

DIARY OF
REV. ROBERT HARISON POYNTER

1/20/1896 -

FOREWORD

This diary was written by my grandfather, setting out the facts of his life, including many reminiscences. It was apparently begun late in life and as he remember the past some dates and occurrences seem to be out of position with respect to continuity.

He used almost no punctustion, no paragraphs or sentences. The beginning of a new thought most often came after a sentence that had no period for Punctuation and no capitalization of the first word for the new sentence.

He seemed to be in a great hurry to set down his thoughts. Spelling and structure is as it was written and every effort has been made to leave this record as it was originally set out, except that a few sentences have been separated for clarity.

References are shown in margins to permit reference to original diary.

marks any mention of family or unusual interest.

-----Rose POYNTER Spencer

Diary of Rev. Robert Harison Poynter, beginning from Jan 20th, 1896, embracing a partial history of his life which occurred in Greenup Co., Ky., in the year 1844 on the date of Oct. 23d at the place which was (*) once known as West Liberty on the banks of the Licking - some seven miles from Greenupsburg. In 1848 my father moved to Springville on the banks on the Ohio River just under the crest of the lofty mountain, from the tops of which one could look far to the East over the Rim--and the Town of Portsmouth, Ohio. We remained there one year, during which time I was a sufferer of the wonderful epidemic of Cholery that raged during that year and came near dieing, but under the providence of an all wise God I was apared for some purpose--I trust which was good. I have a very faint recollection of those days and many of the incidents of that period of my life--and now as I look back over the past, there comes many things from memories halls that surely convinces of the supreme interferance.

One day while sitting by the side of the house fronting toward the mountain-side--where my father was teaching a school--all at once there came a mighty rumbling from the mountain top, and at once there came-dashing and bounding with lightning speed--the dashing of fury--a mighty stone, to my best recollection about four feet in diameter and a foot thick. Just above the house was a second bench of the mountain in which the stone embeded itself, somewhat impeding its speed and checking its fury--but a bound or two more and over the hill it leaped--like a thing of life--directly in a course toward me. I was transfixed to the spot, unable to move, with excitement--but just before reaching me the stone struck a bolder in the yard which changed its course just enough to miss me by about two feet. It crashed through the framework of the school house in the midst of the children and out through the other side-- and went bounding on its course--leaping far out into the Ohio River, and was carried out of sight. None were hurt, but that end of the house was demolished, and there was no more school for that day. It was a narrow escape indeed.

The next year my father moved into the Town of Portsmouth, Ohio, where we remained one year, during which time I and my baby sister Martha had virulent attacks of measles and whooping cough--from which we contracted lung troubles that rendered us both quite delicate for many years.

In 1850 (1847) we moved to the city of Columbus where my father lost heavily of what little he had accumulated--and becoming discouraged, resolved to try his fortunes in a new country. In the winter of 1850 (48) he left my mother and the little ones there in the city. My oldest brother Jesse Perro was then in his 15th year--and was working in the Printing Office at that place and helped largely in the support of the family. My father directed his course to the south landing at Helena, Arkansas, on the banks of the Mississippi. At that day the State of Arkansas was a wilderness country. And its vast untilled forests were indeed an inviting field for the adventurer or speculator. My father, being of a frontier disposition, found this to be the very promised land for which he had been looking. And immediately set himself to the task of preparing him a future home. In the fall of that year my mother received the blissful intelligence from father tha he had secured 160 acres of land in her name of the choicest selection where ~~it was said such soil (the rich and prime)~~ would produce

the Mississippi

*my parents were David Edmonson Poynter
my mother was Judith Bull Moseley

abundant of anything, back in the interior some 25 miles from the city of Helena, which was then the main business mart for the whole county. Well do I remember how our little hearts would bound with gladness as we would hear our precious mother recount the joyous scenes of the old farm life in Old Ky.--and as she would read the letters home from our Pioneer father of his adventures amid the wilds of Arkansas--how we longed for the time to come when we should receive marching orders to our new forest home. Days seemed weeks, and weeks years--but at last the precious summons came. All was ready for us, and we must go. And on the 14th day of Nov. 1852 we were on our way to the Depot to take our departure from the brick and mortar walls and paved streets of the famous city of Columbus for the forest of the far south west. Oh; Jordan River.

We took the train at Columbus for Cincinnati, which came lumbering along with clumsy speed--which seemed to us a wonder indeed, but which is discounted in this day of interprise. Away out of sight, we landed at our Uncle, Gen'l Thos. Moseleys in the City of Cincinnati some time in the first night of our journey--where we tarried a few days before taking our final farewell to all Kith and Kin. How well do I remember the sad break that was made in our joy as we beheld--in much astonishment, the long weeping embrace of my loving mother and her dear brother for the last time on Earth. It was a sad cloud, just then, that seemed to ore shadow us for the time. We in our juvenile innocency could not fully realize it all as she did, but now, after mature years have crowned our head--and we too have passed through msny similar scenes--we pass back through memories halls--and take our stand by the side of that dear mother. And how gladly would we with the loving hand of simpathy wipe away those tears--tears brining from eyes, alass, that are closed, to open no more, until in the morning of a new day to behold the beauties of a better country than this. Thank God for this happy thought; but alass, alass, goodbye must be said, and the cable is loosed--and the stage plank lifted--on which there is no more returning to the land we loved--and lingered and left with so much of sorrow.

Our steamer (the old J. D. Parker), a large sturn-wheel passenger steamer--is fast leaving the shore, and we leave our uncle and his family standing on the shore, and as far as we can see them the white flag of Peace is seen waving in the air as the last loving salute. Then our mother went inside to weep in silence while we go romping over the Boat, raking up acquaintance with the other children of the journey, there being quite a number of them destined to various points along the old Ohio and Mississippi, and some also to Ark.

On the third day of our journey out from Cincinnati, we ran up on a Rock in what is known as the grand chain across the Ohio River, and came near having a sinking scrape. I was badly hurt in the milee, having a large beauro and some trunks to fall on me and nearly crushing me, from which I was bruised for several days. After this however there was nothing to mar the hapiness of the journey and all went pleasant on the way. I remember one day as our boat lay at a landing somewhere on the Mississippi my mother was all at once taken with a fit of surprise--and I noticed a man on the bank making long strides for the boat. In a moment he was jumping up the side of the boat, and clasping my mother in his arms. We were all

surprised, but after a bit it was all explained. He was a long lost uncle --the brother of my father. We just had a few moments in which for him to tell where he had been and ask a few questions--and with "Good by and God bless you"--he was gone. We never saw him again. But some years after he died and my father went and settled up his affairs.

On the eighth day of our journey we landed at Memphis, Tenn., and thence embarked for Helena, after many handshakes and farewells by those who had been our fellow travelers for so many days. On about the 27th day of Nov. 1852 we landed at Helena--the place so long looked for--and as our father was expected to meet us there, we were overjoyed when the boat whistled for the landing. We met him there, prepared to take us to our future home. How our hearts leaped with joy as we journeyed some twenty miles to the west to a little town called Trenton--over the hills and through the valleys, we were in constant glee all the way. Just here a Deer would cross our path, and yonder goes a wild Turkey--and the woods were alive with squirrels and ducks, and such other game as was common to the forrests. We rested up one week at the hospitable home of one of the old pioneers by the name of Kendle. And now begins with us our new and novel life in the woods.

There we saw our first cotton. What a wonderful sight it was to us--those beautiful white fleecy bulbs--and how we little ones sported in the field picking the soft pods from the boll. One beautiful sunbright morning father hitched up the faithful old horse to carry all and we started on our journey 20 miles west to the little Town of Lawrenceville which was then the County Site of Monroe County. This was about the first of January 1853. Our house hold plunder had not come, and we had rather a hard time until their arrival. Our first day from Trenton was attended by no unusual circumstance, but was a delightful day to us. We went some twelve miles to Wm. Rodgers, where we feasted on the fat of the land--such as deer meat and wild turkey, Bear meat and such, and plenty of old time corn cakes, milk and butter. A table was set before us to tempt a King. And how we city cooped neophytes did enjoy ourselves. After resting awhile we started on our journey, traveling some 15 miles. Just before the sun was setting in the beautiful gold-fringed west we were hailed from the wood near the road by a rude but friendly voice, "hello Poynter, where you going?" Father reined in old John and soon there stood by us as perfect a specimen of frontier life as one could imagine. "Hello Tom", said father in reply. "That you?" "Just drive on up to the house and git out. I'll be there thirectly." "All right", and away we went. Father soon informed us that that personage was one of the celebrities of Arkansas Citizenship. He was then the representative from Phillips Co., and was a man of considerable note. Our mother was not entering into all the glory (?) and highlarity of we children. She seemed to be somewhat down in the mouth, notwithstanding we had passed by and out in the very 162 acres of land that had been deeded in fee simple to Mrs. Judith B. Poynter, and no wonder her motherly heart swelled with feeling of pride and humble gratitude as she looked upon that rich fertile soil, and enough to make her and every child a delightful home, but Father's eye was set on better things as he bent his way to the West. We soon arrived at the home of our Whiskered (?) friend, where we were to rest during the night. As we approached there burst upon our gaze the opening of a small farm

containing, I suppose, some 20 acres of the finest land in a fine state of cultivation showing the signs of frontier industry and enterprise, and I would add, the happiest state of independence the world every knew. There is nothing like it now. My mother asked where the dwelling was. Father answered to her great astonishment, there it is. What! that little old log hut. Yes said father, and a better home never had a king. The good wife came out with brawny arms to welcome us in. She having been informed before of our coming by some days, and was as much delighted as ever was aristocrat or plutocrat at the friendly visit of Kin or King. I remember well--what a whole sated welcome we received. She literally lifted my mother out of the wagon and caressed her with all the warmth of a loving sister, and then each one of us children came in for our share of a like expression of affection. And then began some of the joys of our new frontier life; such a life as but few will ever experience again.

The house was one built of round logs some 20 ft. long and scalped down on the side, then clapboarded up on the inside and plastered on the outside, making the cracks closed tightly, with a puncheon floor and a huge fireplace on which was a good supply of good hickory and oak around which we all gathered to warm with no little astonishment and comfort. Soon the old man came, and our horse was well cared for and everything fixed for the night. And in a little while Aunt Becky--for that was her name--and the one we fondly called her by for many years after--announced that supper was ready. We were all taken into another building just out in the back yard which was used for kitchen, dining room and smoke house, collectively. After the evening repast we repaired to the big house where around the comfortable fire we sat for several hours and heart related many events of hunters life and adventure. When the time for retiring came the beds were taken from their steads and stretched upon the floor side by side so that we could all have plenty of room before the fire. Shortly after retiring we were startled by the scream of a panther which made my mother and we children shudder and crouch close to the old folks. My mother could not sleep until she beheld 4 large dogs stretched near our feet as faithful guards as ever attended a charge. Then she slept soundly until the broad blaze of day. We couldn't go on until father could take a hunt with our friend--but not very far from that house did we little ones get that day for fear on our own part and the constant watchfulness of our Alma Mater. The scream of that panther rang in our ears for many days. In the afternoon about 4^o Mr. Rodgers and father came in with a fine lot of game and we had quite another feast and were greatly gratified to learn that our hideous monster had been chased away.

The second day we started on our journey and at the dark of the evening we arrived at the town of Lawrenceville and rested the first night at a Mr. Van's (?) who was at that time Clerk of the Court. We rested with them a few days and then went into our first, a rented house in Ark. situated on the banks of the Maddox Bay, a beautiful stream tributary to White River and one of the finest fishing streams I ever saw. Shortly after our arrival we were all taken with chills and fever and then we had a distressing time; however it was not long until we secured a home of our own some 2 miles south of the old town of L. A good house with some 20 acres of good land. My father was now elected surveyor of the County and soon had all

he could do, and times began to be better. About this time our first great trouble came upon us. We lost our little brother Tommie, the baby. With sorrowing hearts we followed him to the grave where we planted his little body to await the resurrection call.

My oldest brother Jesse had stopped in Memphis and secured a place in the printing office, where he remained for several years.

My father now began to accumulate property rapidly and it was not long until we were well supplied with cattle and horses and hogs in abundance, and truly the riches of a frontier life were being enjoyed. I was now getting large enough to work and assisted my father in a great many things. Often did I journey with him on his surveying tours and carry the chain or ride with him in the woods in search of his hogs or cattle, and many happy but busy days have we spent in this way. I rapidly grew into the rudy ways of a frontier life. In 1855 my father bought me a very excellent little horse and a gun, and I was prouder than any monarch that ever chased stag or bore ore Scotland heath. The wild hog hunt was one of the exciting scenes of those times and many exciting chases have we had after some monster rooters. Just in front of our house was a beautiful prairie of some two thousand achres of land, and upon that I have many times seen gangs of sporting deer and I was quite a nimrod with my new gun. Our table was always well supplied with the very best of forest game. The ducks then would gather in the fall of the year by thousands and lighting on the ground late in the dusk of the evening gather the acorns that had well covered the ground. I used to slip out and take my position where I knew they would light and fire among them promiscuously (?) and kill great numbers of them. I'll tell you that was sport indeed.

Upon one occasion in the first winter of our sojourn in Arkansas, my father had bought the property of an old widow lady by the name of Jacobs--one of the old pioneer women of the County. She remained with us during the winter and had reserved from the sale two pet pigs which the old lady was very much attached to. One night about midnight we were awakened by the squeel of a hog at the front bars not more than 30 steps from the house. The old lady, thinking it was her pet pig fastened in the bars, sprang out of bed and ran with all her might to the pigs assistance, but soon she returned in double haste panting like a (porpoise??). She didn't come in the house, but just fell in yelling at the top of her voice "its a "bar" got a hog." A large bear had chased one of the hogs from the woods and caught it at the front bars. My fathers gun was badly out of repair and he didn't care to encounter a bear at such disadvantage, so he waited until daylight and went a short distance to a neighbors and got the Dr. and his dogs, and soon had Mr. Bruin up and a lively chase and came in in the evening with a fine bear.

I was now about ten years old and have arrived at a period of no little importance in my life history, at which I shall take up incidents relative to a new life. We had a young lady living with us by the name of Jane Everette. She was an orphan and my mother had taken her to help her in her household duties and was as a mother to her. A meeting was being held by a good old Baptist preacher some 7 miles from our house. There was no

road but a bridal path through the woods to the place of preaching. Jane wanted to go so mother put (me) on the old horse behind her and I had to accompany her to the meeting. It was my first experience at such a place and I was wonderfully interested during the meeting. I became wonderfully converted and was a penitent at the altar. The old preacher seemed to think I did not know enough to understand what I was doing and paid me but little attention, but on the next day while on my way home I was certain. I was wonderfully converted. I was all alone and meditating on what the old preacher had said and all the words were plainly comprehended by me and I realized my condition as much then as I ever have since.

I was on my way home and as I journeyed through the wood path I prayed and sang—and just as I entered in sight of home the very Heaven became redolent with the divine presence and I shouted and praised God aloud as intelligently as anyone ever did who was five times as old. This was a glorious time to me; and I am certain it made me a much better boy for many years. But I kept it from my parents, having often heard them express themselves against the early conversion of children. And they were both good Methodist Christians, too. My keeping this a secret prevented me from that growth in grace so necessary to Christian experience, and in after life I somewhat departed from this blessing, but it was every a savor of salvation to me.

Many adventures of my early life here might be written, but it would take both too much time and space. In 1855 I was sent to the town of Des Arc to go to school, where I spent one session during which time I made my home with the family (of) Hon. John C. Morrell who was then editing a paper at that place. My father went with me to Mt. Adams on White River and left me there at the house of a Jew by the name of Radjisky (?) to await a boat. I waited some 4 days and learned that there would not probably be a boat for several more days. I got tired of waiting and got the Jew to set me across the river and I set out on my journey home. I had to go some five miles through the White River swamp through a new but dimly cut road. I ran upon several Bear on my journey out, but as soon as they would scent me they would high them away through the cane, and I made it home unmolested. My father was away from home when I returned and was greatly surprised to find me there when he expected to hear from me in Des Arc, but he went with me again in a few days and I was more successful in getting a boat. I landed at Des Arc at midnight and went to the printing office where my brother was working. I found him in bed and went to bed without awaking him until next morning. When he awoke next morning and found me in bed, he almost went beside himself, and during that term of school I had a very interesting time. I studied hard and advanced rapidly so that when I returned home I was able to read quite well and became wonderfully interested in reading my fathers newspaper, by which I rapidly advance in reading and was pretty well posted in the political status of the day; I was then sent to school, as often as a chance would afford, at home in our county school. In 1857 my father went to the town of Lawrenceville and went into merchandising and keeping hotel (?) and it fell to my lot to have the care of the stock which through me into the woods a great deal, and I became quite a woodsman and many chases and races I had. While there I used to have great sport fishing in the beautiful Maddox Bay. This was a notable stream because on its banks once was established the notable John A. Murrell headquarters. I have been on the very spot many times where he had his

shanty and knew old Aunt Silvy, the old Negro woman who used to cook for them, and have often heard her relate some of the most bloodcurdling stories. She was an intelligent old woman and had quite a quantity of money. She was set free by her former owner but remained with her children as she called her young mistresses until her death, to whom she left all her affects. There was living in Monroe County another character at that time of no little importance, an old lady who was personally acquainted with some of the most noted characters of previous life. Grandma Wilder was some 70 years old when I first met her at her own house near the old town of Lawrenceville. Her home had been the rendezvous of many of the desperadoes of pioneer life in Arkansas. She was personally acquainted with the noted Ab Garrison who was killed by another noted character Bill Cumby in a game of cards on the Mississippi River. Old man Danl. Wilder was one of the regulators of these days.

Alex Reese was another at whose house I used to stop many times. The old man fell from his horse (barn?) once and was badly hurt, and I staid with him for a week or two and nursed him during his suffering. Though I was but a boy, he seemed to think no one could nurse him so tenderly as I could, and I had to remain by his bedside day and night. During his convalescing he would relate the experiences of his earlier life which was exceedingly interesting to me. He related an adventure that I will here relate. There was a noted character in the country who was suspected of stealing horses and trading with the indians of the west, as he always had plenty of money, and no one could ever hear of his ever working. So their eyes were upon him. Finally their evidence was sufficient to arrest, but he was a noted character that all dreaded--as brave as a Lion, a most splendid specimen of physical manhood just 6 feet in height, weighing 160 pounds., with long black hair that hung far down his back with eyes as keen as the eagles--with agility of a young deer, and a general favorite with everybody, especially the old women of the country whom were never willing to believe that Simon Lonuehill (?) could be anything but a gentleman of the first class. He was a man of fine advantages having a very superior education. No one could tell where he came from as he kept his history a profound secret. The very fact of his being such a universal favorite made it the harder to arrest him. There was no other charge against him but that of stealing horses, which was quite a common avocation among some classes in those days. He was as kind and gentle to the women and children of the country as ever a father, was a Chesterfield in his politeness, would attend church punctually, and take no part whatsoever in the convivial sports of the day. But the suspicions of the commonwealth were against him and he must be apprehended and tried. He found out that he was to be arrested by the regulators and positively refused--said if civil authorities would arrest he would not resist, but would never surrender to those whom he considered worse men than himself. I have been immediately on the spot where he was captured which took place as follows -- the Civil Authorities came from Helena, Ark. - a sheriff and deputy, but when they arrived he discovered that they were both gamblers of the first watter and he said he would never so far dishonor the fair execution of the law as to recognise two gamblers as its executives and they could not arrest him and if they did he would prove it to be an unconstitutional act and he would impeach (?) the whole matter - so they let him alone, as he knew their secret by this means they found out that he was a shrude lawyer himself. So one

night after he had been spending the evening with one of the charming "Delilas" of the country, she found where he expected to make his camp for the night and notified the regulators. Between midnight and day they - some 9 or 10 of them - crept into the thicket where he had spread his blanket for the night and taking him by surprise while he was sound asleep one of them - a young stalwart fellow crept stealthily to the side of the large tree where his faithful rifle stood and stole it away and then they in a body crept upon him. On awakening he sprang to his feet grasping for his gun which was gone. he ordered them to stand back. Alec Reese being a very large stout man sprang upon him, and he told me it was the terriblest encounter he ever had. He found him to be a perfect Sampson in strength and it took the whole body to namage him but finally they succeeded in securing him. His case was defered for further evidence and one night very misteriously he made his escape. Three of his captors carried marks of that encounter to their graves. My friend Reese being one of them. A character suiting this description was afterward heard of as a prominent leader in the great struggle for texas independence and no doubt it was the same man. He did not go by the name of Simon Lonnehill but by some other name and did valliant service. John A. Murrell's gang were organized and had certain places of resort and many of their old landmarks are standing to this day, one of which was a lone pine tree standing at the right side of the gate or entrace to the house. Wherever one of this gang found one of these trees with a certain timing to it it mattered not how wried or tired he was he always alighted without fear and went in. It was a signal of welcome to many a wayward travelar of those days. Another feature of these times goes to substantiate the trooth of the Gospel of Christ. The question naturally suggests itself what would the people have done in those of lawlessness had it not been for the religion of Christ in its primitive form - and usage - it was the power behind the throne that held in submission to the laws of mercy and kindness those frontiersmen for notwithstanding it was a time when might made right yet the conserving forces of Christianity was that which kept men from being monsters and gave to those people any assurance of freedom and happiness and gave protection to their homes--and while there was always the rowdy element that was ready to disturb - yet there was always ready to espouse the cause of the church and preacher - and many leisure hours were spent by these pioneer gladiators discussing the merits of the word of God. The noted Ab Garrison was a bold defender of the baptist faith - while the young versatile Simon Tannehill was a faithful expounder of the Cumberland Presbyterian faith while the old shogan Daniel Wilder was an exponent of the Cambellite faith and many hard fought battles over the fields of Biblical discussion was engaged in by those nimrods of the far west and though there were gamblers and drunkards and horse racers and every other cast of disipation yet the old Baptist preacher always had a friend in every community that was ready to offer him shelter and all would turn out to preaching - the man who often had no fear or respect for the Civil law yet they did have respect for the Divine law, and was its most earnest defenders. My fathers house was the home of the preacher of any faith. We had an old neighbor who lived some 9 miles from, who was a Cumberland P. Minister by the name of Jourdan Lambert who had an appointment at the town of Lawrenceville. He was a very large man and had a STENTORIAN voice, and many times have I heard him preach with so much intu-

(ink spot). He was a power in the pulpit that our modern times have not

Here
pencil
stops
and ink
begins.

improved upon. He was a wealthy man having some 100 hands and a magnificent farm, yet he preached to both white and negroes and in those days our negroes took their place among the white masters to hear the work of God and as the dear old saint would warm with his subject he would leap from his pulpit and never cease until he had grasped the hand of everyone - his congregation black and white and would often call on Uncle Jesse or some of the most pious of the servants to conclude with prayer; and the hardest of all the crowd would be melted to tears and many shouts would make the WELCIN ring. Oh what a country it was then. My mind often runs back to these halcyon days and I bask in the sunlight of sweet reflection of those happy times. When about 9 years old I was out one day to find some pigs and our neighbors dogs treed something not far from me - so I concluded I would go and see what it was. On approaching the tree I could discover some of the dogs - clambering up on some brush, around its roots and reaching eagerly after something. As I went out into a small opening so that I could straighten up and look, I beheld just on one of the lowest limbs one of the largest catamereents - reaching down and toying with the dogs nose who would come in reach. As I came into the opening he espied me and my what a hump back he did get up. He looked a most hideous look at me as if to spring on me. I had no gun and one look was enough. If ever a boy made good time running it was I. I don't know what ever became of the cat. I never stoped to ascertain until I got home. I hadn't lost any wildcats just at that time and was not hunting for any. In 1859 in the fall of the year my father was taken violently ill and soon passed away leaving us heartbroken. I was quite sick at the time with erysipalus but was able to go to the grave. Oh how orphaned I did feel. It seemed that all our stay was gone. My mother was a good manager and we had plenty at that time, but the war soon came on and rapidly destroyed what we had - so that at the close like all the rest we had nothing.

We left our home in Lawrenceville and went to our little farm in the country where we enjoyed many comforts of a country home. We had the greatest abundance of fine fat hogs and good cattle and a great many times we were out from home hunting our cattle and would camp somewhere in the swamps of White River. Upon one occasion my brother and I were out together hunting some of our cattle and we got lost and wandered all the evening and until night. It was during a very dry time in the fall of the year and we were nearly perished for water and could get none. At last when it became too dark to travel any further we built us a fire by some large logs and camped for the night almost perishing for water. We had nothing to eat having gone since breakfast without anything, but our suffering for water was greatest of all. During the night our two dogs had a terrible battle with something that had come near the camp. They were both sourly cut and scratched and we supposed it must have been a panther or large catamerent. Next morning we found that we had stopped within 30 yards of the bank of White River and oh me I never feasted on anything half so good. We then started for home having found where we were and in the afternoon came to our house almost famished for something to eat but it was soon over and we forgot all our trouble. In 1860 my mother took sister Mattie and went to Pikeville to teach schhol and at the same time send sister to a female school near there. During that year we had some pleasant times. My brother and I and a dutchman by the name of Louis Martin batched at home and what a feast we had. We just had in enough ground to interest us and but

little to do, and to attend to the stock and hunt. Louis was a fine cook and Bro. Jesse was a fine hand with the cows. We had up some 20 calves and of course all the milk and butter we could use and I did the hunting and fishing keeping the table well supplied with squirts, turkeys, deer and fish, and all the people of the neighborhood used to come to our house for something good to eat. The fact is we feasted on the fat of the land.

Had not the war come on just then we were in a good way to have amassed a fortune. We had a market for all of our beef and hogs at home for there were many of the Tennessee farmers coming to our state at that time and settling up large tracts of land and we sold them all our meat butter and hogs at the best price but alas that cruel war soon put a stop to all that.

1860

About this time I took the job of carrying the mail from Aberdeen on White River to little Cypress a distance of 40 miles. I made the trip down one day and back the next. This was in the fall and winter of 1860 and in the spring of 61. I was the important personage of that country having all the latest news and as those were troublesome times my coming was always hailed with joy. I was hailed all along the way for the news and when I brought the news of the victory of Manasas and Bull Run what rejoicing there was. These were days of Chivalry and patriotism. Now all is consternation the drum and fife are heard on every plain and troops are gathering from every quarter. Nothing but the song of patriotism and shouts of war can be heard. The whole land is in confusion. The convention for Secession has been held and the verdict has gone forth that the south will no longer submit to federal tyranny and the flags may be seen upon a thousand fields calling to arms the chivalrous sons of the south, and how the martial fires seem to have kindled in every heart. For a while there was a struggle between the secessionists and the Union men--the Union men voting against convention while the secessionists voted for convention. My brother was a stanch Union man as long as there was a chance for them to stay the flood - political excitement and had many hard debates over the matter and occasionally a personal encounter with some hothead. Of course I was too small to take any part in the affair further than to lend my enthusiasm and that I had plenty of. I would always stand for the defence of my brother and being hotheaded and without proper restraint came near being led into several serious difficulties which I am now thankful to Almighty God never happened. On one occasion my brother Jesse had stoped in at our Bro In Law Wm Harpers quite sick with sick headache. A man by the name of Bill McWhartes came along who had been drinking too much "secesh whisky" and stopped in and as soon as he found Jesse there he began abusing him. My brother would not take it and a difficulty took place in which Mc was badly beaten and Jesse was badly cut with a knife. In a little while the news came to us of the tragedy and I remember very well how it aroused all my fighting blood. I was in for, and was sure Mc had to come near to where we lived on his way home and I loaded up my shotgun with buckshot and took my stand for him fully determined to let him have it just as soon as he came near enough - but fortunately he took another road and I missed him. I went on up into the town of L. where we were then living having moved back to our town property and found that he had beat me in, and there was a gang of men standing around while he related the affair. I go so mad to see this that I fully resolved to pull down on the crowd just as soon as I was close enough but a friend saw me coming and came to me and told me that Mc was sorry for it and had already

sent a physician to him. This got me to thinking more soberly and I went to the house and put my gun away. My mother got hold of me then and I had to come under for her word was law and a more sensible administrator of domestic law never lived than she. In a few days my brother was better and all was settled harmoniously and they both enlisted in the same company for the war, my brother having become fully aroused by the action of the abolition congress and he made as valliant a soldier as ever shouldered musket. With some of the first volenteers I joined the army first enlisting in Baldwin (?Monroe) blues an infantry company of 110 men. I was quite small and as the company were preparing to leave Indian Bay there was a great gathering of the young and old to witness the departure of the boys in gray. I had been quite sick for some time and our physitian or surgeon decided that I had better remain at home a while longer as he did not think I could stand the hardship of a soldiers life so young. I expect it was quite a fortunate thing that I did not get off in that company. I returned home but was not allowed to remain long until I was appointed or rather employed as a neighborhood picket to watch for the federal troops and keep the neighborhood posted on their whereabouts. And in this capacity I had many very interesting experiences. Upon one occasion I had been out on a scout and on returning home I ran square into a squad of some two hundred yankees at our house. I saw I was into it and thought the best thing to be done was to make a bold front so I rode rite up into the crowd and opened the gate and went in the C'd. Commanding supposed I was a little boy on an errand and let me pass. I went on in and put my horse in the stable as soon as I could get him there. The Colonel was a very nice man who had enjoyed a very nice dinner at my mother's table, and had learned that she had two brothers of considerable note in the North, Col and Genl Moseley and of course after that would not suffer anything molested. In the Winter of 62 I joined the infantry under Capt. Dick Davis Hawthornes regiment and Fagans brigade and went into camp at Little Rock. Not long after I arrived there I was taken violent with pneumonia and lay for nearly 6 weeks in the hospital and was finally discharged and sent home to die with pulminary infection of the lung. During my stay in the hospital Genl Price came west to take charge of the western army and one beautiful moonshine night just after his arrival his brass band and Genl Fagans combined and gave the two generals a serenade. It was the grandest music I have ever heard and how it cheered my poor little desolate soul. It seemed to do me more good than all the medical aid I had received. The next day good Lutenant Smith of our company brought the amvalances and take me to the medical board for examination and I was discharged and started home. I staid all night at the Gains hotel at Little Rock and took the train out next morning which then ran as far as Duvalls Bluff on White River. This was about the first of May and I was so feeble that I could not walk. Lutenant S. came back in the morning and assisted me to the train. I will never forget that brotherly kindness and hope he may receive a better reward for it all in the blissful home of the good than I could possibly have rendered here in this mundane sphere. He was one of Earth's noble men, a man about six feet and three inches in height of massive frame. He didn't seem to know his own strength but with it all he was as gentle as a child. It so chanced that Col. Goins niece was going part of the way to Duvalls Bluff on the train and she volunteered to take charge of me as far as she went, and no sister could have been kinder than she was to me. I wonder where she is or whatever became of her--how I would love to know--I have never heard of her since. At the

1862

station where I was to leave the train I met with some of the friends from home on their way to the army, who had some new clothing for me and some money my mother had sent me. She didn't know of my coming - they had some horses to send back and so I got to ride one of them some distance to an old friend of my father, Geo Washington, who let me have an old mule to ride the rest of the way to White River. Before getting to Mrs. Harrisses where I was aiming for I became so weak that I could ride no further and so I had to get off or rather fell off of the mule and make the rest of the journey of a mile and half by crawling or hobbling along the best way I could. I had traveled that day from Little Rock some 30 miles by rail and the rest of the way on horse back about fifteen or seventeen miles and was nearly exhausted. What a time it was when I got Mrs. Harrisses gate it was dark and I could get no further and I was so utterly disheartened that I could not speak. The dog soon found me and this brought the folks to the door. I had boarded with this good family while riding the mail a year or two before and they thought a great deal of me. Still I felt a hesitancy of asking for logings but as soon as they found out who it was, and what my condition was the good women shed tears of sympathy for me and I was soon taken in and everything done that could be for my comfort. I had to remain a week there before being able to go on though within 20 miles of home. But finally a man came that way with a spring wagon who was going to within about 7 miles of home and I took my journey with him. We made it to his house just as the sun was sinking in the west. The next morning he fitted me up with a horse and proceeded on my journey and notwithstanding the traveling was so tiresome that sometimes it seemed that I would have got off of the horse and rest, still I kept plodding on for I knew very well that if ever I got off of the horse that I could not get on again without help which was not likely to come that way. I arrived at home about 11^o just before dinner and what a surprise. My people did not know me I was so poor and emaciated. They had to assist me off of the horse and there was great rejoicing at home that day. Still it was cause for no little unreat as my mother looked upon my emaciated (?) form and read my discharge which she seemed to think sounded my death knell. Just before leaving Little Rock our assistant surgeon came to the amvalence in which I was placed to be carried to the medical board and told me not to give up but if discharged and succeeded in getting home to take plenty of exercise every day, to ride horseback and eat all the good strong diet I could get and drink plenty of warm sweat milk just taken from the cow. I related all this to my mother and if ever an invalid received strict attention I was the one; they had me on a horse next morning by sunup and I had to take my ride every morning and two or three times a day, and feasted on eggs, milk and squrrils and such as could be obtained for me and no one ever improved faster. So much so that when Genl. Price came in his advance on Helena where the battle was fought on the 4th day of July, 1863, I was able to join the army some 9 miles from home and go with to the battle. My Col Hawthorne would not let me go into the heat of the engagement as I was yet to weak to stand the fhatigue but put on Courier duty as I had a very excellent horse and what a hot day it was. I returned home after the battle was over considerable worsted (?) but in a short time rallied again and joined Washingtons Independent Scout Cavalry. I was the first man on the list and was one of the first in the recruiting of the company. Our Captain while fleeing, as he supposed, from a Yank scout but turned out to

be only a few of our own troops from Missouri who had on some Yanky over-coats, was killed. His horse which was an unruly one ran him against a tree and killed him immediately so after we elected Wm Mayo as our Captain and went into full organization and then a wild reckless dangerous career was begun with me; the Captain took nine of us and went across White River for the purpose of recruiting from that side the Yankees found out that we were there and were in pursuit of us nearly every day; June before our second organization we had a running fight with the Yankees who had come out on a scout from Helena - they were now in charge of almost the whole country and daily scouts were out hunting for soldiers and ravaging the country - in the fight the valient Lutenant Jimbo Hays and a Texian by the name of Brown were killed - we left however (?) three times as many of the enemy to bite the dust and ever afterward the cry of Jimbo was enough to fire the breast of the boys to deeds of valor - I ran my horse that day 4 miles through a long lane (?) before I could find a shelter in the woods - our sprightly Arkansas horses were too much for the clumsy cavalry of the Yankees - one morning just after our organization I was at home resting up and just at sunrise I was lifted clear of the ground by the fire of the gunboat artillery which had made an attack on the fort at St. Charles some 12 miles away. In a few minutes I was on my horse and reported at the camp for service. There was about 27 of us there and away we went for the fray. In about 2 hours we were on the banks of river just on the opposite side from the fort where they were making havock with everything that came in reach of their deadly fire. We left our horses and went on foot down the banks of the river until we were almost in shooting distance of the transports and as often as a Yankee would show himself on either of the gunboats we gave it to him. Once in a while they would back down and turn loose on us, but we were so securely fortified by a deep bayou in the banks of which we would scamper (?) that they could not touch us, there we would lay until they would come closer and we would light into them again - the fact is that all day we annoyed those Yankies until they thought there were several hundred of us; and our friends in the fort did not know from where the affective fire was coming from that seemed to be annoying the enemy so. We had one of the most remarkable characters of the war there at St. Charles. He was but a boy 16 years old but he was a hero of the first class—our troops at the fort did not exceed 400 while that of the enemy was the whole fleet of Grants army who had taken Vicksburg and Port Hudson and had run on up the Mississippi and was endeavoring to get to Little Rock but there was not a hotter contested little fight anywhere during the war than of St Charles - for a short time. We had a very fine 12 lb. brass piece there that was as true as a rifle and this young hero was assistant gunner and long before the fleet came it was discovered that he was the finest at a target of any man in the fort, so during the engagement the gunner was disabled and the young gunner was called to the GOUR This was what he had been craving all the day and he soon made it hot for the Yanky gunboats by playing on their pilot houses and wherever a weak spot could be found. We from the bank could see the beauty of his skill when his gun would fire. We could always see the sparks fly a pilot house or a porthole and it wasn't long until the enemy found that it wouldn't (?) to toy with that gum. Finally, one of the largest of the boats which was somewhat in the rear of the fleet, incautiously left her porthole open and laying broadside - the little gunner saw his chance and ordered a polled? shot shoved in then with a bound he

sprang to his gun exclaiming "watch me blow her up". He took his sight and let her go. A burn, a pause and a terrible explosion that shook the very Earth - he had hit the porthole of the unfortunate vessel centercutting her connection pipe into litterly swamping the boat. I never heard such confusion. In a minute or two the whole surface of the river was alive with swimming soldiers who had taken refuge in the water from the scalding steam, some dieing from the scald, others drowning, and others swimming for life. The cry and scream of those men were distressing in the extreme and then was the opportunity of those on the bank, and a constant fussilade was kept up though at a distance - of course - they were unable to discern any affect they were having in the mass of suffering humanity. But it was no time for sympathy, it was the soldiers opportunity, and they were using it. The little gunner was perfectly electrified - he sprang into the air and threw up their hats and such a shout I never heard, in minute, she was recharged and the little gunner trew another shot into the broad side of a boat which in the confusion had given a chance and another ball went crashing into her works - crippling and disabling her. The fact is the battle was over - the boats fell back and landed a force on land to surround the fort. There was more than six hundred Yankees killed at that one fatal shot, and during the fight, I learned afterward by the Yankees themselves that there was some twelve or fifteen hundred killed - and many wounded. The troops from the fort spiked (?) there heaviest artillery and evacuated the place - taking with them the 12 lb. brass piece - which did wonderful execution in the battle of the west when Steel was marching with his army through the state. Many things ocured during the rest of the war that would fill up many volumes to tell but as I am only giving a running history of my life I will have to omit many very interesting experiences I remember. Shortly after the fight at St Charles - while our company was traversing Arkansas County - that we were camped near Wash Davidson not far from St Charles - and early in the morning our (one?) old negro man came running over the hill and reported that the Yankees were at the house and would be upon us in a minute. I'll tell you there were some scampering there. I had just gotten up and was making on a fire the rest of the boys were not yet up, and out of their blankets they rolled and took to the bushes - some bearheaded and some with nothing but their night clothes and the ground was covered with white frost. I could see no Yankees and took the time don my clothes and saddle my pony - and equip myself for the fray. I mounted and rode leisurely away to some bushes on the top of the hill where I could get a good view of the house and at the same time be hid from the enemy. I could see no danger and beconed for the boys to return. If the Yanks had come on they would have caught the whole crowd for they could not have run on the frozen ground and were nearly froze - after a while they all ventured back and we saddled up and went in pursuit of the enemy who were gone - they found out the old negro was gone and supposed he had gone to notify the Rebs and they lit out, worse scared than we, that was what I always called the ginny (?) fight, myself and Joel Lambert followed them to New (near?) Purarie landing on White River where the gunboats were laying. After this we soon left Arkansas County with a squad of 50 men and crossed White River at Crocketts Bluff and met with some 40 more men on the north side of the river - with this combination we felt strong enough to meet the Yanks anywhere. In the last year of the war I was appointed by Genl Adams Courier and Scout for the Army, and after this I was often brought into perilous places - on one occasion I had been

delivering dispatches to the west, which brought me in the regions of home, and I concluded to rest up a little. I went home landing there in the evening and found some young ladies there to spend the night. We did not retire until late and I went to office out in the yard to sleep but after tossing upon my bed for a long time and could not sleep I felt that I must go away from there, and accordingly got up and caught my horse without saying anything to anyone on the place - and left. I rode some 7 miles to another neighborhood and stayed with an old friend by the name of Bonner - I went to sleep and slept soundly until sunup. After breakfast I was suddenly surprised with the report that the Yankies were coming and were near. I ran and caught my horse simply throwing my saddle on him and scampering to the woods as quick as possible - I barely gotten out of sight in some bushes when the Yankies came. They were hot on my track. They had surrounded our home that morning before day and had the house broken open. That (?) I gone to bed in the night before - before any one knew they were on the place but they didn't get me and I got even with them before they got back to St. Charles. Upon another occasion I was at my friend Wm. Barneses and some negroes ran away. I pursued them to prevent from getting into St. Charles as they always caused a scout of the Yankies to raid (?) the country whenever any of them went to them. I did not get started until late in the night and had to go through the bottoms a distance of seven (?) miles but they got so much the start of me that only succeeded in reaching the riverbank in time to see go up the bank on the other side. I remained there secreted in the woods until about 3^o in the evening. The federals I suppose must have seen me at some time during the day - just before I left the river they embarked a scout in a transport that lay at the bank and went up the river as I supposed to Duvalls Bluff - but instead they land some two miles up the river and attempted to head me off in there but I passed out just ahead of them and not suspecting anything of the kind I stoped at the first house as I merged from the swamp into the high country - at a very large house where a Mr. Benjamin Trotter lived and was my custom - I stoped to get something to stay my stomache as I had had nothing since the night before. My horse was in the backyard hitched to a tree and I was sitting quite comfortable by the fire when all at once I heard someone come in on the front steps. I supposed at the time it was some of the boys who had stoped, but in a few minutes I learned better. Mrs. Trotter came bounding in declaring they have you - the house is full. I sprang to my gun and leaped to the porch just in time to confront Capt Graham and his two lieutenants. They were not expecting such a thing and were taken in surprise. Before they could recover themselves, I had leaped over the railing at the end of the house and by the time they got to the end of the house so they could see me I had made it to an old negro woman who was washing in the backyard and I made a breast work of her - again I had the advantage and as they came in sight I had my gun on them and they took refuge inside the room, Mrs. T. all the time pleading for them to come in. Between her stratigy and my tacktics they went in. Capt. G supposed his men would see me from the front where they were still on their horses and for some reason they did not and I succeeded in getting to my horse and with a bound was over the fence and then what a race we had. The Yanks tried to (?) cut me off from the woods (?) but my fleetfooted John was to fast for them and I got away without a scratch. The next day by daylight I had a regiment of men there and what a fight we had - we took the Yanks in surprise and fired

on them before they were aware of our approach - the fight continued until about two o'clock in the afternoon when they made a break for St Charles and a running fight was engaged in. But they finally were landed safely on the other side of the river. We never did find out just what their loss was. We had several horses killed and several men wounded and the worst scared family in Arkansas, they had a beautiful daughter there, that was a great charm (?) to me, and she like for me to come and see her, but ever after that she preferred that we meet somewhere else. At another time while scouting I learned that the Yanks were at Mr Trotters. Some time previous to this I gotten my left arm broken by a horse falling on me and I yet had to carry it in a sling, but I could ride and was constantly on the scout. I got on my horse and went to see about it. As I approached the place I stoped on the top (?) of a small hill some four hundred yards away. I had to pass right by the fence and between the fence and the swamp to get there and I took the precaution to make a good survey before going further. I could see the signs of camp fires, but could not see a mortal moving so I took courage and went on. Just before getting to the house I saw some negro women turn into a lane close enough to have given me warning of danger but they said nothing and went on. Just in front of the house was an avenew (?) in which grew quite a number of large oaks and as the sun was sinking in the west it through the shades from me; behind these trees there were some 20 soldier (?) infantry resting, and to make the matter worse my pretty girls was sitting at the window and had seen me approaching and to warn me away she kept shaking her handkerchief thus attracted my attention entirely from my Yankey foes so that I rode right into the midst of them and the first I knew of it they were rushing (?) in behind me but there was no time for swaping horses or saying farewell to pretty Laura. I wheeled my horse and dashed into the midst of them and they could not stand the charge. I couldn't see my pistol the only thing I could do was to stick to my faithful horse and depend upon him to take me out. Fortunately their guns were stacked at the front gate and before they could reach them I was making the turn around the back fence. The first volley they fired I droped to the side of my horse, holding to the horn of the saddle. They thought I had fell from my horse and ceased firing and ran to get me but to their surprise I was away yonder going like Gehw (?). When I reached the top of the hill I was safe and stoped to give them a salute with my Remington and a wave of the hat. My girl saw me tumble as she supposed and fainted. The old gentleman was so angry at me that it took him a long time to be reconciled. This was in the summer of 64 and times were getting hot in Arks and we had to be all the time of the watch, and I was constantly on the run - the Yanks ran me so much that they got familierly acquainted with me by the familiar name of Bob. It was during this year that I again embraced religion. I was attending a revival of religion at old Valley Grove in Monroe County under the ministry of an old Cumberland P. Ministry by the name of Runyard (?) from Tennessee and he was one of the most powerful revival preachers I ever heard. It was during the exciting times in that part of the country when the Federal forces were all around us and had full control of the country. This seemed to be an auspicious time for revival or religion as there was so much to cause men and women to think of the salvation of their souls; there was measles and small pox and every other contagious disease. While I was attending the meeting some of my soldier friends were standing picket for me and seemed as much interested in my condition as anyone else. My youngest sister Mattie was a constant attendant on the meeting and was

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well
1864

much concerned in my behalf. I will never forget the warm interest taken by my friend C. D. Dawson and Lieutenant Jim Mayo, while neither on them were members themselves their whole soles seemed to be centered on my conversion and there on the third night of my penitence while old brother Beasley one of the Noblest men I ever knew was sitting by my side praying and talking with me the light like that of Paul's noonday brilliancy burst upon my poor benighted soul and such transport (?) of joy bids defiance to the pen to describe and I was a happily converted young man. There were twenty three of us converted there that night. It was one of the Pentecosts of my life. All are gone now but myself. All along to c _____ on second story (?) I believe there is one yet living Mrs. Laura Trotter Mathews, the little girl who was waving the handkerchief at me from the window when the Yankies came so near catching me. During the rest of the war I maintained my Christian integrity having joined the Cumberland P. Church. There was no Methodist then in the country. The Cumberland and Baptist held the land. The first Methodist preacher I remember to ever been in Arkansas was a P.E. by the name of Oliphant who came to my fathers house while we were living at Laurenceville in about the year 1858 and he was the only one of that faith that I ever knew of being in all that part of the country until in the year 1875 which I may have cause to speak of later. My first public service after joining the church was on this _____. I was attending church one day while Dr. Wilson was preaching. I had only called in feeling uneasy all the time for fear would come up on me and at the close of the service to my surprise the dear good man called on Bro. Bob to sing. I was greatly abashed but gathered nerve enough to try and with the help of my friend John Madding I began the old song my Mother used to often to sing "how tedious and restless the hour". I was a grave singer those days and threw all my soul in that song. Madding was a fine bass singer and some others took up the notes, and ere we knew it there was an old colored preacher sitting by the door who sprang into the yard with a shout, and before we closed our song there was at least a half dozen shouting at the top of their voices - we then took up the old song how happy are they who their saviour obey, and before we finished that song everything in the old log house was shouting but myself, Madding and Preacher Wilson, and one of the strangest incidents of the whole war transpired right there, the Yankies did come - Sunday as it was - they had landed at Indian Bay some 9 miles from us and sent a running scout into the country to catch unsuspecting soldiers who might be attending church. The main church was about one mile from where we were on the main road - but because of its being a cool day (?) we all adjourned to the little log school house near Dr. Wilsons and the soldiers dashed in to the church; and took intirely a different rout, and we didn't even know of the raid until after they were gone (Provi-dential interference!) I was now in for several days scouting. Followed these Yankies closely and watched every maneuver - finally they went back to boat at Indian Bay, and two other of the soldiers fell in with me, and we to up our camp not far away so that we could watch their maneuver. They expected (espid?) us and tried every way conceivable to entrap us. On the third day of our watching they sent out a small scout, but we were too sharp for them and took to a swamp - they with their large horses could not _____, and as they returned just after dark they were fired upon by some troops who had come to our rescue and they left three of their _____ pillows on the road - the next morning they backed out and went off as if going to leave.

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By this means we were enabled to get out of our hiding place and come out. We went some 9 miles up the road supposing the enemy was gone but to our surprise they came back and landed a force of some 400 cavalry and pursued us. We went to the house of Mr Laurence Mayo he being the (?) with us. We had by this time gotten together so 12 or 15 men and had annoyed them very much and they were much bent on doing some mischief. On our arrival at Mr M's we all but himself and brother Jimmie went to the woods, not far distant and struck camp to rest up our selves and our horses. We were all very hungry and tired. I hadn't had my horse unsaddled for three days nor had had anything to eat for 48 hours - but still I took the precaution not to unsaddle my horse - as I felt that we were not entirely out of danger - but turned him loose with the halter dragging so that he could graze. In a little while I heard a terrible rumbling and soon discovered it was the Yanks in pursuit of our friends who had remained to get some provisions and feed for our horses. They came dashing into camp and such a confusion I never saw. I had to run about 60 yards to my horse and just as I mounted him I saw a man directing his horse (?) after me and there was an exciting race through the woods. I was like the Irish man not running from the one man but from the fifty that I supposed to be with him. We had a lively chase for a quarter of a mile right through the woods. After running that far I discovered he was by himself and then I got mad at myself for running from one man and whirled into line behind a big tree and the Yanky took warning and turned back - I after him, and if we didn't have one race. I found that it was the man in the lead that could always beat me and got away into the line (?) where I dared not go. As we started on our first run I saw a man our squad by the name of Roberts - we always called him long Roberts because of the length of him - some 100 yds ahead of me, but a little off to my left. He was on a white horse and the Yanks got him. Our friends had just gotten a nice lot of good things for us to eat and had it in a large basket and was just getting on their horses as the Yanks came upon them, and they had to drop the basket. But we went back afterward and found our basket of grub all safe and sound - in their haste after us the Yanks had paid no attention to our provisions so we sat around the basket and feasted while our horses ate some corn and at about 10^o that night we took up our line of march for the bottoms where we rested up for several days - my youngest sister bringing us provisions and keeping us posted of the news. There are a great many incidents in that period of my life that I can't take the time and space to write. After the war was over my Yanky friend who gave me such a race and who I chased back into line became a close neighbor and we talked the matter over and had some hearty laughs over it. Not long after this in the spring of the same year I was left behind the army to reconnoiter and watch the maneuvers of the enemy while our army marched toward the Missouri line. Our horses were well worn and needed rest and the army needed recruiting. Genl McBray there in command and had rendezvoused his forces near what was known as the Miller White house in Woodruff Co. some 20 miles from the river. The Federal forces landed at Clarendon and pursued them and overtook the Rebels at this place where they had a hotly contested fight. All day long the muskets (?) rattled there was no artillery on either side. First one army would get the possession of the house and then the other. There was a widow woman and her two daughters living there and they were heroines of the true sort. When our troops would fall back, the girls would mount a stump or the fence and

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and wave their bonnets or some token of their color and cheer our boys into the charge. As our boys would charge back getting the grounds those young ladies would spring out into their midst and urge them in bringing them water and serving them in every way possible, after which the Yankies gave way and our troops charged among them scattering them. It was a destructive day to the Federal forces who fought valliantly. The next day I passed over the battleground and every house on the place was being used as a hospital and the wounded troops of both sides were being taken care of by those splendid women. I think the name was Miller. I had fallen in just behind the Federal troops as they left their boats to pursue our troops the day before and was in the rear of the fight all day, having been cut off from our forces and did what I could on the skirmish line in the rear - had some lively chases but they never could catch me. I do not care to record my own deeds, but I was a thorn in the flesh to those that got out of line behind - and kept the Federal forces thinking that there was more troops behind them - for I was all along the line from one end of it to the other, and a shot occasionally from the woods kept the Yankies suspecting that they were about to be attacked by a force in the rear - this is a sad spot in my history. I followed on after the army through some of the roughest country I ever saw. For 16 miles I never saw a strip of land over 20 yds wide. I found dead horses, broken down wagons, all manner of soldiers equipage strewn along the way. Just at night I arrived at a house at which place Col Fitzpatrick lived and there I met Col Dobins - who at that time was going to take command of a part of the western troops - he and Genl

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Adams were at a misunderstanding and were likely to have serious trouble. The next morning I was commanded by Col. Dobins to bear some dispatches to Major Reynolds commanding a battalion of troops away up on the St. Francis River - and I had a long tiresome ride with nothing to eat until I was nearly famished. As I was on my return to the army, at about an hour by sun I met a beautiful little school marm with her school on their way to their homes who gave me the remainder of their dinner and I had a feast of good things all seasoned with the sauce of starvation. That was a meal long to be remembered. I was now quite a grown man about six feet high and weighed 160 lbs. and there wasn't a ? cavalry man in all the army. Major Dick Davis remarked one day just after I had been making one of my cavalry dashes that I was the finest horeman he ever saw and he himself was a picture on horseback.

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middle

We were at Jackson Port on White River - had made a dash in on the Yankies taking them on surprise and routed the whole thing. They took their transports and the gunboats opened fire on us, but - - - shot us and we staid there until the Major had a visit to his young wife who was living there at the time and we took what we wanted of Yanky supplies and dashed out, but finally the end of all these troubles came that year - the surrender of Lee put an end to our soldier life and soon we reached a period where we exchanged the soldier for the civillian; and a new life when we all surrendered or (?) received our Purolls at Jackson Port. Even on our way home (a lot of us boys) in company with Dany Poynter who was the oldest man but one in the squad the question of our future avocations were freely discussed - our slaves being all freed and gone the question naturally arose as to how we figured to make our living. Some of the boys suggested one thing and some another, but I said nothing. I remember it was a very important epoc in my history. What was I to do! and I simply resolved to suit myself to the

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circumstances as they came. The first year after the struggle I and my brother Jesse attempted to farm some and made a signal failure. Everything was so high that the expenses were greater than the income so we contented ourselves to get together our scattery remaining of stock, hogs and cattle, and settled at our old home and for a few years we accumulated stock very rapidly and had plenty to eat. And had we stuck to our old home in time all would have been well with us. We tried a little of everything, rafting, wood cutting and anything else that presented its self.

1866 During this time selected by the Presbytery of Cumberland Presbyterian Church as one of two going to educate for the ministry, and accordingly started into school at old Valley Grove where I studied hard for one term of the school. At its close my old friend Dr. (Wilder or Wilbern?) who was the President and professor died and the school went under. I then in '66 took up a little school of my own and taught for three months and new (?) teacher had fine success. At the end of this term I enlisted again in farming and succeeded very well. We were making a good living. I had accumulated a very pretty stock of cattle and hogs. In the spring of '67 we tried farming again and all our labor was lost as the raft was lost after getting it out. About this time a man came along with a Magic Lantern show traveling over the country and gave me a very good chance to travailing and make some money, but I soon found him out to be a very great adventurer and a bad man and quit him and at Augusta, Ark, I again went to teaching and taught a school of three months. And from there I went in June of '68 to Independence County in the state where I finished the year teaching school in the neighborhood of (Bayo - Date?). In the winter of that year I returned home intending to go back again but was struck with the notion of going north to visit some of my mothers relatives - the biggest fool thing a boy ever done, Keep away from Kin;

1866

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1868

I left Jackson Port Nov 1, 1868. A Mrs Lunstall (?) went with me to Jackson Port and furnished me a horse to ride. After spending the day there I embarked aboard the splendid steamer for home. After a trip of three days I landed at Crocketts Bluff on White River and the next day after a walk of 7 miles I landed home. My mother and all the family were there but none of them recognized me until I was standing on the doorstep and then there was a scene; For some two weeks there was a great feasting and a general good time at the old home - our beautiful old resting place where so many days of Juvenile life were spent, so joyously as never to be forgotten, but alas! these days are gone, never to return. For two or three weeks the fated calf was killed every day and some of the good neighbors were there to share it with us. The news soon went out that I was not going to remain long at home as I had decided to take another trip and every night my friends were there. On the 16th day of Dec 1868 I started from home on my trip north. I bid my dear old mother farewell for the last time on earth. Standing on the doorstep she gave me a mother's last embrace and imprinted the last kiss upon her boys head, with her blessings. With her blessings and briny eyes I left that dear old form standing looking her last farewell. After getting some distance from the house I looked back and there stood that dear sweet mother still waving her handkerchief. Many sweet and instructive letters I received from her while away, but never saw her again. I took the steamer at Indian Bay that was to bear me on my way to Memphis, Tenn. On the boat were quite a number of ladies from our section of country who were on their

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way to Helena and Memphis so I was soon in company with them in the ladies cabin and being a good violinist I was soon entertaining the company with sweet music accompanied by a gentleman on the piano and from there to Memphis I was the center of attraction. I was scarcely idle at all only while eating or sleeping. On the boat was a poor afflicted woman who had been to Hot Springs for her health but was returning to her home in St. Louis to die. Her name was Clark and she had a sweet interesting little girl name Dora - 12 years old. I became very much interested in the poor suffering woman and did what I could to alleviate her sufferings. There was also a beautiful young married woman going to St Louis so when I arrived at Memphis we were resolved to go to Cairo on the steamer Belk of Memphis and I assisted the poor woman over from one boat to the other by carrying her in my arms and had her under my constant care to Cairo and then I took her bodily and carried her to the train just having time to get out tickets. All day the next day it seemed that the poor woman would die and we had to give her the most constant attention.

