

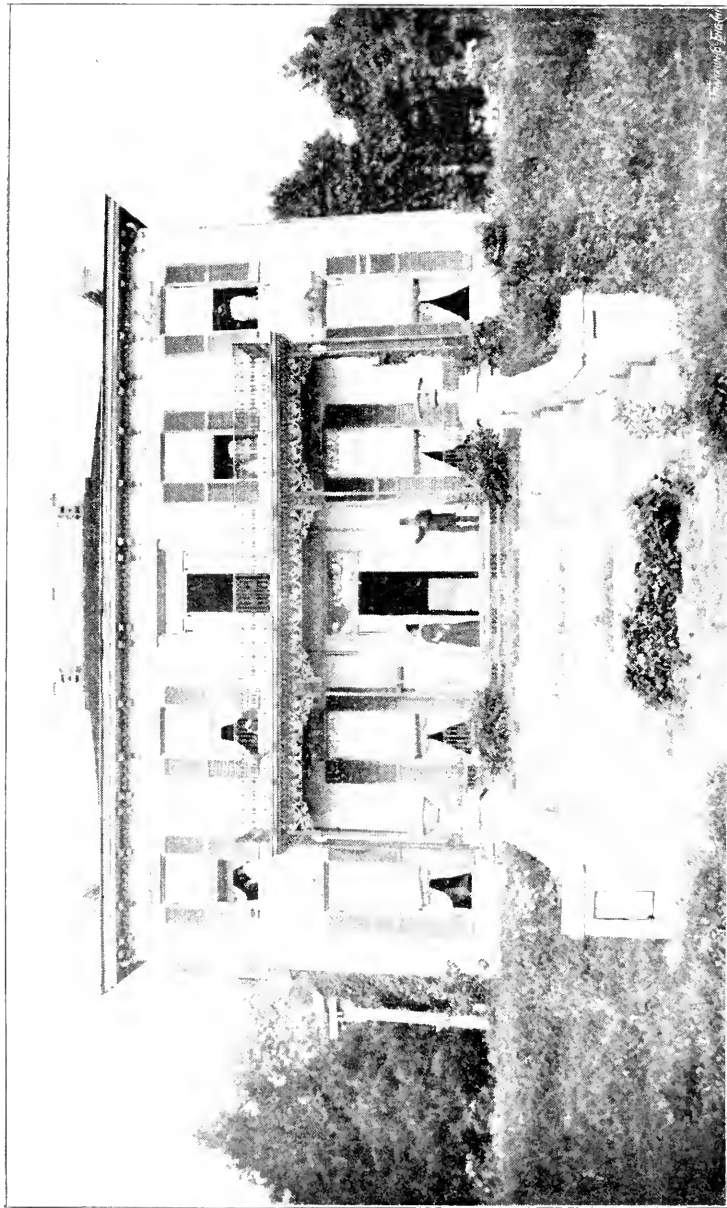
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Residence of Gen. T. C. Hindman, at Helena, Ark.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
GEN. PAT CLEBURNE
AND
GEN. T. C. HINDMAN

TOGETHER WITH
HUMOROUS ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES
OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES EDWARD NASH, M. D.,
Little Rock, Ark.

DEDICATED TO
THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND THEIR CHILDREN.

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INTRODUCTORY

THE history of a people is the history of the lives and actions of its individuals, of which biography presents the best portrayal.

During the civil war Arkansas had many men who distinguished themselves as military leaders; and no state, north or south, brought to the field, in rank and file, braver or truer soldiers. The military career of these leaders and soldiers has gone into public history, and has thus passed down to future ages to tell of Arkansas and her people.

Among the distinguished generals from this state which that war developed and made famous, no names are more conspicuous than those of T. C. Hindman and Pat Cleburne.

So it is that when men become famous in the world's history we seek knowledge of what manner of men they were, from infancy to old age.

Dr. C. E. Nasb, who was intimately acquainted with both Hindman and Cleburne in private life, before their "silent tents were

spread on fame's eternal camping ground," who was the relative, by marriage, of Hind man, and the business partner of Cleburne, and the fellow townsman of both, has undertaken, and well performed, the task of wresting from oblivion the history of their early private lives, and in his plain and clear style has told their story as he knew it, mingling it with many racy anecdotes, full of humor, and often of touching pathos.

Dr. Nash deserves and will receive the liberal patronage and thanks of the people of Arkansas, of the old soldiers who followed these heroes into the jaws of death, and their descendants as well.

I commend this work of my old classmate, performed after he has completed his three score and ten years, beyond which he has gone, by reason of strength, and though nothing is promised but labor and sorrow thereafter, I am happy to know that he still enjoys the confidence of patrons, and is still in active practice of his profession, and, like Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes did in his lifetime, uses his pen in his leisure hours to amuse and instruct his fellow men.

SAM W. WILLIAMS.

PREFACE

IF I have frequently interpolated notes which have a reference to preceding subjects, I may be excused by my reader, as I had to rely on my memory, which covers a period of nearly half a century. I have no apology to make for the appearance of my book; nor would I have for its disappearance. I am not writing for fame or fortune, but simply to fill in the time of my leisure moments with an agreeable pastime. If I have made errors, I am but mortal. If mistakes — all men are liable to them. The sole object of the book is to amuse and improve my fellow man. If it is not intensely “bookish,” and consists of some irregularities, I may be pardoned on account of my being engaged in the active practice of medicine, and parts of it were written when driving in my buggy to see a patient far distant in the country, or at other times when the midnight bell warned all of the hour for retirement; other parts when confined to my bed, suffering intensely from an injury occasioned

by a fall from a two story building. It would never have made its appearance in book form had it not been for my intelligent wife collecting all the pieces of manuscript and putting them together by exercising great patience and forbearance with the author. I have made no attempt at a display of literature, nor has any of my contributors; telling our story in simple, plain language, to the comprehension of all.

Respectfully,

CHARLES EDWARD NASH, M. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

Gen. Pat Cleburne and Gen. T. C. Hindman.

GEN. PATRICK RONAYNE CLEBURNE was born near the flourishing city of Cork, Ireland. He landed in America in 1849, and, after a short visit to his brother in New York City, went to Cincinnati and remained with his sister until the early spring of 1850, when he became a citizen of Helena. While in Cincinnati he was a frequent visitor at the drug store of Salter, who was his particular friend. His coming to Helena may be described in the following manner:

Grant and Nash had formed a partnership in the practice of medicine in January, 1850, and that year bought out the firm of Lott & Freeman, druggists. As Mr. A. J. Lott wished to study medicine he would not agree to stay in the store as a clerk, but said he would remain until we could procure a competent man. Mr.

Freeman wished to move to Cincinnati, his former home. Grant & Nash deputed him to get a clerk from some reliable house. On his arrival in Cincinnati he lost no time in trying to fill his commission, and after several unsuccessful trials, went to Salter's drug store. Salter told Freeman that he thought he could find a man that would suit, if he would be willing to go south. Remarking that he was a young Irishman full of vigor and ambition, well qualified, and of a good moral character; that he was looking for a clerkship in a drug store, and that he would see him the next day and talk with him upon the subject. This he did and Cleburne decided to accept the position.

His arrival in Helena was about the first of April, 1850. Dr. Nash met him on his arrival and escorted him to the drug store. Cleburne handed him a letter of introduction from Mr. N. S. Freeman, who wrote in complimentary terms of his ability and character as received from Mr. Salter. I told Mr. Cleburne that Dr. Grant was at breakfast and would not be at the store for an hour or so. In the meantime I proposed that he should go with me to breakfast, at Fadley's Hotel, where I was boarding. He ac-

cepted the invitation. After breakfasting we went to the store and found Grant and Lott awaiting our arrival, as they had heard through our apprenticed clerk (Jos. Maxey) that a gentleman had arrived wanting a position. Grant and I made known to him that we wished a competent prescriptionist, and also one to take entire charge of the business, as neither of us had time to attend to it.

Cleburne replied that he thought he could do it, but that he did not wish to assume the entire responsibility, as he had but a limited experience in financial matters, but that he was willing to take the position on trial for a month, and then we could decide for ourselves.

Grant asked him what salary he desired. Cleburne replied, "I will leave it to you." Grant, being senior partner, closed the agreement by giving him his board and such compensation as might be agreed upon by the firm. Lott remained awhile until he could induct him into the general business of bookkeeping and ordering. Lott then left the store and entered the office of Dr. Nash to prosecute his studies in medicine and prepare himself for the medical lectures in the fall.

Cleburne entered upon his duties with marked ability and precision, putting the store in an attractive and neat condition, labeling all the old bottles anew with fresh gilt edge labels and fixing the show case with artistic beauty. His outfit consisted of an old trunk, which evidently had seen service before it reached the waters of the Mississippi. In this trunk were some half worn upper and under clothing, an old sword, and a pair of boxing gloves. I think he only had a few dollars. At the end of the month we told him we would give him fifty dollars and his board, but as he had proven so satisfactory would increase his wages as the business improved. This he said was perfectly agreeable to him.

This brings us to the first of May. I will now address a few lines to the old sword and boxing gloves. But before doing so, will introduce to you the young gentleman from the Emerald Isle.

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 car-

niverous 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. Cleburne was fond of the sword exercise, and would frequently amuse me with his thrusts at an imaginary enemy, but as I knew nothing of the exercise, and cared less, he soon gave up the amusement. His boxing gloves were after the old English style, but as we did not use gloves for boxing in Arkansas, preferring the fist (and not using them for sport), he soon gave up this (to him) interesting sport. Cleburne soon found that our bowie knife was far superior to his Damascus blade in a close engagement, and our hard fists more effective than boxing gloves.

We now come to the first incident in his early life, and this more for amusement than improvement. 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 come 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.

But to return to the old sword and gloves. Hearing for the first time from a Federal officer that Cleburne was accused of being a deserter from the English army, 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 step-children. 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."

The sequel has been given. Cleburne had a natural taste for military affairs, and when the civil war broke out it was easy for him to slide into his first love.

But for the sake of argument let me admit that he was a deserter from the English army. He had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and swore to protect her flag and support her constitution; therefore he had absolved himself from all natural and acquired rights of the English government, and placed himself voluntarily under the protection of his adopted country. Cleburne believed he was fighting for the old flag of thirteen stars and stripes, and the old constitution it proposed to protect. If Cleburne was a deserter, a parallel

could be drawn between him and Paul Jones, whom the British claim to this day was a deserter from their navy, though he was but fourteen years old when he joined their navy.

— Cleburne's voyage across the Atlantic was a journey not beset with accidents or adverse winds; it was a voyage over a calm sea to a peaceful land of liberty, where the winds blow gently and the flowers breathe sweetly.

Cleburne was one of the most fastidious young men I ever knew. When a lady would come into the store to purchase an article, he would blush up to his eyelashes. I never heard him make use of a vulgar expression, nor could he bear to hear anyone else use bad language. While clerking for Grant & Nash, he had formed a great attachment for the latter, as he was a young man about his age, and a bedfellow and companion of his.

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 inter-

ference 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 onsprees. 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. 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 shall 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



HIS FIRST RIDE.

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 re-

sulted 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—sembled 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 ren-

dered 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 that 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 that 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. He conferred these degrees upon applicants with as much precision as older and more experienced Masters. He presided with honor and dignity, preserving perfect order and commanding close attention.

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 a 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. 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. This lodge had a

greater amount of talent than any other lodge in the state, according to its members, not excepting the lodges of Little Rock that were led by those noble chieftains of Masonry, Elbert English, Albert Pike, Luke E. Barber, John E. Reardon, Sam W. Williams, Thomas E. Merrick, and others. This magnificent Masonic hall was built by shares of one hundred dollars each. Nash and Cleburne took ten shares, which gave them the controlling interest in the building. They afterwards bought out all of the shares and owned the building. When they dissolved partnership, Cleburne bought Nash's interest and became sole owner. But as the lodge was suspended, no meetings were held up to the time of its destruction by the Federal army. It was an entire loss to Cleburne, as there was no insurance on the property. The records and jewelry, with its constitution and by-laws, were left in the archives of the lodge. The Grand Lodge did not remove them, and they were all destroyed at the time the building was burned, leaving Lafayette Lodge No. 189, which was established in lieu of the old No. 16, without any record of its former greatness and influence in Masonry.

The lodges of Austin and Friar's Point, Miss., were in the habit of joining together in the celebration of St. John's day, and a committee was appointed from each lodge to hold a convention and select an orator for the occasion. Great interest was taken in these celebrations in those days, and the best orators were selected. At this conference in 1853, the names of three gentlemen were put in nomination—Gen. A. L. Alcorn of Friar's Point, Dr. Wm. Brown, the noted orator of Mississippi in his day, and Mr. Patrick R. Cleburne. After several ballots Cleburne received the honor. This was quite a compliment to the rising young man.

On the 24th of June the largest Masonic procession ever held by these three lodges met in Helena to partake of a splendid banquet prepared by the ladies, and to hear the then unknown orator. This was his maiden speech. Cleburne acquitted himself handsomely to the satisfaction of all, receiving compliments in their toasts from his two competitors. What I remember of Cleburne's Masonic address is but a few lines, but I will give them. He said :

“I am proud that our order reaches above all contending parties in our land; that its members are free and untrammelled in all that lies between their God and themselves. We are glad that it meddles not with any duty which we of conscience owe to our Maker or to our country; and now may the camp fires which have increased so much in brilliancy, be re-kindled in great strength, to the end that their lives may lead the world to study our motto, ‘Brotherly love, friendship, charity and truth,’ and may the principles of our order forever prevail.”

If the following lines had been written and fallen under his eye, doubtless he would have quoted them :

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial!
We would count time by heart throbs when they beat,
For Man, for God, for Duty.
He most lives
Who thinks most,
Feels the noblest,
Acts the best.

Gen. Cleburne was a sterling type of the very best manhood, intelligence and public spirit, that the South developed. Cleburne was a delegate to the Grand Lodge at several of its meet-

ings. There is nothing to note in his Masonic character except that fidelity and perseverance which was the rule of his life.

When Cleburne arrived in Helena in 1850, the Rev. Mr. Haggett, an Episcopal minister, had charge of a missionary church. The congregation was small, consisting of a few gentlemen and ladies, respectable and influential members of society. Cleburne attended this church for a while, but never joined it; he was not a communicant, nor was he at any time a vestryman in that church. He had been baptized and educated in the Episcopal faith, his father being a vestryman in his church at Cork, Ireland. His stepmother, a devoted and active member of that church, and to whom he attributed his religious training, of course gave his young mind a bias towards that mode of worship, which he so much loved and admired, but he was a broad gauged man in his religious views, saying every man was entitled to his religious opinion. I never knew him to get into a discussion with any one about his religion, though he was a firm believer in the doctrines of the Episcopal church. As the Roman Catholics have claimed him in public print, I think

this rebuttal necessary here. The reader will excuse the episode.

Mr. Haggett held his services in an old store house in the lower part of the town. It was an humble temple indeed, but its members, though few in number, were active and devotional. Mr. Haggett had an interesting family. His two daughters were considered the handsomest girls in Helena, highly accomplished and very attractive. Cleburne was in the habit of visiting these young ladies and was pleased with their society. Mr. Haggett was strictly a high churchman, and this did not accord with Cleburne's broad gauge notions of religion, therefore he did not go often to hear him preach.

The Roman Catholics say, "Who ever heard an of Irishman named Pat, who was not a Roman Catholic?" Well, as there are exceptions to all rules, this is one.

In 1853, Thomas R. Welch, a Presbyterian licentiate, was sent to Helena to preach as a missionary. The same year he was installed and was called to the church at Helena, where he had given so much satisfaction as a minister. Welch was a young man of fine ability, and very affable in his manners, drawing young

men closely around him and making personal friends of them. The same year he joined the Masons, while Cleburne was Master. From this date an intimate relationship existed between them, and Cleburne oftener went to hear him preach than any one else. Welch was made chaplain of his lodge, and this fraternal connection with the young men of the order gave him an influence no other young preacher possessed at that time. Cleburne always selected the best material for his associates, and in this way became quite a magnet at drawing the best and most representative men in the community to him. This little Episcopal church has gradually developed until now it is erecting one of the most beautiful and attractive church edifices in the City of Helena. It was not surprising that two young men of such marked religious training, and both ambitious of rising in literary pursuits, should become such staunch friends. Cleburne always paid the highest regard to the opinions of the aged, and would not dispute with them, however much he might differ in opinion, saying this was a lesson his father taught him. I never heard him swear an oath, though I have heard

that after he entered the army he occasionally indulged in profanity.

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, 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.

While Cleburne was brave and fearless, he had a tender, sympathetic feeling, as shown in his love for children, particularly little girls. He loved Dr. Grant's and my little Mary as he would have done were they his two little sisters.

We now pass from the pathetic to the tragic. 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, 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 pre-emption 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 after, 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.

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.

In 1854 Dr. Grant wished to sell his interest in the drug store, and proposed to Nash to buy him out. But as I had no time to devote to the store I rejected the proposition. I communicated the doctor's wish to Cleburne, who said, "I am sorry he is going to leave us." I then said to Cleburne, "You buy him out." He replied: "I am not able. I have only a few hundred dollars to my credit." I said, "If you will purchase, I will make you able." He consented to do so, and the firm was changed to Nash & Cleburne—not Grant & Cleburne, as has appeared in Mangum's meagre biographical description of his life. This firm continued up to the time (1856) when Cleburne proposed to study law. It was then sold to Lindsley Bros.

Mr. Hallum, in his "Biographical and Pictorial History of Arkansas," in writing of Judge Adams, makes use of the following language:

"The celebrated Martha Washington cases were tried before him at Helena in 1854, and attracted much attention throughout the United States. Martha Washington was the name of a Mississippi steamer, and it was alleged that the owners loaded her with dummy freight and

burned her within the jurisdiction of the circuit court of Phillips county, to defraud the insurance companies. Several lives were lost on board the burning steamer. Capt. Cummins and four alleged confederates were indicted, extradited from Ohio and New York, charged with murder. The defendants were admitted to bail. The captain was first upon trial. The question of jurisdiction and the probative facts connected with the burning of the steamer were exhaustively argued by eminent counsel, including the late E. M. Yerger, of Memphis, and General Palmer, of Helena, for the defense. The rulings of Judge Adams were delivered in the enlightened spirit of the able jurist. The flashy and beautiful wife of Capt. Cummins is said to have exerted a powerful influence on the flexible jury, and her husband was acquitted, 'twas said for want of that high degree of evidence in delinquencies of that grade; but moral conviction of guilt was firmly lodged in the public mind."

The writer has a personal knowledge of this trial, as he or Gen. Cleburne was present every day while the trial continued. Cummins and his alleged coadjutors were defended by the

best legal talent of Helena and Memphis. Judge Brown, the pacing orator, and E. M. Yerger, the great jurist of Tennessee, were employed by the defense; also Judge T. B. Hanly, John Preston, MacPherson, and John W. Palmer. The latter had been the partner of Judge Charles W. Adams. The prosecution was conducted by a single lawyer, Peter E. Bland, of St. Louis, who was uncle to the writer, and his guest while the trial continued. I heard Judge T. B. Hanly remark after the trial that Bland made one of the ablest legal arguments to which he ever listened, speaking over three hours.

Capt. Cummins had letters of introduction to many of the citizens of Helena, from some of the most respectable and influential men of St. Louis. These letters came on his first trial, and were filled with arguments in favor of his innocence; and spoke of him as an honest, upright man, stating that if the boat was secretly burned, Cummins knew nothing about it, at the same time expressing a doubt, believing it was a put up job by the insurance companies to get blackmail money.

There was but one witness, as I recollect, for the prosecution, and that a man (I have forgotten his name) who was in the employ of the insurance companies as a detective. His testimony lasted for several days, and was given in that dry, stolid manner which convinced the bystanders and the jury that it was a formulated, well committed, and well recited speech. No one could look into that man's face without feeling that he was looking into the face of a demon, who would betray life for less than thirty pieces of silver. Such was the impression of Cummin's innocence, that the whole town of Helena became interested in him. As many as ten of the most respectable men in the town went to Arthur Thompson, who was then sheriff, and asked him to release Cummins from jail, and they would be responsible for his appearance at court. Thompson agreed to give him his room in the court house and place a guard over him, furnish all that was necessary for his comfort, and permit his wife to lodge with him if she so desired. He was fed by the ladies of Helena after their generous and hospitable style.

At first I was rather prejudiced against Cummins, hearing my uncle tell his side of the story, but when I heard that demon's testimony, I remarked to Bland that I believed his witness was a fiend.

No case, except the David Douglass case, excited more intense interest than this. Mrs. Cummins was an attractive, highly educated, and somewhat accomplished woman. She was not handsome, nor did she go among the men to manufacture influence for her husband. She was modest and retiring, exhibiting no more feeling than a good wife who loves her husband should have done under such trying circumstances; therefore, she could have no influence over a jury of respectable, conscientious men such as they were. I think it is a slur that Mr. Hallum has cast upon that jury, to say that "the beautiful Mrs. Cummins swayed their judgment."

The first bond was easily made, signed by some of the wealthiest men in the county. This trial had passed out of my mind, and would perhaps never have been recalled had I not read Mr. Hallum's version of it. I had no interest or personal feeling in the matter, being

an entire stranger to all; having simply that feeling of sympathy for those I believed to be persecuted and in distress, which feeling I hope to retain as long as I live.

In the year 1855 the small town of Helena, at that time containing about 1,500 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 hav-

ing 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 victims 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 deliver 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. The conditions in the two battles were not exactly parallel. In the epidemic God Almighty was leading the charge, and man was not fighting against his authority, nor to set aside his victory; simply to take care of his sick and wounded prisoners. In this instance the air was charged with the deadly bullets from a million batteries—yellow fever germs. The characters in this drama, Cleburne and Hindman, distinguished themselves on bloody battle fields, and their memories have gone down in a sheen of glory, but the one who deserved the greatest honor mortal man can give his name, is left without a record and his memory forgotten—the Rev. Mr. Rice. But there is a record not kept by man. In this record the writer thinks the minister's name and deeds occupy an entire page in that spotless book kept by Jesus Christ, the great scribe for all humanity. He was a noble young man worthy of all honor. 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.

A little pathos might be brought in here without egotism being attributed to the writer. After the disease had disappeared (it lasted over two months) and all things became quiet, Mrs. Burnett entered my office early one morning and inquired for her bill, stating at the time that she feared that it was so large she could never pay it. Upon being told that she had no bill, that both doctors and nurses had made the poor a free will offering of their services, she advanced and clasping my hand, said, with tears in her eyes and a choked voice, "God bless you, doctor!" Though at that time I was not a professing Christian, my heart was so moved that I replied, "Mrs. Burnett, this is the largest fee I ever received in my life;" and we parted.

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 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. 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 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 said 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. 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. Hindman was a lobby member at this session. He took an active part in 1856 in the canvass of Conway and Yell, supporting 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 wing of the party. This was in the canvass between Richard H. Johnson and Henry M. Rector for governor in 1860.

The Johnsons had too firm a hold upon the confidence of the people to be thus suddenly broken. Already Robt. W. Johnson had been elected to the United States senate.

The contest for governor was very spirited, but did not engender personal feeling, both candidates being men of honor and high integrity. The campaign resulted in Rector's favor by a small majority. The lines of the Johnson party were broken, but after this election they were closed, Robt. W. Johnson being elected the second time. In 1861 he resigned his seat in the United States senate. The Johnson party never died out, nor did its influence wane until after the war, when all its solons had been put under the sod of Arkansas soil.

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.

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.

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 vestage of political clothing from Rice and left nothing but his naked de-

formity. 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 deringer 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, 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 ilium 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, 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 balls?"

Cleburne was borne to a room above Licurgus Cager's drug store. I was at my dinner when the summons came for me to go to Cleburne. The messenger stated that he was killed. I sprang from the table and in a few minutes was at his side, overcome with grief and stricken with sorrow. Here I saw my dearest friend lying on a bed with his clothes on, and the house crowded with spectators. Blood was streaming from his mouth, his eyes glassy, his breath nearly gone, and his ruddy cheeks blanched to the whiteness of a lily.

Something had to be done and that quickly. With the assistance of excited friends we stripped him of his clothing to discover the place where the bullet had entered, and found it as described. Seeing that no blood was passing through the orifice, I proceeded to probe the wound, and break up the clot of blood. The clot being broken the blood commenced flowing freely until a stream was passing from the bed to the floor.

Cleburne soon commenced breathing easier, and sponging out the blood from his mouth he uttered an inaudible sentence. Awakening out of what might be called a dream, he said: "Doctor, are you here? Will I die?" I replied, "Cleburne, you are badly wounded; the chances are all against you." At this he turned his face and a deep pallor settled upon it.

The motion demanded for the search of the bullet was too fatiguing for him, and in a trembling voice scarcely above a whisper asked me to desist awhile. I gave him some more brandy and quietly sitting by his side, with no one in the room but the nurse, waited until I could get up a reaction. I waited very

impatiently the while, fearing I should never hear my friend's voice again, nor clasp his warm, generous hand; taking his left hand in mine and pressing it to my bosom, at the same time uttered a silent prayer, with all the earnestness of my soul asking God to spare his life.

I was aroused from my reverie by Cleburne trying to vomit. The boy and I quickly turned him upon his side, and he threw up a quantity of blood mixed with a little food. He became again exhausted and in a weak voice asked to be turned on his back. This being done, and the brandy taking effect, he fell into a seeming doze.

After resting in that position for a short time, he opened his eyes, and said, "Doctor, you are not going to leave me, are you?" I replied, "I will not leave your bedside, Cleburne, until you are out of all danger; nothing could induce me to leave you."

For ten days and nights I watched by the bedside of my friend, giving him all the attention my strength would allow. Dr. Hector M. Grant was in connection with me in the case, and rendered all the assistance he could. I

acknowledge myself indebted to him for many valuable suggestions in the treatment.

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. Cleburne never felt any evil effects from this adhesion, except

when he took violent exercise; then he could feel a sensible drawing at that point.

On his return from Mississippi he resumed his place in the store and discharged his duties as actively as if nothing had happened. Be it said to the credit of his host of friends that he received all the attention warm friends of both sexes could bestow.

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 forty-five degrees. However, this was conceded by all.

This tragedy was truly life in death. It will be seen that this was a political affair. Cleburne had no personal feeling against the Rices, and was only acting in the capacity he had acted in every difficulty he was engaged in, and with the exception of our personal, quick tempered dispute, never had a word of difference with any one.

One of the most thrilling scenes that occurred in this tragic affair was exemplified in our old dog Tom. Tom was a dog of remarkable in-

stinct, if it can be called instinct. If affection carried to its greatest tension can be dignified by the word intelligence, then Tom was an intelligent dog, as the sequel will show.

