

# Baxter County History



**The Wolf House is the most historical  
building in Baxter County.**

Photo courtesy of Ray Grass

VOL. 7 NO. 1 23  
1981

Published by  
**THE BAXTER COUNTY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.**

BAXTER COUNTY HISTORY

Published by the  
Baxter County Historical Society  
Mountain Home, Arkansas

Regular meetings are held at 7:30 pm, the first Tuesday of each month, at the Arkansas Power and Light Building, on US Highway 62 S.W., Mountain Home, Arkansas.

Active Membership           \$5.00/year  
Associate Membership       \$2.50/year

PRESIDENT

Donald Hubbell, Box 141, Henderson, Arkansas 72544

VICE PRESIDENT

Quinby Smith, 1634 Highway 62 SW, Mountain Home, Ark. 72653

SECRETARY

Roma Stickford, 119 Leonard Dr., Mountain Home, Ark. 72653

TREASURER

Elizabeth Smith, 1634 Highway 62 SW, Mountain Home, Ark. 72653

EDITOR

Donald Hubbell, Box 141, Henderson, Arkansas 72544

Correspondence concerning membership dues, membership, orders for the "HISTORY" and other business matters should be sent to the treasurer. Available back issues are \$1.00 and may be ordered from the editor.

Neither the Society nor the Editor assumes any responsibility for statements made by the contributors.

ANNUAL DUES ARE DUE AND PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER AT THE JANUARY MEETING. NEW MEMBERS MAY JOIN ANY TIME.

ALL MATERIALS FURNISHED THE EDITORS WILL BE HANDLED WITH CARE, COPIED AND RETURNED TO THE CONTRIBUTORS. ALL MATERIAL MAY BE EDITED BY THE CONTRIBUTOR BEFORE IT IS PRINTED IN THIS JOURNAL.

WE EARNESTLY SOLICIT YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS OF MATERIAL AND SUCH MATERIAL MAY INCLUDE PICTURES.

PROGRESS OF BAXTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
Hazen Bonow, Historian

April 7, 1981

Garvin Carroll introduced Dr. G. Allen Robinson and Don Stanley from Harrison, Ark. who presented a slide program on the Rally Hill Museum near Everton.

Dr. Robinson studied medicine at Vanderbilt College and came to Harrison to practice medicine at the age of 24. He continued until 1952 when he became interested in farming and began the study of Agriculture. He has been president of the Arkansas Medical Society and is now president and a Senior Member of the 50 year Club. As a Doctor there were 4 things he had in mind; prestige, income, taking care of patients and contributing something for science.

He said he had done a bit of research on Tick Fever. He had a box of gadgets, such as means of collecting and killing ticks, etc. He had a jar of Alfalfa pellets which he said would immunize a person from tick bits when taken. His many tools were unusual and his explanation of their uses were amusing.

Don Stanley then showed the slides of the Rally Museum while Dr. Robinson narrated. The museum has all types of log cabins, small, large and even a Medallion one (all electric) and many buildings. The buildings were operated at the turn of the century. There is an old post office, a chapel, old telephones with a switchboard, old dentist chair with its dental tools and a Library History of Medicine with a collection of old-time medicines. There is corn-husk mops, a moonshine still, wine press and a section of tree (2nd cut) that was 810 yrs. old. Antique furniture is in the cabins and a collection of primitive pictures made by "Grandma Moses" of the Ozarks. Also an old Hay barn, old combine, lanterns, you name it, he has it!

The museum is owned by Jim Robinson, son of Dr. Robinson, who started the museum. It is open daily to the public for a small fee and one can spend many hours looking at all the very interesting collections.

Dr. Robinson now lives on his beautiful 450 acre "Rolling Acres" farm 4 miles West of Harrison.

June 2, 1981

Mike Galligan gave a most interesting slide program of old home sites in Northwest Arkansas.

Mike is a native of Lead Hill and attended North Ark. Community College. He is now doing work with the environmental planning Division of North West Arkansas in Harrison.

**Benton County slides:**

From Bentonville: Massey Hotel, a pre-Civil War home. Elliot home built about 1875 (in the National Register). Garrett home, Bryan sisters home, Terry Block Bldg. (National Register), and the Braithweitt home - a pre-Civil war home.

From St. Paul: The old state coach depot (1845). This was an overnight stop from Fayetteville to Clarksville. The man who built the stage coach depot was born 22 years after the Declaration of Independence. The Mrs. Barker Drug Store (1880) and "Skully" Log Tavern. (logs are beneath boards)

**Carroll County slides:**

Pleasant Valley School, Old Carrolton Lodge Hall (1845), Osage General Store, Frank Stamps owner of the store and Post Office (1899), and the Dog Branch School House.

**Madison County slides:**

Old Alaban School at Huntsville (National Register), and Wlathers Store and Post Office.

**Newton County slides:**

Shelton Store Parthenon, Whitley Gest Mill, Boxley (National Register). The Park Service will restore it with the original equipment inside. Shaddox cabin, example of a log cabin which was sealed. Beechwood Community Bldg., Jessie Seage, Great-Grandson of Alexander Clark is buried in a cemetery close by. Low Gap School House built of stone with windows only on one side. The Don Stanley home (1910) and some Ozarks folks!

