. On February 1, 1871, he wrote the letter at the beginning of this article, and two weeks later he was dead from pneumonia. He had been buried three weeks before she learned of his death. Mrs. Cotten brought her children to their home in Arkansas and managed the plantation herself, with Clayton as overseer. Her husband of ten years was dead, but their love had remained strong and steadfast, and his last thoughts were of his beloved family.

On a night in the summer, one of the young children was ill and running a high fever. Mrs. Cotten sat near an open window

bathing the child with a cloth in an effort to reduce the fever. She sensed that someone was outside the window and called out, "Who is there?" Clayton answered, and when she asked what he was doing standing there, he told her he was worried about the child and wanted to be near in case he was needed. Nevertheless, the young mother felt uneasy; she told Clayton to hitch the horses to the buggy and come around to the front of the house. She hurriedly wrote a note to her brother, Major Black, who lived several miles away, and when Clayton came to the front door, she told him to take the letter to her brother. In the letter she appealed to him to get a pistol for her and as much ammunition as he could. He did as she asked, but teased her a little about it.

However, her marksmanship was no laughing matter before it was over. She practiced and practiced until she was an expert shot, and the news spread to all prospective enemies not to fool around at Miss Fannie's looking for trouble. Everyone knew she could shoot and thought she would, so the fright she felt that night resulted in her learning a method of protection that may have saved her life and that of her children, during the terrible days of Reconstruction.

A few years later many people were dying of malaria so Mrs. Cotten decided to take her family to a higher and healthier location. She chose Searcy. Her children had been tutored at home by a governess shared by three or four families in the neighborhood. They continued their education at Searcy, the girls attending the Female Academy. While living in Searcy, Mrs. Cotten and her son John taught at the Academy. Mrs. Cotten had received her education in Holly Springs, Mississippi, at Marshall Institute.

John and Ed died as young men, neither having married. Ida married L.J. McKinney. Lena married A.T. Blaine and they had seven children, three of whom still live in Phillips County, Mrs. Gordon Cunningham, Mrs. Marcus Howell, and John Blaine. Mrs. Cotten died in 1900, and was buried at Marvell, as were many members of her family

DR. DANIEL ANTHONY LINTHICUM

by

Captain Theodorick Clay Linthicum, U.S.N. (ret.)
Branson, Missouri

Dr. Daniel Anthony Linthicum was born June 15, 1826, in Bardstown, Kentucky, the son of Dr. Rufus C. and Eliza (Anthony) Linthicum. Of his early schooling, life in Bardstown and Medical Schools attended, I have no knowledge. This has been lost in memory or more likely never retold to me perhaps because of more important later life events of which most of the stories were told.

About 1845 he moved to Henderson, Kentucky and there married Phoebe Clay Johnson. He began the practice of medicine in Davis County, Kentucky. Of this marriage there were three children. The first was a daughter Blanche, who was born December 12, 1849 in Henderson and died in Helena in 1870. A son, Herman, was born in Henderson June 14, 1850 and died there in 1854. A third child, another son, who became Dr. Theodorick Clay Linthicum (for whom the writer was named) was born in Henderson, March 25, 1852, of which more will be written in another biography.

Dr. Daniel A. Linthicum engaged in the practice of medicine in Kentucky, in and around Henderson. In 1850 for reasons of health he sailed around Cape Horn to San Francisco. As gold had been discovered in California the year previously San Francisco had become a wild boom-town. Just how long he stayed there I have never been told. He did buy a gold watch shortly after arrival in the Western town. In 1950, for sentimental reasons I carried that same watch to a meeting of the Grand Lodge of California (Masonic) in San Francisco. The original works had been changed over the years but the case was the same. I still have that watch.

At the outbreak of the Civil War while practicing medicine in Henderson he became Chief Surgeon of Patrick Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps of the Army of Tennessee at Chickamauga. At the fall of Fort Donelson, Tennessee he was taken prisoner. As a prisoner-of-war he was sent to Washington, D.C. An Uncle Edward living at the time in Georgetown who was influential with President Lincoln was able to obtain his release. He was then sent back South on the probably correct premise that the South needed their doctors very badly.

At the Battle of Franklin where General Cleburne was mortally wounded, Dr. Linthicum observed the General with blood

running out of the top of his boot. He suggested to the General that he let him take care of his wounds but Cleburne replied that he did not have time just then. When he did have time it was too late for the loss of blood had been too great. Dr. Linthicum was cited for bravery five times on the battlefield during the war. Over the years in moving, these citations have been lost so that the author does not have any record of them at this time.

After the war, as I have been told the story, partly angered at the refusal of his native Kentucky to join the Confederacy and partly through the influence of General Cleburne he decided to move his family to Helena. They thought in those days that Helena was destined to become the great river port between St. Louis and New Orleans. The railroads however decided to build into Memphis so that bubble was broken.

It was in 1867 he moved to Helena and engaged in the practice of medicine there. His offices were on Cherry Street up a long flight of stairs. I have in my home in Branson his secretary desk and cane back and bottom rocking chair which was part of his office furniture for many years. Many people thought this desk contained secret compartments but having searched it carefully over the years found this to be untrue. The enclosed picture is of this desk. It has a filigree work top but the ceiling is too low to put this on. The glass is the original.