Cleburne was remarkably fond of Tom, always feeding him at meals, and giving him many friendly pats upon his head and learning him many tricks. Tom would make many trips to the store to accompany Cleburne to dinner. Tom reciprocated Cleburne's kindness with the intelligence and sympathy of a kind hearted woman.

When Cleburne did not come to dinner Tom became restless, and going to the store did not find him. Returning home, my wife offered him his dinner, but he refused to eat, and she said he seemed distressed and anxious. The next day when the servant brought my meal to me Tom followed him, and when he came up the steps, and saw Cleburne lying on the bed, he ran with all his might to him, but Cleburne was too sick to notice him. He licked his hand, and his eyes expressed as much sorrow as did that of his friends. I did not drive him away until I thought he was worrying Cleburne. He stood upon his hind legs, with his

fore paws resting on the side of the bed, with his eyes intently fixed on the object of his love.

When I thought Tom had been there long enough I released his paws and tried to get him down stairs, but he refused to go, and crawled under the bed. I was afraid he would get to whining and disturb Cleburne, so I caught him by the neck and pulled him out from under the bed. I saw that Tom would not go unless violent means were used. Major Thompson, who was then in the room, said, "Doctor, let him alone; he wants to stay with Cleburne."

I did not further disturb Tom, and he remained in the room night and day, every once in a while coming out from under the bed, and licking the hands of his best friend and then returning to his post. I don't think he ate, drank or slept until Cleburne was able to notice him, which was for many days. When Cleburne noticed him he feebly raised his hand, and putting it on his head uttered in few trembling words, "Tom, I knew you would come when you heard of it," and then he let his hand rest for awhile; then taking it off of

his head and drawing it to his side to rest, fell asleep. Tom slid easily and slowly from the bed, and went under it.

Tom remained in the room until Cleburne was able to go to his first meal. He followed him home, and was content to remain there.

In about two years after Tom died; and Cleburne had him a neat coffin made, and he was buried in the front yard of the writer's residence. Cleburne with his own hands put a head plank to his grave, with his name, place of birth, date of same, and place of death, with this epitaph :

Here lies Tom,
My faithful friend;
His life is spent,
And he's come to his end.

The political friendship which existed between Hindman and Cleburne now became a warm personal and lasting friendship. Both were glad to hear of each other's success in battle and the promotion following. This friendship was brought about more from Hindman's sense of gratitude than from assimilation of character, for there was never two men more dissimilar in this respect.

Hindman was an ambitious politician, rather overbearing in expression, and self-sufficient and self-controlling, uncompromising in every thing, while Cleburne was docile, had no ambition to become a leader in any calling, never became a candidate for any office, was always conservative in his views and fair and honorable in his debates; his social qualities were of the highest order, and his big heart took in sympathy enough to divide with the weak and distressed. Such being the character of the two men, their lines of action were necessarily divergent.

Hindman now became the leader of the great democratic party of Eastern Arkansas. He was to them a "beacon upon the mountain top, a light set on a hill." Around this light all the democrats and many of the know nothings were accustomed to gather and listen to his matchless streams of eloquence. He was more than a match for any man the know nothings could bring against him.

Instead of using the word "whig" I use the term "know nothing," as by this time the whole of the whig party had been transformed into this new and formidable party.

In the year 1858 Hindman received the nomination for the lower house of congress from his district. In this race he was eminently successful, being elected by the largest majority of any of his predecessors. During this canvass his thigh was broken by a storm throwing a heavy tree across the buggy. As this took place in the country, away from skillful surgical treatment, it left the leg much shorter than its fellow, compelling him to wear a boot with a high heel. This gave him a slight limp in his gait. This wound was received when he was a political soldier, and not in battle, as has been recorded by some.

This narrative shows Cleburne to have possessed that magnanimity of soul rarely equalled, but never surpassed. In the whole political history of Arkansas there were no more thrilling incidents occurred than in this heated campaign. So intense was the excitement that an unguarded speech, or the click of a pistol, would have caused a riot with the loss of many lives. It was a hot war pursued almost to the knife. Taking the condition of things as they were, it was a timely opportunity for the advent of a man such as Hindman, with daring bravery,

forcible speech and eloquent language. These combinations Hindman possessed in an eminent degree. Almost fresh from the blood stained fields of Mexico, where he had been promoted for valorous conduct from a private to a first lieutenant, he regarded Arkansas as an empire of which he should be emperor. At this time fire ran through all his veins and dynamite through his brains. He never blew cold as the character in the novel did, but always hot. He lived and breathed in a hot political atmosphere fit for a Salamander.

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, visited 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 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.

As a girl Mollie sang as a nightingale, with a sweet, natural voice, as her fingers glided over the keys of the piano. She was graceful in all her movements. Her simplicity of manner, elegance of style and generous soul commended her to the admiration of all. All who knew her will acknowledge this is no exaggeration of her high qualities of head and heart. She will be introduced as Mrs. Hindman further on in this drama.

We now come to a point where our hero has determined to trim his lifeboat and launch her in other waters. Her sails must be trimmed and her joints tightened, as she is to sail on a tempestuous sea, where the winds blow freely and the waters are deep. 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.

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. 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 him-

self 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.

We must be excused for bringing in a line or two and dropping a sympathetic tear in commemoration of the life of our friend, Charles W. Adams, whose memory has almost faded into oblivion, and has not had that place in history he so much deserved.

Adams was a devoted Mason, and on account of this connection Cleburne and Adams were friends, Adams at that time being at the head of the bar. Cleburne often consulted him concerning his cases. Judge T. B. Hanly was then on the bench. He was succeeded by Adams. Adams had risen to this high position as Cleburne had done, being first a clerk in a store, and the same persistent, energetic actions which characterized the one also marked the other.

Col. Adams was a brave soldier, a fearless debater, and an eminent jurist. When the Arkansas troops were removed to the trans-Mississippi department, Adams preferred staying with Albert Pike in the west. He was a great admirer and bosom friend of Pike. They were natives of the same state—Massachusetts. He was so much an admirer of Pike that he

adopted Pike's style of letting his hair grow long.

By the by, Pike got his style from his old and respected friend, his "Arkansas Gentleman," Elias Rector, who always wore a cue. The last time the writer saw the "Old Arkansas Gentleman" was at Fort Smith many years ago. His hair was of the yellow tinge of cotton, and when turned loose went down to the skirts of his garment. Time served to make it longer. The last time I saw his bosom friend, Albert Pike, he was standing on the banks of the Mississippi river at Memphis, the year after the war. His hair had also grown longer and whiter, but his eye was not dimmed nor his intellect clouded. He stood as erect as he had done twenty years before. When I looked into his face and shook that warm, genial hand, I could not help feeling that I was looking in the face of an old prophet, so grand, so noble, so stately, and yet so expressive of the grand endowments nature had given him.

We must not let our thoughts run too much on our friends, but must confine ourselves to those characters with whom Cleburne was most

associated in his early life. Arkansas heroes will all be brought in on their war record.

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; but as I had become a little lazy and somewhat broken down

by the duties of an active practice, I declined to accept 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. 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.

There is nothing to note of interest in the legal transactions of the firm of Cleburne, Mangum & Scaife. As a young firm they received their share of the practice. Cleburne and Scaife had means sufficient to keep them until the

patronage came. Mangum was dependent on his profession. As they had to contend against the great lawyers of the state—Hanly, Adams, John Preston, Jas. C. Tappan, and others of like renown—they could not expect many cases of high interest.

This closes the law chapter, and I will now take up his political record, to show why at first he was a whig and then a democrat. As one of the most thrilling incidents of his life has been recorded, we will give one more, to show the true character of the man rather than for its political significance.

Cleburne, upon his arrival in New York, spent some time with his brother before going to Cincinnati. This brother was a civil engineer and associated with some of the aristocratic whigs of that city. Cleburne hearing his brother talk politics, and noticing his associates, came to the conclusion that the whig party was made up of intelligent, wealthy gentlemen, and that the democratic party was composed of the lower and ignorant people, and naturally enough adopted his brother's politics.

After his arrival in Helena he was not long finding out that the weight of wealth, intelli-

gence and culture was with the democratic party in the South; he also found the intelligent mechanics and laboring men were of this persuasion. He, however, held to his whig principles until 1855, when the "know nothing" or American party was formed. Cleburne, being a foreigner, could not bear the idea of being classed with a child just born on American soil.

Knowing the democratic party had extended the ægis of its protection to foreigners, and had stretched out its long arms across the seas and invited his brother to lay hold upon it that it might draw him to a land of freedom, where God's bright sun rose in the east but set in the west, and while he rose in his glory he left his strength in the west.

For who can behold our magnificent government today, with its colossal proportions, notwithstanding we have had a bloody civil war, and sometimes a bad government, has yet become the wealthiest nation in Christendom, showing that the masses are able to control themselves—and at this writing we are the most united people in the world.

Cleburne was never a stump speaker, nor was he desirous of holding any office, but he had a great influence with the Irish and carried their vote unanimously for the democrats. The rise and progress of the American party was phenomenal, the name deceiving many a true patriot and old line democrat. It grew to alarming proportions in the larger cities and towns. This aroused the agricultural people, and the farmers in the middle and southern states, with a solid vote of the foreigners, crushed the hydraheaded monster almost in its infancy. Many acrimonious speeches were made, and many fisticuffs and bloody noses the result.

The political spirit ran so high at this time that it had invaded every household in the country. It was father against son and mother against daughter. Politics was a personal matter.

We will now recall an incident proposed in the first part of this article.

Cleburne was very fond of discussion and did not take kindly to opposition. The new order of things afforded him many opportunities for indulgence. At a dinner party at my

house, Cleburne and Col. Henry L. Biscoe met. Biscoe was one of the leading men of the democratic party. Cleburne had heard that Biscoe had joined one of the know nothing lodges. They worked in secret. Cleburne charged Biscoe with selling out to that party. So foreign was this to anything Biscoe had done or expected to do, that he resented the charge with words of forcible denunciation, and in the altercation said to Cleburne that he had told a falsehood. Whereupon Cleburne jumped up from the table and said, "I will see you again; this is not the place to settle difficulties."

When I went to the store I found Cleburne in a deep reverie. He asked me, "What shall I do about the insult I received from Col. Biscoe at your table today?" I said: "Do about it? The thing is plain enough, Cleburne. You made a grave charge against him, and one he received as a shock, being so far from his intentions. Don't you know that the know nothings are putting out false reports on leading democrats? Haven't they Senator Sebastian as a convert? You see, Biscoe could be readily excused for his language, as you were fathering the charge." Cleburne replied: "I

had expected to go to him and apologize to his gray hairs" (which he always respected) "but not to his politics. You have made it clear that it is my duty to go at once and make the apology." This he did, and they were reconciled.

Cleburne had a conscientious view of what was right. No man was more willing to concede that which was right than Patrick Ronayne Cleburne.

As the following anecdote will show, Cleburne would never eat sweet potatoes; ate Irish potatoes altogether. At the dinner table in olden times the family were engaged in conversation for an hour or so, no one having so many minutes to complete his meal and run to his employment. Cleburne and I had frequent discussions at the dinner table, and though sometimes excited we were always friendly. My wife, knowing his absent mindedness, told the servant that when she saw Cleburne excited to place a whole dish of sweet potatoes at his plate and put nothing else there. We got into a discussion about the chemical action of certain drugs, taking opposite sides. In the argument Cleburne ate the whole dish of sweet

potatoes, peeling and all. Upon my wife offering him sweet potatoes the next day, he refused, saying, "I never ate one in my life." When told he had eaten a whole dishful the day before, he said, "I was so much excited I did not know what I was doing." He ate the potatoes and continued doing so and became very fond of them.

As we are on anecdotes, I will tell one on Major Andrew Jackson Donaldson. This gentleman, in the year 1856, ran on the know nothing ticket for vice president. Donaldson had a plantation in Mississippi, about twenty miles below Helena. He was in the habit of making annual trips to his place. It was here that I became acquainted with him, and as some of my relatives in Tennessee were great admirers of Mr. Donaldson, and he was quite a companionable man, I let my acquaintance grow into a familiarity, and invited him to dine with me at Helena. He accepted the invitation, and my wife had a downright good dinner for him.

Donaldson at the dinner table commenced praising the principles of what he called the "American party." Cleburne says: "Major,

are you not mistaken in the name? They call themselves 'know nothings,' which we in Arkansas think very appropriate, since at the next election we will teach them how little they do know." The major replied in one of his forcible but rough ways and, speaking to a foreigner, rather personal. But as Cleburne had learned some experience in the Biscoe affair he did not give way to his Irish temper.

The major told us goodbye, giving us one of his friendly shakes which though hospitable was rough. When he left, my wife says, "Husband, why did you bring up an old Kentucky hog driver for dinner?" I replied though the major was rough in his manner he was sound in his brain. He was one of Tennessee's leading politicians and had been a leading democrat, but that he was after the Davy Crockett style; he was one of Tennessee's rough hewed bottom sill statesmen. I did not meet Donaldson again until 1862, when he spent a week with me on my plantation at the time Gen. Shelby's troops were transferred from Austin, Miss., to the west. We were now of the same politics and of course agreed.

Hindman's canvass in 1856 was the most exciting of any of its successors. Several new factors had entered into the body politic. The most incisive was the plank in the know nothing or American party, requiring foreigners to be twenty-one years in the country before voting or holding office. As the whigs had been so often defeated, even with their best statesmen for leaders, and the canvass of Franklin Pierce being such a marked success in 1852, they concluded that they must change the name of their party and call it "American" and bind the political Hamiltonian garment closer about them. This they wished to do without destroying the last landmark of a republican government—"states rights."

This change of name and the declaration of radical principles engendered bad feeling in the breasts of our good and patriotic foreign fellow citizens. The know nothings organized secret societies and always met at night. The merchants and commercial men joined with the professional men of the old whig party, the professional men holding all the offices in their lodges. But the farmer, the mechanic and laboring men stuck to the

old Jacksonian democrats and would have nothing to do with these secret political meetings. Personal difficulties arose everywhere. Men were killed, fisticuffs and bloody noses were almost of every day occurrence. But no property was destroyed. It was a political fight—the victory not spoils but honor—so much exasperated were the foreigners from every country, who had taken the oath to support the constitution and laws of their country.

These foreigners at this time were by a large majority democrats. Arkansas is indebted to a large extent for her industry and intelligence to her German immigrants in her early days. As for their patriotism, in the south they made as good soldiers as those to the manor born, though they never owned a negro and never expected to. Those in the north who had been in America long enough to learn and appreciate our free government, fought for what they believed to be right. Religious fanaticism and the clanking of the chains of slavery did not excite them to cruel combat with their brothers. The German foreigner had a higher motive, the perpetuation of liberty as he saw it.

The foreigner in the south fought for states rights as he had learned it from his Jackson catechism to be the chief authority in this nation.

It is not our purpose to elaborate on the politics of the foreigner in the past, but simply to do justice to our foreign patriotic population in Arkansas.

In 1856 the political cauldron reached its boiling point, and it was then that our political leader in the east stepped upon the political platform of the democratic party. Hindman must now face the cannon from a thousand know nothing batteries. Their guns were all charged, and their gunners skillful marksmen. But the long rank and file of democrats, led by that brave, fearless, logical and eloquent Hindman was too much for the gentleman in cloth to resist. This election resulted in a brilliant victory for the democrats, electing James Buchanan, president, and Wm. R. King, vice president.

The know nothings must now look for either another name more popular than native Americans or join themselves to some party hostile to the democrats. A new party did

spring up in the eastern states under the leadership of Col. Fremont, who called themselves free soilers, which meant that portion of the United States occupied by negro slaves. This party had grown to some proportions and had much sympathy across the Atlantic. The whigs of the north, being high tariff and national bank men, joined this party, and by religious fusillades and insane novels made considerable inroads upon the democrats in the southwest.

But as the negro question is now a dead issue—except his vote, which is now melting away like frost before a summer sun—I will not recur to it, except where it has a direct connection with these narratives. The war is over, the negro free, and there let him be.

John C. Calhoun, that great statesman—yea, more than a statesman, he was a prophet—said in the halls of the senate that the negro was the “black rock” upon which the union would split. His prediction came true.

When Mr. Lincoln was elected in 1860, the whigs of the south, who were generally rich influential planters and large owners of slaves, could not join the free soil party, and therefore

had to unite with the old constitutional party—democratic. This political alliance did not set well for a while—not that they loved Cæsar less, but Rome more—but after it was formed it was to their interest to sacrifice their time honored Hamiltonian principles; so they became enthusiastic, and out-heroded Herod. Their leading men—Pike, Fowler, Adams, David Walker, Thos. Hubbard, A. H. Garland, Jos. Stillwell, and a host of others—took up the political sword, which in their hands was a two-edged one, and wielded it with the dexterity of Roman gladiators. Arkansas, tied to her traditions and her interests, cast her vote for Breckenridge, while Ben Butler, who was a democrat, and on one of the tickets for president, raised an army and came south to capture plate and spoons, not prisoners. The election in 1860 resulted largely in favor of the free soilers or emancipationists. Abraham Lincoln was chosen president, and Hannibal Hamlin vice president.

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 beauti-

ful residence erected by Hindman is now occupied and owned by Mrs. Jas. H. O'Conner, the stepmother and half aunt of Mrs. Hindman. Hindman had now 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, an account of which will be given at the close of this book.

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.

I have given particulars of interest in the civil lives of our two heroes. I now come to describe the greatest epoch in their lives; the one fraught with the greatest difficulties, the most trying scenes and under the most scrutinizing eyes of the leaders of the civil war.

Their lines are henceforth to be cast in unpleasant places and their energies to be directed in different channels. Heretofore they have been shooting paper bullets and receiving the same in their shielded breasts. They must now face the hard iron and the soft lead driven by that all powerful force, gunpowder, made energy by the spark from the enemy's flint. Did they shrink from their task? Did they desert their guns? The answers to these questions will come in the sequel, when their heroic deeds shall be recorded.

I will now take them up at the beginning of the war and transcribe every act in which they were connected.

In 1860 Hindman resigned his seat in congress and came home, to use his influence in getting the state to secede from the union.

We now come to where a great chasm divides the once United States. A stranger walks through this deep and dark chasm, and with the aid of powerful eye glasses surveys the lines of the two great armies. He first looks at the south line, and he discovers a magnificent line of men, badly clothed, worse fed, but with every mark of God's noblest specimens of man-

hood. The fire of patriotism flashes from their eyes. He observes the gentlemanly bearing of the south's citizen soldiers, the high order of talent in her officers of rank, and the gentlemanly bearing of her privates. The stranger becomes lost in admiration, and says: "This is an army of high toned gentlemen. Neither Greece nor Rome ever gave to the world a more heroic set of patriots." He is induced to speak with a sentinel who is walking on the south side of the chasm. He addresses him thus:

"I have permission to walk through this chasm and view the two armies. I am a neutral and friendly to both sides, and therefore deplore the results that must necessarily follow when these two great armies shall come together in mortal combat." The sentinel raises his hat and makes him a bow, such as none can make, unless he has been trained in the southern school of ethics.

The stranger finishes his survey and is lost in contemplation. He now turns to the north side of this deep, dark and damnable chasm. He sees a long line of strong, stalwart, muscular men, well clad, the commissary filled with the best rations the country can afford. He

looks at the big guns, he sees the large gun-boats with their big shells and solid shot. He looks at the cavalry. Their horses are fat and fine, and their riders are straight, and they have their animals well under control. He finds that this superb army has the three great elements of success—men, munitions and money. He says: “Wellington’s army at the battle of Waterloo was not half so well equipped as this great army, which is the wonder of the world. I fear for the little army on the south side lest it should be crushed in its first engagement. But there is one thing that lingers in my mind. It made a deep impression on me, and I have been looking in vain to find its counterpart in the men on the north side. It is that patriotic fire, that indomitable will, that determination to win or die. I observed every nerve in those men strung with patriotic emotion, and every muscle charged with the electric sparks of activity. But I said they must be mowed down like wheat before the scythe. They can not stand the number of big guns, the glittering swords, and the improved modern rifle, with which the others are well provided.

“I stood upon a high hill at the battle of Bull Run expecting to see this little army of patriots demolished. To my great astonishment I saw the little army charge the enemy, and with fire in their eyes and dynamite in their souls, they pressed forward like Spartans, carrying death dealing instruments in their hands. Then I saw the north line broken and the patriots advancing with a Comanche shout, which terrified the enemy so much that they fled in confusion. Then I said the battle is not to the strong, but to those who fight for liberty to the death.”

This stranger will pass up this dark chasm at the end of the war and give his observation and experience about results.

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.

I will now transcribe what I have gotten from the records of the state, to show the transfer of the state troops to the Confederate government, for the purpose of showing what part Cleburne took, also to show when he met Gen. Hardee, and how personal relations grew up between them which lasted for life. This feeling was not altogether a military affair, but resulted through Cleburne's merit as a man as well as a brave soldier.

The following is copied from series 1, vol. 3, pp. 609-610, Confederate War Record :

ARTICLES OF TRANSFER OF ARKANSAS VOLUNTEERS TO THE CONFEDERATE STATES,
JULY 15, 1861.

The military board of the State of Arkansas, upon the part and in behalf of the State of Arkansas, and Brig. Gen. W. J. Hardee, upon the part of the government of the Confederate States of America, agree to the following stipulations and terms in regard to the use and control of the forces, arms, munitions and supplies now in the service of the State of Arkansas :

1. The military board of the State of Arkansas, upon the part of and in the behalf of the State of Arkansas, hereby transfers to the government of the Confederate States of America (their consent having previously been obtained), all the troops now in the service of the State of Arkansas, consisting of the following regiments, battalions, companies and detachments: The first regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Cleburne; the second regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Gratiot; the third and fourth regiments of infantry, attached to Gen. Pearce; the fifth regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. David C. Cross; the sixth regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Lyon; the seventh regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Shaver; the first regiment of cavalry, commanded by Col. Carroll; the first battalion of cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Col. Borland; the Pulaski artillery, commanded by Capt. Woodruff; the Clark county artillery, commanded by Capt. Roberts; the McCown artillery, commanded by Capt. McCown; Trigg's artillery, commanded by Capt. Trigg, and a company of artillery attached to Brig. Gen. Pearce's command.

2. The military board of the State of Arkansas, upon the part of and in behalf of the State of Arkansas, hereby transfers the use and control of the arms and munitions of war now in the service of the above described troops, and such other arms and munitions as may hereafter be deemed necessary to be transferred to the government of the Confederate States of America, upon an inventory being taken and receipt given for the same by Brig. Gen. Hardee, or such agent as he may authorize to receipt for the same; the State of Arkansas retaining her property in the arms, with the understanding that they or their equivalent shall be returned at the close of the war.*

3. The military board of the State of Arkansas, upon the part of and in behalf of the State of Arkansas, hereby transfers to the government of the Confederate States of America all the commissary and quartermaster supplies belonging to the above described troops, and agrees to furnish them with an outfit, consisting of horses for artillery, harness for artillery, ammunition wagons, caissons, with camp and

*Where these arms were surrendered the writer does not know, but is quite certain they were never returned to Arkansas.

garrison equipage, and the transportation necessary for the service.

4. Brig. Gen. Hardee, upon the part of in behalf of the government of the Confederate States of America, agrees, either by himself or agent, to receipt for the above described stores, outfit, supplies and transportation, and stipulates that said government of the Confederate States of America shall pay to the State of Arkansas the amount expended, or to be expended, for said supplies, stores, etc.

5. The military board of the State of Arkansas, upon the part of and in behalf of the State of Arkansas, agrees to furnish the necessary clothing prescribed in the regulations of the army of the Confederate States to the above described troops during the period for which they enlisted, and Brig. Gen. Hardee, upon the part of and in the behalf of the government of the Confederate States of America, shall pay to the State of Arkansas a sum equal to the cost of the clothing of a non-commissioned officer or private in the regular army of the Confederate States for each soldier so furnished with clothing by the State of Arkansas.

In testimony whereof the parties above named hereunto sign their names and affix their seals.

Done at Little Rock, July 15, 1861.

H. M. RECTOR,
Governor and ex-officio president military board.

BENJAMIN C. TOTTEN.

SAMUEL W. WILLIAMS.

W. J. HARDEE,
Brigadier General Confederate States Army.

In presence of D. W. Davis, secretary military board.

I transcribe the following language from Mr. Fay Hempstead's history of Arkansas: "Last and greatest was Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, who enlisted first as a private of the Yell Rifles; went as captain of the Yell Rifles."

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."

As this statement had gone into history and believing it to be an error, I addressed the following note to Judge Samuel W. Williams, whom I knew was one of the members of the military board:

Hon. Sam W. Williams, Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Sir—I send you a transcript of what I find in Mr. Hempstead's history of Arkansas. You will find it on page 368, the last paragraph on that page. Please give me such information as you may have in regard to the accuracy of that part which refers to the change of the name from "first" to "fifteenth," and oblige,
Your friend, C. E. NASH.

I received the following reply, which I give in text:

Little Rock, Ark., May 31, 1898.

Dr. C. E. Nash, Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Charley—Your letter received, in which you ask me my recollections as to any change in the number of Col. Pat Cleburne's regiment,

No. 1, Arkansas state troops. In answer to this let me state that I have no knowledge of any such change. If it ever occurred, it was after the transfer of July 15, 1861. Cleburne's was the first regiment mustered into state service, and was ordered to Bird's Point on the Mississippi river, in June, 1861. The fifteenth regiment of state troops, I think, was organized after I resigned the position on the military board, in the county of Sevier, and Col. Dawson was its commander. But as I was at that time in command of the seventeenth Arkansas, in actual service, and speak from information, I do not pretend to be accurate.

At the time of the transfer of the state troops on the 15th of July, 1861, the following regiments were in process of organization, to wit:

Eighth, at Jacksonport; W. K. Patterson, colonel.

Ninth, at Pine Bluff; John Bradley, colonel.

Tenth, at Springfield, Ark.; Thomas D. Merri-
 cker, colonel.

Eleventh, at Benton, Ark.; Jabez M. Smith,
 colonel.

Twelfth, at Arkadelphia; Edward W. Gantt,
 colonel.

Thirteenth, at Harrisburg, Ark.; J. C. Tappan,
 colonel.

Fourteenth, at Yellville; W. C. Mitchell,
 colonel.

Yours truly, SAM W. WILLIAMS.