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When we arrived at the town of Mattoon, Ill. we had to separate - they for St. Louis and I for Chicago. I came near being over persuaded to journey on with them to St Louis. The sick woman seemed to think she couldn't stand the trip the rest of the way and was importunate in her begging me to go on with them and the young married woman seemed to be more importunate and insisted upon my going. - her name, if my memory serves me right, was Jennings. I came near going on with them and if I had the probabilities are that I would have gone west from there and landed somewhere in the Pacific(?) and no telling what the end would have been, but finally the parting came and the good woman clung to me to the last and kissed me as a sister would kiss her brother and away we went, never to meet again, though I heard from little Dora that her mother made it safe to St. Louis and had gotten some better, but I do not know how long she lived. I never heard from my married friend any more. I land at Sallarne, Ill (?) or Tullarn Ill? on the 23rd day of Dec 1868 at an Aunts by the name of Sallarus (?) Aunt Elyira(?) The old woman was not looking for me - hadn't seen any of us since I was a little child. I arrived while they were at supper and took my seat by the fire - the weather was intensely cold. I sat by the good warm fire until they were well nigh done their meal, and then introduced myself by giving to my aunt a letter written to her by my mother of introduction. The old lady read for awhile and her lips began to tremble, and the next thing she had knocked over everything in reach and had hold of me to the surprise of her husband and everyone else. After I had eaten supper we sat until midnight discussing the past, present and future. I spent one month with those good people enjoying life as well as one could during that time. I was feasted by those northern people. I was a great curiosity to them, being the first Rebel that had ever entered that country after the war, and I had many friends there among my Yankey hosts.

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1869 From that place I went to an Uncles at Grandview, Edgar Co. Ill where I went back to my old birthplace in Greenup Co, Ky and visited the old stomping grounds of my father and mother. I had very exciting time on this delightful trip. I had been spending the spring at my Uncle Robt. Moseleys at Grandview and formed the acquaintance of a great number of the people of that country and had most enjoyable time. Slay riding was the go (?) and I had many exciting rides with the girls. Those Illinois girls are good

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company. That was then a very fine country. While there I spent one night Senator English (?) of that state and had quite a political tilt (rift?) but he was a kind good man.

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My trip from that place on was via Terre Haute Ind. and Indianapolis to Cincinnati and from there up the Ohio River on the magnificent steamer Telegraph, and on our way up we had a most exciting race with the steamer Fleetwood, we ran all day and it was a close race. The two boats belonged to the same company and they had been anxious for some time to know which was the fastest boat and by an accident they were now thrown together and tried their speed. I believe the Fleetwood beat our boat into wheeling about three minutes, so close that it was considered a tie. I landed on the Kentucky shore 5 miles below Greenupsburg about four in the afternoon and walked some seven miles out to my Uncle Nelson Jones, arriving there about half hour by sun before sundown and what a joyous surprise it was. I had struck the very ground where in my infancy I had breathed the air, and sat on my grandmother's knee. I found that dear old grandmother still alive and enjoying good health, though very old and feeble. Her husband - my grandfather, having preceeded her to the rest of Gods people just above the house on one of the most beautiful prominitories of a beautiful mountain. Just under the outspreading branches of a splendid old beech tree there lay the remains of that grand old veteran of the ____?. He was a major in the War of '12 and in the Indian War of '32. He was also in his later years a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. He was in his earlier life a lawyer but with any fortune to leave for his children to quarrel over. I spent a very pleasant visit there with relatives and traversed the old hills of Ky where I was born. I stood on the very spot and how I did _____ that spot where 21 years before I first saw the light of this phisical life.

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1869

I sold my right to the Estate of my grandfather Poynter while there to an uncle and used the money for still greater travels. On the last day of June I bid farewill to those old venerable seins (?) and struck out for Philadelphia where I was engaged to go into business with my uncle Thos (or Thad) Moseley. I took the steamboat at Greenupsburg and sailed down the river to Portsmouth, Ohio, where I embarked on train for Phila via Washington City and Baltimore. I'll assure you I took in the country as I went. I saw everything that was to be seen and I'll never forget my first impressions. As I arrived the mast forrest, or rather the forrest of masts, of the many vessels that lay at the wharf, discharging and taking on cargo. It was my greatest sight, from there onto Phila we sped and on the 2nd day of July, 1869 my poor unschooled heart beat a tatoo on the board paved streets of the grand City of Philadelphia, PA. and now only one or two days more of youthful enjoyment when the stern days of matured experience are to begin the work of molding a new but older life in which there are crowded with impetuous haste a conglomeration of experiences mingled with pleasure, duty and sorrow. What a life mine has been, so full of changeable events over which it seemed I had no control. On the third day of July, I landed at Delanco, N. J. when I landed in Phila. I employed a carriage to drive until late in viewing the city from one end of it to the other, stoping over the night at the United States Hotel, at the foot of Walnut St. on the banks of the Delaware River in the very midst of another mast forest. The vessels were lying thick along the shore. Oh! what a sadening (?) that was as I sat there alone in the midst of a multitude of living human

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beings all strangers to me? While there sitting on the wharf I fell into conversation with the Captain of the old sailing vessel Surrinac, an English vessel which was just beginning to take on cargo for New Orleans via New York. In the course of conversation the Captain found out that I was from Arkansas and immediately he sought me to go the trip with him, which I have wished a thousand times since I had done, but I had great expectations of doing some wonderful thing in the employ of the American Iron Bridge Building Company, which at that time was operating at both Philadelphia and New York. The next day I went out to Delanco where at that time there was a very large bridge across the Rancoon River in way of construction where I was first introduced to the manufacturing and building business. I soon found that I had left all my enjoyment and pleasure behind in exchange for a life of realities and porplexities. My. My! If I had the same life to live over again I would go to any other point of the compass at a risk - before undertaking the same ordeal of bitter experiences - while in Ill. at my Uncle Robt's I met and formed the acquaintance of a Miss Davis who was quite wealthy. She was an only child and possessed a handsome property who seemed to become very much attracted to me, and my relatives urged me to press my suit, but I was too proud to do such a thing. She was wealthy and I was poor and the thought always occurred that if I did press my suit and was accepted that I would never feel satisfied to use anything belonging to her and not having the means of my own I couldn't make the appearance that I would like to make so abandoned all thoughts of anything of the kind fully resolved to make my own fortune if I ever had any. I may have erred in judgment but have always thought perhaps it was best. When I landed in the beautiful little town of Delanco, N.J. I was becoming old enough to have some opinion of what was right and what was rong, and always tried to be govnrned (?) by the right and eschew the wrong. The first thing I did was to unite myself with the good people in their religions and temperate organizations. This brought me into the association of a host of good people, and no doubt, prevented me from falling into a great many temptations. My Uncle, Genl Moseley did not get there for some time after my arrival in the works. The contractor did not want me as they always took me to be a spy on their tract to prevent fraud and rascallity on the works - so from the first, I had this opposition to contend with which rendered my work a disagreeable one for - let me do what I would to prevent such a state of affairs, my actions were always misconstrued and I was held under suspicion. I engaged boarding with a very good old widow lady by the name of Quigg. She had a neat little cozy home and did all she could to make my stay comfortable. There was another man boarding at the same place for a while - but soon I had it all to myself and so long as I stayed in N.J. that was my home. I afterward fell part heir to the place by marrying her only single daughter, Miss Hattie E. Quigg - one of the sweetest, fairest, most loving women that ever lived. She was a jewel (?) anywhere? and would have sacrificed her life for my hapiness. During this time I had accumulated some property and was in a fair way to become a wealthy man. I was married in May 1870 - a quiet family wedding by the Rev. Mr. Elija Dobins, a relative of the family and at the time of my marriage was employed in the American Bridge Building Company at Chester Pa. (Marriage license has the date of marriage to be 13 Aug 1870.) Would go home of a Saturday evening a distance of 24 miles by rail and return Monday morning. But it was not long until all these joys were ended in the year 1873. I was one of the victims of J. Cook's wild speculations and bankruptcy - every cent of my hard labor for 3 years was now in one day snatched

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away, and I with thousand of others was left in penury. That was one of the periods that I am thankful I have lived through. It was a time that tried the souls of men - money all gone - and no work - and no such a thing as credit. It was work or starve. I happened to have some \$60.00 that was not blowed (?) in and this served to keep the wolf from the door until I could look around and make some arrangements for a living. During the time I had attached myself to the Church, and also was a member of the Odd Fellows. I was brought prominently before the people as a politician and had I had no reserres perhaps would have become one of the political men of the country - which under the providence of God - might not have been best for me, and In fact, I see providential interference in the whole matter as will be shown by the course of life in after years. All these things may have been working for my good to the end that through these adversities and misfortunes I was driven into the ministry - which in all probability would never have been had I succeeded in any part of my own undertakings. So as I look at the matter today, I see behind all of these dark clouds a bright silvery ling (lining?) and the hand of a living providence was guiding the little craft safely through the breakers that otherwise would have wrecked my little Bark! Who knows? What might have been the end had I turned back to teach my little school in Independence County in Ark. in 1868, or had I turned from my course to join a new-made friend on the steamer from Memphis to Cairo on a journey through Tennessee - he begged me a whole day - or had I turned my steps at Mattoon, Ill. to go with the poor afflicted woman to St. Louis, or had I tarried in Ky at the earnest entreaty of my uncle Nelson Jones - to go into the ministry of the Christian Church (I was a Methodist) or had I embarked in the marriage adventure in Ill to my splendid opportunity, according to men; or had I embarked with the old sea captain aboard the sailor Surinac for New York, New Orleans and Liverpool, or embarked aboard the beautiful Blue Wing from old Chester, Pa where I was enlisted as one of the crew for West Indies - in fact, suppose I had taken any other course but the one specific line upon which I did travel, would I have been a minister of the Gospel of the meek and lowly Jesus - and traversed the swamps of Arkansas, preaching Christ to wondering souls and calling many to Richeousness. Alass, there is the whole matter, "We see now as through a glass dimly, but then we shall see face to face" and we will understand as we cannot now.

1869

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1874

I have become heartsick and discouraged at the state of affairs in my north home and under the providence of God it seems that my footsteps are to be directed to my native heath (?) (His question mark - not mine) old Arkansas. I have now a sweet little wife and two children. They must be cared for and the forrests of old Arkansas are the most inviting fields I know of and in the fall of 1874 after a sacrifice of my property for less than half it's worth, I pack and start for Arkansas. As the chairman of the building committee and one of the principal contributors I have just finished one of the most beautiful church edifices in all Burlington Co. as a monument to my memory there in that country. It with the saddest of reflections I look back to that sad hour of parting - sad for my dear little wife having to leave all her relatives to try the experiences of a new country life. Her mother had been buried the year before and she had none there then to bind her to that country, and mingled with her sorrow was bright gleams of the twilight for a better home in the woods. She had never seen a log house nor an open well, nor a cotton stalk, nor a wild bird larger than the sparrow

or crow - in fact she knew nothing of the duties of a rural home. As we would talk of our new home in the south she would become inspired with the desire to reach her new home, and as far as myself - my heart leaped with joy at the thought of freedom from the tyrant (?) stem (?) of oppression in that county of Circe (?).

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1874

plutocratic speculators. The thoughts of once more roaming amid the forests of dear old Ark. was a stimulent to me indeed. And my blood leaped with a warmth of enthusiasm that I had not enjoyed for years. On Tuesday morning Dec 16, 1874, while the ground was covered with snow and still falling, in company with Rev. J. B. Quigg, my wife's oldest brother, and her two other brothers Wm. & Samel, we started from Delanco to Phila. where we embarked on the Central Pennsylvania RR for Cincinnati. It was one of these blue wintery that makes everything gloomy. At 11^o AM we took train and was soon speeding southward. For some distance Haddie was quite sad, but when we began to climb the picturesque hills of Pennsylvania, bouncing over the valleys flying through the tilled fields - now stopping at some busy mart, and now flying past some country villa, her mind was charmed away from her thoughts of New Jersey home and as visions of her far off south land began to flash upon her imagination her face took on smiles of gladness. We passed over the Blue Ridge about eleven oclock the next day and as we circled around on its topmost peak we looked below us in the valley and beheld the cloud from which was pouring rain while we were in the sunshine above, and all was bright. It was a beautiful scene, and in the dusk of the evening we passed through Pittsburg on the Ohio and as we crossed over to the Virginia side where we climbed high up the mountainside we looked back on the City of Torches, a hundred furnace Chimneys reaching high above the houses of the City were belching forth their tongues of fire, illuminating all around. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The Monongahela and Patomac reaching far up among the mountains like two golden threads were catching the reflection of the flames above and the Ohio lying just 200 ft. below us, in serpentine coils - throwing up it's silvery spray as it dashed with sporting glee over the rocks, was a sight to charm the most flegmatic (?) from their gloom. And now for the first time in five years we are again on Southern soil and our patriotism is stired with feelings of emotion. The next day at 1^o we pass the City of Columbus, Ohio and as we sit in our train we look out to our left and only a short distance we read in big letters of white ("Buckey Black") the very place from which we started on our Southern tour when I was a little boy nineteen years before. We passed through slowly and took a good look at old Camp Chase of noted fame where so many southern soldiers were confined during the war and saw the spot where the famous John Morgan made his escape from the prison walls.

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That evening just at dusk we entered the station underground at Cincinnati and went to the same hotel where my Uncle Genl Moseley was keeping 19 years before. We tarried there for the night and the next day at 4^o P.M. we took the old steamer for our trip to Memphis. As we were backing out from the wharf, I noticed the Captain and Pilot in earnest conversation and soon discovered that they were discussing a very angry cloud that was fringing the West, but thought nothing of it. We had a delightful crew of passengers and all was glee until bedtime. We retired and shortly after we were aroused by one of the most fearful storms that was ever known by the oldest steamboat man. The storm was raging and it was a frightening time. Our boat had

landed just 17 miles below Cincinnati on the Ohio side of the river. The wind was off from the bank. We lashed to a large wharf boat (?). The wind was so violent that we were soon torn loose from the shore with our two boats lashed together. They had to be cut loose with an axe. I got up and watched the proceeding by holding fast to one of the stanching and the Captain was on deck giving his orders which could only be heard in the lull of the storm. Everyone on the boat were in confusion but none could leave their stateroom for fear of being thrown overboard or crushed by the rolling furniture or freight. When the storm had passed we found our boat half the length out on a small bar on the Ky. side of the river and everybody in a muddle of confusion, the worst scared set you ever saw, and the wharf boat was sunk. The next morning she was lying half her length out on a sand bar. No material damage was done more than the destruction of tableware and such things. Fortunately the river was rising and let us off our bar the next day in the afternoon, and from that on there were no strangers on that boat, and from there on to Memphis or as far as any of them went there was the greatest degree of good feeling. That storm brought all hearts together. We had a delightful trip the rest of the way. We landed at Memphis on the 21st of Dec 1874, and from there we took White River steamer to Indian Bay about midnight on the 23rd where just six years before I took the boat on my trip north. I met my old friend Clem Clark, who knew the moment I spoke though quite dark. He knew my voice. I went and spent the remainder of the night at a hotel. I was ashamed to find such a thing in Ark - Hattie could eat nothing they had on the table. It was a mess! As soon as I could I got conveyance and started to Bro. Jessies some 9 miles north in the old neighborhood of my boyhood home. I found the country to have undergone a very great change. I would scarcely have known the country. Large farms had taken the place of forests, houses had gone up where once the deer and turkey roamed at large. The negroes were the prominent citizens of the country and I almost wished I could go further west. We arrived at Jesses on Christmas eve, and found the place vacated. Him and his family were off to a cotton picking. The next day I took Christmas dinner with my old friend Harry Jones whom I had known from childhood. For about one week I rested up and _____ some hunting, after which I settled down to work. And then a series of hardships were endured for a while. I rented land and went to farming and during the year was elected justice of the piece and came near being elected to the Legislature without being a candidate.

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pg 26

1875

And now begins some very important history. During the first year I attached myself to the Church and was elected recording stuard of Trenton mission and helped to organize the first Methodist mission and Methodist Church in Monroe County. Rev. Geo. Donely was our P.E. and Rev. Breckell was our P.C., a splendid young preacher who had fine success, and in the fall of that year 1875 I was licensed to exhort. In my absence from the Quarterly Conference, in the Spring of '76 we had S. D. Evans as our pastor and one day he called on me to accompany him to Valley Grove to church. He invited me into the pulpit, and after he had finished called on me to conclude. This was my first effort as a publick speaker in the pulpit and right where 12 years before I was converted and joined the church. How strange and misterious, and what a chain of circumstance. God wanted me in the ministry and had followed me all these years and compelled me at last to come back to my starting point to make my first effort in the very house 9 (?) years before I had studied for the ministry. One of the number who was converted at the

same time as myself was there that day, and after the service we had a general handshaking and a good religious awakening. I remained there in Monroe County two years and came to Arkansas County where I went into farming again. I sold out my crop in the fall of '77 and went to Crocketts Bluff where taught a 3 month school at the close of which I bought a small place near Dewitt and raised a crop during the year '88 (does he mean '78?) While there I organized the first prayer meetings that was ever held between the Lagrues east of Dewitt. Finally, my prayer meeting became monotonous and I changed the nature of it to lectures on the Bible and Bible topics (?). This was the beginning of my preaching experience, for notwithstanding I was nothing but an exhorter. The interest grew so that I had to take the pulpit and get to hard down preaching and I know not, but that I done some of the best preaching of my life right there in the Gibson neighborhood, three miles east of Dewitt in Arkansas County. My first lecture drew a crowd so that the next Sunday, at the house of an old Bro. by the name of Watkins, who had once been a member of the Baptist Church in Mississippi, but had very much fallen from Grace. I had such a congregation that we had to resort to the yard, and we had a shout in the camp. During that week we built a unique arbor near the place, and on the following Sunday I preached to an overwhelming congregation and for three months I preached regular every Sunday to a large crowd. I tried to get a preacher from both of the circuits adjoining me to come and take the work and they could not and sent me word to go on and hold the fort. At the last Quarterly Conference at Dewitt Dr. Hunter P.E. I went up with recommendation from my Charge Conference for licens to preach and was licensed. The annual Conference was held shortly after and Little Prairie Mission was constituted and I was sent as supply to take charge of it. So now at last, after many years of hardship and bitter experience I am regularly installed P.C. of Mission. How strange this seems to me now as I chronicle these facts.

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1877

I sold my little farm back to the party from whom I bought it, and then what an experience I had in getting to my work. My little wife seemed to be perfectly delighted with the prospect of my being an itinerant, and entered into the work with all her heart. I made one or two trips to my work horse - back some thirty miles and found that too big a task and made arrangements to move to my work. The waters were very high at the time and Little Prairie was cut off from the mainland by a large swamp so that I could not get there by land so I sent my wife and two children Tommie and Mamie through by land to the swamp where they waited at Bro. Lewis Hallers until I came after them and I took a large yall and went after my household plunder. My little place was on the banks of the LaGrue so I ran my boat up to near the house and loaded in the things. Mr Dan Hayns brought the boat up and I accompanied him back in the boat to help him on the trip. We started in the afternoon of Friday Feb 23 1879. We ran that evening until late and tied up our boat at the foot of a high hill, and went out a half mile to stop overnight with a very young couple who had not been married long. During the night the rain began to fall, and of all the rains I ever heard I think that was the hardest one. My things were all in the boat and the next morning and notwithstanding we had taken the precaution to cover up the best we could with carpet (?), yet the boat was about full of water, and we had to bail out and start out down the LaGrue. All day long the rain fell in torrents and at about 4^o in the afternoon we arrived at the headlands of Little Prairie at the shanty of an old hunter by the name of

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1879

Gheart (?). My man Haines, that was with me was about given out with the cold and wet and fatigue, and I had to do the unloading of my things by myself. It was a tiresome job, but finally I had all the things stacked as best I could, and carried them up with the carpet (?). The old man in the meantime had build up a good fire, now invited me to come up to the fire, assuring me of a warm welcome. He had me a good supper and after our supper we had a long conversation in which he told the most of his history. He had been a wonderful man in his earlier days, but now was living the life of a hermit. His house was a novel one, being dug mostly into the bak (bank?) some 50 ft. up from the water edge. The next morning the sun was shining brightly, and it was a lovely morning. I had had prayer with the old man the night before and it was still impressed on his mind. He had gotten up early and built a fire and arranged his toilet for Sunday; this was Sunday morning. He had gone down the bank a piece to get some dry wood and had just beheld the sun as he was rising in his golden splendor and I suppose the old gentleman was reminded of our conversation the night before and he began singing in the sweet strains of music I ever heard "When we've been there ten (three?) thousand years bright shining as the sun we've no less day to sing God's praise, than when we first began". To my eyes it was the grandest sight I ever beheld. The old gentleman had doned his very best wearing apparel, and his long white hair hanging down of his shoulders in graceful lock, presented a picture from chissel of a Rafiel. The drops of water were yet hanging on the ends of the leaves and as the sun shone through them it was if all nature had bedecked hisself for the occasion, and the little birds had formed themselves into God's orchestra on Earth to make the wilden musical with song.

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After breakfast, I went on my way to bro. Hibburd's and then I had to cross the swamp after my wife and babies in a small canoe. Finally I succeeded in getting all across and on Monday morning went to bro Barnetts and got a wagon and hauled our little effects to our first parsonage a little house built of clapboards - two rooms - sitting in a beautiful grove just in the edge of the prairie and one of the prettiest spots I ever saw. Though it was the first of my experience it was one of the happiest years of my life. I did a good work that year. I had five appointments and was the first preacher that had ever been assigned to that (war?). It had once been a part of Dewitt Circuit, but had been several years since there had been any regular preaching there - yet it is a noted spot and takes a prominent place in Methodist history. It was on Little Prairie that E. Monk - now Dr. Monk - was licensed to preach and preached his first sermon and was recommended to the Annual Conference for admission. It was there that C.C. Gaddes likewise got his credentials and preached his first sermon, and it was there that Jasper _____ took his start and it was there that the brilliant Brinkley was broken into the harness, and it was there that I, the least of all, took my start, and it was the most desolate looking field I ever saw. There were but few living there - and all very poor. One of the old french settlements where many of the descendents still remain, and still for some reason it is quite historic. I had large congregations. The people would come fifteen miles to church and everybody turned out so that we always had good congregations - and Oh! what meeting times. The first year of my ministry there I organized a camp meeting which has been running without intermission for 16 years (Probably this part of diary was written in 1895). 1

1879

was the first protestant preacher that ever organized a church at the Post of Ark. I built it up to a splendid good appointment, but since it has gone down and there is nothing there now. I had one appointment on the south side of the Arkansas River at the house of old Bro. L. F. Burnell, where I would preach of Sunday nights to the women and children and a few men - the most of them at the saloon; that first year I received \$60.00 for my services and collected some \$40.00 conf. money. I had \$40.00 missionary money to help me along. I have never lived better since I have been in the ministry. The good Lord sent the quails and turkeys and prairie chickens by hundreds and squirrels until there never was a time when our table was without some nice delicacy of the game kind, and just back of our house under the beautiful green shade was a deep little brook that no one seemed to know anything about. One day my little wife suggested moving her wash things to the brook and that I go along to help and keep her company - so we made a picknick of it and moved down. As I was filling her tub for her from the deep pool, I discovered something flounce like a fish and without saying a thing excused myself for a little while and went and got me some worms - and a book. When she saw me coming back with my fishing tackle she laughed immoderately at the joke, but you ought to have seen the look of surprise when I dropped my hook in. It had not more than struck the water until a fish had it and gone. I drew him out and had a fine brim as large as my hand and I dropped in my hook and took out another, until we had quite a mess. I went to the house only a short distance and got a frying pan, some salt and grease and the coffee pot and some cold bread, and while the dear little wife finished her washing I prepared a fishfry that would have tempted a king.

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We kept our fishing pool a secret and any day we wanted a mesh of nice fish could take my hook and in 20 minutes have all the fish we wanted. It looked as if it was a Providential provision for us. We had all the cows we wanted so milk and butter were plentiful. We had a newfound pleasure about this time. Another little cherub came to our house and we called her Margaret Missouri and it seemed to us that all was sunshine. I have often heard my little wife say she wouldn't exchange her rural home in Arkansas with all this freedom and hospitality for a mansion in the north, notwithstanding the house we then lived in was not as good as her Mother's cowbarn. Our stable that we left there would have been a creditable house on the little Prairie, but when we would go to this table and enjoy the wholehearted hospitality of our Southland it simply set their pallatial splendors of the North at a discount. She thought it was paradise to stand out of a pretty clear morning and hear a thousand prairie chicken cooing at once, and see them by the hundred as they would land in the trees all around the house and almost anytime she could look out and see a deer feeding among the cattle or sporting across the prairie, and someone of the neighbors were at our house every once in a while with some nick nack; and one thing I have omitted, not like most autobiographies, I have not dwelt all----- the story, on the superabundance of spiritual joys and so forth. Suffice it to say the best of God was with me and in all these things it was his hand that led and his spirit that - - - -. I wound up that year with a good report and at the next conf was read out as supply to Little Prairie Mission and Bro. Horrace Jewell for the second time was my P.E. That year I moved to the River for the convenience, as a part of my work now lay on that side. I had three appointments on the south side of the river - Red Fork, Watson

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and Pendleton and some troubles were now experienced. I had to contend with the most vicious sistem of inequity of any preacher in the Little Rock Annual Conference. Saloons at every crossroad and landing on the River and those whiskey devils would resort to any skeams on earth to carry their point. I had the friendship of everyone - even the saloon men and used to take P----- with its courts in trying to subdue the sinful condition of the country. That year my P.E. sent in another man by the name of Armistead to take charge of a part of the territory without defining what part of the work was to be his and this got us all into a confusion. I held my ground and the people came to my support and would not recognise the other man. My P.E. had become incensed at about something of which I was never made acquainted. I understood afterward that another bro. who had become somewhat envious of my success had told him some things that were not true. That fall I was admitted into the Conf. on trial. Myself and Bro. S--- made our journey through from Red Fork to Camden in a buggy. I was admitted in 1879 by Bishop Pierce in the class of E.B. Kelley, O. C. Robertson, Geo. W. Burnett, E. N. Eavans, A. T---, J. A. Stanley, James C. Greenwood and R. H. Poynter and was again sent back on Red Fork Circuit. A part of my work was taken from me this year - all of that part lying north of the river was given to the Post of Arkansas Circuit and Wm Rodgers was P.E. Each of these years I had to attend the camp meeting in Little Pararie and did general revival work about the country. I attended the camp meeting at La Grue Springs this year expecting to do nothing but listen to good preaching and rest myself but when I reached the ground I found the P.E. sick in his tent, and no other preacher on the ground so I had to go into the pulpit, and at night it was the same, and the next morning we fully expected others, as it was the time for the quarterly meeting, and there were several others who expected to be there but none came - P.E., nor no one else and the P.E. still sick. So, I had to conduct the whole thing alone, and preached 14 times in succession. On Sunday there were two Presbyterian preachers came and I preached one at 11^o and the others at 3^o but took the pulpit again at night and what a meeting we had. There were 23 conversions that night, the people had just reached the point where they could get down to work right and with dear old Sister Chaney and Sister Maxwell and others of the same sort to work in the altar. It was good to be there. The spirit of God came down in great power and that meeting is remembered to this day as Poynter's Camp meeting. In 1880 I sent up my report but could not go myself on account of sickness but was read out for Red Fork Circuit which made my fourth year. This was a year attended with many difficulties. The P.E. had taken into his head to drive me to the _____, if possible. He rendered me no service but took two more appointments away from me - however, I had a good year and did some good work I trust which will tell in eternity. I traveled all over Desha Co preaching in churches, schoolhouses and private houses, gathering in quite a number into the church. My labor then began to be sought after as a revivalist and I was in demand. At the end of the year I reported to Conference at P.Bluff - Bishop McTyer, my P.E. rather dalayed my case. I had to stand two examinations that year for first and second years _____ and stood appearance (experience?) and character (praised?). My P.E. had reported that couldn't be returned to my same work on account of inacceptability, and to save him from disgrace I asked for a location (?) for at that time held in his pocket enclosed in one of Bro. Allie McNiels official

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envelopes a petition for my return to the work with more than (40?) (80?) (90?) names of the prominent citizens of that country. I looked at the matter in this light, that a wrong to me would not amount to much and that I could live over it in the hope that something would turn up in the future to right the wrong. My faith was in God and in him I trusted my case. To have contended for my rights there on the conference floor would have called forth an investigation that would have injured this man of God and the church who was now getting well advanced in years, and rather than inflict him, I bared my head and took the stroke. I knew he had the petition for I had been notified that one had gone up and while talking with my beloved P.E. about this very matter he reported to me that he had been informed by some brethren that it would not do to send me back. I beheld in his side coat pocket the official envelope of my friend A. H. McNiell who was County Clerk at that time. I went off to myself and prayed over the matter and came back fully resolved what to do, and asked for an honorable location which was granted. I have lived to see the day when this same Bro. was only too glad of an opportunity to right the wrong which will come up in my future history. I returned home after receiving my ordination as deacon and in a little while was embarked in the mercantile business on the bank of the Arkansas River two miles below Red Fork where I had bought some land and for two years I did more work than I ought to have done. I had charge of the store, the landing, a saw mill and gin and everything else fell into my hands. I had gone into the business with a young man by the name of John Snyder, a most excellent young man and had he lived I suppose all would have been well, but alas, soon after we started our business the young man got his hand badly mangled in the saw which he was striving to get into operation. The mill belonged to another man who was a slow _____ and we had to assume everything to get the mill to going. This wound resulted in my young friend's death. My! What a series of troubles assailed me then. I had to remain with him during his last illness and was with him when he died. He drew me down to him and kissed me as fondly as if I had been his own father or brother. He claimed that his association with me had resulted in his conversion and preparation for this sad hour. He died perfectly re_____ (?)

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I left him about midnight and returned home to find a gentleman at my home with his family who lived in Mississippi. He had been out to some springs with his family and was returning home. His little child was quite sick with something like brain fever and I doctored on their baby until daylight and found it to be some better. I had two children with diphthery at the same time. I releaved my strange friends' baby only to turn and find my own sweet little baby Jesse Annie dieing. My! What suffering and trouble was on me then. I seemed that the load was more than I could bare. Just turning from my dieing friend, who said I will see Little Jesse soon, he was very fond of her, only to realize the truth of his assertion. Her mother took her up to wash and dress her and as she took off her little dress I discovered that the blood had already settled in dark splotches around her little neck and in one hour she was a corpse. We buried my friend and partner one day and little Jesse the next. I had not had rest until I was well nigh exhausted and had all the cares of my business on my hands. This was in 1882. During that year Bro. Wm. Rodgers was on Red Fork Circuit my old work and occasionally I preached on the work at varous points. During that time I was sent for to hold a meeting at Newtons' Chappel on Amons Bayou in Desha Co. I went over and held a meeting of one week which resulted in

1882
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nearly 30 conversions. Bro viro Evans was then P. E. at Arkansas City. He came out and assisted me in the meeting and preached one of his greatest sermons there at that meeting. I knew then he was destined to be a great preacher someday, and shurenough he is. I continued my business for another year - the father of my former partner assuming the business with me and there is due me yet by many of the people of that country - much money - enough to start a business - but not a cent of it will I ever get. It is a true proverb "the ingratitude of man to man, makes countless thousands mourn". Bro R. did not succeed well, and was removed at the end of the first year and Bro. J. S. Carl, was sent on the work for 1883. I assisted him all I could and he had some accessions? to the Church. During this time I was exceedingly busy keeping up my business and several appointments all the year and taking part in all the matters pertaining to public affairs. I was called up to assist in all the revivals and camp meetings and married all the folks near me. It was during that year that I married Mrs. Mattie Grugin? (Gruger?) to Mr. Ben Franklin of Catfish Point, Miss. At the end of that year Bro Carl was sent back to Red Fork Cr but did not tarry long. He took his grip and lit out to Louisiana. In a short time the P.E. was down to see what could be done with the work and now was my time of vindication - when my long borne wrong was righted. Bro J. H. Riggan was my P. E. and when he came to investigate, the people let him know something of their indignation at the way I had been treated three years before by a former P. E. and demanded that I be sent back in the work, promising their hearty support if he would do so. Bro. R. sent for me and insisted upon my taking the work which at first refused to do feeling that I could not neglect my business, but he insisted so hard, that I finally consented, on the condition that he give me the rest of the year in which to wind up my business, and, at the same time, do what I could on the work. So I find myself once more in the year 1884 P. C. of the same work, by choice of the whole people where three years before my P. E. reported me to the Bishop and Cabinet as being unacceptable, and for five consecutive years. I was kept on that work one year over the limit. In 1885 I sent back to the work having wound up our business and was free to take upon me the yoke of the ministry in which I was better satisfied than anywhere else I could be. I now had my own home on the banks of the Arkansas River and had accumulated as much land as I thought I had any need of. This year I took up the writing of a diary which I shall refer to as that part of my history. In consulting my diary I find that on January 8, 1885 I took boat and went to Douglas landing at midnight and went down to the store of Banks and Wicks (?) All was silent as the grave so I went to the door of the back room and knocked, the answer was come in and in I went. I found the room (?) occupied by 6 men who had been on a gambling spree and such a crowd of disconcerted fellows you never saw. It was the first Methodist preacher that had ever stayed there and they were taken on surprise. They apologized and did what they could to make it pleasant for me until daylight. The next morning I went to Sister Banks, my diary reads I called on Sister Banks and had my soul refreshed by her Godly conversation as well as the temporal man with her bountiful repast, spent Wednesday night with Capt. Jones where I have been since enjoying their generous hospitality. Sister Jones is a dear good Christian woman and has a good husband and son.

(Apparently, caught up past history here and begins daily diary of happenings.)

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1885

Saturday, the 10th spent a restless night but feel very well this morning with Sister Jones and found great consolation in reading 49, 50, and 51st division of Psalms.

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pg 39 I was expecting to go to Sarassa by boat but no boat here yet and will have to go the rest of my Journey on horseback. Have selected 12th and 13th verses of 61st Psalm for my subject for tomorrow--met with Mr Brent at Dolph Jones who gave considerable encouragement.

1885 Sunday, Jan. 11th stayed last night with Melton Garetson - this was my first trip to old Bethel and I had a profitable evening consulting with Sister G. in regard to the best plans of the work - Sister G. a northern woman and full of vim - she is a devout Christian - this morning is dark and already spreading a gloom over everything, yet realize that the Lord is with me, the great misfortunes through which I have passed have weighed heavily upon me, but, the Grace of God has always proved sufficient, and this morning through his grace, I am able to rejoice even in affliction (affliction?). Sunday eve, rained hard all the morning. Bro and Sister Garretson went over the river to see their friends and I spent the day with Bro. Griffin and wife, had preaching at 11^o at Bethel - congregation small, but attentive. Came in the evening to Capt. Ware.

Monday - had very pleasant evening with Capt. Ware and family - had the severest gale of wind during the forepart of the night, it blew as if to overturn everything. I felt the house move and it frightened all the family. This is a lovely morning and I think the family entered more heartily into the spirit of worship and thanksgiving at the morning prayers for the fact they were all alive. Sister Ware is a very reticent woman and has but little to say - but is one of the most noble women of all the country - all in all the day has been a delightful one - returned in the evening to Capt. Jones from whom I had borrowed horse. I took dinner with Sister Jones and walked on a distance of two miles to Douglass and took supper with Sister Banks who is delighted to know that I am going to keep regular appointment at Auburn. Here I formed the acquaintance of Miss Mary Douglass - Alas, may her young life always be as full of cheer and gladness as it now seems to be.

pg 40 Tuesday 13th - spent last night with Mr. Morris and met and formed the acquaintance of Mr. Shelby Coouk a drummer - the night was a restless one, and I feel badly this morning - the weather is beautiful and clear - Evening, have spent a miserable day with sick headache which was very much alleviated by the kindness of Sister Banks - thank the Lord for such good Christian women - they are like beautiful oasis in this wearisome itinerant life - the weather is somewhat cloudy this evening and threatening rain. Am expecting the boat down tonight. I am travelling now by boat a good deal of the time as several of my appointments are lying along the River and Major John D. Adams has granted me a pass to travel on any of his boats. I will only have a few days at home.

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41 yrs old Wednesday, the 14th raining and warm - had very pleasant night with young Mr. Morris and feel much better this morning. The boat has been in hearing but has not yet arrived.

1 o'clock - am now on the boat E. W. Cole - she run a snag last night through her cabin tearing away a part of the ladies cabin but there happened to be no ladies aboard - at night met Sister James Porter who came aboard at Pendleton - it is raining very hard and the boat is laying up for the night. Mr & Mrs. Miller came aboard on way to Memphis - Boat crew are very kind to me. I got home just at daylight on the 15th and found my neighbor Mr. Sam Chidester dieing - my heart was very much saddened at the grief of his three little boys - rained all day and water rising rapidly. An overflow is expected - they ate breakfast two mornings without bread. My nephew Lute is sick - will have to go tomorrow to Pea Ridge to preach - how hard to try to comfort others when our heart is breaking - am now alone with the remains of my dead neighbor. Mr C. was unfortunately not Christian, but from the experience of his last illness we have reason to believe he found peace with God. Oh! that men would not delay this important matter, "for in the midst of life, we are in death," - the prospect of better times on my work comes to cheer me, evening, wind blowing from northwest, and turning cold, has been snowing all day.

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16th at night, buried Mr. Chidester today very cold and clear tonight.

Sunday 17th Came across the river Yesterday to Mr. Des Jardins. Found all gone to the funeral of Miss Mary Peoples - how sad to find one so young and promising, snatched as it were from young life into the grave. Staid last Saturday night with William Burnett - found him busy tearing down his storehouse - started this morning to Pea Ridge but could not get there for the rain, water and ice came back to Bro. Stahls and took dinner - will go and spend rest of the evening with Col. Moore.

Mon. Jan 19 Came this morning to Sister Davises, found all well, went next to Sister Hornbuckles and took dinner and came to Mr. DesJardins to cross the river - had to wait till nearly night before I could cross - Mr DesJ. had taken my boat and gone across the river and I had to wait until he returned. Came home at sundown, feeling badly with cold.

Tuesday 20th Snowed last night - very cold this morning & cloudy

Wednesday 21st Snow still on the ground, cold and hazy - have a severe cough Am threhud (threatened?) with pneumonia. Am very much bothered this morning as to arrangements - My labor is so unreliable that it keeps me bothered as my living largely depends up my success at home, however, I will put in the day mostly reading Edgars variations of Popery. In reading this work I am more and more of the diabolism of the Catholic Church of Rome. Little Mary Peoples in my opinion was a victim of the duplicity of the Catholic Church - She was not as much inclined to Catholic superstition as they wished her to be, and it is my own opinion privately entertained that rather than see her lost to their iniquitous faith they would see her a corpse returned to her parents; we will never know until the judgement.

Thursday 24th the weather very cold ice floating very heavily - never saw so much in Arkansas River - E. V. Cole passed up

Saturday eve 24th weather very cold, cloudy, ground covered with aleet, sleeted Thuraday night and all day Friday. Robbie has been very sick all

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day, is better tonight. The river is falling. Had quite a matinee this morning with the children.

Sunday morning 25th Weather still cloudy and cool, ice floating some yet, could not go to Pendleton to fill my appointment - weather too bad. Mr. Snyder with us this morning. No boat for more than a week and we have no mail. Sunday night, the weather has cleared off beautifully, and the moon shines with splendor - Children and all are out but Robbie, spending the evening with Mrs. Chidester - Lute and Rob are both complaining, have spent a very lonesome day - regret so much having to lose any of my days of preaching.

Monday 26th have had a lonesome day. Steamer Cole passed down - ice still floating heavy am not well,

Tuesday 27th still at home all day weather cold and disagreeable.

pg 42 Wednesday 28th Went to Red Fork - steamer Darrah passed up went to my office (?) place and found Mrs. Parish in (?) condition, no cloths to wear, poor people, weather beautiful and bright but cold -

Thursday 29th weather beautiful and cool, wind NorthW. I have a stable, horse and a male cow for Mr. Sibley that was put off of steamer Ida Darah that keeps me at home today, to watch them. I have a public landing.

Friday 30th I came to Bro Stahls expecting to go to Auburn. It has rained all day.

pg 43 Saturday 31st Am at Bro. Seamans arrived at half past three oclock and found Bro. Rigin here; will stay here tonight. Will have 1st quarterly Conference tomorrow, found the road almost impassable.

Sunday April 1 beautiful day, went to church at 11^o Bro. R. preached from 12 v. of 18 (13?) Chap. of Matthew - "We would see Jesus" Went to Sister Weeks where we found a most excellent turkey dinner given in honor of myself - God Bless good Sister Weeks; we held quarterly Conf. in the afternoon at the Church - we admitted Bro & Sister Seaman into the Church. Went up in the evening and spent the night with Capt. Jones - the day has been a very enjoyable one.

Monday 2nd Bro. Rigin took his departure this morning for home. I like so much to be with Bro. Rigin - he gets very close to me with Christian grace and makes me feel his warm friendship. I pray God that nothing will ever happen to mar the social friendship existing between us. I went and spent the day with Bro. and Sister Willy two excellent young people. I enjoyed my visit very much. I find Bro. W. a very excellent manager on the farm;

Thursday 3rd I am now at Mr. Joe Garretts - no one at home but Sister G. Am well pleased with my short acquaintance with Sister G. She looks to me like one who notwithstanding she has every luxury that one could wish for - has some secret sorrow burdening her life. May the blessings of God be with her. This is a beautiful day but I see some _____ of bad weather ahead. Sister G. has very kindly invited me to spend the night with them and I am

why? undecided yet, as I am anxious to visit as many of the people as I can reach. I would like to remain as it is the best opportunity to have prayers with the family - how the wind blows through these forest trees and leave a lonesome melody. I am feeling somewhat discouraged this morning - but my mission is to bring gladness to others. O God! help me to bear this cross.

Wednesday 8th Staid with Sister G. and had an exceedingly nice time but suffered some during the night with my cough - these are nice people. Miss Kimbrue is also very entertaining. The sun is shining beautifully and presents the prospect of having some beautiful weather. I think my visit to this family will result in good.

Wednesday evening 24th - I am now at Sister Dennises took dinner today here today have spent a very pleasant day in Company with old Bro. Dennis an old Baptist brother - the weather is quite pleasant but is threatening - the old and young Sister Dennis were quilting and I spent part of the evening holding their quilt, they thought it very funny and we all enjoyed the sport very much.

Thursday 5th stayed last night at Mr. Dennises and had a very pleasant time. The Holy Ghost was with us and our family altar service was a means of great refreshing to old Bro. & Sister D. It was an unusual manifestation of the presence of God, the weather is cloudy, and some rain. I was shown this morning a most beautiful quilt the work of old Sister Sarah Ann Dennis containing 5112 pieces; it would certainly occupy a very high place in the exhibition at New Orleans - the old lady is now 58 years old and is making another to surpass the others, the quilt will be called the Rocky Mountain.

pg 45 This morning the 9th, I came to Bro Willisses last Thursday evening Willie and I went bird hunting and had fine sport. I killed 7 nice quails - spent exceeding pleasant evening with Bro W. & family - he has two noble sons Wm & Garrett and one lovely daughter Mollie, all good pious Christians. I was taken deathly sick Thursday night with flux and swamp fever--Oh! such suffering, had Dr. Baker with me, the family were all that as kind and attentive as my own could have been.

Saturday, have taken a bushel of nasty medicine. Dr returned Sunday and found me some better, several of the good people came in during the day and did what they could for my relief. Capt. Hanson near Bethel Church lost his eldest daughter, age 12, with Congestive Chill - am so sorry I cannot go and attend the funeral, but it is impossible as I am too much prostrated. The weather is very stormy and turning very cold - the river rising very fast.

Tuesday 10th beautiful weather and very cold. The first day I have been out of bed, thought I would start home this evening but was unable to ride.

Wednesday 11th this is a cold morning mercury down to 15 have come as far as to Mr. Counts on my way home. Don't feel as if I could go very far. Bro Willis came with me this far - was compelled to stop and warm and rest - hope to be able to go to Mr. Joe Garretts this evening. I arrived at Mr. Joe Garretts at 3 oclock, found Sister G in bed sick but improving. I have been quite sick all the evening with return of old disesse which came so near killing me - have received very kind attention at the hands of Miss

Kimbrue Sister G's unmarried sister. The weather is cold and cloudy tonight. Mr. G. came home this evening, think he is under the influence of whiskey. How sad to see one so handsome surrounded with every comfort of life and calculated to be so happy and useful giving himself away to the vices of whiskey.

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Thursday morning 12th passed a very pleasant night and feel very much better this morning - got up very early and refreshed myself very much at breakfast. Mr G is all right this morning and a model of a gentleman. I pray God to help him liberate himself from the infernal meshes of the Whiskey Devil. Mr. Nelson came over the river last night and stayed with Capt. Ferris last night - took breakfast with us this morning. The snow was falling this morning in great flakes and the prospects was for gloomy weather and I was made much sad at the thought of having to lose another day. But thank the good Lord clouds are passing away and I think I will be able to stand another days ride toward home. The conversation at the breakfast table was not so edifying as one of a pious mind would enjoy. The young folks were talking of the dance and we learned that there is to be a dance and oyster supper tomorrow night at Mr. Lim Dennisses, while thus arrayed against us, we cannot but feel that they are our most inveterate enemy (spiritually) but we hope by the grace of God to overcome them before the year is out. Thursday night - am at Capt. Jones - Not feeling well. Took dinner today with Genl. Green at Cummins place, who solicited to give them an appointment there to preach to the convicts and have promised to do so if I can find the time. Am sad tonight over the sad intelligence of the death of Chas. Dollarhite.

Friday morning 13th - Am not feeling very well this morning but am in such good comfortable quarters and in such good Christian hands that I feel loth to go away. Enjoyed delightful season of prayer with Sister Jones family. Last night little Pattie, Sister Jones granddaughter said she would not kneel down, but when we all knelt little Pattie knelt too and behaved beautifully - this only another evidence of the blessedness of Gods Spirit, even on little Children. The ground this morning is covered with snow and weather disagreeable. Sister Jones is not willing for me to start out this morning and I have some symptoms of my disease returning. Have concluded to take her advice. Will wait until the afternoon

Friday 8^o - Am at Mr. Joe Banks and feeling most wretched. My flux has returned on me, and I fear I am going to be quite sick - unless I can get relief very soon. Oh! how anxious I am to get home.

Saturday 14th - The sun rose in all his splendor this morning making glad the hearts of all, and nature seems to have put on his most beautiful smile - I am feeling considerable better and hope to be able to go on my way home. Shall go by Pea Ridge and fill my appointment at that place Sunday. Had most pleasant evening with Sister Banks and family - they had sweet music and did everything they could make it pleasant for me. Saturday night - took dinner with Mr. Lem Burnetts. Am spending the night with Bro. Jackson. Sister J. has gone to Arkansas City - the day has been very cold. I feel very much worn tonight - the horison is hazy and threatens a stormy day tomorrow.

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Sunday 15th - the day has been cool and blustry--is calm and clear this evening. Have spent the day at Bro Coopwoods (?) Had no service at Pea Ridge today. Met Sister Irby who reports all her folks sick.

Monday 16th - the day is clear and very cold. Staid last night at Bro. Cooperwoods. Came in this morning with Jake.

pg 48 Tuesday morning 17th Am at home this morning not feeling well - the weather is warm & cloudy. Got home yesterday and found family sick. Will have some correspondence to anawer and do not feel like it.

Wednesday 18th - This is a beautiful clear morning but quite cool and windy. In my absence my wife was taken very ill and I find her in low condition with typhoid. Have been doctoring on her and find ber some better this morning.

Thursday morning 19th - Haddie is better, the dear little creature, and the clouds of gloom have somewhat dispersed - the weather is beautiful and clear. Quite cool. I stayed last night with Capt. Rodgers. I go this morning to marry De Furguson to Miss Cally Davis - and of course all is stir and confusion. This morning Capt. Rodgers took his departure for Malvern on steamer Cole. Married Mr. Dee Furguson today at 12 oclock. Came across the river with Mr. Dock King and found Haddie still very sick and everything about gloomy and a heavy cross upon me - yet I have Christian duty to perform all of which must be done with Cheerfulness and others must not be burdened with our sorrow, and we can't expect to accomplish much for the Master - except with cheerfulness. Oh! for grace to bear our lot in life.

Friday 18th - Have been to Red Fork today to get some medicine. Haddie is no better - the weather is still very cool. Am entertaining myself tonight writing to friends.

Saturday 19th Weather clear and cool. Have been feeling very bad all day. Haddie is but very little better. Have had to keep close at home all day. Dock King is with me tonight waiting for the boat. Have been at home all day. The E. A. Cole came this morning and brought the news of the burning of the Ida Darah at Memphis. I could not go to Pendleton to fill my appointment and have spent the day reading.

Monday 23 --Cool and raining and turning to sleet. Haddie some better. River low and still falling.

Tuesday 24 - Weather moderating. Haddie not so well and I went to Red Fork after medicine.

Wednesday 25th - Went to my Como place and set out some fruit trees.

Thursday 26th - Stayed at home all day. Moved Mrs. Chidesters house.

Friday 27th - Haddie much better - Thank the Lord, and I came to Red Fork to take boat for Auburn.

Saturday 28 - Am on the boat bound for Auburn. Met Lizzie B. at Arkansas Post, had her company on the rest of the way. Met and formed the acquaintance of Dr. C. M. Taylor.

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(This part of this journal date to 1886. From May 1 was recorded thru mistake _____ (?) This part of my dairy refers to 18__) (?)

NOTE: The above notes are his notes and appear in margin and at middle of page before the following entry.

Sunday May 1, 1886. Came last night to Jimmie Burnetts and enjoyed good nights rest. Feeling well this morning - cloudy but not raining -

Monday 2nd Had a good congregation Yesterday at Auburn - have been spending the day with Sister Samples - Started on yesterday and got lost - I found Sister S. very feeble - with inflammatory Rheumatism - Miss Josie is a very charming young lady.

Tuesday 3rd - Stayed last night with Mr. Emmett Lee. Spent very pleasant night. Am now at Capt. Jones - None at home but son Walker and Pat Farrillse. A little negro boy fell in the river today at Douglass and was drowned. I called on Sister Banks and took her piano to pieces and fixed it up and cleaned it.

Wednesday 4th - The weather is cloudy this morning - received news of a negro woman falling dead at Noble Lake today. Am at Bro. Douglasses tonight. Have spent very pleasant day with Sister Lee - weather cool and cloudy. Have felt somewhat oppressed all day.

Thurs Morning 5th - Spent the night with Bro. Douglass - very pleasantly - Have been perusing Meredith's poems and in many respects my own life is so simmilarly portrayed that in my own sad lot I seem to have a simphathiser and have read it with pleasure. I was notified yesterday by Sister P. Shaw I had the heart of the whole people.

Fri Morning 6th - Stayed last night with Capt. Ware. Came up yesterday from Cummins place on the steamer Cole. Met Capt. Darrah who has come in on only one trip. I walked in from Bro. Douglasses to river on dunney (?) road and my feet are very sore. The weather is clear and cool this morning. The sun up beautifully and the birds are singing so sweetly that it makes one feel cheerful despite despondency - and we are made to thank God for his goodness. We have so many things to be thankful for - the greatest is the many good friends we have, who greet us so kindly and make us feel at ease, everywhere we go. I am this evening at Sister Willisses. Saw Miss Mollie at her school, looking so bright and cheerful. May her pathway be exempted from clouds.

Friday - Am now at Sister Garretts at the Greenback place - Came across the river before dinner. Met Sisters Rousey and Chamelee; the boat is now at the landing on her way down the river. Have spent real pleasant evening.

Saturday 7th Spent the night with Sister Garrett. Have enjoyed myself very much in company with Dr. Baker and his brother Eddie - both are Christian young men - What a bright spot in the human family are these noble sons of Christianity. It is edifying to be thrown into the society of such saintly people - tis like drinking from the fountain of pure water allaying our thirst, and enervating us for new field of duty. Am now crossing the river -

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the negro ferryman is very awkward - Just like all of the race - and we are having a hard time to cross - the mail carrier is with us, another negro, and has planted himself on a plank in the warm sunshine, and seems to be as happy as a coon on a limb - the loss of time doesn't seem to bother him any in the least.

pg 51 Sunday 8th - stayed last night with Bro. Willis - spent a very pleasant evening - the good family after prayers was all joined in singing. What a feast of heavenly riches to be thrown into the society of such folks. Bro. W. and I walked out about a mile to see one of his Sweed neighbors and get some nice fish and we enjoyed them very much. The wind is blowing this morning with all the gusto of the Ides of March. The sun shines beautifully and there is every prospect of a pretty day. The family are all making preparation to go to Church. I will preach today from the 33d v. of 6th Chapter of Matthew. Night of the 8th At Mrs. McDills the weather has been very cold all day. Had very good congregation at Bethel today; considering the weather. Preached with a good deal of freedom. Capt. Hanson was there and very much affected. The congregation all seemed to very much interested.

Monday morning 9th Stayed last night with Mr. McDill had very pleasant evening. This morning is beautiful and clear - Have heard nothing of the boat yet.

Tuesday 10th Stopped last night with Capt Hanson very pleasant evening - the weather is beautiful this morning the sun shines beautifully. The boat passed up last night and I think I will be able to get off today, home. Nothing unusual has transpired this trip.

Friday 13th Came home on the boat on Tuesday night got home at daybreak Wednesday morning - found all up. Lute not well. The U.S. Survey boat went down the river today.

pg 51 Monday 16th Came over the River Saturday Had preaching yesterday at Pea Ridge. Had good congregation. Stopped at Bro Cooperwoods Saturday night. Stopped with Sister Irby Sunday night, the weather is cool but beautiful, and clear - everybody pushing their crops. And the farmers very much advanced (?). Nothing unusual has occurred for several days.

pg 52 Tues 17th - Stopped last night with Bro. Stahl This morning is beautiful and clear.

Wed. 18th Have been at work all day clearing ground. Weather cool, big frost this morning, the water is rising some but is quite low for this time of year. Mr Chas Snyder was with us tonight for supper.