**Boone County slides:**

General Store at Alpena, "Ozarkis" old home place, Rabie Rhides home. From Harrison was the old Boone County Jail (National Register); Felton home, Cherry Street; Harrison Court House (National Register); Jay Smith home, Cherry & Ridges Streets; and the Meyers Home, Western Grove Gym.

**Searcy County slides:**

An old Round House, Witt Springs. Old Dersmore Store, Old McDaniels home, Mrs. Smithson home, McCall home at Marshall and Essie Ward's Raintings, some are in the Smithsonian Institute.

**Marion County slides:**

Madden Bldg. at Yellville, Berry home (Civil War hospital) at Yellville. Old Bruno School, old Post Office at Western Grove.

**Baxter County slide:**

Wolf House at Norfolk.

The society was very sorry to hear of the recent loss of Mrs. Nell Powell Wright. She was a long time attorney and more recently Chancery Judge in Baxter County. Mrs. Wright was a great friend of the Baxter County Library and the Baxter County Historical Society and will be missed by all who knew her.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Historical Society reluctantly accepted the resignation for health reasons of Mrs. Alyce Marbury as Editor. We wish her a speedy recovery and look forward to her return as an active member.

\* \* \* \* \*

Baxter County Marriages - March 24, 1895 to Oct. 12, 1895

Joe and Irma Bloom, Route 6, Box 352, Mtn. Home, Arkansas 72653

W. N. Dilbeck to Alice Martin	March 24, 1895
V. W. Sorrels to Martha E. Tulley	" 27
Charlie S. Thrasher to Nancy Arnold	" 28
William Payne to Ida Dunn	April 8,
T. J. Halcom to Eliza Johnson	" 18
John Chancey to Louella Payne	" 25
Wm. Marsters to Louisa E. Smith	" 25
C. S. Halpain to Rosa Neel	May 5,
J. H. Majors to Nancy Corson	" 12
J. P. Stewart to Matilda Steveson	June 2,
Lou Elliott to Alice Williams	" 9
John Poole to Lizzie McJenkins	" 16
R. H. Studdard to Della Harrelson	" 23
Robert Talbert to Minnie Talbert	" 23
D. L. Clouse to Mattie Smith	" 29
A. Morrison to Nancy Morrison	July 1,
John T. Davis to Hulda C. Horp (Sp)	" 7
H. B. Stone to Lockey (Sp) Powell	" 7
Mortice McMortry (Sp) to Mrs. Cora West	" 7
J. T. Chandler to Cordillia Hill	" 7
W. A. Altone to India Chancy (Sp)	" 7
Clayton Martin to Susan Linn	" 7
R. M. Gordon to Sallie Pritchard	" 13
William Winner to Susan Baker	" 14
M. C. Hogan to Lucy C. Aldridge	" 17
W. C. Bolding to Sarah Stephens	" 18
W. S. Baty to Lizzie Gower	" 25
W. D. Perryman to Mary A. King	" 31
S. T. Trivith to Leona Dover	Aug. 4,
Walter Calloway to Bella Phaby	" 11
Geo. H. Hall to Mary E. Cole	" 12
James A. Nelson to Mrs. Ann Nelson	" 18
W. O. Henson to Mattie C. Waire	" 18
D. C. Watts to Clementine Smith	" 26

James Davis to S. J. Parrish	Sept.	8
Allen Wilkins to Florence Russell	"	11
W. J. Johnson to Dora Martin	"	12
W. F. Carter to Jennie Britt	"	15
T. A. Galloway to Nancy Franks	"	15
W. N. Hannerrick to Lillie Knight	"	17
Batty Cody to Bulah M. Thrasher	Oct.	3
Ed. Brown to Flora Hopper	"	3
James N. Minge to M. C. Schrable	"	6
H. T. Patterson to Lillie Nelson	"	6
W. D. Gower to Martha Bratcher	"	12

\* \* \* \* \*

### DOUGLAS CEMETERY

Twelfth in a series on Cemeteries in Baxter County, Ark.  
by D. G. Carroll  
On Tracy Ferry Road, about five miles from Mountain Home.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>ANDERSON</u>		
Betta A.	1893	1951
<u>BRUNSON</u>		
baby	no date	no date
<u>CALDWELL</u>		
Victoria	1809	1911
<u>CARSON</u>		
Andrew	no date	no date
<u>CUVAHOUSE</u>		
May	Oct., 1933	Nov., 1933
<u>DICKERSON</u>		
eight markers		
<u>DOAK</u>		
Charles B. (husb.)	1865	1947
Puggy M. (wife)	1876	1913
Woodrow (son of C.B. and P.M.)	June, 1913	Nov., 1913
<u>DOUGLAS</u>		
Abbie Jane (wife)	Dec. 6, 1848	Dec. 15, 1929
W. A. (husb.)	Nov. 9, 1837	June 28, 1890
Bernice May	1883	1915
Charles W. (son of W.A. and A.J.)	Oct. 12, 1880	Mar. 24, 1898
James B. (son of W.A. and A.J.)	Sept. 21, 1864	Nov. 4, 1898
Hattie A. (dau. of W.A. and A.J.)	age: 4mo. 23da.	Mar. 7, 1890
Charlotte	Oct. 7, 1960	Oct. 9, 1960
Earl J.	1916	1965
George F. (husb.)	Dec. 10, 1865	Feb. 11, 1937
Nellie C. (wife)	June 10, 1870	Aug. 15, 1905
Idona A. (wife)	Feb. 5, 1872	Mar. 25, 1906
John A. (husb.)	Dec. 18, 1872	Feb. 7, 1955