During Reconstruction days in the South as the story was told to me he became affiliated with the original Ku Klux Klan. This was described by Thomas Dixon as the Clansman, "The Invisible Empire of the South." In 1912 this story of "The Clansman" was made into the first full length movie by David Wark Griffith and shown as "The Birth of a Nation." After the Klan had served its original purpose Dr. Linthicum severed connections with the organization.

For some reason he had a great distrust for banks and always was said to have carried large sums of money in his pocket. During the execution of a certain criminal in or near Helena the criminal pointed to Dr. D.A. Linthicum from the gallows and said, "There is a man I tried many times to rob but his horses were always too fast for me." He always did keep a stable of fine horses.

It was said at the time of his death he had in his pocket about ten thousand dollars but that was never proved or found. Some thought he had money buried around his house in Helena and I have been told there were numerous 'Treasure Hunts' around the place for some years afterward but to my knowledge nothing of value was ever found.

He was a Charter Member and later President of the Arkansas Medical Society, President of the Tri-State Medical Society and always took a very active part in both. In 1887 he was a member of a Commission on Medical Legislation in the State of Arkansas. This Commission formulated a bill to establish the first State General Hospital in Arkansas. This bill however failed of passage in the Legislature.

The stories of his kindly deeds in and around Helena are numerous but over the years many of them have slipped my memory. On many occasions, living up to his oath, he performed good deeds in healing without any hope of remuneration. He came to the end of life's journey in 1899 and is buried in Maple Hill Cemetery. His beloved wife Phoebe survived him for twenty-five years. She died in Greenwood, Mississippi on April 24, 1924, the year I graduated from the United States Naval Academy. She also is buried in Maple Hill alongside her husband. It was from her I learned many of the stories of Dr. D.A. Linthicum's life which are condensed here.



THE DR. LINTHICUM HOME AT 810 McDONOUGH ST.



THE LINTHICUM HOUSE ABOUT 1910, IN THE PROCESS OF BEING MOVED FROM SOUTHWEST CORNER OF 800 BLOCK OF McDONOUGH ST. DIAGONALLY ACROSS BLOCK TO NORTHEAST CORNER OF BLOCK, WHERE AFTER BEING DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS, IT STILL STANDS AS TWO SEPARATE HOUSES FACING BEECH ST.

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Very truly

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It contains a short account of the Country we surveyed through, the places we stopped at, and the people we saw, besides anything interesting that occurred, and I have also occasionally inserted plats of the route.

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journey promised to be very pleasant, and I had been looking forward to it for several days, yet when the time came to go I must confess that I did not quite like the idea of going such a long way from home. The train rattled along past St. Marys and Topeka and at 5 o'clock arrived at State Line, where I changed cars and left by a train on the Missouri Pacific at 5:20 p.m. for St. Louis. We rolled along all night and at 6:45 a.m. on

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Monday, Nov. 14th we changed cars and crossed the Mississippi at Columbus, Ky. The night was very stormy and we were more than half an hour crossing. We then travelled on till we got to Humbolt at 9 a.m. and got breakfast in a tremendous hurry, and then left for Memphis, where we arrived at noon. As soon as we got what baggage we had out of the station, we took a hack down to the wharf and got dinner on board the steamer Thos. H. Allen, a stern-wheel Arkansas River Packet. After dinner we went into the city and walked about all afternoon. Being tired and sleepy with so much Railway traveling, and not having slept a wink for two nights, I turned in directly after supper, and had a good sound sleep. The steamer did not start until 2 or 3 a m on

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follows:

The Little Rock Museum of Fine Arts acquired a famous painting last month. It is a graceful wood nymph by a native Arkansan, Mme. Mattie Dube.

It was valued by the French government at \$50,000 and won for Mme. Dube a gold medal following its exhibition at the Paris art salon in 1896. This was the first gold medal, it is said, to go to a woman. She was made an officer of the French Academy with Palms of the Academy decoration.

The picture first came to Arkansas in 1929, when it was sent with other paintings by the artist, then living in Paris, to her sister, Mrs. G.G. Johnson, when it was sent to the Museum in Little Rock, Mme. Dube having already made provision in her will for the bequest.

She had become interested in the Museum through correspondence with her sister and had already made a gift of another painting, "Avant l'Enterrement," which hangs in the large central salon of the Museum and has been admired by many visitors. It depicts a woman in deep mourning placing a wreath on the bier of a loved one. It was exhibited in Paris in 1898.

The artist was born near Clarendon on the White River and as little Martha Jane Thweatt, she loved to draw figures on the pages of her blue-back spelling book. Her talent was apparent even then and when the first opportunity arose she went to Nashville, Tenn., to study and later to Boston at the Academy of Fine Arts under Carlson and Duglars. Her training was continued in Munich and later in Paris under Bougereau and Fleuret.