Sunday Mar 22 the weather is very cool. Rained yesterday all day - turned cold last night. Came up to Pendleton Friday night on Steamer Cole. Met with Mrs. Renning and daughters of Friars Point Miss. Sister to Mr. Fred Matmiller. Learned yesterday of the death of old Sister Seamon - the weather is so cold that I don't think we will have any preaching today. Stayed with Lim Burnett last night.

Monday 23rd This morning is beautiful. Stayed last night with Morris Quilling.

(The above fifteen lines through mistake refers to the same period of time 1886 dating back to page 49)

NOTE: The above note is his note and appears on page 52. Apparently he got out of sequence copying from another diary.

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Friday May 8th 1886 - Having exhausted my last diary Book 1 have begun the continuation of my story in this which from this on will contain a partial account of my work and incident of life - I am not feeling very well this morning notwithstanding I had very good nights rest last night. I left Bro. Douglasses yesterday after dinner and went Bro JohnLee to Varner Station at which place I waited for little Jumbo Engine on Genl. G. Cummins place. RR while there I was entertained with the boys and Mr. McGahees pet bear. The bear is quite docile while in a good humor but when not in a good humor is a dangerous plaything. He got hold of Mr. McG.s arm the other day and came near ruining him for life - this is a very fair illustration of some of the evils man is subject to everyday of life. So long as we keep the mastery of them we are safe, but when they get the mastery of us we are maimed and injured, hence the necessity of guarding ourselves against sinful amusements - have had a stormy spell of weather from the northwest, and the weather is quite cool for the time of year - come near having frost last night, quite cloudy today. Genl Green is quite comfortably fixed and I am enjoying his kind hospitality today - he has given me full sway of his hours and supplied me with abundance of reading matter and I am enjoying this magnificent solitude - Have been from home so long that I am getting very anxious to see the dear ones at home. If I were only able to take some of them with me, on my work, it would be a source of untold pleasure.

Saturday 9th had preaching last night to convicts - had good rest and am feeling very well this morning. Took the boat this morning at Cummins. Steamer Ed Foster is just ahead of us and we are having quite a race - Received a letter from Mamie this morning of which I am very proud. She has given me all of the particulars of home, and all are well. I am thoroughly disgusted at the ungodly disposition of some of this boats crew - making regular whisky tanks of their stomachs, that is, if they have any. They act more like (?) than men made in the likeness and image of God. Some of the crew are nice gentlemen, some are dogs not fit to live, nor die. This whole country has been desolated from overflow. Mr James G ___ in on the boat and Mrs. Hubbard - got off of the boat this morning. As we came past Pleasants landing this morning I saw the poor old man Balds (?) who killed a man not long since. He was standing near the spot where he committed the deed. A more sad spectical I have never seen - the old man is considerably aged - his head hleeched with old age - already with one foot in the grave, and his hands red with the blood of his fellow man - what a sad picture. Saturday evening I am at Bro. Willisses - took dinner here today. We had quite an exciting race on the river today between the two little steamers R. L. Cobb and Ed Foster - the Cob found herself the fastest boat, there was great laughter when the Cobh gave the signal whistle to pass the Foster answered with two very small puffs - Sister Willis has returned home from Texas where she has been on a visit. Night, the evening has been beautiful and clear -

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somewhat cool, have spent very pleasant evening indeed.

386 Sunday morning the 10th quite cool, but beautiful and clear and the folk
are making great preparation for Church today. Am not feeling very well
this morning - have had something like chill - My abscess in my breast is
54 very sore and sensitive and I am suffering some inconvenience from it. Hope
to feel better at preaching time. It is so hard to preach under embarrass-
ments (?) - Bro. Willis had had something near a hundred acres of land over-
flowed by the late rising and will have to plant over.

55 Monday 11th have just taken the boat for home. Stopped last night with
Capt. Hanson. Had preaching yesterday in morning and evening - had good
congregation all the people seemed to be very well pleased - took dinner on
the ground with Bro. Willis. After church went to Capt Hansons - had very
pleasant evening - Met Sister White and found her to be an exceedingly nice
old lady. Came down and took dinner today with Capt Wair - Had nice straw-
berry pie for dinner. A little lady by the name of Hynum came on the boat
with me on the way down to Mud Lake. She has been going to school to Miss
Mollie Willis. She is a regular little rattletrap and talked all the time.
Found Sister Goree (?) on the boat, on her way back from the exhibition.
? She gave a flowing description of the wonderful things she saw. Sister John
Lee got off of the boat at Garritner? We are now at Col. Flourneys Landing
and old Sister Rice has just come on board. Will get off I suppose at Dou-
glas. How prettily the little Cobb steams her way down the river. I have
learned think better of Sister R on better acquaintance. The water has
fallen very fast and left desolation in its wake.

Friday evening May 12, 1885 (1886?) Arrived at home this morning and found
all well with water all off of the place. The boat layed up at the Post all
night last night until 4^o. Lizzie B. got off this morning at Billy Burnetts
- the Bays - The boat passed up this afternoon and gave us good news of the
falling river. If I could only feel any interest fixing up this place I
could make this one of the prettiest on the Arkansas River.

pg 56 Wednesday 13th have been at home all day - spent the day reading. Mr.
Finly came down from the uper place and reported all the water gone off. I
have just been reminded of the sweet music we had on the Steamer Cobb. The
stuard, and waiters and porter congregated near the ladies cabin and gave us
a splendid concert of singing. I was indeed glad to hear such voices as
they have. The weather is cool today, and I am not feeling very well. Have
been anoyed by the chickens all morning. I am so very nervous that I can't
stand their screeching voices. Received a letter yesterday from Col.
Shirrad, desiring to see me at his place relative to railroad. Have been
reading Manual of Decipline all day. Boys commenced planting cotton today
with my patent cotton planter, and it works well. Evening, have been put-
ting in the day the best I could. I feel very great responsibility resting
upon me as a minister and am making what preparation I can for the fulfill-
ment of my pastoral work. I wish to be able to instruct people, and of
course this will require considerable study. The old Arkansas River is roll-
ing along this evening with solumm grandure and as I look upon its placid
waters I can but experience some practical admiration of its magnificence,
a most compleet picture of independence, consulting nothing that gets in its
way and the more effort is made to confine it, the more madly it rushes on.

Man in his foolishness attempts to confine it between limited banks - but as well try to confine the storm cloud - for she madens in propor to the provocation and in the provocation she gathers fury from the mountain and plain and calls in the floods of the little tributarys and like a mad army of demons she dashes down with impetuosity carrying carnage and destruction in her onward flight.

Thursday May 14 the weather is calm and cloudy. Have been planting cotton this morning. Sister Mollie came up this morning and will spend the day with us. The evening is drawing to a close and for entertainment I will consult with the papers of my diary for a while - have been quite alone at home all day - Sister Mollie has been with us all day. Mr. Chidester is tearing down his mill for removal - the water continues to fall and is now down considerably in its banks. We have finished planting our cotton at this place and the ground is in fine condition. Some colored men came down the river today with a very valuable raft of Cottonwood and Walnut timbers. I am quite restless today and were it not for the fact that I find great comfort in the association of my dear ones, I would pine to be out on my work. My greatest delight is in being busy in the Masters work and in that I sometimes find an entire unworthyness and humility, but the good Lord comforts and supports me in all my labors. I sometimes feel as if I have made failures in preaching but the Lord always turns it to good account. As for instance on last Sunday in the morning at the eleven oclock service I was feeling very badly and not in preaching mood and I thought I had made a failure, but afterwards was told that I had preached an excellent sermon and in the evening service there seemed to be wonderful power attending the preached word as youths were spellbound to their seats while older members manifested extices of Joy. Many times in my preaching have I been rewarded with copious shows of tears from the eyes of hardened sinners - these things always give me Joy. I witnessed today a very unusual contest between two eagles and a poor little duck. The duck was in the river just in front of my house when the two eagles made the attack. There seemed to be a conspituaturship between the two birds of prey in their attempt to capture the poor little duck. One of them would poise himself in the air awaiting the ducks appearance from under the water, while the other would soar around to get into better position. When the duck would make its appearance above water the eagle nearest overhead would swoop down upon it like a dart and it was wonderful to see with what dexterity the little dick would kick up its heels and go out of sight. They kept up this unabating assault until the duck became exhausted and took to shore for refuge. It took shelter at last under a large log which projected from the bank and one of the eagles waded out into the water and reached under with his claw and took him out and then they both perched upon a limb and feasted upon the little duck.

Friday morning 15th the Ed Foster passed up last night and the steamer Cobb down this morning. The water is still falling and there is no fear of farther overflow - had bad rest last night and do not feel very well this morning. Provision is running short and I am taxed to death to keep sufficient on hand to supply myself and all who are depending upon me. Our little Rob keeps up the cheer of the whole place by his funny remarks and tricks that set the place to laughing. Poor Rob he is so unfortunate. His feet are sore from sunburn and his shoes are to small and he wears them most of the time in his hand. Rob and Tom have gone across the Bayou to Bro. Menards

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to purchase some meat. I expect we will have some marvelous revelations when he returns. Rob is the HANDY ANDY of this place. I will be this afternoon to Red Fork on boat on my way to Watson and Pea Ridge. Little Mag is near me on the front porch with her three little chicks. She is quite a diminutive little mother but is as devoted in her caresses of those three little chicks as ever mother was, there she has gotten a volumn of natural history on the floor and is endeavoring to teach the little fellows to read - but no go - there one of them has lucklessly fallen through the floor and is under the house and she is fearful he will kill himself - screaming before she can get to him - but I can't follow Mag and her little family in all their ups and downs - it would take up all the rest of my diary.

pg 59 Saturday morning 16th Came yesterday on steamer Cobb to Red Fork. Was rather rudly treated by some of the crew - but they are not worthy of notice. When one so far forgets himself and the respect that is due they are beneath the notice of the respectable. Stayed last night with Col. Moore. Met with several of the people from Watson. Will have preaching there tonight. The weather is clear and the morning is beautiful.

Sunday morning 17th - Came yesterday to Bro. Stahls and took dinner. The day was quite warm. After resting a while I got on wagon with some men for Watson and went on my journey. Stayed with Sister Gifford for supper after which I went to the store and spent a while in conversation with Bob Bynum, Dave Alexander, Dr Near and others. Had preaching at early candlelight at Clerks office - Had good congregation. After preaching came to Bro. McNeils. We always have entertaining time at Bro. McNeils. We sat up until 11^o, am feeling some the worse of ware - all are getting ready for church at Pea Ridge. It is quite cloudy and am afraid we will have rain, during the day. Expect a good congregation and want to feel in preaching mood.

Monday May 18 Took dinner today with Bro. Coopwood. We had only moderate congregation on account of much water. Spent the night last night with Sister Irby and family. An old gentleman by the name of Daniel who is camped near Sister Irby came up last night with Erysipalas on his arm. We did all we could for him and he is in a suffering condition. I let Mr Newby have my horse this morning to go to Watson after some medicine for him.

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pg 59 Tuesday May 19, 1885 Am at Bro Coopwood this morning - had good nights rest. Am feeling very well this morning. Was quite sick yesterday with sick headache. Had nice rain yesterday afternoon and last night which makes everything look very cheerful, crops are looking very fine - if the sturdy oak - the confiding vine, and the undergrowth of Gods vineyard with the beautiful little flaws (flowers?) of his Kingdom was as cheerful under the gentil shows (showers?) of Gods sufficient Grace, how delightful would the condition of humanity be, and how little cause would we have to vex our richous soul over the sad calamity of the Church, but alass, how prone are the people to betray their into the hands of the enemy, for a mess of potage they will sell their birthright.
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Wednesday May 20 '85. Came from Bro. Coopwoods yesterday morning to Bro Stahls. Mollie Coopwood came with me. We walked and on the way Miss Mollie got a fall into the middle of a mud hole. We took dinner at Bro Stahls where we got our first spring chicken. After dinner came by way of Mr. De Fergusons

- Spent a few minutes with the family and went on to Mr. Corders at the river where I waited until the steamer Cobb came - sent by Capt Musleman to PB for some supplies - on my way to the river I passed Stahl and Watkins store where I saw a number of men playing cards, gambling for drinks, among whom was my friend De Ferguson "gambling for the drinks" what whert a past time for a gentleman to be engaged in! Had to walk on home in the evening and was quite worn out when I got there. Found all well, got up this morning - late not feeling well. The weather is quite cool today. Have been about home all day, except a little ramble this morning with my gun; and killed a squirrel and a rabbit. After dinner I was in the store reading my paper when someone called me four times distinctly. I answered and ran out but saw no one. I looked carefully all around the place and could find no one. It is a mistery to me - the voice was that of a man calling "Bro Poynter". I suppose it may be accounted for in some way that I am not able to explain now. I have read all of my papers over and several chapters of Manual of Discipline - am feeling rather blue - hear the bank caving very badly. Fear I will have trouble with caving banks. Expect I will have to move my buildings. I'll quit for the night and go to bed.

pg 61 Thursday morning 20th Rained hard all night and quite cloudy this morning and sprinkling - did not rest well last night and only feel tolerbly well this morning. Haddie is quite sick this morning with sick headache. The river is still falling and is 10 ft in its banks. I am almost sure I will have to move my storehouse. Have a notion of moving it back and making a residence of it - as I do not (think?) that I will ever use it as a store again. The children have a red headed woodchuck that are trying to make a pet of but I think they will make a failure as the cats are more likely to make food of him. Evening - have had hard rain all day. The bank is caving in front of my house. I will have to move back in a few days. It has cleared off and the moon shines brightly. I hear the Ed Foster coming up and the Cobb is coming down tonight. Will have to be off on her tomorrow to fill my appointment at Pendleton. Have put in the day today very well reading, building fence and writing letters. Wrote one to Ark. Methodist and one to Rev. John H. Riggins, read Manual of Discipline and several pages Godas Ladies Book.

Saturday May 22 the morning is beautiful and clear - water still falling at this place with rise above. Ed Foster passed up last night with good lot of freight and Mr. Lewis (?) got off and interviewed me relative to the best plan of delivering the mail and the supposition is that the mails will be delivered from this on by land instead of by boat - another slam on the river trade. Steamer Cobb passed down this morning with good load of cotton and seed. The people are so little interested in the payment for the preaching of the gospel that I am constantly embarrassed. This evening I will have to take hoat for Pendleton to fill my appointment Sunday - My rest was not good last night and I am not feeling very well. Lute has gone this morning to get our cow. This will be quite an addition to our bill of fare as the children are all very fond of milk. Lute has arrived with the old cow and calf all safe and sound.

Saturday 23rd took the boat last night at home about 7^o. As I came up the river met Sister Fannie Barnett and Miss Allice Maxwell at the Post of Ark. We got off at Pendleton, this morning at daylight. Met Mr Lem Barnett at

the landing, and came home with them, and have been here all day, Miss Alice and myself and the little girl went hunting dew berries - but found none; the weather is very warm. I had to pull across Silver Lake in a large skiff and I am now panting from the pull. Alice and the girl have gone after mulberries and some milk. Lem is in the house asleep. Fannie and the babies are on the floor romping and I am writing in my diary. Sunday, the good boy took me over to the store yesterday and made me a present of a very nice hat and Manuel Menard made me a present of nice pr of pants - got up this morning suffering some with the abcess in my breast. Have enjoyed myself very much since I came up here. Lem and I went fishing Saturday and caught some very nice fish - there was a rush of business last night and we could not have prayer - Always dislike to dispense with prayer at night, but circumstances some time will not permit. This morning however all were called in and we had a sweet season of prayer and Communion with the Blessed Lord. This all enjoyed much.

Monday night 25th Came yesterday morning and found there had been grave misunderstanding as to where the preaching was to be. Mr. Quilling was to have had a house prepared and failed to do so. Consequently, some went to Sister Quillings (Guillings?) and some did not come at all - so we failed to have any preaching at all. I took dinner with Mr. Morris Quilling. After dinner I walked down to Mr Sam Lenox and found that nearly all of the men in the community had been fishing all day; desecrating the Sabbath Day; and these people claim to be of the first water - to wealthy and grand to stand in need of the Grace of God "how hardly shall a rich man enter the Kingdom of Heaven". I found Mr. Lenox alone but later in the evening Miss Adda and Miss Aggie Williford came by on their way to Pendleton. After this Mr. L. and I had the evening to ourselves and I enjoyed the social conversation very much. Stayed overnight with Mr. L. and had a good nights rest and feel very well this morning. Stayed all day with Mr. Lenox went with him out over his farm. He has a very nice good crop. Miss Ada came home this morning and had Miss Helms to spend the day with her, who is a very bright young lady, but rather wild. After dinner we had music on the pianno and violins. I came up later in the evening to Messrs. Banks & Lenox store and chatted the boys a while. Came up and took supper with Mr. Quilling where I awaited the arrival of the boat. While waiting Mr. Quilling made me a present of a nice pr. of pants which I appreciate very much. I took the boat at 7^o found Mr Joe Banks wife and sister on the boat on their way to Nashville Tenn. Sister B. has just heard the sad intelligence of the death of her mother and is very sorrowful. We have been most beautifully entertained by the boats cabin crew with beautiful singing. While at Mr Lenox on this trip I saw a strange phenomina in the shape of a lamb with six legs - two extra hind legs - which the lamb had very good use of. Mr. Luther Sullivan is on the boat and quite attentive to Miss Banks. The dude in love is a worse sight than a six legged sheep - both are silly animals. I also met Uncle Frank Malpas on the boat on his way to Watson. Mr. Fred Hun has just fixed up the mail for my office and kindly looked up my mail and found a letter for me from my old friend John Roper who is now in Kingston SC - the last one whom I was expecting a letter from. Sister Banks has just made her appearance in the ladies cabin - Do not know whether I will see her or not.

Thursday 26th I arrived at home this morning at sun up - found all well. It has been raining unceasingly all day - Rob has been complaining this

evening and Haddie is in bed with chill. The water is quite high but not out of the banks. The boat passed up this evening and had several of my old friends on board. The children are about this evening playing like little indians. The mosquitoes are quite bad and annoy very much. The locusts are making their appearance in great numbers and will overrun the country. I am not feeling very well this evening. My abcess is giving me some uneasiness.

Wednesday 27th Have been very busy all day preparing to move my storehouse and am feeling very tired. We had rain this morning but it has cleared off and we have sunshine. My breast is paining some from heavy lifting during the day. The sun is setting with a halo of glory radiating the western horizon, reflecting back his radiant light over his days pathway and the beautiful trees on either side of the river are catching the reflection on their verdant green making a scene beautiful to behold. God speaks in the beautiful and the laughing brooklet, and the sweet warbling of the forest songster, many of which I hear this evening, and in the tempast roar, and is constantly bestowing upon ungrateful man unmeasured blessings. As I sit on my front porch not more than 32 paces from the brink of the majestic Arkansas River upon whose placid busom floats a thousand fagots now, and then a large tree goes dashing by and immeasurabla smaller drift, while all nature lies quietly at repose, I am reminded of my own place upon the river of life, destined to be one of the mighty host that are floating on down the current of time, and a place to be filled by me that could not have been so effectively filled by anyone else, so let each be content to occupy his place. I notice that the smaller debris keep time with the storm rent trees.

Thursday morning May 28th Weather quite cloudy this morning and a little cool. The water has been on a stand for several days and is within 4 ft of the top of the bank. Thursday night have been hard at work all day moving my storehouse - have got it moved back and will finish off tomorrow. Had Tony Aldridge and Mr Smith and several others to help - I am feeling badly tonight.

Friday - have been in bed all day with headache - Have just gotten up and am ready for the boat. Will go up this evening to Red Fork. The day is a beautiful bright day and everything is looking lively. The children have been out since dinner and gotten some dew berries. Will have pie for supper. Received a letter this morning from Charley Snyder who is at Brinkley. The steamer Foster passed up this evening well loaded.

June 2 Have recorded nothing since Thursday 28th. Friday I went on steamer Cobb to Burnetts Landing - stopped overnight with Billy Burnett - had the pleasant company of Miss Lilly Peoples while there. Stayed Sat. night with old Bro. Burnett. Had very pleasant time Saturday with the dear good folks. Went Sunday morning to Watson where I had preaching at 11^o to large congregation. Baptised three children and took collection for conf. fund \$3.40. Took dinner at Mr. Charley Morgans - had Dr Near to call on me in the afternoon. Had preaching at night to crowded house - took 2 members into the church. Bro. C. V. Mason and wife Sister Emma Mason. Stayed overnight with Bro. Louis Watson after attending to some little business. Took horse for Red Fork. Tommy Stahl came with me having been to Watson on a courting spree. I took dinner with Col Moor after pleasant chat with the Col and Mr Wm Watkins. I went on to Mr Wm Burnetts where I spent the night and took the

boat early this morning early for home.

Wednesday 3rd - Weather beautiful today; Am feeling tolerably well. Am suffering some with my breast. Have been reading Bunyons Pilgrims Progress all day.

Thursday 4th Had Mrs. Bettie Lannon with us yesterday evening - poor girl. She is in a world of trouble. Has forfeited her claim upon her husband for further protection and now she is tempest tossed upon this friendless sea of life and is to be a mother soon. Poor girl - what in the world is to become of her. The foolishness of one woman is enough to destroy the hapiness of any number of men. I was quite sick last night. The weather is beautiful this morning and ten thousand locusts are twittering their Egyptian melody.

pg 67 Friday Was at home all day yesterday reading. Nothing of unusual event has occurred, today. The weather is quite warm. Am now awaiting the return of the boats Will start this evening for Auburn.

Monday June 8th I have enjoyed since yesterday the kind hospitality of Sister Clobe Samples and his Christian Mother. My sleep was not good during the night, not withstanding I was surrounded with everything that could conduce to comfort. Am only feeling tolerably well this morning.

pg 67 Had preaching yesterday at Auburn to large and attentive congregation. Quite a number were there that have not been to church for a long time before; we had considerable confusion with dogs and hogs - in fact a regular "hog killing time" This was all the work of the Devil and he succeeded to a considerable extent in attracting the attention of the people for a while, and I'll tell you when big fat Burt Weeks got out after them with his shower of clubs and brickbats, the dogs, hogs, Devil and all had to lite out, and we were not bothered anymore. I came upon the boat last Friday night. When we got to Pendleton we took on quite a bit of passengers among whom was Miss Aggie Williford, very low with typhoid fever. Capt. Ed Noland was in command and was exceedingly accomodating. He had a litter prepared on the boat and sent sufficient of his crew to carry her down. This young lady was stricken down through the mercy of God in answer to our prayers that the Devil might not succeed in one of his ogeries - gatherings called the dance - at Mr. Sam Lenox. He killeth and maketh alive. He humbleth and exalteth, but all is done for the good of his saints. Miss Aggie is now getting well. Mr. C. Sample is using Dr. Wooleys whiskey remedy and is proudly boasting of his success in subdueing the passion for strong drink. Thanks be to God for this wonderful discovery. The sun is shining beautifully this morning and gives promise for a pretty day.

Tuesday, came over yesterday from Sister Samples - after taking a ride over Mr C's crop, with Mr. Jimmie Burnett to Mr. McDonalds and took dinner with them. After dinner came up and called on Bro Hamersley - went from there to Bro. Weeks, and in the afternoon we had a good rain which was very much needed. Stayed all night with Bro. Weeks. Came on by the store and had plessant conversation with Mr Banks and Mr Morris after which I came on to Capt Jones where I am at now, While at Mister Bankses store heard some wonderful speculation of the condition of the heathern by the Bass Saloon-keeper of Lincoln County, and of course I gleaned some information from the

as he certainly must be good authority.

Wednesday the 9th - Came up yesterday from Mr. Walker Jones to Genl Greens - Was quite sick in the evening. Dr. Lee came in from Little Rock just in time to fix me up some medicine, and gave me to strong a solution of bromide and came near killing me. I soon threw the medicine off of my stomach and was relieved. Spent pleasant night, and am feeling better this morning - expect to preach to the convicts tonight. One of Genl Greens blind horses fell in the river and all hands are busy getting him out. I am now sitting on Genl Green's front porch viewing the beautiful landscape just in front, this beautiful. One of the convicts escaped yesterday and another is snake bitten.

pg 69

Thursday 11th did not have preaching last night on account of very heavy rain and I will remain here tonight. Am feeling tolerably well this morning. Have just been out with the Genl looking at some of his fine stock. Major Haynes the inflated man of the firm came down this morning from Little Rock and with bombastic air he takes charge of the place. Thus far I am unfavorably impressed with the gentleman. Hope I may be mistaken in the gentleman, I mean the man. Mr. Walker Jones came up this morning and I was greeted with that gineal smile that is always characteristic of the gentleman. It is a source of great pleasure to be brought into the company of gineal social gentlemen, but when we meet with one of those inflated puffed up bombastic creatures of the earth, it is a very unpleasurable position to be placed in, and I would rather cultivate the association of bears at once, but thus it has ever been from childhoods early day; but there is no joy greater than the sweet association of Christians. The Lord has (been) very good to me in this respect. The rain has been falling very hard this morning and MAJOR HAYNES has gone back to Little Rock.

Friday June 12th - had preaching last night to convicts - all seemed to be deeply interested, especially two young white men, for whom I feel a great sympathy. These poor unfortunates have a high relish for the Gospel of the meek and lowly Jesus and OH! how they make the hall ring with their songs. I took the boat this morning early, had very pleasant trip to Garretson Landing. Met with Mrs. D. Pendleton on the boat on her way to P.B. to attend Catholic Church - She is a very devout Catholic and is a very interesting lady. She carries a bottle of holy water with her. She is not religious in the Christian sence of the word - thinks there is no harm in saloons, dances, card parties, etc. Met with old sister Ramey on the boat. The people are having a picknic at Mrs. Garretsons today, a feast of the Devil, I am afraid where satan will be honored more than God.

pg 70

I am now at Bro Willises. The young folk are all gone to the Devils feast and I and the old folks are alone.

Saturday morning June 13, 85 stayed last night with Bro. Willis. Couldn't rest well for the heat and fell into musing of the things pleasant and unpleasent. The wolf has made a raid upon the lambs of the flock and some have fallen under the ban of iniquity. God have mercy upon the young people. The Eavil one has concentrated all of his forces for the downfall of the church and my heart feels so pained this morning. Sister Willises only daughter a most excellent young lady, and her two boys, all of whom are

members of the Church, were at the dance all night. The Saviour has again been betrayed into the hands of wicked men and he crucified afresh to the gratification of sensual minds - and now the fight is on. I have something to do. I will rescue these lambs or bankrupt all my resources. The best of all God is with me and I hear the still small voice of him who said to the dashing waves "peace be still" and I feel confident the victory will be mine. The morning is beautiful and alass but a cloud hangs heavy over my sky. Ommen of a severe conflict "how can one sing the songs of Gulon in a strange land.

Sunday June 14th Have had two days of delightful rest at Bro. Willises. Went last night to preach to the colored people and the congregation was so late that I could not wait for them and I came back to Bro. Willises. Long after myself and Bro Garrett Willis had returned home we heard them singing. This is one of the inconsistencies of the colored race. Had good nights rest, but my health is so wretched that I never know what it is to feel well. This morning is rather cool and I am rather expecting a good congregation.

Tuesday June 16th I am all alone at Genl Greens today and will spend a few minutes in writing up my diary. Had preaching Sunday at Bethel at 11^o. The day was very hot but had good congregation. Did not feel well and preached under some confusion but with good results. All seemed to be affected. After preaching I went back to Bro W's and got dinner. Mr. OKelly and wife were over from the other side of the river and took dinner with us. After dinner the horses were caught and Mr Rice in company with Miss Mollie and Mr. Garret Willis went with me to Hawleys Chappel. The ride was a long one and we did not get there until late. Some of the congregation were preparing to leave, but the congregation was good and I preached with splendid affect - to use the old time phrase "the slain were many". Mr. S. L., a very hard man was terihly upset. Went home with esquire Hawley and his accomplished young grandson Dr. Hawley - spent a pleasant night with them. On Monday morning I came on foot to Bro. Douglas-see, a walk of five miles and was very much fatigued. I remained there until after dinner and rested up, had pleasant and profitable time with the good people. Dr. Lee came over in the afternoon on the little engine Jumbo, and I returned in the evening. On our way out on Jumbo we had the company of a lively crew of young folks from Pine Bluff on their way to Dr. Childres at William ETT. They were a set of gay young dancers and had their music with them and the Italian Harper #. They had a party there last night and wine mingled in the spartin glee freely. Some say there is no harm in dancing but I cannot see how God was honored in that ogery of the dance. May God have mercy on these young people and the Devil loose his prey; Genl Green has gone to Little Rock.

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71 (?)

They that saw to the winds shall reap the whirlwind. Dr. C. went to (begary?) and his son is cripple for life depending upon the charity of the people for a living..

Sunday 20th have not recorded anything for several days. Am not feeling well. While up the river I had Dr. Hawley to examine me and he diagnosed my disease, abcess on the right lung; like the sainted Bascomb, my condition in some respects is embarrassing. I am paying off a debt involved through the death of my friend Mr Snyder and I am looking forward to the time when all will be righted. My own finances are not troubling me, but having to assume the obligation of straightening his affairs have involved difficulties. I would rather suffer these losses and bear this burden than for the cause of the master to suffer. I came last Tuesday from with Dr. Lee to Douglass. Stayed over night with Jimmie Burnett. Came Wednesday morning to Bro. McDonalds where I took dinner. After dinner, Bro Henry Seaman took me in his buggy to Mr. Lem Burnetts. I got there just in time to join Manuel Menard in his buggy on his way to Red Fork where I stopped overnight with old Sister Burnett. Had very pleasant time with the dear old people; had sweet presence of the spirit at family prayer - came on Thursday to Bro Billy Burnetts and took dinner with him, thence across the river and through the woods home, very much worn out, remained at home all day reading. Am preparing to go to Watson.

Wednesday 24th had preaching Saturday night to small congregation. Was suffering very much with a sick headache, and preaching was a drag to me. Stopped with Bro. A. H. McNeil Saturday night, went Sunday morning to Pea Ridge, preached at eleven to large attentive congregation. Felt tolerably well and preached with the spirit; none present, but what were tearful hearers. Mr. Green Furguson of Red Fork who used to be the saloon keeper at that place was over-powered with the spirit. Some of the good people came to the ground prepared to have dinner on the grounds, but the majority failed to do so, and we had only one service. Went down and took dinner with Bro. Coopwood, where quite a number of the good people assembled, and spent quite a pleasant evening - went up late and spent the night with Bro. Jones who has been quite sick for some time. Had most interesting time with Bro. J. and family. Had read sweet communion at family prayer at which time one of the little girls was made happy and shouted. On Monday I came on to Bro. Stahls and spent the night with them and came home Tuesday morning early.

Tuesday had good nights rest and am feeling very well this morning. We had fine rain and everything looks cheerful, notwithstanding the people of this community have wronged me out of hundreds of dollars, and are paying the debt with ingratitude. Still my faith in that God will not let me and my little ones and their angel mother suffer. Have recently witnessed the marriage of one of my friends - how sad to see - brilliant woman throw herself away by giving her life to a worthless man. Mrs. Chidester and her little boys have just come down and we have had some music.

Friday 26th the night was quite cool, but on account of my bad health did not sleep well and I am feeling bad by this morning - the rain has been falling in showers all day. Am feeling some better tonight. Mamie has gone home with Sister Chidester and I always miss her when she is gone. She is my great comfort.

Saturday morning June 27 The rain has passed away and the morning has dawned upon us with golden splendor. Had a very restless night and am not feeling very well this morning, but it matters not about my feelings I must

4 be about the Masters business and fill my appointments. A minister cannot stop to consult his feelings or inclinations for he is the ambassador of better things than can be obtained by the secular condition of life and his congregation would be just as much disappointed if he were at home with a case of measles as if he were reveling and feasting, so there is but one thing for the preacher to do and that is to go, but how seldom do we hear the people say pray (psy?).

July 1, 1885 last Saturday I went to Red Fork on my way to Pendleton. Had a disagreeable walk as far as to Red Fork then I got in a buggy with one of the colored gentry and went to Billy Burnetts where I was engaged all day helping Billy in his store. In the evening Sister Morgan with all of her family came over the river. Had not seen them for a long time and was very glad to see them. Old Bro. Burnett took the boat in the evening for Memphis where he was going to have his eyes treated. Don't think he will accomplish anything, but spend some of his money. Sunday morning got a horse from Billy Burnett and went to Pendleton where I preached at eleven to about 20 or 30 people under the branches of a large tree, went home with Sister Quilling and spent the night. All day on Sunday, the store of Banks and Lenox was crowded with a gang of men gambling - if the devil don't get them it won't be their fault.

pg 75 Monday, I went to Lem Burnetts and spent the day, went fishing and caught some nice fish. I came on to Red Fork on Tuesday, stopped on the way and took dinner with Bro. Jackson. Stopped Tuesday night with Col. Moore who has been quite sick but is getting better. Sister Cawley and her daughter came in the evening to take the boat and we had quite a pleasant time. We took the steamer Foster this morning, Sister C. for Friar's Point and I for Poynter, where I am at this writing.

Poynter, Friday July 3rd have been quite close to home for two days, the weather is very warm and I am only feeling tolerably well. The steamer Cobb passed up yesterday and I saw old Bro. B. on his return from Memphis. No cure for his eyes.

Wednesday July 8th I went to the quarterly conference of Auburn circuit on last Saturday at Pea Ridge and walked a distance of 8 miles and was pretty well worn out when I got there. Found Bro. John H. Riggin on the ground awaiting congregation. Had preaching at eleven o'clock to splendid congregation. After dinner which was prepared on the ground we had quarterly conference, after which we started home with Bro. Coopwood and was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and got a good wetting; stopped with Bro. C. Saturday night, went with Bro. Riggin to his buggy to Church Sunday morning and found the people gathering in wagons, buggies, horseback, on foot and every other way. The house was crowded and we had one of Bro. Riggins best discourses, and of course it was grand - from the text of "Mary hath chosen that good part". We had most profitable communion, quite a number took the sacrament, more than 20 took communion, and good Bro. R. seemed to be almost translated. He was surprised to find away down there in the land of saloons, gamblers and negroes so many Christian people, and my own heart was made to rejoice to see the work of my hands prospering so for the blessed Master. After the communion Bro R. took collection for Bishops fund and collected the whole amount and something over for the P.E. The congregation was dismissed and we went

out under the shade of the trees and partook of a feast of good things prepared by the good people of old Pea Ridge. After dinner and a rest of an hour we had another sermon by Bro. R. upon the subject of Christ' temptation. In all we have had a most enjoyable and profitable quarterly meeting. We returned and stayed all night with Bro. Coopwood. Monday morning we came to Bro. Stahls and took dinner. Had very pleasant conversation with some of our young converts relative to christian duty; and in the evening we went to old Bro. Burnetts and spent very pleasant night. Bro. Jones, Bro. Burnett and myself have made arrangements to go to Searcy Springs as soon as we can get off.

Tuesday morning Bro. Riggin took his departure for Hallers (?) Chappel and I went to Billy Burnetts where I took dinner, waited until the cool of the evening and walked on home, tired and worn out, to find that several of my family had been sick and crop in the grass.

Thursday 9th the morning is beautiful and clear. Had bad nights rest and do not feel well this morning. Have just straightened up mail matters, and am getting ready to start to Garretson. I am sitting on our little front porch this morning where the breezes can come dashing around the river curve and leave its quiet kiss on my fevered brow and cheek, while to my right are several roses of beautiful hue looking up so cheerfully as if they would like to tell me something. I have read all of my papers and answered all of my correspondence and will devote the rest of the day until boat comes reading my Bible and religious studdies, and will bid my diary goodbye until I return.

Thursday 28th I took the boat this day two weeks ago on my way to Garretson to fill my appointment there on the second Sunday. The weather was exceedingly warm and very pleasant trip up on steamer Cobb. The Capt and crew were very attentive to my wants. Arrived at Garretson on Friday morning and took dinner with Capt. Ware, went down after dinner and spent the evening with Bro. Willis, returned and spent the night with Capt. Ware. Sunday was one of the holiest days I ever experienced. At eleven we went to church, took with us Mr. Estus who professes to be a Deist, but Mr. E. was as much interested in our discourse as any of the congregation and had many good things to say of our sermon, so we hope some good was done. Had only tolerably good congregation owing to hot weather. After dinner at Capt Wares the good Capt with his little ones took me in the buggy out to Sister Jacksons four miles from Garretson to the RR where I stayed until Tuesday. Sister J. is an Episcopalian and don't draw very far from the walls of christianity alas for the devils systems; thought they are very nice people only want religion. Miss Henrietta is a young lady of most excellent qualities and her son - though their some things said about him - seems to be a most excellent young man, I have enjoyed my visit with them very much. On Tuesday, I took train for Grady where I had preaching Wednesday night at Hawleys Chappell. Had splendid congregation, some of the people coming from Varner station. Dr. Billings was there and said I sat down on him because I said the congregation of the present time reminded me of what the congregation would be in the great day to those who seek the dark corner of the house here would be cast into the dark corner there, the Dr. came out and those who came forward and sought the light here would seek it there; the Dr. happened to be in one of the dark corners, while at Hawleys I stopped most of the time at old Bro. Hawleys - the old gentleman was once a prominent member of our church at P.

Bluff, but has very much fallen from grace. I stopped overnight with Sister Emma Cole a good Catholic sister, and was very nicely entertained, enjoyed myself very much while there, considering my state of health.

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I came on Thursday to Varner station on the train and came out to Bro. Douglasses and stayed Thursday night. While there I got acquainted with Mrs. Porter, old Sister Lees daughter. Her husband is a professional gambler and sport. Came in on Friday to Genl Greens place, and had quite a time with the engineer on the _____ who wanted to collect fare. Had good preaching to the convicts and spent pleasant night. Came on Cobb Saturday in company with Dr. Lee to Douglass. Stayed Saturday night with Sister Douglass had preaching on Sunday to small congregation. The weather is so hot the people won't turn out. Went and spent the night with Mr. McDonald Sunday night. Had good singing until late, and have enjoyed splendid religious season with dear old Bro. Seamans my old local Bro who is one of the greatest men I ever knew. Spent the morning Monday with Jimmie Burnett while there I met Fred Inman, one of my old friends. Went up and took dinner with Emmett Lee, where I spent the night, took steamer Foster Tuesday morning and came home, arrived before night and found Mamie and Lute quite sick, and trouble at hand.

Saturday 24th had two beautiful showers yesterday and everything looks refreshed today. The weather is quite warm. Mamie was quite restless last night and I slept but little and am quite drowsy. Dr. Peoples came over this morning on visit to Mrs. Betty Lemonds and called to see us and left some medicine for the sick. Sister Mattie has been with us all day.

Wednesday 28th I went to Wm Watkins with Mr. Lannon last Friday evening and stayed all night with them. Met with Mr. P. McCadden and spent a very pleasant night with exception of ungentleman treatment from Walter Watkins, a nephew of Wm Watkins, which I paid no attention to. I went on Saturday to Billy Burnetts but found him away from home and went on to old Bro. B. and spent the day. Came back in the evening and spent the night with Billy. Got horse from him Sunday morning and went on to Pendleton - preached at 11^o to very good congregation - after preaching went Sister Porters and took dinner. Her husband was at the saloon all day, drunk, nevertheless, we had very pleasant day. Bro Jackson & Sister Jackson were there and I went home with them in the evening and spent the night. Came on down and spent the day Monday with Billy Burnett. Lem and his family were down and the old Bro. Burnett and Sister B. were there, and Sammie Morgan, so we had quite a gathering. Night. Another day has passed, and all nature seems to be exhausted from the overpowering heat. Have never seen hotter weather. No chance for rest but am thankful all are well.

g 79

Wednesday Aug 5th Have not recorded anything since Friday last. Went to Watson last Saturday. Took supper with Mrs. Dave Alexander. Had preaching at 7^o to small congregation. Dr. Nears brother from Missouri was there. Was very much affected at our remarks relative to his Bro's funeral service to be on the 5. Sunday stayed all night with Mr. Alexander. Dr Nears was killed not long ago by his mule running away and throwing him out of his cart. His brother is down on business of his estate. Went to Pearidge Sunday morning, preached at 11^o to large and attentive congregation. There was great manifestation of the spirits presence with us. After service returned to Bro. Coopwoods and took dinner where quite a number of the good people stopped

over in the evening. I went over to Sister Irbys and stayed all night. During the night Sister Irby was called away to see her Daughter Sister Best, who was taken very sick suddenly. We went over Monday morning and Bro Coopwood and I called on her, came back to Bro Coopwoods, and took dinner and in the evening came to Billy Burnetts and spent the night where I met Bro. Almond and all his family. Tuesday morning I went to old Bro. Burnetts to the reunion of his family to celebrate the old gentleman's 75th birthday. All of his children and grandchildren were there. There was 33 in attendance and we had a most sumptuous dinner and plenty of mellons, one weighing 46 lbs, the gift of his son, Lemuel. This old man is one of the pioneers of Ark. Methodism. In his house, the same that we took dinner in, the first Methodist preacher held service on the south side of the Arkansas River, old Uncle Jackie Harris, the father of our Ben-- (?), cut his way through the Kane from napoleon and reached Bro Burnetts and preached in that same little log house which has since been enlarged, and added to. As we sat at dinner we could look just across the river to where two large Cottonwood trees stood, and see the very spot where fiftyodd years before they had plighted their faith, either to other, and in all those long years they had gone hand in hand to bless the world with their presence and substance and now their old days become holcyon as they are surrounded by their generation, whom they have served by the will of God and are sweetly preparing to gather up their feet from the walks of man, and tread the paths of eternal joy amid the celestial fields of their Heavenly Fathers domain. This writer sat just to the right of the dear old people and we felt as if we must be drinking in the atmosphere of the profits - the old man is now getting large and fleshy, weighing some 240 lbs, his eyes are dim, his long gray beard like that of Aarons hangs well down giving him quite a patriarchal appearance. Sister B. who sits by his side is of medium size - she has been a wonderfully industrious woman in her day - having a faithful Mothers care over her household, and watchful of their best interest ever imprinting by her own Godly life lessons indelable upon their boys and girls whom God has given them to bless their home, and the dear old soul's faith in her saviour is such that she does not worry much over the _____ or shortcomings of her boys - they are a little inclined to be wild, but she says in due time her prayers will be answered and she musn't worry the Lord with such cares for he has already promised that whatsoever ye ask in my name if ye ask in faith ye shall have it, and she is at ease. Never a preacher came to this part of the country that didn't have a home at Bro and Sister Burnetts. It has been the oasis in many way worn preachers lives, but we will have more to say of them in the future. I came on home in the evening and found all well. The banks are caving very badly. When not engaged on my work I become gloomy. Have had headache all day and now at this writing am feeling very badly. The weather has been excessively hot, but is a little cooler of nights.

Friday morning Aug 7th Started to Garretson feeling very badly. Stopped at Lem Burnetts and took dinner, after which I felt better and went on my way to Auburn. Stayed overnight with old Bro. Seaman. Saturday took horse for Garretsons, stopped at General Greens and took dinner. After dinner I went on and called on Sister Joe Garrett, spent an hour very pleasantly, and went on to Sister Lees and spent the night very pleasantly. Old Sister Lee from Auburn was there and her son the Dr.

Sunday morning started soon for Bethel. Stopped at Bro Willisses and got cool drink. From home to Bethel is a distance of 50 miles. I found a large congregation awaiting me. Preached over an hour to as interested a congregation as I have ever seen. All eyes were damp. Went home with good Capt Charley Hansen and took dinner and spent the night. Monday went and spent the day with Capt Wair where I met with Mrs. Mary Stillwell. Went in the evening to Bro. Willisses and spent the night. Went Tuesday and spent the day with Mrs. Dennis near Sarassa. Spent the night with them. Had rain Tuesday night - the first for some time. Crops are looking fine. Went Wednesday to Hawley's Chapple and stayed overnight with Bro. James Hawley. Had preaching at night to large congregation. A young lady from P.B. was very much interested. Went Thursday and took dinner with Bro. Douglas. Spent pleasant day with Bro. D.'s family and Sister Pendleton who was on a visit. Went at night and preached to convicts at Cummins. Had splendid meeting. Two of my convict congregation have taken their flight to the borne (?) - from whence no traveler er'r returns; how sad; one white and one black, one with congestion, the other was drowned while bathing. Came on Friday and took dinner with Mr. Walker Jones; and spent the night with Bro. Emmet Lee. Went Saturday and took dinner with Jimmie Burnett. Went in the evening and spent the night with Bro. Seamons, my dear old sainted Bro. Sunday morning went to Auburn Church - had good congregation and a good time. Bro. S. did the shouting, and preached in evening to full house. His text, "to every man according to his several ability" went up. Bro. S. and I took dinner with Sister Hamersley. Spent the night with Sister _____ Sample and took dinner on Monday with Lem Burnett. Came on in the evening, after hard trip, and spent the night with old Bro. Burnett, where I met with my old friend Major Massey, from Little Prairie, and Sammie Morgan. We sang and I played on the piano: and some young ladies came in to hear the music. Came Tuesday morning home, and found all well, and gave to God - thanks. I bought me a new saddle at Billy B?

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Wednesday 19th the weather fair and warm and home for a few days - I will have the joy of the company of Haddie and the little ones this dear cheerful little soul, so patient and forbearing, never a word of complaint. I often think how I would love to have her with me, but the little ones and the cares at home are such that she couldn't leave them and she doesn't seem to care to go; she attends to the business of the Post office, and receiving freight, and all the other business while I am away, and sometimes she picks up and goes to some of the neighbors and spends the day; her delight is in her home. She seems to be the general favorite of everyone who knows her, so sweet and gentle in her disposition she is like a sweet little gleam of sunlight where ever she goes - truly one of the Saints on Earth; is my precious wife. The Lord has better things in store for her.

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Friday 20th Started early in the morning for DeWitt, a distance of 27 miles, stayed at my old friend Joe Hibbards and got dinner. The family were all gone fishing so we had it all to ourselves (Bro. H. and I). After dinner and a good rest I went on to DeWitt, got there sometime before night, and had the pleasure of seeing many of my friends. While there I was summoned to answer the charge of R.W. Caskin, in a suit for some fruit trees. Bro. Russell has taken charge of the suit, and all the Town are indignant. The trees were some my partner Mr Snyder purchased before his death which were not delivered until long after his death and after I had notified the parties of his death

and not to send the trees, however, he sent them and then instituted suit against me for the trees; but of course this suit was thrown out. I spent Saturday with my Bro. Capt Jesse P. Poynter and my friends. Sunday at 11^o I preached at the M. E. Church to good congregation and at night had a crowded house. Went and spent the night with Bro. Barker, had preaching again Monday night to good congregation. Started home Monday morning passed Col. Richardson's schoolhouse, stopped and spent a while with him. The Col. is one of the phenomena of life - he was once one of the great men of our country, was Secretary of State under Mr. Buchanan, President of the U.S., but alas he has fallen whisky, the same old rock that has wrecked so many useful lives. Came on and took dinner at Bro. Hibbard - found all at home - came on in the evening and turned in at Phocion Jones out of the rain and spent the night. Came on home this morning and found all well, and now for a few days of rest.

Thursday Aug 26th - had restless night last night - not feeling well, and suffering some with my afflicted breast. Have read one of the inimitable Lem (?) Jones sermons which to some extent revived me up; have read several of the Psalms and feel somewhat spiritually ? .

Laura Hugo came down this morning. Was very glad to see the little crippled girl - she is a very bright girl. Sister Mollie came up today and we have had pleasant day.

Friday 27th - today has been attended with some of the novelties of life. Have been entertaining company all day of a pleasant nature.

Saturday 28th Came to Watson where I have had services at the old Court-house. The house was full and I called for penitents, several came forward, among whom were my friend Dave Alexander. After the service he came to me and told me he was very much in earnest, and says if I can preach catholicism out of him I can preach Methodism into him. I told him I only wanted to preach Christ into him. Had to leave Monday morning to go to Dewitt on some business. While there I had my teeth extracted and bled very much last night. I left Dewitt yesterday and came to Joe Hibbards for supper - rested a while and came on a distance of 13 miles home. Got home at eleven oclock and bled very much all night - rested little and am feeling badly. I left Bro. Seamons in charge of my meeting and I am to return tomorrow and carry on the meeting.

Tuesday Sept 8th, 1885 Came home yesterday from Bro. Mason Child's. Went to Watson last Thursday night expecting to have preaching but dear old Bro. Seamons had left no appointment so we had preaching Friday night. Bro Seamans preached to a good congregation. He is one of the grandest old men I ever knew - has a large place in Methodist history - was licensed to preach in Alabama many years ago by Joshua Bucher and ordained by Bishop Saul (?) Saturday night I preached and had good altar service but the rain interfered with the meeting. Sunday went to Pea Ridge and had very large congregation and the people say that I outdid myself. Bro McNeil was loud in his praise of the sermon. My friend Bro. Winters informed me that they had a fine boy at their house and his name was Robert Poynter Winters. Went after dinner and took dinner with Bro. Coopwood, and in the evening went in and took supper with Bro. McNeil. Had preaching at night at Watson - had good congregation and several mourners (?) at the altar but was compelled to close the

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meeting. Went down and spent the night with Bro Seamans at the home of Bro. Childs where he had been sick for several days - but is better now.

Tuesday, myself and Bro. Seamans went to Bro. Billy Burnets - stayed on the way at Capt. Smiths and took dinner, thence in the evening to Bro. Burnetts where we spent the night. The old Bro. will not let me leave him when he is complaining, Wednesday morning the old Bro. went on his way home and I came across home and have had a few days rest. I sometimes contemplate going to one of the Western Conferences and spending the rest of my days. The steamer Joe Peters passed up today in all his glory with quite a lot of passengers. Have had several gentlemen to call on me today. Have been expecting my friend Wash Barker from Dewitt today but he has not come. In my meeting last week I had quite a number of penitents. Some of the prominent men of the county; the clouds were hovering around in broken collections and the sunset's radiant glow seemed to be trying to light up the world in splendor. Thursday 10th - had another restless night am not feeling very well. Murky clouds overhang the face of the earth. Have just learned of the death of Dr. Peoples baby. How my sympathy goes out to them - their hearts are sad this morning and such little consolation for them. I know very well that there is no comfort to those who loose their loved ones in the Catholic Church. Am bound for Garretson tomorrow to be gone two or three weeks. Evening - As I sit this evening viewing the beautiful scenery and contemplate the grandure of nature my mind is led to aublimary (?) things this beautiful emerald shore of the majestic Arkansas River as it skirted and fringed with natures beautiful green with the beautiful rays of the golden setting sun reflecting a halo of glory over the laughing verdant with heavy murky cloud well down in the background with hundreds of little birds speckling the horizon in frisky merriment all combining to bægger discription and baffle the artist's pencil, certainly this is one of God's oasies of this beautiful world - Look upon all this beautiful scene and say there is no God. Have been out for a little while this evening hunting but it was too windy for game - returned and found Haddie and Rob both with fever. This is very Cheering indeed just on the eve of starting off to be gone two or three weeks.

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pg 85

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Friday 11th left home this morning. Swum my horse across the River and came on to Bro Woods and took dinner - Called by and saw Bro and Sister B. Met Sister M. and Sister Florence B. at Bro. Burnetts. Called awhile at Lem Burnetts and met Mr. Willis from Little Rock. Came on this evening to Mr. McDonalds where I am now. Found old Bro. Seamans at home and well. There hss been considerable rain today, but the sky is clear this evening and bids færis to be pretty weather. Am very tired having rode 25 miles and will stay all night.

Sunday morning 18th - left Bro Seamans yesterday morning. Came by and stopped at Bro. Hamersley out of shower of rain. Came on to Capt. Jones found my little friend Miss Alice very sick with pneumonis - Hope she will recover had prayer with her - she seems to be very much attached to me. I knew her when she was a little baby - was very glad to see Sister Jones who has been away for so long, and little Pattie the sweet little dew drop like a sweet little thought from some fairyland or a laughing spray in the morning radiant sunlight - a gentle note in a sweet song came popping out like a playful kitten in playful glee and hugged and kissed me with such warmth of affection as to bring back a few moments in my old weary life of the past

and rejuvenate my being. After an hour spent with them I came on to Genl. Green's where I took dinner and rested awhile. Found Capt. Cunningham quite sick. The Genl. was away from home. Came on in the evening to Bro. Willis' my home while at Bethell. As I passed Sarrassa I learned that there had been a very serious difficulty at Joe Garret's saloon (do—) in which Mr. Tim Dennis was badly cut. I have no sympathy with the sufferers in such difficulties. Found Mr. Rice at Bro. Willises and spent very pleasant night. The weather is cloudy this morning. All are now getting ready for church and we will soon be off. Miss Mollie is in great confusion this morning - having two beaus to escort her to church and she cannot tell which to take. Monday morning 14th preached yesterday at 11^o to good congregation of attentive listeners. Dr. Lee was there and told me that was the best sermon he ever heard, but the Dr. happened to be in the proper frame for preaching and anything would have been good. Came on to Round Lake and preached at three. Had tolerably good congregation - one who had not heard preaching for four years - after church at Round Lake came on to Sister Lees where I met Bro. Douglass and Sister Julia Lee an old maid. Had very pleasant night and feel very well this morning. The morning is beautiful and clear.

88 Thursday 17th Came Tuesday morning by Mr. Dolph Joneses and took dinner. Sister J. was in bed sick and I came on in the evening to Bro. Joe Hawleys. After supper Bro. James Hawley and the Dr came over and we had spendid evening chat. Stayed all day yesterday with Mr. Joe Hawley and had good day of rest and sweet communion with God - these are dear interesting sweet little children - went to the church last night and had preaching to large congregation and spent the night with Bro. James Hawley. Had good religious conversation. I think the prospect is good for a good meeting. There were quite a number of Catholics at church and all seemed to be interested. Had good night's rest and am feeling very well this morning.

Saturday 19th Went Friday night and spent the night with Mr. Laudermilk and was called up before daylight. Mr. L. is one of those noisy farmers that rushes things. Went over and spent the day with Bro. Patterson. I hear good reports of the meeting Friday night. Old Bro. Williams an old Scotch Presbyterian, who is very deaf, sat near me and heard all of the sermon, and was much affected. I lay no claims to beg preaching but by the help of my blessed savior I am having fine success with this people. To God heall the glory and praise - praise his holy name. Bro Seamans came up yesterday and we had preaching last night to small congregation. The weather was quite cloudy and prevented the people from turning out - still raining this morning and I am afraid we will not have good change - we are now stopping with Bro. James Hawley and the good people are doing all they can to make us comfortable. The young Doctor is exceedingly kind and attentive. The old Capt. Hawley who has been very badly back slid came up last night and gave us his hand for prayers. Bro. Seamans preached one of his best.

9 Sunday morning 20th Had most splendid meeting last night - many kneeling for prayer. Bro. S. preached again - one of his good ones - what a grand old preacher he is. The Dr and I went yesterday and killed nice mess of squirrels. I was taken quite sick yesterday evening with sick headache and was not able to do much in the meeting last night. Am feeling very badly this morning and have to preach today - - to the children. We have had rain the two past days but the morning is fair and I am expecting

large congregation. Monday 21st I went last night and stayed with Bro. Joe Hawley and Bro. Seamans with Bro. James Hawley. We had most excellent meeting - crowded house. Bro Seamans preached on the Resurrection and had a number of penitents - three joined the Church. At 11^o had splendid congregation and I tried to preach but was so unwell that I could not and wound up the meeting by organizing the Sunday School. We came on this morning to Bro. Douglasses to dinner where I am at, at this writing.