<u>Name</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>DOUGLAS (cont.)</u>		
Idona (twins-son and	Mar.25,1906	Aug.,1906
J. L. dau. of I.A. and J.A.)	Mar.25,1906	Oct.,27,1906
Maude N. (wife)	1884	1935
Robert G. (husb.)	1886	1950
Mary Lee (dau. of Lee and Wilma)	May 23,1936	May 23, 1936
Raymond D.	1909	1934
T. L. Lee	1889	1967
<u>FITHEM</u>		
Ed	no date	no date
<u>FOWLER</u>		
Nona Belle (wife of W.H.)	1895	1921
<u>GILES</u>		
Sarah F. (wife)	1851	1936
William N. (husb.)	1851	1923
<u>GRANT</u>		
baby	1932	1932
Blondell	June, 1929	Sept.,1932
Bonita B.	no date	no date
Dan (husb.)	Mar.12,1960	Sep.11,1923
Sarah J. (wife)	Apr.10,1870	July 26,1924
Johney	June,	Died 1929
<u>HICKS</u>		
baby	Dec. 23, 1923	
Crawford Columbus (father)	June 28,1882	Feb.21,1967
Mettie May (mother)	Sept. 28,1884	June 9,1932
Helen L.	Aug. 1, 1930	Aug. 28, 1930
<u>HOLLAND</u>		
Uncle Mart (Civil War Vet.)	1826	1937
Rosille (wife of Mart)	1835	1920
<u>HOLLIS</u>		
Infant of B.P.	Oct.4,1907	Oct.4,1907
Leone (dau. of B.R.)	Sept.11,1908	Sep.11,1910
<u>JACKSON</u>		
baby	1932	1932
<u>JEHNKE</u>		
May Hauth	age:85 yrs.	Feb.23,1969
<u>MILBURN</u>		
Samuel O.	Aug.21,1893	Sep.24,1893
<u>MILLER</u>		
-----	no date	no date
<u>PARKS</u>		
Elizabeth (wife)	1861	1920
John M. (husb.)	1851	1917
<u>REYNOLDS</u>		
Flora A. Douglas	1888	1968
<u>ROBERTSON</u>		
James H. (husb.)	April 3, 1869	
Tennessee M. (wife)	Oct. 29,1867	Aug. 25,1941

<u>Name</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>SIMPSON</u>		
Alleta Mae	1913	1954
Betty Jo. (dau. of Alleta)	1944	1944
George Dale (son of Alleta)	1943	1944
<u>WALLIS</u>		
baby	no date	no date
<u>WHEAT</u>		
John W.	Dec. 25, 1885	Oct. 27, 1965
Louis J.	Jan. 27, 1921	Mar. 14, 1921
Rosey V.	Oct. 8, 1918	Nov. 20, 1921
<u>WHITE</u>		
Calvin	Sept. 1, 1835	Dec. 11, 1922
<u>WILSON</u>		
Charles W.	1856	1929
Margaret	1868	1941
Asa A.	1900	1977
<u>YOUNG</u>		
Charlie	no date	no date
Johnnie	1907	1941
Patsy	1941	1943

\*\*\*\*\*

#### ORIGINAL PATENTS

A portion of the original patent books remain after the disastrous Courthouse fire some years back. The following is part one of a series from the one remaining book.

Location of the Patent will be by township, range and section. A more detailed location down to the quarter section is available in the Courthouse records.

The Commissioner of Lands in Little Rock has a complete list of land patents and by sending a complete legal description of the area you are interested in, they will send you a list of Patents from that section.

If you are trying to locate original locations of family or others in Baxter County, this will help you. The service has been free and fast in the past, and I am sure it still is.....  
Editor

Township 18	Range 11	Section 4
Daniel W. Langston		Dec. 1858
Daniel W. Langston		Feb. 1859
Larkin J. M DeWitt		Oct. 1892
Thomas Lambert		Jan. 1859
Thomas Clark		Aug. 1900

Township 18	Range 11	Section 5
Joseph W. Adams		1891



Township 18	Range 11	Section 5 (Cont.)
Joseph W. Adams		April 1895
William Russell		May 1900
Charles Hively		1893

Township 18	Range 11	Section 6
Nathaniel Russell		Oct. 1890
M. V. DeWitt		Feb. 1895
John Gordon (?)		Oct. 1898