It was while she was living in Paris that she met her husband, Theodore Dube de la Garanne, also an artist. For many years they maintained a studio there which contained many works of art and carved teakwood furniture, so fashionable in that era, which was the gift of an Oriental ambassador.

The studio, located at 59, Avenue de Saxe, was described in an article which appeared in the New York Herald, Paris Supplement, in 1891.

Mme. Dube was a painter of still life when she first began her career, but later changed to portraiture. Some of her early paintings which hang on the walls of the Johnson home in Fort Smith were done before she began to study.

Mme. Dube held her first salon in Paris in 1890. Her first picture of a maiden was painted in 1896, and when it was exhibited in the salon of 1896, was so much admired that the Society of French Artists purchased it at a handsome figure, which gave the rapidly rising young artist great encouragement. She also received at this exhibition, as from the Paris exposition, a handsome gold medal.

In March, 1897, she painted a portrait of Mrs. Alexander McDonald of Cincinnati. The Commercial Tribune of that city in its issue of March 28, 1897, says of the painting and the artist, "It is a beautiful creation. In this last piece of work, Mme. Dube has shown a virility and charm and a careful consideration of values that mark her a master of her art." She painted portraits of the Kittredges and Burkes of Boston and of many New York persons of importance, including former Tammany leader, Richard Croker. Mr. Croker took the painting with him to his home in Ireland.

The first Paris exhibition in which she participated was the Champs Elysee in 1890. Her canvases of still life brought her much praise and the Society of Friends of the Arts purchased them.

In 1892, a canvas of a charming, simple city had great success and was acquired by an American by the name of Sturges who lived in Scranton, Pa.

In 1893 she exhibited at the Chicago Exposition. Her entry in the Paris salon of 1894 was a self portrait, life size. That same year she exhibited "Nyphe au Bois", the wood nymph that now hangs in the Little Rock Museum. A Paris newspaper at the time said of it; "A study of admirable execution rendered with a sobriety of detail and a coloring that won just praise from the jury."

Other than work exhibited, Mme. Dube produced many other paintings, among which were: "Affection Maternelle", that is in the collection of the Princess Lobanoff of Rastoff, and a number of portraits, including that of Miss Bruce, daughter of Senator Bruce of Boston; Marie de

Marquette of Michigan, which hangs in the town hall of Marquette; Mrs. Culbertson Stelman Eels, wife of a New York banker, and others.

She exhibited paintings at the Crystal Palace of Music and at the Royal Academy in London.

She stopped painting at the death of her daughter, Theodora, in 1916. She died on January 13, 1944, in Monte Carlo. Her last visit to Arkansas was in 1927.

When Theodora was three years old she posed for her mother for a painting called "Penitent." It shows a little girl, with fair hair knotted upon her head, looking down sternly at her doll, which seems to be hiding her face in her hands. This painting is reproduced in French and American schoolbooks, including first year readers in Oklahoma and second year readers in New York.

There are five known paintings in Helena today by Mattie Jane Thweatt Dube, the Phillips County artist who achieved so much fame throughout the world. Perhaps there are more. Is there one in your home?



THE DIARY OF FRED B. SHELDON

Fred Sheldon's diary is owned by the Phillips County Museum, and it will be published in the Phillips County Historical Quarterly in several installments. A letter written by Mr. Sheldon's sister to the late Mrs. Margaret Ready is used here as an explanatory foreword. The letter was written sometime after 1927, the year of Mr. Sheldon's death.

My dear Mrs. Ready,

I am sending you the Diary kept by my brother Frederick Beaumont Sheldon during his early stay in and about Helena. Fred was born in Manchester, England, Jan. 27, 1856; when business circumstances caused the family's removal to America, he was 14 yrs. of age, but so unusually advanced educationally, that it was found useless to send him to a Kansas school of that date; he had passed his Oxford exams the youngest in England. An opportunity presented itself by which he was able to start with an engineering corps, surveying for a line from Helena to Clarendon, and, beginning at his start from his family and home, he kept a Diary for the benefit of his father and mother. The Diary was sent to his Grandparents in England, and came back into his hands in 1921 - also a letter which he had written to his Grandfather, and which told of a cyclone in Helena. The re-reading of these fired him with the desire to return to Helena and see who were left of the very kind and valued friends he had made while there.

On the 40th anniversary of his marriage to Harriet Thrall of Columbus, he returned with his wife, and, as Mr. Hanly and I were with them, I can assure you, that I remember no event that has ever given my brother more pleasure. The cordial reception, the wonderful growth and civic improvements all tended to make this experience a delight to the end of his life. Naturally many graves were found bearing familiar names, and now he has gone to join his old friends.

Mrs. Sheldon feels that there could be no more

suitable place for the Diary to rest than in the Historical Society Room at Helena, and, as its author desired that it should be sent to you for that purpose, I am enclosing it, with very best wishes for the future of the Helena he loved.