Friday morning Sept 24th Stayed last Monday night at Mr. McDonalds, came on Tuesday morning and took dinner with Lem Burnett. Came on home in the evening and found Mr (?) Wash and Charley Snyder at my house. Went Wednesday night to camp meeting at Shed on Little Prairie and had to preach.
e Called for mourners - had about 30 to come forward. The steamer Joe Peters went up Wednesday. Mr. Joe B and family were on board. Mr. Snyder left on the boat (old Grandpa) who has been with us for so long - we regretted to see the old man leave - he is one of the most saintly old German Characters I have ever known. Went back to the shed last night - had large congregation and I preached the best I could under the embarrassing circumstances. My mind has been oppressed so much of late with the burden of business and other cares that I cannot preach with the freedom I would like. Am now fixing my old storehouse into a dwelling and will move in in a few days.

September 30th Came home from Auburn yesterday. Last Friday I went by to see Mr. Green Furguson who is very sick - went on to Sister Feltz where I stayed all night. Sunday was raining - went in to my appointment at Pendleton. No one came and I went on to Len Burnetts and got dinner went on in the evening to Auburn to Bro Seamans and at 6^o married Mr. Henry Seamans to Miss Darcas Hamersley. Came on Monday to Bro. Burnetts and stayed all night, quite tired after a ride of 30 miles. Came by yesterday to see Mr. Green Furguson and found him in a dying condition. Came on home in the late evening and found all well.

0 Wednesday Oct 8th I have been putting in this week faithfully, filling up the gap of duties omitted during my absence. Before I return home and go to work at whatever presents itself am striving hard to have matters so arranged that if under the providence of God my earthly career should close I would have a home for the dear ones. Went over to Pea Ridge last Wednesday night, stopped and spent the day with Mr. Green Furguson. Came back and stayed Wednesday night with him - preached at Pea Ridge to small congregation Wednesday night - went back Thursday and preached at 11^o. Went to Bro. Coopwoods for dinner and had preaching at night, where I met dear old Bro. Seamans. Had preaching from Bro. S. went back and sat up all night with Mr. F. Came on Friday and preached at Pea Ridge and at night went and spent the night with Mr. F. Came back on Saturday and preached at 11^o. Had preaching at night to large congregation by Bro. S. We went and spent the night with Bro. Jones - was well nigh worn out - the distance from church to Mr. F. was 5 miles.

Sunday morning, went to church. Bro. S. was taken quite sick and had to be taken to Bro. Coopwoods where he remained until Tuesday morning. I preached to crowded house at 11^o. Received two into the church and baptized four - had preaching at night to large congregation and quite a number of morners. Preached Monday night to good cong. Half the cong. were at the altar. Came

on Tuesday to Red Fork with Bro. Seamans - stayed awhile with Mr. Furguson and came on home.

October 20th I have put down nothing in my diary since the 8th. I crossed the River on the morning of the 9th (?) after performing the marriage ceremony of marriage between Mr. S. D. Hughes and Miss Ellen Chideater - went over to Capt. Rogers in time to join the funeral procession of Mr. Green Furguson and preached the funeral at the grave, after which I rode to Auburn a distance of 30 miles in afternoon and found no congregation and went on to Mr. Joe Banks where I spent the night - spent a few pleasant moments Saturday evening with Sister B. Went in to Genl. Greens to dinner, spent an hour very pleasantly with Genl Green, slipped off & left the Genl sitting in his chair asleep, went in the evening 7 miles to Bro. McClays and spent the night. Sunday morning was beautiful and clear and we all went to Bethel to church - 9 miles. Preached at 11 oclock came to Bro Willises to dinner. After dinner went to Round Lake preached at 3 oclock. Went home with Sister Lee and spent the night. Had preaching

pg 91

Spent his birthday 10/23

Monday night

etc etc

Collected 46.00 at Douglas

pg 92

Went to B. Burnetts and bought quite a lot of nice things for the dear ones at home. Sent them by my nephew Lute. Paid Billy 25.00 on account.

Went to Pendleton found congregation at Artist Gallery, sad comment, and at the saloon. Pendleton is one of the - - - - of modern times.

Post of Ark steeped in sin

pg 93

What a comfort it is to have our little diary to whom we can confide our most secret thoughts and give expressions of gratitude to God.

Shipped some cotton on steamer Cole.

pg 97

Visited Sister Mrs. Mollie Barnes. Had fun with Tommie killing mink in henhouse.

Tommy complained all night with rheumatism.

1885
pg 99

Went to Arkadelphia on train for Annual Conference.

pg 100

Description of beauty of Little Rock scenery from hill above Union Station.

Sent back to Auburn Circuit

Got off train at Varner

106

I am tempted to rest for a year from the ministry and try and accumulate something for my family. The support of the ministry is so megar that it

demands the sacrifice of every comfort for them.

pg 117 Married Chas Wallace to Miss Jimmie Coose at Coose homestead.

pg 125 Wednesday May 12 Perhaps it may be wrong for me to chronicle all my little moments of despondency, but this necessary to a true Journal of one's life - None have had all sunshine and no clouds. Am feeling very unwell this morning. I cannot account for the terrible depression of spirit that comes over me sometimes. Oh! how I pray the good Lord for more of the comforting influence of his spirit.

pg 130 My present circumstances are such that sometimes I become very gloomy - finances low and heavy claims upon me. The people seem to but little concerned about my pay but are loud in their demands upon me for preaching and visiting.

pg 156 May 22 We are moving to upper place.

Bro Jesse just left - my only Bro, whom I would so much delighted to have seen.

pg 169 Jan 18, 1887. I am about to take up my diary once more after a lapse of so long a time during which I have been called upon to pass through some of the severest afflictions possible for human to endure on Earth. On the very day of my departure for Hot Springs, the 14th day of Dec 1886, my precious little wife fell a victim to devouring flames while endeavoring to put out some fire that had gotten out into the grass. She took fire and was burned to death almost immediately. I received no intelligence of it, however, until I reached Pine Bluff where I received a message from my friend Tommie Stahl. Telegrams had been sent me at both Hot Springs and Little Rock and I failed to get them which was a merciful providence for I could not have gotten home any sooner than I did and would have been under the greatest pressure of grief. I received the intelligence before leaving P.B. and what a cloud of sorrow seemed to encompass me. My life from that time to this has been a blank, but I am striving to be reconciled to the wisdom and will of the Lord. My little Mamie & Robbie were terribly burned about the hands and arms but we hope not seriously. This episode is too greivous to undertake to explain and we will try and forget as much as possible.

pg 169 bottom Jan 20 - All night long the wind blew and I lay brooding over my sad misfortune and it seems I will never get over my sorrow. We have moved to our place and are trying to get things straightened up so that my little ones can have a comfortable home. All day yesterday we worked driving pump but have got no water. I received mail today in which I received many communications of condolence but they were only reminders of my sad trouble. I appreciate the expressions of sympathy and love from my Brethren.

pg 170 My beloved Presiding Elder at the suggestion of Bro. McNeil and Coopwood agreed to release me from the work but of all things this would have been the worst. I could not have stood the pressure with nothing on hand to occupy my mind, and I so expressed to him and am going on with my work. The weather is quite cloudy and threatening rain. Last Sunday I filled my appointment at Pea Ridge and Watson to good congregation. I am sent back for another year

to my old work "Auburn Circuit". Returned home Monday morning.

Tuesday Jan 25th. With what a gloom of sadness I undertake the task of writing up my diary. Time rolls on with sluggish wing and though all seems to conspire to make me content I cannot reconcile myself to my lot. When away from home there is a constant nagging to be at home and yet when I start to go home, my heart revolts at the task, for she who has ever been the light of our home is gone and there is a voice so dark, and I am so dreary. Oh! God, the help of thine who trust thee, help me, in this my saddest hour. Have just returned from trip up the river to fill my appointment at Auburn. Had tolerably good congregation Sunday, notwithstanding the weather was bad. Went Sunday and called on Sister Banks who is quite sick. Returned and spent the night with Jimmie Burnett. Stayed last night with Capt Rodgers and Saturday night with Emmet Lee. Came on down Monday and took dinner with Capt Rodgers and found that Sister R. had added a new boy to the family and the Capt. was as merry as a spring song. Came on down and spent the night with Tommie Stahl, and am now at home. Clouds are hanging thick and threatening storm. All are well at home and seem cheerful. We have just had refreshing season of grace at family prayer and little Mamie has just kissed me goodnight.

1 Wednesday 26 Have been putting in the day quite busily and am quite tired tonight. Went out this morning and myself and two little boys cleared up more land than the rest of the force would in two days. After dinner I went hunting but killed nothing - and now the children are after me for some money. Tom and Rob are on a rug at t___ trade. Tom has bought Robs trap and I have to furnish the money. Today while clearing twice Rob got very tired and wanted to know if dinner wasn't ready.

Saturday 29th For three days I have been at home and hard at work clearing ground. Am trying to get my place in good state of improvement. We have had considerable rain - the wind now from northwest and clear and cool. All are well for which I feel very thankful. Mr. Shelby Whiting was with us and took dinner yesterday.

ancing
sin Friday Feb 4th 1887, the morning is cool and cloudy, sleet on the ground. Was at Pearidge last Sunday and had good congregation and at Watson tonight with crowded house. Spent the night at Mason Childs. Some of my members while I was away went to dance but when I returned were sorry of it and last Sunday made acknowledgement and asked to be forgiven - so the matter has been settled. Bro Morgan has been down working on my old house and I am trying to get things in comfortable shape.

172 Feb 4th Left home this morning and have been riding all day - Came by way of Ark Post and am now at Mr. Roundtrees where I have had dinner. The saloon men of Red Fork are somewhat got their bristles up at something I said last Sunday, but I will say more than that. It is my first visit to these dear young people who a short time ago I united in matrimony. Truly delightful is the prospect of future happiness where connubial hapiness sits enthroned upon the hearts of two young people like these. The young bride complete in the facilities of the good wife. With skillful hands deftly touching here and there. The culinary, as well as entertaining comportment turning everything into light and sweetness while the stalwart young

Husband blessed with vigor and health weilds his strong arm in the great battle of life and successfully combating all opposition. Who wouldn't with such a charming inducement. May God in his infinite goodness crown them with youthful hapiness and usefulness. I left Mr. Jimmie Burnetts Saturday morning and came on to Auburn and collected the boys. On the steamer Joe Peters while they were loading on quite a lot of cottonseed, I was invited to stay till after dinner and did so. I met Sister Haines of Little Rock on the boat but could not enter into conversation with her. My own poor heart was so sad to see others enjoying themselves so much. Old John Goode the drunken whiskey drummer from Memphis was on the boat in all of his hilarity and gusto. Notwithstanding he is just out of his bed from a severe hurt he sustained on the C__ not a long time ago.

Bro Ware and I had music on the piano and singing last night and I have enjoyed myself as much as I could under the circumstances.

Feb 12 1887

We had pleasant evening singing and music but all this does not chase away the gloom that constantly haunts me everywhere I go. My precious martired little wife comes before me and I cannot drive away the terrible sadness but we have no time to waste.

Sat 26th Tom and Lute came after me and reported Mamie very sick. I came on and found her bad off with rheumatism. Have been by her bed day and night since. I think she is some better this morning but is too bad for me to leave her to go and fill my appointment. Weather is very bad and I am bothered badly about my business. My expenses are great and work going on slowly.

Sun 27th Since last Thursday have been sitting by the bedside of my little Mamie and I have lifted her about until I am nearly worn out. And my greatest cross is having to miss my appointments. My health has been bad for some time and I am feeling badly today.

Monday 28th I have just returned from Billy Burnetts where I have been after some groceries. Have sent another bill to Memphis for supplies. I brought my old gray horse home this morning by swimming him across the river at least a half a mile. Have just returned home with him and all the children are glad to see the dear old horse. He is like one of the family. I suppose the old horse has journeyed with me not less than 50,000 miles and is good yet. Last night I rested some. Mamie was screaming all night with rheumatism.

Tuesday March 1 - Mamie some better for which I am abundantly thankful --- Mamie is suffering yet very much requires nearly all my attention. Went this morning to see Dr. C. but failed to see him and came home and continued my own treatment. I received postal card today from Bro. Ware in regard to quarterly conference. I am so much afraid I will not be able to attend to the conf.

I sold Dr Hawley my lower place and bought his piano and I am fixing to start this morning to P.B. to attend the meeting.

I had to conclude the service both nights. I saw some native wild Indians and they do not look to be savage.

183 Friday March 18 Dr. Hawley wanted to go down and see his newly purchased place, and Lute and myself took the skiff and we went down the river to view the old place where so long I have lived in the love of my poor little dead wife. I could not stop at the old place and we passed on down the river, the overflow being over the most of the country in fact we put in the day visiting the overflowed district. Arrived at home quite tired.

g 184 Mr Redmond came up this morning and brought his violin for me to play some for them and the boys are trying their hand. The Dr has just tried his and what a stir and laugh he has kicked up. The children are laughing immoderately - Rob says he looks like he was trying to scratch his back on a fence post. He says his feet have fell over and are getting as far apart as possible. Last night was another restless night. Mamie suffers a great deal but she is up this morning and her little fingers are quite busy trying to make up some clothing and all in all we have a great deal to be thankful for.

Mamie & Uncle Will Tues Mar 21 - Mamies birthday and her and her Uncle Will are having a big time over it.

186 Fri Mar 25 Came to Red Fork. Maggie and Mamie came with me and had their picture taken. I walked on up and stoped with Billy Burnett awhile. Found him some better of his cough. Gave him a prescription from Dr. Hawley. I then came on to Tommie Stahls where I have spent the night.

poetry pg 187 "In the midst of lifes care and contentment a monster may lurk to destroy and the creature whose smiles bespeak friendship may prove to be sorrows decoy." Have just been reading Robinson Crusos work and how much of it reminds me of the misguided steps some take in life.

pg 192 Wednesday April 20th Made deed to Dr Hawley of my old place and of 60 acres deed to my nephew D. L. Harper. I took dinner with my friend Billy Stuard. Enjoyed the visit very much. Came on home with my friend Sam Lennox.

pg 193 Came home by my old place. Had to take a journey of 15 mi. to get home. Left the prairie just at dark and had to pass through a very dark swamp, arriving at home at 9^o - - - Will have to go to Ark. Post to settle the taxes of Barnes and Harper. (These were his sisters)

June 1887 Visited Snyders in Brinkley and stayed over a week preaching and visiting. (Went on train to PB then Brinkley).

pg 204 Bro in Dewitt Aug 1887 Went to St Charles on White River to Dist Conf. Took Mamie with me to Dewitt to spend the week with her cousins. Spent the night with Bro. Jesse.

215 Monday, Oct 3^d 1887 - Weriied and worne, I take up my diary and though the morning is most gloriously resplendent and all nature aglow with quiet peaceful repose, yet I am exceedingly languid and depressed. I feel the blessed peace in my soul that makes us happy under the most trying circumstances. I left Capt. R. Saturday morning feeling tolerbly well and called on my way up on Sister Lee, with whom I had most delightful conversation. There I learned of the death of young Jimmie Richardson who died last week. A sad death. I took dinner with Bro. John Lee at Douglasses and rested. In evening I came on to Bro. Chas. Rices and spent the night very pleasantly. Met two gentlemen from Monticello. Two sinners but Oliver Min ? Bees.

Sunday morning started early to Bethell. Arrived at 10^o and found good congregation. Preached and opened the door of the church and two joined. We then went to the Lake where I baptised by immersion three saved souls. I took dinner with Capt Young and went on to fill my appointment at Hawley's Chapple, a distance of 9 miles, at night. Met Bro Laudermilk, a protestant Methodist Minister and had him to preach for me.

Tues. Oct 4^h We have another pretty morning. Spent the night very pleasantly with Bro. Law. Had preaching last night.

Thursday Oct 6^h I left Bro Law's Tuesday morning and came by Bro Douglas-
ses, learned of Miss Margie's return from Eureka. I went on to Dr. Pendle-
ton's where I rested awhile and took dinner. I called on Sister Lee in
evening. Had profitable conversation, then came on to Col. Richardsons
and spent the night, their family in great distress over the death of Jim-
mie who died with every symptom of Hydrophobia. I came on from there to
my old friend Capt Rodgers, took and rested. N. R. Rodgers was up in his
hack and I came on home with him and found Mattie very sick and have spent
the night with them. I will have to go from here and see Miss Sallie
Graves who is very sick below Watson.

Friday Oct 7^h Sat up until late hour last night with little Allie Coop-
wood. Went yesterday to Red Fork but could not get across the river.
Took dinner with Mr. Miller after which I came on to see little Allie.
The weather cloudy and threatening rain.

Saturday Oct 8^h A beautiful morning. I was up early and as it is the
first time I have spent the night at home for nearly two weeks, have con-
cluded to take a stroll in the woods up the levee some half mile in the
midst of a dence forest. What a recreation to both the physical and men-
tal man. I came yesterday from Bro. Coopwood's to Capt Smith's and took
dinner and went and called on little Gussie Appurson who is very sick.
Came on over home in the evening and found all up and work progressing
well.

pg 216 Am preparing to build my new house. Cotton all opening beautifully and
picking going on. I am now at Rice Rodgers on my way to Pearidge. I
came over the river this afternoon. Started to go to Bro Jones on the

ridge but the little girls Mattie and Laurie have confiscated my horse and buggy and took a ride. Mattie is just convalescing from her severe spell of sickness, and of course, I could not refuse her. On their return, Mr. Jake and I took the little girls a boat ride on the beautiful lake and enjoyed the ride very much.

Song - later set to music

"Oh solemn thought that pains the heart
and sends a thrill of anguish deep
Into the soul at thoughts to part
with friends we ere would keep.

But so it is, the time rolls on
with silent tread nor lets us know
When from our view the loved are gone
To reap the harvest which we sow.

Then let us sow as best we can
While here with those we love so much
So that when in the beautiful land
We may feel in our souls the heavenly touch.

The touch of Grace which God supplies
And fills the soul with joy and loves
And wings us Heavenward through the skys
To join the host of God above."

pg 222

Mamie's letter to Ark. Methodist

Como, Ark., Nov. 1, 1887

Dear Editor,

I see you have a column for children. I suppose the object is for improvement of the children correspondent, and as my papa is one of your preachers and attends all of the annual conferences, I have concluded to ask you to let me write you one letter. I am 15 years old but have never had an opportunity to go to school like some of the girls who write for you, but I am studding at home and hope I will get to go to school after a while. I have to be Papa's housekeeper and, of course, do not have much time to study. My little sister, Mag is just the cutest little girl. She only nine years old, but she is a great help to me and so much company. When I am busy serving or washing she gets dinner and looks just like some little old woman. My two little brothers are also a great comfort - Tommie and Robbie - If it were not for them I don't know what I would do in my loneliness since my sweet Mama was burned to death, last Winter, while Papa was at the annual conference. It was so hard to stand by and see my poor Mama burn to death. I cannot bear to think of it. Now, I wish some of my little cousin correspondents would write to me, but I must close or the Editor will not publish this.

MAMIE E. POYNTER

222 Letter to Ark. Meth. attacking the whiskey element.

"Editor"

As I have written you nothing from my field of labor for a long time, I will now give you a few notes from this, the most Godless and churchless section of our state. Now, I do not mean to say that there are no Godly or good people in this part of the country - far from it, for in the midst of the corruptableness and Godlessness there are a goodly number of as good people as can be found in the state. This is one of the works that try the nerve of a man and vexes the rich soul of the minister who has the cause of the Master and the welfare of his fellowman at heart. My work - the Auburn Circuit - embraces all of the territory along the Ark. River between Pine Bluff and the Mississippi, embracing part of Jefferson, Lincoln, and Desha Co., and is made up of a transient class of people, some of whom are here this year and will be somewhere else next year, and other new ones will fill their place. So you see there is very little permanency, and a great many of those who do live here permanently, are merchants and most of them, saloonkeepers, and of course, a great deal cannot be expected of that class of people. I have to contend on my work with the enormous evil of fourteen saloons backed by the most corrupt system of officials that ever disgraced a country. The majority of the under officials are negroes who have neither the honor nor sense to enforce the law, and in addition to this, our Judiciary will wink at certain violations of law that would shame a Hotentot. The Judiciary endeavor to throw the blame on the Grand Jury, but are very careful to select such Grand Jury that will take no notice to certain violations of law. Consequently, every saloon is kept open all day Sunday and gambling is the order of the day. Numbers of these so called citizens have formed themselves into what they call the Class, and if asked where they are going, the answer will be they are going to class meeting - and many of the men lay claim to high toned citizenship and there is scarcely a young man in the country who has not fallen under the curse of this awful influence. What a pity for any young man to have to form the character that is to carry him through life under such an influence. It would have been better for many of them if they had never been born. This is not an overdrawn picture. I dare not do the subject justice. A man who lays claims to honesty and gentility said to me not long since, that he would rather see the anarchists of Chicago have the rains of government than that the prohibition element should succeed. A drunken gambling whiskey drummer has been here hunting up the character of one of Tennessee's best prohibition leaders. OH my! Don't that beat Harrod(?), this is the element that I have had to work with for the last ten years; and was it not for the other side of the question, and that we have many good men and all of the good women to hold up our hands, we would long since dispared, but, Thank God, I have succeeded in doing some good for the Master in the midst of all this discouragement. I have just closed a good meeting at one appointment. Had six accessions and left 15 at the altar. Had to close the meeting to go to another appointment, where we had good revival spirit but had to close on account of whooping cough and other inconveniences. My congregations are

generally good and I suppose the work is progressing as well as could be expected under the trying circumstances. From this on I will hold protracted meetings at each of my appointments, and hope to accomplish some good for the Master to whom be all the Glory. Amen.

ROBERT H. POYNTER

pg 222 - - - I have dared to attack Devil in his stronghold and the very sulphur of the lower pit are stired and my life is in danger - at the hands of the whiskey Devils in consequence of the letter I wrote - - -

pg 225 - - - Spent night at Douglass - - - some of the boys were there who were so mad at me, but treated me quite civilly - - -

- - - Jimmy Burnett was so pleased that he gave me \$5.00 for my whiskey letter - - -

- - - I came on to Watson where I am summoned as a witness in a murder case - there I met Mr. Eliot the prosecuting atty who took me to task about my letter, but like the boy who caught the coon was "mity" glad to let me go again. I found quite a number of the gambling element who were very sassy toward me. Old Dr. Chandler was very angry, but when he saw me he was anxious to make friends. Capt Smith was going to whip me but when he met me he seemed to have forgotten the matter. (He a saloonkeeper)

pg 227 - - - I made it to Col Richardsons where I stopped and spent the night and find that my whiskey letter has excited the whole country. I have never seen so much excitement over a small matter. The whiskey men are turning over Heaven and Earth to find something with which to charge me, and are using every subterfuge and lie that they can to injure me, but I thank God, they can do nothing - only show their own cloven feet - and their hellishness - and are binding my friends more strongly to me. I have certainly gained a great VICTORY. So long as they could go on unmolested all went lovely, but when I exposed them to the world, their wrath was stired. It was the first thing spoken of at Col Richardsons and the old folks, and the boys are enthusiastically rejoiced over it and stand right by me in the fight.

- - the good people are standing by me - - -

pg 228 - - - I have made up my mind that the first scoundrel who shall dare to insult me for the faithful performance of my duty shall suffer for it. My faith is in God and I do not think he will suffer me to fall under the hand of the Devils agents.

pg 235 - - - (At annual conference). Am assigned to old Auburn Circuit again and feel that I have been most wonderfully complimented, as there was no other man in the conference that could take the work in its present condition. I am looked to to hold the work up and the rest would not undertake it. I go to my work in some respects delighted and in others I go reluctantly - - -

237 Sat - Jan 14, 1888 - - - our petition failed to go through and we will have whiskey at Red Fork next year, but succeeded in getting it out at Watson.

pg 244 Fri, Mar 30, 1888 - - - I thank God my little ones are all well and now I am at the end of my written diary and shall endeavor to record the most important times and incidents intervening between that time and now. I had quite a successful year during the rest of 1888. Had some most splendid meetings and quite a number of accessions to the Church - traveled during the year nearly 5000 miles - married several couples and buried quite a number. I have stood by the grave of someone in nearly every graveyard from P.B. to the Mississippi River.

pg 245 New appointment

During this year I took in a new appointment at Newtons Chapple on Wells Bayo 9 miles West of Reedville on Vally R. R. at which place I had some splendid meetings and absorbed almost a whole Baptist congregation. Went up in December to Annual Conference after serving Auburn Ct. 5 years which was held at Camden. Bishop Key was our Presiding Bishop. My old Bro. Seasmans though very feeble insisted on going with me to the Conf. and from the first day of our journey grew gradually worse, but kept up during the conf. to its close. I succeeded in getting him back as far as P. B. and to the Parsonage at Bro. Carr's where on the second day he passed sweetly from Earth to Heaven, from labor to reward. The old Bro. died with his head resting on my bosom, his left arm around my neck. Oh! how sad was this parting to me with this dear old Bro. who had stood related to me in our ministry as Elijah to Elisha. His charriot was of heavenly fire and his end was peace. I took him to his son's home in Douglass and there by the side of his painted old wife I buried him. I was left that year without a work and free to use my time where I thought best. On my return home I found letter from parties at Loconia and during this year I had a most excellent years labor both profitable and pleasant. There had been no preaching for years and some of the children of that country, tho of the wealthy class and some of the most aristocratic people of the state had never seen a preacher nor attended a devine service. I landed at Loconia on Fri night before the 2nd Sunday in Jan 1889 at about 10 in the morning on the steamer Joe Peters. I had some difficulty in getting lodging until daylight. The first house I stayed in was the saloonkeepers house and he was yet at the saloon. His little wife not knowing who I was informed me that they kept drummers at the next house so I went on and found that every room was taken but I informed the gentleman of the house that I was a Methodist preacher, had come to see if I could do anything for them and only wanted to stop somewhere until day. At this revelation I heard a voice within ordering Will to let me in and a place was soon found for me by a young man from Miss. agreeing to share his bed with me. So if it is generally known who he is, a Methodist preacher can always find lodging. This same house proved to be my constant home for four years. Mr. Wm. Johnson lived there whose wife was a member of our church and whose

pg 246

father and mother had both been ministers for many long years. The next morning as I entered the sitting room of the family the first thing that greeted my eyes was the portrate of Bro. Geo. Donnelly who had give me my first license to exhort. I felt perfectly at home as soon as I discovered this to be the past home of my old P.E. For four years I kept the appointment at that place living at my old home on the bank of the Arkansas River near Red Fork and filling my appointment by boat as it was the only communication those people had with the outside world. As soon as that noble hearted steamboatman Major John D. Adams learned that I was filling that work he granted me an unlimited pass to travel on any of his boats. At the same time the Arkansas Packet Company gave me free transportation on their boats - so I had free access to my work by the kindness of these noble steamboatmen. May the good Lord compensate them for their kindness. They always seemed to take great pleasure in making my journey around to my appointment comfortable and pleasant. Of course sometimes there would be some jars and unpleasant things to contend with but I generally made it a rule not to look for the unpleasant but for the fair side of everything and put the best construction on everything, and soon got the good will and friendship of everyone on the boat from the Pilot to Cook and roustabout and while I had many hardships to contend with while filling that work yet I look upon it as a four years time as happily spent as at any other time during all of my ministry. During my first year at Laconia the District Conference was held at Brinkley and I attended putting in my report and from that time on I was assigned to Laconia, each year until the four years had expired. In the year 1890 we had a destructive overflow that upset all our plans. The Laconia levee broke and such suffering was never seen as was witnessed at Laconia and along the Mississippi River. My own place was overflowed deeper than was ever known before, and we were quite late in getting in our crops and my salary that year was but \$120.00. Nevertheless, I stuck to them and we had a profitable year spiritually. My finances were very badly set back by this series of misfortunes, nevertheless, I was not discouraged. Our Conference convened at P. Bluff, Dec 8, 1889. Bishop Hendrix presiding. I was continued that year on Laconia Ct. and set in with determination to exceed all my past work, but the overflow of three years was very high and there was great destruction and there was a great setback to everything.

pg 247

flood
of
'90

pg 248

My affairs at home were so badly managed by those to whom I had entrusted the business that it seemed everything would be lost. Nevertheless, I kept up my appointments as punctually as the circumstances would admit of. I had rented out my place to two young men, one of whom was my nephew, D. L. Harper. The water continued up so long that we were fearful of not being able to plant our crops and I had a most responsible and interesting enterprise on hand just at this time that must be attended to. I had engaged to be married to Miss Lela Holmes of Clark County on the Second day of April, 1890, and up to the very day of my departure the waters continued to rise and what a delemma I was in. No communication by which I could defer the day of our marriage - all mail communication being cut off and the water now up to the floor of my house and still rising and

second mar-
riage
-2-1890

there was but one alternity and that was to go on and do what I had agreed to do and trust the whole matter to God. So early on Tuesday morning, March 28th, I took the Steamer Eugene for Pine Bluff and left the little ones at home in company with their Aunt Mollie who was living in a short distance of me at the time. I landed safely at Arkadelphia on the Saturday following and found a buggy waiting for me. Bro. Colly Humphries, my wife's uncle was there and took me out, and on teh 2nd day of April we were married at my wife's fathers H.G.L. Holmes. We returned the next week to Malvern where we spent several days on our way home, my daughter Mamie keeping me posted as to the stage of the water. We started from Malvern on the following Monday, arrived at P. Bluff in time to catch the Steamer Eugene on the following Friday morning and on our way home my wife was taken violently ill with pneumonia which detained us from getting home for some two weeks. I landed her at my friend J. Burnetts where I could get medical aid so that by the time my wife was able to travel the water had sufficiently subsided to let us into our home, where we landed about the middle of April, 1890 and found things in a desolate condition but we went to work as soon as possible to get our crops in and as soon as I could I went to my work at Laconia and found them in a similar condition, everything torn up, but after a hard years work I was able to make my expenses and cleared my accounts. In '91 we had a splendid crop year and somewhat recrutred (?) our losses. I was sent back to Laconia 91 and 92. The conference met in the Winter of 90 at Monticello where I expected to go back into the conference as I had been working so long as a supply but my papers were not in order and I did not go in but was assigned my work as regularly as the other Brethren. I had another good year and all seemed to be going on very well. I was still enlarging my premises and working hard. For a start the Conference met in 91 at Arkadelphia and my application for readmission was again withheld. My friends all the time urging me to go on into the Conference. There were two or three brethren at this Conference urging the P. E. to send me to their Circuit and went away badly dissatisfied. I returned again to Laconia for the fourth year and had a successful good year during my ministry at Laconia. I preached all over the County at Dewitt, Brinkley, Arkansas City, Malvern, Pine Bluff, Memphis and up and down the Mississippi River and out through the country. In the Winter of 92 the Conference was at Magnolia and at that Conference I was almost unanimously readmitted to the Conference and sent the following year '93 to Pastoria Circuit on the Arkansas River and Altheimer R. R. a hard rundown work but during the first year I earned for all purposes \$1836.50 so I had a good year and I must say here that I made no mistake in the selection of my second wife. She has proved to be a natural born preacher's wife with the advantage of first class culture, having been raised by one of the best old Methodist fathers and mothers in all Arkansas. She has been a Mother indeed to my children and there has been nothing but warmest affection existing between them and she has been a great blessing and strength and a soft counsillar to me in all these years of our married life. She accepted her situation without a murmur. Notwithstanding we had so much to discourage in our earlier married experience, but I thank God she has lived to see the time that by hard work and

1891
Mattie
1893
Don

faithfulness to duty our condition is much better and our prospects brighter. In the Summer of '91 there was born a beautiful little girl (Mattie Jane) which was a new found treasure indeed. She brought cheer into our home and was the prettiest Idol of all. In '93 there was born to us a beautiful little boy in the parsonage of Pastoria Ct. (Leigh Donnel-son). In the Winter of '93 the Conference was held at Hot Springs and I was sent back to Pastoria Circuit. I had a good year and was much attached to the good people. While there I assisted Bro. Mills at Humphrey in a protracted meeting. Had spendid meeting. Preached funeral of Bro. O'Kelly's little boy. I also held a meeting at Kingsland on the Cotton Belt R. R. for Bro. Ridder and the second year I held meeting at River Side Pine Bluff for Bro. Wilson. During the same year I assisted Bro. Watson in meeting at Tomlins School House and had wonderful meeting. Twelve joined the first night after my arrival.

pg 251 The conference was held in '94 at Prescott Bishop Hendrix presiding. I was ordained Elder to which order I had been eligible for a number of years. This year I was sent to Palestine Circuit to succeed Bro. G. E. Parsons who had had a wonderful revival on the work. I had a good year with some 58 conversions. I built a new parsonage and left the work on upgrade. In the Winter of '95 the Conference was at Lonoke and I was sent to Lapile Circuit. J. R. Moore, who was my last P. E. of Monticello District is also moved and is my P. E. again this year. On Camden D. I find the work considerable run down and a hard years work is ahead of me. I am pleasantly situated in the parsonage at Hillsboro amongst most splendid class of good people. Have nine regular appointments and am endeavoring to arrange one or two more appointments. The measles and whooping cough have very much retarded my work. So far the whole Circuit has been swept by these diseases so that every house in the land has been in a state of sickness and anxiety, still I have kept up my regular appointments and have had at most places pretty fair congregation. The people seem to be very pleased with their preacher. Finally, the disease of measles has found its way into our family and we have had a siege. There were five of the family down and the sixth is down at this writing, but we thank God and take Cour- age none so far have been seriously ill. Our Second Quarterly Conference has passed. Bro. Moore the P. E. was with us at the first and could not be with us at the second and sent Bro. Herron (?) from El Dorado. We had a good meeting and start off with good hope.

Tuesday June 16th Have just returned yesterday from Lapile some 20 miles away where I had preaching last Sunday at eleven to crowded house. Had real Holy Ghost. Never have seen better interest. Preached on my way down to good congregation at Concord. Took dinner with good Baptist Bro. Wallace(?)

pg 252 Presched at El Dorado - took dinner with Lockhursts - bought new buggy to accomodate wife and babies.

Preached at London and Corrinth.

pg 254 Preached at Ebenezer.
 " " Concord.
 " " Oak Grove
 " " Union Church

pg 255 Aug 18, 1896 Went by land to Dist. Conf. Took Lela and the babies with me (to Stephens). Was assigned a home at Sister Harringtons - - - -

On Sun we started for Clark County - - - we stopped at Bro. Prides, a distant relative of Lela's. The third day just at night we made it in to Uncle Will Harrisses and took supper. We were near the Church where the friends were attending a protracted meeting and at night I preached. We spent the week and I preached every day. Had a fine meeting and a joyous
 pg 256 time with the dear old folks. We started home on the following Tuesday and after three days we made it in home at 10^o at night. I rested one day and started with Lela and the babies to Concord where I preached at eleven and went on to Lapile(?) 20 miles and began a meeting which lasted all the week. It was Quarterly meeting and we expected Bro. Moore the P.E. but he did not put in his appearance tho we had a most splendid meeting with six accessions - Bro O. F. Bolding and Tom Bolding and Chick Cl. _____ were great helpers to me. I arrived at home yesterday and am resting for a new start.

While at Lapile my Rob went coon hunting and fell out of a tree and broke his arm but is getting along nicely.

Sept 1, 1896 Rob is almost well. I returned home from Corrinth Friday where I have been holding a meeting since last Sunday night week. We had another splendid meeting with two valuable accessions - Bro. Graydon and Sister Cornwell. The church was generally revived. I returned home and found all well tho we have had considerable colds. - - - Preached at Hillsboro and Rhodes Chapple.

Sept. 14 Returned from Rhodes Chapple where I have been engaged in a revival for several days - - - Baptist Assoc. convened at Hillsboro and we have been quite busy for several days. Quite a number of the ministers were present and had some good preaching - on the last day and in the last sermon they gave Methodist and other denominations a stab under the fifth rib - - the meeting was quite harmonious otherwise. The association is over and we are now preparing for the camp meeting.

Sept 15 Since my last writing I held the protracted meeting at Ebenezer - had good meeting with one accession to the Church. I preached on the subject of baptism on Sunday and quite a number of the people were convinced of the correctness of affersion as Scriptural baptism. Spent the last night with Dr. Tyree and went the next day and caught nice fish. Spent the night with Bro. McCain the Baptist preacher, came home Wednesday night and worked all day Thursday on the Camp meeting grounds. We are sinking a nice well and will have plenty of water. We are nicely fixed for a good camp meeting. We had splendid rain today for the first in two months and

we hope the dry spell is over. I go tomorrow to Baskins and New London and Corrinth.

pg 258 Oct 15, 1896 I went on my trip to Baskins and New London but was rained out and did not get to preach at Baskins but preached at New L. on Sunday at 11^o - rained all day and did not get to go any further. Spent the night Saturday night with Bro. Jesse Burnside a good Baptist and Sunday night with Bro. Nabors and came on home Monday after taking old Bro. Nabors on his way to Dilalo. Arrived at home to dinner and found all well. On Tuesday went to the camp ground and went to work. On Wednesday, I sent wagon and buggy to El Dorado for Bro. Hearon and wife who landed on the ground in afternoon. I preached at 11 o'clock. Wednesday night Bro. Hearon preached to a good congregation and on Thursday Bro. G. of the M.P. Church preached a splendid sermon. Bro. Hearon did most of the preaching. Bro. Bolding gave us two splendid sermons. Our meeting ended on following Sunday night - results a general spiritual interest and four accessions all from Baptist Church. On Saturday before the second Sunday I preached at Concord. Lela was with me and was taken sick on Saturday afternoon and I was prevented from going any further that evening. So I staid over-night and heard Bro. Nabors at night. On Sunday I preached at Lapile to good congregation on the subject of baptism. Spent the night with Bro. O. H. Bolding and spent the day Tues and Monday night with Bro. Conor. Came to Concord Wednesday and found that Bro. Wilmar (Nelson? Wilson?) had lost his house and all of his affects by fire. Spent the day with Bro. Phillips and came on in evening to Bro. Capt. Stephensons(?) and spent the night. Came on home Wednesday - found all well.

pg 259 Oct 23, 1896. This day is my birthday and I have passed the half century mark. The rain has been pouring down all night and is still raining. I went last Saturday to Ebenezer - - - (stopped with Bro. Perry, Tom Jerry; Sister Thompson, the wife of our Doctor, was with me on way to her father, stopped at Bro. Hills.) Preached at Ebenezer and Rhoades Chapple on the subject of baptism. Went on and spent night with Bro. White a good Baptist and came home Monday morning in time to hear Bro. Hartley at the church at Hillsboro. Bro. Hartley has been carrying on a meeting all the week but without any visible results - it is useless to preach to a congregation that all belong to the quire with a wheezing old organ and an infidel school teacher to take part in the singing. The Devil has about as much to do with such devotion as the Spirit of the Lord. I have been carrying on a meeting this week at Forest Hill and had quite a good meeting. I only succeeded in laying the foundation to a better work in the future. Had a good spiritual time and the church greatly revived. Am now at home resting for another start next Saturday.

I spent the night before last with Bro. Carrett and at family prayer, yesterday morning we had a most delightful season of Grace. Bro. Garrett got very hapy and we had almost a shout.

pg 260 Nov 4, 1896 - - - (Visited Bro. Walton in New London, Bro Hyrum King at Corrinth, Sister Brillhart and Bro Burgess went down on Ouachita River

and visited Bro. C. John and Len Harmon. Visited Bro. Norrises and Coyett (Stepersons) came home to Hillsboro. Preached at Campshed on Sunday and quite a number of the good Baptist friends went away very well pleased. Preached at night at the Hillsboro Church - My last for the year. On Monday I spent the day at home and on Tuesday was our Presidential Election and there was a great interest in the election. Mr. Bryan carries the state, no doubt, but today brings us the account of Mr. McKinley's election - this is sad news to our Southland but carries great joy to the East and to the plutocrats of the Country and we may look for a reign of oppression for another 4 years. Our people were exceeding sad and disappointed. It seems that the day star of our hopes (?) has set. Monopoly and money will have the rule for another term of Republican administration.

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Today I got news from the old home place, and some of my lands have been taken from me by survey and no prospects of getting any rent. The people of that Country will not do to trust for anything and the more one does for them the more they expect and the less grateful they are - but all will be well in the end.

Jan 1897 - - - (at Lapile had good meeting) and we had a great shout in the meeting. Sister Nettle was there and closed with prayer. It was truly a warm meeting time - My dear old Bro. Bolding was caught into the third Heavens.

- - -

(Visited Bro. Tucker. Bro Chambleths, Bro. Brown, Bro Phillips) Went to El Dorado after Bro. Moore - - - went to Rhoades Chapple to our last Quarterly meeting. Bro Moore preached and we had dinner on the ground and quite a good congregation. The weather quite cold. Spent the night with Bro. Sorrells. - - - Went to El Dorado and attended Presbyterian meeting at night and heard Bro. Williams.

pg 262

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wages

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On 4th Sunday went to New London. We had held our Ad Jou - - - Stuarts meeting on Saturday before at Concord and made final settlement. Was very much behind in finances having received for my year's services \$206. This on account of the terrible drouth and sickness and other hinderances - - - (went to London then to Corrinth - spent night with Hyrum King - Bro Nabors at London - Went to Ebenezer and found no congregation - weather very cold but clear - Bro. Purdue and Jeff Purdue - very sick that night - Went home Monday more dead than alive - but under treatment of Dr. Stevenson I was able to start out on Wednesday to El Dorado on way to Conf. at Camden, Bishop Key presiding. We had delightful weather. I was assigned to W. H. Poynters for my home. Bro. W. J. Rogers was my roommate and was a very pleasant companion. As has been my misfortune I

was moved again and surely after no thought on the part of the good Bishop and P. E. as to my condition. As the inconvenience to which I was put having been sick for three months and only receiving for my years work \$206.00 I was surely in poor plight to undertake the most arduous and expensive move of the conference with no public communication with Lake Village or Cariola. I had to employ wagons and teams to bring me through by land, a distance of 120 miles over some of the roughest roads I ever saw at a cost of \$60.00. I came on with my wife and babies before the wagons and the girls and boys to procure a house and had some trouble in getting settled at all - and finally had to take a house directly in front of a nasty saloon - however, I am very well received and think times may be more pleasant before the year is out. I am under Bro. T(?) D. Scott as P. E. this year. I think him a most pleasant and agreeable P. E. I am located in the town of Lake Village---this is the home of Genl Dan Reynolds of Confederate fame---I find him to be much of a gentleman. We have this year only five churches but will fill two of them twice a month. This is a fine farming country but a great deal of wickedness. All night last night the gambling den was in full blast.

My wagons and children landed here on New Years Day after a four days journey - wet and tired -

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- - - I have preached 3 times in the village and congregation is growing. I have a big work to do and hope I may succeed in doing it well. The ladies of the village last week gave us a bountiful pounding - this relieving our present wants and I am hopeful of at least having a living.

Fri Jan 15, 1897. The weather cool and cloudy and while I am sitting around home I will write some more in my journal. Today was rather an exciting time in our little town. A negro was arraigned before the courts for murder. he struck an old Negro man and killed him almost instantly. He claims to have been justified. His case was referred to the March term of the Grand Jury. There is a great many negroes in this country. Today, I went to the store of Mr. Oldes and while there some of the young men of the town indulged in some very obscene jokes. This I could not enjoy and left in disgust. It seems strange to me that the children of the veritons (?) of the country should be so depraved and yet their deluded fond parents seem to think them perfection.

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(Recounts journey to Lake Village thru Moro Bay via Saline River at Longview, Hamilton Hill, town of Berea, and town of Marrell, up RR 5 miles to Hudspeth, to Dermott, & Lake Village Road, over a deep bayou that came up into the buggy) I took Lela and the babies over one at a time on a log and then drove in. Old Dolly brought me through all right. (Then went through a Cypress brake about a mile in width the water up to the buggy bed most of the way with just room between the cypress knees for the buggy to pass and we had to keep splashing through. The little ones were nearly frightened to death, but after awhile we came out with thankful hearts into the Dermott Road which for several miles was mud to the axles. Start

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for my first rounds on a new work. Will start in the morning for Independence and Caraola some 20 miles away.

Jan 21, this is a lonely morning after a very bad spate of weather. Last Saturday I started for Independence some 20 miles away over the worst kind of road. I landed at Bro. Garners at 12^o in the midst of a heavy rain and had gotten quite damp. They soon had me a good warm fire and Miss Beula Duncan, the daughter of one of our local preachers who is teaching at that place brought me a nice cup of coffee and though suffering with "grippe" I was made comparatively comfortable. I spent the night with them and Sunday morning went on to fill my appointment. I found no congregation. The people had failed to get the appointment and were not out. I took dinner with Bro. Gilmore and went on in on my way to Carola stayed with Bro. Baily and had preaching at night to good congregation for that place. Monday morning I went to see Sister Sigman and spent the day. On my way down, I met sister Peak who insisted on my spending the night with them. I went on in the evening to Bro. Peaks and found that they had not yet returned so I went in and took charge of the place. The negro man built me a good fire in the dining room and I was quite comfortable until they came. I found them to be most excellent people and enjoyed my visit very much. The next morning I started out in the sleet. On my way back home Sister P. paid me five dollars and a present of a nice pr of gloves. I came on up the river road. Stopped on my way up to see Bro. Fords family and spent the night. They were indeed very _____ and I met old Bro. Benton the father of Sister Ford a good old presbyterian. He is now in his 90th year and quite sprightly. He is very interesting old Gentleman. The rain fell in torrents during the night. I started out the next morning for home in a terrible wind storm. The wind was blowing all day. I heard some of the most beautiful music at Bro. Fords furnished by Sister Fenton, their married daughter and their single daughter who has just returned from school on the violin. I landed in the afternoon at Bro. Stearns and took dinner and came home in the evening. Found all with grippe. I am now fixing for another trip.

Jan 27, 1897. the ground is covered with snow and I am sitting around nursing my "grippe". Last Saturday I went to Concord. It was a clear, cool day. I stopped at Bro. Douglasses and spent the night most pleasantly. Sunday was rather cloudy and cool, however, I had quite a good congregation after which I went to Bro. Horners and took dinner with quite a number of young folks and a sister from La. After dinner I started out for Lake Village. Soon after starting it began raining and turned cold and by night the wind was blowing terribly. I had a most disagreeable trip facing the wind and landed at home late nearly frozen. This brought on my "grippe" again and I have been suffering very much. Monday morning the ground was covered with snow and it continued to snow all day and night and Tuesday. We have been unable to do anything but set around the fire. It is now Wednesday and the sun is shining. Last night I took strong medicine and am feeling some better today. Am trying to get straightened up for Saturday which is our first Quarterly meeting to be held at Caraola twenty five miles away, and I am feeling very badly to take such a trip.

Feb 4, 1897. I am now at home again after another hard and disagreeable trip. I went last Friday on my way to Cariola as far as Bro John but the ground covered with snow and all the water courses frozen up. At many places I rode over the ice.

I arrived at Bro Lees late in the evening very cold. Dear old Bro. David took old Dolly and I went in to the fire pretty well frozen. I spent a very pleasant night with the family and started out next morning for Cariola to Quarterly Meeting. Twas very cold and I got in very late. Bro Scott was preaching when I got in. We had quite an interesting conference. Bro Scott preached a splendid sermon and our assessment was put at \$587.50. We have on foot this building of a Parsonage. A committee was appointed on Sunday. We received notice of the death of Sister Burt Harriman, who died suddenly and I was requested to preach her funeral on Monday. It rained hard all Sunday and Sunday night but had slacked up some Monday morning so that I could go out notwithstanding I had been so sick all night. I went out to the home of the Harrimans and preached the funeral to a large congregation after which we proceeded to the grave and buried the corpse. My fever rose in the afternoon and I was quite sick. I took dinner at Judge Harriman's and went in the evening to Bro. Johnson's and spent the night. Was sick all night. I started out early Tuesday morning for home and came by Bro. Harrisses (?) Horners(?) and looked at the house the committee had in mind for a parsonage.

pg 269 I then came on home travelling nearly 30 miles so sick I could scarcely ride. I arrived at home late and went to bed. I am up this morning but am quite unwell. Bro. Kruse is with us this morning.

Feb 9th - Have had a very sick week. Las Wednesday I had to send for Dr. Cornley who has been quite attentive to me and I have been confined to my bed most of the week. I am getting up again tho suffer some from pains in my head. The weather has been very inclement and stormy. Last Sunday was very rainy and blustery so that I could not have filled my appointment even if I had not been in bed. The neighbors have been very kind indeed. I learned today that the Committee on parsonage had purchased a house and that we will soon have a home to go into. Weather still cold and disagreeable.

Feb 12. Have just returned from the neighborhood of Concord 14 miles where I went yesterday to preach funeral of Miss Sallie Rogers aged 23, who died of consumption. There was quite a large gathering and I preached the funeral at her home. After the services were over I drove to a Mr. Geofreys and spent the night very pleasantly. Met Dr. Witharn there. My health is improving but I am not well yet. Found all well at home for which I am thankful.

Feb 17th - - - was quite sick day before yesterday and Dr. Conerly left me some medicine. We had quite a pounding. The good people sent us -- meal, sugar, flour, coffee and various other articles. This morning we had a

great scare. The alarm of fire was given and all the town was out. Last Sunday I preached at the village church at 10^o to good congregation and at night the largest congregation that had been there for a long time. Several were out that have not ben to church for years before. I am having some trouble over the parsonage question. My friends on the hills have purchased a house and are fitting up for us, but the friends in the village don't want us to leave them so there is a strife, but I recon it will be settled after a while all right. My "grippe" is going away some and I hope to be in good health again soon.

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Mar 9th -- at home again nursing my grippe. Since my last writing many things have transpired. I have been suffering all the time. Some days feeling some better and then down again though I have been able to fill all of my appointments and have had good congregation. We are still at the village with the prospect of getting off to our new parsonage in two or three weeks. I have married one couple - an Italian to an American girl over at Sunnyside. Court has been in session for nearly two weeks and my old friend Kruse got himself into a scrape with Bill Frome and got punched in the face - poor old man - it was an outrage. Our family have whooping cough and what a whooping time we are having.

pg 271

March 18 on last Saturday week I went to Bro. James on the hill and spent the night feeling very bad. On Sunday morning I drove up to Independence some 6 miles west and filled my appointment in evening to a good congregation. When I got through I was pretty well tired out and went in company with two of the young ladies to Bro. Walton Matthews and spent the night. I had taken severe cold and was bothered all night with my cough. On Monday morning I found it raining hard and had to remain until afternoon. I started out and came on home a distance of some 22 miles through the roughest of road. I got home late tired out and sick. Tuesday morning I took my bed and have been coughing the most of the week. Had Dr. Causey with me this week. Last Sunday morning notwithstanding I was so sick I got up and went down to the church at the village and preached to moderately good congregation. Some of the people from Arks City were present. After dinner I came home and went to bed where I have remained until this morning. We have had bad stormy weather all the week. The rivers are rising and the folk are scared. Yesterday Bob Fitz Simmons whipped Jim Corbett in Nevada and the whole country is excitement over the affair. I saw two bulls fight once that I expect was most as brutal as that but it didn't kick up half the excitement. What fools human creatures are. Our family have all whooping cough and are suffering much from it, but we have a hope that when we have passed it, we will be over with our afflictions. I am suffering at present with something like Cattarahal Fever - do hope, however that I will be well of it soon as my whole soul is in this work and I am anxious to see what improvement I can bring out of it this year. Bro. Kruse has just been to see us and gives us good news concerning the waters. Says the rivers above are falling. Sitting at my window I look out upon one of the most disgusting scenes that could well confront a man of any interest in the welfare of humanity - a dirty disgusting Saloon (Dagery)

Bob Fitz-
simmons
vs Jim
Corbett

pg 272

ial
prejudice

where there is constantly a crowd gathered around of the low flung and vile of the earth, among whom are some of the so-called gentry of our country and all of the mockeries of social equality are practiced here. If some old negro man or woman comes into our church to hear the word of God they must take a back seat, or if the minister should call on some good old negro preacher to pray for them I suppose the congregation would leave the house horrified and disgraced, but alas, even on the same day these mockers will go to the dirty old Saloon and the Color line isnt drawn, but they will all drink together and carrouse together and be drunk together and bed together and there is no disgrace to that. The old Doctor, the Lawyer, the Sheriff, the Constable, and the Astute Citizen are all one there, Sbame, and this Chicot County, like all the rest of the river Counties pay no regard to law of any kind further than it suits their own helish convenience. The Grand Jury are a farce, the pettit Jury half the time picked from among their own number and gambling, sabbath breaking, horemongering and such like goes without hinderance or let. There was some good people here but they seem to have fallen into a careless indifference.

pg 273

March 28 all is excitement, the rivers rising - Levees breaking - and the prospect of an overflow. I am still sick with grippe had fever all last week but went last Saturday to my appointments on the Mason hills stopping Saturday night with Bro. Horner. Had high fever all night and was very sick but got up Sunday morning and went six miles to Evergreen and filled my appointment at eleven to good congregation. I was to have gone to Carcola at night but the rain cut me off. I stopped with Mr. Burt Hariman for dinner and went up in evening to Bro. James and spent night. Had high fever and was quite sick all night. Could scarcely get out of bed next morning. My ride down seem to settle the fever in my left hip and I can scarcely use my left limb at all, yet I got on my horse and came home yesterday, a distance of 15 miles. Got home pretty well exhausted to find all excitement and we are now packing up to move to our parsonage on the hills. Wagons may come today. We have had heavy rains but the weather is clear today.

March 25th. Yesterday morning early five wagons arrived at our house and in a short time we were packed up and on our way to our parsonage home, the weather quite cool and windy and the roads miserable but the danger of the overflow gave us the willingness to undertake almost anything to get to high land. Bro. John Lee and Bogan Chairs and Bro Allen and Geoffrey with two colored men came for us and did all they could to make the trip pleasant. When we arrived at Mason Bayou I found that old Dolly was very sick and before I knew it was down in the shafts. I took her out as soon as possible and bled her and gave her a dose of coaloil and soda while the brethren were ferrying the other wagons across, but she was so sick that we could not get her across and I had to go over and leave her in charge of the ferryman assuring him that I would satisfy him well for his trouble and we came on home to our parsonage. It took us until 9 o'clock to unload and then we were greeted with a surprise. Miss Beula Duncan and several of the young ladies of the neighborhood set us a real nice supper

pg 274

which we ate with a relish and after a word of prayer the friends took their departure and we prepared for the night thinking all the time about poor old Dolly. Today we have been quite busy fixing around and I have had no horse to go and see about her and I have been feeling very bad all day. Bro. Lee came by this morning on his way to Caraola and returned this evening with some garden seed and potatoes and some meat and other edibles so we are all right for sometime and just while I am writing up drives the colored ferryman with old Dolly in the buggy and our hearts are glad and we feel made up. If I were only well all would be pleasant and prosperous. The weather cool and clear.

flood

March 30 The weather clear and warm. We are in great anxiety about the river. The water up to the top and runing over in many places and everybody that can shovel dirt are at work making heroic effort to save the country. The levees have broken on the Mississippi side some distance above us. This has relieved this side to some extent but we don't know how long. Our levee cannot stand any more rise. It will be bound to go and this will bring desolation and distruction to a large part of the country and will materially interfere with our church work and finances along all the lines and we will have to suffer with the rest. I have prayed earnestly for the success of these levees. The water stands now on a level of 20 feet above the level of the country and of course a break would be almost like a Niagary falls rushing over us. However our parsonage is on high ground and we individually are in no immediate danger. My health is still very bad but I hope some better than it has been. Last Wednesday Bro Lee came over and we planted our garden and the friends have brought us some chickens and we are really fixed up for housekeeping and I think we have one of the most desirable parsonages in the District and in the midst of a splendid people.

pg 275

Sister Peak and Sister Moore of Cariola came out yesterday and spent the day with us. On last Sunday I preached at Concord in short distance of the parsonage to a large congregation of attentive listeners. After the service I was so exhausted that I could not even start to Lake Village where I was due at night. The rest of the family are well except whooping cough which is on the mend.