In 1864, when Cleburne was on his way to Mobile, Ala., to attend the wedding ceremonies of Gen. Hardee, as his best man (this shows

Gen. Hardee's friendship for Cleburne was not born of a military character alone, but from the high merit of a moral man), he stopped for a few days at Selma, and was my guest. I might bring in an interlude here, which may be of some interest to the reader. Commodore Furand entertained the distinguished guests at a supper given by the officers of the big ship Alabama, which was then in construction at Selma. At this entertainment many jokes were indulged in. Cleburne told one on Hardee, and instead of Hardee replying, he said to me, "Doctor, can't you give us one on Cleburne, as he says you and he were young men together and particular friends?" I replied, "Yes, sir; I can give you a good horse joke on him." Cleburne said, "Doctor, don't tell that; I can ride now." The guests insisted that I should tell it. I told it as I have before written it, and it caused great laughter from those sunburnt and powder scorched veterans who had not been permitted to laugh in a year. No one enjoyed it more than Cleburne, who said, "It is all so, as he has told it."

On his return from Mobile he informed me of his intention to address Miss Sue Tarlton,

whom he met at the wedding as Mrs. Hardee's first maid of honor, and with whom he waited. He fell in love with Miss Sue on first sight. He addressed her by letter, and it seems that the same impression was made on



MISS SUE TARLTON.

her, as she engaged herself to him on receiving his first letter. I have every reason to believe, by my correspondence with her, that she was as earnest and sincere as I knew him to be. He wrote me all the details of his plans as to

the future, if he should come out of the war alive. He said in one of his letters to me that he had done me valuable service in winning my girl, and that he would call on me to requite him for his kindness. I kept up a part of the correspondence until his death, when I had to break the news of his untimely death. His staff sent me, agreeable to his instructions if he should be killed, all of his personal effects, he having told them that I would know what to do with them. They consisted of his uniform in which he was killed, his fine wearing apparel, and the scabbard of the sword presented to him by the State of Arkansas (the sword was never sent, or if it was I never received it), "Old Pepper," his war horse, and another he used as a fatigue horse.

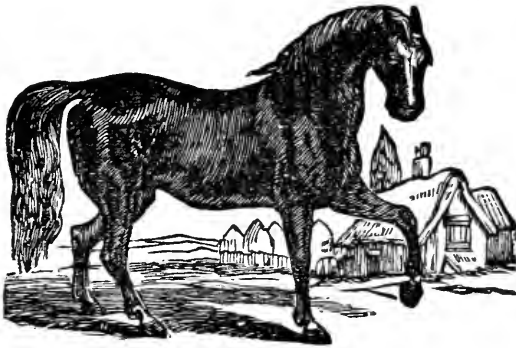
All these articles were received except the two horses, which were captured by the Federals before reaching Selma. A letter was enclosed in the box from the two members of his staff, Mangum and Hanly. I sent Miss Sue the box, retaining nothing but the uniform. I wrote her that I would forward "Old Pepper" as soon as he arrived in Selma, but that I would keep the other horse.

Her reply was most pathetic and sorrowful. I wish I could remember the words. If I had the letter I should copy every word of it, as it would be so vastly superior to anything I might attempt to substitute. She thanked me for the interest I had taken in their affair, but said that as they were looking hourly for the fall of Mobile she preferred my keeping "Pepper" at her expense in Selma. As I said before, the horses were captured before reaching me.

This ended my correspondence with Miss Sue. Had these letters not been burned with all my books and papers at the fall of Selma, I should be perusing them at this moment with Cleburne's, and running my mind back to the dark and bloody days of the Confederacy. But if we had been able, during all the changes of the war, to keep posted with each other's movements, I might have added to my list another agreeable and much prized correspondent. Miss Sue was a cultured and interesting writer.

A little incident might be brought in here, if for nothing more than amusement. On his visit to Selma, Cleburne jestingly said to my little daughter Mary, "I will catch a live yankee and put him in a cage and send him to you." A

live yankee was caught and sent to us, not by Cleburne but by Forrest in his raid on Memphis. This yankee was a major in the Federal army and brother-in-law of the writer. He was paroled on his honor and given the limits of the city. Of course we treated him well, knowing him to be an honorable man that would take no advantage of our kindness.



“OLD PEPPER,” THE WAR HORSE.

He was invited to spend the day with many of the leading families of Selma, and to this day speaks in the kindest terms of the citizens.

This man was no less than Col. James H. O’Conner, of Helena, as strong a southern man and as good a democrat as can be found in the state.

But back to the yankee Cleburne was to send. One of my servants, “Parker,” who

had been importuning me to let him go to the front, as he called it, ran away and went to the front, and told Cleburne I had sent him to be his hostler. Cleburne said that he had a man that suited him, but told him that he could stay in camp and wait on his staff for whatever compensation they would give him. Parker remained for several weeks, but by this time the novelty of camp life began to wear away, so he applied to Cleburne for a pass to return home. This Cleburne gave him, with a letter to me thanking me for my kindness, and stating that he had the same servant he left Arkansas with, and was well pleased with him.

In the letter he added a postscript to the little girl saying he did not catch the yankee, but got his sword, which he sent by Parker. I never knew of Parker's whereabouts from the time he left Selma until one night he made his appearance just after a supper was given to Capt. T. B. Flournoy's and Capt. John T. Shirley's families. This was in December when the weather was quite frosty and we were all sitting by the fire. We were startled by the appearance of a man clothed in a blue uniform with a sword dangling by his side.

He advanced quickly towards me, and as I had no time to think who this intruder might be, I raised a chair to strike him, and at the same time Capt. Flournoy caught the poker and Shirley the shovel. When Parker got half way across the room he said: "I'm come, Master Charley. I fatched a letter to you from Gen. Cleburne, and this sword for Miss Mary and a pair of boots for Capt. Flournoy." We were all greatly relieved, and grounded our weapons. We talked to Parker until midnight, asking him many questions about our relatives and friends who were with Cleburne. This old sword my daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Lindsey, has kept as a memorial of her friend.

REMINISCENCES.

THE following contribution is furnished by H. G. Bunn, the long time colonel of the fourth Arkansas infantry, C. S. A., who is the present chief justice of the supreme court of Arkansas :

ARKANSAS IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

In complying with your request I will give a brief and memory sketch of the Arkansas Confederates with whom I served as a soldier in the great war.

I must begin and I fear I shall have to end with an apology. The scenes and incidents of one's youth and early manhood, and the associates of our younger days, appeared so different then from what they would appear to us in old age, and withal have left that different impression upon our minds that it is difficult to speak of them in the language and with the heart of the present without giving sentiment too much influence in the performance, and not

enough of the colder, better judgment. Besides it has been so long ago, and the after history of our generation of southerners has been so varied, so stirring, and so engrossing, that memory must be more than ordinary tenacious and sound to call back any very accurate picture of what we were, and what we did, and what we thought, and by what general motives we were actuated in those far off times.

Starting in the latter part of June, or the first part of July, 1861, from the southern county of Calhoun, the company of which the writer had become a member some three or four weeks previous, took up its line of march to join Gen. Ben McCulloch, then the Confederate commander in northwest Arkansas and southwest Missouri, who was at that time in the neighborhood of Springfield in the latter state, a distance of nearly four hundred miles.

The soldier boys of the present day, I dare say, would consider such a march on foot an outrageous imposition upon the soldier of first effort, but we made it, not only without complaint, but after the fifteen or twenty mile march the early night was more frequently

than otherwise whiled away with all manner of amusements, most of them necessarily involving the employment of much physical exertion. It was I might say a jolly march throughout without a halt, except two or three days at Little Rock and a week or more at Fayetteville, where we waited the arrival of seven other companies from southwest Arkansas, then enroute by way of Fort Smith. These having joined us, the eight companies hurried on to join the army of McCulloch to engage in the battle of Oak Hills.

Our company had no officers and refused to elect any until our arrival at Fayetteville. The state senator from Calhoun and Ouachita counties, at the time a resident of Hempstead, was recognized as our leader. He was an old California ranger, an Indian fighter, although at the time comparatively a young man. This was the honorable Joseph B. McCulloch, afterwards captain, then major of the regiment. He was a Tennessean by birth, but in early manhood had gone to the far west, and there served for some years with that fearless border cavalry known the world over as "rangers." He bore on his body the scars made by an In-

dion arrow and other evidences of the rough service to which his first manhood's years had been devoted. He was a first cousin of Gen. Ben McCulloch, the first husband of Mrs. J. C. Barrow and the father of Mrs. S. B. Smith, both now living and residing in Little Rock. He was a most genial gentleman, rather stout in build, but features somewhat delicate. He was elected captain of the company at Fayetteville.

While at Fayetteville, and before the arrival of the other companies, one of the company by the name of Fletcher, in an altercation over a game of cards with a stragglng Texan by the name of Jones, was shot and killed by the latter. His was the first death in the company. The hue and cry was raised immediately after the report of the murderous pistol, and a half dozen or more active and determined young men went in hot pursuit of the murderer, who had fled southward from the town, and they overtook and captured him about where the national cemetery is now located, and brought him back to get recruits to have a hanging after the manner of Judge Lynch. In the meantime the remainder of the company stood in line under its

officers, and when the party returned they took in both captive and the captors, and hurried the prisoner off to the county jail. We learned he was released after our departure some days afterward. We did not encourage mob law in those days to the extent of killing people.

Two companies of the regiment, after one day's march north of Fayetteville, were hurried forward by a night march to protect some Texas artillery commanded by Capt. Goode, which was on ahead and was thought to be beset by jaykawkers and other roving parties of the enemy. These companies overtook this battery of artillery on the ground over which the battle of Elk Horn was fought seven months afterwards, and, as I now remember, it was the same morning on which the battle of Oak Hills was fought, to engage in which we were being hurried forward. That battle was fought earlier than was expected, and we reached the army afterwards when it had encamped in a little town southwest of a spring fifteen or twenty miles, called Mount Vernon, where there is some of the finest spring water I ever saw. From thence we moved southwardly, and fixed our camps (the infantry) on the east edge of

“Cow Skin Prairie,” in Benton county, Arkansas, about three miles east of Maysville, on the line of the Cherokee Nation. There was located near by a society of vegetarians, with their church and school, or rather had been, for I believe they had removed when we reached the locality.

The Arkansas troops who engaged in the battle of Oak Hills were as follows: State troops, Brig. Gen. N. B. Pearce commanding—First cavalry, Col. DeRosa Carroll; Carroll’s company of cavalry, Capt. Charles A. Carroll; third infantry, Col. John R. Gratiot; fourth infantry, Col. J. D. Walker; fifth infantry, Col. Tom P. Dockery; Woodruff’s battery, Capt. W. E. Woodruff; Reed’s battery, Capt. J. D. Reed. McCulloch’s brigade, Confederate troops—First Arkansas mounted riflemen, Col. T. J. Churchill; second Arkansas mounted riflemen, Col. Jones McIntosh; McRae battalion, Lieut. Col. Dandridge McRae. This brigade also included the thirtieth Louisiana infantry, Col. Louis Hebert, and south Kansas and Texas mounted regiment, Col. E. Greer.

Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh (the latter having been made brigadier general after the

battle of Oak Hills) were both killed in the subsequent battle of Elk Horn. Col. Louis Hebert, a West Pointer, became brigadier general during the war, and died some years ago. Col. Churchill, Lieut. Col. Dandridge McRae, and Col. Evander McNair, of the fourth Arkansas infantry, these three, who joined McCulloch of the Confederate brigade at Mt. Vernon, are all living—Gen. Churchill at Little Rock, McRae at Searcy, and Gen. McNair at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where he is spending his declining years happily with his married daughter. The writer did not know any of the state troops while in active service, as they were disbanded as such immediately after the battle of Oak Hills, on the expiration of their term of service. It is to be hoped some one will give an appropriate sketch of these troops, for from all accounts they were among the best in the service. Col. Gratiot, by profession a surgeon and civil engineer, died, I believe, several years ago. Col. J. D. Walker still lives at Fayetteville. Col. T. P. Dockery died some time during the present year, and Capt. W. E. Woodruff still lives in Little Rock. I am unac-

quainted with the history of the prominent men.

To illustrate the manner of "doing things" among the high spirited Confederates of the early period of that great war, the tragic story of the wagon master of the fourth Arkansas will not be out of place at this point.

This man, by virtue of his office, was third in control of the wagon team, and took advantage of his opportunity to steal one or two of the mules, and deserted, making his way southward from our encampment on "Cow Skin Prairie," in the western part of Benton county, Arkansas, towards his home, in one of the middle western counties, south of the Arkansas river. He was promptly pursued by Major James H. May, of the regiment, and soon overtaken and carried back to the camp, where a court martial of the brigade was at once organized, and having readily found him guilty he was adjudged to have his head shaved and with an appropriate placard put on his back to be drummed out of camp, and to be given orders to the effect that if he should be thereafter caught within one mile of the encampment he was to be shot. The sentence was ap-

proved by the commanding officer, and on the first day of October, 1861, was executed strictly to the letter. By the deft hand of the best barber in the brigade his head was closely shaven, and a board, 6x12 inches, with the words "horse thief," nicely painted by the skillful hand of Knox, the little drummer, was lashed on his back. The culprit was marched down the line formed by the troops of the brigade, escorted by a regimental guard and preceded by the regimental field band, discoursing the lively but then much discredited strains of "Yankee Doodle," instead of the "Rogue's March," which was the customary music on such occasions, and having been escorted thus the prescribed distance from the camp was then given his orders. The faithful chronicler of the regiment thus concludes the story of the "Wagon Master." When he reached home he found the story of his dishonor had preceded him, and having been warned by his old neighbors to leave the county, and not being quick enough they arrested him, secured a rope, found a swinging limb and suspended him between the heavens and earth. This was the

work of but a few minutes, followed by this quotation of the poet—

Go mark him well,
For him no minstrel rapture swell;
But doubly dying he shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung—
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

After returning from our second advance into southern Missouri, we encamped on or near the western part of what was afterward the battle-field of Elk Horn, naming this camp after our commander, "Camp McCulloch," where we remained two or three weeks, and then as winter was coming on we came south about one day's march to a place called "Cross Hollows," which is about twenty miles north of Fayetteville, one mile east of the main road leading from the latter place to Springfield, Missouri, called then the "wire road," and about as far west from the west fork of White river. Here we built our winter quarters and spent the winter until February, 1862, when we took our leave of this pleasant retreat under circumstances hereafter to be detailed. Our quarters were on the north side of a semi-mountain stream, large enough to turn a good size grist mill located just below us. This stream ran

from east to west, and emptied into White river a mile or two distant. The thirtieth Louisiana, the fourth, fourteenth, and perhaps the sixteenth Arkansas infantry, and perhaps also McRae's battalion were encamped, and on the camp ground built their winter quarters, consisting of two box houses with two rooms each, with brick stack chimney in the center of each, and one or two glass windows on the side of each room. The quarters of the fourth Arkansas, at first the lowest down the branch, was a hollow square with a wide street leading out west and up the creek to the thirtieth Louisiana and one or two other regiments, whose quarters formed simply a cone. Subsequently the fourteenth Arkansas (Mitchell's) arrived and occupied just below and west of us. They encamped in tents, having come too late to build houses. The colonel of the fourth Arkansas (McNair) and the major (May) here took leave of us on a furlough of sixty days, to visit their homes in Montgomery and Hempstead counties, respectively. The adjutant (Grant) also left for his home in Montgomery county on a furlough, and the writer, a third lieutenant, was detailed to act as adjutant. The adjutant

having resigned at the end of his furlough, I was made regular adjutant, and served as such until the reorganization of the regiment at Corinth, Mississippi, in April, 1862. The "boys" had what they ever after looked back to as a "good time" at Cross Hollows. The citizens in the vicinity were generous, and the young people had their frequent gatherings and parties; the sportsmen whipped the water of White river, and another class of them indulged much in the national game. After pay day the intoxicated and unhampered artist of the distillery was near by in places, to lend a helping hand to the festivities of the season. The deep snows of winter in that latitude and altitude furnished the means ready at hand for many a sham battle, especially to the delight of the pelicans from Louisiana, who had never before seen a snow to remain on the ground any considerable time.

We had now been in the service from five to seven months, and a few boys who had come from the village and town, and had there "learned things" in their bringing up, had by this time made many disciples from among the country boys, and the sport with cards, given

zest by the antics that all were able to make at times, became the ruling passion with a large and, I may say, increasing number. But this, while free among the soldiers, was a kind of close corporation as regarded the outside world, as a little story will illustrate. The war had early a depressing effect upon the business and trade of the detested but tolerated gentry who had infested the steamboats plying the great river and its navigable tributaries in the southwest. These professional cheats and gamblers, mostly of high degree, began to be more frequent in the larger towns and cities, and to prolong their sojourn therein, as they were on the lookout for the pay which promised the richest pay under the circumstances.

The lower sort who were wont to loiter around wharfs, flat boats and the nearer country towns, endeavoring to pick up their living as best they could, now betook themselves to the camps of the soldiery, nicely calculating on and regulating their visits by the advent of the monthly pay day. A few of this latter class had found their way even among the soldiers of the remote region beyond the Boston mountains, and of course in the virtuous precincts

of Cross Hollows. Professedly they belonged to the Confederate army, sometimes to a neighboring regiment, sometimes to more remote commands. Their adaptness in the game soon gave rise to suspicions, as to their want of local identity, and their peculiar callings, and their consequent success in giving the rapid transit of the soldiers' pay to their own pockets gave zest and incentive to the inquiry as to their connections. And so it was that a nest of these unclean birds, formed in the upper story of the neighboring water mill, disgracing the honest rattle of its steadily whirling rocks, and degrading the virtuous atmosphere which permeated its every room, and opening began to take in the boys' hard earned wages ; and so it was that the suspicions of the latter began to be aroused, and their losses began to give voice to their suspicions, and to watchings and detections, and of escapes also. Finally one or two lingered too long to look once more upon the delights of this ungrateful rally and were caught and exposed, and as quickly tried by drumhead court martial, found guilty and sentenced to ride the ignominious rail, as an introduction to a permanent leave of ab-

sence from the camps. Volunteers to carry the rail that was to bear the unfortunate gambler and the band given to playing airs appropriate were the prominent attendants upon the occasion that followed, and it was said by the quiet young officer, whose duty it was to superintend this and all similar exhibitions, that the volunteer rail bearers were rather more exact than necessary in conforming to the ups and downs of the rail, to the rollicking strains of the lively music to which the procession marched on the occasion; but the sportive equestrian never came back, and that was the end in view.

And thus were the hours, the days, the weeks and the months of the winter of 1860-1 whiled away in the happy valley of the ever to be remembered "Cross Hollows" until the furloughed had returned and spring time began to soften the merry notes of our songs into the cadence that belong to the music of love and home, and then, as if from out the place of "Arcadia's Land"—

There was mounting in hot haste the steed;
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near the beat of the alarming drum
Aroused up the soldier ere the morning star,
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come,
they come!"

And this brings us to the opening of the Elk Horn campaign.

The short campaign into southwest Missouri in October, 1861, and the falling back into Arkansas, and the encampment called Camp McCulloch on the side of Sugar Creek valley in Benton county, and near what became afterwards the western border of the battle field of Elk Horn, thence to Cross Hollows for the infantry and the Arkansas river valley below Van Buren for the cavalry of McCulloch's division, and the concentration of all these commands with Gen. Price on Boston Mountain, twenty-five or thirty miles from Fayetteville, make up in a general way the history of that army between the rest at Camp Walker on "Cow Skin Prairie" of the infantry and artillery, and other camps of the cavalry, and the beginning of what is known as the Elk Horn campaign.

Gen. McCulloch had gone to Richmond, leaving McIntosh in command of his cavalry, and Hebert, with headquarters at Fayetteville, in

command of his infantry, encamped as before stated at Cross Hollows, and Gen. Price had sent his chief of staff, Col. Thomas L. Smeed, to Richmond to further arrange with the Confederate authorities as to the transfer of the Missourians to the Confederate army, and other matters growing out of the change. Of course the long standing jealousy or ill feeling existing, or said to exist, between Price and McCulloch was necessarily considered at Richmond, and this resulted in an assignment of Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn, but recently assigned to the department of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, covering the middle valley of the Mississippi on both sides of the river, to command the trans-Mississippi district of that department. He ranked both Price and McCulloch, and was withal a fearless, dashing and enterprising officer, and was thought to be the man peculiarly fitted for the place. He came, however, with a collar round his neck, and to succeed under such restraint was simply an impossibility. Such a burden has never been successfully borne by any military commander, and never will be in the very nature of things.

Van Dorn took command of the army at its camp on the top of Boston Mountain, and on the 2d of March, 1862, began his march northward directly to Bentonville, to flank the Federal army under Gen. S. R. Curtis, then encamped on the hills bordering the northern side of Sugar Creek valley, on the Fayetteville and Springfield, or "wire road," as it was then called. One brigade of the division, under Col. (afterwards general) Jeff C. Davis, had been encamped temporarily at Cross Hollows, twelve miles south of Sugar Creek, and doubtless enjoyed the comfort of recent fine winter quarters. Another, under Gen. Franz Siegel, was stationed at Elm Springs—McKussoks or Bentonville—and the main army under Curtis in person, with Gen. Oesterhous and Col. Eugene Cowloch commanding a brigade, were at the regular camp north of Sugar Creek, which afterwards became the southern part of the Elk Horn battle ground, from which the Federals successfully defended themselves from Van Dorn's attack upon the right and rear. Van Dorn's advance from Boston Mountain was never excelled for celerity and order by new troops. He struck Siegel at Bentonville, giving

him scarcely time to draw in his outposts and beat a hasty retreat to rejoin Gen. Curtis at Sugar Creek, seven or eight miles away. Gen. Siegel himself was eating his dinner at the village hotel at the time the Confederates approached the place from the south. The Confederate cavalry followed closely on the heels of his "flying Dutchman," and the fourth Arkansas infantry was in close support of the cavalry. Many of Siegel's men were killed and wounded along the road and bordering woods, but he was an excellent officer in the management of a retreat, as well as a good fighter anywhere, and he made good his escape on this occasion.

On the 6th of March Price's division took the lead, and after crossing Sugar Creek on the Bentonville and Elk Horn road turned for a short distance sharply to the north, passing old Camp McCulloch, then the "Twelve Cornered Church," and thence eastward to the "wire road" in rear of the Federals, about three miles further, McCulloch following until his division reached the church, then turned to the right over a level space covered by open but uncultivated fields and dense thickets of tan-

gled vines and other undergrowth eastward, reaching to the foot of the same mountain range that there separated the two divisions, a distance of about three miles, and in this order the first day's battle was fought, McCulloch's division passing over to Price during the night, leaving the western part of the field in possession of the Federals, who were unable to retain but a small force on that side, being put to all their strength to maintain the fight on the east around Elk Horn tavern.

It is not the purpose of the writer to describe the battle of Elk Horn, or any other battle, but a brief statement of the causes and its endings is necessary in order to follow the thread of the story. I have said that Van Dorn was under the restraint of military supremacy, and really under military orders to cross the Mississippi river with his army to unite with the army of Gen. Johnston preparatory to the battle of Shiloh, and thus whatever he did was to be done in haste. He could lose not a day, if he expected to bring Curtis to a standstill. That was all he could reasonably expect, unless extraordinary good fortune should attend his arms, and he be enabled to capture his

enemy. The curious spectacle of the commissary train of each army being within the lines of the other here presented itself. The Confederate train had halted at the crossing of Sugar Creek, with a small command to guard it, while McCulloch's division occupied the west part of the battle ground. This guard was in touch with the rest of the army, but not so on the second day, when McCulloch's division had been transferred over to the "wire road." The writer has no definite information as to the course of the train when it was separated from the army and the Federals had gotten in between, but suppose it took the back track and went south again by way of Bentonville. The Confederate army was then left without subsistence, and but little had been furnished the troops on the day before the battle opened. As may naturally be supposed the Confederates were without ammunition, except for a mere dash, and by no means sufficient to sustain a battle of ordinary duration, and this with the haste attending the movement was the cause of the sudden retreat around the Federal army on the east side down the valley of the west fork of White river to the mountain,

crushing them down to Frog bayou to the Arkansas river—cut off from its commissary train, and in utter ignorance of its whereabouts, except that it was on the other side of the Federal army and the territory it occupied. In the meantime the Federals were without provisions, their supply train being then enroute from Rolla, Mo., where was located their extensive depot of supplies. This train had advanced south to the semi-mountain passes, near the line between the two states of Missouri and Arkansas, and to a point it is said not exceeding eight miles north of the point where Gen. Price struck the “wire road” in his detour around the Federal army. He was thus exactly between the Federal army and its supply train, if the current reports were true, and on the same road. At all events, all our wounded men left in the twelve cornered church, which after the first day was in possession of the Federals, were informed by the Federal officers that they were without rations or medical supplies, but were expecting a wagon train in a short time, and this accords with the current rumor afloat as to the whereabouts of their train. In fact the wounded Confederates, as I

now remember, said the Federal officers corroborated these rumors.

The following Arkansas troops were engaged in the battle of Elk Horn: McCulloch's division, Brig. Gen. Ben McCulloch; the infantry brigade, Col. Louis Hebert commanding; fourth Arkansas cavalry, Col. Evander McNair; fourteenth Arkansas, Col. M. C. Mitchell; sixteenth Arkansas, Col. J. F. Hill; seventeenth Arkansas, Col. T. A. Rector; twenty-first Arkansas, Col. Dandridge McRae; nineteenth Arkansas, Col. P. R. Smith; twenty-second Arkansas, Col. G. W. King; cavalry brigade, Brig. Gen. James McIntosh; first mounted riflemen company, T. J. Churchill; second Arkansas mounted rifles, Col. B. T. Embry (dismounted for the occasion); and first battalion, Major W. H. Brooks; artillery — Hart's and Province's batteries.

On the retreat from Elk Horn the Confederates made their way southward to the Arkansas river, and encamped below Van Buren, where Van Dorn and Price had their headquarters, being already under orders to hasten to unite with Gen. Johnston at Corinth, Miss., which place he was then approaching. In a few days

the movement of the troops toward Corinth began, which place, however, they did not reach in time to take part in the battle of Shiloh.

Soon after the opening of the battle of Elk Horn, Gen. McCulloch had ridden to the front to ascertain the force and movements of the enemy, and having gone but a little distance in front of his lines, he was shot down by a sharpshooter. It was understood among the soldiers that he was alone when he fell, as he had just passed through the line to the front a moment before. Another statement is that the general was attended by one of his staff. The wood cuts found in the war books all present fair likenesses of the general. He was a man of medium size and height, weighing about 150 pounds, and being about five feet ten inches in height. His hair was coal black, but rather thin. I believe he had black or dark brown eyes. In disposition he was reserved, modest and rather reticent. He was enterprising, and ever watchful, but exceedingly cautious, yet withal a brave and determined soldier, and had he lived would have risen to high rank in the army. He was a Tennessean by birth and of very poor and humble parentage. Being full

of spirit, when barely grown he went to Texas, then the "far west," and joined the unique soldiery known as "Texas Rangers," whose dash and daring, whose skill as horsemen and in the use of firearms are known over the world. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was a captain in command of a company of those gallant horsemen, and took an active and most honorable and efficient part in that arm of the service during the whole of that war, which at its close left him doing service in this line within the territory acquired by the United States from Mexico. He was among the first to join the Confederate army, and was at once made brigadier general.