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charge us 75 cents for every meal we eat there. I saw this would not do for me, so I determined to have one last desperate hunt for the Offices. Just as we were setting out for our hunt, the clerk at the hotel pointed to a man who was striding along down the street and told us that was Cass Gregg. We made a dart at him and overtook him. He told us he was the only one in town and that the party was twenty miles out, and would not be in for some days. He was waiting for a leveller named Tappan, whom he expected would arrive every boat. He did not come for two days and so we had to lay around town all Wednesday and Thursday, but Cass and I slept up in the office and boarded at Mr. Quinlin's, where we had to pay only 50 cents a meal. At last however on

Friday, Nov. 18 James Alfred Tappan Esq. put in an appearance, and declared his determination in rather emphatic language to leave that town in the afternoon. In the afternoon therefore he got ready to start, but as he said he only wanted one man, and I had only 75 cents left, I made up my mind to walk out to the party and get work to do. Fortunately for me however he remembered his overcoat, and asked me to go with them and carry the overcoats. So we left John Hale in town and started out. Tappan carried the overcoats, Cass the level, and I the rod. We walked out about two miles, and then commenced work in a cottonfield near the road, where the last leveller had left off work. It was late in the evening when we commenced, so we only had time to run about half a mile, and then started out to Mrs. Lambs house, where the transit party had stayed. She took us in, and entertained us until supper time. We had a good supper, and then went into the front room & she introduced us to a young woman named Mrs. Bonner, who was an invalid and entertained us with accounts of how many bushels of pills and Gallons of medicine she had taken. This lady had a very unpleasant habit of taking snuff. We went to our room about 8 o'clock, and slept soundly till about 6 o'clock, when we were waked by some one knocking at the door. On shouting, "Come in," one of "Afric's sable sons" (to use one of John Hale's expressions) informed us that it was time to get up.

Saturday, Nov. 19: After breakfast we paid our bill and set off to the line. We levelled through open fields for about a mile and then came to a cane brake. We eat dinner about 1 o'clock, and then went on about another mile, and started out to the road which was about a mile and a half from the line. The nearest

house belonged to Allen Polk, but he and his family were away from home, and so we had to wait until "Master George" the overseer came in from the fields. It was nearly dark when he came, but he did not want to take us in, however we talked him into it at last, and he agreed to keep us until morning, if we could sleep three in a bed. We were so tired that we would have agreed to sleep on the floor, sooner than walk any further. He ordered supper and when it was ready we did our appetites justice, and then went to bed.

Sunday, Nov. 20. We got up about 7 o'clock, and sat around until 10 when we had breakfast. The morning was dull and cloudy. Tappan hired a mule and rode into town. There he met Mr. Miller, and got several letters amongst them one from home for me. After dinner Cass and I talked Master George into a good humor, and when Tappan came home we did not care to set out in quest of better lodging for the night, especially as it rained torrents, so we spent the evening there, and the night also. We had some bear meat there, and all enjoyed it very much.

Monday, Nov. 21st. We set out to work at half past ten directly after breakfast. The day was very hot and we could not make more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. We got into the woods below Frank Boushes farm, and went up to his house to see if we could stay all night. He was in town, but Mr. Sanders his wife's brother said we could stay, and he would try and make room for us. We had not been there more than 5 minutes before a wagon stopped in front of the house, and the whole transit party walked in, and said they had come to stay all night. They were going into town to wait a few days while the transit - which had been broken by a falling tree - was taken to Memphis and repaired. How they managed to accommodate us all, I am sure I cannot imagine, but they did for all that.

Tuesday, Nov. 22nd. We left Boushes soon after breakfast and carried our dinner in a nice little basket, which they lent us, and which afterwards proved exceedingly useful to us on the whole of the survey. We had a great deal of trouble in levelling through the cane breaks which skirt Boushes land, but towards dinner time we got out into the open fields and at night after running about 2 miles we found ourselves close to Cologne's store, where we had supper. As they were not able to accommodate us

with beds, we went down to a house about half a mile from the store, where a man named Edy lived. It was a large house and stood in a small park, but the gates garden and house itself all showed such a look of negligence, that it was unanimously agreed on, by the levelling party of the Arkansas Central Railway, that the occupants were natives of the wilds.

Mr. Tom Jones owns the plantation and has since removed to it, so it does not look like the same place.

Wednesday, Nov. 23rd. Early in the morning we got up and went to Cologne's — which store, notwithstanding its good name, had a kind of a cheese and bacony smell. Mrs. Cologne had a nice breakfast ready for us, which we helped her to dispose of, and then set out, with a basket full of dinner, to find the line. We ran about a mile and a half, and then came to an old deadening, which for the benefit of people in prairie countries I will explain the meaning of. In a woody country like this every man has to clear his land before he can farm it, and them sometimes a piece of land thus cleared is not rich enough to make it worth while to the farmer to cultivate it, so it lays still and weeds and briars spring up together with young trees, and in two years it forms an impenetrable brier patch.

At night Tappan went to stay with a man named Bibbs who lived close to, and Cass and I stayed with a man named Stoakes who treated us very well indeed.