April 2, 1897 this morning is very cool and cloudy. We heard yesterday evening that the levee at Lunsbay? was broken but I hope it is a false alarm. Bro. Douglass has just passed going to Grand Lake and I have sent by him for a sack of oats. Rob has been plowing all the week and is now finishing planting some cotton. Our garden is coming up nicely. My health I think is improving. The health of the family is tolerbly good. The water is falling at Grand Lake and we now have some hope of escaping the destruction of an overflow tho the poor people of Mississippi and upper Arkansas are suffering. The trees are putting out nicely and spring has on her greenest mantle and is coquetting with the seasons.

April 6th This has been a beautiful day. Bro Douglas and Sister Douglass spent part of the day with Bro. Davis who is quite sick. I preached Sunday

76 at Cariola at eleven o'clock and at Independence 10 miles away in the after-
noon. I spent the night Saturday night with Bro. Baley at Grand Lake and
Sunday night. Came home Monday morning early and after dinner Lela went
ing down some 8 miles and spent the evening with Sister Johnson who is very
sick. The water is still very high and the people are very much alarmed.
Our friends gave us a very respectable pounding yesterday and supplied our
want with many good things. We are all tolerably well. I had quite a con-
gregation Sunday of Engineers and Leveemen.

April 9th. We are having some rainy weather. The waters are falling some
and the people are in better spirits. I have been working some in the
garden today. Our garden is looking very nice. The old hens are keeping
up quite a racket as if the egg product was on the increase.

Miss Beula Duncan our teacher is here now and is complaining of feeling
very bad. I am in a delima. I have given out the appointment to preach
here at Concord next Sunday and I am informed that I can get to the village
and Sunday is their day. The weather is getting warm and vegetation is
putting out very fast. The trees are beautiful and green and this now is
a pretty country. We are all well but Mattie who I think has some fever.

g 277 April Fri 23rd 1897 - Thank God, the waters are falling and have gone down
to a mark that relieves the people of the great strain under which they
have been for so long. But even yet they are not out of danger. The levees
below us are continually breaking and the whole country opposite to us in
Mississippi and below us in Louisiana is inundated and there is great dis-
tress. However, sometimes I think it is a good thing for those fool hardy
men who would never listen at anything, but the levee system. For the
last two weeks I have been improving in health very much tho am not entirely
free from the effects of Grippe. Last Sunday I preached at Evergreen to a
large congregation and at night at Cariola. I went down on Friday before
to Cariola and left Lela down there until I returned. Monday morning, I
preached the Sunday before at Concord at eleven and at Cariola at night.
During my sermon at eleven Miss Mattie Horner fainted twice and we had a
hard time to keep cool but did so and continued the sermon with embarrass-
ments to the end it a hard day on me and I was quite unwell. I just
arrived home yesterday from a trip down into Louisiana. Have been working
some in the garden, which looks very nice - have just gotten through with
the worst job of all - sticking the peas. Rob has been quite sick last
night and yesterday with bilious attack but is better now. Think he will
be all right soon.

pg 278 (Note at top "where Bessie put the end of her little finger X Don is
standing at her back looking over her head to see if I will write some-
thing about him.") Ink faded.

X

April 28 Am at home this evening and after having just written a communi-
cation to St. Louis Republic relative to the protection of our overflowed
land I am now writing a little in my book. Last week I took a trip down
into Louisiana and spent the night with Bro Stephenson and called on Sister

Ralph who has been very sick but is now mending. Took dinner with Dr. Hollenworth at Killburn. Returned to Bro. Johnsons and called on Sister Johnson who I find to be improving. Last Sunday X I preached at Concord at eleven. My wife went with me and went to Independence where I preached at 3 oclock to a good congregation. After church we started home with a Bro. Wilchman and we were all caught in a terrible storm of rain. We all had quite a ducking but we were willing to take the ducking to get the beautiful rain that we needed so much. Our folks are now all well X and we are enjoying life very well. My own health seems to be improving. We are now feasting on nice fish. Bro. Horner and Rob have set out a trotline. I went to Cariola this morning and met a carriage full of folks coming out to our house. Some of them, sweet little Jewesses X I do think we have some of the best Jews in this county I ever saw. We had another good rain today and our prospects of crops are good. Will thank the Lord for health, friends and rain.

X

pg 279 I wrote a letter yesterday to Miss Annie Hill and sent her one of my pictures. Mattie staid last night at Bro. Horners with Rosy.

May 1, 1897 the sun is shining for the first time in a long time and the weather has been very cool, almost cold enough to frost. The waters are falling very slowly and the people are still fearful of a break in the levee.

Mamie was quite sick all night and is complaining very much this morning. I went yesterday to see old Bro Davis who has been sick for a long time. Don't think he is getting any better. I went fishin yesterday morning with Mag and Mattie Horner and we caught a nice mess of fish. Rob is all out of sorts. He went yesterday eve to get some corn that I am to get from Bro Davis as quarterage. The old gentleman charged me 60 ct per bu and I can get it at Cariola for 45 ct, however it is take that or nothing. They
* refused to let Rob have the corn yesterday evening because it was late. He had to come home and borrow corn to feed on and he is not in a good humor. Well this is only one of the many mortifications a preacher has to bear with. However, we receive so many kindnesses at the hands of the people that come in as an offset. Well, Lela has a lot more work to do for the
* ladies of Cariola and her hands will be full for some time. This comes as a help in the living and at least it gives her some spending money. We had another old hen and chickens sent to us yesterday. We now have 27 pretty little fellows and nearly a hundred eggs, sitting so it won't be long until we will have Methodist Meal and our garden is looking splendid. Sweet little Bessie Moore is standing at my side trying to turn the leaves of my book and shaking me so I can't half write. Now, she is trying to climb up into my lap, now she has sneezed, now she is after my bottle of ink and I will have to quit.

pg 280 May 4, 1897 this has been a memorable day, one never to be forgotten. It was a day set apart by the people of Grand Lake for thanksgiving to God for

their deliverance from the ravages of the overflow. Mamie and I went to the Lake and we have had a very pleasant day indeed. There was a large number of people present and a most splendid repast was spread in the way of fish and other edibles. At dinner I gave thanks and in the afternoon I delivered a speech to them on the theme of thanksgiving to God for his goodness to us. Quite a number of the people were over from Mississippi and enjoyed the dinner and the talk well. Sunday last I preached at Cariola at eleven and at night to the largest congregation that has been seen there for years. The interest is improving very much. The waters are falling very slowly and there are some apprehensions of dangers yet. Mamie was taken very sick last Friday with Fluxx but was able to go with me this morning. I left her down there to stay a day or two with Sister Peak and all have retired but myself and Lela who is busy as a bee cutting out some unmentionable garments for me.

May 7th this is Friday and a beautiful morning. We are beginning to get a little dry are wanting rain. Myself and Lela went yesterday and spent the day at Bro Weis' my Jew friend at Grand Lake and we had a most enjoyable day. Find Sister W. to be one of the most genial of women. Miss May Cornley their governess was splendid company. I was informed while there that my ministry is most gratifying to all the people. This is encouraging to me in the extreme. The waters are still falling and we think our danger is past. We thank God for his goodness to us in preserving our life and health. The family are all well and my own health still improving. My wife now has off 57 little chicks all nice and fat.

pg 281 May 25th 97 I am feeling sad this morning. Some of the reminiscences of the past have all uninvited come crowding into Memories Halls and have taken the upper most seats and with autocratic authority crowded thoughts of other and pleasanter things out. Sister T. K. Lee our school marm has been to call on us and has been playing some on the piano, and the girls have been singing and I suppose they have with their racket awakened up some of these old slumbering hobgoblins of the past. How rapidly the mind can go backward and all of the _____ of the mind in its backward flight is to jump over the roses and gather the thorns.

Since writing my last diary a good many things of interest has occurred. On the 3d Sunday in May we had preaching at Evergreen at eleven and a 3o with basket dinner on the ground. Had very large congregation - Not more than half could get in the house. I preached on the subject of entire Holiness and a large number of the people came forward and gave me their hand as desiring to obtain the higher life. That night we spent with Bro. William Stevenson (Lela and I) our own baby was quite sick all night and we had a bad night. I came home Monday very much worsted but had to go over and see Bro Davis who is quite feeble and fast losing his mind. The week was put in with my reading and gardening and so forth. Lela and I went and spent the day in Cariola and I had old Dolly shod. The roads are getting good and it is delightful traveling. We went one day last week and spent the day with Sister Peak away down on Grand Lake and had a very enjoyable day. Last Sunday the 4th I preached at Concord near home

at eleven and went to Independence in the afternoon. Had good congregations and spent the day well. Lela and I spent the night with Bro. Walton Mathews and the mosquitoes like to have eaten up and I had another miserable night. The weather still quite cool of nights - my health is still improving but I haven't gotten my strength.

May 28. The weather is quite warm and clear. We are beginning to need rain. Things are quiet generally. Theodore Harner and Rob and the girls went fishing yesterday and caught nothing. Night before last I went and sat til bedtime with old Bro. Davis who gradually grows worse. His mind is very badly dranged. Yesterday while we were all engaged with our usual routine of work Rob looked down to the big road and said he saw a peddler coming but in a little while he concluded he was a tramp but on near approach he decided it was Tom and sure enough it was - just returned from Bradley County where he has been at work for two months for Mrs. Goss (Good) - he looks well and hearty. Bro. Conerly came over yesterday pretty well walked down looking for his mare that got away from his son Wednesday night at prayer meeting so I loaned him old Dolly. He returned her this morning and I sent by to Grand Lake for a bhl of flour. Rob went off this morning on a surveying tour with Theodore Horner to be gone a day or two. Our garden is looking fine - corn high as my head. This morning Sister Fitzgerald came by and notified me that my services were needed this evening at 8^o at the graveyard to bury her little grandchild - one of Bro. Spurlocks children. Little Bessie Moore is trying herself. She gets into all the mischief she can and her mama is as busy as a bee in a sugar barrel. She gets all the sewing she can do. The boys have had her busy for several days making their baseball uniforms.

pg 283 June 8 the weather cool and bracing after two splendid rains and the crops are splendid. On last Wednesday morning a young man came after me to go to Lake Village to bury poor Fred Rhotan who died very suddenly and that without hope as he was a very wicked man up to hour of his death. My horse was not at home and I had to walk about a mile and a half to get her. I went on however and met the corpse at Bro Frank Lees. It was a sad sight as we gathered around the grave to see the crowd of his comrades gathering around to see the last ack of kindness to their partner in sin. They had all gambled and drank and swore together. I read the burial service and tried to console the poor widowed mother and orphaned children, which, though desolate are perhaps in a better condition than if he had lived. As we got through the service it began to rain and I spent the night at Bro Kruses. I came on home next day and found all well, but Mamie gone to Bro Douglasses where she is teaching. A very pleasant situation as governess. I spent the week at home. On last Sunday morning I went to Cariola and preached to good congregation and at night also. I came home yesterday. We have had another rain. I went today and spent most of the day with Bro Davis who is no better.

pg 284 June 9. I have had a big scare today. Old Dolly was turned out yesterday and sbe went off and did not come up last night for her feed, so we all started out this morning to hunt for her. I got on her track and followed

her to the County road leading to Portland, and was sure she had lit out for Bradley Co. I returned home and started Rob after her. He went over into an old field a mile and a half away and found her feeding at her leisure and was back a half hour after I had nearly run myself down.

Mr. Cooper came down to see Tom about taking charge of Fred Rotans farm and reckon they have affected a trade; so that he takes the crop and will run it through; I hope there is some money in it for him.

I have been writing up my reports preparatory to going to Quarterly Conf. This is July 16th and a great many things have transpired since my last writing. The weather has been intensely hot and dry but we have had some very good local rains lately that seems to be cheering the hearts of the people. Our crops are fine if we can only get seasons. Our Quarterly Conf. was held at the Village on July 7-8. Bro Scott the P. E. was with us to our great delight. He is a good man but think a little off on the question of entire sanctification. How strange it is that so many of our P. Elders are opposed to the Weslean Doctrine of entire sanctification.

I went in the first of the Month to Monticello to District Conference --- I preached for the conference on Saturday and we had quite a spiritual meeting. Many of the brethren got very hapy and there was a shout in the camp.

pg 285 - - - I came on and spent the night with W. Fares family. Sister F. and Miss Mariah I think spendid Christain people, but the rest of the family are worldly and I was very much amazed by some of the Young bucks coming in and staying until a late hour with their old squeaking fiddles and waltzing. My eyes were absolute disgusted with the manner in which those young bucks would take Miss Catherine in their lletcherous embrace and press her close to them - belly to belly - and call that respectable. If this kind of dancing doesn't cultivate conubial intercourse I am very much mistaken.

dancing
is
sin
897

---- Preached at Concord and was very much interrupted by the foolish conduct of Mrs. T. K. Lee and Will Conerly who behaved very badly. I reproved them for it and have had no trouble since.

pg 287 July 26 - I have sat down to communicate a few of my thoughts to my friendly confidential old Journal. I was annoyed this morning with the visit of a great big fat dancing critter, calling herself a member of the Episcopal Church. She is an incubus of conceit and devilment is more injury to the young people of the Country than either of the saloons. She is a more effective agent in the hands of the Devil.

The thunder is rolling and the clouds are gathering in the North like we would have quite a storm. Lela has been somewhat under the weather for several days and things go amuck when she is off of her feet. There have been very extensive preparations made for the barbecue to take place next Wednesday. Our meeting has been progressing all this week and we have a

fine interest. I preached yesterday at eleven at Concord to a good congregation and had fine meeting, one joining the church (Bro Brown) and at three I preached at Independence 4 miles away - and had splendid congregation. Came back to Concord for meeting at night. I preached Sat. on baptism. Last night we had splendid meeting to a crowded house - one joined (a Bro Smart) Little Mattie has just went to the pump away down on the Mason's ground and got some fresh watter. She is so smart;

pg 288 Our Masonic fraternity and Knights of Pithius are going to have a great dance on the grounds and desecrate the grounds and violate their vows. I suppose we will close our meeting tonight.

July 29 - - - the barbeque inaugurated by the Knights of Pithius and Masons has passed and I hope never to be reenacted as it was attended with some of the most revolting and disgusting scenes - dancing, drinking, and reveling in general - headed by some of our leading professed church members - desecrating the structure of God by taking the pews out of our church and using them for the dancers to occupy. Bro Horner and Fitzgerald were the leaders were the prime movers in the affair and will rue it when to late. I suppose there were 6 or 8 hundred people on the ground and dancing was the center of attraction, waltzing being the main feature - stumache to stumache, and hand to back. It was right diverting to see old Mrs. T. K. Lee with her big fat stumache pushing her partners off at arms length, but for all that she tried to get into close quarters -- and to see the little dutchman trying to keep in waltzing distance -- Reminded me of an old toad trying to scale a pumpkin. This waltzing business is the most obscene custom that could possibly be imposed upon respectable society. I suppose there were not a half dozen church members in the whole country who were not mingling with this foul crowd. Myself and family kept our distance though in sight of the iniquitous. We never left our home all day and I suppose displeas-ured some of the old hipacrits. (I had to go to the pump to get some water and was thus brought face to face with this disgraceful affair).

pg 289 I get very much discouraged sometimes over the state of the church. In the record of the deviltry I have been quite plain but have put the matter just as it is. No woman can enter this compromise with obscenity without a loss of virtue, knees against knees, teats against the busom of the man and pelvis against pelvis is a compromised position that leads to the vilest of thoughts.

On last Monday night we had preaching to quite a good crowd - notwithstanding the threatening rain - and a good meeting. Quite a number are anxious for the meeting to continue; Evening, and I have been napping a little and feel better and I will write a little more. Some young folks have just come, a Miss Hörner from Louisiana and Theodore - and little Mary Lee.

- - -

As the years go by and our locks grow gray
Our memory runs back to our youthful day

When our brow was mantled with smiles
 of Joy
 And young life was a charm with unalloy

But alas how sad to think of moments
 misspent,
 And a life crowded full of earth's
 discontent
 But a ray of delight cheers the heart to
 it's full

When from the past to the future we look
 And feel that Dear Jesus is still in
 the hull (ship)

And our names are inscribed
 in his book.

July 30th Another beautiful day has dawned upon us but is quite warm. Our family are all tolerably well for which we are thankful to God. Our son, Tom left us early this morning on a trip to Arkansas County. Rob went with him as far as to bilf River and took him in the buggy. He will walk the rest of the way to Portland. I have been having some fun this morning at the expence of the dancing Jakes.

pg 290 - - - one Marrel Hariman, a young dignitary of the Dancing Jake element passed by with all the importance of a man who was interested in the affairs of state. He is out on business at the request of our Modern Jezebel, the big fat woman over whose corporosity the little dutchman labored so hard, while trying to waltz, and couldn't get in huging distance. He looked as wise (I mean Hariman) as an owl on a stack pole and was in the biggest hurry imaginable. He is inviting the good (?) citizens into home of the great and exhalted JUDGE Hariman, to a dance, tonight. How well he may succeed is yet in the future.

Evening. Have just spent a pleasant hour or two with Bro. James, one of my nearest neighbors, from whom I got the information that some of the young folks had planned to have the meeting continued until the following night so that they could start their dancing at the same hour, only a short distance away, and thus break us up, but I was on my guard and closed acrimoniously -- this all at the suggestion of my good fat friend Mrs. T. K. Lee - and a Miss Sallie Vreeland) - who is on a visit to Sister Douglass, from New Orleans -- an exceedingly wild young lady who entertains sacreligious ideas as to religion - and she is a member of the Episcopal Church.

Aug 2, 1897. The weather is so hot we can scarcely live. I preached yesterday at eleven at Cariola and at night to two congregations that pretty well filled the houses. At night we had quite a good meeting. I spent the night with good Bro. Moore. Yesterday afternoon I called on Dr. Bagby and family and saw Mr. Bob Reynolds courting Miss Julie. They are as fond of each other as two sick kittens.

g 291 Last night quite a number came forward and gave me their hands as desiring a higher Christian life; some of our dancing element were present. Sister Jim Peak was there morning and night. She used to come to the front but since she danced at the Devil's Barbecue - she takes a back seat - well she may. "Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." Women, too. Sister Lee and little Marvin are with us this evening.

Aug 8. All well and up but the nights are so hot that none can sleep and we all feel sluggish. Mrs. T. K. and her crowd were going fishing today and wanted our girls to go along but I don't think they will go. Lela and I are thinking of going to see some of the neighbors. Last after dark Will Connelly came down after Mag to go and stay with Tinie James, that she was alone (!) and they left. A girl is never more in company than when in company with her sweetheart at about midnight. They had better look a little out. She is a sweet little girl and just such a one as a disagreeing rascal would choose to victimize. It is hard enough for young people to curb their passion when all the guards are around them, much less when all the guards are off - and the arms are around instead: I have just received a letter from Bro. O. F. Bolding, one of my old local preacher-friends from Union County. I appreciate his letter very much.

Aug 4. The weather so hot that there is no rest for man or beast. We are all up but don't know whether we are well or not. I have just learned that there is to be a dance tonight at old man Franklins. The Devil will get the old imp soon and then the community will be released from the influence of one of the old Boy's agents. Lela and I and the little ones spent yesterday with Bro Boyd and family and enjoyed our visit very much.

pg 292 - - - little Don is as busy as a bee driving nails out of the boards of an old box.

We are still hoping for rain but not much sign visible. I am reminded this morning of an incident of the war. The young folks of the country concluded to have a dance in honor of two young Lieutenants, Kendrick and Gilbert. Kendrick was an Arkansas boy. And Gilbert was a Missourian. It so happened that both of the young men were admirers of a buxom young lass of the neighborhood by the name of Dollie Mathews and they all met at the dance. Kendrick was jealous of Gilberts attentions of the young lady and took him out for a talk. They went some distance from the house and sat down on a log by the side of the road. Kendrick told Gilbert he must not talk to Dolly. Gilbert told him it was a free dance and Dolly was a free gal and that he would talk to her as much as he pleased. Kendrick said that one of them would have to die. Gilbert had an old broken-bladed knife in his hand and made a lick at Kendrick, severing the main artery of his neck. He fell over and was dead in a few minutes. Both of them were bright, young and sacrificed upon the altars of Malachi. There will be some such transaction here before these people will be brought to their senses. At another dance the soldiers were taking prominent part and there was a great big bulldog of a fellow there who seemed to be cock of the walk and danced with any of the girls he wished whether it suited others or not. There was a little

waspy fellow dancer on his toes and it wasn't long until there was a row of no small dimention. The big fellow took the little fellow by the ear and led him to the door.

pg 293 But about that time a pistol fired and the big fellow hopped up until his head hit the door facing above and about the time he hit the floor another pistol fired. He stopped - both hands behind him and made a leap into the dark, the little fellow out after him, firing as he went. Around the house they went, the big fellow bellowing like a bull and at every corner of the house the little fellow got in a shot and the big fellow got in a yell. Such a scattering I suppose was never seen among the lillies of the black Jacks. And no Comanche war dance ever produced such a confusion of fusses as those demimonds did. They could be found in every direction and condition after the melee was over. Upon taking stock of the results of the battle the next day it was found that nobody was killed but casualties of an embarrassing nature were plentiful. Every shot had taken effect, three of them in the fleshy part of the rear of the corporosity of the big fellow. One of the bullets has chosen a nice little tidbit about halfway from the knee to the body of one of the prettiest girls - just enough to cut a mark across the back part of the limb and make her jump high. One bullet had just glanced across the fleshy part of another one of the girls so as to prevent her from getting a square sit for a month or so. There was a Negro banjoe picker in the crowd who got a scalp that made him jump high and cut the pigeon wing but no one could ever get that niger to tell where he was hit. It has ever been a mistiry. Suffice it to say he was hit. There was an old baldheaded man in the crowd that after things got a little settled moved to adjourn the dance for the next twenty years. And not one of those girls who got hit has ever been seen in a dance since. People would ask unpleasant questions.

pg 294 Aug 5, 1897 The morning is calm and warm. Our folks are all up but not feeling well. Miss Tinie James went yesterday evening to spend the night with Sister John Lee. Rob took her over in the buggy and just before arriving at the house Rob mentioned that he always imagined that he could hear old Bro Davis groaning when he went about the place. Tiny said "Stop, Rob. Go back. I wouldn't stay there for ten dollars", and Rob had to bring her back and she spent the night with us. Mrs. T. K. Lee, our modern Jezebel beat up her little crowd and went away off on belf river fishing. She tried to get our girls to go and after she got there she turned the affair into a hoe down and danced all day. Mattie Horner came back home sick and has been in bed since. I am utterly disgusted at the state of affairs and think I shall ask the Bishop to move me at conference. I don't want to stay on the work another year. There is nothing on the work but a set of Hypocrits and God's curse must be on the land. My ministry here is a bother and I am not happy in the work. I never feel at ease, anywhere—and now, here comes a vast scarecrow—what is it? Something in gaudy array, half man and half phantom. What is it!! Why, bless me; it is Theodore Horner in his Base Ball togle. He, calling on the girls and imagines he looks well. Perhaps he does to. Shall our _____ Miss Sallie or to _____ up a tree. He has spent a half an hour and is off now to go home and milk the cow.

Aug. 6, 1897. All night the wind blew and the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, but we have had no rain, yet, and it is very hot and dry this morning. Bro Connerly and the boys went to Belf river yesterday to fish. They stayed all night and came back this morning with fisherman's luck. We are all up. The roads are exceedingly dry and the dust flies everywhere. I understand there is to be a fishfry today on Belf. I suppose old man Franklin is to superintend the affair. If so, no doubt it will be an unrighteous affair. I am reminded of a fishfry that occurred way back in the fifties just after the war, when times were flush and aspirants to the office were plentiful. The fry was on the banks of East Lake in Monroe Co. Ark. and there was a great crowd. The table was a long serpentine row of tablecloths laid on the grass close to the banks of the Lake. Uncle Bob Stephens was there. One of those blustering old fellows that never have any secrets. Uncle Bob was appointed dog pelter for the occasion and got him a long fishing pole as the staff of his insignia and to thrash the dogs. Just as the dinner was ready and all were standing looking solemn to receive the blessing pronounced by the old preacher—an old hungry hound grabbed a chunk of bread at one end of the table. Uncle Bob saw him and could not stand the pressure and in the midst of the ceremony swish came the pole on the dog's back and Uncle Bob stuttering some terrible expressions, lit into the dog with both hands. The dog got started down the center of the table and at every opening in the ranks Uncle Bob got in a lick and the dog let out a yell and he took him all and through the full length of the table. If the blessing was ever ended, no one knew of it, but such a confusion of laughs never was heard at a fishfry.

Evening, have just returned from Cariola tired and dusty. Lela went down trading. We stopped as usual at Bro Moore's and took dinner. It is thundering all around, but no rain, yet. As we were driving out of Cariola we passed Mr. Rolph's saloon and saw quite a number in there and among them was Morrell Hariman, the young man who has been considered such a good young man, his mother's dying request has long since been forgotten. Bro Horner has just returned from Little Rock. I am now resting up and getting ready for a long trip up the river tomorrow. I preach Sunday at eleven at Lake Port and then on Sunday night at Lake Village and go on Monday morning to Portland and take the train for Grady, where I will be engaged for several days in a meeting.

Aug 9, 1897. Have just returned home from a trip to Lake Port and Lake Village. I went Saturday and took dinner at Sister Leslie's 4 miles above Grand Lake. Had splendid dinner and some very nice peaches in evening. I started on my way up to Mr. W. W. Ford's. I was overtaken with the storm in time to stop at Mr. Alexander's and had to spend the night. There was no one there but the young man, Mr. Alexander, himself being gone. The negro hosler put my mare Dolly in the lot with the horses and mules and Sunday morning I found that she was badly cut on the wire fence and I had to leave her and got Mr. Chamberlain's horse, a large fine fellow, but somewhat skittish. I drove to Lake Port after a good deal of delay and confusion. I preached on the great temptation to moderately good congregation. I enjoyed the service very much. The old sexton was present and

came near getting off on a shout. We had one Italian present. After preaching I went to Sister Tolers and took dinner. Late in the evening I went to the village where I preached at night to good congregation. Vincens and his wife were present for the first time and seemed to enjoy the service. Mr. Vincen is said to be an Infidel. I am annoyed this evening with a little Clatter box of an Episcopalian with no religion in the world. Her religion is all in her heels. Bro Lee has returned from Cooper Wells and is not improved in health. I feel apprehensive of some danger of his health. I did not get to go to Grady on account of the rain—and other things, and will content myself with doing well at Hope.

pg 297 Aug 11, 1897. Last night we had quite a rain and things are looking and feeling better this morning. I went over yesterday and spent the day with Bro Lee. He is in very feeble health, but I hope will improve. I was awakened last night out of a dream that aroused me so that I did not get over it all night. I dreamed that I went over to our neighbor Horner's and found Rob and Mag there and all engaged in a game of cards and I was so outraged that I blew the whole thing up. Bro Horner's family are a very ungodly set and try to decoy all the young people into their games. I have had a very severe cold but am some better this morning. Tinie James is here this morning practicing her music lessons. Well! Mrs Jezebel Lee is cavorting around this morning in a two horse rig. She has poor little Mamie out with her and a young man I don't know who he is. I suppose from the interest manifested she must be organizing a dance somewhere in the neighborhood. I see she has tackled on to Tommie Fitz. There seems to be some what of a rivalry between her and Miss Sallie (_____ Sal:) over Tommie. I think Tommie don't look quite so well for it. They are too much for him. I mean they between them have about run him down.

Aug 12, 1897. The day has ushered in upon us most beautifully. Last night was quite cool and we slept well. Rob goes this morning to louzy Annie (Louisiana) and calculates on painting the country red. He has two large pistols in his hip pockets. His pistols are wood and he has fixed himself up in a perfect state of burlesk. He calls Louisiana "lousy Annie" and Mamie and Mag are whistling and making the morning merry. I am felling tolerably well and hope to be able to carry on my meeting successfully next week. I am very much discouraged over my work. Don't feel as if I would accomplish much there is such a spirit of worldliness.

Aug. 13, 1897. Clear and windy and some cooler. Rob has been gone for two days. Am a little uneasy about him. We are all well but Lela. She is grunting with a sore eye. Our pump, or the pump belonging to the Masons and that we have been using water out of is broken and we are in a miserable fix about water. Missers Horner, Ford, and others who have been out on a trip to Belf R. Springs have just returned and stoped at the pump but could get no water. I have just put a tune and notes to the verses written on page 114.

Aug. 14, 1897. The morning clear and cool. We had a splendid night and the youngsters are all fixing to go with Bro James family on a fishing tour

pg 298 this morning. Lela and I were to have gone with them but have concluded not to go. I'll go after while and see Bro James Cheers who is quite sick. My Bro Horner has not been around lately to see me. I know very well that he feels heartily ashamed of the course he and Bro Fitzgerald took in the barbecue question. Since the New Orleans renegade and the modern Jezebel have left things have somewhat settled down. Bro Harris and his family have been very kind to us and I am very sorry that anything should happen to estrange them from us. Perhaps it will be all right yet.

--Bessie is in a tantrum this morning. She is mad all over about something. Here stands Don with his left thumb stuck in his left eye - begging to crawl up on my chair while I am writing.

Sat. Aug 21, 1897 - I am now at home after several days of constant preaching at Evergreen, day and night. We have had rain and sickness in the neighborhood, which has to some extent interfered with our meeting, but the strongest opposition comes from the spirit of antiChrist that is prevalent in the country. The Hariman family are doing what they can to hinder the cause of Christ. I took dinner the other day with Bro. Spurlock and spent the evening in company of the family and Bro. Fitzgerald and wife. The old man is either miserable or mad over the course taken in the church bench question.

pg 299 We have had one peak of meanness during the meeting, somewhat indicating the character of the people of this country. Some vile wretch most infamously defiled the doorsteps of the church at Evergreen and the ladies had to give both their dresses and their noses a lift on entering. Old Bro & Sister Johnson (Jason) came the next morning to set in order the church for eleven oclock service. The old lady swept out the house and had never discovered the find until she went to sweep the trash out at the door - when, Lo! there it was - with a sad solemn look she called for Jason and insisted on it's immediate removal, and Jason swore, "No! By the Lords I won't do it." Nor did he. It's thought when the old lady made the discovery, Jason was sitting up near the pulpit. There were only a few present and of all the looks that ever were seen on human face - that look beat them all, and she insisted on Jason coming quickly. Jason was stubborn and would not come instantly, so the old lady undertook to impress the importance of the find by solemn nods and winks--and then Jason went and then the old folks went into a more thorough examination of the matter - like children over a nest of noodle bugs. This, of course, attracted the attention of two or three other old ladies who were present, who also went immediately to the field of discovery. The gold mines were not a circumstance in the minds of those sweet old people compared with the discovery on the doorsteop--but Jason railed and stormed, in rather an undertone, that "by the Lords, it had to stay there", and I reckon it will stay there until time and rain and sunshine remove it--a saviery reminiscence of the character of Macon Hills Citizenship--

pg 300 I am having a great deal of fun out of the state of affairs. I ridicule them so much about their low standard of religion that a number of people

both Baptist and Methodist are on the dodge - and the Bucks and Does are scared for fear I am going to say something else. I have turned all their meanness against them - and now they are pinching themselves or kicking at their own shadows. Mattie Horner was over this morning and is grum (green?); she is sore, I don't know just where - but somewhere; there are many causes for soreness but just which one to attribute it to, I cannot tell. She has an idea that she wants to be a CATHOLICK, But when she finds that we rather her speedy accession to that stink burge so that religious society may be rid of her influence as a pest, why then she is sore again. I spent one night with old Bro. Johnson and one with Bro. Gurdon. I took dinner day before yesterday with Bro. Lacy and took dinner one day with Bro. Spurlock, and yesterday I took dinner with Bro. Norrell - a good Baptist brother. I think him a good man. I went one day and took dinner with Bro. Henry Hall, a Baptist Brother, who made me a present of a fine silk hat. He is the present representative to the Ledislature from Chicot Co.

Aug 23 - have closed meeting at Evergreen after a weeks preaching as earnestly as I ever did. Think there was some good done as the general interest seemed to be somewhat increased. Sunday I had very large congregation and most enthusiastic interest. Lela and the little ones went with me and we took dinner at Bro. Gurdon's. I preached at night to very large congregation - some 20 came forward for prayer - two joined the church on Saturday night. There was a Smart alec at the door gazing in like a fool. I think it was one of the Streeter (?) boys. I got tired of his nonsense and remarked that I thought there was some colored folks at the door and asked him to take a seat on the door step - everybody looked - only to see that fool making for the dark, and I haven't seen that fool's face at the door since.

pg 301 Last night I made the folks laugh at some foolish lovesick kids who persist in sitting on the side with the girls. This morning I went over and spent part of the day with Bro John - who is quite sick. The weather is some cooler and we are fixing to go to Belf Springs. Bro Gurdon and Sawyer and families are gone and Bro. Horners family and Conerly's families and ours will go tomorrow for an outing of a week--and now I am in the midst of pleasure even while I write for Sister Bagan Chares (?) and Tessie and Miss Pet Harvey and Ruth are here and the girls are singing and giving us music --OH! these beautiful stories of music--God's best gift to cheer us amid lifes rugged pathway - they give us some idea of what Heavenly felicity is to be when our struggles are over, eternally and joys begun to have no end. Let us enjoy life while we can, and do what we can to make others hapy.

Aug. 28 - returned yesterday afternoon from our outing to the Belf River Springs where we spent several days and nights drinking the thermal waters. The trip would have been both pleasant and profitable if we had not had some giddy foolish girls and their lovers along - that kept our stumache in constant nausea - almost to vomiting - with their constant "yum-yuming". Tessie was there and her victim of puppy love (Will). Tessie could not get out of his sight at all and I suppose must have suffered on some occasions to delicate to report. Bro Tom Gafney, the Irishman, was there, and was the life of the occasion. The Horner girls promised there should be no

pg 302

one along but our own crowd until we got there it transpired that clandestine arrangements had been made for some of the fast young men of the neighborhood to follow after so that they could enjoy their revelry, and as a consequence we had in the second day the addition to our crowd of Mr. Harry Cook and Theodore Harris (Harper?) and Jim Booth, and Johnie Waltham. Johnny behaved very nicely and we enjoyed his presence. Houton Sigman went with us and was quite a civil gentleman though he and Cook and Booth & Gafney went off in the woods and had a game of cards. I know not how much money may have passed hands at night - the Harris (Horner?) girls and a Miss Holmes who came up with Theodore acted badly in that they went off into the dark - and took their seats in buggies and sat until a late hour - and became very much offended because my girls would not endorse such. There came near being trouble between Theodore and Will Conerly because neither one of them wanted the light to shine on them - "Man loves darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil; women too; there must have been some evil in store, when both men and girls didn't want the light to shine on them. There were Houton and Mat Horner stuck off at least in utter darkness in a cart and Theodore and Miss Holmes in a buggy, and Harry Cook and Pet Horner - all in utter darkness, notwithstanding my wife had told them to go to bed when the other girls did - and Tessie James and Will Conerly in a hammock - also in the dark. The next morning we broke camp and came home, and these flying fillies were very much offended because we would not stay on another night for them to revel. I am now recording facts, that ought to bring a blush of shame on their faces when old, if they live that long. We had quite a crowd of young folks last night and singing until a late hour, and I tired myself. I had retired when they came. The trip would have been both pleasant and profitable but for this fact and that of Rob's sickness. Rob was taken sick the first night after we got there and was sick the entire time. We hauled him home in the wagon but his fever was broken and he has been up since our arrival at home. There was quite a number of campers on the ground and some most excellent people. Mr. Gordon's and Sawyer's families were there and Mr. Cormach from Portland and Garland Giles from Lake Village and others. I had prayer once on the ground but the confusion was so great that I could not do so anymore. I detest mockery.

pg 303

Sept. 1, 1897. I am at home this morning feeling worse than a courting man, as slept but little last night. I went to Lake Village Saturday. Lela went with me and we stoped with Frank Lee and spent the night and drove to Bro Kruse Sunday morning. I had small congregation at eleven and was stormed out at night. We had a regular windstorm but no rain. The weather was very warm. Mercury roughly at 100°.

Newspaper Clipping from Ark Meth on pg 302

Lapile Circuit

As you have not heard from old Lapile Circuit for some time, we thought it would be nothing amiss to drop you a

short field note from this part of the work. Lapile has for some time been on downgrade. The spiritual interest has been low. There have been but few sound conversions on the work for several years. It has been a struggle for existence. The old Wesleyan doctrine has not been preached in so long a time that it is almost forgotten. But atlast there is a better day dawning on us. We have had during the present Conference year a man that is not afraid to preach old Methodist doctrine for us. Brother Poynter is infusing new life into the work by preaching a free and full salvation to the people, and it is having a fine effect. His farewell sermon was full of the sanctifying grace of God, and his memory is indelibly fixed on our minds at old Lapile Church. The prospect is that if Brother Poynter were sent to us one more year that we could be in much better shape. We are passing through the hardest times, financially, that we ever saw, but we love our preacher and will not let him suffer, if it is in our power to prevent it.

O.E. Bolding, L. P.

pg 304 We called Monday on Genl Reynolds. Find quite feeble. We came on Monday eve. I went yesterday at eleven to Independence had small congregation but at night had good congregation and the prospects are good for a good meeting. Had one to come forward last night. Tucker Chidister is with us now on a visit. He came down from Red Fork on a Bicycle. Mattie had earache all night last night and kept us awake and I am feeling miserable this morning in consequence of it. Harry Cook was at church last night. He is a Roman Catholic. I took dinner and supper yesterday with Bro. Walter Mathews. I go again this morning to Independence.

Sept. 4. Have had a most splendid meeting and the meeting still progressing. The alter has been crowded every night - have had 7 accessions and more to come - the country is just now getting aroused. Our Baptist friends are loosing ground - as we are likely to glean up a lot of their young folks. Bro Smith came over - The Baptist Preacher from Ashley Co - and I could not get to preach, but he made a little talk of about one hour and a half - - - . Our Baptist friends are all so long winded. They are like the Irishman's sow. You have to pull her ears off to get her to the trough and yes, have to pull her tail off to get her away. I spent the day, day before yesterday with Bro Bob Allen and the night with Bro Bryant Phillips and yesterday with Bro Gilmore. We had preaching at eleven and at night. I have to do all the work but am holding out finely. Mrs. T. K. Lee has been attending the meetings some at night, but can't get her out at eleven. Lela was with me yesterday and day before.

pg 305 - - - Little Oon suffers considerable with his sores - he is very much affected with sores - a skin eruption of some sort. Rob has gone off this morning to the Belf pearl hunting - that is quite a craze nowadays, and there is reported to have been some very valuable ones found. Last night we had company - a young man by the name of Owens representing Centenary (?)

Baptist College is stopping at Bro. Horners and he and the young folks came over and spent a while with us. Pet and Mat were here flattering me with their blandishments but I can read human nature too well for that. They have no liking for anyone who puts a chuck(?) on their sinful foolishness. Yesterday they took especial pleasure in getting out into the Hall of their house in full view of my family and in company with the Miss Williams of Cariola, waltzing around for a half hour. Of course, they did this in defiance—

—I closed the meeting at Independence Sunday night - we had a splendid meeting - had 9 accessions and the church very much built up.

pg 306 I have received communications from several of the brethren wishing me to assist them in meetings - but my time has been too much taken up in my own work.

—Sept 22 — Bro Scott came last Saturday week and we had our 3rd Quarterly Conference - financial report tolerably good - Bro. C. B. Baley has paid during the year on his own a/c \$73— if we had a few more such men there would be no danger of the preacher suffering. Our Quarterly meeting was quite a good one. Bro. Scott did some scorching preaching - Sister Peak took offense and rather defied the church to turn her out for dancing - I fully intended to read her out of the church but she seems to be so humble - since that time - that I have concluded to see if she won't repent. - If not, I will turn her out - the health of the country tolerably good. The yellow fever scare is quite high - it is prevailing at an alarming extent in Mississippi and some other places. Our county is all under Quarentine—the North wind has blown strong for over a week- this is a great blessing to the yellow fever district and we fear no danger so long as it lasts.

pg 307 - on last Saturday I went to Oak Grove, LA and assisted in a meeting there. Bro Parker of Lake Providence was there — we had a real old time revival. I called for an altar exercise on the part of the church. Bro. Parker was first to kneel for a special blessing and God poured out his spirit upon us and we had a time of rejoicing.—had altar full of penitents on Friday at eleven—Altar full on Saturday—

- - Preached at Evergreen on Sunday and stopped for dinner with Judge Hariman - found out why the Judge did not ask me home with him sooner.

pg 308 When I got there I found a large dancing platform which had been prepared for the dancers after the barbeque and had not yet been taken up. The judge felt shamed to invite the preacher to his house when he had to walk in over the dance floor to get into the house. I despise this species of sin - it is more dangerous to the church and Christianity than anything else. Sunday I went to Cariola and found a good congregation. All of the Jews were out.

- - - Mattie and Don are playing Doctor and sick folks and it is wonderful to hear Don's prescriptions - He prescribed a tinbox full of drops for Mattie's baby - and to grease it from head to foot with salve - You ought to see Don now.

pg 309 - He has been affected with sores - like Jobe and we have had to use salve freely - and the little fellow has to wear a little girls dress and it is all greasy and the dust is flying everywhere and he looks like some little offcast - but Don is hapy anyhow, until he stumps his toe, and then the program is all changed. Little Bessie is standing near me with my old Hickory stick and keeps me dodging to keep both my eyes sound - - -

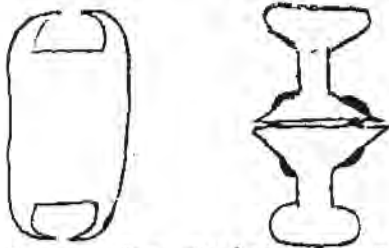
RR
inven-
tion

Sept 28, 1897. Sometime ago - two weeks or more - I got a letter from Bro. Lowe of Grady notifying me that Col Fordyce was using my railroad invention on his Cotton Belt R - Last year I sent Col F a draft of my invention so that he could have it tested. I have never heard anything from him since, notwithstanding I have written two or three times - and now I learn they are using the invention, all unawares to me - this shows fowl play - I have written to Col Fordyce again but have heard nothing from him yet - - -

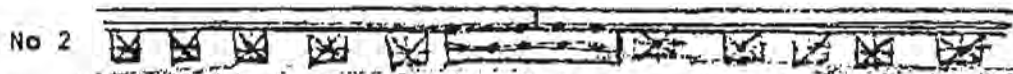
- - - The yellow fever plague seems to be still on the rampage - We have had a case of swamp fever in our neighborhood which resulted very suddenly in the death of the young lady (Miss Ralph)

pg 310 Bro. Kruse has built him a new house and used my patent chinmey and is perfectly delighted with it.

(drawing on page 310 of Journal)



here I have two devices for preventing the ends of the rails from settling or bending down - No 1 is the one I sent to Col Fordyce.



No 2 is by inverting a piece of rail 2 or 3 ft long and bolting through the flanges of the bars - I think No 2 is the best device.

Oct 10, 1897. I have written to Col Fordyce again but have heard nothing from him. "There's something rotten in Denmark".

Last Sunday I went to Cariola and preached at eleven to good congregation and at night to crowded house and had splendid attention. All the Jews were out. We have had the whole Conn (Kahn?) family out yesterday to visit us and get some work done. Lela is having a hard time fitting the old Lady with a dress. These Jews are the same size all the way. They are real nice people, tho, and we like them very much. Mag went with me Sunday and played the organ Sunday night. We came home Monday afternoon. The yellow fever is still spreading some but is of a lite form and there are but few deaths. We have just heard that there is a case of it at Luna but I think this must be a mistake. The weather is still dry and dusty, so much so that it is disgusting to go anywhere. Our pump got out of fix and we have had a time getting water. The stock almost perished but we have it fixed now and all is well again.

pg 311

Sister Lee was over to see us yesterday and reports Bro. Lee still complaining. Bro. Lee would be deprived of a great deal of pleasure if he were to get fat and healthy as he would have nothing to grunt over. Tom's old horse is scratching his tail on a picket and is about to brake down the fence. I went Wednesday night and preached at Independence to small crowd. The appointment was not generally understood. I spent the night with Bro Gilmore who says he will bring me some corn and cottonseed, but it hasn't come yet. We have a very fine cow of Bro Horners milking which is a break fence and we will have to keep her up and feed her. I will have to go and find some water for the horses and cows.

Oct 11, 1897. Have just arrived from Lake Village where I preached yesterday at eleven and at night. The congregation was small. Court is going on and the Devil is in his glory. The Court Prosecuting Atty and most of the bar with a number of the Grand Jury are gamblers and the most of them were in attendance at the saloon. I stoped with Gen'l Reynolds who I find somewhat improved in health. Bro. Kruse is still knocking along among the strong and hapy. We had a rain last night for the first in 8 or 10 weeks. We have had a great drought. Our family are all well.

Oct 15, 1877. Myself and Lela took a trip Tuesday to Grand Lake, spent the day amongst the people and made some purchases. While there I called on old Sister Hudson who is at the point of death, but did not get to see her - as it was the Dr's orders for her to see no one.

pg 312

Yesterday, Lela and I took the little ones and went and spent the day with old Sister Rogers and her boys. We called in the afternoon to see old Sister Whithorn and met there Sister Quinn, who also is very old and both quite feble. Neither of them can stay in this world very much longer. Came home late and found that Bro Horner had put me a load of corn in the crib. All are well.

Oct. 16, 1897. Have just written a postal to Press Whiting in answer to a letter from him relative to renting my place on Arkansas River. The

weather is dry and warm and getting quite dusty again. The women are all quite busy washing and the babies are at play. I went over this morning for a little while and examined Theodore's maps of their survey made on the Mississippi farms - I mean the big plantations on the Mississippi River, yesterday. While at dinner, Bro Beach from Grand Lake came to my house and notified me that my services would be wanted to bury old Sister Hudson who died the night before. I went down to the graveyard—took Lela with me—where we met the corpse—and a large concours of people. I preached her funeral at the grave and laid the dear old saint to rest. She was nearly 80 years old and was well prepared.

pg 313 Oct 19, 1897. I have just finished biography of old Bro Kruse and sent to Methodist for publication. On last Sunday at eleven o'clock I preached at Evergreen, after which I returned home and got dinner and then drove to Hillville in afternoon and performed the marriage ceremony for Wm Boyd and the widow Conner. He 25 years old and she 26. I then returned home and got a lunch. Mag had gone the whole journey with me, and now Lela and Bessie took passage with me and went into Grand Lake where I preached at night to crowded house of attentive listeners. All the Jews were out. I had traveled 32 miles during the day and was well worn out. We spent the night at Bro Moors and would have had a good night's rest but for the fact that Theodore Horner was there on a modern courting spree and he and his girl, Miss Carry Cox sat up until the we sma hours of the morning and we could hear them whispering and mumbling and of course could not sleep. I think it a poor way for a young man to get a wife. We spent the day in town and I received orders to the sawmill for 27 hundred ft of lumber for our parsonage. The boys are at work, now makeing boards to cane our corn crib and we want to get our parsonage as comfortable as we can so that if I have to remain on the work next year we will be comfortable, or if I go, some other preacher will have a comfortable house. We are all well. Had a little drizzle of rain last night. I got \$2.50 for my message Sunday.

pg 314 Oct 20, 1897. The weather dark and foggy and some prospect of rain. We are all up this morning and the boys are off to their work and the girls in a flutter about getting water to wash with. Bro Horner is preparing to take a trip to Jefferson Co. to spend a month improving lands for his English Company. Rob is going with him.

Oct 23, 1897. I am feeling sad and dispirited tonight for some cause. I don't know what it is. Mamie is playing on the piano but Lela is making so much noise on the machine that I "couldn't hear it thunder if the cloud was in my hat" (Rob) I went up and spent part of the afternoon with Bro James. He received letter today from Tinie who is at Alters attending Hyrum and Linden College and she seems to be wonderfully pleased. The weather is still warm and dusty today. I wrote to the Bicycle Co. at Chicago relative to my new invention on tires - and also to Bro Scott and sent a paper to old Bro Bolding at Lapile. I am looking daily for a communication from Col Fordyce relative to my RR device. Don't know what it will amount to when I get it.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS:

A protracted meeting is now in progress, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Poynter. Mr. Poynter is an earnest worker and we trust his efforts will meet with the success they merit.

"The Protracted Meeting at Carmel"

The protracted meeting held at Independence lately was very successful. The meeting was conducted by our Godly pastor, Rev. R. H. Poynter, a holiness and God-loving man. We sincerely thank the Conference for sending such a soul-saving man as Bro. Poynter in our midst. No revival has ever accomplished as much good here as the one that has just closed. At the beginning everything appeared cold and desolate, but did not remain that way long, for the spirit came as a gentle breeze filling the surrounding atmosphere and was refreshing to every soul. Many were converted while some were deeply convicted. Some perhaps went to church through curiosity, but the influencing words that fell from the lips of that beloved minister caused them to realize their weak conditions and they went to their abodes praising God for his goodness and mercy. Rev. E. E. Smith of Hamburg, gave us a talk on "The Results of Sin." It was appreciated and we think will never be forgotten. I believe the grandest sight that I beheld was the conversion of a little boy fourteen years of age. At one of the experience meetings he arose from his seat and gave in his experience so manly and full of praise that it acted like electricity upon the whole congregation. He happened to look out through a window up in the sky and said that he could see Jesus holding a little lamb. Some tried to tell their experience but would break down in their seats crying. The house was well lighted every night and so there was no excuse for singing. The attendance was good and the attention was extraordinary. The Lord's Supper was administered very sacredly. It was truly a happy and glorious time. We hope that we may attend such another grand revival soon.

Clipping on page 315

"From an old Farmer".

Dear Editor: The Arkansas Farmer is a weekly visitor to our house and is quite an interesting paper, and I find by listening closely to what it says that considerable information of a valuable sort may be gained, especially to Farmers, and when I say Farmers (you see I write Farmers with a big "F") I mean that class of beings that the world cannot get along very well without, and yet he seems to be perambulating around about on a par with silver, and there is a striking resemblance between them. By the way, the farmer is the backbone of humanity, and when the backbone is broken or crippled humanity suffers, and silver is the backbone of all commercial interest, and when the backbone is broken or crippled the commercial interest suffers. Let us have gold and silver on a parity, with free coinage, at the ratio of 16 to 1, operated on gold and silver certificates with the endorsement of Uncle Sam as security, and it won't be long until matters will settle down and prosperity will smile upon a smiling farmer and of course when the farmer smiles everyone else smiles but Wall Street speculators—and what do we

care about Wall street, we can get along without the thing.

I have just been reading some of your thoughts on Jeffersonian Democracy, and it reminds me of the boy who didn't know his daddy. The old man had gone to town and bought him a new suit of clothes, a thing he never did before; and then shaved and had his hair cut, a thing he never did before; and then to be in the fashion, he got drunk, a thing he never did before, and when he arrived at home his boy said, "That's not dad's head, that's not dad's face, that's not dad's body, nor dad's laigs, and I'll be dinged if that's dad's voice."

There has been a radical change in Jeffersonian Democracy and Madison Democracy. Democracy of today is like the Chameleon and when he gets on a Republican plank the color changes to that of the plank and you can't see him. (Breckinridge)

I think it would be a good idea to pass a law sending all lobbyists to the pen for 99 years, and maybe then we could get some honest legislation. And another thing, we don't want any more presidents from Wall street, we don't.

Mr. Jefferson includes in good Democracy, free religion, thats all right;but suppose some man's religion proposes to interfere with good democracy and free religion, and Uncle Sam's government, then what? "Thereby hangs a tail." Let the Farmers' Alliance look a little out all along that line.

More Anon (Poynter)

Sherrill, Ark. Oct. 25, 1893

pg 315 I went to see Bro John Lee, yesterday, expecting to find him in bed very sick - but when I got there he was away off somewhere, hunting cattle. He had sent for me the day before to come to see him.

Poem or song on pg 315:

"Go tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love,
Go tell it to the lonely and distressed.
Go tell it to the heathern whose heart seems hard to move
Go tell the world that Jesus died to save
His blood was spilt on Calvary's brow the sinner to redeem

Amid the scoffing of the rabble foe,
But Angels came his crown to bare and lay it on his brow
For Jesus died and lives again you know

Go tell them I am coming
Go bring them unto me
Go bring me lambs that I have loved so well

Go bring them now into the fold that they their Lord may see
 And by his grace, be saved from sin and Hell.
 Oh yes the time is coming when all the world may know
 The love that brings our Savior from above
 and fills our Soul with joy and peace
 In all the ways we go.
 And tells us of our Risen Saviors love.
 Oh yes I'm coming to my Lord with all my guilt and sin
 I claim the cleansing ransom of his blood
 And when I stand before His throne I know he'll let me in.
 To join the throng of those who love the Lord.

Corus

Oh who could live in this cold world of sin and endless woe,
 Without the hope of better days to come.
 Which comes to us oh blessed thought our Saviors love to know.
 And calls from cares to rest in _____ home
 The angels bands will join us there to sing his endless praise
 And with our garlands crown him Lord of all.
 And when we march the golden streets
 We'll sing through endless days
 His glory who has saved us from the fall

Corus

pg 317 Oct 22 at night - were all in a "tub of trouble" Our pump has given out again and everything perishing for water. Sister Lee came over this evening and we had a church cleaning. Sister Allen and Bessie Conely came over and spent the afternoon. No sign of rain yet. I got a letter this evening from Bro. McClintock notifying me of the postponement of his meeting at Wilmot where I was to have gone next Monday to continue a meeting for a week. The yellow fever has interferred, so I will put in my week at home.

Oct 23 Weather still very dry - we have just had a time fixing the pump - the negroes from all over the country are coming to this pump to get water and they wear it out - but we have it running all right again.

last Sunday I preached at Concord to moderately good congregation from the 16 v. 29 chap. of Isiah. I went and took dinner with Sister Horner and had to hurry up to go to Independence at 8 oc - Lela went with me and we found only a small congregation owing to so much sickness.

Newspaper Clipping from Ark Meth on pg 316 as follows:

OAK GROVE

I am off on a short jaunt from home; have been preaching incessantly for two months, some sixty sermons, in my protracted meetings. I have held four meetings in the bounds of Cariola Circuit.

My meeting at Independence was on the old Methodist order and the fires burned. The church was revived and the old time spiritual enthusiasm was seen and felt again. Had 11 accessions and I think more will join.

Our third Quarterly Conference was held at Concord, embracing the 2nd Sunday in September. Bro Scott, our P.E. was with us and gave us four delightful sermons, which will be food for thought for a long time.

I think the work is improved. Although we are somewhat behind on our finances. We have one brother who has paid \$73 up to date for the support of the ministry.

This is Saturday and all the negroes are going either to their bigelo or to town. The old hen has been making trouble. We have twelve little orphaned chicks and she is an old widow hen, having lost all her own chicks and is trying to steal our little organs - and we have put the law to her in the way of chunks and corncobs but she is the most persistant old hen I ever saw except the one that is trying to make her nest on the piano. The old scratch can get in an old hen.