Gen. James McIntosh had been of the regular army, and resigned his commission as captain and joined the Confederates, and was elected colonel of the second Arkansas mounted rifles, and as such was in the battle of Oak Hills on the 10th of August, 1861, and commanded the cavalry in suppressing the hostile tribes of Indians in the Indian Territory during the winter of 1861.

When McCulloch fell, McIntosh immediately took command of the division, and taking his

old regiment, dismounted for the occasion, he led a charge upon the Federal infantry, concealed but a few yards in his front by a dense thicket of vines, briars and small trees, and was shot from his horse almost as soon as he had begun the charge, and died instantly. He was greatly beloved and admired for his dash and other soldierly qualities by those who were under his immediate command, and promised to make a soldier of mark had he lived.

Col. E. Greer, of Texas, being the next in rank, assumed command of the division after the death of McIntosh, but being of the cavalry, and that arm of the service taking little part on this the first day of the fight, his part was not marked by anything of note. His services, when opportunity afforded, not only in this battle, but in all the subsequent scenes of the war in which he was called upon to act, were most honorable.

Col. Louis Hebert, of the thirtieth Louisiana, who commanded McCulloch's infantry brigade, was captured soon after McCulloch was killed, and was succeeded by Col. McNair in command of the brigade. Hebert was a West Pointer, a man of fine, soldierly education, and rose to

the rank of brigadier general during the progress of the war, and died many years ago, but some time after the war had closed. He was a brother or cousin of Paul O. Hebert, at one time governor of Louisiana.

Col. E. McNair, of the fourth Arkansas infantry, and who commanded in most of the fighting done by McCulloch's division on the first day of the battle, as has been said before, is still living in contentment and comfort with his married daughter at Hattiesburg, Miss., being now eighty years old. When the war broke out he was a merchant in the town of Washington, Ark. He had been in the Mexican war, and was orderly sergeant of one of the companies of the first Mississippi rifles commanded by Col. Jéfferson Davis, afterwards the president of the Southern Confederacy. Col. McNair was born in Richmond county, North Carolina, but when a mere child his parents removed to Lawrence county, Mississippi, and when twenty-five years old began a mercantile business in Jackson, Miss. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he closed his business, enlisted as a volunteer and became a soldier, as stated above. On his return from the Mex-

ican war he settled down to engage in his former business at Washington.

Van Dorn with his army landed at Corinth a few days after the battle of Shiloh, which occurred on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, and Hebert's infantry brigade was for a few days placed under Brig. Gen. Hogg, of Texas, father of the late governor of that state. The army was here reorganized and a brigade formed consisting of the first and second Arkansas mounted riflemen (dismounted), the fourth Arkansas and the twenty-fifth Arkansas. Col. Turnbull, and Col. Churchill, who had been promoted to brigadier general, was assigned to the command of it, Col. R. H. Harper succeeding him as colonel of the first Arkansas rifles, and then also Harris Flanigan, afterwards during the war governor of Arkansas, became colonel of the second Arkansas rifles, and when he was elected governor in November, 1862, was succeeded by Col. J. B. Williams, still living in Hempstead county, Col. McNair continuing as colonel of the fourth Arkansas, but being the ranking colonel was all the time afterwards in command of the brigade, as Gen. Churchill was also of the division to which

they were attached, consisting of his own brigade and a Texas brigade, afterwards known as Eccleis, but at this time commanded by Col. T. J. McRae, of the first Arkansas infantry, which was in that brigade until about the time of the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, when it was transferred to Churchill's brigade. In the meantime the 29th North Carolina, Col. Doud Coleman, had been attached to our brigade and remained with us until the Georgia campaign of 1864, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. It was exchanged for the ninth Arkansas infantry, Col. Isaac Dunlop, brother of Major W. S. Dunlop, once auditor of Arkansas, now residing in Little Rock. Organized thus the brigade continued until the close of the war.

In November, 1862, Col. McNair was promoted to be brigadier general and placed in command of the brigade, but he was wounded at the battle of Chicahominy and transferred to the trans-Mississippi department, where he commanded a brigade in Gen. Churchill's division, and in March Col. D. H. Reynolds, of the first Arkansas rifles, was made brigadier general, and was in command when wounded at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., in an artillery duel in the

morning before. The battle opened in the afternoon. Afterwards the writer, senior colonel of the brigade, having been elected lieutenant colonel at the engagement at Corinth, November 6, 1862, and promoted to colonel, commanded until it was consolidated with one regiment of which he was made colonel commanding, and was such at the surrender, near Greensboro and on the return home.

In this hasty and imperfect way I have endeavored, in simple language, that may be understood and appreciated by the remnant of the command, to tell what I know of the Arkansans in the Confederate army with whom I served, and in doing so I have purposely avoided the beaten and customary path of the historian, purposely telling of things that will never be known except in a memory sketch, such as this is intended to be.

The following recollections of Gen. T. C. Hindman have been contributed, at the request of the author, by Col. Sam W. Williams, of Little Rock, Ark. :

“In the fall of 1854, Elbert H. English was elected by the legislature chief justice of the

supreme court of Arkansas, and at his request, in November, 1854, I removed from Brownsville, Ark., my former residence, and took charge of his office and business at Little Rock. In this manner I was thrown in contact with the legislature of that year, and was a frequent attendant upon its sessions.

“ About the same time a youth, almost beardless, in whose face were plainly delineated force, self confidence and intellect of a high order (he was blue eyed and fair complexioned, and below the average height), each day entered the house and took his seat by R. B. Macon and W. D. Rice, the representatives from Phillips county. He came with the air of one who had a right to the privileges of the floor, and made himself conspicuous in whispering to these representatives and apparently advising as to measures under discussion, in so much that some members took umbrage at his conduct near the close of the session, in January, 1855. I was told that in consequence of this, Dr. Moon, who had no more rights to the floor than Hindman, had attacked him in the house while in session, and they had a hot time in the old town that night; for awhile bullets flew thick

and fast, and the crack of the pistol was heard sharp and clear. Fortunately no blood was shed before the belligerents were arrested. I was not present, but was told that Dr. Moon, perhaps, was put up to it by some one who was offended at Hindman's course, and what was called by some his cheek, by going on the floor and meddling where he had no right.

“Let the blame rest where it may, one thing must be said: Hindman had a wonderful talent to get into fusses, from which he always came off either victor or with credit. It was unfortunately one of the evils of the times that political distinction and promotion often followed a fight, which made young men often seek them. At all events, during that winter Hindman laid the foundation of all his political and military future. The democratic party was largely in the ascendant in the legislature when it met, but that party was full of an element which was dissatisfied with the machine which ran it, then called, for want of a better name, the Johnson dynasty, sometimes called ‘the family clique.’ The know nothings had just sprung up, and before that session was over a large majority of its members were in that

party, and men elected as democrats assisted in filling all the state offices, then, except the governor, all elected by the legislature, with democratic know nothings. That sterling old democrat, William R. Miller, was beaten for auditor by A. S. Huey; and that faithful old public servant, J. H. Crease, was beaten for treasurer, because he was an Englishman by birth, by the democratic know nothing A. H. Rutherford. But he held but one term. When in 1857 the democrats returned to power, they restored him to the office. Now at this time know nothingism had made giant strides, and had perhaps two-thirds of the voters of the state bound in its lodges to a secret oath. This was Hindman's opportunity and his glory. He feathered in with the democratic machine, got the backing of its organ, the 'True Democrat,' then edited by R. H. Johnson, brother of U. S. Senator Robert W. Johnson, a man of superior force as a writer, a brainy and scholarly man.

“Hindman put out a large list of appointments in north Arkansas, where the know nothings were strongest. His object, not then suspected, was to lay the foundation for going

to congress from the northern district of Arkansas. The state had then but two districts.

“ Suffice it to say that Hindman did for Arkansas what Henry A. Wise did for Virginia. He scattered the know nothings to the four winds behind him. As he went, the democratic newspapers were full of democratic withdrawals from it, and though a few sturdy ganders of the democratic persuasion stood to their guns and made a fight in 1856, with Gen. James Yell, a democrat, as their standard bearer; yet it was clear that it was a foregone conclusion from the time that the unknown young orator, underrated by his foes, made that celebrated canvass alone through north Arkansas. This canvass, made through the snows of the latter part of the winter 1854-55, made Hindman and killed the know nothing party forever in Arkansas.

“ Hindman ran for and was elected to congress in 1858, supported by the democratic machine. It was my fortune to often meet Hindman in 1858 and 1860 in attending courts where he spoke. By 1860 the disaffection of democrats at the machine became so great that it culminated in the split of that year and the election of Hindman, though he sided with the inde-

pendents without opposition, he being the regular democratic nominee at the Dover convention. The convention in the southern district broke up without a nomination, turning lose C. B. Mitchell, the machine candidate, and E. W. Gantt, independent democrat, resulting in the election of the latter.

“The democratic convention of 1860 nominated R. H. Johnson for governor, a representative of what was called the family dynasty. A large minority of that convention published a protest setting forth that the convention was packed and other grounds of objections to it and its nominee. The protestants put up Henry M. Rector as the democratic candidate for governor. The protesting democrats swept the field and elected their men. In this contest Hindman sided with the independent democrats and really organized the canvass, and knowing the value of a newspaper, he secured the establishment of the ‘Old Line Democrat,’ and had T. C. Peek, a Virginian of culture and experience, brought here to edit it, wrote for it himself and selected a coterie of skilled writers to discuss in editorials local matters and history. No blunders were made.

He supervised and engineered all. I heard him frequently in the canvass of 1860. The opposition had no match for him. I must say that as a speaker for the masses I never heard his superior. He took "Populus" always off his feet. I have heard some of our greatest orators, too, both of this and other states.

"I had but little contact with him as a military commander. He left Arkansas early in 1861, went to Bowling Green, Ky., with his command raised under the Confederate government directly. I was absent from my regiment (seventeenth Arkansas) when it was decimated and destroyed at the battle of Corinth, Miss., and its remnant, with others, was reorganized as the twenty-first Arkansas, and that sterling old soldier, Jordan E. Cravens, who had enlisted and served as a private in my regiment in 1861, when I organized it at Dardanelle, was made its colonel. When Hindman came over here in 1862, to organize that army which won the battle of Prairie Grove, he ordered all officers in Arkansas who were away from their commands to report to him, which I did. He requested, rather than ordered me, to

go to Crystal Hill and drill new conscripts, about six thousand being there.

“I told him my condition, which was apparent, that my health would not admit of such service. He then gave me detached service, which I performed until I was elected attorney general in 1863, which ended my military service.”

As to the names and numbers of regiments organized in Arkansas, Col. Williams writes as follows :

“The contract of the military board with Gen. Hardee, taken from series 1, vol. 3, pages 609 and 610, Confederate War Records, published by the United States, settles the dispute about Gen. Pierce’s three regiments of infantry. He numbered, without authority, Gratiot’s regiment No. 3 instead of No. 2, as the board numbered it, and Dockery’s regiment Pierce numbered 4 instead of No. 3, and Walker’s No. 5 instead of No. 4; whereby we would have had two 5’s, Cross’s and Walker’s, and that has produced a great deal of confusion in history. Walker’s, No. 4, was disbanded after the battle of Oak Hills, while Cross’s continued in the service and

formed a part of Hardee's division east of the Mississippi river, and afterwards Cleburne's.

“In December, 1860, the legislature passed an act for the election of delegates for a convention to meet March 4, 1861. The convention met and passed an ordinance of secession to be submitted to the people in August, 1861, and adjourned March 21, 1861, subject to call of the president, in case of coercion by the United States of the seceded states. The attempt to provision and reinforce Fort Sumpter by the United States was an act of war, and provoked the attack on it by the Confederate soldiers in April, 1861. David Walker, the president of the convention, called it to reconvene on May 6, 1861. On the same day they met they passed the ordinance of secession immediately. They formed two brigades and elected Gen. James Yell commander of one and Gen. N. B. Pierce commander of the other, and created a military board of which the governor was president, and two military advisors were members. An army was raised by this board and turned over to the Confederate government. There was at the time, the 15th of July, 1861, in process of organization, but not

organized, the following regiments, which went into the Confederate service in the fall of 1861. You discover that Shaver's, No. 7, is the last regiment in the contract. The new regiments were numbered as follows, and were raised at the places below mentioned: Eighth, at Jacksonport, W. K. Patterson, colonel; ninth, at Pine Bluff, John Bradley, colonel; tenth, at Springfield, Conway county, Thomas D. Merrick, colonel; eleventh, at Benton, Saline county, Jabez M. Smith, colonel; twelfth, at Arkadelphia, E. W. Gantt, colonel; thirteenth, at Harrisburg, Poinsett county, J. C. Tappan, colonel; fourteenth, at Yellville, Marion county, Wm. Mitchell, colonel.

“Cleburne was the first to organize and apply for service, and he was numbered 1, and was ordered by the military board to Bird's Point on the Mississippi river, where he remained until after the transfer, when he was ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., by Gen. Hardee, with all the other Arkansas troops so transferred.

“The members from Phillips county in the convention were T. B. Hanly and C. W. Adams.

“The date when the troops came here to take the arsenal was sometime in February, 1861.

If you will go into Mt. Holly cemetery and examine the tombstone of Mary S. Causin (in the Barber lots), and find there the date of her death, you will find the date, for she died on the date the troops came.”

CLEBURNE'S ENTRY INTO MILITARY SERVICE.

We have come to a point now where our hero is to set his compass and form new lines of action. These lines are to be run through dark and dangerous places. They are to lead him through the dark valley of the Mississippi river at Bird's Point, then across the surging billows of a tempestuous inland sea; thence across the mountains of Kentucky and upon which mountains he was to show himself a counterpart of the great Fabius Maximus, when he occupied the hills of Italy and held the great Hannibal in check. From thence his lines led him through the beautiful, rich and lovely plains of Tennessee, then through the rough and rugged hills and mountains of Georgia, finding him on the 27th of November, 1863, after the disastrous defeat at Missionary Ridge, guarding the entrance of a narrow gorge in the mountain called Ringold Gap, which he

held with the pertinacity of a Spartan general and with the caution of the Roman emperor, Fabius Maximus. After following his beloved leader through the campaign of Georgia he finds himself following an unwilling leader back to the beautiful heights of Franklin, Tenn., when he fell leading his men foremost in that desperate and hopeless encounter. Cleburne believed that the death warrant of the Confederacy had been sealed when Gen. Joseph E. Johnson was removed to give place to a leader who had nothing but courage and dash to recommend him. Had the mantle of leadership fallen on Cleburne, instead of Hood, the army of the south would have gained a victory that would have insured far better terms of surrender than was secured by this mad rush after military fame. If the administration was determined to remove Gen. Johnson, why did it not put a man as leader who never had been whipped, and knew as well how to retreat as how to advance? But the true historian must record mistakes as well as successes. Cleburne by his military genius showed himself as competent to handle large bodies of men as small, for he was a born leader of men. As

Cleburne passed through Selma, Ala., I had an opportunity of exchanging a few words with him, as he was waiting for his car to move off. When I asked him to give me his opinion of the move, he replied, "We are going to carry the war into Africa, but I fear we will not be as successful as Scipio was."

Some orator, whose name I have forgotten, said in a speech before the Little Rock Memorial Chapter that "the south never was wrong—it stood upon the constitution and the law." This expression breathes the sentiment of every true southern man in what is called the dead Confederacy, but "there is life in the old land yet," and you might as well try to obliterate the spots upon the sun as to try to crush out the memory of our brave heroes who sacrificed everything save honor.

In order to make all true that I have written about our two generals, I have taken the pains to get all the information I could from those who were in possession of facts, and as Hindman was accused of bad generalship at the battle of Prairie Grove in not following up his victory over Blount, I addressed the following note to my old friend and

schoolmate, whom I was certain would give facts as he knew them.

Little Rock, Ark., June 24, 1898.

Col. Sam W. Williams, Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Friend—Would you kindly supply me with such facts as you are in possession of regarding Gen. Hindman's conduct at the battle of Prairie Grove. Fraternaly yours,

C. E. NASH.

Col. Williams replied as follows :

Little Rock, Ark., June 28, 1898.

Dr. C. E. Nash, Little Rock, Ark.

While the battle of Prairie Grove was going on, Gen. Holmes, the commander of the department, was in constant telegraphic communication with Gen. Hindman, and after the battle was gained Holmes ordered Hindman to fall back across the mountain to Van Buren. I was in the military service at the time and was in Gen. Holmes' office in the old State Bank building at the corner of Center and Markham streets, Little Rock, until midnight after the battle. I knew that Gen. Holmes was very uneasy all the while the battle was going on, and knew that after the fight he gave orders to fall back. I never knew why, as Holmes was reticent, but I thought at the time that he feared Hindman might be crushed by a union of Herron and Blount, but as Hindman was ordered the next day to come to Little Rock, I changed my mind and concluded

Holmes feared an attack on Little Rock by way of Arkansas Post.

Fraternally yours, SAM W. WILLIAMS.

It will be seen by this and other information to follow that Hindman did not deserve the caustic criticism he received from Arkansas troops in the western department.

The following information I received from Major A. J. Quindley, in a conversation with him, who states substantially the following facts :

“I was adjutant of Thompson’s cavalry regiment, Cabell’s brigade, under Gen. T. C. Hindman’s command, at the battle of Prairie Grove, opposed by Gen. Blount’s and Herron’s commands. The battle was fought on the 7th of December, 1862. The fight commenced early Sunday morning. My cavalry command engaged Blount’s infantry the greater part of the day in the neighborhood of Cane Hill. We made it hot for him, so much so that he retreated and joined the main Federal army at Prairie Grove, my command joining the main Confederate army under Gen. Hindman at Prairie Grove, and the battle continued until darkness closed in upon us, when we ceased

firing, and our main army fell back, as we supposed, to rest for the night. I was left with my command on the battle field until a late hour in the night, when I received orders to fall back on the line (the main army was retreating). This was a cold, frosty night, with no moonshine or brilliant stars to light our way. The next day we were ordered to Van Buren. From here Gen. Hindman moved towards Little Rock, while Cabell's command was ordered to cross the Arkansas river. Then our command followed the main army a part of the way, then turned back and went to Van Buren. From there the command under Gen. Cabell operated in the Indian country, northwest Arkansas and Missouri, until the evacuation of Little Rock, when we moved south and joined the main Confederate army at Arkadelphia. It was the impression of the command that we were ordered to retreat for want of ammunition. This I know was true of my cavalry brigade, as we had nearly exhausted all our ammunition."

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to Judge T. J. Oliphint :

Little Rock, Ark., August 16, 1898.

Judge T. J. Oliphint, Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Sir—Knowing that you are one of Arkansas' noble patriots who served her in the struggle during our civil war, and that you have been one of the fortunate ones whose physical and mental strength has not failed you, and that the patriotic fires that burned in your breast in the long to be remembered dark days of 1861, and incidents occurring in that year, will be of great interest to your surviving comrades and their children, I would kindly ask you to furnish such incidents as you may think of interest to my readers. Please give from your own memory.

Respectfully,

C. E. NASH.

Col. Oliphint replied, in his interesting way, as follows :

“I esteem your letter as a compliment, but doubt the wisdom of placing in your interesting book a contribution from me. Cares more than business abstract my mind from the memory of those dark days of 1861, and the incidents of that memorable year and those that followed, yet I have ventured from my beclouded memory to pen you a few recollections which may interest, if not entertain,

some who may chance to read them. The objection I have to what I send you is it that is disconnected and random, and smacks too much of the writer trying to impose his own biography on your book.

“It is a difficult task to abstract yourself from the busy cares of the present and live in memory over the years of the war between the states, especially where the lapse of so many years have clouded the memory. Yet without being able to go into full detail, the recollection of the patriotism of the people of the south is as vivid as ever.

“I venture no state representing the Confederate cause responded to the call more freely than Arkansas, and no county more so than that of the writer’s boyhood home, to wit: White. Well do I remember the excitement, the bonfires, the speeches stirring the young hearts to action, as well as the older. The sentiment of war was so strong and ran so high it was death to any one who should utter a word in opposition, especially to manifest sympathy for the north.

“The negroes were watched with jealous eye because we were taught by the leaders it was

a war to free them, and this idea was strengthened by the fact that we had abolition preachers at times through the country for years before. But be it said of the race, they were our best allies, as they stayed with us and produced largely that which the war consumed, and when in many sections the country was decimated of white men the negroes protected and supported the women and children. What at this late day illustrates the condition of the minds of the people at that time as much as anything else is the low estimate put upon the fighting qualities of the 'yankees,' as they were called. We were taught to believe that one southern man could whip at least five yankees; they were no marksmen, but that we of the south who had from childhood been used to the gun were far superior to them. We learned however before the war closed that we were made of about the same "stuff," and many of us saw the time when one-half a yankee would be as much as we wanted to contend with. One of the leading spirits in my county in firing the youth for war said that he could take Mr. Travis' school girls and place them on Saladore mountain and keep back

the army coming to Searcy from that direction.

“One young man in Searcy stirred my young spirit more than anything else when he was placed on a hogshead and declaimed the speech of Patrick Henry, especially that part of it when he proclaimed, ‘Give me liberty or give me death!’ I boiled over when the Confederate flag was presented to Capt. F. M. Chrisman, in the old Methodist church in Searcy, in March, 1861, and I proceeded to join a company which was organized at West Point, a little town about ten miles from Searcy, which was called the Hindman Guards, named for him who afterwards became famous as a general.

“In a few days a transport lay at the landing awaiting my company to take it to Camp Rector, a few miles above Memphis, and when the day arrived to go I will never forget the parting scene of mother, father, sisters, brothers and sweethearts. No man or boy who had enlisted had the power to resist a tear, and hard hearted indeed was any one who witnessed the departure who did not also weep. Handkerchiefs fluttered from those on board and those ashore, until the boat hove around the bend

and out of sight. No particular incident occurred on the way, and when we arrived at the camp we found companies from Pine Bluff, Clarendon, Helena and divers other places sufficient to form a regiment. One of the companies from Helena, towit: the Yell rifles, was commanded by the afterwards great and heroic Cleburne. I never before nor since saw as fine a body of men, or as well drilled, as was the Yell rifles. When the order came to organize and elect field officers Pat Cleburne was elected colonel, as I remember without opposition, and under him the writer took his first lessons in regimental drill. I think this election took place on the the 16th day of April, 1861. The first three months of service was in state service. We rendezvoused on the Tennessee side, about forty miles above Memphis, and called the camp Fort Cleburne. An order came to move to Pitman's Ferry, in Randolph county, Ark., for the purpose of reorganization for Confederate service, and on arrival we proceeded to do so. Many companies disbanded and elected new officers, and many companies went entirely to pieces, the men and

officers going home or joining other companies and other commands.

“The company of which the writer was a member was one that went to pieces, the men disposing of themselves as above mentioned, the writer going home, and in a week or two went via Memphis to Columbus, Kentucky, and from there to Felicianna in Graves county. At Columbus I saw for the first and last time Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, who gave me a pass to the command camped at Felicianna, called “Camp Beauregard.” I connected myself with company ‘E’ in the tenth regiment Arkansas volunteers, commanded by Col. T. D. Merrick, and with this company I remained until after the battle of Shiloh, when I obtained a transfer to the trans-Mississippi department, Arkansas, where I joined the twelfth Texas dragoons, commanded by Col. William H. Parsons. The company I joined was commanded by Capt. Ware. As orderly to Col. Parsons was ‘Doc’ Rayburn, afterwards noted as a daring and successful scout. ‘Doc,’ as he was called, died at Squire Mann’s about two miles from De Vall’s Bluff soon after the war. With this regiment the writer remained until the fall of

of 1863, when permission was obtained to recruit a company, and in connection with Capt. John McCoy raised a company, of which I was elected a lieutenant. This company was attached to the regiment called the forty-seventh cavalry, which was commanded by Col. Lee Crandall, now of national fame. A more gallant officer never wore the spurs.

“The writer served for quite awhile as special scout for the regiment, with permission to select such men as I chose, and as many. Many adventures could be recorded of captures, escapes, and entering the Federal lines by night, but it would make this chapter too long to do so. After quite a long and exciting campaign in Arkansas came the Missouri raid, in which the writer participated from beginning to end. When we passed the line of Arkansas and entered Missouri, I will never forget the scene of smoking ruins that was presented for miles; to see women and little children in the frosty morning standing beside the embers, which but yesterday was a comfortable home, was a heart-rending scene. The next day, or maybe the day after, it was learned that the perpetrators of this terrible outrage had been captured in

the person of Maj. Wilson and six men (one of which, however, was a sixteen year old boy). The men were being strongly guarded and marching with the column.

“The writer being an officer, with more privileges than a private, took it upon himself to ride into Col. Reaves’ regiment, who had charge of the prisoners; and while there a body of men, who had charge of them, with Col. Reaves at the head, turned from the main road. We were traveling to the right, in the direction of a small mountain, and out of further curiosity I followed and kept out of sight of them, as I supposed, as it was not difficult on account of the meanderings of the road through the thick growth on either side, and as the march with the prisoners was exceeding quiet and slow. They passed suddenly into the bed of a large creek and on to the other side, when I, without my wish, suddenly came in full view of the command in charge, and was discovered, when I assumed the boldness to march up with the rest. While thus stopped, Col. Reaves addressed Maj. Wilson and told him that he had been ordered by Gen. Price to take them out and shoot them, when Maj. Wilson, looking

straight into the eye of Col. Reaves, said, 'You do not mean to say that you are going to shoot us without a trial?' To which Col. Reaves replied, 'You have been tried, and such are my orders,' and ordered 'forward.' Passing on a short distance, a turn to the right was made in the direction of the mountain until a swag was reached on the edge thereof, when a halt was ordered and the prisoners placed close to the bottom of the swag, and the men detailed to shoot stationed above them, with a strong guard on the other side.

"When the prisoners were placed in position to be shot, the boy heretofore mentioned began to cry and take on at a terrible rate, saying, 'I have a widowed mother in Arkansas, and she is a good southern woman, and these men forced me to go with them!' My sympathy was so aroused that I rode around to where the colonel was sitting on his horse, and said, 'Colonel, it looks hard to shoot that boy.' To which he replied, 'Yes; but he is in bad company, and such are my orders.' While making ready to shoot the men, one of them detailed to do it came to me and asked me to let him have my pistol, and I told him I would

if he would promise me he would not shoot the boy with it. He promised and I loaned him the pistol. Before the order to fire was given, Maj. Wilson and the men were asked 'if they had anything to say,' and none but the boy said anything, and he nothing more than I have stated. Maj. Wilson took his hat off and laid it on the ground in front of him, and he and the five others stood facing the detail, apparently without a tremor, but the boy continued his cry. When the fire was ordered, Maj. Wilson was shot dead with many bullets. All were shot to the ground except the boy, who stood untouched, and a peremptory order was given to shoot again, when he fell dead. The men were stripped of their clothing, such as could be used as trophies, and especially Maj. Wilson, and they were left where they fell. How long after they were found I do not know, but heard they were soon found and Maj. Wilson taken to St. Louis.