Thursday, Nov. 24. Tappan came for us about 8 o'clock and we went to work. The day was very fine, and as we ran through woods all the way, we easily made 3 ½ miles and got to Big Creek at night. Cass took us to Derricks. This worthy gentleman's house is noted for the number of goats playing round it, and pleasant smell created by them (is wafted oer the hills of Big Creek on the wings of every breeze — Poetical License.) and to the nose of any mortal so unlucky as to be within half a mile of the house. The worthy gentleman himself was not at home and was not expected till Sunday night, when it was hoped that he and his team would come home from a brick-hauling expedition. However we were received into the bosom of the family and introduced to or rather introduced ourselves to Mrs. Der-

rick, Floyd D. and wife, Miss Lu, Miss Sally, Bill, Judy, Leigh, and Sydnie. This last named, I noticed, had a great desire to take anything Leigh had for himself, and poor Leigh had a great propensity for getting his ears boxed if he didn't give it up immediately. Frank their hired man (afterwards axeman for Tappan) was also at home. We sat in the well ventilated room, appointed for our bedroom, — for it was indeed well ventilated, being composed of rough hewn logs, without ceiling, weatherboarding or anything to cover the gaps between the logs, and there were only two panes of glass in the window.

After supper we went into the family room, and were being entertained and over powered with accounts of Floyd's exploits during the war (I really forget how many Yankees he had killed with his own hand), when the "distrik skule teacher" as Josh Billings would say arrived with all her "skolers" and commenced singing the song "Oh put me in my little bed" for our benefit, and I thought of asking Miss Hawthorne, the school teacher to excuse them, so that they might go to bed, but they seemed to enjoy themselves so much, either from fear of their teacher, or from a kind of self denial, that I kept my ideas to myself.

Miss Eddy asked us to return home with them and have a dance, which we of course did. Cass being rather bashful made use of, an excuse to go and get his handkerchief, to go to bed. We went on and danced till about 10 o'clock, and then I started home with Bill Derrick, and left Mr. Tappan to bring the Misses Derrick home. I got into bed with Cass, and Tappan when he came in went to bed in the well-ventilated room, but had not been asleep ten minutes (so he said the next day) before Bill and Frank came in and laid down one on each side of him. Bill keeps up one continuous fight all night in his sleep with some imaginary enemy, and Frank snores very loudly, so we will leave poor Tappan sleeping under difficulties.

Friday, Nov. 25th. We got up early but the Derricks were by no means of the opinion that the early bird catches the worm, which proved only too true, for we got up at six, and didn't get a bite of anything until after eight o'clock when we were regaled on bacon and corn bread. After this kingly repast Mrs. Derrick filled our basket, and we set off on our daily errand and duty; namely work.

We crossed Big Creek and worked along across Derrick's field and into the woods on the west side of it. Big Creek is a deep narrow stream and its banks are lined with Cypress trees. After levelling about 2 ½ miles we found it was time to seek lodgings for the night, but, as there were no houses near, we had the pleasure of walking back to Big Creek to our old quarters.

Saturday, Nov. 26. We did not get up till eight o'clock, having determined to see if we could get the worm without being so early. At noon we left our instruments on the line, and took our dinner down to a house about a quarter of a mile away to see if we could get some water. An old man named Holland who lived there gave us a jug full of butter-milk and we eat our dinner. When we got back to the line we found a note directed to Tappan lying on top of the level, and a minute afterwards Johnnie Hale came out of the bushes on a horse, accompanied by the son of the old man who gave us the milk.

He lived about a mile further on and said the line ran about 30 feet from his house. So we went on as quickly as we could, soon got up to his house, and stopped work in his yard. Being Saturday night we determined to spend Sunday with him, as he was very agreeable and accommodating.

Sunday, Nov. 27. There was no church any where near, so we had to spend the day indoors. I wrote several letters, and then took a walk round the farm, and looked at the gin and cotton-press. In the afternoon some of the transit party came to see us. We went to bed early and had a splendid night's rest. There was a fellow there named Bird.

Monday, Nov. 28. We left Holland's after an early breakfast and made about two miles. It poured all day, but as there were no houses near we went ahead. About night we got to Lunsfords place, about 300 yards South of the line, and stayed the night there. It was a very miserable place. We had poor coffee and had to sweeten it with sorgum.

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CENTRAL CEMETERY

by

Dale P. Kirkman

Central Cemetery, in the old community of North Creek, Phillips County, some two and a half miles north and west of Walnut Corner, was started about the same time as Maple Hill Cemetery in Helena - 1865. This is not old by national standards, but it is old in Phillips County. Central Cemetery must have been started by the Williford family who lived a short distance from the site, in a house remembered by many today. The four oldest graves are Willifords, and they were the only burials from 1865 to 1872.

The Willifords were also responsible in great part for Central Church. At some time in the last century, lumber which had been ordered to build a wing on the Williford home was found to be in excess, and it was used to build a church in the center of the cemetery. Probably several families in the neighborhood contributed funds for the erection of the church and for the land it stood on.

This church was a real church, not just a chapel for cemetery use. Perhaps the church came first, or in the very early years, and the cemetery grew around it, as was often the case. The earliest burials, those of the Williford, Nicholson, Brookes, Shands, Crebs, Terry, Slate, and Carruth families, all occupy a middle part of the cemetery, and it is easy to believe that the position of the church might have influenced their location.