Oct 26, 1897. Am at home this morning and feeling tolerbly well. Our family are all well. Last Sunday I preached at Concord to moderately good congregation from the 16v 29 chapter of Isaiah. I went and took dinner with Sister Horner and had to hurry up to go to Independence at 3. Lela went with me and we found only a small congregation owing to so much sickness.

pg 318

However, I preached and I trust some good was done. We went after preaching to see Sister Gilmore, who is very sick. After calling on her we went and spent the night with Bro Walton Mathews. Monday morning we went away down the Belf river to spend the day with Bro Everett who is a good Baptist Brother and enjoyed the day very much. In afternoon I called on Bro Demarcus an Italian who is a member of the Baptist Church. He has had a most wonderful history. Was brought from his home in Italy and adopted by a rich old sea captain and afterward when only eleven years old abandoned on the Island of St. Hellena where Napoleon was exiled. He is a man of fine sense and I think trying to live a Christian. We returned late in the evening and found Sister Gilmore not doing very well and on our way we called on a family by the name of Jones. The old lady and man are both very sick. As I came on I got out of my Buggy and went into the house where the negro man was recently murdered and examined the house. He could have been shot from a crack in the house. We landed at home very late and found that Tom had been out on a collecting tour to get money to dig a well and is succeeding very well.

Oct. 28. There is a lite rain falling this morning for the first in two months. We are all up and well. Tom and I have been sawing some board timber and I am a little tired. Lela and Mattie went to Cariola, yesterday and learned that the yellow fever was somewhat increasing at New Orleans and at Memphis.

319 Everything is under quarantine. We are making a strong effort to raise funds to put down a new well and think we will succeed. Tom canvassed the whole country over and only got \$3.20. These Hill people are too stingy to drink enough branch water after a big rain. We haven't heard from Rob since he left. Our sick folk in the neighborhood are getting better.

Saturday, Oct. 30, 1897. Night before last we had frost (light) but we hope it was heavy enough about Memphis to stop the yellow plaque. I think we had lite frost this morning but I was not up in time to see it. All day yesterday I hauled boards, me and old Dollie and the sled. Tom cut poles for the crib. Bro Jim Cheers brought me five bu. of corn. Our folks have not started on our new well, yet, notwithstanding we have the money on hand to pay for the lumber. The moon hangs away round in the south, a splendid indication of more warm dry weather. We have had so much dry dusty weather that I am tired of it. We are all well and able to eat our little grub. Bessie is "dictating things around here." I am informed that the old lady Quine with one foot in the grave and the other one mildewed from the damp of death and her devoted (?) daughter-in-law Mrs. Gim Quine had a real hair pulling a few days ago. The old Quine holds the dung hill and the young one scratches around.

Nov. 3, 1897. Returned yesterday from Lake Village. I went last Saturday to Dr. Conerlys, but the folks were not at home and I drove on down to Bro Sarver and spent the night. Dr. C and his wife drove down after supper and sat until bedtime. I found Bro Frank Lee there in bed. He had met with a very sad accident in getting his hand caught in the Gin and all of his fingers cut off. He is at home, now. May the Lord bless him in basket and store, but above all in spiritual measure. He says he will lose nothing by it and even if he does it is a pleasure to him. Our little difficulties are giving way and I think the prospects are good to bring Cariola Circuit up to her standing among the best circuits of the Conference. There are noble hearted people in this country and if we can only work up a spirit of Loyalty to Methodism and to God, we will have accomplished a good work. May the blessings of the Lord rest upon us and the brethren everywhere.

I am now assisting Bro Riggs in a meeting in West Carrol Parish, La. I heard Bro. Parker, the son of our beloved Bishop, preach a splendid sermon last night. There is quite a good attendance. Love to all the brethren.

Robt. H. Poynter.

pg 320 On Sunday morning it was raining so hard - and rained most of the day - so much so that I did not get to go to the Village to hold services at all.

Monday it was still raining and I concluded to remain where I was. Sister S. and I went Monday in her buggy to the village. I found that nothing had been done in the way of our collection and that place is badly behind - - - Sister Starnes gave me \$5 - - -

Oct 4. Yesterday we all hands went over on Bayou Moses and spent the day gathering pecans and scaly barks. We had our dinner with us and enjoyed the day very much. There was 9 of us in the crowd - Misses P. and myself and May and Ruth H. and Mattie and Don and Eva Withrow and Rhoda and Tom fur-tailing. The day was pleasant and sunshiny. While we were gone Sister Moore of Grand Lake and Sister Peak came out and spent part of the day with Mamie and Bessie who we had left at home - - -
- - -We are making all sorts of arrangements for the conference. Some want to move and some don't and there is great preparation and speculation - I don't think we will be moved - but will tell more about it after conference.

Nov 10 - - -I worked very hard yesterday all day fixing our chimney - getting ready for the winter as we expect to have to remain another year. Last Saturday was our fourth qtr conference. Bro Scott was with us and gave us three good sermons - one on sinning at eleven - on Baptism and made it so plain that the wayfarer - through fool - need not err, therein, though, many fods will - convince one against his will to - our reports were tolerably good except finances - which are badly behind. At Lake Village the inflated cesspool of Chicot Co, there are a most miserable set of blows - Lela went with me to conf. and we spent the night with Bro. Gilmore - we returned home in the afternoon of Sunday - - - Tom started to the Arkansas River Monday to be gone some days - Mag and Ruth Horner took a trip of canvassing yesterday to raise money to buy a stove for the parsonage and made a raise of \$1.50. Mamie is now quite busy, enlarging Mr. Harimans picture, and has a very fine picture. Nothing especial has transpired of late - the Devil is always at work and has got in a pretty good job in the Independence neighborhood over the killing of a negro - and the purchase of some lumber for the school house, so that there is quite a coolness among the people. Of course this always mitigates against the preacher, especially in the finances.

Oct. 12 - - - Lela and I concluded to go visiting, so we hitched up and took the little ones - Mattie, Don, and Bessie - and lit out - - - spent the day with Bro Bogan Chairs - went to Bro Douglasses and spent the night. There was no one left at home but Mamie and Mag.

og 322 but they insisted upon our going so we went and left them. They claim to have had a fine time while we were gone, all by themselves. We had a delightful visit both to Bro Chairs and Bro Douglass where we spent the night. Bro Douglasses diminutive figure seemed to dilate very much when he saw us coming. He only weighs about 300 lbs. so we had a good pleasant time. Yesterday morning we hitched old Dolly and started to Mr. Chas Lyles. We had quite a time finding the place. The roads all seemed to be pointing the wrong way, but at last we got there, and found Bro Lyle quite comfortably fixed. He has a good home. He is an old widower and his son John lives with

him. John is afflicted - neither being of sound body or mind, His wife is an excellent woman and we enjoyed the day very much. Late in the evening we came on home and found things . Well, this is a beautiful morning, cool & clear. Bro James came by this morning with his wagon on his way to the sawmill to get some lumber to put down a new well for us - or some other poor unfortunate - and still we are fortunate as we are not in some yellow fever district and our lot is good compared with some. We may be moved again this year. We don't know which would suit best, to move or stay.

pg 323 I am just home from a rousing and interesting trip to Lake Village where I preached my last sermon last Sunday night for this conf. year. Mamie went with me. We started Sat. after dinner and on our way up we stuck in the mud. Just as we were upon a crosslay the forewheels had ascended and as the hind wheels struck the first log the hawstring broke and old Dolly walked on out of the harness and left us sitting up high and dry; so I had to crawl out over the splashboard and rig up again. We went on without further disturbance, arriving at Bro Connerly's just at sundown and found Sister C. at home. We spent an exceedingly pleasant night and on Sunday we went at eleven o'clock to the village where I had a small but interested congregation - - - Finances are behind there and the women have been at work and raised some \$20 - they promised some \$40 or \$50 more--the infidels have got their backs up because we have published them to the world - they love to boast their infidelity on the streets and eschou the church - and criticize the ministry, but alas, "tell it not in gath (?)" Our people and the ministry in the past have been condoling this state of affairs - and rather apologizing for them until these infidels came to the conclusion that the right to be an infidel was undisputed, but I have put sulphur under their noses - and now they are making things hideous with their sneezing - they think to avenge themselves on the preacher by not paying anything - but God have mercy on these poor misguided miscreants. I fear they will perish with their care Oh! the cesspool of iniquity that is in this country - - were it not for a few of the good and devout people of this country calamity would befall them but the goodness and mercy of our Heavenly Father is such that he bears long with this iniquity. We preached again at night to a much better congregation - there were some present who had not been before in a long time. Dr. Connerly would have me go back down home with him for dinner in his buggy - I left mine at General Reynolds. Mamie spent the time with Sister Avunt and Sister Reynolds. I went down with him to dinner and spent the afternoon. Bro & Sister Auburn were over from the other side of the Lake, and we had a pleasant evening. The Dr. had to make a call to see Mr. Frank Lee in the afternoon and I was afraid he would not return in time for me so I lit out and walked to the village. I spent the night with Bro Kruse. The old man paid me \$5 more and promised to be on hand next Saturday. Sister Reynolds gave Mamie some very nice presents. We came on to Sister Stearnes and took dinner and started at 3³⁰ to W W Hurds at Lake Port where we arrived late and spent the night. Monday morning it was raining so we had to wait until after dinner to start and drove 20 miles home in the afternoon - - -. I am sick, have the headache.

pg 325 Nov 23, 1897 - the week has been rather an eventful one - we have had some right cool weather - but clear - the yellow fever has been froze out and the country is at ease. We are all well. Bro Spurlock brought us some nice wild ducks last Saturday which he had killed and dressed nicely. Last week kept tolerably close to home - was quite busy getting ready for conference - Last Saturday was set for our adjourned stuards meeting and only two of them put in their appearance. Bro James and Bro. Chairs - with \$6 collection. Last Sunday I went to Evergreen and preached to small congregation and \$4.40. Mag went with me. We went and took dinner with Sister Gorden and after dinner we went on to Cariola - where I preached at night to overcrowded house - all the Jews were out - and we had a good time - a splendid meeting. I spent the night with Bro. Beach - had a pleasant night. Monday morning I came up to Bro. Beaches shop and gave him my plan for a patent spoke for a bicycle. He has promised to put it through for a half interest. I came on by Bro Baileys and settled up and received balance due for Cariola. They have paid up in full and a little over. Rob came home last Wednesday from P. B. with his new wheel and we have been having some interesting times riding. I registered \$25 yesterday to W. M. Ball (Ball Boles) & Co of Memphis and went today to Bro J. N. Johnson's and spent part of the day. He is building a fine home - I took dinner with him and received \$6.50 more which he had collected. Came by on my way home and called on Sister Sawyers and then on home.

pg 326 Nov 25, 1897 - Quite unwell all day with headache. - - Bro D. C. Connerly came over and brought me \$15 which was sent me from Lake Village. The village is now \$100 behind on her assessment, but it is all I expected in the beginning - but we are living and doing well. The God of the Universe is our Shepherd and our faith is in him. Yesterday we sent the money the girls - Mag and Ruth - raised by Bro. Horner and got a heating stove for the girls' room - - and have some money left. - - Lela and I went yesterday and spent the day with Sister Connerly and she gave us a good dinner and apologized because it wasn't better. Bro Quine was with us today and took dinner. After dinner he and Rob went out and they killed nine squirrels - so we will have squirrels for breakfast. Rob went and spent the night with him and will help him tomorrow haul cotton. The wind is blowing tonight.

Nov 27, 1897. The wind seems to have taken fright at something and has shied around from the South to the North and has brought us some of the Ides of Alaska and our noses are red and our eyes watering everytime we start outdoors. Now see! what Bessie has done. She came running up and gave my elbow a shove and see what a mark. Arnie, our colored neighbor has just come in from the cotton patch and says it is cold, however I worked hard all day yesterday fortifying against this cold - for I looked for it. I ceiled up all around the house underneath so that the wind can't get under the house and I feel that it makes a big difference. Yesterday I went to work and built a stable on the South of the crib so that old Dollie will be comfortable in bad weather. She seems to be proud of it. We are getting ready now to start to conf. - Mamie and I - and after all my arrangements for comfort may have to move next year - nevertheless, I wouldn't have it otherwise - I wouldn't change a feature of our Methodist

economy - only I would somewhat limit the power of the Bishop and P. E. in making the appointments. As it now is, the Bishop and the P. E. can make shipwreck of a preacher - that is, the P. E. can—however, we have too much confidence in our brethren to think that such often transpires. I have the greatest confidence in our Bishop - however, there are two of them that I do not think quite as much consecrated as they ought to be - Bishop Duncan and Bishop Wilson - a Bishop has no business smoking segars, especially 10¢ Havanas - A Bishop has no business attacking the doctriens of Holiness on any line so long as it is Orthodox. I have just heard that Jimmy Booth of Grand Lake is about to die with something like congestion of the brain. Dr. Scott says he will die. This is the only assurance I know of that he will get well. Jimmy is a bad young man - one of the Devil's own. I would go and see him, but don't think my visit would do him any good. I am sorry for the young man as he has been very respectful to me, and notwithstanding I have no confidence in his ever being saved. Yet, I admire him for some of his better qualities. He doesn't try to disguise his sin into respectability, but says boldly it is wrong. He is in the hands of our Heavenly Father - May he have mercy on him, which he can only do by Jimmy coming to him. God cannot have mercy on a perverted wilful sinner - who will not accept his mercy.

44th
Ann.
Conf.

Thurs 9th 1897. Mamie and I have just returned from the 44th Annual Conference of Little Rock Conference. We started from home last Monday morning a week ago and went to Portland. We stopped at Bro. DeAmperts to dinner and formed the acquaintance of a young Sister Crowell from La. and found her to be a most interesting young lady. - - - the roads were very bad - it had rained the night before, and turned very cold - - - we had to cross Belf (Boeuf) River on a raft and got very cold. I left old Dollie and the Buggy at Sister Camacks and took dinner at Bro. Pews in Company with Brethren Steel, Roland and Oak (?). We took the train at 12:44 and rolled out for P. B. the seat of conference - where we arrived late and it was cold. We had bus to meet us, and were met at the train by Bro. Loudermilk to whose home we were driven for our quarters during the conf. It was a great feast to meet again our Brethren and enjoy the many good things of an annual conference. Bishop Hendrix presided and on Sunday at 11^o preached one of the finest sermons I ever listened to. I found that many of the brethren and friends had read my letters written just after my arrival on my new work last year and the hardships through which I had to go had aroused the sympathy of the whole country; and I have received many congratulations, but I have carried up a good report, and was returned to Cariola Circuit for another year; and have found a warm welcome so far, and hope to do a good year's work.

pg 328 On our way up to PB we met with a young mother and her little babe on a long journey to South Carolina and I became nurse most of the way up. We left P. B. last Tuesday and arrived at Portland before night and spent the night with Bro Camaks and started out early yesterday morning for home. We had the pleasant company most of the way of Mr. Kilburn of Kilburn L.

329 We arrived at home sometime before night and found all well for which my heart went out to our dear Heavenly Father with unspeakable gratitude. Robt went to Portland this morning to get a horse for Bro Horner and has not yet returned. I mounted Rob's wheel today and went over to see Bro Lee and find him improving.

Dec 15, 1897. Last Saturday I went to Lake Village. Arrived at Bro Kruse's before night. The town was full of folks and the saloon at Joe Frame's was crowded and it is astonishing to see how many of the respectable (?) people are found there. When I learned of the outrageous treatment of Joe Frame to his poor little wife, the reward of another piece of wounds folly; Two or three years ago this Joe Frame - who has always been a disolute desperate man advertized for a correspondent - with matrimonial intentions, and received an answer from a young lady in Indiana, answered correspondence - resulted in a marriage. This profligate had been married before and his wife left him the next morning after their marriage and then he turned round and victimized this poor little creature and has treated her so cruelly that she has sued for divorce and has gone home and this libertine is now Lion-ized by the people of Lake Village. Of course there are some of the people who do not approve of his actfon. Last Sunday I had very good congregation at eleven and night.

pg 330 It was my first service for the year and starts off very well. I had very fine attention, though I felt that I had made two failures. Mr. Vincen and his wife, the gentleman who claims to be an Infidel was there and gave most attentive audience. I took dinner with Gen'l Reynolds who is quite feeble and went back and spent the night with Bro K. Mon. morn. I went and called on some newcomers. Mrs. McCarver who is a grass widow, poor little soul, another victim. Her husband is cruel to her and now she has to work for her living. I came Mon. and took dinner with Bro & Sis Stearns. The good people would not let me leave as the weather was stormy, so I stayed until yesterday morn. I came home yesterday evening late and found all well. Tom arrived at home last Thurs. from Ark. Co. where he has been engaged renting out the place, and will return in the morning to close contracts. On my way back from PB I met my old friend Jake Moss of Arkansas Citty. I ran over today and spent the day with bro John Lee who presented me with a very fine silk hat.

pg 331 Dec. 17-97 - the morning is sad--and gloomy - it is raining and turning cold--several of the neighbors have killed their hogs and the weather will be favorable--Rob came in late yesterday eve from Portland where he had been to take Tom to the train. The roads are simply awful and I think all communication will soon be cut off - and now the people are becoming very anxious about the prospect of another overflow - the Leves on the Mississipp side are being built up very much higher and stronger than they are on this side - and with the usual amount of water - we may expect an overflow - so it behoves us to _____ in every possible way and await the issues that are to come, we have some \$50 from our last years sallery - our house is not yet finished and we are enduring as best we can. I took some medicine this morning and has made me sick - - and I have had to desist

from writing for awhile. Rob cut a large tree close to the house and it made such a racket when it fell that Bessie who was playing on the floor almost stood on her head and the little thing scrambled up and ran like something was after her.

Dec. 23d For the last ten days we have had most inclement weather. Our health has been greater - but everyone has been imprisoned at this house by this incessant rainfall. Christmas is coming, and the usual festivities being prepared for. Is sad to the desecration of our Lord's birthday. A regular old Heathen custom of drunken orgy? practiced by so-called civilized Christian people; crowds of people black and white are constantly going into town (Grover Lake) and every other town to lay in their usual supplies of things and whisky for Christmas. It is enough to discourage any minister of the Gospell—and turn him away from the work with feelings of disgust with himself and everything else to see the perficuity of the human race—

pg 332 Some of our very best so called people are guilty of this hideous inconsistency and perhaps on next Sunday they sit in their pews looking as sanctimonious as a set of sick owles and ready to get mad at this preacher for the very firm allusion he may make to their devilish infidelity. Some will be skulking off in the dark places because they love dark ones rather than light. No doubt in these next few days the seeds will be sown in respectable and may be so called Christian families to practice ten thousand drunkards among the young generation of boys—And yet, these people expect to get to Heaven; Lela and the girls are quite busy cooking up some nicknacks to please the fancy of the dear little ones but we practice trying to keep our house free from the encroachments of the Devil's Christmas. Mamie went this morning in company of Dr. Anderson to spend a few days with Mrs. T. K. Lee. I almost fear the consequences for fear she has only decoyed her off over there to get up some sort of Devil amusement and had committed. This weather is still cloudy, area roads so bad they are almost impassable. Mr. Pat Rodgers got married yesterday at three oclock to Miss Mary Brooks. He came by after me to perform the ceremony but my horse was gone and I could not go. Bro. John Lee is now coming and I must close my book for a while.

Dec 31st, 1897. Christmas has come and gone with all the usual devilizations. What a sad comment on the civilization and religions of our country. Last Sunday I preached at eleven. My opening sermon for the year at Concord to good congregation. Took dinner at home and went to Independence at three. Had only a few present. Christmas was not off yet over they could not get out "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction."

pg 333 I have been very closely confined at home part of this week. On Tuesday, Lela and I and the babies went over and spent the day with Bro Connerly and family—and on Wednesday, we went over and took dinner with Bro. John Lee. After dinner, I drove down to Wm Freemans—near Evergreen and performed the marriage of Mr. Carl Stefferson? and Mrs. Holland, and from there I went to old man Streetmans and married his son Harison to Miss Gillum. It was night when I got back to Bro. Gordons where I spent the night. And on Thursday morning I came on home. Have been quite sick all day today. Last night

the young folks had a dance at the vacant house that Mr. Crumwell left and Theodore Harris was there with horse and buggy this morning. The horse and buggy were both gone and suppose have not been heard of yet. The weather is reportedly turning colder, the wind very high.

Jan 6, 1898. The new years here. Started off without particulars or notable events. We are all well except little Bessie. She has had some fever but I think the fever is now removed. Even she is up and playing. Bro. D. C. Connerly is now moving into a house near to us - and Bessie and the little baby and Jessie Bell are here at our house. Jessie B. is in bed with fever - last night was quite rowdy and this morning looked quite gloomy - but the clouds have scattered and bids fair to give us some pretty weather. I went last Sunday to Carriola and preached at eleven and at night. I think I passed over the worst road that I ever saw. It had been cut up by the wagons until the axels would drag the ground and then froze until it would hold up a horse - and I was pretty well jotted up when I got there - however had good congregation both at eleven and at night.

pg 334 I took up collection for Bro. Scott for Genl. Conf. expences and got \$2.00. Monday morning when I was ready to start I found old Dollie so badly foundered she could hardly walk. I spent the night with Bro. Bailey and left Dollie at Bro. Moore and she ate with head in the corn crib. Monday morning I went down to see Mr. Warfield who has been quite sick for some time. He is somewhat convelesing now and hopes to get well. I spent the day and night with them very pleasantly. This is a most spendid family. Mr. W. is a tipical old Kentuckyan and they have a splendid old time. Cattle residence—Miss Marie took me to the third story or rather stufver? of the building where we could look out all over the country and get a beautiful view of Grover Lake—and surroundings. I spent the night and found Dolly better in the morning, hitched up and returned to Grover Lake. Called awhile on Sister Allen who gave me some nice little things for the children. On my way out I met with Bro and Sister Peck. Mrs. P. got my wife to do some sewing for her some time ago. The sewing amounted to \$5.00. Mrs. P. sayed some hard things about my wife and has never paid her for her work. And, of course when she met me she looked very Bad; she is one of the non-understandables, sometimes gushing over with cleverness—and very suddenly she goes through "presto change" and stands on her head and kicks the air; she was a sissors (scissors?) and a knot, out of the old block. I do not waste much breath on such characters for in casting your pearls before such stock you get them trampled upon and yourself rended.

pg 335 I returned home day before yesterday and have been at home since. Bro. Gilmore from Independence over this morning and brought me some corn. This is Friday morning, and the sun is shining after one of the foggiest mornings I ever saw, a beautiful simble of what life is. The clouds and _____ of disappointment often overshadow us but there never was a day so dark that a brighter one did not succeed it. Little Bessie was quite sick night before last and yesterday morning the heart was heavy for fear of a return of chill but it has passed and little Bessie is making the sunshine all the brighter by her sweet little prattle and prank. I have been sawing some wood this morning and I'm tired. My wife and the girls think that my book takes up a

a heap of room and time, but when I'm dead and gone, perhaps it will be worth something to them then. Bro. Connerly has gotten moved and is a near neighbor to us, now. I am dreading my start on a long muddy journey. Lake Porterie and Lake Village but I will have to go.

Jan 11. Well, I am back home after one of the most tiresome trips, I started Saturday morning for Lake Porterie? on the Mississippi River. I wilsed? into Bayou Macon, about three and a half miles and crossed over on a bridge built by a Negro man who lives on the Bayou. I paid him 10 cts to cross—well—I got directions by the Negroes but there were no roads so I wandered it about 7 miles up the Bayou through some of the largest cane I ever saw—a purfect jungle. I finally met up with some Negroes out in their qtrs some horses and got directions out to an old road that used, a good many years ago—to be traveled but has been abandoned for a long time—and was difficult to follow—but after traveling some eight or nine miles I came to some settlements occupied chiefly by negroes and saw some of the finest cotton fields I ever saw. After traveling some twenty five miles in all—I arrived at W. W. Fords at about 4^o tired and hungry. I met old Bro Melton of Ky—an old man 97 years old. I spent the night very pleasantly and Sunday morning notwithstanding it was raining some. We fixed up and started to church. We went to Lake Port and had small congregation, and preached from 28 Psalm, had good affect—all—seem to be delighted. I went on to Lonnie Johnsons—above ditch Bayou and got dinner and found the people exceedingly pleasant. This is the place where the old man died some time ago—After dinner— I went on to the Village and stayed with Genl Reynolds— had preaching at night to good congregation—spent the night with the Genl and went up Monday morning and spent the forenoon with Bro Kruse who informed me that they had had a general row, Stearns, Bunker, & Kruse, over the fifteen dollars of our meeting but finally got all settled and it will do good I think in the future as it will make them a little more cautious.

Two newspaper clippings pasted on pages 336-339: My Old Friend and How He Became a Methodist, By R. H. Poynter.

"Sometime in the fifties, a German, by the name of Geo. G. K. _____ bearing a commission in the regular army or Russia, having just graduated with military honors and bearing the title of Count, being the eldest son, and heir to one of the great estates of that country, being of an investigating mind, and having money to spend, concluded to see something of the new world. So obtaining a furlough of 60 days he set out for America. In a few days after sailing, the vessel was caught by contrary winds and driven many leagues out of her course, and was thus delayed for several weeks. After getting herself righted, in the regular course, she was becalmed for another series of days, so that by the time Mr. K. landed on the American shore, the necessary delay for an outgoing ship he found would leave the time too short to make his return before the expiration of his furlough. This would subject him to the rigid law of the army, and a court martial. So, rather than subject his pride to the mortification of a court martial be concluded to forfeit his claims to the titles and estates and remain where he was and try his fortune in the new world. He could not speak a

word of English, but was good in French, and when he landed in New Orleans he found himself in demand, for many of the large sugar planters of the coast were much in need of French speaking managers, and after remaining a few days in the city, he found employment, at good wages, was sent out to take care of one of the largest sugar and cotton farms in Louisiana. He soon found himself to be successful and had things his own way. Being of an affable and congenial disposition he soon gained the esteem and confidence of the very best people in the land, and was sought after both in business and society. The winds were now favorable, and he was in a good way to gain in the new world more than all his losses in the old. His wages were good. He saved his money, and in a few years found himself in possession of a snug little fortune, and became a planter among the best. In those days game of all kinds abounded in the Mississippi swamps. Not a great while after Mr. K. took charge of his plantation his employers and others insisted upon his taking a drive for deer with them. After insisting for a while, they induced him to go and try his hand. So, they armed him with an immense double-barrel shotgun and placed him on one of the most popular stands they knew of, no doubt expecting to have some fun out of the timid Dutchman. He was riding a very fine, spirited horse, and when he reached his stand, securedly tied his horse some little distance away and walked out into an opening to await the arrival of the deer. He hadn't been there long, when, looking up the old road used for hauling wood from the forest, he spied, some sixty yards away, and heading directly toward him, an immense, big bear,

"My Cootness, Vats Dat?" So up with his old blunderbuss he fired away and down came Mr. Bear, but not to stay, for in a second he was up and coming, looking as ugly as ever beast looked. Mr. K. undertook to load his empty barrel, but found that wouldn't do as bruin was on him. So he took to his heels and ran to his horse, mounted him and undertook to ride away without unloosening the halter. The horse was raring and pitching, and bruin came on.

"My Cootness, Vat am I to do?" By this time bruin was there, on his hind feet, ready for business. So, Mr. K. had nothing to do but shoot. So he punched bruin with his gun and fired the other barrel, which luckily took effect at the bur of the bruin's ear, and down he tumbled. Mr. K. alighted to survey his game and pacify his frightened horse, and found that he had killed one of the largest bear in all the woods. Trembling and excited he reloaded his gun and not any too soon, for just then two large deer that had been jumped by the hunters, came starting across the road not far away. He turned loose old blunderbuss and down came Mr. Deer. He then turned and fired on the other one, some fifty yards away, and tumbled him. The hunter heard the terrible fusilade and came tearing through the woods to see if Mr. K. had not killed himself. Upon their arrival they found him glowing with commendable pride at his wonderful feat of killing a huge bear and two large deer.

Mr. K. chanced to be thrown among a community of good Methodist people, among whom was a bright, beautiful young lady, who was the daughter of a staunch Methodist. Regular as the Sundays rolled around the family attended the village church. Mr. K. became enamored with this

daughter of a Christian family, and notwithstanding he was a Roman Catholic—never having known anything else but Romanism—the attraction was so great that he too, had to go to the church of the heretics. He soon became wonderfully interested in the new but simple services of the Protestant Christians, and loved to go and hear the simple story of the Cross. One of his neighbors had, with his consent, hired all of his negroes to clear land on Sunday. He rode over one day to instruct his neighbor to see to it that none of his servants were injured, and found him in a state of intoxication, and he took it upon himself to give him a little lecture and suggested to him that as all of his family were great Christian people, he should not be the black sheep of the flock and that he ought to join the church. At this reproof his drunken neighbor in tears, said "George, will you join the church if I will?" and under the impulse of the moment, to satisfy his friend, he answered, "Oh, yes," but supposed the matter would soon be forgotten, and went his way.

Not long after they were all at church attending a revival of religion, and when the meeting got to a great heat and the old preacher opened the doors of the church, at the close of a hearty exhortation, and to the surprise of our friend K., who was sitting on the end of the bench next to the isle someone took him by the arm and said, "Come on, George, you know you promised me." and before he was conscious of what was transpiring, he was on his feet and on his way, an unconverted Catholic, to join the church, and thus dumfounded and not in command of very great English, he answered to the questions and was received into the church, and was warmly congratulated by all of his admiring friends. For a few days and nights life was miserable, and he didn't know what to do with himself, until one day he met with the dear old preacher who seemed to understand his embarrassment and talked kindly to him about it, and encouraged him to go on and do his religious duty and, perhaps, he would become reconciled, to his newfound experience in the world. So he took him at his word and went on, attended all the meetings and acquired all the knowledge of the church he could, and found himself soon in a whirlpool of religious enthusiasm and interest.

Not a great while after what we have told you of Mr. K., the country was involved in the bloody war, and Mr. K, having large interests in the Southland, espoused her cause, and made a record for valor and chivalry, known all over Louisiana to this day. At the close of the war he was commanding a battallion of brave defenders of the Sunny South. About this time, he, under great embarrassments, was married to the beautiful, little attraction who had all unconsciously decoyed him into his new religious life. Soon after he was settled down in business, and was very successful in all his financial enterprises, and was extensively known throughout a large scope of our southland. He again became greatly interested in his New Orleans work, now having the assistance of a pious, Christian wife, and for many years Bro. K.'s home and fortune has been bountifully sharred with all the Methodist preachers, and preachers of all denominations have found in him a warm friend; many are living yet who cherrish the memory of this good man. He has now reached those hoary years when the silvery hairs make up the crown of glory,

for they are found in the way of righteousness. He has passed the three score years and ten some distance, and is yet hale, and loves his church with an affection that is beautiful. His house is yet the preacher's home and he always hails his coming with gladness. It is sometimes my privilege to preach to him, and it is really an inspiration to look into that honest, loving, old German's face, and catch the reflections of joy which come beaming from a consecrated heart. He often wonders now how he could ever have been so duped by the Catholic faith, tho he speaks of all kindly. His sainted wife has passed over the river and the dear old Bro. hails the time with gladness when he will meet her. May his kind be multiplied.

His loving Bro. in Christ

R. H. Poynter

Also, this poem was pasted on pages 336-337.

Keep A Kickin'

If your crop is pretty short,
Keep a kickin'.
'Taint no use to rip and snort,
Keep a kickin'.

Five cents cotton makes ore blue,
'Specially when your bales are few.
But don't give up, that won't do,
Keep a kickin'.

If you're to your neck in debt,
Keep a kickin'.
Honest toil will free you yet,
Keep a kickin'.

Lots of folks were just like you,
But by pluck they busted through
And they "got there". Why can't you?
Keep a kickin'.

If you people's was behind you,
Keep a kickin',
Some of them will some day mind you,
Keep a kickin'.
Nary man was wise made
Nor a soul put on up grade
'Cept he made a start and stayed,
Keep a kickin'.

Can't start e'er a wheel a turnin?
Keep a kickin',

Chunks all scattered—nothing burnin'?
 Keep a kickin'.
 By and by 'twil come all right—
 Shadows gone, the day all bright,
 And your darkness turned to light,
 Keep a kickin'.

—Helping Hand

pg 337. I called in afternoon awhile on old Dr. Pero, who is quite sick—when the Dr. was well he boasted skepticism, but when he came to death's door, he is as humble as a child—and is anxious to talk about the Goodness of God. I came on home in afternoon over the worst road imagineable. When I got to the ferry on Bayou M_____ a Negro boy and girl with a two horse wagon were on the little raft—and there was only room for old Dolly to stand on the boat end—with the water over her feet. I was a little uneasy, however we got over all right—and I landed home about sundown—very tired. While at the village, I was infuriated that our Bro. Horner was caught in the Saloon at the gambling table—a nice route to Heaven—I was also informed the other day that our Bro. John H. Lee—who had been a staunch (?) professed Christian and member of the church at Concord—and recording stuard for some time, a few days ago anounced himself candidate for the Ledislature—and made his intentions known by taking some 10 or 12 men into Ralphs Saloon and treating the whole crowd. This is the style of church membership in Chicot Co. The weather is very warm—

pg 338 Jan 12th 1898 - This morning is cloudy and comparatively warm - we are all well. The girls have just gone to the Post Office. Miss Ruth Horner is now with us for a while. She is planning to go to Texas with her sister Mrs. Easterling. I think this trip will be good for her—and I hope she may enjoy the association of some of the good Christian people of that country. We are having a great deal to discourage us in our church work, but hope under the providence of God it may pass away and that the interest may be better—

Jan 23rd, 1898 - Since my last writing several things have transpired. On last Sunday, old man Streetman whose son I married a short time ago went to the Devil's hole—Kilburn and got drunk and on his way home his horse threw him against a tree and killed him. Poor man filled a drunkard's grave and went to Hell. I preached last Saturday at Evergreen to small congregation. Mr. Hall, our representative was present. Old Bro. Johnson was well pleased with the preaching or least professed to be. I returned to Burt Harrimans? and took dinner and enjoyed my rest very much. After dinner I borrowed his saddle and left my buggy and nag there and went on into church on horseback over the worst road I ever saw. Got in late and was cold and tired, but had splendid congregation. Preached from Jona—to congregation of Jews—they seemed to be well pleased—I have friends among the Isrealites. I spent the night at the store or rather Hotel of Bro. Peter Ford—and took breakfast with Mr. Meyer—I found Sister Moore very ill indeed. I fear she

will never be well again. I returned to Mr. Herman's Monday after dinner with Bro. Baley at good Dr. Bagley's and had splendid tet atet with Sister West and the girls - Mrs. Peak, it seems has some repented of her decision not to pay Mrs. P. for her work—and after she has snorted voicing over the country and for a many hard things, she came up and paid the money to Bro. Boley and no doubt wishes now she had bumped her head instead of cutting up in the way she has. She has simply made a Ginny of herself and brays all her lungs sore—and needs rest, let her rest; I came home in evening and found little Bessie with fearful cold—and Bro. John Lee very sick. Spent the day with him Tuesday. Wednesday evening Bro Harris came over and sat a while with us. I learned this evening that Bro Lee was no better. A poor unfortunate man in the stone camp died day before very suddenly and I fear was not prepared to die. This week Rob and I have built a good lot for old Dolly to stand in. Mamie and Mag went and spent the night with Sister Hattie Lyle. We are threatened with storm tonight.

pg 340 Monday morning, Jan 24, 1898. I am just returned from filling my appointment at Concord and Independence—very small congregation at both places but I think some good was done; but I passed through a sea of water to get there. My feet were wet and cold. I spent the night with Bro. Walton. Mathew and this morning before starting little Blanch—with little eyes sparkling paid me 10 cts and little Wilton came and paid 25 cts and Master Johnie Ellis paid 25 cts and Miss Willie Ellis paid \$1.00 and Sister M. paid \$1.00 and Bro M \$1.00 this the proper education for those children and afforded them more pleasure than almost any luxury, that could have been given them. Yesterday Bro Newcomb was at church (the Baptist preacher) I presented him with a \$1.00 for his two little twinns. I had very pleasant night with Bro Mathew who came over with me this morning to see Bro. John Lee—who is no better. All are well at home.

Jan. 26th 1898. After many days of rain and slush the sun is shining again and brings some cheer. I went yesterday to see Bro Lee. He was some better and quite cheerful. He had been reading the Methodist and saw an article from Pastoral Charge that seemed to tickle him very much. The article will be forever in the upper margin of this leage. Bro Lee seemed to think someone had written the article from away off—but had painted a landscape of this work. (I wrote the article) Bro Fitzgerald came by the other day and delivered us a very nice lot of fresh meat. Bro. L. paid me \$5.00 yesterday. I received a very pretty letter from Bro. Peter Ford of Carioia yesterday, announcing his request to have his name stricken from the church roll—he says my remarks in my sermon on Sunday night—had awakened an interest in the church and that he doesn't feel that he should unworthily hold his membership any longer. He fully endorses my sermon and quits as a friend, I have his letter and shall preserve it. We have been working today on our garden fence preparing for planting. The old hens are quite busy and fussy.

Thursday, 28th The sun is shining very prettily this afternoon tho we have had some spitting of snow. Billy Boyd came down and spent most of the day and really I have enjoyed his coming. The girls have gone to spend the

evening with Sister Rogers—and Dr. Cole an the old lady Kemp who is very low, at Bro John Boyds. Bessie has just been having a real tear—as mad as a wet hen because she can't go barefooted; Bro Lee is no better.

Feb 1, 1898. This morning is cool and clear. There was some ice this morning. Still turning colder. Rob brought two pretty pigs home this morning from Bro. Horners. Mamie and I just returned yesterday evening from Cariola, where we have been to Quarterly Conference and we traveled in and out on the worst road I ever saw. Bro Scott was there (P.E.) and preached 4 splendid sermons. We had very good turnout to the conf. and they made us a very liberal assessment—\$625.00 for P. C? and P. E., but alas! Will they pay; we will see. Bro J. N. Johnson was there. He cultivates 400 acres of land and built him a fine house not long since and paid in one dollar—Bro Walton Mathews takes hold like he intended to do something—Bro Ford reconsidered his decision to quit the church and was at his post Sunday. I have been feeling very bad since Friday last with symptoms of returning Gripp. A poor miserable woman died away out in the stone camps the other day and I fear is gone the downward road. A man died in the same camp not long ago. I suppose they are a miserable set; Bro Connerly's boys brought their old horse that has been dead for some time and hitched him up to our sled yesterday evening and there was an immediate resurrection. He rose up about ten feet in the air and shook himself like a live horse. He stood on the hind legs of his old carcass for a moment and then removed back with head down like a penitent niger at prayer—and beat around among the limbs with his head—feet—his old tail going up and down like a boys brush killing bumblebus—that old horse was in two or three places at the same time like the exhibition on a magic canvass? before one scene was off, another was on—and that old sled one moment would be tearing up the leaves and trash and the next would be scattering them in the air. Henry was back on the eme? of the bridal—with eyes like the bottoms knocked out of two new tin pans, with the old horse after him in dangerous proximity, making obescience—but Henry did not take his politeness kindly and after some squealing and violent jerking he fell over backwards over the old horse sled—and all went over him and left him spread out in leaves like the dried skin of a toad frog. That old dead horse perambulated around the trees a few times with Will and Rob behind a buggy—little Cook had swallowed himself up between the roots of a big tree. Dave got under the side of an old log. finally the picture left and went whirling up the road with the single tree, three legs—and a trace chain all in the air at once. My wife, Mrs. P. was looking out at the window and took in the scene and supposed that all were dead or dieing but like all sickness it passed away with a general scattering of things and no lives lost. I haven't heard whether that old horse is alive, or still dead.

Feb. 3rd I am full of troubles. Bro. James our principal stuard is very sick with pneumonia. Mag and Rob have gone up to see him tonight. I went yesterday to see old Sister Kent a Baptist Sister who is quite sick at Bro Boyds and spent most of the day. Don't think she will ever recover.

I went today to see Bro Lee—who is no better. Spent the most of the day with him and left him quite cheerful. Am giving Bro Sam Horner down the country for electioneering with whiskey. Bro. H. I understand has been shooing the whiskey freely all over the county. I would dislike very much for my children to read fifty years from now—that I had ever been engaged in such unholy doings as that and I hope that they who may read these lines fifty years from now may be under better loyalty to God and the church than these people in Chicot County are now. I have never seen in any county such a depraved condition as that which confronts us along the banks of the Mississippi River.

I have just learned that old Dr. Pew of Lake Village has passed away. I know not whither. I have not been well for several days.

Feb. 6, 1898. The weather is beautiful and clear. The family all well. Bro. James is very low—changes are all against him. Last night we had quite a shower—but this morning is clear and beautiful. We started a subscription this morning to send the old Lady Kent away to the hospital.

I worked yesterday cutting and clearing some land; and am sore and stiff this morning.

Monday. 7th. I am tired, having been at work some today clearing off our patch and have made three trips to see Bro James Today. He is only just alive and I fear will not last through the night. We are looking for Tinie home tonight and I dread her coming. If her father can only live until she gets here. I preached at eleven yesterday at Cariola and returning home in afternoon. I took dinner with Dr. Bagby. The weather is clear but is at sunset looking more like rain. We broke our porch today.

Feb 9, 1898. We are all up, but a moping sad looking crowd. The girls and Rob have been sitting up all night. We have just come home and are all trying to sleep. The old woman has had on her mantle of vinegar for about two days and the Devil seems to have gotten the management of things. Don has lost one of his shoes and Bess is running around with the half of a buttered biscuit in her hand and two pet chickens after her ever and anon picking the biscuit out of her hand—battered side down—on the floor—and at last an old hen got the biscuit and paced off across the yard—and Penny chased the old hen and got the biscuit and thats the end of it except that Bess will have to have another buttered biscuit and perhaps the same thing over again. Some time ago I witnessed a scene like that that tickled me very much. An improvident housewife threw some nice large biscuits out at the window—there were plenty of little children in the country that needed those biscuits but they were thrown away for the chickens and Dogs to fight over. The old hen grabbed up one and started a nasty, no account dog took after her and away they went around the house. At the end of the house there had been a brush heap burned down to a bed of coals. The old hen centered it and I'll tell you she changed her tune. She had no further use for that biscuit and dropped it rite there and got up on the wing, making the coals fly. The dog saw the biscuit fall and pricked up his ears

and went for it, but when he struck that bed of coals, it struck him that he didn't want that biscuit. He acted just as near like the old hen as was possible for a dog to do. His mouth few open and a squall a yard long proceeded when he hit the ground it was just as far away from that biscuit as he could get and with his tail between his legs he took around the house just like the Devil was after him and off down through the cornfield and ever since when I see a dog chasing an old hen with a biscuit I wish for the pile of coals.

pg 345. Bro. James died night before last at 9:12 oclock. I was with him till the last breath left. A dear good man is gone. His daughter Tinie got home last night from school at Altus. He will be buried this morning at 11:00 the weather fair and pleasant.

Feb. 10. This is a cloudy morning and sprinkling rain and is quite warm. We were all at home last night for the first in a week. And this morning seems so quiet as the lull after a storm. I have been chopping and clearing some this morning and it has made me nervous. The old hens are cackling around like we might have eggs for dinner. Mamie is quite sedately engaged—drawing out the beauties of an ugly man. Mrs. P. sitting around with the corners of her mouth turned down. Robt went down to Eudora and got some meat & Don went with him, and we had a row with Bess, but she is alright now. She has some candy. Things generally seem to bear the impression of harmony. As I lift my eyes, I see going up the road—a niger—under the niger is a big pile of lumber—under the lumber is a clumsy old wagon—and at the tongue, is a yoke of large oxen—and in front of them is a yoke of bulls—and in front of them is a yoke of large oxen—and they all seem to be going at about the same speed—plodding along with the times. I am dreading my trips to Lake Port and Lake Village next Sunday. It will be a trip of nearly 40 miles the way I will have to go.

Feb. 11, 1898. All night last night it rained and this morning is a regular Spring morning. I am feeling stupid. Our family are all up. Bess has just gotten a tumble off of the doorsteps and the old lady is taking up the ashes. The water is up against the Levees and I fear I shall not be able to get to Lake Port next Sunday.

pg 346 Feb. 15, 98 I returned yesterday from Lake Village where I preached Sunday night to very good congregation. I preached at eleven at Lake Port to small congregation. Went up Saturday by Grand Lake to Bro. Fords over the worst road. I spent the night at Bro. Fords—was feeling very bad—and had a bad night. Sunday morning I went and called on Sister Johnson & Miss Linnie. I took dinner with Mrs. Johnson on Chicot Lake—and when I started to go on to the Village I found old Dollie foundered and so stiff she could hardly walk—however—I got to the village and turned her into the pasture and found her all right Monday morning, or at least so much mended that I could ride on home. Got home early in the evening and found all well.

Feb. 17th 98. I am not feeling well today, but am up and around. Bro. Connerly came up and sat with us some time this morning. I just received

a letter from Bro. Baley, inviting me to the church festival Friday night and Bro Connerly says he bets Mr Peak is the daddy of the whole thing.

We have had some rain but got our potatoes planted before the rain. The girls have gone to the P. O. I got a letter yesterday from Mr. Miller of Memphis asking aid—says he very needy. Wish I could help him. The election excitement is high but will soon be over.

Feb 18, 1898. This is a foggy day. Mr. Lonnie Johnson called on me today to let me know he was a candidate for County Clerk. I hope he may get the office. I have been hard at work clearing off some ground and all of a trimble and have just taken a little spin on Robs wheel—Rob has been plowing and we will be planting some corn soon. There is to be a church festival tonight but I won't be able to attend.

pg 347 Feb. 21, 1898. Have just returned from Cariola where I preached last night to moderately good congregation of attentive listeners and was complimented. I was not altogether satisfied myself. I found all well and up at home. I went yesterday morning to Evergreen and preached at eleven to moderately good congregation. The weather was very blustery and cold—and I suffered some and got up this morning with headache, but has passed off and I am feeling better tonight. I met a stranger yesterday on the road—who said he had heard me preach and thought it worth a dollar—and put the wheel in my hand. I am feeling somewhat lonely tonight.

Feb 25, 1898. Am not very well today. Have been quite sick but am better. The weather is very pretty and we have been doing some gardening. The Negroes at Grand Lake on the Sigman place have been rioting. They burned up some 22 bales of cotton last night for Sister Sigman and times are squally.

I have just been informed that Mr. Horner has taken a stance for the Saloons.

Feb. 26, 1898. The weather cloudy and threatening rain. Last night I was quite sick again—and having a terrible time in my dreams. I was riding on a buzz saw and cutting hickory stumps, and Mr. Horner, our candidate for Representative was driving and every time he would cut up a hickory stump he would make a saloon of it until he had the whole country dotted with saloons. I suppose the dream must be somewhat profited from all that I have heard. I suppose he has committed himself to the whiskey bums totally.

Our school marm, Miss Crenshaw has come and will begin school Monday. We got a letter last night from Tom and I suppose he and Mr. Wheeler are going to work on the place.

pg 348 Items of the Election in Chicot County.

Feb. 28, 1898. The sun is shining out beautifully and we are having beautiful weather. Saturday night we had heavy rain and hail. The hail was very large. Sunday morning was cloudy and cool, Tho we had preaching at Concord

at eleven to pretty fair congregation. I went to Independence in afternoon and preached to small congregation. I received notice that I was expected to perform the ceremony that makes two hearts beat as one next Wednesday at 7 P.M. at Bro. Halls—for Mr. Court? Stephenson & Miss Hall. I am not feeling very well. Rob has been plowing this morning. Mamie and Sister Connerly have gone to see Bro. Lee.

March 5, 1898. The sun has come up this morning as if to smile with gladness over the fact that a day of most disgusting scenes of debauchery and divepration (deprivation?) has passed into the history of Chicot County. The scenes of drunkenness and obscenity attending our election yesterday was enough to disgust civilization and drive every wayfaring angel from the land. The saloon dignitaries had a big day—and a pack of besotted fools suffered themselves pulled by the nose like dum asses by these whiskey galoots right up to the polls and voted like so many swine to the slop trough. Old Brother FitzJerrald was there with both pockets full of whiskey. A cats paw for Johnson Chapman and was hooting loud as a galose; he and Tom Gafney passed the dam lie, and were about to fight, however they are both Irishmen and a broken nose or two might be expected—Ireland at the election had on his warpaint. My Brother Horner who sold himself out to the saloons, I think has got left and Mr. Holt is the man to look after Chicot County's whiskey bum interest for another turn. No doubt he will do it well. Haven't learned whether my friend Brother T. K. Lee has been elected or not. There was a good deal of Lee whiskey on the ground, but then (strong) whiskey may have been the strongest and drawn the biggest crowd of voters. As the voters of Chicot Co. vote for the biggest barrel. They are all with a few exceptions for sale. Not so much for money, as for pure old rye - red eye. Ah! Shicot is a hussey of a country. I understand our Bro Byron Phillips who left the Baptist Church not long ago because hé couldn't commune with his wife—has gone into communion with the Devil and got so drunk that he didn't know he had voted. When he sobered a little he came back and wanted to vote again. I suppose he thought he would sell his vote again like "Davy Crockets Koon Scince" for another drink of whiskey and the other fellow wasn't willing. And Brother Byron got his old Winchester and was going to write poetry in blood; young Allen—not Ethan, took an early start selling votes and by nine oclock had sold so many—that he was unable to deposit any of them in the box, and being dissatisfied with either the quality or quantity placed himself out on an old log and disputed the measure. They do say, however, that it was spoilt and fit for nothing. It had rotted and there was spontaneous combustion and an explosion that surpassed that of Spanish treachery on the Maine—and that the air became so impregnated with the fumes of rotten whiskey that everything for a half a mile around was drunk and in a little while the beligerance of Cuba was a small matter compared with it. Old Man Richardson undertook to recognize the independence of the occasion and young Allen, Not Ethan called in his minister and poked out his fist in Uncle K's face, whereupon universal war between the powers came near being declared. Bro Mathew who was a candidate also summoned all his dignity and calmly (comly) looked upon the scene, fully expecting to see a Kill Kinny catfight and came forth the immortal survivor to report the scene, but his calmness threw a quietness

pg 350 over the hole matter (into which the rotten whiskey had run) and armistice was achieved. They do say that all Chicot County was drunk and that the very air was impregnated with intoxicating influence and I believe it. I staid closely at home and I have been affected with dizziness since about eleven oclock yesterday—a kind of hallucinating vertigo—and my wife—complains awfully—the children have been on a tare. Don ran off twice yesterday. Mag and Mary Lee went to Grand Lake and they said that in front of the voting precinct in that lovely (?) (His question mark) that the voters were strung out like young allegators in the sunshine on a mud bar—and before they reached home Miss Mary succumbed to the seductive _effers? and fell heels over head out of the buggy. Old Dolly from some misterious cause - was sober enought to understand woe—and stopped. Last night something got to bothering the chickens and I got up and staggered to the door—and there sat an old owl on a limb who had just come over from the voting precinct and was trying to tell the old Rooster the results of the election but in his maudling way could only pronounce the word — Holt, Holt, Holt, he out; the old Rooster seemed to enjoy the news from the way he opened his mouth and squalled—the old speckled hen was crying like her heart would break. I supposed the fact that she had been deceived in her saintly temperate husband and had now caught him drunk and in such bad company—it is hard to tell in this case which is the worse—old dog Tray or his company. A few days ago if you met a man in the road—ten chances to one if he wouldn't go through a regular hindoo copier of acrobats in his politeness but now things have somewhat subsided—and most of them remind me of a chicken with the gapes? Only one on each ticket feels good and he feels worse than the other fellow—Oh, What a country.

March 8, 1898. We are up and I have been gardening today. Rob went to Grand Lake today and got him a beautiful suit of clothes. Like most of boys, he had to draw on Dad for the money. Of course, he expects to pay it all back again. Last Sunday I was to have gone to Lake Village but the good wife was in such a state of health that I couldn't leave her—and so I lost the day—and the good wife is up and peart as a cricket, however I helped the good women in organizing the Sunday School at Concord. I have never learned yet who were elected but there is an excitement now—on hand almost as great, and important as the Chicot County Election. I have refrence to the probability of war with Spain and all the world beside. The people and papers are very much exercised over the matter—and I doubt not that the cannon will be belching forth their fire and death soon, but this will be nothing to compare with the election of chicot Co. as the dignitaries (The saloon men) will be not so much profited. The Saloon men can control affairs in Chicot Co. to their own interest, but not so in the matter of War with Spain. Besides, a saloon keeper would make a conspicuous target in the front rank or on the forecastle of a Man of War—I have never heard of a saloon man making a good soldier. He does very well to fatten up on whisky slop - and poase as a pugilist but when it comes to burning powder in the defence of his country, he isn't in it; the saloon man is a kind of fungus groth. On this folly do humanity; and sometimes turns to foxfire - if only some sample of the inventive genus could arise to find some means of converting phosfurus and gases, of a saloon man into some useful channel

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however—I opine it would not make a good element to set in operation the phonies of Heaven, but perhaps it could be used to advantage in setting in operation. The Dissmay—of Hill - Not many saloonment have volunteered to take up arms against Spain. I don't doubt but many of them would like to be along with the managing department (I mean the Blind Tiger) and yet this is the man that sits as one of the three graces - in church circles - in Chicot Co., Ark. The weather is beautiful and clear.

March 9, 1898. Have been busy gardening. We have now potatoes, peas, mustard, lettuce, onions, tomatoes, and beets, all planted and coming up. I am not feeling well at all. I have a constant bad feeling in my stomach and head. The weather is warm and windy.

Mrs. Lee is some better, was sitting up some, yesterday. The war excitement has somewhat subsided and the folks are at work. Just all the same, I will have to go next Saturday to Lake Port and preached there at eleven Sunday and at the village at night.

Mch 10 Weather warm and cloudy, threatening rain. The news has just come that war is declared with Spain and the Independence of Cuba is recognized. Our country is now involved in a much bloodier war than the people think and many valuable lives will be sacrificed.

pg 353 May the Good Lord direct the whole matter to furtherance of his own glory in this world. A Bro. R. C. Fuller, a candidate for circuit Judge called on me today. He is an old acquaintance of my wife. And they had a big time talking over old times. Just see what Bessie has done. She persists in scratching on my back and pushing my hand out of her way. Rob has gone to the P. O. and probably we will hear some more war news. I'm not feeling very well - have been gardening some today.

March 14, 1898. Have just returned from a long tiresome trip around by way of Grand Lake to Lake Port. I started out Saturday morning, stopped for awhile at Bro Baley's and landed at W. W. Ford's a little while before sun-down. I took dinner at Sister Leslie's. On my way, met with Bro Beavers there - who was going to take Mrs. Knight to Grand Lake to get her school contract signed up. I intended going to Sister Johnson's and spend the night but they would not consent to my going from Bro. Ford's and finally it began to rain so I had to stay—and I enjoyed my stay with them very much. Old Bro. Milton is there yet and we had quite a pleasant conversation. During the night we had a good rain and considerable wind Sunday morning was pleasant and clear and we all but Miss Eliza went to church. Miss Cutherige rode horseback with me. She is a dear interesting girl. We had only a small congregation and very good attention. I went on from Lake Port to Bro. Sturns. Got there just in time for dining and rested up and went on in the evening to Gen'l Reynolds at the Village. The Gen'l and Mrs R were gone to Memphis, Tenn. I learned in my way that the Swanie - A Mississippi R. steamer was burned up at the wharf at Memphis and that Mr. Strong, the recently elected sherrif was on her and badly scorched - no lives were lost. At night I had very good congregation. Judge Hawkins was

Mch Wednesday 23rd this morning is beautiful after one of the most disagreeable nights. It was exceedingly warm with heavy South wind which brought all these big buffalow musketoes up from the Sigman Slough and we had to fight musketoes all night, and in addition to this we had two old cats caterwauling all night. Penny ran them away several times but they would crawl right back and set up.