Township 18	Range 11	Section 7
John ?		1901
M. V. DeWitt		1895
Joseph W. Adams ?		1895
George Southern		1897

Township 18	Range 11	Section 8
Thomas Hively		1881
Bonny Heathcolt		no date
illegible		1859
James Watts		1859
illegible		1875
William G. Hall		1857
John McClellan		1891
Joseph Adams (?)		1896

Township 18	Range 11	Section 9
Henry Laughton		1857
Thomas Lambert		1857
Henry Laughton		1857
Thomas Heively		1886
Thomas Heively		1857
Roder (?) Thompson		1858
Thomes Lambert		1860
Thomas Heively		1859
William Clark		1893

## "Wolf Family History" Cont.

Jacob Wolf died early in the war, about the year 1862. His death and ravages of the war demolished his estate and dispersed his kindred.

Among the many characters to be found in the valley of White River who had come into notice east of the Mississippi, was the Woods family--old man Woods and his son, Big Bill Woods--they were worthy of note from being the father and brother of John Woods, who was court martialed and shot in Jackson's army in 1812. It seems General Jackson had some trouble to enforce insubordination; his army being composed of raw troops fresh from the country. Old man Woods and his two sons, Big Bill and John, enlisted in Tennessee for the campaign south against the Indians. The young men were good soldiers, but somewhat reckless. John Woods was on picket duty and left his post; he was court martialed and condemned to be shot, with a recommendation of mercy. Jackson had reprieved others, but notified the court that he would not reprieve any more. John Woods was the next, and his life was in one end of the balance, and Jackson's word in the other. The general's word was the heaviest and John Woods fell. The father and brother stayed with him and cared for him--dressed him for burial--and then when the file of soldiers marched him off, they went in another direction, in great agony, refusing to see him shot. They soon after deserted the army and came to White River and settled at the ford of the river, three miles about Mt. Olive. It was believed that Jackson was glad they deserted as there were no efforts made to bring them back to the army. Through life the old man and Big Bill took this unfortunate matter to heart; at the mention of Jackson's name Big Bill would grow frantic with oaths, and the old man would melt into tears.

The Adams family who have been referred to in these sketches were very numerous on the White River. They were Kentuckians of Irish parentage, and noted for being men of strong native intellect and retentive memory. John Adams was the first sheriff of IZARD County and in after years was delegate to the Convention from IZARD County to frame the first Constitution of the State of Arkansas. Peter F. Adams, noticeable in these sketches from his connection with the death of Dr. Edward St. Leger Hough, was a man of good property, cold, forbidding appearance, said but little, but sealed what he did say with oaths of the bitterest character. He was a very determined man and in the main a good citizen.

Dr. Edward St. Leger Hough was a native of Germany, educated in the best schools of Europe; he was of low stature, ungainly appearance, dish-faced, broad mouth, thick lips and pug nose; broad intellect; he was a fluent talker and writer. He made his first appearance in FULTON County as a physician. He very soon made love to Judge Hunter's wife, a woman of some accomplishments and beauty; a very thrilling correspondence ensued between them, with a hollow tree for a postoffice or letter, where this correspondence was allowed to remain, but being found he took her and left. Some years afterward he came to the mouth of Big North Fork and set up as a practicing physician. About this time Peter F. Adams had a grown daughter who married a young man of good family, named Uz Walker.

Their parents set them up with a good property. Walker very soon died. After a short time, in widow's weeds, the wife and daughter appeared upon the carpet as a gushing young widow. About this time the Doctor grew weary of his old captive, made love to the young widow; a very thrilling correspondence ensued, which was carried on through the medium of her faithful negro woman. Peter F. Adams suspected the truth; it was said he whipped both the negro woman and the daughter until they divulged the plot and surrendered the correspondence by which he learned the time and place of a secret interview to take place that night, at a certain corn crib. The negro and daughter were locked in a room and guarded; at the appointed hour in the night, Dr. Edward St. Leger Hough rode up to the crib and gave the hailing sign. This was answered by a volley of riflery and he fell dead from his horse. The facts of this tragedy were never proven before the Grand Jury, and consequently no bill was ever preferred against anyone. It was very evident that Dr. Edward St. Leger Hough waked up the wrong passenger when he got to meddling with the affairs of Peter F. Adams. The widow Walker afterward married a man who took her from the country.

The early settlers of White River Valley had no trouble with savage Indians as many would suppose, there being only a few wandering tribes of Osages and Hussars high up on the river, and they were never known to come lower down than the prairies in Marion and Boone Counties. About the time, however, that law was first enforced in the valley, under the territorial government of Missouri, the south side of the river, from a point beginning at the mountain at the head of Harden's Bluff five miles above Batesville and extending up the river indefinitely, was ceded to the Cherokees, and known as the Cherokee grant, but from some cause they never moved to it, but Col. Lewis' fragment of the Shawnee nation was moved to this grant, perhaps as early as 1819.