From 1854 to 1870, the quarter section in which the cemetery is located, was owned by Peyton Randall. Its next owner, and probably the owner contemporaneous with the building of the church, was Green C. Sellers. As early as 1873, tax record books, in describing the quarter section and its ownership, excepted three acres as "church property." This exception was described as two acres in records of 1899, but had grown to four acres in records of 1922, and remains a parcel of four acres at the present time. The church has long been gone, a victim of changing times, lack of use, and vandalism.

The old North Creek community was some years older than Central Cemetery. It was a U.S. Post Office as early as 1848, Lee Dade, Postmaster, and to be a post office, it had first to be a settlement of a little size. It must have been one of the earlier settlements of the county. The post office itself at one time was in a cottage in the yard of the Williford home, down the road from Central Cemetery and across from Hicks gin. In 1917, the post office was discontinued for good, and its business was transferred to Lexa.

Before the days of Central Cemetery, the community may have used as burial grounds the Camp Ground Cemetery near Wy-camp, described in the June, 1968, issue of the Quarterly, and family plots. Perhaps the people at North Creek wanted something more convenient and central, thus Central Cemetery.

Many old country cemeteries fall into disuse, become derelict, and are virtually abandoned. This has not been the case with Central Cemetery, however, as of the approximately 250 legible stones and about fifty illegible markings, half are burials since 1920. There have been as many burials in the last six years as in the cemetery's first twenty-five years.

Various ones through the years have shown an interest in the cemetery, and have made efforts to maintain it. Following World War II, Mrs. Gertrude Gist and Mrs. W.T. Ginn of Lexa re-organized the Cemetery Association. There was no permanent work crew, and prisoners from the nearby county farm dug the graves. There is still a Central Cemetery Association, and at its meetings it faces the problem which is a frequent one of old cemeteries - finances. The cemetery is kept up by voluntary contributions, and that is a method by which the few pay for the many. The following is a list of family names in Central Cemetery:

Abbott	Christian	Gregory	Luke
Aber	Clark	Gwin	McCulloch
Allen	Clements	Hale	McDawell
Baggett	Colvin	Hammons	McDonald
Barger	Cook	Hamond	McGrew
Barnes	Cooper	Harris	McGuire
Belsha	Cox	Hicks	Mallard
Boddie	Crebs	Holland	Malone
Bonner	Davenport	Hopkins	Matthews
Bradford	Davison	Howard	Middleton
Brantley	Derrick	Huggins	Moneymaker
Brazzell	Duncan	Hunnicut	Monroe
Brookes	Dunlap	Hurt	Mooney
Brown	Early	Ivy	Moore
Bryant	Ermer	Jarman	Morrell
Burch	Estese	Jeffers	Murphy
Burges	Ferrill	Johnson	Muscolino
Burns	Figures	Jones	Nicholas
Burton	Floyd	Kimbrough	Nicholson
Bush	Foley	King	Padilla
Campbell	Franklin	Kloene	Patching
Carruth	Garnett	Lane	Patterson
Chandler	Gist	Langston	Person
Chappell	Gorden	Larkin	Rial
Cheek	Gossett	Lee	Richardson
Chisum	Green	Lucas	Roberts

Rodgers	Slate	Venable	White
Ross	Smith	Von Kanel	Wiley
Sallis	Tallman	Walker	Williams
Schmidt	Terry	Wallace	Williford
Sellers	Thompson	Warfield	Wilson
Shackelford	Threlkeld	Waters	Wooten
Shands	Tilson	Welsh	Young

Much of the above information was furnished by Mrs. F.W. Schatz, Mrs. Gwen Aston, Mrs. Mary Sayle, and Miss Dorothy James. A copy of the burials and burial dates at Central Cemetery is in the Phillips County Library.

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The following letter gives a great deal of information about Central Church and the Central neighborhood. It was written by H.W. Cook of Los Angeles in answer to his niece, Betty Faust, who had asked him for information of Central Church and Central Cemetery.

November 26, 1968

Dear Betty,

... Little sister Sue was born in 1883, March 4th, and was baptized that summer by old Bro. Grenade, who was our preacher at old Central Church that year. As fine looking as they ever get to be with lots of gray hair, side burns and well kept whiskers about three or four inches long. William Cullen Bryant type. Little Sue had on a dress that almost came to the floor as he held her in his arms. The marble topped table that saw its last days in Miss Janie's house was in our parlor at the time over against the wall next to Sister's room. On the table was a little saucer of water, and as Bro. Grenade dipped his hand in it and applied it to her head I still remember how laughingly she looked up at him. and we all laughed and smiled to see such fun ... I was nine and she six when she died Sept. 27th, 1889.

You asked for something about that old Central Church. Well; I have been giving it much thought, and for the life of me can't

think of a thing about it except it was where us Methodists, and free wheelers gathered every second and fourth Sundays to hear "The Word." About half an hour before services began several of the farmers from around those parts gathered and sat on the big old roots of a big sweet gum tree - about five feet in diameter - that made a wonderful shade, and a good cool breeze.