This Spanish treachery by blowing up things. I went last Sunday morning to Evergreen and preached at eleven oclock to very good congregation. Took dinner at old Sister Foreman's. Dr. English gave me \$5.00. I went in afternoon to Cariola but was very sick. I stopped at Bro. Bagby's and got some supper, but it did not relieve me. Miss Julie gave me some antipiren and I went to the church but preached under embarrassment. I spent the night with Dr. B and came home Monday feeling some better. I took dinner with Billy Stephenson and have been gardening some this week.

pg 356 March 24, 1898 Yesterday the weather became cloudy and rained a little. The wind changed from the North and during the night we had heavy rain—and it is very cold this morning – everything is shivering. I have been out and fed all the little chicks and the pig – and old Dolly – and we are all sitting around the fire – we are all up this morning.

March 25, 1898. I am not feeling in great spirits this morning. All of my financial prospects seem to be failures. I cannot see it, but it may be best. I am owing a little debt in Memphis and am trying by all the means I have at hand to pay off that debt and every once in a while I am reminded of it and thus kept miserable. I have been a victim of the unreliability of men all of my life until I have almost lost confidence in the fidelity of men. Everyone that I have business transactions with prove false – and are sure to beat me just to the extent of their opportunity; however, I suppose this will not last always. My health is not good and what I do now I do suffering. The rain has passed away and the weather is some warmer again. I have been quite busy this morning trying to keep the little chickens alive – and believe I am about to succeed in tiding the little fellows through the cold snap. I went yesterday to see Bro Lee and find him "about the same".

pg 357. (Scribbling with "Bess done this—" on top of page)

March 28, 1898. I have just returned from Independence – where I preached yesterday to moderately good congregation of attentive listeners. After preaching at eleven at Concord to moderately good congregation. The roads are simply awful. It rained last night and turned cold and the road was slosh most of the way. This morning it has been very cold. I spent the night with Bro. Gilmore. I find all tolerably well – any many of the little chickens starving and freezing. I went out in the garden and cleaned out the cutworms and then fed the little chicks. Bro. Connerly took dinner with us today.

night with Bro. Kruse and had nice feast of Straw Berries. The war excitement is very high. Capt. Bob Reynolds company caflumused? & he has but 4 men - I have been replanting some corn today and am tired tonight. Timie James is with now.

April 16th. The country is very much excited over the prospect of war with Spain and yet our people are not wild over it but are taking it as a matter of fact. We do not anticipate an easy victory. Spain is going to fight viciously and perhaps many of our young men will go to dust before it ends - besides the many of Spain's choicest young men. A dark cloud of murky distress hangs over the thinking people of our land.

Bess is bothering me and I can't half write. She is trying to take my pencil and has some cake and is crumbling it all over my book - the little rascal; Bro Connerly has just gone by with his new horse in the buggy and we don't need x-rays to see what it had for its breakfast. We are all up. The girls and Bro. Mosley, our young Baptist minister has gone fishing. Theodore Horner & John Witharn & Rob are in front of our house playing ball. I caught two or three balls and concluded that if I had to be killed with a ball I would prefer going to Spain and die where there was some glory and not for being a fool. Robt Reynolds came by yesterday reported he would be off Monday. I went yesterday to Sister Witharns & got some corn. Have been quite busy this morning fixing coops for the little chicks. Went over this morning and chatted a while with Bro Horner.

pg 360 April 20th, 1898 - I have been suffering considerable today with smothering sensation caused - I suppose - by indigestion. I returned yesterday from Grand Lake, where I have been since Sunday. I preached to a good congregation Sunday at eleven - at Evergreen—and found that quite an improvement had been over our pulpit arrangements by putting a flour barrel with a newspaper over it for us to rest our books upon. Ben Ralph, the saloon keeper and his wife of Kilburn was out. I took dinner with Bro. Jones, a Baptist Bro and came on in to Grand Lake at night and preached to moderately good congregation of Jews - mostly. Spent the night with Dr. Bagby, and Monday I took dinner with Bro. Williams and family - and enjoyed the visit very much. Had hearty laugh - Our Sisters, getting so badly fooled on first day of April by jumping out of her buggy to pick up a P-K-G of dirt. She was as mad as a hornet and this old staid Dr. Bagby came along and got down very deliberately and picked it up only to through (throw) it down and then Capt West, the Civil Engineer got down and inspected the p'k'g with all the precision of a Levee Contractor - and threw it down in utter disgust. We had a hard row while I was there. I went in the evening to Sister Sigmans and spent the night and found quite a lot of company there. A gentleman by the name of Thompson and his wife and little boy, Mrs. Brassure and her Sister, Capt Crag Craft and family and of course we had interesting visit. Bro. Thompson is an invalid and has been traveling for health. I came Tues. and took dinner with Capt. Warfield and find him improving very much. I came on home in evening and found all well. We had a terrible storm Monday night. War has been declared by Congress against Spain - and I expect in a few days to hear the booming of cannon.

April 28, 1898. Have been closely confined at home for several days. Went Wednesday to Sister Witharn's and got my last load of corn. We have had great quantity of rain and the weather cool. Bro. Connerly came up today. Bessie is here now. Rob has been off all the week on survey until last evening. He and Bro. Connerly went to Carmel today. I suppose we will get some mail this evening. We are all well.

April 28, 1898. All at home today. Rob has been plowing - got all our little patches plowed. Mrs. Emma Lyle is with us today. Last Sunday I preached at eleven o'clock at Concord to good congregation and had good attention. Bro. Rogers and wife and Bro Brown and wife took dinner with us. I was rained out from going to Independence. The weather has been unprecedently cold for the time of year. Wednesday, several of the Brethren came in and we dug our new well. We have good water now. The water is falling and the river is rising.

May 7 - We are still having cool weather and rain last Sunday the 1st. I preached at eleven at Cariola and at night to good congregation. Monday, we had rain. I went in afternoon to Capt Warfield's well; I will have to stop and take the baby. I am general lackey - and nurse beside - well - I have gotten the baby out of my hands at last and will try and write. I spent the night with Capt Warfield and Tuesday morning went fishing and met with Messrs Ralph and Conn who told me about the entire demolishing of the Spanish fleet at Manila - in the Phillipine Islands - by (Comadore) Dewey's fleet. The Comadore sunk two of the vessels and burned two and blew up one or two and the ballance are run aground. He has the whole thing. The crews abandoned the ships - such as were left - some four hundred of the Spaniards were killed that we know of and may be a thousand when we get correct reports. All the reports we have had have come through Spanish sources. We think another such victory will end this war with Spain. Poor old Spain. Our news gets better. Each paper that comes - troops are being hurried to Key West to forward over to Cuba and in a few days we calculate Cuba will be rid of all the Spaniards. Havana will, no doubt be destroyed by our fleet that is now anchored off in front of Moro Castle. We have lost no vessels, yet - nor men except the Main which the Spaniards blew up, treacherously in Havana Harbor.

Last Tuesday I came home - found all up and went Wednesday to Evergreen to meet Dr. English and give him plan for building stand and pulpit in the church. Have been at work yesterday and today in the garden. We had mess of Irish potatoes today.

May 12, 1898. We are having beautiful weather and some warmer than has been. Our health is good. The war excitement is great. The whole country elated over Comadore Dewey's great naval victory over the Spaniards and our other naval officers are in great anxiety to meet the Spaniards and we are in daily expectation of hearing of another engagement. Our troops are massing at Key West and San Francisco in great numbers ready to sail at a moment's warning - to every port of the seas.

I went last Saturday to LK Village. On my way up Saturday I stopped at Frank Lee's and got dinner and went on in the afternoon. At break Bayou I nearly swam. I left my horse at Gen'l Reynolds and spent the night with Bro Kruse. Sunday at eleven I had average congregation and at night had good congregation. I came on home Monday. Tuesday, Mrs. P. and Sister Connerly went to Cariola and bought Baily and May out and I will have to foot the bill. however it all comes and goes in a lifetime. Wednesday, Rob plowed over our little crops. Our corn and potatoes are looking fine. I went down last Wednesday week to Evergreen and drew the plan for pulpit and seats for the church. Dr. English is going to have the church finished up. Don and Mattie and their mama all have their heads together in the light - looking for a Tick. I am preparing to have quite a meeting next Sunday. Had a letter today from Bro. Scott & from M. M. Ball (Bole?) of Memphis.

May 17, 1898. The weather warm and clear. Mattie was complaining yesterday but is better today. Rob is hoeing cotton for Uncle Dick Spurlock. Mag and Tessie Jones went to Grand Lake today. I went up to Bogan Chairs and brought her down yesterday eve. I spent part of the day with Bro. Lee yesterday. He is very feeble. I preached Sunday at eleven and evening at Evergreen. We had dinner on the ground and a splendid congregation. It was children's day. I collected \$1.85. We will have the same kind of meeting at Concord next Sunday. We have had several engagements with the Spanish lately. Our forces were victorious in each engagement. Lela and babies are at Sister Connerly's.

May 31, 1898. A great deal has transpired since I wrote last. Our meeting at Concord was a success. We had large congregation and dinner on the grounds with plenty for all. I preached at eleven and at three.

On Tuesday, I started out to Portland to the SS convention. Got to Bro. Deampert's to dinner and rested awhile, and went on to Portland. I was assigned to Sister Motises for my home and had a most excellent home.

pg 364 On Wednesday night Bro Colquill preached the opening sermon and it was good. Thursday morning, the conf. convened--Bro. Scott Presiding. The attendance was large and the meeting was very interesting. Preaching was of a very high order--I was called on to preach once. The meeting was without anything more until Bro Broach of Ark City preached, at which there was great dissatisfaction. I came home yesterday (Tuesday) and found the roads awful. I crossed at Brook's Ferry. All are well. Received letter today from Howard Robb - wanting Rob to come and join the company for the war. We have had plenty of rain and crops are going fine.

June 8, 1898. Last Sunday I preached at eleven and at night at Cariola. Had small congregation at eleven - but a good crowd was out at night. I spent the night with Bro. Moore. Mr. Skafe came in the night and brought us the news of Sampsons(?) sinking the Merrimack in the channel at Santiago, Cuba--and he has conceded(?) Severa's fleet entraped - a most vallient price of bravery by a young naval officer by the name of Hobson (Hutson?) took six other young men and ran the Merrimack to the narrows in the channel - right

small congregation but don't feel that I accomplished much good as the people gathered more to discuss the barbecue and dance than to get good out of the meeting.

We have some young timber men from old Tennessee who I think were present for the good there was in the meeting, but friskey tailed Pet Horner and her little fast sister are here and they are an incubus of evil and until God sends them away or something is done to overcome this influence there will be no good accomplished besides. Mrs. T. K. Lee is here now with her opposition monie. Lee her stepdaughter is disposed to join the church and live a Christian life but she won't let her. It is raining now so that we will have not preaching today.

August 4, 1898. Have just returned yesterday from LK Village where I preached Sunday at eleven and night to good congregation. The people were attentive and we had a good meeting at night. Intended to protract but was rained out. I met Johnie Withorn at the V who had just returned from a long trip to Texas—Mexico—Arizona and elsewhere. I brought him home from the village. During the last week little Mable Conerly came near dieing, but is up, now. Our meeting at Concord was rained out. The Lord don't intended that these people shall make a mock of his church. Our folks are all up but some have been a little under the weather. I am feeling very bad from my ruff ride home!

Aug. 10, 1898. Am feeling somewhat depressed this morning owing to having just returned from L.K. Village yesterday where I have been with Bro. J. C. Rhodes who is traveling for Arkadelphia College. I went last Wednesday evening and married Mr. Allen to Miss Gilmore. It was a swell occasion. A large number of people were there and a fine supper. I returned and had preaching at night at Concord and Thursday night had preaching again to small congregation and made some of the folks mad about the infamous barbecue which is to come off on the 17th in the interest of the Devil and his gang. I do not oppose Barbecues upon general principals where they are carried out on proper principals but when dancing & reveling, whisky drinking is to be the leading feature it will always find me it and some of my members are prime movers in this office. My friend Horner and his family are the leaders in all these things and thereby take prominent stand against the church and the cause of religion, however, I suppose they will get all right after while. Bro Horner is one of the Chinciast men in the neighborhood but don't seem to know what church loyalty is; Mamie had set out to get some students for Galaway College by which she was to secure a session of schooling for herself at that college, But, Bro Rhodes canvass for Arkadelphia I think will knock the whole matter in the head—as we cannot afford to bring about a revelry in our schools and give the advantage to our Baptist & other schools, so Mamie will have to make sacrifice for the good of the church. This is a trial but must be done. Bro Rhodes preached for me at Concord Saturday night and was so rattled by the conduct of Sidney Horner and Edd Johnson that well nigh made a failure. Their behaviour—as well as that of the Allen Harrus & others, notwithstanding their father was there, and must have been exceedingly mortified, were

exceedingly bad—and I hope will not be repeated. Sidney I am afraid is going to be a bad man. I have done my best to persuade thine young people to do right. Miss Ruth Horner is now here practicing on our piano but is exceedingly frivolous and thinks more of dancing and frolicing than most anything else. Maybe she will care of this someday. I sometimes become exceedingly discouraged on account of the waywardness of the people.

pg 369 and fear that I will become soured in desperation on account of it. Sister Horner—I am informed wants me to write her to ballod—of my song Go Tell the Old Story.

On our way up to the Village Monday Bro Rhodes and I were overtaken by a severe rainstorm and had to turn in to a colored man's cabin where we rested till the rain was over—which was very hard. I had my fun out of Bro R after on the rest of our journey—he was frightened at every Branch or Creek we crossed—we came to a large white oak tree that had received a stroke of lightning and burst out in fire and was burning from top to bottom. It was a grand sight to see a green oak tree out in full foliage with the flames leaping out through the rifts made by the lightning and leaping high above the tree. The next day on my return I found the tree burned down. We had a great rain yesterday and the weather is cool.

Aug 28, 1898. A calm beautiful morning is upon us and our own family are all up—tho Rob is suffering very much with sore eyes and I am limping with something like rheumatism. On last second Sunday I went to Lake Port, landed there at W. W. Ford's Saturday evening and had most delightful night's rest and good social time with the good family. Sunday, we had very good congregation and I went up and took dinner with some newcomers on Red leaf place. Mr Hardies family in the afternoon all hands went to Lake Village and I had a good congregation. Spent the night most pleasantly at Genl Reynolds. I came on home Monday and had a tiresome trip. On my way down I overtook a poor fellow on his way down. I took him in my buggy and brought him on his way as far as to my house. I found him to be the son of old Sister Manard of Luna landing, a poor wandering tramp. He seems to be half witted yet his friends or at least those who should be his friends will not allow him to stay at home. He took dinner at my house and then journeyed on. I don't know where the poor fellow is now. On Tuesday I was annoyed all day by the whack and bang of the hammer and ax while the Devil was busy at work fixing the grounds for his annual feast a great concourse of people gathered here on Wednesday and as usual they had the old Devils hondy? horse? band from Greenville—with their old squeaking fiddles—and horns and all day long and until in the night—the groans & requiem of damed Souls—as they were dancing their way down to Hell, was the loussome sound that grated our years. All this in 160 yds of the Parsonage & about the same distance from the Central Church of the work (Concord) and the wouldbe prominent members of the church S. F. Horner is the leading spirit in the whole matter—our delegate to the anual conf. He went so far as to raise the window of the church—and go in and opened the locked doors and took out some of the benches—and carried them out for the dancers to sit on & the miserable Saloon band occupied one of our church benches to furnish the

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Devil's music. I understand that this same Bro. Horner is one of the directors of the public school in the erection of a new school building has agreed that if the young men would furnish the flooring--they might use it when desired for a dance hall; He had an accomplice in all this work in the person of another one of our brethren Bro. Smyley Fitzgerald who is now County Treasurer of Chicot County and they have a most effective henchwoman to help them out in all this affair in the person of Miss Pet Horner, a niece of the aforesaid, who is now quite industriously sowing the seeds of discontent among certain of our church Members by repeating everything the preacher says and much that he don't say; She is one of the most mischievous Fillies in all the drove. She was here last year with her tail curled over her back and squealing over the plains, until she kept all the fillies of the flock wild and at a distance, however, she will be tamed someday--as the Devil's halter is around her neck. He lets it drag now for convenience so that when he gets ready he will only have to pick up the other end--and stradle her neck with one of his Gouls who will ride on down. This is a sad picture to paint of this community, but, the half has not been told--as there are many others--who could and should have been included in the list.

On Wednesday while the barbecue was in progress only a short distance away Bro. D. C. Conerly had a dieing child - and on Thursday morning before day the little Fellow passed away. My family were the only ones who went near them in their troubles. Mag & Rob were the only ones beside their own family - who was present when the little boy died. I preached his funeral at home--and we took the little one to the grave and laid him away. Sweetly rest till the Resurrection day.

On Friday Mag and I spent the day with Miss Shelly Ralph (Rolph?) who has been quite sick with swamp fever. Saturday I rested up at home and Sunday Mamie and Mag went with me to Evergreen where I had a good congregation at night. After preaching we came home. Yesterday, I and Mag went to see Bro Adison Allen's sick children. I went last night to Independence where I had a splendid meeting and I go back today at eleven.

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Aug 25. This is a day spent at home. Bro. Rhodes came in night before last from Portland and has been with me since. He preached for me last night at Independence where I am carrying on a meeting. The sickness of the country is about to close us out. Bro. Byron Phillips has a very sick little boy and many others are sick. Bro. Rhodes will preach for me tonight.

The day has been cloudy - and some rain. Miss Tenie James has just stepped in. Bro Bishop came out and spent most of the day yesterday.

Aug 26, 1898. Raining this morning. Bro Rhodes spent the night with us and preached for me at Independence to small congregation. We had our accession from the M. B. Church. Bro. R. lost his fountain pen in a peculiar way - and we stopped last night to see if we could find it, but matches make poor light to search with and Bro R. travailed in agonizing

imagination for the rest of the way home with his nose turned up.

Aug 30, 1898. This Tuesday morning - & we have been up since quite early as Rob was quite anxious to get off to work early. Lula Lee came by this morning & Mamie went with her to spend the day at Grand Lake. I closed my meeting Sunday at Independence on account of sickness. Have had 4 accessions to the church - and the church very much revived. I preached at Concord last Sunday at eleven - and notwithstanding some of the folks tryed so hard to be offended - at my stand against the eniquitous Barbecue - I had the largest crowd I have had in six months - at that place. I understand our old Brother Douglass who claims to believe in the doctrine of entire sanctification has been going around with his bristles up at me for taking a stand against the dance. He was there on the ground - and I suppose was about the biggest toad in the hop. No wonder he don't like it. I hope he will get converted some day. I believe Sister Douglass is a good Christian woman.

Miss Sallie Vreeland(?) is there now quite sick. She was one of the characters last year that made me so much trouble but she has behaved herself some better this year. Something has happened I don't know what. Mamie & Mag went yesterday calling on the sick. They spent part of the day with old Sister Rogers and called in the afternoon to see Sister Harding who has been quite sick, but is up, now.

pg 373 I doubt not, but that I will be moved next year - and we are all looking forth to the time with delight - and yet; who will take my place - will it be someone who will surrender all the ground I have gained for the church and the Lord - or will it be someone who will stand for the right.

Sept. 2nd, 1898. The second day of the fall month is on us and it is as hot as any of the year through which we have passed. The war in Cuba is over and I doubt very much if the soldiers have to endure any hotter weather than we have had here on the Northern line of Louisiana. The health of the country is somewhat improved but there is considerable sickness yet. Bro Mosely the Baptist preacher - has had to close his meeting on a/c of sickness. My friend (?) (his question mark) Miss Pet H. has been to see us several times since her preambulations spreading evil news. I think the whole family have found that they have injured themselves by their course & are trying to make amends. Mag is in the room playing "Paul Vusse" and it is very pretty. Now she is playing "Down at the Cross". This is very sweet; Mamie has gone to take Tenie James home & will go to see Miss Sallie Vreeland before she returns home. Mamie tells me she met Bro. Rhodes at Grand Lake on his way up the river. He reports fine success for Arkadelphia.

Saturday Sept 9, 1898. I am just up from a spell of sickness. Was taken last Tuesday night. Sent Wednesday for Dr Scott. He came to see me and has relieved me. He is one of our greatest men and a fine phisician. There is no one at home just now but Mamie and myself. Lela and Mattie have gone to Grand Lake. Mag and Don are with Bessie Connerly.

Rob is off with Horner? on a survey. The weather has been quite cool for a few days and is bracing. On Mamie's visit to Bro. Douglasses she found out that the old Gentleman is in great trouble over the Pet Horner question and says he has been storied on - that he is standing by the preacher - and intends to stand by him. Pet is gone and the verdict of the people generally is that she ought to have been gone three months ago. She is a poor unfortunate creature. Maby she will get religion someday and will do better.

pg 374 Bro. M. has been carrying on a meeting at Independence for several days but had to close on a/c of sickness. With no results. I am feeling too weak to write much and will have to quit. I have to start off in the morning on a long, tiresome journey to Lake Port and the village. I dread the trip.

Sept. 14, 1898. I am up today but have been quite unwell for several days. Last Saturday morning I started with Mamie for Lake Port. Arrived at Sister Leslie's at twelve and got dinner and rested. In the evening we went to W. W. Ford's. Spent a very pleasant night and went on to LK Port and preached at eleven to moderately good congregation. I left Mamie with Sister Flora and went on to Lemuel Johnson's and got dinner after which I drove into the Village. Hadn't more than landed there until I received a message from home that our little babie was very bad ill, and I returned immediately to W. W. Fords and spent the night and came on early Monday morning home. Found one baby much better but Bessie Connerly at our home very sick and we have been working very faithfully ever since but I am afraid her case is fatal. W. Wiley and Miss Burke took dinner with us today. This, a sad time in our home - and in the country; there is so much sickness.

Sept 16, 1898. I take my book this morning for the purpose of recording events of unusual sadness. Yesterday, we burried dear Bessie Connerly. She was just 14 a bright sweet girl who had been with so much that she felt as one of the family. We were all very much attached to her & she to us—our house was next to home with her. Her malady was brain fever. We had Dr. Anderson with her—but could do her no good. She came to our house the evening before she was taken sick and never left the house until she was hauled to the graveyard. There is a great deal of sickness. Bro Bogan Chairs is reported very sick this morning. Two sick at Bro. Horners and some one at every house. Surly the Lord is trying to scourge the people into some common sense. They have run riot until they have forgotten the Lord.

pg 375 Our family are all up now and God has been very good to us. The weather was quite cool—and pleasant yesterday and is pleasant today. I preached Bessie's funeral here at the Parsonage and we had a delightful cool evening for the burial service. Alass; sweet Bessie is translated.

Sept 19, 1898. This has been a sad day. Lela and I went up this morning to see Bro Bogan Chairs, who is very bad with swamp fever. I do not

think he can live long. We have just received a letter from David Holmes, Lela's youngest brothers. They have had some sickness but are all up, now.

Yesterday, I traveled 30 miles and preached twice - at Evergreen and Cariola. Had fair congregations at both places - Little Don has been sick but is up, now. The weather is cloudy and threatening rain.

Sept 20, 1898. The morning is cloudy and gentle rain and considerable cooler & more sadness has come to our community. Bro. Bagan Chairs, who has been sick for some days passed away last night and we will have to buy him today. Bro. Doak - from Berea circuit came in yesterday evening and staid with us last night. He will hold our Quarterly Conference today for Bro Scott whose wife is sick, preventing him from coming. Miss Mattie Horner and Ruth have just come in - with some little nick knack.

Sept 23, 1898. The sun is shining brightly this morning for the first time in several days. Yesterday I preached the funeral of Bro. Bogan Chairs at the Concord church and then we took to the grave not far away & laid him to rest; a good man is gone. This makes 17 that I have burried in the past 2 (two) years that I have ben on this work - we are all tolerbly well - at present. I larned yesterday Bro. Gillmore near Independence had a very sick boy. Bro. Doak left us yesterday morning after a stay of one day. It rained all day incessantly and we had but small conf. Bro Horner & Bro Baley were present - only; we had, however; a good report. We were glad to have Bro. Doak with us, and enjoyed his stay. Mrs. Lickey Lee was at the funeral and added none to the sacredness of, I doubt not, but that if she could have gotten folks to have gone with her they would have had a dance at night.

pg 376 Sept 27, 1898. I am feeling very bad this evening all night last night I rolled and tossed with toothache - or rotten sore tooth; and today I have had fever and am feeling very badly. Will take some medicine to see if I can't straighten up. The rest of the family are all very well. Since writing my last I have been attending other sick beds. Bro Gilmore's little one, Harvy has been very-sick with swamp fever. He has been expected to die for several days but I learned this morning he was some better & we have some hopes of his recovery. I prayed earnestly yesterday that little Harvy would get well & God does answer prayers. I preached yesterday at eleven at Concord to fairly good congregation and in afternoon I took Mag and Mary Lee in the buggy with me to Independence where I preached at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 to good and attentive congregation; We went after service to see Harvey and I thought then he was some better. We returned home in evening late. I was feeling badly, and have been feeling worse since.

Sister Connerly has just been with us. I find that my people are rebellious against my going away. Mrs. P has just dosed me with some Calomel. I will surely be sick, now. Rob has just gone to the P.O. Mamie and Mag spent the night last night with Sister John Lee.

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Oct. 4, 1898. This is the first record since Sept. 27th during which time we have passed under the clouds and over the breakers. I have had a terrible spell of sickness, have been confined to my bed since last Monday until this morning. A week and one day during my sickness. I had to have a tooth extracted. I waked up in the night and found erysipilas had set up and called Rob up & told him my tooth had to come out, so he looked around and got an old pr of pinchers and filed a notch to fit and pulled the tooth. It was very painful. Erysipilas had already set in inside of my mouth and I have had a severe time. Good Dr. Anderson attended me during my sickness. The night after Rob pulled my tooth he was taken with something like congestive chill and it looked as if he would die but thanks be to God we both pulled through. Our house has been full for a week. My wife and the girls were almost scared to death & are anxious to move. Last Wednesday I was sent for to go & bury Harvey Gilmore who died the night before but I could not go, was too sick myself. We have had several days of rain tho it is clear today. Mamie & Mag have gone and spent the day with Mary Lee. There is a great deal of sickness in the country.

Oct. 7. The weather cloudy and some what cooler. Yesterday we had quite a bluster of wind. Our family are all up - but not feeling well. I can gain no strength and yet I have to start off tomorrow on a long trip. We have had several to see us during the week. We got a young calf up today and will have some milk, now. I have been sitting around most of the week doing nothing but read. I hunted a little yesterday and the day before and killed some squirrels. The squirrels are plentiful.

Oct 11, 1898. Tuesday. I have just returned home from LK Village at LK Port. I left home saturday after twelve - went via Grand Lake. Stopped a while to see Bro Baley - went on to W. W. Fords at night over very terrible road, got there at sundown - tired and worn. Miss Eliza and Sister F. flew around to make me comfortable. I spent pleasant night. Sunday morning was beautiful. I went on up and called awhile at old Sister Johnson and Miss Linnie - met with a Mr. Palmer there from Nashville, Tenn. I had small congregation at LK Port but preached the best I could. After service I went on to Tommie Johnsons where I got dinner and rested. I find the yellow fever excitement all over the country. And everywhere quarantined against everywhere else. When I got into Lake V I learned of Johnnie Whithorne's death. Our family are very sad over the death. He was a great friend of ours. He was at Fayetteville at school - and was taken with swamp fever, but was mending of that and took pneumonia and died suddenly. This is a great blow to the family - but they have been disregarding the will of God in all things, and this is a chastening to them. Sunday night I had splendid congregation at village and had delightful service but only collected \$2.05 on missions. I spent the night with Bro Kruse. Called Monday morning to see Sister Carleton and came Genl Reynolds - where I met young Jimmie Robinson recently returned from the Army. I find him a very interesting young man quite different from his brother Harry. I went on down to Dr. Connerly's and took dinner. In the evening I went to Sister Stearns where I spent the night. We had a squawl from the NW and turned cool, came near having chill. Court

is in session and there are quite a number of murder cases all growing out of the infamous whiskey business. I left Sister S. this morning and came on home over the worst of road - stoped to see Tommie Fitzgerald on my way who is very sick with slow fever. Found all well at home.

This is Wednesday. Have been closely at home all day. The girls went up this morning to see Tom Fitzgerald. He seems to be no better. Sister Conerly has spent the afternoon with us. The girls have gone to Eudora. Rob has gone hunting. I have just been _____ around and find myself very weak. The day has been quite cool. I am looking for front tonight. We got letter today from Mr. Holmes & David is quite sick with slow fever and Bessie Abernathy has lost her little babe. Of course they are heartbroken. There is sickness everywhere. We are making all preparation to move this year - and yet I wouldn't be surprised if we have to stay another year.

Oct 13th Weather quite cool. Came near having frost last night & have a fair prospect of frost tonight. I walked out this afternoon to find a squirrel but found none & came back almost exhausted. The mosquitos are awful. Mamie went to the P.O. this evening. Little Hugh Conerly is very sick.

Oct 16th. Early in the morning. We are all up. Had squirrel and hog liver for breakfast and the little ones think we have had a feast. So it is for a Methodist preachers family in this country. Bro. Bryan Phillips brought me 10 bu of corn and 1 bu of sweet potatoes, yesterday. We have frost this morning and everybody is rejoicing. We have hope that the health of the country will get better. My head aches some this morning. Lela is talking of going with me to Sister Hawkins today.

pg 379 The girls are going to iron today, so I will have to get some wood for them.

Oct 18, 1898. This has been a beautiful cool day. Sunday morning I went to Evergreen and preached to small congregation. Went home with Sister Will Sawyers & took dinner after which I went on to Cariola where I preached at night to good congregation. Took up collection and got \$1.50 came on home Monday evening - took dinner with Dr. Wyley and enjoyed it much. Last Saturday Lela and I started to Sister H. got as far as to Bro Joe Johnson & I was taken so bad that I had to return home. This morning Bro. W. Mathis came over and took dinner with us - while here, his son came for him to hurry to Bro Dudley Matthews who had one little girl dieing with Swamp fever & another one takeing it, how sad; Mamie and Mag have gone over to spend the night with them. We have had frost & are in hopes the health will be better.

Oct 17, 1898. This is a sad time we are passing through. We are all up ourselves, but everybody around us seems to be getting down. Mamie and Mag have just returned from sitting up all night with two of Bro Dudley Matthews girls - one of them is dieing and the other is quite sick - both with swamp fever - Little Mable Conerly is quite sick and Lela has gone down there this morning. Bro Spurlock lost one of his little boys last night. The morning





is clear & pretty & coolr.

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Oct 20, 1898. The weather is awful & everything else proportionately. I am all out of sorts - don't feel well - and this gloomy rainy weather only tends to make matters worse - some of the neighbors have got my new saddle and have used it and abused it until it looks like it had been used for five years. I was sent for yesterday to go and bury Bro. James Spurlock's little boy and was instructed to meet them at the grave this morning at ten o'clock. Looked up this morning and found it raining hard, but caught up and went down to the graveyard - and had to stand there in the rain until two; have just got home - and feel chilly and bad - heard today that Bro. Dudley Matthis little girl died yesterday morning. Sickness is still prevailing. We are all up.

Oct 21st, 1898. The weather cool & cloudy. We are all up. Willie Conerly stayed with us last night and was quite sick.

Oct 24, 1898. Our fourth quarterly conference was held at Independence Saturday and Sunday. Bro Scott came over after considerable difficulty in coming through Belf Swamp but got there on time & preached us a splendid sermon to only five present. We went to Bro. Gilmore's & took good dinner. We held the quarterly conference immediately after preaching. Bro's Mathis, Bro Gilmore, Bro Horner, Rogers & myself and wife were all that were present. We came over home in evening. Bro Scott stayed all night with Bro Horner. We went back to Independence Sunday morning and had another splendid sermon at eleven to moderately good congregation & I received Bro. Byron Phillips into the church. We went home with Bro Mathis and had splendid dinner and came on to Cariola at night where we had our little Francis Willard baptised and another splendid sermon. Bro Scott burnt inconsistent church members up. Bro Scott spent the night with us and started early this morning for home. We are all up and hope to have better health. The health of the country is somewhat improved. Bro Moseley, the Baptist preacher is with us.

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Newspaper clipping: Alexander, Ark. "Whithorne: John Duane, was born Feb. 14, 1881 in Chicot County, Ark. His father, Dr. C. D. Whithorne, and one sister, Eva, and his old grandmother are left to mourn his death. He died Oct 6, 1898 at Fayetteville, where he had gone to attend the institute. He was first taken with swamp fever, in addition to which the dreadful pneumonia set up, and in one short week he was taken from us. His father got to him in time to be with him in his last illness and death. Johnnie was the favorite of all who knew him and our homes were under a pall of sadness at the intelligence of his death. So often he was with us, always cheerful and seeming to be happy when with us, and now we miss him so much. The young folks are with us tonight, singing and having music so sweetly, but the eyes grow misty when we look for beautiful Johnnie and see only his vacant chair. Oh, how much we do hope that during his last illness he found Christ his Saviour; but our heart is too sad, we cannot write more, we all loved him so much.

His true friend,

Robt. H. Poynter"

Oct 28. The weather cool and clear. We are all up this morning. The health of the country is improving. Sister Lee has just left on her way to Grand Lake. Lela and I went Wednesday to see Sister Gordon - found her in bed. We went on in evening & spent the night with Sister Hawkins & family. Mr. Brit Hiring - her son had been on a spree - and was quite sick. The accursed Saloon is his ruin - as it is many others; we came back Thursday evening, saw Sister Holingsworth on our way I am now getting ready to go to LKV.

Nov 1, 1898. Have been somewhat under the weather today, having had the headache all day. I went Saturday to the village - stayed at Dr. Conerley's and got dinner. The roads were so bad that I was well nigh worn out when I got there. I stoped Saturday night at Genl Reynolds - the Gen'l and Sister R & Miss Ruth were gone to Pine Bluff. The Gen'l is under treatment but I don't think he will ever get well. Sister Averit & Miss Elonore - and Miss Cook & Miss Hardy were there Sunday at eleven. I had good congregation and one penitent Mrs. Dawson became very much converted & came up into the pulpit and wept and asked for our prayers at night. I had splendid congregation. I went home with Bro Kruse for dinner. Bro Walton Mathis were there & went and took dinner with us and went back and spent the night with us. Monday morning I came back to Sister Averits and took dinner and came on home in the afternoon - found all well. We had heavy frost this morning. Mattie Horner came over a while ago and captured old dollie and the buggy and her and Mamie have gone to Carmel.

Nov 3, 1898. We are now having one of the most beautiful seasons of weather that falls to the lot of people in any country, or clime. The night are cool and clear, the sun shines brightly and just warm enough to be salubrious. The people all seem to be in better cheer since the long spell of rain & sickness has somewhat passed away as if the powers of a Justly of offended God had passed and his loving smile was now beaming upon us; and yet how few left their hearts to him in greatfulness. The people seem to take these things as Matter of fact and as if God owed it to them: I believe I am in the midst of the most ungreatful people I have ever served and yet there are many good hospitable people here. So far as the good news of man to man goes - but the loving father of us all is seldom thought of. Last Sunday night, while passing Fraimes Saloon which was in full blast I saw the high sherif of Chicot Co. maudling drunk - leaning against a post. His beautiful bright daughter had just been to church and I could but think of how degrading the parent can be to his children - however - this is the style of Chicot Co. I am anxious to leave this work - and bear the toil and discomfiture for another year. Last night I did not sleep well. I could only lay for hours and think over and deplore the condition of our work - and I pray to God to lead me in the way:

Nov 5, 1898. Have been very busy for the last two days ceiling our house. I hope to get it comfortable for the Winter and if I do not occupy it myself - I will have to comfort of knowing that I have providen comfort for my successor. Day before yesterday Bro Fitzgerald came to me and asked if I wanted to move and that if I did not, they

wanted to request my return. I told the Brother that I would not commit myself and thus embarrass my P. E. but if it were best, I would come or go. I know there has been a very strong official request at our 4th quarterly conf. for my return. The girls have all been in a glow over having their picture taken. Mattie and Ruth Horner and Tinie James & Mag & Mrs Lyle all went down to Carmel - and had their "uglies shotched". They are a lively crew when they all get together.

pg 383 Ruth H. has just come over & got Mags, Saddle and gone. The little ones have all gone to picking cotton & I am alone.

Nov. 11. Have been hard at work for several days ceiling our Parsonage and am getting it quite comfortable. I have a very sore foot that has bothered me considerable. Bro Connerly & Willy helped me some. It is cloudy and rainy this evening and tomorrow I have to start to LK Port and LK Village. Last Sunday I preached at Cariola at eleven and at night. Had good congregation at night and a good service. Spent the night with Sister Allen and returned Monday home. I sent off today the obituary of Bro. Bogan Chairs and Johnnye Whithorne. I could not say much for the latter.

Nov 16th Last Saturday I started to Lake Port and Lake Village, found all the roads awful. Stopped at Grand Lake and took dinner with Dr. Bagley. While there it began to rain but I went on in the afternoon arriving at W. W. Ford's at sundown. It rained on me most all the way but I did not get wet. Spent a pleasant night with the family Sunday morning when I started I found that Bro Ford had decked out old Dolly with a bran new set of harness. I went on to Dr Johnson's where I took dinner. Old Sister J gave me \$5.00. I had no preaching at Lake Port. The roads and weather were so bad. I went on in after noon to the village. On the way I took in Mr. Hub Fennel, who went on to the village with me. I got to Genl Reynolds at dusk and found everything shut up close. The church had not been opened. They were not expecting me and we had no service.

pg 384 While there I received from Sister Averit and Bro Kruse \$27.50. Bro Caldwell had collected \$10.00 but did not send it over. I took dinner Monday with Bro Kruse and came on home in afternoon, over awful roads. Found all up. Tuesday, I went to work on the Parsonage and have been hard at work just finishing up this evening. (Thursday). and we have a very neat comfortable Parsonage. I am now getting ready to start Monday to conference.

Dec 9, 1898. I am now at home after two weeks of pleasant visiting to the Little Rock Conference and White River Conf. Our session at Little Rock was exceeding pleasant. I had my home with Col. Colquit. Our Land Commissions Bro Colquitte of Star City was my room mate, and though crippled, was quite pleasant and agreeable. The good family did all they could to make our stay pleasant. I called on several of my old time friends while there. Sister Herrigan and Sister Harriett and others I met while there. Sister Watkins of aldtimer nursury—and Dr. Donelson and wife—and Sister Davis - and many others. I heard Bishop Morrison preach a most excellent sermon and

the following Brethren preached - J. A. Anderson, Goddard of Arks Conf - Stonewall Anderson - and Dr. Parker of China Mission - a very great man indeed. And Dr. Palmore of St Louis simply eclipsed everything. Dr. Carigan of Camden preached a fine sermon. Our appointments were read Monday morning, and I am sent back for another year. On Tuesday morning I started to White River Conf. came by Pine Bluff and called on Genl Reynolds at the Trulock Hotel where he is at under special treatment. On my way to Conf. I took the steamboat Ouachita and went to Arkansas Citty - Mattie Horner went with me as far as Little Rock on her way to Arkadelphia to school. We had quite a pleasant trip. On my way to Clarendon I stopped overnight at P. B. and spent the night at Chas. Hansens - on Wednesday we went on to Clarendon on White River. I was assigned to Bro Lees a young Lawyer for my home and had a most pleasant home. We had a delightful session on Saturday eve it began to rain and in the night commenced snowing and Sunday morning the earth was covered with snow, tho faired off - and gave us a beautiful day. I saw many of my old friends of boyhood days among whom were my old friend C. D. Dawson, Thos Mathews - and many others. I stayed until the Conf. closed and returned to P. B. spending the night with my friend Chas. Hansen (?) I came on Tuesday to Portland - stopped with Gus Camac (?) and Wednesday morning got Bro. Byrd to come with me across the swamp home. We came on horseback and found the roads awful and bayous swimming, but landed home safely and found all well. Bro. Byrd stayed with me overnight and started home yesterday morning.

Dec 16th, 1898. The weather some warmer & cloudy; Thinking? all will have another change in the weather. Day before yesterday old Bro J. W. Johnson was tricken down with Paralasis, and is very low. I went to see him yesterday and leave today. He is no better. Bro and Sister Connerly took dinner with us today.

pg 386 Sister Cheairs is now with us. Our people are making arrangements to have a Christmas tree and the youngsters are much excited over it. While at Clarendon I met with one of my old sweethearts of my boyhood days - and had a real pleasant time talking over old times of our youth; She is now Mrs. Thos. Mathews and has a house full of grown children. I met 4 of her daughters who I think are bright, pretty girls. I am restless for the weather to break up so I can be about my work. I have much to do.

Dec 18, 1898. This is one of these gloomy days that makes all nature seem to be in tears. There is condition of sadness inexpressible - I suppose - one of the necessary clouds of life that occur just in time to prepare us for some of the more important and stearner duties of life. I anticipate a good day of preaching today and the inauguration of a new years labor of love, for the Lord and the Church, but alas; our prospects and desires alike have foiled early: It began to rain and here we are cooped up at home and another Sunday will pass into Eternity with perhaps no visible sheaves for the master - and yet, we do not know what He will accomplish out of our failures. We have much to be thankful for. We are all well and have good shelter and provision. Bro. Spurlock came by the other day and left \$5.00 "quartereage" which in addition to what we have will see us through Christmas.

I contributed \$5.00 to the poor preachers on poor missions in the White River Conf. and the good Lord has sent it back to me from a source I was not expecting. I only crave to have money that I might contribute to the relief of different men and women. Bro Jacin Johnson is no better and is not expected to recover and I may have to attend his burial soon. We are having company every day and there being none today makes us feel lonely but God can smile on us through the darkest clouds. Mamie is now playing on the piano and the melody is very sweet this heavy day. Mr. Rogers was with us until late last night.

387 Dec 20th I have just returned from Carswell? Graveyard where I have been to perform the sad burial service of Bro. J. W. Johnson one of the oldest citizens of the country on the 17th of Jan, next, he would have been 65 (sixty five) years old. He was a member of our church and had been stuard at Evergreen ever since it had an organization. He was in good circumstances having only a short time ago completed a fine residence and leaves it now for his children to quarrel over - his wife yet lives, but would have been handsomely cared for. He was a mason but his wife objected to having him buried with masonic ceremony so I had to perform the duty myself. The old gentleman was not distinctly religious, so that I could not have much to say of his future prospects, however - he is in the hands of a merciful saviour. I returned from the grave - and took dinner with Bro. Billy Stephenson. I met with good Dr. Bagby? who wishes to turn me over a \$15 doctor bill on quarterage. I gave some myself at the White R. Conf. for the relief of the needy preachers and the good Lord is paying me back in a way that I know not of - Everybody is preparing for Christmas and I fear there is going to be considerable drunkenness. The weather has been pleasant today.

Dec 27th. This is a lovely day. In fact, we have had a succession of pretty days. Last Sunday was Christmas and it has been one of the quietest Christmases ever known in this part of the country. Last Saturday we had a delightful Christmas tree at our Concord church. Bro Horner & I went in the afternoon and got a splendid Holly tree and we planted it in the church and by 6:00 it was burdened with toys of every discription from a sidesaddle to a zulu? I was rigged out in grand apparel for Santa Clause (my wife helped me to spell that) and at 6:00 I slipped into the window and was introduced by Bro Horner - and screams of delight and surprise. The little ones thought it was veritably Santa and some were almost frightened while others screamed with delight. I made a short historical talk on the character of Christ the Saviour and Christmas. As we distributed the presents and there was genl satisfaction. After the tree was stripped the youngsters adjourned to the front and found the firecrackers and sky rockets to the delight of the children and discomfort of the old women, dogs and horses - taking it all together it was a delightful occasion. Everything was done in order. It was said that Mr. Gafney? was drinking but I don't think so. I saw nothing in him but innocent fun. On Sunday, just as I was preparing to go to the Church to preach - a Negro man rode up to my gate and presented a note which I found to be a request to come immediately to Mr. Washington's to bury his child and in ten minutes I was on my

horse and in one hour I was at Grand Lake. I left my horse with Bro John Gilmore and crossed the Mississippi River in shift which was waiting and on the other side I took luck also; in waiting, and by a little after one o'clock I was at the place and preached the funeral of the child in it's father's home and amid weeping friends we bore the little casket to the grave where I performed the last rites. While there I got acquainted with Judge Valliant of St. Louis and found him to be an excellent gentleman. I returned to Grand Lake at night and spent the night with Bro Baley, took supper and breakfast at Dr. Bagby's called on some of the friends and came on home. Got here at about one o'clock and found Mr. Brog Haley here waiting for me and I must go tomorrow and marry him. I have just learned of the killing of three negroes and wounding two white men at Lake Village. I haven't heard the particulars. We are all well for which I am thankful.

pg 389 Dec 29. Yes. I went yesterday and married Bro Bonie Haley to Miss Sangsing. There was quite a crowd present and the young couple looked well. After the wedding I went home with Bro. Henry Hold - our representative and spent the night. Had real pleasant visit, yesterday. I stoped and took dinner with Mr. Wesley Gorden and he went over with me to the wedding. I came by Udora this morning and got a new broom. This put the old lady in a good humor. She is as busy as a catapillar in warm ashes. The weather is warm and windy.

Jan 2nd 1899. I have just returned from Cariola where I went yesterday to fill my appointment at eleven. We had no service on account of the mud. It was a very cold day and the ground was frozen hard. The trip was a terrible one. I took dinner with Dr. Bagby and we had church at night to small congregation. I spent the night with Bro. Bagby and had a pleasant night. This morning I called on Dr. Wylie, came on back to Bro Baley's & Bro B. came out with me and took with us today Sister Allen. Left last night for Batenrough to be gone sometime. Sister Horner and all of her little Children were with us and took dinner today. This has been a beautiful day overhead but trouble underfoot. We are all well.

Jan 3. This is a cloudy bad day. Francis Willard is pulling at my book so that I cannt write. These cross marks is where she put her fingers. Mrs. Emma Lyle is with us today. There is getting to be some interest over the Chaplaincy question. Bro Moseley thinks he is sure of the office. I was to have preached at Boyd's School House, but the weather is so bad and the store badly out of repairs - so I will not go. We are all well -

X

X

pg 390 Jan 6, 1899. For several days we have been having stormy bad weather. Its quite cool tonight. Tomorrow morning I will start to Lake Village.

Yesterday was Lela's birthday, she being 36 years old and we had a fine turkey for dinner, the gift of Sister Horner. Mrs. Emma Lyle has been with us for several days. We are all quite well and thankful. Rob and Sid went day before yesterday to La after a cow & calf. They arrived at home yesterday in the hardest of the rain as wet as drowned rats. Bro Gilmore brought me a load of corn day before yesterday and one yesterday. This makes 20 bushels from Independence. They are still due me some from that appointment.

Tuesday, 17th (Jan, 1899) Am now at home. I went Sunday morning to Evergreen and preached at eleven to small but attentive congregation. The day was pretty, but the roads terrible; I went home with Mr. Ralph and took dinner. In afternoon Sister Johnson came with me to Eudora where I left her and went on into Grand Lake and had preaching at night. Had pretty fair congregation. Old Dr. Cassell from Vicksburg was there and closed with prayer for me. I think him a most excellent Christian gentleman. He is a druggist and travails in the interest of his business. I spent the night with Dr. Bagby. I took dinner Monday with Bro Earnest Williams and came on home in afternoon. I came through the woods to the Bayou and missed a good deal of the bad road. Rob and Bro Connerly killed our hog today so we have had fresh meat and are all about foundered. Rob went off with both hands on the front side of his backbone and grunting like a horse with _____ (his blank space) I no doubt will have visions of fairy lands tonight as I have to go early in the morning to marry Mr. Griffin to Miss Effie Franklin, one of the prettiest girls in all the country.

pg 391 Wed. Jan 18th (1899) This has been a very cold disagreeable day, nevertheless, I went to the old Capt Franklins and married Mr. John Griffin to Miss Effie Franklin. We had quite a nice wedding. Mr. Griffin took his wife home and all was quiet when I left. I have not been feeling well.

Jan 28, 1899. Have just arrived at home this eve. Lela and I went to Independence, yesterday after I preached at Concord at eleven to moderately good congregation. I raked them pretty severely for giving a dance - to the babies of the country and their inducting into devil's practice these little lambs, thus leading them away from God before they have ever been taught to reverence his name. The dance was given by old man Lyle, a man more than 70 years old - the two extremes of age thus sadly blending in the works of the Devil on the same night. I am informed that the old Lady Guire(?) gave a dance at her house and herself and another old lady (Mrs. Allen) took a set on the floor - this all in enlightened Chicot County. I understand since raking them for their conduct - that Mr. little Douglass is going to give a dance and invite myself and all my family. I will surely be very much obliged to the gentleman for his courtesy and be equally as generous as he by extending to him and family an invitation to come to church - My self and Lela spent the night with Bro Gilmore and family. We came today and took dinner with Bro Hall - a good Baptist brother. We enjoyed ourselves much. The roads are terrible yet and it is raining tonight, we are all well, for which we are thankful.

g 392 Wednesday, the 1st day of February, 1899, is cold and cloudy. I went last Saturday to the Village. Got to Dr. Connerly to dinner. I met Dr. English there, who gave me \$5.00 on last years subscription. Went on in afternoon to Genl Reynolds where I spent the night, was almost sick with cold. Sister Avant took me in hand and warmed me up with good warm coffee and a Ginger stew. After supper Mr. Miles came down to see if Miss Elinora would go to the Entertainment to be held at the Courthouse and insisted upon my going, so I went along and found the lecturer to be our own Geo. Watkins. He gave us a very interesting Sunday morning we were awakened to find the snow falling and th. day quite gloomy, but at eleven it broke off a little and we had preaching to small congregation and at night our house was filled and we had good service. There were quit. a number there that were not in the habit of coming to church. I spent the night with Bro Kruse. Bro Caldwell came over and paid me \$15.00 that he has had on hand for some time. Bro K paid me 1 dollar. So we have enough to run on for awhile. I had an awful trip coming home. The mud and slop was so bad that I endeavored to go around some of it in the old young field and I got all tangled up in the thickets and like not to have got out at all and it threw me until late in the night getting home, and misty rain all the time. Last night Tommie (Jimmie Lennie) Fitzgerald and Smith Franklin were with us until late and late in the evening siding came over and notified them that Mr Coly Sansing was dead, and the Masons were ordered together today to bury him. No doubt it will be an impressive ceremony with the MOGUL SALLOON KEEPER and a pack of drunkards and gamblers preaching around his grave - I am a Mason but God forbid that any such a crowd of goats should ever paw the dirt around my grave. To me it is one of the most disgusting scenes to witness a Masonic burial here where the saloon man in the biggest toad in the hop and now a crowd of his fellows in sin making solemn ado around his grave. It is about the most strained effort at Mock respectability that one could witness.

pg 393 Mr. Sansing has been a member of the Baptist church, but I have no idea that he was prepared for death, as he drank whiskey and perhaps played cards and was in favor of saloons all over the country - an enemy to his country = however of late, he has been coming to church some and may have repented during his last illness.

Monday, February 6, 1899. Of all the weather I have experienced, this seems to be among the worst. It has been gloomy and bad for several days. I did not get to go to Cariola yesterday at all. The weather was so bad and I was so unwell. I have almost been down with Grippe all today it has been snowing and sleeting and all have been housed up. Bro. Moseley, our young Baptist Bro has been with us. The sick folks are still in a critical condition. Bro Long is worse, but Judge Hariman is better. Our own family are all well but myself. I have been reading and studying - the second chapter of Hebrew today and find it very interesting but it must be studded, to understand it.

Friday, Feb 10th Oh! What a snow storm we have had. The snow began to fall on the fifth and Monday all day the sleet fell. Tuesday, the sun shone a little, enough to make things sloppy, and then began to freeze and since which time it has been snowing all the time. Bro. Long and Judy Harriman

are yet unburied. Both will be buried today and there is much sickness in the country. Mamie was quite sick all night last night and notwithstanding all this sickness there are a class in this country that are so Souleless as to be carrying on their dancing. There was a regular Hodo shindig last night at Frank Ellisses. I fear I will not be able to attend the funeral today. Mrs. Emma Lyle has been with us for two or three days and her and Sidney Horner, who spent the night with us - had us quite a play, and Mag had a hand in it. Mrs. Letty Franklin is very sick, not expected to live. Have just received letters from W. P. Moseley and Son?

Feb 16th. Of all the spells of weather that the country has ever experienced we are now having the worst. The snow has been on the ground for nearly two weeks and yesterday morning the mercury at some places registered at ten 10 degrees below zero; and sickness and death and sin still prevailing. Bro Tim Long is dead and will be buried today. The roads and weather so bad that we can have no burial services at all. Judge Harriman was kept out of the ground 6 days and was burried by a few on the 7th day. His son Frank has not arrived yet, and has not been heard of.

Rob and I have been hawling wood today on the sled. Bro Connerly is in great trouble over keeping Bro Boyd's horses to long. I did not get to go to the Village last Sunday and the day was lost. Two Sundays, now, I have been prevented from preaching, but I don't feel like much had been lost, as it is like throwing water on a duck's back to preach to these people. Miss Ruth Horner was to have started last Tuesday to Texas, and has been prevented from going on account of the weather and I think their greatest grief is because they are knocked out of going to the Devils parade at Little Rock (the Madi Graw). This is the lowest cast people that I have ever served.

Feb 15. We waked up this morning and found it snowing, though some warmer than it has been. It is a dark gloomy day. We are all up. Sickness still prevails and we hear of new cases constantly. I am informed this morning that Mr. Tom Long has not yet been burried. Suppose he will be today. Mrs. Emma Lyle is with us today and has all hands busy cutting and makeing a dress for Sister John Boyd - and there is great trouble in getting a fit as Sister B is not present to give her measure. I have just advised them to go out and take the measure of a watter barrell - and I think they will succeed. Well, well, well. Will this weather never come to an end. I am utterly worn out with bad weather.

pg 395 Thursday 10th. Last night we had more snow, but this morning was warmer, and waked up as if we would have some better weather, but alas, it is clouding up again - and I fear - some more bad weather is in store for us. I have been quite busy today fixing an old stove pipe. Had to cut a new hole through the roof - and have cut my hands up badly. Bro. Connerly has just stept in and is complaining about the bad roads. Mrs. Emma L. is still with us and has about finished that dress and what do you think it looks like! It looks to me like it was big in the middle and small at both ends. We are all well and able to eat what little rations we can get. Rob went out rabbit hunting yesterday and killed two coons. Sister Lee called on us today - a little while.

I have just been relating an incident in my ministry that occurred at Red Fork during the year 1888. I was the pastor in charge of that work. Capt. Wm Rodgers came to that place during the year from Miss. and during the year went back to Miss. and married a Miss Furgason and when he bro't her home - her mother and three sisters came with her - not long afterward. A young Doctor by the name of Pierce came into the country and was a boarder at Capt Rodgers and in a short time he came engaged to the youngest sister whose name was Lula. One day while on my way to Watson to preach - I was called in to see the young lady who was very sick. Her mother was a devout Christian and a member of the church and was anxious about the condition of her daughter. I talked with her and prayed with her and for some two weeks she gradually grew worse - until finally I was called in to see her as she was dying. I found her to weak to talk; but calm; I read a chapter and prayed with her - and after prayer - I sang my latest sun is set (Beaula) and as I sang she sweetly folded her hands over her bosom and seemed to be translated. The house was full of weeping friends and the young Dr. was overcome, but was converted that day.

pg 396

Sunday - Feb 19th For the first time in two weeks we have a pretty bright sunny morning and it is much warmer. I went yesterday to Carmel Graveyard and burried old Sister Warren, under trying circumstances. The road almost impassable. There was but one woman on the ground. Mag went with me and she was alone. There were several men present. We had to make our service short as the water was running in the grave faster than they could bail it out and before the grave could be filled - the water had no doubt, overflowed the coffin. This makes nine of our citizens that have died since Christmas. We have received no mails for several days. I was to have gone today to Evergreen but owing to sickness and death - we called in the appointment, and I cannt get to Cariola, so have concluded to take early start tomorrow and try and get to Hamburg to the preacher's meeting. Bro Horner is going with me. We are all up. Bro Moseley spent the night with us - and Mrs. Lyle has been with for several days. Last night quite a number of the young people came in, and our young folks had music. I regret to leave this beautiful but cannt help myself.