The Shawnee nation was very powerful until the war of 1812. It seems they held the Northwestern territory with a line of connection through western Kentucky and Tennessee, through Mississippi and Alabama. This line had already been weakened by the aggression of white settlers in Kentucky and Tennessee. When the war came up between the United States and Great Britain it was found the Shawnee nation and other weak tribes ruled by a very formidable and warlike family of chiefs, Lewis and Tecumseh, in the north and the Prophet and Weatherford in the south. Tecumseh and the Prophet were said to be twin brothers and Lewis a half brother, having a different mother. The Prophet and Weatherford having already commenced hostilities in the south, strong overtures were made by the U.S. as well as Great Britain, to win the Shawnee nation, north in the war, in with them in the Northwestern territory by General Harrison in a council which lasted several days; a large number of warriors were present. Lewis inclined to the U.S. and Tecumseh to Great Britain. Discussions were very high, and one day on this occasion at the close of an excited speech, Tecumseh looked about him for a seat, when Gen. Harrison rose and tendered him his seat, and told the interpreter to say to him, "his white brother wished him to take his seat"; when this great warrior burst forth in a great storm of eloquence: "What", said he, "my brother?--no white man is my brother,

the Sun is my father, Moon is my mother and this earth is my foot-stool, and while Tecumseh's blood runs warm, he will defend it." This scene closed the council--Lewis called for his followers on the United States and Tecumseh his on the part of Great Britain. Thus the nation divided--the larger portion following Tecumseh. Lewis took command of his own warriors with a Colonel's commission from the U.S. Government and at the close of the war Col. Lewis' tribe fell under the care and protection of the U.S. Government and lived for a time at Lewiston, Logan County, Ohio. About the year 1819 or 1820 the Government moved them to the Cherokee grant on White River and fed them under the special care of an agent. The tribe when it came to White River numbered about 2000 of all ages and sexes, with Col. Lewis as Chief. They divided into three towns on the river, one town at Livingston's place, at the mouth of Livingston's creek, one at Gill's place, opposite the mouth of Piney Bayou and one at the Lunnin place below the North Fork, Col. Lewis, the Chief, living at the latter place; they were very quite and not very bad neighbors, and the citizens who did not have to abandon their places to them, made it profitable trading with them, being allowed to trade in anything except spirituous liquors. The women raised their corn patches, melons and beans and the men hunted. The first melons or green corn, or perhaps a piece of venison or bear meat, you might see a squaw tie it and her papoose in her blanket and put her arm through it and throw it over her back and strike out afoot to see her white neighbors to give it to them; if you didn't give them some milk and bread or a piece of bacon in return, they would leave very indignant. They would not touch their green corn until a certain time in July, when their Green Corn Dance came off; the curiosity of the Green Corn Dance never failed to draw all the white settlers in reach. They lasted several days and nights and were conducted with great solemnity; they would scrape off a number of floors on the ground like an old fashioned threshing floor, and beat it down smooth and solid. These floors were made round, about 18 or 20 feet across, and resembled in all probability the thrashing floors which Boaz used when Ruth came to his fields to glean; the music was the drum, with a deer foot and leg bone for a drum stick, and singing. They would have large quantities of green corn soup made and set along the row of dancers; just at the sound of the dancers would skip into the dance yards, men and women, and dance around, at the same time singing, and while the drums thundered you might hear scores of dancers all singing "ha-o-wanna-ha-o-woh-i-woh-i-woh-i-i" When one set was out the dancers would prance out and eat green corn soup while a new floor full went on, thus the racket lasted all night long. I imagine a scene like this would attract quite an audience at the present time, and that these green corn dances were equal in every respect if not superior to the "Trotting Charley" or the "Come Along Gals, Let's Go To Boston" of the present day.

A faithful sketch would demand a few more pages about the Shawnees on White River.

The limited acquaintance of our young readers with Indians and life might make it interesting to further pursue the history of the Shawnees whilst living on White River. This is due in these sketches, they being of the early settlers of this valley. One incident

we will here recite which will illustrate their ungovernable greed for whiskey. It would seem Bill Clifton and McCoy had been down the river in a perogue (a large canoe) and were coming back past the town of Livingston creek with a barrel of whiskey on board. They had some doubts of running the blockade past the Indians and laid their boat very near the White shore. Very soon the Indians commenced congregating on the opposite shore and beckoned and called to them to come over but the boat poled on. Soon 20 or more of them took the water and went for the perogue. Clifton was first but his partner couldn't stand the storm; as the Indians laid hold of the boat, McCoy took to the water and made it out to the White side but Clifton stayed aboard and wore out his canoe pole on them; by this time they dragged the boat to the opposite side of the river, and rolled the barrel ashore, and turned Clifton and his boat loose. As soon as the yell was raised a squad of about a dozen Indians collected the guns, knives, tomahawks, axes, etc., and put them in camp and stood guard over them with clubs. All of the balance of the town men and women got drunk, and there was a constant yell about two days and nights. A great many white men went in to see them next day but they had the precaution to go in squads sufficient to defend themselves against the drunk ones. The guards did everything they could to command them. Clifton was there next day and knocked down and stomped several drunken Indians when he could catch them out of sight of the guards. Two Creek Indians, outlaws from their nation, one old Syllamo, not a very welcome accession with the Shawnees, generally stayed a little out of town, spent a great deal of his time on Syllamore creek, from whom it took its name. Syllamo finally built him a wigwam at the spring where the old Methodist Camp ground is near Mountain View. The other Creek Indian was Big Charley who was not only a refugee from his own nation but an escaped gallows from law for depredations committed on the Ohio River.