"Soon after the raid in Missouri I was captured and taken to the state penitentiary at Little Rock, but after my imprisonment I kept concealed from any human being what I had

seen as herein detailed, as it might not have been well for me; at least I thought so.

“When the war closed, we of my county who returned, found our people impoverished, yet patriotic—‘of the same opinion still,’—and each and all, with a few exceptions, vied with each other in rendering the most help to build each other up. Truly we were a united people, and so continued until for the love of gold some deserted to the enemies of the county and state. We were so united in feeling and sentiment that at one time after the war there were only thirty-seven republican voters in the county. Such unanimity as that, after the lapse of so many years, has somewhat subsided, yet a more neighborly feeling does not exist in any county than in this. White county was the scene of many skirmishes during the war, as well as daring exploits by soldiers doing scout duty. The writer was busy in some of those scenes, but will forbear to say anything personal as to himself, and will leave that to others who could speak with probably more candor.”

After the fall of Memphis orders were given by the Confederate government to burn all the cotton within a certain distance of the river. This was about as foolish an order as the Federals could have given when they were expecting Lee to turn up at Washington City and take the capital. They might have ordered all the gold and silver in the treasury melted up and made into golden vases and candlesticks to ornament churches, so as to keep it from falling into the hands of the Confederates. Cotton was our treasure, and the yankee manufactories would have bought every pound of it wherever they could have gotten it from private citizens, and paid their gold for it. Then Confederate money would have been worth more than greenbacks, and this would have given us the sinews of war, which is always necessary to carry on a war successfully.

An amusing incident might be brought in here to show how judgment may be overruled by an excess of patriotism, but as this has been referred to in another part of this book, we will not bring it in here.

In April, 1862, the river bottom was under water for twenty miles. Thousands of bales

had been saved by putting them up in sheds above high water, and in this condition the cotton was found at the time the order was given to burn it. Confederate officers and men came out in large yawls to have the order executed. A company came to my plantation, and as the field was covered with water they approached from the back side. As they approached the house I saw the officer and knew him. He laughed at our belligerent position, and said to the negroes, "We are friends, and have come with orders for your master to burn his cotton, to keep it from falling into the hands of the enemy." As I did not wish to take the low price of cotton, I had nearly two crops on hand. We went to the shed, and cutting the ties put a torch to the cotton. There were about one hundred and twenty bales disposed of in this way. The burning cotton, floating on the water, and carried down by the slow current, made a beautiful light, after the manner of the old fashioned oil lamp with the wick floating on the water below the oil. Hundreds of bales were floating on the water as far as the eye could reach, as every plantation was undergoing the

same process. A large quantity of this burning and burnt cotton drifted upon the tops of small trees, and they looked as though they were topped with a brown hood. After the water went down much of this cotton was gathered up by the negroes and poor white women, and sold to Federal cotton buyers, who had permits from the commanding officer to visit that section and make purchases. They paid gold for the cotton, and many bales that had been run into the woods, and never seen fire, were sold also. The three men that went to the river with me were engaged in this business, though they afterwards made the bravest and best soldiers in any Mississippi regiment. One was shot through the kidneys, from the effects of which he died. The gold they obtained for this cotton was mostly given to the regiments raised in the bottom. Each family was allowed to retain five bales for domestic purposes. The yankees got my five bales without compensation.

We now come to the fall of Helena and its occupation by the Federals on the 4th of July, 1862.

In April, 1862, the Federals captured Memphis, Tenn., and a short time afterwards sent their large gunboats to Helena to act in conjunction with Gen. Washburne's command who were advancing from White river. Helena was surrendered by the mayor without the fire of a gun, not even the little four pound cannon that brought to shore the steamer.

Cleburne's brother-in-law commanded at the outbreak of the war. Cleburne fired this gun himself and threw a shot in front of her bow. When his relative promised him that his boat should not be used in Federal service, she was turned loose. Four pound cannons were big guns in those days, 1861.

After the surrender of Helena some scouts were sent out to capture all the prominent political men thereabouts, on both sides of the Mississippi. At this time a Confederate force of one company was stationed at Austin, Miss. The officer in command wrote a letter to the writer, requesting him to go into Helena at night and get all the information he could about the number and stations of the Federal army. This letter was sent early in the morning, and two or three

neighbors were sitting on their horses waiting for me to accompany them to the Helena ferry and look over to see the big show that was put on exhibition by the Federals. I opened the letter and read the contents to them, then folding it up put it in my pocket. My wife, seeing that I had received a letter, became anxious to see its contents. She sent for me to come to the house. I gave her the letter to read, and although an enthusiastic Confederate, she objected to my going on the mission, as she considered it a dangerous one. A woman has always more intuition than a man, and, while thinking the duty should be performed, thinks some one else should do it besides her husband. I left the room with the letter in my pocket. When I arrived at the gate she sent for me to return to the house. I refused to do so. She then told the servant to tell me to tear up the letter, as she was afraid it would get me into trouble. I complied with her request and tore the letter up in large pieces, which was after several days picked up, put together and read. I did not suspect that the letter made me a spy, as I was totally unacquainted with the rigid rules of war.

We went down to the ferry landing, and sitting on the front gallery of the ferryman's house, indulging in jokes about yankee cowardice, a solid shot passed through the gallery and knocked up the earth just beyond us. This stopped the joking and the laughing, and a more serious aspect of affairs was observed. While meditating on the brittle thread of life in war times, our eyes were astonished by seeing a squad of armed men rise up from under the bank, and with guns leveled on us, cried, "Halt!" This company was commanded by a lieutenant of an Illinois regiment. He arrested me, but did not interfere with the others. The reason of this, I afterwards found out, was that those men had gone to Helena and taken the oath, and were selling cotton that they had hidden from the burners. They had more sense than the government. I was taken and cast into the county jail and confined in a cell with a sick negro, there to await my trial before the court martial the next morning. I was taken from the jail the next morning by the lieutenant and taken before the court. The court was presided over by the provost marshal, Col. James H. O'Conner, of an Illinois regiment.

Col. O'Conner was from Springfield, Ill., where I had some dear relatives with whom he was well acquainted, who told him that if he ever went to Helena he must protect their relatives, mentioning the names of them, mine among the number.

The colonel looked very ferocious at me, and then straightening himself up in his big chair, demanded of my accuser the charges he brought against me. When told that I was a political prisoner; that I had been feeding Confederate soldiers, and that he had seen corn along the lane, and evidences of a large cavalry force, the colonel replied, "These charges are not sufficient to hold him;" and turning to me said, "I will release you if you will take the oath of allegiance to the Federal government." To this I replied, with emphasis, "I will not do it." I was then ordered back to jail. After being placed the second time in jail, the lieutenant came to the jail and said to me, that he had not brought the charge against me that would have cost my life. He then said, "You received a letter the morning I captured you, did you not?" I replied, "I did." He replied, "That letter makes you a spy."

If the conditions had been the same as in the David Dodd case at Little Rock, I too might have died a military death by shooting and given up my life for my country, without my country ever having received any benefit from my sacrifice. But owing to a woman's intuition and other circumstances not to be mentioned here, my neck was saved. If I had thought that I was acting as a spy, I should not have accepted the trust, as there were too many dependent upon me for professional services and support. So you see, my reader, how ignorant civilians were of the strict construction of military law. In a short time I was ordered back to the provost. He asked me if I was now willing to take the oath. He showed me the oath. I told him I could not take it without mental reservation. He then wrote this oath: "I will not voluntarily take up arms against the government of the United States." To this I signed my signature, and put my pardon in my pocket. I never saw it afterwards. I did not take up arms, but I did the scalpel.

This trial took place a little before sundown, and while it was going on Dr. H. M. Grant, Hon. Wm. K. Sebastian and Wm. F. Moore

were scouring the banks to find a skiff to take me across the river home. Dr. Grant succeeded in finding one, an old half rotten skiff, below town, and secured Can. Underwood, who was an expert rower, to man the skiff. The skiff was brought up to the landing half full of water. Underwood and I were bailing it out when my wife, with her three weeks old babe in her arms, touched me on the back and said, "Husband, I have been looking for you all over town!" I said, "Wife, don't talk now, we must get home to the children; I know they are frightened to death." She took her seat in the rear of the boat, and I continued bailing. We had gotten but a short distance from the shore when fire after fire was directed at the skiff. One bullet struck the boat just on the opposite side of where my wife and child were sitting, but too high above the water line to do any damage. Underwood says, "Let's turn back, doctor; they will hit some of us." I said, "Pull harder! every lick will take us out of their range." By this time the waves began to roll high. Another shot struck the bow of the boat about two inches above the water line, and as the waves were running high, the water poured in

at this opening. I immediately tore off my shirt sleeve and stopped the hole. By this time we had gotten out of the range of the bullets, as we could hear them strike the water behind us. Black darkness now closed in upon us, but the phosphorescent light was enough for us to see where we were going, with the aid of our experienced oarsman, who had crossed the river hundreds of times looking after his trot lines. By hard work and the dint of courage we landed about two miles above the ferry landing, in the woods. The skiff was half full of water, and we had to walk through it to get out. Just as the last one debarked the old vessel went down to rise no more. Though she had made many successful voyages across the raging stream, and had carried many pounds of freight, we opine whether she had ever carried so rich a cargo before. She must have realized this fact, as she did not go down until she had made her last and best efforts.

We now took our journey homewards. The woods were so dark that we could not find the small path that led along the bank of the river. As I knew the woods well, and we had the baby to carry, I told my wife we would make our

way to the ferry, and there I could get a buggy from the ferryman, and, dark as it was, could get on the public road and get home before daylight. This we did, wending our way over large trees and drift that had floated upon the banks after an overflow.

While I am writing this my granddaughter is playing and singing "Comin' Through the Rye," but I think if the loveliest maid in Christendom could have met us that night she would have need to "cry." I wonder if somebody hasn't discovered the musical microbe, and the number of gyrations it makes to produce a sound wave!

We arrived at the ferry after much fatigue and hard labor, just as the first cock crow was announcing the coming of day. The horse was hitched and the buggy brought out and the cargo of live flesh—the dearest to us of any flesh on earth—placed therein. A good whip was found in the holder, and as the horse was a little lazy was applied freely. The big road was the county road. It was smooth and without stumps, so we made the horse do his best trotting. It was just five miles from the ferry

landing to our home, and we arrived there at the dawn of day.

I forgot to say that after my capture, the lieutenant went back and got my fine five hundred dollar slasher mare, with a fine seventy-five dollar saddle made to order by Mr. Opp, the fine saddler of Helena.

We found that old granny had hidden the children under the bed, and their little hearts were panting as if for want of breath. Of course the meeting was pathetic and there are many such scenes in daily life but not in war times. I learned afterwards that a company had been placed on the bank of the river to stop any boat from crossing the river without permission from the commanding officer, as there were many deserters from their army making their escape in that way. They were firing on us through mistake.

This closes the first scene of our military life. No war can be said to be strictly civilized. All wars are barbarous and uncivilized. Gen. Forrest gave the best definition of war when he said, "War means to fight, and fight means to kill."

In order to make our sketch complete, I must speak of the battle of Helena on the 4th of July, 1863. If this battle had ever been given in detail it would not be brought in here, and as I was not present, nor within fifty miles of our beloved town, where I first unfolded my saddlebags in 1849, will have to rely on those for information that were in the fight. If my criticisms upon the general management of the battle, drawn from my knowledge of the topography of the country—which information was acquired by riding all the hog paths by day and night for twenty years—and a perfect knowledge of its citizens, seem harsh when speaking of our causeless defeat, I may be excused.

Gen. Holmes made as great a mistake in this fight as he made in ordering the retreat of Hindman at Prairie Grove. Why Gen. Holmes should have marched his brave, fearless Arkansans around the foot of Crowley's Ridge and placed them between the gunboats and the forts upon the hills, and have them slaughtered, when he could have advanced in the rear of the forts, with a high broken country, filled with springs of cool,

crystal waters, with an enthusiastic people willing to give their last mouthful for the support of the army, and even the patriotic women willing to give up their riding horses and their sons of twelve to sixteen years old for the fight, is a problem for a school boy to solve. If the immortal Cleburne had been in command six hours of the engagement he would have captured the whole of the Federal army, posts and all, and with a strong battery placed at the mouth of the St. Francis river had the Federal gunboats between Helena and that place, and have held them until Gen. J. R. Chalmers with his Mississippi regiment and artillery would have caused a surrender.

Gen. Chalmers was delayed by the heavy rains causing the bottom land to become very spongy, which made it difficult for him to move his heavy artillery and cavalry at a speed sufficient to join Holmes' army on the Arkansas side at the beginning of the fight. Chalmers did not get within five miles of the ferry landing before the fight was over and its results communicated to him by a courier.

Chalmers then withdrew from the Mississippi river and took up his headquarters at Her-

nando, Miss., and afterwards fought the battle of Cold Water, near Senatobia. This battle was fought against a large Federal force under the command of Gen. Smith, whose headquarters was at Memphis, Tenn. In this battle Gen. Chalmers was joined by Gen. Shelby of the Missouri Confederate army. One hundred and fifty horses, several prisoners and several pieces of artillery were the trophies of this battle. Smith retreated hastily to Memphis, and there remained quietly for some time. This was the only fight the writer was ever in, and not in this as a soldier, but as a surgeon.

An incident might be brought in here of peculiar interest to many of my readers and of some value to surgeons. A Missourian and a Mexican were wounded close to the water of the river. The Missourian was shot by a minnie ball through the shoulder, cutting the brachial artery, from whence the blood was flowing rapidly. I was rushed into his presence through shot and shell, and making a tourniquet of my silk handkerchief, succeeded in stopping the blood, and sent him to the rear. When told that he might die, he replied, "I wish I had a thousand lives, that I might give

them all for my country." He recovered. The little Mexican had seven balls shot into his left thigh and leg. Five of these balls had to be extracted, and while I was cutting he was smoking an old cob pipe the old lady of the house had furnished him. No chloroform was used in either case, as I had none. When I asked him if it did not hurt, he replied in half Spanish, "Who cares for that!" Both of these men recovered and joined their commands, and fought through the war.

The details of the Helena battle was to have been furnished for this book by an officer in command; but as this officer was absent while I was engaged in writing about this battle, I could not get his description, and will have to content myself with what has been given.

CLEBURNE'S POSITION UPON THE MEMORIAL TO PUP SLAVES IN THE ARMY.

While the memorial set forth some of the strongest reasons for taking so important a step, the whole country, slave owners and non slave owners, were violently opposed to the measure, asserting that they were not fighting for slaves but for a separate government. Consid-

ering that the compact between the states forming the Federal government had been violated, and if in one instance could be in another, they therefore held tenaciously to the old democratic government of state's rights. The writer heard it often remarked in Selma, Ala., that if President Davis favored such a scheme, they would abandon the cause of the Confederacy and return to the union on any terms. Some suggested that if the plan was adopted we would become recruiting agents for the Federal army; that the negroes would use their guns against their former owners, and they would also become the worst spies upon all our movements.

Cleburne did not think so, though he never owned a slave, but had been intimately connected with those who did, and had learned the great attachment that existed between master and slave. Slaves were considered a part of the household, and never allowed to work in places of danger to life or health. Irishmen were engaged to do all the ditching and levying that had to be done in the hot summer months and cold winter days. Taking this view of the situation, Cleburne was in favor of

enlisting them, if they desired it, with the promise that all who should be honorably discharged at the close of the war should have their freedom. This in the writer's opinion would have been the best plan to have adopted.

An incident might be brought in here to show the great attachment some slaves had for their owners. After the fall of Memphis, Tenn., large skiffs were sent out by the Confederates to burn all the cotton within ten miles of the river. My plantation was within two miles of the river, and I was at that time on the place.

This was in April, 1862, when the land was covered with water for twenty miles. As the field lay between the house and the river we could see the men coming in a large skiff with uniforms on and armed with guns. At that distance we could not distinguish the color of the uniform. Of course, hearing of the fall of Memphis, we naturally supposed they were Federals. All the negro men, with their families, were in the gin house. Upon seeing this skiff filled with armed men every man seized his ax and came to the house, arranged themselves in a line on the gallery, and said they would defend us to the death. Cleburne knew these

men and their devotion to their owners. We were rejoiced to see that the occupants of the skiff were Confederates and were only out to take the order for burning cotton. There were a few roving, restless spirits among the negroes, as there always has been in the human race, longing to change their condition, whether for good or evil. These might have given trouble, but would have been largely overbalanced by the true and loyal. In furtherance of this view the writer witnessed one thousand able bodied men, who had been sent to work on the fortifications at Montgomery, Ala., offer their services to assist in the defense of Selma, to which place the Federals were rapidly approaching, but their services could not be accepted, as the officers in command were not allowed to arm them. They proved loyal to their masters and their families to the last, remaining on the plantations and working peaceably.

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

The sun was just sinking behind the western hills and his farewell beams fell full on the glittering swords of the enemy. Cleburne's fate now seemed sealed, for he was blocked in front.

and rear, while his flanks were constantly ravaged by the enemy. Disdaining however to yield he made an impetuous charge, as if his last, and fell pierced by a minnie ball through the heart.

Cleburne's courage was not the rashness of headlong excitement, like that of some generals. The enthusiasm born in the hour of battle amid the tossing of plumes, the tramping of the host, the shout of trumpets and roar of cannon has always been found sufficient to hurl man into any scene of horror or peril. There is a heroism called forth by sudden emergencies, such as the commonest soldier often exhibits in the heat of battle. Cleburne's courage was something more and greater. It dared just as much without the least excitement. His thoughts were just as clear and his eye as quiet amid the falling ranks, as if he were standing upon the cap of an adjacent hill looking over the scene of slaughter. He could give orders as calmly in the heat of battle as though manœuvring at a grand review. He would stand within musket shot of a most terrific and hotly worked battery, and while the storm of bullets swept where he stood he would eye its operations and

scan its assailable points with imperturbable quietness.

The smoke rolled over the dark hills like that of a burning forest; the sun went down in gloom; the dead were piled on the ground; nor did this sanguinary battle close with the setting sun, it carried its rolling waves of flame far into the night. It was after night that Cleburne fell. This virtually closed the war in the east.

Thus it may be seen that all his faculties did not terminate in his bravery. We had some officers in our army who, like Bonaparte, rated all military leaders low but themselves. Every battle he was engaged in pronounced their declarations false. He was always placed in the rear when the army was retreating, simply because he was a brave and true man. At the battle of Franklin a boundless field was open to his enthusiastic imagination. He won the admiration of all by his activity, force and bravery. Borne away by his earnest courage and panting for distinction, he showed on this terrible day the traits of a true warrior. He moved his guns up to within a few yards of the enemy's lines, and then

poured a destructive fire into their ranks. He filled Hardee's most sanguine expectations. Cleburne's dispatches were always clear and forcible, not like Napoleon said of Marmont's, that they have more trash and complications than an old clock.

Cleburne had great breadth of character and fixedness of will, and his care for the safety and comfort of his men created a bond of affection between him and the meanest soldier, and increased their love and respect for him. He had not the genius of some of our generals, but he possessed in its place a well balanced mind, with strong common sense. He affected neither sumptuousness of living nor brilliancy of style. There was the same simplicity in his language when general as when a private in Cowley's company. He seemed utterly unconscious of the petty ambitions and rivalries which so disturb the happiness of others, but moved straight forward in the path of duty, without any concern for himself. The tear of a poor soldier moved him more than the baubles of rank or fame, and it is the greatest eulogy that can be passed on him when it is said that amid all the changes and turbulent scenes and

temptations he passed through, he never lost his sympathetic heart. His soldiers worshiped him, nor was it strange; not one of them ever applied to him in vain, and this bound him to them with cords of steel. In his last struggle at Franklin they were more anxious about his life than their own, often importuning him to retire from the front; but he resisted all efforts to stay his charge, and fell at the head of his gallant command.

The whole army which had become accustomed to heroic deeds beheld this charge with amazement; and Cleburne's memory was firmly fixed in the hearts of his countrymen. Words cannot convey the distress and sympathy that went through the whole army when the news of his death reached its rank and file. Tears trickled down the cheeks of old warriors and wild shouts of grief could be heard from all quarters accompanied with the words, "Cleburne has fallen!"—the good, the brave and generous Cleburne.

His uniform was riddled with balls, singed and blackened with powder, while his war horse "Old Pepper" was streaked with foam and blood. Cleburne was not fighting for glory in

itself, but from high, pure, patriotic motives, believing in the justice of his cause, and conscientious in his motives.

Hood had an opportunity of escaping as the moon rose full and large from behind the mountains.

It is difficult in a single sketch to do justice or convey any correct idea of what he accomplished in his military career. His qualities were rather solid than brilliant, and the field on which he was compelled to exhibit them, the most unfavorable that could be given him, never operating on a very large scale as a commander of a corps, still he was placed in the most difficult and dangerous positions. He did not shine in the reflected glory of Lee's genius. The only halo around his head is that which his own actions have made. Cleburne was one of those well balanced characters which is known more by what it accomplishes than by any striking features it exhibits.

The writer disclaims any intention of magnifying the character or detracting from the virtues of this truly illustrious man. In the narratives of the first part of his life, I confined myself to the truth of what I recollect, and being

intimately associated with Gen. Cleburne as his bosom friend and companion, I believe my statement will be as near correct as human memory will allow. That some of the incidents of his life may appear simple to the reader, doubtless is true; but in giving the history of a man we must give the small as well as the great incidents of his life. In drawing a pen picture we must be as observant of the shades of character as the artist is in selecting his colors.

CLEBURNE'S FUNERAL.

His few remaining followers who had battled by his side to the last pressed in silence around the coffin, and with tears streaming down their faces reached out their hands to touch the pall. There lay the general they had loved, the leader they had followed, cold and stiff in death. Oh, the tears of those rough warriors were worth more than all the pomp and magnificence imperial pride could render an honored patriot for whom they were shed, more than royal eulogies or splendid pageants. He was a skillful commander, a bold warrior and true friend; wise in counsel, of

pure patriotism and unsullied honor, he was beloved by his friends and had no enemies.

A beautiful monument stands in the Evergreen cemetery at Helena, Ark., erected by the ladies of the Confederacy. Its commanding position suggests the high esteem in which he was held by his countrymen; but the noblest monument is in the hearts of the brave Arkansas boys who followed him with love and enthusiasm to his last resting place.

The empire of the Confederacy had departed forever; the combined Federal and hired soldiery were too numerous, and the immense wealth of the nation being in their treasury, which Andrew Jackson said was the sinews of war. But state's rights, for which we were battling, did not go down in obscurity, but has slowly settled back to its ancient place, yet not to its ancient strength. The principles of state's rights still lives in the hearts of all American freemen.

It may be as that great and good man, Robt. Hall, said of the battle of Waterloo, "I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages." But I do not think it will take so long for the pendulum of individual freedom, as

taught in our constitution, to settle back to its proper position in the politics of the world.

The prejudice and falsehood that has loaded the south with treason begins already to be detected, and every year will see those prejudices and sufferings of the war rolled from her shoulders and laid at the door of her accusers.

The above was written in the early part of 1894. We now have the gratifying consolation to know that the prophecy is fulfilled, for the gray and blue are standing side by side, musket in hand, shooting at a common enemy who has dared to insult the stars and stripes of our common country, notwithstanding the infraction that had been made in the constitution.

Speaking of our late war, Mr. W. P. Harrison uses the following language: "And as the years multiply, separating us from the the horrors of the struggle of 1861, the impartial hand of the muse of history will sharpen the pen and fill the pages of the great volume of our story with the records which prejudice and passion may falsify, but cannot destroy."

BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KY.

After Cleburne's regiment was transferred to the Confederate service at Bird's Point, Ark., he went to Kentucky, and at Richmond fought his first engagement of note with the enemy. He was then colonel, but by meritorious service on that occasion was promoted to brigadier general, and this promotion was over the heads of many West Pointers, a compliment he highly valued. At this battle he was wounded in the left cheek, the ball passing through the flesh and knocking out two of his jaw teeth. He told me he caught the ball in his mouth and spit it out. His horse was killed under him. When he showed the wound to me the scar was covered by thin whiskers, which so obscured it that it could not be discerned without parting the hair. In this fight his Arkansas boys, made up of the best material that enlisted in the Confederate service, earned for themselves the name of "Invincibles," which name they maintained with honor until the close of the war.

Mr. Hempstead says this regiment—second Arkansas—served first in northwest Arkansas

and Missouri, and took part in the battle of Oak Hill, August 10, 1861, and of Elkhorn, March 7, 1862. I am credibly informed that this regiment did not take part in the battle of Oak Hill in 1861, as it had been transferred to the eastern department under Albert S. Johnson. This regiment never returned to Arkansas until the war was ended.

It will be seen by this that Hindman was not in the battle of Richmond, Ky., as he was at that time engaged in organizing the Arkansas and Texas volunteers for Confederate service.

Cleburne and Hindman vied with each other for the first honors. It might be said that these two contestants kept equal pace until the covering of Johnson's retreat from Kennesaw Mountain by Cleburne. When the first, under Cleburne, was assigned the important position of covering this retreat and making the successful defense at Ringold Gap, when the first regiment Arkansas infantry made a reputation that will be handed down to posterity as the greatest military stroke of the nineteenth century. In this engagement we must take off our hats and bow to the first Arkansas regiment, as all brave military heroes will do. It was here

that the wreath of honor was placed upon the brow of their noble leader and a rosette placed upon the lappel of every brave soldier under his command, and be it remembered that he always placed his favorite regiment of Arkansas boys in front in a desperate charge, and in the rear in an honorable retreat.

While the army was retreating over the high hills Cleburne's forces stood like protecting angels behind them. Pushing his small army between them and the foe, they received the fire of the mad cavalry flushed with victory into their own bosoms, and bearing bravely up, sent death dealing blows into their pursuing ranks and turned them back upon the advancing columns of their own men. Each dark summit suddenly became illuminated, while the guns thundering at the heads of the columns below, led them steadily on to the shock. The earth groaned under that living weight, and the deep roar that rose from its bosom rolled in ominous echoes over the heights on which Cleburne stood.

The retreat from Kennesaw mountain was the brightest jewel in Cleburne coronet, and there is not one which bears a jewel more bril-

liant. Perhaps there is no better illustration of his firmness, courage and force combined than the manner in which he covered the retreat of Johnson's army.