There was much talk about weather, crops and political situations. You may remember in one of James' letters he talked about old man Liggon always being there the first one, and he was always whittling on a beautiful white oak walking stick that he was making. The handle part was always rounded smooth at the top and nice and smooth and rounding about four of five inches down to where it was about one inch square, and square all the way to within a few inches of the bottom end, where it tapered off to be round again and about three quarters of an inch in diameter at the bottom. On all four of those square corners he would cut notches from top to bottom of the square section. I have often wondered if he ever worked on one anywhere besides those few minutes at the church, while about half a dozen of the good old friends and neighbors visited together while waiting for the minister to pull out his big old fashioned watch and chain and announce that it is time for services to begin, which spoiled the balance of the day for me. I had much rather sit on my old tree root and listen to the various men talk than to go inside and listen to the minister talk.

I well remember about every Sunday seeing Dr. Richardson drive up and hitch old Simon to his own private hitching place under an enormous oak tree in quite a ways from the road. That was long before he and Annie Sue Keese were married in the early half of the gay nineties. Miss Janie was bridesmaid, or something, at their wedding. She and Mr. Ras were married on her birthday, Jan'y 28th, 1896, when I was sweet sixteen. Of course, Dr. Richardson being lame as he was couldn't hunker down on those big old tree roots as most everyone else did, but he had a way of holding that gold headed walking cane of his back of him and about half sat on it. Walter and Jesse Bush would sometimes be there, but not too often. Robert Warfield and Charley Warfield were always there, and it was always Charles that was told by Robert to go out and hitch the horses for any ladies that drove up. Old Scott Robinson, the church janitor, was always around doing most of the hitching of the horses, and Charles was just mostly acting as escort, escorting the ladies into the church, and making them always feel so welcome.

The church had two front doors and ladies went in one on left side of building and gentlemen in one on right hand side. Boss and Jim Hicks were sometimes there, but neither there too often. Mr. Robinson who lived within stones throw of church was sometimes there also. I remember him as being rather a large tall

man, and quite red faced. Remember he had two very lovely daughters - Sue and Minnie - and son about my age named Sam. They were there sometimes.

After I got along in years and could read, James and I used to often prow around over that old cemetery and read names on the markers. Many that had never heard of, that had been buried there years and years ago. Uncle Harry Crebs first wife was buried just to the back of the church about fifteen feet ... as I remember. The Warfields' lot had iron fence around it and beautiful monument after Mr. Robert Warfield died along in the gay nineties. Dr. Richardson also had iron fence around his after the death of his brother, Bryan, and his father who also passed away in the same old gay nineties. I was pall bearer for my first time when the Doctor's father passed away, when I was about seventeen or eighteen. Out to the right, and a little to the front, a neighbor (whose field we used to walk across when going to that famous Barton school where our sister, with much effort, pounded into our thick heads some of those three "R's") died and there were only about six of us at that funeral. After we had finished filling the grave, Mr. Jim Belsha, who ran the jottum down store at Barton asked if someone wouldn't say a word, which my father did. So that was the last of Mr. Tom Wallace whose field we walked across many many times, and whose home we drove in front of many, many times as we went to Barton horse back or in the buggy, but never remember of ever seeing him more than half dozen times.

As for the inside of the church there is not too much I can say, as there was not very much there to tell about. Of course there were benches, or pews. Each about ten or twelve feet long, and placed so as to make two aisles, and three rows of benches. Think the middle row benches were a little longer than those on each side. As one came down each side of the pulpit there were four long benches, and that was called "THE AMEN CORNER." From the days when I wore those beautiful extra long dresses to about 1896 or 97, I was nearly always there when there was any preaching going on and I never remember seeing anyone sitting in that amen corner.

Men always sat on right hand side, as you went in the building, and ladies sat in the middle seats. Seldom did anyone sit on seats on left hand side. Don't remember ever having any musical instrument in the church until Mr. George Warfield married Miss Mary Allwell of Clarksville, Tenn. and she came to live with the Warfields in that lovely old Warfield home that had a Christian foundation that all the angels of Hell couldn't shake. I never did know who gave the organ but after this newcomer to the community, she was always there to make it make wonderful singing music. "Ole Miss" the mother of all the Warfields, my mother, Mrs. Geo.

Warfield, Miss Lizzie Warfield, and two or three other stragglers that sometimes came in were about the only lady singers, and the preacher was about the only man singer we ever had; except sometimes we would have a protracted meeting along in August, but don't think there were more than three or four of them.

Our Uncle Frank Jeffett once preached nights for about a week, but there were no converts. Miss Janie and Sister are about the only two I ever knew of who joined the church during my childhood days in those parts. While I was working in the store at Lexa there was preaching in the church during the day, and Mr. and Mrs. McAlexander, of Lexa, went most every day. They joined the church during those meetings. He was depot agent, and bought the store from Forrest City Cotton Oil Co. after they got it from Mr. Joe Woodin, and I was running it all alone. There were only big farms in that part of the country, and children all grown, and mostly moved away. Like a little town I know of by the name of RONDO. It just faded away till there were not enough people left in it to support a church.