He made two trips to Little Rock to kill Jard C. Martin, of Polk Bayou. It was said that some party where Martin came from wished to take his life but he being a very resolute man, it was thought to be a very dangerous undertaking, and Big Charley was hired to do the work. Martin had item of the plot the first trip Big Charley made. He got into Martin's office aiming to give him a blow with a knife or a tomahawk, but Martin discovered him in time and leveled a pistol on him which failed to fire and Big Charley ran and got away. Some time after he went back to try again his hand. This time Martin was better prepared and shot him in the breast, the ball coming out on his back. But strange as it may appear, Big Charley came back to White River in that condition and did not die from it, but he took care to make this his last trip on that business.

By the permission of the Indians there was a man living at the Big Will Wood place on the Indian side of the river named Kennedy who was a "trifling" character. During his stay here he stole three or four Indian ponies and had them tied in a thicket in a steep hollow until he could get ready to run them off and sell them. Whilst they were tied here an Indian boy 15 or 16

years of age trailed them up and found them tied and Kennedy finding them found he was caught, and knowing the boy would tell on him and the Indians would kill him, he shot the boy dead. Great distress and alarm was among the Indians, yelling all over the woods for several days until they found him.

Jeholda Jeffery and George Gill were Justices of the Peace, and held an examining court, acting in concert with Lewis the chief, trying to get the murderer. This court was held in the woods on the north bank of the river at the head of the narrows above the mouth of Piney Bayou and lasted 10 days. Lewis sent a scout to bring in all the suspicious characters. These scouts when they started with an order from the court and the chief, never failed to bring them in. One day a scout was out with orders to bring Morg Carter. They brought him in a canoe with his hands and feet tied. They ran a pole through his hands and feet and two Indians carried him on their shoulders and laid him down in court in this condition. The court was not ready for Morg at that time and he lay there half the day or more waiting his turn. The mother of the murdered boy believed that Morg had killed him. She had a blanket thrown round her shoulders and went about the court ground crying aloud very pitifully, so after a time she came by where Morg Carter was tied. She had a good large pine knot under her blanket and came down on Morg with the pine knot like killing snakes. Morg hollered manfully till someone got there and stopped the squaw from beating him.

One circumstance during the setting of this court created a great alarm and excitement. It seems the court had set at liberty some parties for want of sufficient proof that didn't meet the approval of the Indians. A squad of fifty or more had been to themselves in secret council for some time when a rapid preparation commenced among themselves with guns, knives, tomahawks, etc. The whites could not fail to see their intention, which created great alarm. Esq. Jeffery noted the consequences of such a procedure and demanding that Lewis disperse them. Lewis listened with attention and at the close of the speech he summoned his people around him and made a speech to them in Shawnee at the close of which they sneaked away like dogs. The Wooten family had moved in and settled on Rocky Bayou from Illinois. Two of them were present at the time of this threatened outbreak and whilst the speaking was going on they took offright and left the court ground and reached home about dark and reported they did not believe there would be a man, woman or child left alive on White River to tell the tale. The whole family started that night for Illinois, which place they made in good time. The proof fell on Kennedy and he was committed to jail at Davidsonville.

The Indians buried the murdered boy about 10 feet in front of his mother's cabin door. She kept the yard swept clean around his grave, and it was her daily practice at the approach of dark to go and prostrate herself at the grave and set up the most pitious howl and lamentations, after which she would set a cup of hominy and a spoon at the grave and steal away to her cabin. She kept up this practice about 40 days at which time she believed the Great Spirit would take him home to that goodly country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

About the year 1829, the government moved Lewis' tribe to a country set apart to them near the place where Kansas City now is, west of the Missouri line.