"All war is cruel," Cleburne remarked to me at Selma, Ala. His heart was softened and overcome by the terrible slaughter of the enemy's calvary as he pursued the retreating army up the mountain. He said they fell like pins upon a tenpin alley struck by a center shot. He was about thirty-five years old when he made this gallant military move. His brigade was called "the terrible," as it was the counterpart of Stonewall Jackson's cavalry brigade. With his eye flashing fire and the smoke of battle wreathing in clouds around him, he strode on in front of his gallant band like some war god of old.

With a heart untamed and a will unsubdued he hovered like a protecting spirit around the flying ranks of his countrymen. There were long intervals when not a drum or trumpet note broke the muffled tread of the retreating columns on the rear of such an enemy, and in sight of such horrors did Cleburne combat. Nothing but a spirit unequalled as fate itself

could have sustained him or kept alive the flagging courage of his men. Now ordering a march with the skill of a general, and now with musket in hand fighting like a common soldier, the moral force of his example accomplished what authority alone never could have done. In this retreat all discipline would have been lost but for the sway which the safety mind, rather than outward command, Cleburne held over his men. His kindness to the sufferers, and his care for the wounded, and the great generosity and self denial he exhibited, were more potential than discipline to bind this devoted band to him.

In his retreat from Kennesaw mountain, when the enfilade fire took place at Ringold Gap, a scene followed which made Cleburne's heart faint. The dead and dying, wounded animals and men were heaped together with groans and yells mingled together, and the blood of horses and men ran in one common current down the side of the mountain.

The shrieks of the writhing victims, that rose up through the thick columns of smoke that rolled darkly over them, were far and more appalling and filled both contestants

with consternation. All was silent on plain and mountain save the loud groans and prayers that rose from the wounded and dying as they lay weltering in their own blood.

Cleburne had been accused by some of his jealous comrades of having nothing but personal bravery, but when you read the history of the retreat of Johnson's army from Kenesaw Mountain, and see how skillful he covered its retreat, stationing his men on either side of the road, making an enfilade fire, thereby mowing down the enemy as wheat falls before the skillful mower, you must give him something more than bravery; indeed, to cover the retreat of that army was as great a strategic movement as was made during the whole war. This alone would have distinguished him, had he performed nothing more.

GEN. T. C. HINDMAN'S MILITARY CAREER.

After Hindman's resignation from the Federal congress in 1861, he came home and by a commission from President Davis raised a battalion in eastern Arkansas. In this effort he was greatly assisted by Dr. Aurelius A. Horner, whom he appointed surgeon, and who remained

assistant surgeon to Hindman's division during the war. Dr. Horner 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 last to surrender.

It is not the purpose of the writer to give in detail the battles our two distinguished generals were engaged in, as it would make the two biographies the history of the war. It is only my purpose to show that these two Arkansans had command of the entire number of Arkansas troops in both divisions of the army, also to show that they could have chosen no two men of greater military genius.

Mr. Fay Hempstead says, "Upon this regiment was built the Hindman legion," but says it was not recorded by that name. I object to

its being called "Hindman legion," and would suggest a more appropriate and more apropos name, "legion of honor," as every man in the regiment was an honorable as well as a brave man. As the weight of honor fell upon the men, I think the suggestion a good one. It is not to be understood that I am trying to detract anything from the battalion's great leader, but to place honor where honor is due. Hindman's battalion was ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., in the summer of 1861, and I am informed was never in any battle west of the Mississippi river. Hindman came alone to organize a new army of conscripts from Arkansas and Texas in 1862.

This army that Hindman organized in the summer of 1862 he made so efficient that in less than six months it fought the battle of Prairie Grove like veterans, under command of its skillful and brave leader, T. C. Hindman. He did it very efficiently and expeditiously.

Mr. Hempstead, speaking of the Yell rifles, Capt. Cowley's company, as the first company organized in the state, says, "Four members of this company were made generals, two major generals, viz.: Cleburne and Hindman, major

generals; Tappan and Polk, generals." None of the three latter were members of the Yell rifles. They raised companies for themselves.

Mr. Hempstead also pays Gen. Hindman a high compliment when he says: "This second regiment, commanded by Col. Thos. C. Hindman, was in all the battles on the west side of the Mississippi river, until they were transferred to the eastern department. Then in all the battles of Johnson's and Hood's campaign through Tennessee and Georgia when opposing Sherman, even down to the battle of Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865. It participated in over forty pitched battles. Col. Hindman, its original colonel, became first a brigadier and then a major general."

It will be seen by the records that the first and second regiments were commanded by the two great generals of Phillips county.

Col. Hindman was always willing to accord honor to the gallant leader of Arkansas' picked soldiers, who were the first to be mustered into the Confederate service and immediately transferred to the eastern department where the fight was raging hottest.

The brigade was commanded by Gen. D. C. Govan. A more gallant leader and brave soldier never smelt gunpowder, and the general had numerous opportunities of smelling the sulphurous smoke from the batteries of a worthy foe. Govan's brigade was in Cleburne's division.

I have often heard Gen. Cleburne speak in the highest terms of Gen. Govan. It will be seen by this that Gen. Govan was one of the three distinguished generals who went out from Phillips county. Govan added another laurel to the brow of Arkansas. At the battle of Pea Ridge, Col. Hindman wrote a letter to his wife, the day before the battle, in which he stated that he expected to engage the Federal troops under Col. Peter E. Bland, of Missouri, and that he expected to capture his whole command, in which event he would send her cousin to Helena and put him under her's and Dr. Nash's charge. He did not capture the colonel; he and his command were too swift in a retreat to be caught. This Col. Bland was half-uncle to the writer and a second cousin to Mrs. Hindman.

The Hindman battalion was commanded by the following officers: Thomas C. Hindman, colonel (appointed by President Davis, not elected); J. W. Bocage, lieutenant colonel; J. W. Scaife, major; Charles E. Patterson, adjutant; Dr. Aurelius A. Homer, surgeon; Rev. Samuel Crawley, chaplain. All the officers except Col. Hindman were elected.

At this battle Col. Hindman showed himself fully competent to take charge of a larger body of men. He was considered the best organizer in the Confederate service. It was phenomenal how quickly he organized, drilled and had prepared for service, with all the arms and equipments and military stores necessary for active service. And when it is remembered how scant the supplies were at that time, compelling him to resort to harsh measures to obtain them, it becomes more astonishing. This was all accomplished in the remarkably short time of six months. Of course the enthusiasm had grown so rapidly that recruits came in from every quarter. This army distinguished itself in all the battles of the trans-Mississippi department. Many of my old school mates and friends distinguished themselves in battles of

the west, and were we writing up their biographies could mention many heroic deeds and as much skillful generalship as was displayed by their comrades in the east. When Hindman was ordered back to the eastern department he did not take any of his men with him, but assumed command of his old regiment, then with Gen. Bragg, in Kirby Smith's division. Soon after his arrival he was promoted to general for meritorious service rendered in Arkansas and Texas.

To show my readers that I have not been too extravagant in my eulogies of our two great heroes, I will quote from Mr. Hempstead's history of Arkansas. Mr. Hempstead took great pains and spent much time and labor in getting up the information he has imparted to his readers. He says, in speaking of the fourth Arkansas regiment: "The fourth regiment was first in the brigade of Gen. Ben McCullough in Arkansas, and east of the Mississippi was in Gen. T. J. Churchill's brigade, afterwards commanded by Gen. E. McNair, and called McNair's brigade, and afterwards commanded by Gen. D. H. Reynolds. After Gen. Reynolds was wounded at the battle of Bentonville, Col.

H. G. Bunn, of the fourth, commanded the brigade. It served in Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia and North Carolina." The regiment belonged to Cleburne's division, one of the best divisions in the Confederate army, and one that did as much hard fighting as any command in the whole war, and was at one time in Polk's corps, and again in Hardee's. It bore its full share in the great conflict from first to last.)

In furtherance of what we have said of the difficulties Hindman had in equipping this army in the beginning of the war (this was previous to Hindman's organizing the army of Arkansas and Texas—it was in 1861), I will again quote Mr. Hempstead. He says: "Companies 'A' and 'B' were armed with shotguns, companies 'C,' 'D,' 'F' and 'G' had mostly squirrel rifles, company 'E' had flint lock muskets, all muzzle loaders, and company 'H' had Hall rifles, a breach loading gun, with the hammer in front of the chamber, a style of firearm nicknamed 'The Old Saw Mill.' As for cartridge boxes, bayonets, cap boxes and belts, they were almost unknown in the command. They had good, home made tents, and

the transportation consisted of at least two good four or six mule wagons to the company." These men would have charged the enemy with barlow knives and brickbats had they nothing better at hand. It was only for lack of these kind of heroes that the Confederacy lost. All they lacked was a "little more grape, Capt. Bragg."

At the surrender of Johnson's army at Bentonville, N. C., Hindman did not surrender—he preferred to take his chances in Mexico, which was then under the administration of that most conservative republican, Gen. Diaz, and cast his lot with the Mexicans, rather than submit to the indignities that would be offered him by the Federals. Hindman knew he had many political enemies in that party, which he had made while in the Federal congress. He was considered a fire eater of the Salamander type. They could almost see the fiery sword drawn from his mouth as the fiery words proceed from his lips. They accused him of leading Arkansas into a boiling caldron, which was not to cease boiling until the fuel—the fiery blood—should be withdrawn. They were right in their conceptions, for the caldron boiled four

years, and did not cease until the Federal lancet had been many times applied to the burning veins. Hindman remained in Mexico a little over a year, and finding the Federals wanted peace, and they had turned Jefferson Davis loose, thought there might be a good chance for his pardon.

Hindman was accused by some of his Confederate comrades of cowardice in this precipitate retreat, but no one who knew his personal bravery could for a moment suspect him of cowardice. He would rather have been shot than confined in a northern prison. His family accompanied him in this journey, and many novel things his wife had to tell about the Mexicans. One, I remember, is that all people upon the street, whether Catholic or Protestant, had to cross themselves when the priest passed in his carriage. This was not agreeable to Mrs. Hindman's religious views, as she was a member of the Presbyterian church. She told Hindman they must get away from Mexico, as she had no church privileges, and she did not want to bring up her children under Roman Catholic influence.

While Hindman was in Mexico he learned the Spanish language, the pure Castilian, which he spoke and wrote with precision. While there he was engaged in a suit (I do not recollect the nature of it), for which he received one thousand dollars. This money was paid after he returned home.

About the time of Hindman's return from Mexico, and before he had been pardoned, Gen. Powell Clayton had married one of Helena's handsome, bright and attractive girls—Miss McGraw. Her father was commissary in Hindman's command. Clayton was making inflammatory speeches to the negroes. Hindman listened to one of these speeches, and his patience being exhausted, he replied to the general and took occasion to call him a liar. This engendered much feeling between the two parties, and was thought by the democrats to be the cause of his assassination some time afterwards.

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 bed-

side of his old grayheaded mother, in the act of giving her a dose of medicine. 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, 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." 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.

Mrs. Hindman survived her husband about six or eight years, when she died, leaving four small children—two boys and two girls. The writer was in attendance on her with Dr. McAlpine a month before her death. A nobler, Christian mother, a more devoted wife, generous, free hearted, nor a firmer friend, never lived than Mollie Hindman. She possessed all of the virtues nature could lavish upon any woman.

“GRANNY’S GRAVE.”

Late in the evening on a beautiful day in November, 1862, when the sun was sinking low in the horizon, you might have seen a caravan consisting of men, women and children, sallying forth from their homes in Tunica county, Miss. The three colors, white, black and yellow, were represented in this following. Ox, horse, mule wagons, and a cart, were loaded with the household effects of this rather motley crew. They were decamping pretty much after the manner of the Spaniards when they left Santiago de Cuba. This band was allowed to take out their goods and chattels, as they had nothing contraband of war. They

had no side arms, nor front arms either, as they were not a belligerent people, simply honest toilers of the soil; but there was a mortified pride which had settled upon the brow of all. What was this mortification? The same as that of the Spaniards—forced to go. This caravan moved along with heavy step and weeping eyes. Where was it going? What Mecca was calling it to worship her God? Not one of the number could tell. They had no particular destiny; they were simply wandering in the woods to find a place of safety, where they could enjoy their slavery and freedom to their own liking.

A few hours journeying brought them to the banks of that notable and historical lake called "Flower Lake," from the abundance and variety of flowers that grew along its banks. Upon its blue waters floated that remarkable plant, youkopin, an Indian name, and if we could define it, no doubt it would explain its botanical signification; but the residents cared nothing for the name, as the nuts it contained were as sweet to the taste as the rose was to the smell. So what is the difference about a name, so the taste and odor are all

right. With the bright, variegated colors of the banks, and the bottle green leaves of the yonkopin spread out on the bosom of the lake like Chinese umbrellas, it necessarily presented one of those beautiful and picturesque scenes that nature is always bringing to our view, to gratify the taste and delight the eye of the poor as well as the rich. God's beauties are for the masses, not for the classes, and man can neither obliterate nor destroy them. The poor girls who lived near this lake could support a finer boquet than any of the swell ladies of New York or Chicago, for nature would not allow these flowers to be transplanted to other soils and climes. Flowers and plants could be found about this lake that could be found nowhere else. A wealthy gentleman owned a plantation which bordered on this lake for two miles. He was a bachelor at the time, but soon after learned better and was married.

During his bachelorhood he erected a beautiful pavilion on the banks of the lake for the ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood to repair in the spring season, and take from the lake some of the finest trout, bass, black and

white perch, that was ever drawn by hook and line. Many a pleasant day did the writer spend upon the banks of this beautiful lake, in company with the most educated, refined, polite and cultured planters, with their beautiful, accomplished and loving wives, who loved their husbands with the greatest devotion and cared nothing for the admiration and loose loving people of the world.

At these fishing excursions—for they might well be called such, since they were attended by parties who lived at quite a distance from the lake—the bachelor planter would have a long table set after the old fashioned barbecue table. He had two colored men, the finest cooks in the state, who served the viands to the guests. He made two requests of his friends, which was their card for admittance. Of the gentlemen, they were to bring all the dogs they had that were fit for nothing. Why this request, will be explained further on. Of the ladies, they were to bring all the single females of the family, or widows, whether ugly or handsome, rich or poor. In this request the bachelor had a motive. As the ladies lived far apart, it would save him the trouble of vis-

iting them; then at a fish fry they would be free and easy, more perfectly natural, without putting on airs to catch beaux. They would come wearing common sense shoes, that they might run up and down the lake, gather flowers, fish, or take a ride on its smooth waters in one of his beautiful pleasure boats, which he kept for the occasion. Their hair would flow down upon their fair shoulders, and they could get sunburnt if they liked, and there would be no one to criticize or restrain their natural love for the beautiful and sublime. They were sweet innocents; God's noblest specimens of womankind.

Did the bachelor select one of these girls who came to his feasts? No; there were so many attractions, he could not concentrate his affection. He thought it best to pay his addresses to one, and this one had never been near his lovely and unique plantation. While lying on his lonely bed at night, thinking of the past and desiring a change for the future, his mind and heart ran back to his early school days at Oxford, Miss., and his mental eye settled upon one with whom he had played in his youthful days. As he meditated upon her beauty, her

simplicity, her graceful step, rosy cheeks and kind and gentle temper, he came to the conclusion that he would go back to his old stamping ground, concentrate all his romantic love and center it upon his first love. This he did, and was married and lived happily on his plantation, that to many of the girls of today would be a miserable prison.

Now for the invitation of the dogs. You will see before the story is through that this is not a digression. Well, all the dogs that were brought to this fish fry were to be his. Butch, Tige, bench leg, black and tan, hound and cur, all made their appearance at this show. They were put into a kennel, and there kept for a much larger and more exciting show, which took place every Christmas day while he was a bachelor, for his wife would not allow him to have such entertainments, saying they were brutal. The dogs that were put in the kennel were to be brought out on Christmas day, to be put in a fight with bears. These bears had been raised from whelps to full grown size, making them fat and strong. None but men were invited to this dog and bear fight. The writer has seen the banks of the lake lined

with men and boys, but none could come close to the fight that had not brought a dog at one of the entertainments.

The writer will now give a description of one in which he was most interested, as he lost his dog. As has been said, you must take a worthless dog; no one of course would take a good one. A dog came to my house in the summer of 1859. He was half hound, black and white, with long ears. He lay under the house all the time, never coming out except to get water or food. He had one black ear and one white, one black eye and one white. He was of good size and could have been useful if he so desired; but he was troubled with that disease some of our soldiers suffered from during the civil war—home sickness—for he loved the house, particularly the under part of it. Perhaps this was a good choice of his, as in the summer it was the coolest, and in the winter he would get near the south side chimney, and it would be comfortable for him. The negroes could never get him to go out opossum and coon hunting, nor any other kind of hunting except bread hunting.

I never had much fancy for dogs, fishing poles, or guns, so was present at only one of these entertainments, which I am now describing, but on Christmas of 1860, concluded to take the advice of one of my old negro men, and go to please him. He said he wanted me to go and take that no account dog and let the bear kill him; he was fit for "nuffin" but to eat. I knew there was no chance to get the dog there unless by force, so I told the old negro to get a long rope and tie him, and I would lead him to the battle.* This was done, and I mounted my horse, forcing him along for some distance. He pulled back and made some strangling sounds, tearing the earth up with his feet. I soon found I was not strong enough to pull him along, so threw the rope over the pommel of the saddle and let the horse do the pulling. He now saw that he had better trot after the horse than be choked to death, so I had no more trouble with him.

When I arrived I saw two large bears tied by two long chains, which gave them permission to get into swimming water when attacked by the dogs. I led my dog, "Watch," to the bank of the lake, close to the bears, where he could

see the fight and notice their movements, for he could not run, as I held him by the rope. Watch looked on at first with a steady gaze, showing no evidence of cowardice. Then he commenced to shake his head and seemed to be a little anxious to take part in the combat; but as none of the dogs up to this time had ventured near enough to bruise for him to get a slap at them, and send them yelping to their masters, Watch did not seem anxious to advance. At length a bull dog that did not retreat from the position he had taken, which was just outside the bear's cable tow, made a lunge at one of the bears, and seizing him by one of his quarters, was dragged into the lake, and there the bear ducked him until he was willing to turn loose his hold and swim to the shore. At the defeat of this dog, Watch became very much excited, and shook his head violently, barking angrily. A shout went up from the bank, crying, "Turn him loose, doctor." As the old negro had said he hoped Watch would get killed, I thought this a fitting time for him to show his "patriotism," by dying for his country, and relieving it of one of its formidable enemies, so I turned him

loose, and in a minute he had one of the bears by the quarter. The bull dog seeing this daring adventure, jumped in and caught the bear by the other quarter. The bear made for swimming water, with the two dogs hanging to his nethermost quarters. When he reached the swimming water he turned and slapped at the dogs, which sent them under the water until they were completely ducked. But the two dogs kept their hold, and by drawing back had the bear's head under water, neither of them turning loose their hold, whether on top or under the water. Other dogs now swam in, and covering the bear, soon had him drowned.

The hero of this story was Tom Saunders, who was known all over the state, and for that matter, over every state that loved to hear bear stories, for the lake and the hero has been written up by a professor of Oxford University in a classic novel. The writer never saw this book, and if he has used any of the language of this writer it is by an association of ideas formed thirty-eight years ago.

How was this dead bear disposed of? He was barbecued, and as he had been fed high, and made fat and tender, he was the best "bar"

meat we ever ate. What became of the other bear? The two heroes of the first fight, exhausted and covered with blood from the bear's teeth, must not enter this contest.

While the cowardly dogs on the bank were barking loudly, the bear dogs in the kennel became furious and broke out. Soon they had the bear strung, and in spite of Tom's scolds and whip, had him choked to death. It took the two bears to feed the number of people.

What became of Watch and the bull dog? Tom took them of course; they were his property by conquest. He took them on his next chase, and they proved to be the best bear dogs he had. About a year after Watch was killed in a panther fight, nobly defending the life of his master, for Tom said while he was trying to avoid the wounded animal, he struck his foot against a fallen tree and fell. He had his knife in hand, and when the panther was about to cover him Watch seized the panther by the hind quarter and jerked him back. The panther turned on Watch and caught him by the neck, breaking it instantly. By this time Tom had sent his knife deep into the panther's heart, and there lay his friend and foe side by

side in the jaws of death. Tom had Watch taken home and buried in his yard under a large spreading oak. He buried him with the honors of war, shooting several volleys from the same gun with which the panther was wounded.

This narrative reminds me of a story which Elbert H. English, who was for many years before and at the time of his death chief justice of the supreme court of Arkansas. When English was a boy in North Carolina, one of his neighbors was greatly annoyed by coons eating his roasting ears. He advertised for a coon dog, in answer to which a long, cadaverous hunter from the adjacent hills of Tennessee brought him a hungry looking "yaller" dog, which he recommended highly as a coon dog. The Alabama farmer bought the dog, and he proved worthless. He afterwards complained to the man of the Tennessee hills for cheating him. "Wa'll," said the stranger, "I always heard that every dog was good for sumthin', and this 'un was no account for nothin' I'd tried him on; but I'd not tried him on coons, so I thought coons was his strong pint."

We see by the moral of this story that even dogs have a particular place to fill in their lives—but some also have no particular place, which we often see in the case of men—and if they can find what that position is, and fill it to the best of their ability, they, like Watch, will succeed.

The narrative that I have given is not unfamiliar to many now living in the Mississippi bottom. What connection has all this with “Granny’s Grave?” We said the caravan camped the first night on the banks of this classic lake. The stock was watered at the spot where we had seen the notable bear fight we have just described. We have told you there was a cart in this procession. What did it contain? A large feather bed, a heavy comfort, a pair of sheets and blankets, and an old white haired mulatto woman over ninety years of age. Why were they lugging such baggage as this? An old woman of that age could be nothing but a burden and expense upon such a trip as here described. Her face was wrinkled, her teeth gone, her head white as snow, her limbs palsied with age, her eyes blind, so that

she had to be both supported and led when she wished to change her position. Is this not an act of cruel injustice to expose one so aged to such hardships? Was it of the old woman's free will and accord that she was being thus treated, or was she forced take this trip by her condition as a slave? When the master of this caravan was compelled to take his effects to a safer place in the rear of the Confederate army, as the Federals were crossing the Mississippi river from Helena, and robbing him of cattle, mules, hogs, bee hives, clothing, books, surgical instruments, and every other valuable thing they could get their hands upon, except the negroes, who refused to go with them.

Old granny hid a shotgun in the bedtick, and then lay on it, so when they searched the house for arms they found none. No, they were badly disappointed this time. Granny had been in the family for three generations; had nursed the grandparents of these children, and had done no work for fifty years but nurse children. The last ones nursed consisted of five—three girls and two boys. The eldest, a girl of about eight years, with light brown hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and full of fun. The

other two girls resemble each other to that extent they might be taken for twins. Large dark blue eyes, beautiful smooth glossy hair, inclined to curl, slender figures, yet pictures of health, with such bright, happy dispositions. The oldest boy, who was fourth in number, was tall, manly, and fine looking. His eyes blue, fair complexioned, dark brown hair. His mother used to look at him, kiss and caress him when a babe, and say that God had given her all she wanted. "I would not change a feature of your face, or alter your disposition," she often said. The fifth, an infant, with red hair, blue eyes and fair complexion—a fat little cherub. These, with the father and mother, composed the white members of the family. Before leaving the plantation, the father, whom granny had nursed, told her that he would get a place for her in the neighborhood, and have her well taken care of, and if she died would leave money to pay all expenses, and have her buried in the family graveyard. She protested in the most solemn terms, saying, "I am going with my 'chillun?'" "But," said he, "you will die on the road, granny, and then we will have to bury you away from home." Granny called

the children to her, and with tears streaming down her old bronze cheeks, with a loud, tremulous voice, said, "Your pa says he is going to leave me here, children, and I am not going to stay." All the children spoke out with one voice, "You shall go, granny! you shall go!" This decided granny's fate, and the cart was prepared as heretofore described. A campfire was kindled close to the lake, and the cook prepared some hot bread and coffee for supper. The tents were taken from the wagons, stretched, and the beds placed under them. Granny's bed was spread under the white folks' tent, and that night all the children slept with granny.

While wife and I were sitting by the fire looking as though we had lost our best friend, and thinking of the responsibility of moving such a family—we did not know where, but somewhere behind the Confederate lines—I concluded to break the silence by rehearsing what I have written about the dog and bear fight. She well recollected old Watch, as she called him, for she had many a battle with the broomstick to get him out of the house. Wife and I did not retire until late, and the negroes

seemed to be restless, frequently going out to where the stock was to see if they were all right, and expressing some doubts as to whether the yankees would follow us and capture the whole clan. They were more uneasy than I was, for I knew they would not venture in the cane country after night, and by the next day we would be safe.

Granny, being very much fatigued at this first outing, fell asleep, and so sound did she sleep that the whole camp, children and all, were awakened by her loud snoring. The next morning the sun rose clear, and the animalculæ in the lake added additional brightness by giving out a phosphorescent light. Everything looked calm, quiet and majestic upon the lake, and had it not been for the aquatic birds coming in at that season of the year to bathe themselves and get their food from the yonkopins, you would have thought a funeral procession was moving. Well, there was some solemnity attached to the occasion. After the teams were hitched up and granny's cart was made ready for her, she called to the children: "Chilluns, come here! before we gwine start we must kneel down here and pray to

God not to let them bad yankees catch us and take my big baby's stuff from him." The children obeyed the summons. My wife and I, who were not particularly devotional, concluded to go and worship with the old negro woman and children. We walked silently up to the cart and knelt with the rest. Granny was then upon her knees, her hands clasped, and trembling, and, with a voice far beyond the strength of her years, made a prayer, the eloquence of which was not surpassed by our ablest divines. Wife and I were satisfied that she was speaking by inspiration. In her prayer she asked for God's protection upon all of us. Rising she said: "Now we are ready to go. Sandy, put my bed in the cart and keep up with the rest; I don't want to get away from my chilluns."

Everything now being accomplished at the camps, we were ready to move. In the carriage was myself, wife and five children. Not a word was spoken for some distance, the prayer of granny had so impressed us. The prayer was no new thing to the children, for they had heard granny pray every night and morning in the nursery. The prayers of this old negro

brought all those children into the church long before their parents had broken the bread of life.