There were two stoves in the church (Central) - one on each side, and the janitor always had the house good and warm by church time. It was quite a well built building. Tongue and groove ceiling that was never stained, but age had made it very soft looking, and beautiful. Three very large windows on each side, and two in the back, or front - which is it. You go into a church, you say you went in the front door, but if you sit down soon as you get in you are in the back of the church. Anyway these two windows are just to the right and left of the pulpit, and they all had green shutters on them. I'd say the panes of glass were about 12 x 16, and nine in each top and lower sash. Pulpit was one step up, and about twelve feet long and six feet deep with three pulpits and each about eighteen inches or two feet square. The middle one always had a big Bible on it with a lovely long plush blue marker hanging down from the Bible. Remember preacher sometimes reached over and used this beautiful marker to mark some place in the Bible that he didn't want to get lost while he was reading from some other passages he was going to use in his sermon.

As is customary in small Methodist churches there are always the communion service benches - I guess you would call them. There were three of them. One long one same length as pulpit, and two end ones about six or eight feet long. I was there at Quarterly Conference once when the presiding elder preached and served communion. All the John Woodin family were there that day, and as the presiding elder came down from the pulpit to serve communion he asked if there was a minister in the congregation, would he please come forward to help in the service. Joe Woodin, in his minister's costume, arose and

came forward and helped in the serving. As each one took the cup he would say, "Do this in remembrance of me. Drink ye all of it." Our father and mother and the Warfields were about the only ones at the table. After the service was over and we were dismissed we went outdoors where there was a lovely little picnic lunch spread under the shade of one of those beautiful old oaks. That was the only communion service I ever attended at the church.

Spring Creek and LaGrange were the other two churches on this circuit, and I think LaGrange got the other two Sundays and Spring Creek only got the fifth Sundays. I still thank God that I had the kind of father that always led in prayer at the church when called upon to do so.

On the pulpit's back side was one of those oldfashioned horsehair black sofas where the extra minister sat, and the preaching minister always knelt down and prayed before getting up to the pulpit to preach. Over against the wall to the right side of the pulpit and between the end of the benches in the "Amen Corner" and regular benches where the congregation sat was a space of about eight or ten feet, and in that space was a very beautiful secretary - as they called it in those days - done in very bright shiny oak. I expect it was real oak. Anyway we all thought it was very beautiful. It had double doors opening down about halfway to the floor with several drawers to the floor, and had about four or five shelves on which the song books were placed to there rest till the next preaching day. This was given by Mr. John F. Woodin, as was shown by some record that I once saw among some of my father's church records.

To the best of my memory the church was about 30 x 50 or 60 feet with quite high ceiling. Know my father was one of the main forces in getting the church built. Am sure the Warfields also were very instrumental in getting the finished product. There was not too much ready cash floating around in the country in those days, but there were many well to do farmers all the way from Helena to up about the John F. Woodin place.

After passing his place you began getting into the Vineyard section of the county where there were many small farmers with holdings of from forty to hundred and sixty acres. Around us we had the Capt. Jim Bush family with a thousand or more acres. Near Lexa were Nat Graves, Judge Jones, Ed Ford, Bob and Les Longley, Bogan Gist and his first wife's family - whose name I can't recall at this moment - account of old age. She was mother of Bogan's two boys - Bogan Jr. and Chas. She sure was a beautiful lady as ever was - regardless of old age I still remember that, and I remember they used to sometimes come to the old church with the two boys. Caldwell - that's the name. She was a widow and lived in big brick house with her big fine looking

son whose name I can't think of at this time. He always had to have the biggest finest buggy whip there was to be had, and when catching that noon train to Helena would always bring that whip in the store and give it to me with instructions to please hang it up somewhere, and not let anybody use it. Had a place back in my one room living quarters in back of store where we would always go together and hang it up. To the west of us were Col. Jarman, the Keesees, Dr. Richardson, and west of the Keesees were Mrs. Keesee's father and mother and one son, the Johnsons, Mr. Robinson and the Barnes, Willifords, and Hanleys and old Mr. Scott with his store at North Creek, and Aunt Sue and Uncle Ed Hicks. I am sure all of them were called upon to make contributions, as most of them had much land, and fine homes. I can see Father as if it was yesterday passing around the song books, and getting his big old hat and passing it around when minister announced that we will now receive your morning offerings.

I expect if you would see Miss Beulah she could give you something about the church after she and Charley Warfield were married. Father was steward in the church for thirty-two years, and used to ride and ride for days collecting monies to meet the Quarterly Conference quota every three months. Sorry to have worn you down telling everything I can think of pertaining to the wonderful old place of worship, but like many of those old places of that kind — they have "gone with the wind." Charley Gist and Miss Beulah are about the only two I can think of that I knew back in those good old days before Father Time began using quicksand in his hour glasses.

This picture of Central Church and Cemetery was sketched by Mr. Cook.

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