One of the characters composing the early settlers of the White River valley was Daniel Hively, a very remarkable and peculiarly constituted man who made quite a mark in the early history of this country. Daniel Hively was a Pennsylvania Dutchman of medium stature, and an iron constitution and nerve to undertake anything. He was a remarkable man of strength for his size. This, combined with a temper which he never had been able to control, often led him into difficulties which he was always ready to settle in single combat; yet he was and is a warm friend and a good man. It is said of him in his younger days he had a contract to keelboat salt from the Ohio river up the Cumberland to Nashville. He made several trips, but could not get his pay. He came to the conclusion the salt man was going to break, so he went and engaged another load. He got his load of salt, and instead of going up the Cumberland he came up White with his load and never went back anymore. He was a fine mechanic and could make anything he wished of wood or iron, and was one of the principle men in building a mill on Friend's creek; he was desperately wicked, but about the time he was engaged on this latter mill there was a great revival of religion in this country and Daniel Hively made a very brilliant profession and joined the Methodist church. Henderson Lafferty was the Methodist minister and pastor of the church and was teaching a school near Hively's mill. During recess he was walking in a very thick brushy woods, when he heard a great racket coming toward him and heard someone holler. It proved to be Hively trying to drive an unruly cow home; the preacher stood still and the cow ran past him. Very soon Hively came running on her trail but losing sight of the cow about the time he was passing the preacher, who was hid in the brush, Hively jumped upon the log to look for the cow, but she was out of sight, when burst forth in a great rage, "G-d D-m you to hell" he said to himself. Immediately he hung his head and continued: "There old devil, you have got one oath out of me, take it and go to hell with it." He was principal workman in building and running of the big mills near the mouth of Piney Bayou, the largest machinery ever put up in IZARD county. He was the Hiram Abiff of that place and being very pious he often aspired to the ministry. We have no knowledge of his disbelieving any part of it which enjoins upon us when an enemy smite us on the cheek to turn the other to him. During his career at the Athens mills his boys used to tell of a fight he had with Jake Rhodes, a square built Dutchman who was also always ready for a fight. Hively had two boys of good size named George and John, and a son-in-law named Scott. Rhodes' chickens went to roost in Hively's stable. Just at dark Hively went in and caught them and went up to Rhodes' gate with the chickens squalling, and went to wringing off their heads and throwing them over into the yard. Rhodes came for fight. Hively placed himself beyond a ditch, or gulley, intending to throw him into it. But Rhodes being wide awake, threw Hively on his back in the gulley and covered him and was giving him grief when Hively commenced hollering. "Patsy (his wife), George, John, Scott, hell" he screamed at the top of his voice, "run here quick, he's killing me." Daniel Hively is still living, a stout old man, and perhaps the oldest of the old settlers in IZARD county.

One other character who claims our attention in these sketches is James P. Houston, a brother of President Sam Houston of Texas, and one of the first clerks of Izard county, if not the very first. He was a bachelor, educated, and a man of extensive reading and strong intellect, amply qualified to occupy the highest position in the U.S. had he not been shipwrecked by drunkenness. He wandered west from Tennessee and lodged in the clerk's office at Liberty; he played an important part in putting the new county of Izard in running order; he held the office until he killed himself drinking at Athens. John P. Houston was a very large man, weighing over 200 pounds, very slow motioned, and seemed to spend a great deal of his time in thinking about killing somebody or keeping someone from killing him. He usually had his office arranged with his business table in the middle of the floor and sat behind it, and at his back a smaller table with every kind of weapons arranged on it, consisting of bowie knives, dirks, pistols, etc., of the finest quality. He was said to have one bowie knife costing 15 dollars and a dirk costing 5 dollars; he was thought to have had nerve to use them. On one occasion at Liberty he had an affray with Jess Everett. Jess was a tall active man, weighing 180 or 190 pounds and good grit as lived; the dam lie passed between him and Houston, when Houston reached back for his bowie and came around the table to Jess when Jess knocked him flat on the floor and his knife flew out of his hand. He crawled back to his table, got another, and came again when Jess Everett leveled him with a chair on the floor again. By this time other parties interfered and stopped it. On another occasion at Athens he and Daniel Jeffery, then sheriff of Izard county were about to come together with weapons but were prevented, at which Daniel Jeffery called him an "infamous Atheist." This epithet was the foundation for a suit for slander in the court in which John P. Houston recovered nothing for damages. About the last of his career in Izard, Sam Houston was creating a great excitement in Texas. John P. Houston used to say he had two more journeys to make, one was to to to Texas to kill old Sam Houston, and the other was to go to Heaven. We have no account of his having made either of these journeys. Like Alexander the Great, in one respect at least, he died drunk.

As early as 1816 old Jim Jeffery, father of Jehoida Jeffery, came to Lawrence county bringing with him three younger boys-Daniel, Jim and Jess-neither of whom was grown. Sometime after, old Jim's younger brother, old Jess, came and settled in Lawrence county. Old Jim was a very quiet orderly man and a devoted Christian of the Baptist order. Old Jess was a desperado, a model of activity and physical manhood, full of nerve, brave and daring. He was 6 feet and 1 inch high, weighed 175 pounds, stout, dark skin, black hair and eyes. He sought difficulties and was a source of terror wherever he lived. Old Jim used to say of him that he was a devil from his cradle. However, he lived his four score Years and died, carrying with him to his grave the mark of several bullets and knives.