Let us go back and describe the play room granny presided over. We enter the inner apartment and find a room twenty-two feet long by eighteen feet wide; ceiling fourteen feet high, ceiled with dressed oak. The walls were of the same material. All the inside work was varnished, giving a smooth surface that almost served as a mirror. The floor was of heart cypress, and painted a chocolate color. The furniture consisted of small chairs, tables, dressing bureau, cradles, bedsteads, and every other kind of furniture used in good house-keeping, but on the diminutive style. The little cooking stove was one of the principal attractions of the room. Upon this little stove granny taught the girls to cook everything after her old Virginia style of cooking, who were considered the best cooks on record. She taught them to set the table in an artistic way; would have entertainments, and invite other children. If you could have stepped in and looked upon the happy little faces at one of these children's entertainments, you would say,

“Give us back the days of Auld Lang Syne.”

This explains to you why southern girls made such good housekeepers and loving wives. They were taught in infancy, before they were old enough to go to school, as they learned it in playrooms. The children that old granny taught in this nursery made the best cooks and housekeepers in the land. After the war closed they were able to go to the kitchen and cook the meals. From the kitchen they went to the dining room, from the dining room to the parlor, entertaining you with brilliant wit and reparte, and giving you the sweetest music on piano and guitar. They were educated in the best colleges in the north and south; made devoted wives and mothers, sharing the labor with their husbands, who had become worn out and despirited by the reverses of the war, and speaking loving and encouraging words, cheering all in the household. It is well known that a devoted wife and mother can bear misfortune better than man; are willing to make more sacrifices, and take a more hopeful view of things. This conduct of our southern women made men, who had never done a day's

work of manual labor in their lives, seize the plow and turn the turf vigorously—men whose hands were as tender and as soft as a woman's. It was this lesson of industry and practical habits, sprung into action by the hardships of war, that has developed some of the finest characters known to advanced civilization.

But let us return to granny. She trained the boys to shoot their dummy guns, roll their wheelbarrow, saw with their little saws, bore with their gimlets, chop with the little hand ax, and romp and play at will about the room. So you see that both girls and boys learned useful habits, without their knowing how it was done.

Had we not better have a nursery in every family, instead of the kindergarten of the present day? Are we not looking too much after the ornamental at the expense of the useful? These are pertinent questions, and most worthy of consideration.

We left the caravan as it was starting out from the lake. We are now journeying eastward, not to find the rising sun, but to find the rising Confederacy, which at this time was a fixed fact to those who were as enthusiastic as this little band of patriots, for the negroes

had caught up the patriotism of their owners, as you have seen by granny and her comrades. The first day's march, though but twenty miles, was very fatiguing to granny. We now arrive at the foot of the hills in De Soto county. After spending the night very similar to the first one, with the exception of granny's snores and my narratives, we journey along, bending our way a little southward toward Senatobia. As there were no Federals nearer than Memphis, we thought we might bivouac here in safety.

As the writer had some cattle in the cane, which was not in the habit of coming out into civilization, he concluded to take with him a couple of active men and horses in order to get these cattle out and sell them to the Confederate government. The members of the family were now to make themselves as comfortable as they could in their tents. The weather was still pleasant, as it was one of those exceptional years when frost came very late. The three men return to the bottom and are quite successful, getting out over a hundred head of cattle. These we sold for cotton money; the best in the world, as we then thought. Green-

backs could have bought nothing we had; indeed, they were considered contraband of war.

Mr. John Carlock, a planter who lived near Sentatobia, happened to pass by the camp, and in conversation with my wife got the gist of our story. He invited her to his home, and cared for the stock and negroes until I could come out. Carlock was a noble, generous man, of large means, and very successful in business. To bring our narrative to a close, we will say, that on our return to the hills we concluded to stay as long as it was safe to do so. We rented a place from Mrs. Roberson, a sister-in-law of Carlock. It was the old Clanton property. At this place and in this house occurred the most pathetic scene of my life. Granny was taken sick. The fatigue she had to undergo was too great for her failing strength, and in a few days she succumbed. While sick she repeatedly prayed the following psalm: "Cast me not off in time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." It was in the month of cold December when the white winged messenger came for that faithful member of our household. She called us all around her bedside, and speaking first to the children, put

her hands upon their heads, giving to each a separate blessing. I wish I could recollect her words; I know they would sink deep into the heart of the most desperate sinner. She then called wife and myself, and after rehearsing her history for three generations, and pronouncing a blessing upon us, fell quietly asleep in her Master's bosom, whom she had faithfully served for more than a half century. These last words made a deep impression upon us, but as there was nothing thought of or talked of but war, the impression is now but a dim one, to be recalled after the lapse of nearly forty years.

She was quietly laid out on some smooth planks, after being dressed in one of her black Sunday dresses, with a white, old fashioned turban. These planks had to take the place of suitable tables, as we were absent from home. In a short time the smile of perfect peace had settled upon her features, and every wrinkle smoothed out. The old white head in this instance was a crown of glory, for it was found in the way of righteousness. Every eye in the house was streaming with tears; the hearts of the white members of the

family were as deeply touched as those of her own color. The children were going wild with sorrow, crying, "Granny is dead! granny is dead!" Myself and wife, with our house servants, sat up and watched that last watch with the dead. None of us were members of the church, and therefore hesitated in indulging in ministerial affairs, but at length the silence was broken by our cook, who was accustomed to hear granny sing to the children at night before putting them to bed. She broke forth in one of those nasal twang sounds, peculiar to negroes, yet soft and pathetic. It was the old hymn I had so often heard my mother sing when I was a child—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Everyone thought this an appropriate hymn for granny, as all believed her soul was then in the bosom of her Master on high.

The next day, when we were putting her in the coffin, the children covered her face with their little white hands, and said, "Granny shall not be put in that box, nor shall granny go into the ground; we will keep her here with us." After a great deal of persuasion, their

mother succeeded in coaxing them away. The corpse was placed in the coffin and taken to a newly made grave, in the old Clanton family burying ground. The entire family followed the remains to their final resting place, but when the corpse was to be lowered into the grave, the children again surrounded it, making the same protestations as in the house. Never before had we such a trial with our own children, as in this case. The occasion was too solemn for an exhibition of temper, and persuasion seemed to have no effect. We did not wish to force them away, or use harsh words, therefore must resort to deception. I told one of my men to drive granny back to the house. The mother and children went towards the house, while I quietly and secretly said to the driver, "Take her behind the stable, while they are absent, then bring her back and we will bury her." This was done, and granny was laid in the grave, not far distant from the aged members of the Clanton family. It was well for her that she was then called to her final rest, as it was but a short time before we had to take that long and perilous trip to Selma,

Alabama, to assume the duties as surgeon of the ship hospital in that city.

In 1865, after our surrender, which was in April, our journey was now toward home, and in passing through Senatobia we called a halt, that the entire family might visit granny's last resting place, and that we might lay on her grave such flowers and evergreens as we could get. The children wept as bitterly as they did when she was laid in her coffin. We would have removed the remains, but they were in a better place than we could offer.

This scene is one of hundreds of such before the war. Had Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe written up one of these truthful exhibitions of love from slave to master, and fidelity from slave to their master's children, would not the northern mind have had a different bias from what was given it by that fanciful sketch of human brutality—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"THE BOTTOM RAIL ON TOP."

As many of the battles of the late war with even the skirmishes and incidents that took place between the prisoners of both a pleasant and unpleasant character have been written, it

may be of interest to narrate some amusing things that occurred after the war. Laboring under such a belief, the writer proposes to give one in his personal experience.

After we had surrendered at Gaines' Landing on the Tombigbee river, Gen. Forrest told us to get home as quickly as possible to claim our homes before they were confiscated. The writer having a plantation in Mississippi bottom which he had not seen for three and a half years, set out in company with Capt. John T. Shirley, Capt. D. D. DeHaven and Capt. T. C. Flournoy to reinvest ourselves with what we had been divested of. Here we will pause and give a short description of our comrades. Capt. Shirley was about five feet eight inches in height, fleshy, round face, thin beard. He was one of the most successful steamboat men that ever ran on the river from Friar's Point to Memphis, with the exception of old Capt. Jim Lee, whom every one knows, and he needs no encomium from me. Shirley's great success depended on his strict watch over things on the lower deck, noticing every piece of machinery, from a tap to a bolt, and from a bolt to a boiler; always keeping under strict surveill-

ance deck hands, engineers and pilots. He was a man of cool temper and clear judgment, and did not often indulge in swearing, which most steamboat captains think a boat cannot be run without. He left the care of his cabin passengers to his clerks, who were always polite, accommodating and communicative, entertaining the ladies by describing the scenery, with many reminiscences of steamboat life. The "Kate Frisbee" was a great pet with him, and indeed she was the most beautiful packet that has ever plied the waters of the lower Mississippi. She was double decked, and walked the water like a thing of life, almost as prompt to the hour as a mail train. Capt. D. D. DeHaven ran a magnificent packet some years before the war from Louisville to New Orleans. At the breaking out of the war he transferred her to the lower Mississippi, and in 1862 sold her to the Confederate government, then went to Selma, Alabama, to join Capt. Shirley in a government contract to build the large war steamer "Alabama," Commodore Forand being the naval officer in charge. They completed the boat, a heavy ironclad vessel, but in launching her in the fall of 1863 met with a serious accident.

The Alabama river at this season of the year being low, she caught on a bench and broke in the center. She was condemned and sold to some merchants in Mobile for \$750,000. This was a great disappointment to our navy, as they had expected to raise the blockade at Mobile. Commodore Forand gave orders for the vessel to be launched, though the contractors thought it unsafe to do so. He was one of those naval officers who thought he could command the wind and the waves, and they would obey him. Naval officers had little conception of running streams and shoaly banks. I heard an old tar once say that when he was on the Mississippi river he was as ignorant of the force of water as though he had never been at sea.

Capt. DeHaven endeared himself to his lady passengers by his charming manners, vivacious conversation and graceful bows. He had a talent for that artistic and most interesting game, chess, always took the head of the table, and interested his lady passengers with cultivated courtesies and pleasant narratives.

Capt. Thomas C. Flournoy was a tall, straight and commanding in appearance, a man of

indomitable zeal and iron nerve, quick to perceive the situation of his surroundings, and capable of dealing decisive blows. Nor was this all. His moral attributes prevented him from dealing unkindly with the prisoners who chanced to fall into his hands. His efforts were ever directed toward the preservation of the social and religious liberties of his associates. Gen. Cleburne said of him, "He was a true and brave officer."

After the fall of Selma the Federals pursued us to the Cahowba river. In this retreat white shirts and citizen clothes were in demand, several of us stripping our negroes of all their wearing apparel and clothing them in our uniforms. We made our way to Hernando, Mississippi, a small place not far from Memphis, and leaving our families there, proceeded to Memphis, to give an account of the misdeeds done in the body for the past four years. I shall never forget the appearance of the little band; dressed in Confederate rags, with long hair and beards, excepting Capt. John Shirley, "who had no hair on the top of his head, the place where the hair ought to grow." It was the last of April, and the road was very dusty,

being one of those unusual years when a drought occurred in the spring. Our horses were very much jaded from a long march and nothing to eat, except the green grass that grew on the roadside. In this condition, with our broad sombreros, made by the hands of our lovely wives and daughters from the palm leaf which grows luxuriantly in some of the southern states, we drew up in front of Keck's livery stable, put up our horses and then proceeded to the old Gayoso, there to take lodgings at the expense of Capt. Shirley, who had a friend there who was disposed to treat the "butter nuts" with kindness. We were shown comfortable quarters; that is, free of "gray backs," but an abundance of those little insects that can outrun a grayhound and have eyes that can see into the darkest niches and crevices of bedtick and bedpost; but we could stand all that, knowing that accidents will happen in the best regulated families. The next morning we rose, washed our faces, combed our long hair and whiskers, and after discussing the little pests, Col. Flournoy remarking that he had almost as soon face the yankee in the daytime as the night enemy of the whole race

of man, we then went down to the breakfast table and partook of a bountiful supply of the necessaries of life. As Capt. Shirley had owned and run a line of packets between Memphis and Friar's Point, Mississippi, he had made the acquaintance of many steamboat captains and river men, and had some very warm friends among them.

Sitting in the lobby of the hotel, looking like some of Uncle Sam's lost sheep, and feeling very much like they had the rot, Capt. Shirley spied a gentleman approaching us, and recognized him as one of the number of whom I have spoken; but not knowing whether it would be a friendly or an unfriendly greeting, his face did not show that he was at all pleased. Soon the stranger's eye, "the index of the soul," betrayed friendship and good will. Advancing, he extended his hand to the captain, and accosted him thus: "Hello! John; where did you come from? I am so glad to see you, old fel." The next thing was to invite us to go down a little distance, where he said he knew we could get some good whisky. "Not your pine top, John, you boys have down in Dixie, but pure old Kentuck." This was welcome

news to the three captains. The writer was not in the habit of drinking either of the national beverages—did not think it best for his nerves, though very much unstrung about this time. Well, as the spirits went down, the spirits came up, and in a short time you could not tell Fed. from Confed. We were invited to dine with him at the Gayoso that day, and we had a splendid dinner, closing up with the sparkling champagne. The writer indulged a little in this, as he had not heard a cork pop since the last social entertainment in 1860. This gentleman proved to be a colonel in the Federal army, and that night we were invited to a champagne party, given by several of the Federal officers. We soon found the Federals could play as good a game of poker as our Confederates; but as we had nothing but old continental money, we could not join in the game. The old colonel offered to lend Capt. Shirley a few chips, but strange to say, that although an old steamboat captain, he had never thrown a card in his life. He respectfully declined the offer. I say respectfully, because we were all extremely polite that night, for we did not wish to be too familiar on so

short an acquaintance. Confidence had not been entirely restored, for we looked upon them with a little suspicion, and every once in a while would glance at them under the lower lid. It was at this place we met Dick Winter-smith, the greatest joker of his day. He kept the whole tea party laughing until 2 o'clock in the morning. As he was distinguished for champagne and wit, we enjoyed the sparkling flow, and for a time the trials of war, the separation from loved ones, was forgotten. At 2 o'clock in the morning we adjourned, our party wending their way as best they could to their comfortable quarters at the Gayoso, and lay down to "think of their head in the morning," or their bodies at night.

Capt. Shirley and DeHaven remained in Memphis, while Capt. Flournoy and myself returned to Hernando to look after our families and catch the news from the bottom. Wonderful stories we heard of burned ginhouses, fences, dwellings, thieves, cutthroats, deserters from both armies, whole plantations abandoned, overseers selling out all the stock, and removing all the valuable furniture we had, a description of which I will give further on.

After returning to Hernando, Capt. Flournoy removed his family, with Capt. Shirley's to Memphis, and the writer dropped back to Senatobia. Leaving his family there, in order that he might make a survey of things in this God-forsaken, devil-inhabited and demon-destroyed country, we saddled two of our jaded mules, stricken with poverty, and longing to get back to the rich cane pastures, and esculent nimble-will. The best one I mounted myself, and the other was mounted by him who was once my servant, but now, by Federal law, my peer, if not my superior. As he said, the "Bottom Rail" was on top. We wended our way through the dense forest and thick cane that hung over the road, almost excluding the light of the sun. Very large trees had blown across the road, and often we had to dismount and lead the mules through the thick, heavy cane, parting the stiff, stubborn things, and once in a while they would rebound and hit the mule in the face, and he would jerk back and leave us flat on the ground. After much tribulation, trial and vexation of spirit, we reached the road again, to meet the same resistance, a few miles further. At the close of the day's journey we

came to the place supposed to be mine, though it seemed impossible to identify it. When we left, a new, beautiful frame house, with its comfortable apartments, had been completed in 1860, well equipped with substantial furniture, solid walnut and veneered mahogany, was all left in charge of the overseer, whom we supposed to be our friend, and the protector of our property, that is, so far as our own people were concerned. The lovely yard was covered with a rich tapestry of blue grass; but now the cockleburs obscured the entrance, and only the top of the house was visible. We fastened our mules to a tree, and pushing the "Top Rail" forward, made an entrance into the house. We found that it had been the habitat of hogs, cattle, deer and wolves, which had taken possession to escape an overflow. We were worn out from our fatiguing journey, although only thirty miles had been traveled. Selecting one of the cleanest rooms, we took up our wallet containing some boiled ham and light corn bread (this was a bread our grandmas used to make to take on long journeys, because it kept sweet so long). After eating as much as we wanted, and we wanted a good supply, as our stomachs

were in a fine condition to receive anything softer than an iron wedge, and digest it with facility, we hobbled our mules, turned them on the grass, then took the blankets from under our saddles, and lay down to sleep. We had not more than closed our eyes before we heard the bugle sound of that most valiant and fearless army, which was without number, and as countless as the sands of the sea. They soon commenced the sword exercise, and were drawing blood from every uncovered pore of our faces and arms, but being an old bottom soldier and having vanquished this immense army many times before, we rose, that is the "Top Rail" struck a match, and looking around found some old rags. In a short while we had a dense smoke, which our enemy took to be the smoke of many cannons, and beat a precipitate retreat, so that our sleep was undisturbed until morning. We waited awhile to hear the old cock crow, but, alas! his voice had gone out in the far distant past. We waited to hear the hog grunt, but he, like the cock, was too good food for a hungry soldier to be permitted to live out his three score and ten days. A short life for a hog, but a long life for a chicken.

Hearing no noise, and reflecting upon the sad sad havoc of the past, came to the conclusion that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. We rose to take a little bread and meat for the stomach's sake. Breakfast was soon over, and we pressed our way through burs, vines and undergrowth, to find out the ravages of war, and the waste of time. All the fencing was burned, cabins torn down and taken away; ginhouse destroyed, and plantation grown up in undergrowth and sedge grass—but the land was still there.

The "Top Rail" concluded to shove himself across the Mississippi river and get to Helena, where he could talk over war times and find something better to eat. I did not venture over, as I heard the yankees had not yet boiled down, and did not know of Lee's surrender, and did not want to know it, as there were too many fine horses and gold watches to be left behind. This scared me off; so fortunately for me, I suppose, I did not go over, as there was a jayhawker over there with whom I was not on very friendly terms. Hearing that old man Huff, whose practice I did before the war, was on his place, I concluded to go down and stay

all night with him. I came to this conclusion late in the evening, as the "Top Rail" was still afloat and had not put in his appearance. This was suggested to me by the ugly rumors I heard before coming down, though I had not seen a human being up to this time, to either verify or disprove the rumors, so considered it safe to make discretion the better part of valor. I saddled my mule and made for Huff's. The distance was only six miles, but the road was as above described.

I passed through the large Trotter plantation and found it a duplicate of my own. Just before getting to the Huff place there is a small prairie, and in this prairie I met a woman with six pistols girted around her waist and a long, heavy bowie knife swung around her shoulders. I thought my time had come, and as there was no use retreating on a slow mule, when I contrasted it with her fine Kentucky steed, concluded to face the music. Upon coming nearer to her, she recognized me as having been her physician, and called out: "Hello, doctor, I'm glad to see you; which way are you going? Ain't you lost?" I said, "To Huff's." She replied that old man Huff had moved to Helena

two years before, and said there was no one on the place. I then asked who lived anywhere near with whom I could spend the night. She replied: "Sam Cooper has lived on the Allison place ever since Major Thomas Allison left for the war, and you know Sam is a good friend of yours; he will keep these fellows from stealing your mule or murdering you for your money." I replied, "I have no money, and my mule is not worth much." She laughed and said, "They will kill you as quick as they would a mosquito."

It was growing dark, and I, very anxious to reach some house, asked her which way she was going. "I am going towards Cooper's, and will go part of the way with you, but not to the house, as he is a dangerous man, you know, when he takes a notion." We soon came to Cooper's house, and he was very glad to see me. I dismounted. Taking the saddle off the mule, we led him to a stable which was near, closed the door with rails, laying them cross-wise, and went to the house. As we came to the gallery we looked behind us, and to our astonishment there was the mule. He was too smart to be left alone in that mule forsaken

country, for all had mysteriously disappeared for parts unknown. I suggested to Mr. Cooper to get a rope and tie the mule to a tree that stood near the gallery. This was done and he was made fast by the neck.

I related to Cooper the circumstance of meeting the woman. He said she was the greatest horsethief in the country; had killed several men, and robbed others; was on intimate terms with the thieves and desperadoes of both sides, and if she had not thought well of me, would have taken my mule and all the money I had. He further remarked: "You needn't be afraid she is coming here to get anything. She knows me too well." We then took a seat on the long front gallery, for the galleries were the whole length of the house, and the most pleasant places to sit during the summer. Not long after we were seated, and commenced talking over old times, a six footer, with rifle, bowie knife and pistol, made his appearance, and all my recollections of "Blue Beard" flashed across my mind. He threw his rifle on the floor, and said: "Old Bess never speaks but something falls. Sam, I see you have a Confed. here and a — good mule." Sam Cooper

jumped off the gallery, caught him by the arm and led him away, soon returning to tell me there was no danger.

Supper was announced, and we went into the dining room, and sat down with his wife and two children. The supper was good enough for the times, and well enjoyed. We then seated ourselves on the gallery, after giving the mule a little bran; for there was no corn in that country; every vestige of crib, and provender of all kind had been destroyed. We talked of things in general, and some things of special interest to me about that time, as I did not wish to leave either my mule or scalp in the bottom. Knowing Sam Cooper for many years as an uneducated bear hunter, and an honest and honorable man, for often the best and truest friends you have are among these rough, illiterate hunters, and they are, with few exceptions, strictly honest. Feeling thus protected, and being very much fatigued, I asked to retire. I was shown a front room, looking out upon the gallery from two large windows. A wide hall separated the two front rooms. Our halls were not inclosed in those days, as we wished to get the cool breeze in summer; they were made the

sitting and working room in that season. The country was new, and the land being rapidly cleared, wood was in abundance, and the old six foot fireplace was in every house. In these days such a fireplace would be considered very extravagant, and few persons would be able to enjoy the luxury ; but in those days they were economical, as the more timber you burned the sooner the land was cleared. The immense chimneys were always built on the outside. A northern man, when asked why they did this, replied that he did not know, unless it was that the southern women had so many children that there was not room for the chimney inside. While this might have been the natural cause, the economic was the exciting cause. A large door opened from the hall into each room. I was ushered into the east room, where there were two bedsteads, one near the hall door and the other on the opposite side of the room. The room was dark, with the exception of the light from the moon, which was not very bright, as it was low in the heavens at this hour. Undressing and placing our clothing on an old fashioned split bottom chair, the frame of which was very strong, we tumbled into bed.

Though very much fatigued with our investigations that day, and the worry of the mosquitoes the night before, the recollection of that gaunt, long haired, swarthy complexioned, rifle bedecked man haunted our mind and disturbed our slumbers to that extent our eyes would not close for more than an hour. Perhaps the nervous system might have been a little anxious at that time, as we could plainly hear the beat of our heart. Shortly after we had fallen asleep, and the moon had gone down, we were aroused from our nap by a light, gentle cat step approaching the door. We heard the hand gently press the knob, and turn it slowly. We heard the door quietly open, the slow suppressed breathing of the individual, as he advanced towards our bed.

Hearing the soft step as it turned towards the left, concluded he was coming round to make his attack in the rear, and thinking our head would be split open by his long, heavy bowie knife, thought it best to shield that portion of our vital organism. We did not draw the cover over it and submit ourselves to fate, but formed the resolution when meeting the woman to face the music, whether it was

“Yankee Doodle” or “Dixie.” The thought struck us to gently remove the clothing from the chair, put it over our head and shoulders, thus shielding all the vital organs, and at the same time to take from our pocket a dirk knife, the only weapon we had at this time, as we had lent our pistol to the “Top Rail,” with or without our consent. We carried out this program; with the dirk held fast in our right hand, thinking if he struck at our head he would hit the chair, while we could with the knife send a death dealing blow. Arrangements for the battle were now complete, and we were left to our meditations. We could hear the breathing, but not the step, as he had made a halt. It occurred to us, that we were in about the same condition the two celebrated Mississippi duelists were, when they were in the dark cellar, with their left hands tied behind them and a bowie knife in their right, advancing toward each other from opposite directions, their only means of learning each other’s whereabouts was by their breathing. I sat up in bed in this position for some time; could not tell how long; but I thought my sands of time were about run down. As the

enemy made no advance, concluded I would make one. Throwing the chair off my head and to one side, with knife in hand, I sprang to the window which was open, and in three leaps was on the gallery. As he did not follow me, I took my seat at the opening to the hall. As the stars shone bright I was enabled to keep my eye on the mule, and if an attempt had been made to remove him, would have given the alarm to Sam Cooper, but all things were quiet save the rustling of the trees which stood in the front yard, to one of which the mule was fastened. I kept this position for many hours, cannot tell how long, as I had no watch; was a little too sharp to take my gold lever down into that country to invite social relations. After weary hours of watching, daylight came to my relief, and although I many times have rejoiced to see the sun rise, yet never before with such feelings of delight. Daylight being the time for all industrious farmers to rise and commence work, Sam came forward to attend to the mule, and seeing me sitting at the hall opening, thought it strange that I should be up so early. "Why, doctor, you have learned to get up early since the

war; I told Becky to have late breakfast for your benefit." I then related the night's proceedings to him, when he broke forth in a loud ha-ha laugh and said: "Why, doctor, that was my old grandma; she is deaf and suffers with asthma." This explained the whole thing. My nerves quieted down and I partook of a hearty breakfast, saddled my mule and set out for high land. Coming to my place I met with the "Top Rail" and we journeyed together, arriving at Senatobia about dusk. My family met me rejoicing, and were glad to know that I had my scalp and mule.

"RECONSTRUCTION."

While the smoke of battle has entirely passed away, and prejudice and passion has settled down to common sense and reason, we can sit down and meditate over the past with a cool head and generous heart. We cannot help giving Andrew Johnson, who has been so much reviled by southern men as being the worst enemy the south had in her unfriendly intercourse with the north, the credit of being one of our wisest statesmen. Johnson saw that under the constitution slaves could not be freed

by force, but it must be done by the voluntary consent of their owners. How could this consent be obtained? Only by removing the black rock which it had split upon. Johnson knew full well that nine-tenths of the southern army did not fight for the continuance of slavery, and that they would give them up and return to the union in good faith, if they could be guaranteed state's rights. Johnson, being a constitutional man, could not conscientiously deny them this privilege. He was also well acquainted with the character of the southern people, and full well knowing that if they were put under a military government, as a province, that it would not be more than ten years before they would be sufficiently rested to make another outbreak. He knew they would carry on a guerilla war which would last for years. Then, taking another view of the situation, that a very large proportion of the Federal army had enlisted simply to whip the south back into the union, with all the privileges she had before going out, it would be hard to keep an army sufficiently large in the field to hold the south in subjection. No one but religious fanatics would compose this

army, which the south would soon dispose of, as there would have been a man behind every forest tree ; besides, it would have taken an immense amount of money to have supported this army, and as the government already owed over two billions of dollars as the expense of the Federal army for the four years of the war, and as it would have been impossible to collect revenue from the south, she would not have paid any of the expenses of the standing army.