About the year 1824 the land office was first opened in the territory. There was a man settled in Lawrence county by the name of Henderson who was said to have left Carolina for killing a man. He was thought to be very dangerous. Henderson went to the land



office and entered Old Jim's place and notified him to leave it. They met soon after and an affray took place between them. Henderson struck Old Jim across the head with a gun barrel which gave him a scar which he carried the balance of his life. Henderson, being pressed on by Old Jim, jumped back and snapped his gun at old Jim's breast. Daniel snapped his gun at Henderson, and Henderson leveled his gun again on old Jim; young Jess (who was about 16 years old) shot Henderson dead. Young Jess' friends ran him off to White River to Jehoida Jeffery, who was then in the Legislature at Little Rock. His friends kept him concealed in a cane brake under a walnut bush near by. This bush, from this cause, has been allowed to stand till this day and now measures 10 feet and 3 inches in circumference. When Jehoida Jeffery came back he moved Jess to a rock house, called Chandler's cave, a short distance north of Melbourne--and Jim Darnell fed him. This cave had been previously used by Chandler while making counterfeit money. We never saw it but once, while we were quite young, and could not now give its exact locality. We know, however, it is north from the Big Spring on Mill Creek. Jehoida Jeffery then went to Lawrence county and bailed his father and brother; he then secured assistance of four lawyers--Bob Odin, Bob Crittenden, Ambros Sevier, and we believe Townsend Dickerson. This composed the best legal ability in the territory. Izard was just then organized and a writ against young Jess was lodged in the hands of Sheriff John Adams. Jehoida Jeffery told him he would surrender young Jess when he got ready to go up, which he did. Sheriff Hardin conveyed the other prisoners from Lawrence county. Owing to a previous difficulty between old Jim's younger boys and Old Jess he had remained silent, but when he called out he replied, "He would be damned if his blood ever hung from a limb." When Jehoida Jeffery went to Lawrence county he found old Jess ready to take the law into his own hands. He prevailed on him to keep quiet and allow him to run the matter through court, which he did. Old Jess, however, was present at the trial with his posse in disguise, ready to take charge of the prisoners if the verdict did not suit him. The trial was had before the Federal Court at Little Rock and created a great deal of excitement all over the country, the weight of public sentiment being largely in favor of young Jess. The best legal ability was brought to bear. Young Jess' lawyers pleaded justifiable homicide and the jury acquitted them.

One circumstance connected with this trial we will here mention. Sevier was a young, aspiring politician looking forward to the leadership of Arkansas, which position he afterwards gained. From some cause or other, Jehoida Jeffery always believed that Sevier acted in bad faith in this trial and in after years, when Sevier's great popularity swept the state like a tornado, Jehoida Jeffery, from this belief, would never touch him any more.

Old Jim's wife was a remarkable woman to be found in a wilderness country. She had a strong native intellect, finely educated and was raised in the City of Alexandria, Virginia. Her maiden name was Mason, a good family of that country. She married James Jeffery of an English family, and they spent their lives in fruitless efforts, prying into the mysteries of the far west. Young

Jess was her youngest child and her agony of mind may easily be conceived. After the trial she was walking the floor when they were reported coming. She looked until she saw young Jess, who was perhaps not 16 years old. When she saw him she exclaimed in wild ecstasies of joy: "My God: My son here with them," when she sank upon the floor overcome with joy. She and Old Jim Jeffery each lived their four score years and died on White River near Mt. Olive. Young Jess Jeffery has passed his three score and ten years and still lives in IZARD county. Old Jim's place in Lawrence county, the source of all this difficulty, although well improved for the times, went back to a wilderness and remained there nearly half a century.

Between the years 1820 and 1824 the Walker family and the Finley family came to the valley of White river. Old man Walker and wife, a large family of children and a few servants came from South Carolina and settled on Rocky Bayou. They were remarkable for their size. The old man and old woman, were said to weigh 500 pounds together; the sons, John, Andy, Joe, Blair and Robin, all of whom have grown up in the valley, filled their respective stations in life and passed away. The Walker family were quiet, unpretending, good citizens who never aspired to any distinction whatever. The old man and old woman lived to be very old, and after their children had grown up and principally left them, it was necessary they should increase their family for company at least, and about this time there was an abandoned woman had a bastard in the woods down toward Batesville. She conceived an idea of destroying it by throwing it into White River. She took it to the river, kissed it, but a heretofore invisible spark of humanity swelled her heart. She abandoned her first designs, and wrapped it up and left it on the beach. Old man Walker and his old woman got this latter day Moses to raise and did raise him. He was nearly grown when they died. He was sometimes called Abb, sometimes Jonah and sometimes the Whale. It was said of him after he got large enough to plow that the old man Walker had him plowing an old Mustang horse which was very gentle, but when he began to get tired would sulk and lie down in the grass. He had provoked the Whale a great deal, and one day while plowing, he plowed up a mole. An idea struck the Whale and he took the mole and stopped it up in a hollow chunk. After a while old Mustang tumbled up in the grass. The Whale, after giving old Mustang a sound beating to no purpose, got the mole, raised old Mustang's tail and started the mole in, which very soon disappeared. Old Mustang bounded to his feet and gave a keen snort--the Whale hollered "whoa", and old Mustang let off like a streak of lightning with the plow sailing in the air behind him. After a few trips around old Mustang fell dead. Old man Walker got there in time to witness the last part of the scene, and in time to give the Whale a sound thrashing.

The Walker family were South Carolinians of Irish blood. The first and almost all the second generation have passed away since they have been to White river, yet there is an immense number of their descendants in this time.