Andrew Johnson had been raised from the tailor's goose to the governor's chair, and from the chair to the senate, by the suffrage of Tennessee democrats. He could not let his prejudice run so high as to place these noble sons of his native soil in dark dungeons with clanking chains. So when he became president, he found himself in this position : men who had smelled powder afar off, and never were fighting mad until the fight was over, placed a bayonet at his back, and men of the south, still enraged, placed a knife at his throat. Now in this uncertain condition Johnson had to exercise his wits, and bring peace, permanent peace, by compromise. This he did by his reconstruction proclamation.

Reconstruction gave origin to the "Ku-Klux Klan," and as I was one myself, I can give my experience. The passage of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution, enfranchising the negro, made him a citizen and gave him a right to vote. There was no constitutional power to enfranchise the slave by force. This was the greatest insult that could have been offered to a people noted everywhere for their intelligence and high cultured manners and noble bearing, prostrated by an overpowering force, but not subdued. It was enough to wear their patience and engender afresh bad feeling for those who put them in their servile condition, as well as to those who were to exercise this prerogative over them.

The negro was now free, with a cudgel in his hand to break the head of his former master, who had set him free by his own volition. Bad characters were left free to roam over the country like some marauding band of Turks, of whom we read. Our wives and daughters were left to the mercy of these miserable thieves, rapists and idlers, who sought to prowl around at night and attack defenseless women and

children. These were the men that were to hold offices and pass laws for the state. For self protection and the defense of the innocent ones, we formed ourselves into a band called "The Order of the White Camelia," but properly known as "Ku-Klux," organized by Gen. Albert Pike. Be it said to the credit of the more peaceable negroes, who never wanted to leave their homes, that they were loyal to their owners, and helped to punish those who were lawless, informing their old friends of every effort that was made to destroy their property, or commit any outrage. The writer recollects a case where an old negro man was suspected of giving information concerning a plot to kill a planter, ravish his wife, then rob the house, and set it on fire. By information received from this old negro, the ku-klux were enabled to thwart the desperadoes in their plot. These murderers and incendiaries killed this old negro while rowing a boat across a lake, that it might be a warning to all those who were friendly to the whites. The ku-klux captured three of these desperadoes, and hung them to trees near where the old man was shot. At this time a company of negroes, under the com-

mand of a Federal colonel, guarded the public road, and at the firing of a cannon at sunset, every white man was to be in his house, and none to pass the road after night who did not have a pass from their commander. About one hundred mounted ku-klux came to the writer's house at midnight to take the colonel and hang him to a tree with his colored officers, but as there were only three hundred white men in the county, and they were widely separated, I advised against the plan of killing the colonel; as there were twenty-five hundred negro men in the county, and numbers of them could be gotten together in a neighborhood, ourselves and families would be left to the mercy of the negroes, and the friendly negroes, through threats, might abandon us. After a consultation it was agreed to send their leader a letter, to be carried by one of the order, in which letter the following language was used:

“Colonel—You are hereby ordered to withdraw your colored troops from the county road, and not interrupt any of our peaceable citizens, or prevent their passing the road. This must be done by sunset tomorrow evening. A refusal to comply with this request will find your

heels dangling by the side of a tree adjacent to the road."

It is needless to say that the men were withdrawn and no more cannon firing was indulged in, and peace reigned in the neighborhood for a while. Then came a riot, the magnitude of which was not equaled during those dark days of white servitude to negro slaves. At Austin, Mississippi, a drunken doctor shot into a negro cabin, not shooting at any particular person; the shot passed through the front room and struck a negro boy in an adjoining room, who was lying on a bed, killing him instantly. The sheriff arrested the doctor immediately. The sheriff was a republican. The doctor was placed in jail, and treated as any other criminal. A posse of armed negroes came to the jail to take him out and lynch him. The sheriff getting news of their plan, took the man out and ran him into the cane brake, and kept him under guard until the excitement had passed off, as he supposed, and then returned him to jail to be confined until court should meet. The judge of the court was a republican. The negroes raised another row, which compelled the sheriff to summons a posse to protect the

prisoner. He raised about fifty men. The negroes raised about six hundred armed men and marched them to within a few miles of the jail, with the same motive as given. The fifty white men, composed of republicans and democrats, threw up a breastwork made of thick, heavy plank, and armed themselves with whatever guns and pistols they could get. After waiting two days for the negroes to attack them, they concluded to come from behind their breastworks and advance upon the camp. They mounted horses and made a charge. Most, if not all the white men making the charge were Confederate and Federal soldiers. Not a white republican joined the negroes. They charged them and put them to flight, killing eight of them. They did not pursue them into the woods. The sheriff returned with his posse, and thought the negroes were satisfied; but not so.

The sheriff, Capt. Manning, had great control over the negroes. He was elected by their vote, but being a white man in principle and a democrat before the war, he was not opposed by the white citizens. After his election he had to give a heavy bond. The white men

were the property owners, and the negroes could not make a satisfactory bond. The democrats had to go on this bond. They did so, well knowing that they could have no man who could keep the negroes in check better than he. Manning had been on the freedmen's bureau and given satisfaction to the whites. Before court came on Manning was called away on business, and left the jail in charge of a brave, resolute man. Taking advantage of Manning's absence, the negroes raised eighteen hundred armed men and made another attack upon the jail; but the bird had flown. As there was no one to oppose them (all the white people, both male and female had left the town), they robbed the stores, the saloons, the chicken coops, and took possession of everything within reach.

News had reached Memphis of this immense body of armed men made up from the counties of Tunica and Coahoma, with assurances of recruits from Bolivar and Sunflower; indeed the negroes said from every county in the bottom. It was indeed alarming, and many thought it was the commencement of "a war between the races." This impression was

made in Memphis and all along the line of the railroad.

Gen. James R. Chalmers chartered two boats, and threw himself in command of a thousand well armed men, and they started out about sundown for the scene of action. By this time telegrams were received from towns in Illinois and Indiana, offering ten thousand men at a moment's notice. The railroads agreed to furnish free transportation, and the boats the same. Be it said to the credit of these two states that in less than twenty-four hours they had thousands of armed men in Memphis to get transportation. Chalmers on the steamer Lee, with five or six hundred men, had to land about six miles below Austin, on account of a large sand bar, which had formed in front of that place. The county clerk was a negro, but took no stock in this fight. He mounted his horse and rode about ten miles above town to see whether the Lee had armed men on board or not. Seeing that every available space was occupied by armed white men, he galloped back and told the negroes that if they did not evacuate the town they would all be killed. The negroes took fright at this news and all

left, taking their plunder with them. After Chalmers had landed his men, he marched them to the scene of action; but no enemy could be found to resist his brave young Memphians. He immediately dispatched a messenger to Helena, Arkansas, to inform the people of the result, and stop any more shipment of men and arms. All things being quiet, Chalmers remained a day or two, and assisted the sheriff in capturing about fifty of the leaders of the negroes and restoring the stolen goods to their owners (all but the chickens). These negroes were placed in the two jails of Tunica and Coahoma, and when court came on were tried as rioters and thieves. They were released by the court and given such a charge that they have retained it to this day. The judge told them that in a war of races they could not depend upon a solitary white man, north or south, that would join them, and how near they came to being wiped out. He advised them to go home and make good, peaceable citizens, and enjoy the freedom that had cost the government so much blood and treasure to secure. So you see, my reader, that the war did not end in 1865. It had to be taken into

Africa, where "Scipio" (white man) was master of the situation, and where he will always be in every combat.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

It will not be out of place in this book to speak of the Andersonville prison, as I was an eye witness to many things that took place in that prison. It might reasonably be supposed that a large number of unacclimated prisoners, confined on a small tract of land, would have malarial fevers of the vilest type. The camp diarrhœa and dysentery, which prevailed to such an alarming extent, causing so many deaths, were of a malarial character. The "sine qua non" for this fever was quinine, which was worth fifty dollars an ounce in greenbacks. None of it could be obtained except from those who ran the blockade, and it was purchased by friends in the blockaded cities and packed in private trunks.

Mrs. Lincoln's sister, Mrs. Capt. Dawson, who lived in Selma, Ala., made a visit to her sister in Washington City, and through the influence of Mrs. Lincoln and the generous hearted "Abe," brought out a trunk filled with

quinine. Now we were using at that time all kinds of "yerbs," bone set, fodder tea, and spider webs for the treatment of the citizens who were afflicted with the epidemic fevers of the south. All the quinine that could be procured was sent to the surgeons in the hospitals, therefore not a grain could be spared for those unfortunate prisoners. A request was made by the keeper of the Andersonville prison to the Federal government to send quinine to their prisoners. This they refused to do, saying that the Confederates would use it for themselves, and save their men who were dying from the disease in their own camps. Little did they know the character of the honorable surgeons who were attending the sick. They would rather have died than use it for those for whom it was not intended, unless their consent had been given. No doubt the Federal soldiers would have divided their medicine with their co-sufferers, if they had ever received it. Like conditions and circumstances produce a strong fellow feeling. If there is anything that will take the war spirit out of a man, it is when he is burning up with one of those autumnal fevers. When the time came for an

exchange of prisoners, even those who were almost in a dying condition, asked to be put on a litter and taken to the cars; not because they were persecuted where they were, but to escape the deadly shots from the malarial battery. With emaciated forms, and scarcely strength enough to breathe, with this terrible dysentery unchecked for want of proper medicine, a large number were sent to the Wayside hospital at Selma, to be treated, so that they might have strength enough to make the journey to where they were to be exchanged.

All the city physicians, with the surgeons of hospitals, and the surgeon of the pyrotechnic department, Dr. Hart, of New Orleans, gave their time and attention to these suffering and dying men. The ladies sent them all the nourishment they needed. They were not treated as enemies then, for what human heart could have witnessed the scenes the writer did on that occasion and not be moved to sympathy. Unable to provide room for them on the inside of the hospital, a platform was erected on the outside, furnished with all the cots that could be procured; enough could not be had for all, so that many had to lie on the rough floor, but

as this was in the dry season the air was not damp, so they did not suffer from the dampness of the night, but they did suffer from their bones—almost divested of flesh—coming in contact with the hard floor, for already many had troublesome bed sores. With all their skillful treatment, the doctors witnessed many deaths, as might have been expected at this wayside hospital. The writer can testify that they received the same treatment we were giving our own beloved sick soldiers. Nothing but a Christian spirit controlled all our actions.

Now let us look at the other side of the question. Suppose the Federal government had sent to Andersonville prison one thousand ounces of quinine to be used for her captured soldiers in the malarial districts. Would not thousands of men be now living that are occupying shallow graves, unmarked, on southern soil? If there had been more quinine than they needed, would it have been sent back to the Federal government? No; the Federal soldiers, knowing what torture they had suffered, would have given it to those who were suffering a like torture. A Federal, or a Con-

federate soldier never lost their human heart, nor their sympathy for the distressed.

“OUR FLAG.”

With becoming modesty I will now bring in my short speech before the Sons of the American Revolution, not for the purpose of padding my book, but for its war connection.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: When I was called upon by our worthy secretary, but two days before our meeting, to make an address, I tried to excuse myself from appearing before you on this occasion as a quasi orator, but when he told me that it was my duty, as well as his, to prepare something for the entertainment of our members, I unhesitatingly accepted the trust, knowing my want of ability to do this momentous question justice. I say momentous, for it covers the whole ground of our national independence. The mutter of its folds are but the song of patriotism wherever they are heard. When this flag was first made by our patriotic and self denying grandmothers, those stars to my mind were the brightest in the galaxy; and when I look upon this flag my eyes turn instinctively to those first

thirteen, and say: "Glorious stars, you have lost none of your brilliancy by time, and those who stand around you are but your reflected light. You are jewels in the firmament of freedom. You have now multiplied yourselves until your children number thirty-two. They are bright and honorable children of an illustrious mother. Wherever they are seen they strike the eye with admiration and the heart with emotion. This increase will go on, with arithmetical progression, until your eyes will be twinkling over the civilized world." I look upon this privilege as one eminently proper for patriotic expression. I hope that all the branches of the national society are as earnestly endeavoring to give vent to their patriotic feelings as we are in our humble manner trying to do today. Our efforts may be feeble, but I know I speak the sentiments of this society when I say there are none more enthusiastic than we are. But to return to our flag. The resolutions passed by the senate may be compared to a pine wood fire, fanned by a mountain wind, growing fiercer and higher as the days pass by, until now the flames of patriotism are lashing the coast of Cuba. This

flag will be a voice to the downtrodden and oppressed to charm their weary ears. American lives are cheap and common, compared to the imprisoned principles of freedom.

Our brave boys will suffer immolation upon the cross of independence. I feel that I am only reviving the sentiments of our brave and patriotic sires when I call to memory the sacrifices they made in planting this flag upon the mountain of liberty. Our sires planted two flags; one upon the Alleghany mountains, and one upon the Rocky mountains, that they might perpetually "wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave." The Spaniards have been carrying on a predatory war, and are further from the accomplishment of their ends than when they first began. This is not a war upon our part for conquest, or for mercenary interest, nor yet for vain glory, that we might be called the most powerful nation on the earth, but simply for the triumph of God Almighty's earth born principles—Justice and Mercy.

Our flag, wherever it waves, speaks the voice of God, which is couched in a Latin phrase, "*Justicia fiat ruat coelum*"—Let justice be

done, though the heavens fall. The two flags that I have spoken of, the one looking to the supremacy of the Atlantic, while the other controls the Pacific and its destiny, will give us in time to come a power over the isles of the two oceans. What generation will be brought to see this is locked up in the womb of the future, but in the hereafter angels may roll the stone from its grave away.

In response to those who would make commerce the basis of our patriotism, we would say in the language of the poet, "Methinks that wretch too foul to be forgiven, who basely hangs the bright protecting shade of freedom's ensign o'er corruption's trade." I wish I were an orator, such as Patrick Henry, John Randolph or Henry Clay, that I might entertain you for an hour with their matchless eloquence on a subject so fraught with interest and rich with inspiration.

THE STRANGER PASSING UP THE CHASM THE
SECOND TIME.

The stranger who passed up the dark, deep and damnable chasm now returns at the surrender of Lee's army to Gen. Ulysses Grant. He looks first upon the south side, and he finds

the soldiers that he had seen at Bull Run, with such soft hands, erect figures, gentlemanly bearing, fire flashing eyes, and good clothing, though badly equipped in military stores and arms, exulting in their brilliant victory, but not disposed to pursue a fleeing enemy. He now looks upon the north side, and he sees an army of resolute, hard faced and hard handed men, men accustomed to hard labor, much fatigue, and never having enjoyed many of the amenities of life were necessarily blunt and coarse in their manners; the best equipped army the world ever saw, with all the modern improvements of gun and cannon, with an abundance of commissary supplies, with officers drilled and educated at the old military school, founded in the primitive days of the republic, which gave to the world great military geniuses, such as U. S. Grant, Wm. T. Sherman, Albert Sidney Johnson, Robt. E. Lee, and many others who had distinguished themselves in peace as well as war.

The stranger now sees this little band of patriotic gentlemen in rags, their feet bleeding and their forms emaciated, marching up to the stalwart victors and surrendering their arms

and all they possessed into their hands. Then he sees their noble chieftain, advancing to surrender that immortal sword, which had not been sheathed for four long and weary years. He sees this noble chieftain with erect body advancing to surrender this faithful and honorable friend into the hands of what he supposed was a man of brave, daring habits, with an unsympathetic heart; but when he gazed earnestly into those eyes that were looking so steadily at this splendid Damascus blade, he saw in the eye of his countryman that index of a true American patriot, and the victor said, almost with tears in his eyes, "Keep your sword, general; I would not receive the sword of so valiant an American knight as you have proven yourself to be."

Here were two of America's noblest specimens of her military genius and honorable citizens. They walk now side by side, not as enemies, but as friends. The American has long since learned that old motto, "It is human to err, but divine to forgive."

These two heroes have themselves fallen into the chasm where all men lie. The tall, the wise, the reverend head, the military chieftain

and common soldier must lie as low as the pauper in the potter's field. They have ceased to cross swords, and have gone to that land to join hands where war is not known and peace reigns supreme. The camp fires of the little army of patriots had gone out, but the fire in their eye was as bright as when kindled in 1861.

This stranger has again come three thousand miles across the Atlantic to find the lines of this chasm, but he finds it has been filled with thousands of dead soldiers on both sides. Their corpses have decayed and returned to their mother earth, for "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." This organic dust has so closed the chasm that he cannot find a trace of it, however much he may set his compass and take the bearings. He finds the majestic oak, the broad spreading ash, the humble maple, the old elm, and the tall cypress, all growing together, making a shade wide enough for all Americans to walk under in peace and harmony; and our noble women have sown the seeds of the beautiful southland flowers with the more sturdy plants of our

northern clime, and they are growing in harmony, in beauty and in loveliness.

The stranger now turns his face to the orient, and in tones of thunder says, "A nation once divided, now united in the bonds of love; the peer of any nation on earth." At this time this nation is speaking through the cannon's mouth before the forts of Cuba's stronghold, and while she is sending the solid missiles into the ranks of a hostile foe, she is also sending the dove with healing upon her wings, with the motto, "Quo vadis Domine."

MALTHUS' THEORY.

THIS great theorist, who was a great traveler in 1776 to 1779, in his book, which created so much interest in Europe, took the view of population compared with means of subsistence, and came to the conclusion that there were too many people in the world in his day, and that the most indigent should be killed off by slow poison, or easy death—"Euthanasia." What would Malthus think if he were living in our day, when the population of the world runs up to the enormous figures of 1,479,729,151, and still the world is fed and clothed far better than they were in his day? By looking upon the map, we find Europe has 94 inhabitants to the square mile, or 6 1-4 acres per capita; Asia, 13 2-3 acres per capita; Africa, 45 5-7; Oceanica, 40; North America, 58 2-11; South America, 128. Now with all this array of facts and figures, how long would it take the world to starve out? Malthus had no idea of the extent of country

lying west of the Atlantic, nor did he have any correct idea of the vast amount of lands unoccupied in Africa and Oceanica. He only knew Europe had 6 1-4 acres per capita. Perhaps he had not even made that calculation, for if he had he would have found, if that much land had been in successful cultivation, it would have fed six times the amount of population then in Europe. Now suppose that the fertility of the soil was increasing in arithmetical proportions while the population was increasing in geometrical proportions. People in his day were crowding into cities and occupying small districts of land, and Malthus' eye could not reach beyond the narrow bounds of their limits, and by this view he came to the conclusion there were too many people in the world, and advised "euthanasia" in the way of scientific doctors.

Malthus' view of the world and its population was very narrow; so much so, had he lived in our day, he would have been laughed at for his ignorance, instead of being eulogized for his learning. Malthus' idea of a humanitarian was as narrow as his restricted view of the population of the world. For did he not

know that nature would balance herself up in time, and relieve those distressed and oppressed people, by opening up new fields of adventure, and giving them new and green pastures, that they might grow fat and multiply without fear of starvation. Let us take a theoretical view, if it can be called theoretical. We grant Malthus that Europe at this day could scarcely subsist upon the products of her own soil; but when we take into consideration that Europe is not the world, and mankind are bound together by a community of interests, and that distress in one part of the world is relieved by another part, however hostile they may be towards each other, for the most uncivilized nation has never proposed to starve their enemies into subjection and keep them there by starvation. Malthus did not understand the broad sympathy of every soul in distress; for when God made man he gave him a soul, which was to elevate him above the brute creation. This soul was to guide him in his relations with other souls. You may call it his intellect, and so far as I know you may not be far wrong, automatically at any rate. Now let us see what the play of this universal

sympathy has accomplished in all ages. The moment we hear of a disaster of any kind happening to the agricultural interest of a country, we immediately set about to relieve the situation by sending food and clothing to assist those in distress. But do we send money to reinstate them after their defeats in war? No, we do not.

Let us see whether this sympathy, or the common brotherhood of man, is properly carried out in our advanced civilization and Christianity. If it was, no country would place a tariff on any of the products of the soil, as this is a common heritage. How suicidal and cowardly it seems to me for any nation to place a tax on the necessaries of life. Looking at the map again, we find the United States now makes enough produce to support the world, with its present increase of population. Then take the whole of America, north and south, and how long would it feed and clothe the world? Perhaps a thousand years or more. The people only need scattering, putting in fresh pastures.

This leads us to the conclusion at which we wish to arrive: that no tariff should be placed

upon agricultural products in any country, or on anything manufactured or brought to a country to exchange for the necessaries of life, either by sale or barter.

Taking these statistics as we find them, the older countries will have to be fed, perhaps in the next century. Europe at least, as she has fewer acres per capita than any other country and a faster increase of population.

We will here dive a little into political economy, and venture a prediction. First, let us turn our eyes inward; we have strained them long enough looking three thousand miles. Sixteen miles is the distance for the two lines of vision to converge and form a focus. Our natural eye, by which we can form an idea of the shape and size of a natural object, is badly strained. You see we have strained our natural vision a little too far, for we are looking six thousand miles into the Pacific ocean; haven't we strained our political eyes much farther? Is there not territory enough in America, and people sufficiently intelligent and sufficiently ignorant to occupy our time and attention for a thousand years, to bring to perfection this grand old idea of the brotherhood of man.

What have we done to build up Mexico and South America? Have we constructed railroads in these republics, and established free trade and sailors' rights (the old democratic doctrine), and commercial reciprocity, as advocated by James G. Blaine? Or have we treated them as aliens in a foreign land, to pay tribute to the United States for the privilege of being called Americans? Have we not placed a ban upon their form of government, contrary to the Monroe doctrine, which is truly democratic? Or have we not placed a high tariff upon their hides and wool, which shoe our feet and clothe our backs in winter? What more have we exacted of Australia? Would it not be better for us to cultivate friendly relations with them, that they might enjoy the privileges of a free and enlightened government, and advance upon our lines? Will Americans ever learn that the United States is not the whole of America, no more than Rome was the whole of Italy?

We cannot close this article without taking a bird's eye view of the financial question. Suppose we should say to Mexico and the South American republics: "You are Americans, and as long as the Monroe doctrine is in force

you are republicans, and we want to treat you as such. You have vast mines of silver and some gold. The currency should be the same throughout America, and a dollar in silver or gold should have the same purchasing power in every part of this vast domain. You have need of manufactured articles; we can supply them. Do not put a tariff on the very articles you need for your comfort and happiness. We will put none on yours. We are all Americans. For want of a free outlet these manufactured articles have accumulated on our hands to such an extent that prices are so low we must put a tariff on what you produce to support the superannuated factories, for they are now desuetude. They require moving to new pastures, lest they die with the rot. Now if we can remove these factories to your territory and supply your people with manufactured goods, and thereby increase your wealth and build up your people and give you free trade, would it not be better for both? We would then have republics of which the world would be proud, for it would be beautiful to see how well and how peaceable Americans can live. If we can open up a free trade with you and take your

money, whose value and standard we shall fix, and at this standard value it shall be received, national and social, so there shall be one currency for all Americans; we then can have a congress of republics who shall adopt our constitution and make it the basis of all republics, and treat them as brothers to the manor born."

Don't you think in this unsettled state of affairs, with our free government trembling in its boots, they would unite in good faith with us, and form an alliance with us, offensive and defensive, guarding the Pacific on the west and the Atlantic on the east, keeping a small standing army, relying on our citizen soldiery, who have the fire of patriotism burning in every American breast, and saying to the world, "Hands off! and we will let you alone; we have enough at home to attend to without looking after your affairs."

As the war has been taken from our own doors and transferred to the doors of Spain, we may or we may not have cause to rejoice. The ultimatum laid down by our president was that we would go to war with Spain if she did not remove her forces from Cuba and acknowledge the independence of that country. This

was issued in the form of a proclamation. Did the Spanish government acknowledge the authority of the president to free her people by a half dozen words of English, written on a piece of parchment? Spain was a government before America was discovered, and gave the man and the means to make the discovery that other nations of greater wealth had refused. Though our country has been baptized America, it ought to have been called Columbia, and it is so called to this day by Americans who are disposed to give honor to whom honor is due. We well recollect the words in our old "Columbian Orator," that we selected for our school boy speech. The words ran thus :

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the earth, and the child of the skies."

What strange things happen in human events! But this is a digression from what we expected to say. What of the present war, its causes and its effects? The cause did not originate in our own country; it was the brutality that Spain was exercising over a comparatively weak and ignorant people. The priests had become so exacting and oppressive that human nature could stand it no longer. Spain,

like an old water craft, had become unsanitary in all her surroundings, corrupt in her politics, and vicious in her religion. The old rats were starving out, and the young rats were fattening on the filthy debris of the old hulk. The old rats who were being slaughtered by the young, concluded to leave the old hulk and swim to Cuba, where they could multiply and replenish themselves before the priests could find them. The people of no country will be long patriotic where the government starves the masses. This is precisely the condition of Spain. Therefore we should deal with her as leniently as is consistent with a free, liberal, Christian government, and not take from her the small territory she now owns and starve her people who are now making a comfortable living. Subdue the priests, and that means subdue the government, and raise the masses to a higher plane of civilization. Let them keep their religion, but annul the power of the priests. When we speak of giving them advanced civilization, we do not include that higher civilization which is being taught in the old European countries, for that is as corrupt as hades. The question now

arises, where are we drifting, and in what harbor will our ships finally anchor? Now let the Spaniards accept our proposition and become a free people, stop prosecuting protestants, stop victimizing her own people, and the war will end.

The writer of this is neither a statesman, a politician, a financier or a plutocrat; simply a democrat after the old school of Monroe and Jefferson. It is the musing of an old man, who is looking backward as well as forward in his dreams. We will close by quoting some lines from a poet whose name we have forgotten. This will apply to all Americans: "Methinks that wretch too foul to be forgiven, who basely hangs the bright, protecting shade of freedom's ensign o'er corruptions trade." "Let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the stranger spoil his labor."

Now I have shown Malthus that he could not see three hundred years ahead of his time, and that he made no calculation of the development of this small planet of ours. I have also shown him that America could not only clothe and feed the world, but that it could furnish her all the gold and silver to carry on the

commerce of the world and the rest of mankind. The new people (the rest of mankind) were never discovered by any one save old Zack Taylor, who said we were at peace with them.

“The heaven, even the heavens are the Lord’s, but the earth hath He given to the children of men.” London might be swallowed up by the ocean, Paris drop into the sea, New York shaken down by an earthquake, Chicago burned to ashes, and St. Louis blown away by a cyclone, and yet the world at large would not starve. There would be a survival of the fittest, and they are the agriculturalists, who get their living by the sweat of their brow. No, the world will never be brought to the condition the expert French chemist thinks it will be, when bread will be made out of trees by his chemical process. Man will always make his bread by the cultivation of the soil, with the labor of his hands, assisted by modern machinery.

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