Feb 27h. I am at home again after a trip to Hamburg to our preachers meeting. We had only the following Brethren present - Scott P. E. Steel - Powell, Colson, Few, Walch, Nusom, Roland & Poynter. We had a very interesting meeting. Robt Reynolds was there with his Electric lights and lighted our church. It was very pretty. Bro Horner went with me. We had terrible time crossing the swamp. We had to swim our horses across the bayou. I stoped with Gus Camak and left my horse there. We returned last Saturday through the rain a part of the way and on my return found that two more of our citizens were dead. I preached yesterday at Concord and Independence. Just after preaching at Concord, the news came that Bro Walton Mathews was dead. I went on to Independence and found the report to be false, and spent the night with Bro Mathews. We have had terrible rains - and the water was nearly swimming on my way. At the preacher's meeting I heard Few, Walch, Calven and Turentine (?) preach. Bro Turrentine gave us a strong gesis on Doctrin. I exhorted on Wednesday at 11^o. We are all well and the sun is shining today.

While in Hamburg I visited the following - Bro Stell, Sister Lowe, Bro Jackson - and others.

March 8, 1899. This is a very pretty pleasant day. I went last Sunday to Grand Lake. Got there in time to preach to small congregation at eleven o'clock - notwithstanding the worst road imaginable. I preached again at night. Went down and took dinner with Sister Williams. On Sunday night the clouds came up from the West Mark and turned very cold. I spent the night with Bro Moore. During the night the horses were fighting and I did not get to sleep much. The next morning we found one of the young horses almost killed. I went around and called on Bro Beach who has been quite sick with something like meningitis but he is better. He went out on the lake during the cold spell to kill ducks and the ice broke in with him and he came near drowning and freezing. Mr. Skafe went out on the River ice and fell in and came near going under. The people are still dieing. A negro man died at Grand Lake that was 6 ft and 11 inches. They had to bury him in a case instead of a coffin. I took dinner with Bro Ford, Bro Moseley was with us on his way to Monticello with some little orphan children. I spent the night with Sister Williams (Earnest Williams) and came on home yesterday. Bro Baley came out with me. The weather intencely cold - all are well.

pg 398 March 16, 1899. Am at home today and have been working some trying to fix our garden. The children are making so much fuss that I can't think of anything but Earthquakes - or RR wrecks - or some other great commotion of the elements. Mr. Roy's (Ray's) came by tonight but didn't tary long - Mamie was gone. I went to Lake Village Saturday and attended the afternoon session of the court. Had the pleasure of meeting Judge Woods and Mr. Quiney - Prosecuting Atty. They are both nice gentlemen, which is a rarity in Lake Village. I spent the night with Genl Reynolds who is very feeble. Don't think he can last long: Sunday morning was a beautiful calm morning. Just before going to church I had an opportunity to talk to the Genl about his spiritual welfare. I preached at eleven to moderately good congregation. Mr. Joe Davis was at church for the first time. John C Connerly, the Pompous lawyer - took accusian? on Monday and cast slurrs on me, and at my preaching, notwithstanding we were at the table at Genl Reynolds. Poor man, he tries to prove there is no Soule - I went up and took dinner with Bro Kruse and we came to church at night. I had good congregation and good attention. Judge Wood was present and complimented me on the sermon. Monday morning was raining and I could not get off until Tuesday. I spent the night with the Genl, who is anxious for me to spend all the time I can with him. The rains were so heavy that I almost had to swim getting home.

When I arrived at home Tuesday, I found all well, but that another one of my good friends was gone. Bro John Norel died last Saturday and was burried Sunday. A good man is gone. He was a member of the Baptist Church, but a devout Christian and I loved him very much. Robt Moseley staid with us last night and Mamie went with him to Sister Hawkins this morning and will spend several days with the old lady.

g 399 March 22, 1899. There have been a few events worthy of note since my last writing. We have had more rain and the ground is very wet. We have finished our garden fence and ready to go to plowing as soon as dry. Bro Horner has gone to N.O., will be gone some time and we have just learned that Miss Pet Horner is expected back soon among us, and of course we expect trouble as a consequence. I succeeded in getting Miss Rosy Hill in charge of the school at Independence and think she is a first class young woman. She will make us no trouble, I think. Last Sunday, I went to Evergreen at eleven and had good congregation. I was pleased with the conduct of our new friend Mr. Ford, who has come amongst us recently. He came into church and walked up to the front and took his seat like a Gentleman and not like some criminal dodging the sheriff. After preaching, I went down and married young Mr. Lee McGraw to Miss Lodge (Lange?) I took dinner at Bro Gordon's and in the evening went to Grand Lake - had preaching at night and put sulphur under my friend - Meyers nose - innocently. I didn't know it until it was all over. The old Jno had been speculating about the future and the Soul and I hapened to be directed to a text that knocked the starch out of the old man - and he affirms that some one told me all about it, but they didn't. I spent the night with Dr. Bagby. On Monday, I put in the day visiting among the people, the roads so bad that I had a time getting home. All are well. The water is coming up and the folks are scared. When the dancing fever was so high, Miss Marcia Crenshaw, who is our teacher, took offence at my sermon on the dance - and sent my family a written invitation to the dance, at Mr. Adison Allen's. It was a bold, premeditated insult, and I took our little children from school - so am deprived of schooling unless I surrender principal.

pg 400 March 24, 1899. This is a cool morning. The sun shines but dimly. We sit very comfortably by a good fire. Our health is tolerably good. Bessie Moore was frightened in her dreams and kept us awake some time. Mr. Rogers was here and tarried until a very late hour. Rob and the boys went turkey hunting last night and have not yet returned. We have been at work - and completed a good fence between our Parsonage property and the James field. We want to plant potatoes and garden in a few days. Miss Marety came down early this morning. Mr. Ford, a young man who has been staying with Bro Horner for some time, suddenly took his departure, yesterday morning for parts unknown. He was a very nice, well behaved man. I think he had trouble over in Mississippi.

April 5th. Have been busy this morning planting potatoes. Have Bro Connerly helping me. It is in the dark of the moon. Mag has missed her chill and is now lieing in the bed playing on the Guitar. The weather is quite cool. Two young ladies went up this morning in a buggy, I think Mrs. Annie Beavers and young Mrs. Allen, both from Kilburn, I suppose to see Mr. Adison Allen who has been quite sick - but is better, now. Last week, Mr. Burt Hariman died with pneumonia, the same disease that all the people have died with recently. Mr. Hariman makes 18 that have died since conf.

Last Saturday was our first quarterly meeting. Bro Scott was with us at Cariola and did some of his very best preaching and it was good to Edifying.

We had a delightful meeting - reported \$104.45. Lela went with me and spent the time at Bro Scafe. Bro S. and I took dinner in company with Capt Cracraft at Sister Allens and we had a spendid dinner and a pleasant evening.

(At top of page 400, the following pictures: Rank written in by R. H. Poynter): Rear Adm. Sampson, Admiral Full Dewey, Admiral Schley, Major Genl Wheeler, Merritt, Lawton, Roosevelt (Theodore), Long, Brooke, Cervera, Camara, Hobson, Wainwright, Shafter, Montojo, Miles.)

401 On the preceeding page is a lot of our first Genls and Spanish Admirals. Dewy, Schley, and Sampson are American Admirals. Cervera, Montojo & Camara are Spanish Admirals. Genl Wheeler was an exconfederate Genl and is now Brig. Genl in the Reg Army of the U.S. and distinguished himself for valor and bravery in the battle before Santiago. C_____ Hobson was the young naval constructor who sank the Merimack in Santiago Bay to prevent the Spanish fleet from escaping.

I have been suffering for several days with severe pain in my side which has settled in my left hip and causes me a good deal of trouble.

Well, dinner is about ready, and I will close.

April 13th. Several days have passed since recording anything. Last Saturday I started in the morning to Lake Village. I took dinner with Mr. Frank Lee on my way up. I arrived at Genl Reynolds in the afternoon where I spent the night. The Genl is quite feeble and I think gradually loosing ground. I learned that Major Street was at Pine Bluff - quite sick. The new RR is close enough for us to see the construction from the village. Sunday I preached to moderately good congregation. Had some little confusion by reason of Mrs. J. C. Conerly snapping her watch during service. I closed immediately. Sunday night had better congregation and good meeting. Didn't see the watch snapper there, mercily. The twin lots are sold, as advertised by Mr Harriss Sessions and 58 lots were sold. I bought one - "lot 66 in Block 6; near the statues. Report says Mayor Street was dieing. The new train bro't in about three hundred people - and it was a big day. We had a ride on the steamer CurbTum?

pg 402 I spent the night Monday night with Genl Reynolds. Tuesday morning, the news came that Major Street was dead - and would be in on the train for burial, so I stayed over. He was buried Tuesday night at 9^o. The Catholic Priest had officiated at P.B. and sprinkled Holy (?) (His question mark) water on him so that his soul is embalmed for all eternity. A regular farce to try to cheat the Devil. I came home Wednesday. Stopped at Mr Lee's and got some sad corn. And arranged to have an appointment near his house at Ratan Place two weeks from now. Got home and found all up, but some of the children have been a little sick.

Saturday 15th Have close at home for several days. Mattie has had some fever and we have been doctoring her. She is better. Last night the rain

began to pour down and it is raining some, yet. Rob & Theodore Horner went turkey hunting but caught nothing. The woods are putting out beautifully and Mother Earth is draping herself with living green.

Tuesday 18th At last the sun is shining softly and dispensing the glow of warmth so necessary to the welfare of Sister Nature. She has been shivering for sometime but now as if to look away from retrospective visions of the long past winter she turns and with a smile decorates with verdant green and violet flowers to welcome her summer guest. I am tolerably well except a humor (blood) irrelates and agravates until Christian patience is taxed, however, there is so much to be thankful for that we loose sight of these minor conditions.

403 Mattie has been sick with fever for several days but is up again and the smiles of good health once more gladin the hearth stone. Rob has been plowing today and our garden is now ready for planting as soon as the moon changes. Some folks don't plant in the moon. Neither do I but I plant in such a season as to insure natures assistance in driving the substance of the growth into fruitage instead of foliage. The reason there are so many folks in this world is because the people don't try to find out. The youngsters prevailed upon me to go with them Saturday night to Bro Horners and serenade them so we went and dispensed as best we could with song, guitar and violin. Sister H. was overcome with the melody and went to herself and wept. Sunday morning was clear but cold. I went to Evergreen at eleven and to my surprise found large congregation awaiting, among whom were two Baptist preachers. Bro Finch, a Baptist preacher from Mississippi was over. He will preach tonight at Carmel and I will go down.

I took dinner Sunday at Bro Will Sawyers. Was to go to Cariola at night but found the road so bad and had left Mattie at home with fever so concluded to come back home.

April 24, 1899. This is Monday morning. All are up but Mattie who is yet sick with slow fever. She has been sick, now for three weeks. Dr. Wyley has been attending her and thinks she is better. Yesterday was the 4th Sunday and I preached at eleven at Concord to good congregation and baptised two babies and would have baptised the third but the little fellow fought and ran until we had to let him go. The Devil got into him and cheated us out of him. This is the folly of the parents in letting their children go until they are old enough to rebel and do not give them proper instruction and then try to rest the blame on the Doctrin of infant baptism.

pg 404 I preached in the afternoon at Independence and had splendid congregation and had very edifying service. The spirit of the Lord was with us. Mag went with me and several of the young folk of our neighborhood. I came home in evening and found quite a number of our friends at our house - later Sister Horner and all the children came over and the little ones had a great time. Miss Willie Ellis has returned from Little Rock - and looks quite well.

April 25th 1899. Have just been looking over my diary and find it quite interesting to look over my tracks made 15 years ago. This is a beautiful day and is full of varied circumstances. Mattie is up for a little while, but Lela is in bed. She had a chill yesterday evening and was quite sick all night and I am all "out of sorts" this morning. I took one of Horten's little liver pills and it has asserted its authority in a way that compells one to go; and not to stand on his going, nor to stand while going, but to go in a businesslike manner. Mr. Rogers was up to see (?) (His question mark) us and stayed a late hour. I am dreading my trip to Luna and Lake Village next Sunday.

Wednesday, April 6th (26th?) 1899. The day has been beautiful and warm and full of interesting events. I went this morning to the Rotann place - 9 miles up Bayou Macon - and preached to small congregation. Took dinner at Frank Lee's, came back home this evening and find that we have quite a house full of young folks tonight. Mattie has fever, yet. I met on my way up the camping outfit of RR surveying company who are running a rail North and South through this country.

pg 405 Last night we had Murrell and Frank Harriman to see us—and had music. Today, we received a nice little donation from our Jewish friends - Sister Conn at Carriola for which we are exceedingly thankful.

May 3. This beautiful morning all fragrant with odors borne softly on zephyrs (ziffers) from gardens and sword Is fraught with good blessing of Infinite mercy and whispered devotions that come from the Lord. A whole lot of things have happened since my last writing. I went last Saturday to Lake Village and Luna. Took dinner on my way up with good Sister Connerly and the Dr. Went in afternoon and called awhile on Bro K. who is all aflutter over many things, the laying of Town lots and church festivals and "Butter flys and tings". Went on later to Luna and had the honor of escorting a bright young colored woman a part of the way, who was afraid to go by herself - as there were so many strangers on the way. I landed at Bro Trawicks before night, and spent the night most pleasantly with them, and formed the acquaintance of Mr. Rayoter. Sunday, I preached to splendid congregation of very intelligent and interested listeners. We had a splendid service. Miss Beck McMurry was organist. After services Mr. Drew gave me \$10.00. Sister Trawick went with me in the buggy, so I went back with her and took dinner. Afterward, I drove down to the village a distance of 8 miles - and had preaching at night to very good congregation. Had an accession to the church. Sister Wimberly. I came home Monday morning and found the country in excitement over an atrocious murder which had been committed on Saturday evening in a mile of the Parsonage. A negro brute killed his old mother-in-law with an ax and tried to kill his wife. After killing the old woman he fired the house and burned up everything they had. He was caught Monday morning and lodged in Jail.

I found all my family sick. Mag and Don both in bed, the rest scarcely able to get around and I have been suffering with some depression of the heart. There are some indications of rain which we are needing very much. Miss

Tonie Jones and Miss Pam Cheairs was to see our sick this morning. On Sunday night as I passed by J. C. Connerly's house I spoke very kindly to his wife, calling her Sister Connerly, whereupon the old beast gave a lusty grunt like the hog that he is.

Wednesday, May 10, 1899. We are having a delightful rain tonight which we are needing very much. Last Sunday I went to Cariola and preached at eleven and at night to small congregation. Spent the night with Bro. Moore and the musquitos like to have eaten me up - Monday, I came home. Bro Baley gave me a nice bucket full of strawberries. I have been quite busy for several days building a kitchen and have it completed at last and it is quite an addition to our Parsonage. I have been replanting corn. I think the rain will bring all up good, now. Our folks are all up and very well now and our friend Dr. Willey is quite sick. I fear he has appendicitis which may prove fatal. Pet H. & Eva W. have been with us this evening and we have had some music and some fun. Bro Mathews was with us, yesterday. Rob is off on a survey.

Thursday, May 18, 1899. Have just returned from Lake Village and Luna. Last Saturday I went to Luna, spent the night with Capt McMurry's family and find them to be most excellent people. Sunday was a beautiful day. Sister Bet Ms went with me to the church and we found a big crowd. So much so that Dr. Whithorn had to take my chair and the people thought it looked like improvement to see the saloon keeper occupying a chair with the preacher. I went up and took dinner with Sister Ward and Daughter. Enjoyed myself very well. In afternoon went to the village and preached at night. On Saturday, Bro K got very angry at me because I would not turn in and not go to Luna at all. He wants me to give all my time to the village. The old man wants to do a great deal for the church but like "Handy Andy" all ways gets things backward. I found all in excitement over the coming S. S. entertainment our young folks have been in training for some time. The entertainment was to have been last Friday night but was rained out, so they postponed until Tuesday night so I had to remain until it was our post and surely it was a grave success. The concert was given in the interest of the P. E. and resulted in \$74.50. I had splendid congregation at night and Bro K says I gave him a hit about objecting to my going to Luna. On my way home, yesterday I met Bro Duncan and wife. On my way to the village Bro. D. preached for me Sunday at Concord at eleven and at night at Bro Stephenson's they tell me he gave it to the saloon keepers and whiskey drinkers. Bro. D. C. Connerly is plowing out my corn and potatoes which looks very well.

Saturday, May 20, 1899. We have had lovely rains and crops are looking well. Little Bessie has been quite sick for several days and they are having quite a time just now, trying to get her to take some medicine. Last evening we had another crime committed at Grand Lake. A negro killed John Holland as the result of a drunken brawl. The saloon is behind the whole matter and yet the people will license the saloons to make murderers. I have no pity for that class of folks.

May 24, 1899 - Wednesday. I came Sunday to Evergreen and met a large congregation. Bro Duncan was there and preached for me from the text "without God and hope in the world: His sermon was a good one. I went and took dinner with Sister Johnson, Bro Davis there, too. In the afternoon I went to Carola where I preached at night to large congregation. I failed to take a collection and the folks got after me about it. I spent the night with Bro Moore and visited among the folks Monday. I went down and took dinner with Mrs. Warfield and spent the night with Cracraft and had a very pleasant evening. Tuesday morning I came on and was caught in a shower. I stopped at Ernest Williams and went down and took dinner with Ethie Griffin. I came on in evening expecting to come home but the rain prevented and I stayed with Bro Baley. I came on home this morning. Called on Dr. Wyley who is improving. Found all well at home.

May 21st. Just as I take up my pen, two of the beautiful young ladies of neighborhood have just stepped in, Miss Jessie Boles?, Connerly and Miss Irene Horner and Master Curtis Horner, all young people of no small distinction in our estimation. Sweet little dewdrops and violets Just budding in the garden of youths garden in whose lives are many possibilities and yet, how these little innocents may be soiled by improper influences is a matter of no small solicitude. May the spirit of the Lord lead and shield them. Mamie and Mag have just gone to Carmel to mail some letters, get the mail and have a tooth pulled. We just received intelligence day before yesterday of the death of our young friend Priss? Williams of Union Co. and it has bro't a shade of sadness over our home. Yesterday, I and Mag and Mattie and Rob went to Watson a baptist Sunday School picknick. I took little Radd Horner with us in the buggy. The occasion was a success. We had a good time with our baptist friends and they used this opportunity freely. I was called on to make the opening prayer and then to grace the table and then in the afternoon I was called on to deliver a memorial address in memory of those who died during the epidemic. Taking it all in all it was an interesting day. I find that there is quite a feeling existing against the people of Grand Lake on account of killing of Mr. Holland by a negro. Whiskey was the cause of the whole matter and yet we do not hear one word in condemnation of this infamous traffic in the main the people of this country would wrather have half the citizens of the country sacrificed at the shrines of this molock of infamy than to have this whiskey traffic stoped. Had there been no whiskey the young man would have been at home peacefully with his family, now, had there been no whiskey. The negroe who is now in jail for the murder of an innocent old negro woman would have at home quietly at his work. Oh! the folly of the so called Christian people of America. The weather is quite pleasant today and we are all up once more: I have just today written aubituary of Bro J. A. Johnson. And also a communication to Ark. Methodist. The warship Nashville is expected down from St. Louis today where she has been on exhibition and is expected to stop at Grand Lake and quite a number of the young folks have gone in to see her.

June 2, 1899. This is a beautiful morning clear and warm. We are all up. I learned yesterday that one of Bro Walton Mathis children was very sick and

am thinking of going over this morning. We are needing rain some. Last Sunday I preached at eleven and at night at Cariola. The weather so warm that was not many out. Returned home early Monday morning and went to Boyd's schoolhouse to assist Mr. Martin assess. Have been with him three days. Sure have no little fun with the negroes over the question of Dogs. I am utterly disgusted with these people. They seem to have no knowledge of the nature of another and do everything possible to defeat the law. The county officials are the most corrupt violation of Law.

June 10th, 1899. All up this morning. We had a public school clearing, yesterday. The children recited some pieces after which there was a beautiful dinner spread on the ground—and the people enjoyed themselves very much. Day before yesterday, Bro Walton Mathis's little Lollie was burried. He died very suddenly only being sick a short time.

pg 430 (Picture of War Room at Washington.)

I go this morning to Luna where I will preach tomorrow. I have just received the last issue of the Methodist which makes me guilty of a great slander. I wrote up a field note of my work at Luna and printer makes me say I have a nice congregation of colored people at that place instead of cultured. The signs indicate rain today. The question of the iniquitous Barbecue is still being discussed. Some of our knights of Pythias and masons are determined to have a whiskey drinking, dancing institution of it.

June 12. I am at home sick; sick: Have had headache for three days. I went last Saturday to Judge Carleton's on my way to Luna and spent the night very pleasantly indeed. I stoped on my way up at Genl Reynolds and took dinner. I find them in some trouble over Robts escapades. He is now off for the West somewhere looking for a position of some kind. He has run aground in Chicot Co. He leaves his wife here with her father and in tears. There was a great crowd in the village of negroes on an excursion and whiskey was flowing. Mr. Francis was doing p__tion business. I went on in evening to Bro Carltons and spent a delightful night with the family - Sunday I went to Luna. Miss Sue went with me in the buggy. I had a fine congregation. Capt. Smith from Belview was there for many years. Took collection for conference and received \$8.00. My subject was the Transfiguration and all seemed to oe very much interested. I took dinner with Mr. Bryan. Had a magnificent dinner. Met some traveling men and RR men. A Mr. Cantrell and a Mr. Weir, the son of a Methodist preacher in Colorado. The young man is very much off of orthodoxy. I came in in afternoon to the village. Spent the night with Bro Kruse and preached to good congregation.

pg 411 Came on home this morning. Learned as I was coming out that there was three cases of small pox at the Red leaf place. Old Man Elie Gitie killed himself last Friday by taking dose of strichnine through mistake. He was a habitual morphine Eater. No one seems to be very sorry of his death. He was an old sinner. We have had showers of rain. I have traveled on this trip sixty miles. I am truly glad to hear that Mr. Brit Herring and Miss Pet

Horner are married. Hope they will get along and do well. Miss Mattie has just arrived home from Arkadelphia College. She is looking well. I am informed that D. S. Whithorn is going to send his little daughter Eva to the Catholic convent to school. Away with such nonsense+

June 14, 1899. The weather very warm. Mamie badly salivated and groaned all night. Lela has gone down to Dr Wyley's and left the "kid" at home. And there is a good deal of noise and bleating going on. I have been working in the garden and am warm. Theodore was over this morning. Came after a minit and went to Jim Quinn's this morning to get some potato slips, but didn't get there. Bro Boyd got the top of his buggy torn out and supposed the old hens did it and swore he would kill all the chickens on the place and proceeded to the corncrib to get some corn but when he got hold of the first old hen it dawned upon him that the calves did it, so proceeded with a pole to kill a calf and just then a friend interfered and suggested that the calves could not reach the top of his buggy, and then like a flash it dawned upon him that Tytuses oxen did it so he resolved to make hash out of Tytuses oxen—and Beef will be apt to go down for a while.

pg 412 The Dago came by this morning, but never looks at our house. He is a Catholic and thinks I am a monster.

June 15, 1899. This is one of the warmest days of the year. Everything is sweltering. I have been out in the garden at work and am sachurated. Mamie is still suffering with her salivation. She won't want any green apple pies soon. Sid has been over this morning and he and Rob have had a ball pitching or catching time. Mattie and Bess are quarreling over the hoe which shall have it. Mag has gone to Mr Allen's. Some body has gotten my old shoes. I recon they have gone to hunt for the little dogs. I am informed that the friends are fixing poor little Eva Whithorn to send her to the catholic Convent at Memphis. Strange idea this, that our protestant schools are not good enough to send our girls to. I consider that the friends are laying the groundwork for Eva's future disusefulness and unhappiness. This all proved out of the spirit of uniloyalty to anything, either religion, state or home. It is a feature of the Whithorne family - not to be loyal to anything. Poor little Eva - She will come back a catholic and, of course, this will bar her from any of the fields of usefulness. She can never be identified with any of the home enterprises and will be ostracised by all religious organizations. She will be unfit for the wife of a protestant. If she marries one, it will bring discord and unhappiness. If she marries a catholic, she will only become a stronger enemy to all American usages and can not be the happy woman she would be otherwise. Who is to be blamed for this future condition of a poor little unsuspecting child, her so-called father, her uncles and aunts. When really these lives 30 years from today think of little Eva Whithorn and see how true this proficy. We are now in the beginning of a great religious struggle. America and protestant religion will naturally be drawn into struggle against Roman catholicism and supersticion then where will Eva be? A bitter enemy to her friends and the religion of her mother and old grandmother & father shame on such weakness and frivolity. If the curse fell on her profligate Dady it wouldn't amount to much, but a poor little child.

pg 413

June 16, 1899. Have been usually interested since yesterday 12 in the conversation of a stranger by the name of Aldrige. He has just returned from Cuba! He is a very interesting Christian gentleman. A member of the MEC South. His business here is to establish a Real Estate Agency and I think may do well. Dr. Wyley took supper with us last evening—and also dinner today. Is on his way to visit someone up at Bro Douglasses. My strange friend is gone to Bro Phillip & Mathis. Miss Lenie James came down to go to Carmel with Mag. Old Dolly was out and away down in the old field and they both went after her and rode her back bare backed. Bro. Connerly is just now winding up his hoeing close to the house. Mamie is improving some. Hope she will be up in a few days. Rob went off to ride for Dr. Wylie today.

June 17. Have just wrote a letter to old Bro Bolding of Union Co. Mamie is a little better today. The sky was the brightest blue today that I remember to have ever seen it. It was beautiful beyond description. We are having beautiful clear cool weather for this time of year. It rained a little last night. Rob is off riding for Dr. Wyley.

June __, 1899. Have just been reading some of the past pages of this diary and find many pleasant reminders of past days and arduous labor. Pet Horner was up last night and came over to see us after we were in bed. I suppose she and her Brit went back home early this morning. Mamie is some better. I got a very tenderly affectionate letter yesterday from Bro Scott urging me to take a rest and take my family to some health resort. I have just written in my reports ready for the Quarterly Conf. next Saturday. Rob is off with Theodore on Survey.

Sunday, I went to Evergreen and had splendid congregation at eleven. Went and took dinner with Wm. Freeman. In afternoon, I went to Carriola. Sister Wallace went with me as far as her house. The roads are dry but very ruff. I preached at night to small congregation. Some Jews were present. I spent the night with Bro Baley. Monday, he hustled around and got up \$42.00. I took dinner Monday with Bro Moon and preached them a sermon on baptism. Came on home in evening and found all up but Mamie.

June 27, 1899. Am now at home from my trip to the village to quarterly conference. Went up last Friday. Lela went with me and we expected to spend the night at Mrs. Stearns. She has been a member of the Methodist Church but does not hold her membership here. We got there late in afternoon and when I entered the house I found all upside down and preparations for an entertainment of some sort. I soon discovered that the beds had all been taken out of the room and tables prepared for the accomodation of the whist club—which was to meet there that night, so we concluded to go on. We went on to Bro Kruse's and found the old man all torn up. He had been beating his horse over the head with a stick and Bunker went out to prevail upon the old man to stop and the old man turned his stick on Bunker and ran him into his house so Esq. Miles arrested the old man and fined him \$5.00 and costs amounting to ten dollars. It was a very good thing for the old man, maby it will learn him some sense. So, we had to calm the old man's feelings

after which he made it very pleasant for us. I don't know what the church would do without him at LK Village. And yet, I think sometimes he does us more harm than good.

Bro Scott failed to get in Friday and did not get in until Saturday evening. So, we had no quarterly conf. until Saturday night. Reports were up very good, financially. We spent Saturday night with Dr. Henry, very pleasantly. Mrs. Henry, I think, is a most splendid little woman, but the Dr. I cannot say so much for. He is an enigma. I cannot understand. He was raised a Baptist and perhaps that accounts for his strangeness. Sunday, we had preaching at eleven—and the Sacrament of the Lord's supper, and several of the whist players were present at the table.

Sunday night, we had splendid congregation and Bro Scott preached a splendid sermon. In fact, all of his preaching was good. While at the village I had my deed to my lot fixed up and have bought two more lots. My lot no. is Lot 68 in Block 6, fronting on the street leading to the Depot. My two others directly opposite on the West side of the same street. The deeds will be made out soon. Early Monday morning, Bro Scott left for home. We spent the night Sunday night. Dr. Henry came down Monday morning and stoped awhile with Genl Reynolds and family and then came on down and took dinner with Dr. Connerly and came on home in the afternoon. Got caught in two showers of rain but chanced to strike shelter out of both—

pg 416 Today, Mag and I went finshing to Bayou Macon and caught some fish and got some cool spring watter. All are up.

June 30, 1899. Thursday. I went yesterday to the Rantan Place on Bayou Macon and preached to a small congregation. Am glad I sent because some were there that have not been for years. Old Mrs Ann Light was there with her children and seemed to enter into the spirit of service. On my way back, I stoped in a cane brake to cut me some fishing poles and old Dolly waiked off and leit me and had to run her some distance before catching her. Bro & Sister Cooper were with me but he could not run after her because he had one of his children up before him. I got her, however, and bro't my poles, too. I came on to Bro Douglasses and stoped and rested awhile and when I started on home I found old Dolly sick and wanting to lay down with me, but I kept her up and going until I got home, and went to Bro Horners and got some Dan Rice Collic Cure and in a short time she was all right. Mamie has riden her off this morning to the Bayou with Eva Whithorn and Mable Connerly fishing. The friends have changed their minds about sending her off to the Catholic Convent and she may go to Arkadelphia. I preach at the Rantan place to a unique congregation, and at a unique place. No one lives there. It is an old desolated thrown out place, and we simply meet there because it is central to a scattered community of people who live up and down on the banks of Bayou Macon—right out in the wiles of Arkansas—tho, a pretty country, and will one day be a beautiful country.

Saturday, July 1, 1899. I am now at home preparing for my duties tomorrow at Carriola and then for my start to Wilmer to the District Conf. next week.

Yesterday, Bro Mathis and Sister Mathis spent the day with us and we had a delightful day. We gave them some music in evening. The folks (Bro Horner) returned yesterday from Portland where they had been to attend Barbecue. Say they had a very good time and that there was no dancing.

July 18, 1899. So much has transpired since my last writing that I cannot record all. On last Sunday week Tom came in on us. He has been away from home over a year and the little ones went wild. On Monday morning I started to Wilmer to District Conference. Met with Bro Mathis at Joe Dotson's and after an hours delay at ferry we proceeded on our way to Portland. On our way out we found Bro Victor Mathis dinner where he had lost it on his way to send his son Otto to Little Rock to school so we stopped at Big Bayou and lunched. We arrived at Portland before night and spent the night with sister Moats where I left old Dolly until our return. We took the train the next day and went to Wilmer. Dermott we had to wait some time for our train. We took in the town and when our train came there were several of our Lake Village people on in attendance on the ball at Dermot - not on their way to heaven, by all means. We arrived at Wilmer late but met President Spence of the D.N.O. (D?) who took us in tow and landed us up at the Institute where we were most comfortably entertained during the conf. We found the Professor and all of those concerned in the school to be most excellent people and we think it a first class institution. Our conference was a delightful one. A religious and instructive feast from the beginning. Only one break in this felicity of the occasion. Bro. J. R. Moore's sermon - or - rather a tirade on the doctrine of entire sanctification as a work, subsequent to Justification - threw a damp upon this conf. only for a while when the other brethren began to shell his flimsy fortification the thing crumbled and the sunlight came in and there was a great awakening on this last night. There were 6 at the altar and all were converted in less than 20 minutes. It was real Pentecost. I visited quite a number of the good people, Simses, Catharns, Taylors, Rices, Byrds, Husels, and others and I met at the conf. many of my old time friends, Snow Jackson & Baw Crage, and Stanfield and a host of others. It was very pleasant to meet my old friends. Monday we all took train for home. Some of the brethren went on Saturday. Sunday was a great day. We had _____ feast in the morning conducted by myself and a real good time we had after which Bro Scott gave us one of his very best sermons full of richness and Grace. At night Bro McClintoc simply glorified himself. We stoped overnight at Sister Montes on our return and got a good start for home Tuesday morning. On our arrival at Bro Mathis we found that somebody had on the previous Saturday night fired five shots into his house - came very near hitting some of them. I found all up at home. We have had good rains and crops are looking good and I am now getting ready for my meeting at Evergreen next week. All the young folks - with Uncle Dick and his family went fishing yesterday and have not yet returned.

The fishermen have just returned and what "a woe begone set of folks". Tinie is nearly sick and Mamie says she would have given a hundred dollars not to have gone. They had all their trouble for nothing. No fish.

July 14, 1899. Hot and sultry. All well but awful stupid. The youngsters were out late to a sociable at Sister Connerlies. Some little indication of rain.

July 19, 1899. Have just returned from Evergreen where I have been holding a meeting for several days. I commenced there last Sunday at eleven and went to Carriola at night - had good congregation, returned to Evergreen Monday at eleven - had small congregation. Preached at night to moderately good congregation and good interest. Several came forward expressing a desire to be saved. Tuesday had preaching at eleven and at night. Myself and Lela spent the night at Bro Wesley Gordons. Yesterday, Bro Morgan of the Baptist Church was buried at Carmel and today at eleven I burried little Rankin Holy. There was a large congregation at the grave. I go this evening to Carriola to marry Miss Mattie Bagby and Mr. Geo. Elder. My meeting so far is not meeting with much success. The people's mind is too much engrossed with the mischievous Bar-be-cue.

July 22, 1899. Have just received a letter from Bro Newson of Grady re: desiring me to come and assist him in a meeting. All this week I have been holding a meeting at Evergreen. Have had good congregations. Have had two accessions and perhaps more to come. I came home late last night and found all well. I go back tonight to close at Evergreen. I went last Wednesday night and performed the marriage ceremony for Mr. Geo. Elder and Miss Mattie Bagby. The affair was a very nice one. The woods are alive with the racket of preparing for the Devil's Barbecue.

pg 420 Everyone are more or less absorbed in the barbecue. Church members are more diligent in this service than I have ever seen them concerning the church. There is more to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The weather is intensely hot. I went last Wednesday and burried the little Rankin Haley in the midst of a large crowd of friends. Little Rankin was an afflicted child and is much better off. I went next day and spent the day with Sister Haley. I spent the day with Billy Boyce night before last with Ben Ralph.

Aug 4, 1899. Some days have passed away since I wrote any in my diary. On the 4th Sunday I preached at Concord to a good congregation and at Independence in the afternoon. I returned home at night and started Monday after dinner for Lake Village. On my way to Grady in Lincoln Co to hold a meeting for Bro Newson. I spent the night with Bro Kruse. Had been there but a little while when we heard cries of distress at the house of Mr. Jim Hill. We ran over and just got there in time to see the last breath of the husband and father. He died without hope. A poor old sinner gone. The next morning I started early on train for Mont Rose. We met with a wreck on the way out on a hand car. I got there in time to take northbound train and met Bro Scott getting off to come to the village on his way to the Barbecue to deliver an address on Masonry that night. I landed at Grady and met Bro. J. K. Moore who preached at night to small congregation. The next day I preached to small congregation and from that time on I preached day and night until Saturday at eleven. We had a splendid meeting and I was feasted among my old friends every day.

3 421 All of this I enjoyed very much but most of all the real good spiritual feast. I took the train Saturday at 12^o and came on to the village that night and on Sunday morning I took my horse and buggy and went to Luna where I preached at eleven to good congregation and returned to the village and preached to good congregation at night. I spent Saturday night and Sunday night with Genl Reynolds who is very feble. I met Mamie at Luna to my surprise. She had gone up with Sister Drew Thursday before who had been down to the Devil's barbecue. She came and spent the night very pleasantly at Genl Reynolds. Monday afternoon we came on home. Got in late and found that Mrs. P. and the little baby had been sick. I don't think Bro. S. enjoyed his visit to the Mason (?) (his question mark) installation so very well. They did not treat him with proper respect and I think it will be the last one of the kind he will attend. I have never attended one of the inequitous things yet. Miss Ada Gordon has been spending the week with us. We have been having a great deal of rain.

pg 422

Monday, Aug 8. Have just arrived at home from Cariola where I went yesterday to preach. Had service at eleven to small congregation. Had a little Jew as my organist. The day was very hot. Mamie went with me and will remain there for some time on visit. The country is in an unsettled condition. Trouble all around - rioting and reveling seems to be the order of the day, and the church is languishing. John Lile came home to his father a few days since pretty badly shot up and I suppose got no more than he deserved. His father-in-law shot him, I suppose, at Grand Lake. There is trouble brewing over the Holland murder. And at Lake Village the people are in constant peril of life and property. Over in the Independence neighborhood there is war to the hilt. What we can do under these trying conditions is beyond my ken. I am going on preaching the best I can in hopes of our surviving this state of affairs, and in the midst of all this state of affairs I am expected to raise \$270 20th century fund. We will do well to live and get out of here with whole skins. I understand Mr. Ralph, the Mogul Saloon Keeper has been making great Capital of Bro Scott's presence at the Devil's barbecue. Bro Scott had better have staid away. He did the cause nor himself any good by his presence at this mischievius concern. I met Bros Mark & Victor Mathis this morning and they give me a doleful account of the state of affairs in the colony. The law is absolutely a dead letter here in this country. Oh! how hot. I came home and found all gone but Mag and she is getting us up a little dinner which we will eat and be thankful. My old Lady has kidnaped all the children and deserted bed and board and I am most delightfully all alone. However, I have received two invitations to come to dinner, one from Sister H and the other from Sister C, but I'll stay at home and brood over my miseries and desolations. I expect there will be as much noise and prattle tomorrow as ever.

Aug. 17, 1899. Cool and cloudy after several days of the warmest weather we have had for several years. Mercury ranging at 98^o to 100^o. I went last Friday afternoon with Tom to the village who is on his way to Ark. Co. Will be back soon. I stoped with Genl Reynolds and Tom went up and stoped with Bro Kruse.

g 423 Saturday, Tom took train and I went on my way to Luna. I spent the night with Bro Drue and family at Leland and spent a miserable night, the weather so warm that I couldn't sleep for heat, musquitoes and _____.

Sunday, I went to Luna and preached at eleven to good congregation. Dr. Whithorn sat next to the Pulpit, quite an improvement. I took dinner with Bro. Traywick. My Luna friends are enthusiastic over my coming back to them this next year. I returned to the village and tried to preach at night but had a sudden burste of wind that broke up the meeting. Everybody got scared and ran away and I closed the meeting. I spent the night with Genl Reynolds and Monday morning went up and got my Deed for town lot. I purchased two more lots and got deeds so I have three lots in the village, now. We learned of the death of Horrace Sessions the man who sold out the lots. He died at Birmingham, Ala, under operation for appendicitis. I came down and spent the day and night with Dr. Conerly. In the evening we all, the Dr and Sister C. and Arthur, went in bathing and had some fun.

Tuesday morning I went over the Lake and took dinner with Bro. Caldwell. Came over after dinner and hitched up and came home. Found all well. Mamie is still at Grand Lake where she went last Sunday week ago yesterday. I was called on to go to Carmel graveyard and perform the burial service of two of Bro Byrd's children. One died last Sunday and the other Monday. It was a sad event.

Aug. 21, 1899. Yesterday, I went to Evergreen at eleven and preached to a small congregation. The thermometer up to 100° after service. Bro Moseley and I went to Bro. Will Sawyers and took dinner. Bro Byrd and family were there. There is considerable sickness in the country. Last night I preached at Cariola to small congregation.

pg 424 and spent the night with Bro Moore. Did not sleep well and am feeling badly today. Came home this morning. Mamie came with me after a visit of two weeks. I have just learned of a little negro child! having been lost since sundown, yesterday and not found at last account. I suppose the county is full of people hunting for it. I was to have preached at eleven today but had no congregation (at Concord). Will begin my meeting tonight.

Aug 25, 1899. Have just been out taking a little sport on the Bicycle and find it too warm to ride much. We are all up but Mag. She was complaining some yesterday and took some medicine and sick sure enough this morning. The weather is very warm and sultry and dusty. My meeting has been going on since Monday night. Tuesday, Bro Mathis came over and spent the day. Our meeting is somewhat on the increase. We had better interest last night than anytime yet sickness is preventing to some extent. The little colored baby that was lost was found after being out all night in the most dismal woods where the wolves were thick but the little fellow was all right. He was found three miles from home in the afternoon of the next day. There was general rejoicing over his recovery. Just received a beautiful calender, a present from Prof. Spence of Drue Normal Institute, Wilmer, Ark. I learned last night of the death of Carl Stephensen's baby.

I may have to burry it today. I married Carl to his wife this Spring a year ago.

Aug. 29, 1899. Have closed my meeting at Concord. Had only two accessions but think more to come.

pg 425 Mr Chas Lyle. I am informed says he intends to join the church. Sunday, we had dinner on the ground and a congregation of near a hundred. I took up collection for D _____'s Mission and got the enormous sum of \$8.00. Old Bro Douglass was all head up while I was preaching a free Gospel but when I touched on the money question, he was tail up, however we had a good meeting and I think good was done.

The rain came in the afternoon and most of our congregation left us, so we had only prayer and song service in the afternoon. I was instructed last night to be in readiness next Wendsday to perform the marriage ceremony of Theodore Horner and Miss Carry Cox.

Tom came home Sunday. Left his trunk at the village and went after it today. I have been very busy this morning fixing fence - and driving hogs out of the field. They are a great annoyance.

Sept. 1, 1899. Friday. I am at home and have been for several days. Lela and I took Frances Willard and went day before yesterday and spent the day at Earnest Williams's at Grand Lake. We had a very pleasant day and plenty of Ice Cream. Bro Victor Mathews and Otto were there. We came by Baleys and my patience was very much tried. He tried to sell everything he had to my wife and she tried to buy everything he had. I am trying to economise all I can so as to have the funds on hand to move this conference and it looks to me as if this family are trying to get away with every cent possible. I recon it will be all right when I am dead. Sister Connerly is trying to get off to Ala to see her sister and her old husband of a thing Spends his money as fast as she gets it for morphine

pg 426 so Lela is trying to help her. She got hold of some money the other day from her son Will and had let the old man have some of it for morphine - so she let Lela have the rest and we went to Grand Lake to make her purchases and our folks were serving for her all day yesterday and Lela is down there this morning.

I have been having a terrible time trying to keep Sister Lee's hogs from eating up my little corn patch. There is no excitement that I know of just now.

Tom went out and killed two squirrels this morning and we had a square meal and all the folks are able to eat. Rob is off.

Sept 7, 1899. Much of interest has passed since I recorded my last. I have been crippled up for several days with rheumatism tho have been going all the time. Day before yesterday I worked all day fixing sled to hawl

my corn in. Yesterday morning, I started to Sister Leslie's where in the afternoon I married Theodore Horner and Miss Carrie Cox. A quiet but nice little wedding. On my way down I met so many negroes coming out to a negro wedding on the hills, and we had a whole lot of fun. Mag went with 'as far as Dr. Wylies. On my way down I met Bro Guin? Quinn? who told me of the death of his sister the night before (Sister Cook). She was not burried yesterday and I went down and burried her this morning. Quite a number were present and it was very hot. We are all well. It is raining slowly, now. On my way home, yesterday, I met the Miss Canns at Dr. Bagby's Miss Fannie told me she had had a very nice dream about me. I am anxious to know what it was.

pg 427 Friday, Sept 8, 1899. Have been confined at home all day with my Rheumatism. And we have had all sorts of company. Sister Connerly came up this morning and her and Mable have spent the day with bad Hugh, and Miss Irene came out from Grand Lake and sister May Cheairs is here this evening and Mrs. T. K. Lee came by this evening after her (Miss Irene) Bro Baley was here today, also, I am dreading my trip to Luna tomorrow, but will have to.

Monday, Sept 11, 1899. Have just returned from my trip to Lake Village and Luna. I went up on Saturday - got to Genl Reynolds in time to get dinner. After resting awhile I went on to Bro Traywicks where I spent the night. The old folks could not go to church. I preached to good congregation among whom were three Englishmen just from the old country. Dr. St. Clair and two of his brothers. They seem to be very nice gentlemen and the Dr. gave Capt McMurry a gold sovereign for me. I took dinner and Capt McMurry's family and quite a number of friends were there in afternoon. I came on and stoped with Bro K at night. I preached at the village church to good congregation among whom was Judge Hawkins and Mr. Woolridge of Pine Bluff and Mr. Wise? of Monticello and a Colonel Somebody from KG. I spent the night with Bro Kruse. I find our little church quite pretty since it has been painted. I learned while up that Miss Gertrude Cariton and Gurlick Bagby were to be married soon, and two other weddings on hand. I called on Dr. Connerly on my way down and found him in bed sick. Also, little Arthur. All well at home.

Sept 19, 1899. Tuesday. Last Tuesday night I commenced a meeting at Independence and have continued it day and night until last night. I had to close on account of my rheumatic affection.

pg 428 We had a very good meeting. Bro Scott came on Saturday morning. Bro K brought him from Lake Village and we all went over to Independence together. Bro K was all in a splutter, as usual. Bro Scott gave us some splendid sermons, on Sunday. On our way to Independence Bro Dick Spurlock took a load. Old Sister Chiders with Miss Pam and Sisters Luisy Chiders and two babies were in the wagon - and Tom was in there, too, and Little Willie Morgan, myself, and Lela and all the little ones were in the buggy. We were just ahead of Uncle Dick. Just before getting to the church we got into the Yallow Jackets and then there was a scene to curdle the blood in our veins - Mattie was standing up in the back end of our buggy and begun to

scream and dance. I drove out as fast as I could and yelled to Uncle Dick to look out but he was into them before he could stop and here they came like wild buffaloes. I never saw such a frantic team of mules. They came dashing after us and for awhile I could not tell which way to turn to get out of their way and at last just did get far enough to one side to let them pass. If they had struck my buggy carusing as they were they would have killed all of us. Just as they passed our buggy, the tongue of the wagon struck a dead tree some eight inches through and cut it off like a broomstick and down came the whole thing on top of them, breaking to pieces. It fell, and on they dashed, both rains broken into and the whole lot being dashed to certain death by a frantic team of maddened wild mules. All the while I had to fight the Jackets. They dashed on some 60 yards and collided with a large hickory tree and striped the mules from the wagon. Miss Wesie was knocked unconscious for some time against the tree. Old Sister Chiders was thrown entirely out of the wagon and her arm sprained. With this exception no one was hurt. It was truly a miracle or all would have been killed. My own and theirs, too. The criped ones went up to Bro Halls and I went on to church. It created a great excitement. Miss Wesie is now at home and all right. Neither of the little ones were hurt.

pg 429 Tuesday, Sept 26, 1899. I preached last Sunday at eleven Oc at Concord to good congregation after dinner. Tom went with me to Independence where I preached at half-past three to small congregation and had real good service. I came on back home and Mamie got in the Buggy with me and we went up to see Sister Lile who was reported very critically ill. We found her very bad ill, indeed. We had prayer and singing with her which seemed to comfort her very much. We came back home in the night. We left Mag there Sunday night. Monday morning old Dolly was sick and could not go, but this morning I went up and took Mag up. Mamie spent the night last night. I left the girls both there at 10 and at two sister L died. We will have to bury her tomorrow. Mamie is complaining tonight. We are all up. I am feeling some better of my ailment.

Oct 8, 1899. Yes, here stands little Willard shaking my hand until I can't write. She is a great little nuisance. We are all up this morning. I went Sunday morning to Cariola. Had small congregation at eleven. All the folks gone to court at night. I had good congregation. Quite a number of the Jews were present and I like to preach to them. They are attentive and appreciative. We have one of the largest courts on hand that Chicot Co. ever had. 80 prisoners in Jail - and five or six murder cases - all owing to whiskey. Only last Saturday evening at Cariola the negroes got into a genl street fight and the wonder is that several were not killed. Two constables chased them some distance before taking one of them and a general pistol dual was carried on - all owing to whiskey.

pg 430 The weather is cool and delightful, but the roads are awful dusty. Miss Kate Martin came in yesterday and commenced her school. Miss Irene St. Cloud has just come in who will spend a few days in the neighborhood. Mrs. Tilden came down this morning to get my buggy to go to Carmel. Miss Irene reports Mr. Bishop quite sick at Stephenson's store. I hear the steamboats very plainly this morning - indicating rain.

Oct. 11, 1899. At last we have had some rain. Just enough to lay the dust, and I am suffering with my rheumatism. Last Saturday, I received message to come to Carmel graveyard and bury old Sister Johnson, one of the oldest citizens of the Co. I went and returned home in time to snatch a snack and feed old Dolly and start on my journey to Luna & Lake Village. I arrived at Lake Village at dark, having been delayed at Dr Connerly's where Ginn was burned. Rob was up in the Ginn when it caught fire - and made a narrow escape. He is engaged with the Dr. now and will runn the little boat. I went on Sunday morning to Luna and preached to small congregation. Took dinner with Bro Grawick after dinner I went over to see Sister Reed where son Irvin was very sick with Swamp fever. I came on in the evening to the village. I left Bro K right sick in the morning and found him quite sick in the evening. At night I had preaching to good congregation. The excitement has been quite high in anticipation of a double weding to take place at the village. Misses Ruth Reynolds and Mr. Garlick Bagby, but the weding did not come off. Will come off sometime this month if the so called Episcopal Bishop gets down with his \$3.00 Searce on. Monday morning early I received a message to come as soon as I could to Carmel graveyard to bury little Adie Haley. I made the drive and got there at eleven o° just as the assembly were breaking up. After Sunday, 20 miles for me, I was well nigh worn out, but the people don't seem to think there is any limit to a preacher's endurance. Last evening I went to Grand Lake to attend the weding of some of my little Jew friends but got there too late. This morning I took some pills and am feeling uncomfortable.

pg 431 . Oct. 16, 1899. I spent the week mostly at home. On Tuesday night I went to Grand Lake to witness the marriage of a little Jewish Miss Tresa Schanfieldt, but got there just a little too late to see the ceremony. Very, very sorry, as I had special invitation. Saturday, I went to Wesley Gordons and spent the night. Took Lela and the babies with me. I preached at eleven at Evergreen and went home with Bro & Sister Gilmore and took dinner after which we went to Cariola where I preached at night to good congregation. The moon shown brightly and we came home last night. I found Bro. Dick Spurlock quite sick with Pneumonia but he is better, now. We are all up. Rob was home Sunday and reports things getting on well at the Dr's. Sister Connerly came home Wednesday from a visit to Ala.

Oct. 20, 1899. I am now at home after a trip to Lake Village to witness the most unever? weding that I have ever witnessed. Mis Gertrude Carleton is an Episcopalian was married to Garlic Bagby who is Baptist with the Episcopal ceremony in the Methodist Church. A Presbyterian minister Dr Carter and myself officiating. On my way up I took dinner with Dr. Connerly and we had a nice time fishing. Had splendid mess of fish for dinner. I spent the night with Bro K and yesterday I listened to the pleadings in the Burtoff case. Bartroff killed clim last summer. He was cleared or acquitted and now the very exciting case of Clark (Col) for the murder of Holland is before the courts. I came home last yesterday eve and had preaching last night to small congregation at Concord. This morning I went to Cariola and am now pretty well tired out. I see mrs. T. K. Lee now coming and will have to close.

Oct. 26, 1899. Have written nothing for several days. Day before yesterday Lela and I went and spent the day with Bro and Sister Douglass. Last Sunday I preached at Concord at eleven and went to Carmel Graveyard and buried Hasken Lee at 12:50. Took dinner with Bro Gilmore and went in afternoon to Independence and preached to small congregation. Lela went all the round with me and we spent the night with Bro Mathews. We came home Monday morning, found all well, the weather dry and dusty. Today I went up and took dinner with Uncle Dick Spurlock.

Nov 4, 1899. The weather is quite cool. We have had some rain and big front. Bro Scott came last Monday evening to the Village. I preached Sunday at eleven at Luna to which place I went on Saturday and spent the night with Sister Burus. Had moderately fair congregation at eleven. Took dinner with Sister Ward. Come on down in the evening to Lake Village and preached to good congregation at night. Spent the day Monday mostly with Genl Reynolds, who is very feeble. Tuesday morning, Bro Scott and I came on down to Concord where Bro S. preached and gave a talk on the 20th Century movement. He spent the night with Theodore Horner. When we arrived at home I found old Dolly to be sick and we doctored her until late at night. She was able, however, to start back at noon and is now all right. I took Bro Scott back to the village where he preached at night and gave a talk on 20th Century but got nothing. Bro S's preaching is strong and clear. He went on his way Thursday morning and I came on home. Am not very well, today.

g 433 Nov 9, 1899. All quiet at home. Our little Willard was quite sick last night with billious attack, and is somewhat complaining, today. Last Sunday I preached at eleven & at night at Cariola. Had very fair congregation at both times. Our assessment will be paid in full at that place. I was complimented on the sermons at both hours but was not satisfied with my efforts. Monday morning I visited the following families: Sister Moon, Sister Christian, Sister Allen and Sister Cahn - our little Jew friends. I took dinner with the Cahn's and enjoyed myself very much. Dr. Bagby presented with \$5.00 and insists that it go not with the charge as he is helping to pay that out. Also, I called on Bro Ford and purchased pr of pants and a pr of saddle pockets preparing to move out into the hills. I came home Monday evening and yesterday I visited Dr Scott's family. Had a most delightful visit. The old gentleman is very interesting and the Dr's wife I think most excellent. She has been off so much that I have not had the opportunities of seeing her. I also called on Bro Gilmore and Sister Stephenson. She is in very bad health and is very low spirited on account of the way her husband is neglecting his church duties. I called also on Dr. Wylie and Sister Connerly. This is a lovely fall.

Nov 11, 1899. The weather clear and pleasant. All are up, now. All the young folks went to Hariman's last night, to a sociable and were late getting home. Little Lela Douglas came in just now and told me about finding our little dog Penny dead. Somebody, I suppose, has killed him on the road between here and Connerlies. Dave had him out yesterday eve hunting with him and I suppose must have gotten him killed, but it is only a dog. I came in just now and found Bess in Sister Mamie's trunk, and she ran and hid under the bed with both feet sticking out.

pg 434 Tommie Fitzgerald is quite sick with pneumonia. Mag & Tinie James went to Adison Allen's this morning. It's only two weeks until I will be off to conference to find out what my destiny will be for another year.

Nov 15. The sun still shines warm and serene. The air is made musicle with the romping laughs of the school children just a little distance away. On last Saturday I went to the village. I had the company of Mary Lee who went up on a visit to Sister Horner - and was disappointed because Sid was not there. Like Rachel she is weeping and will not be comforted. I left her there and went on to Bro. Graywicks where I was to have spent the night but spent the night at Capt McMurrises. I took the old gentleman some of my fine corn.

On Sunday, I preached at Luna to good congregation and was delighted with present of \$960. May the good Lord bless them for it. I came to Sister Traywick's and took dinner. We had Sister Reed and her children with us and had a most splendid time. They are very anxious for my return. I preached at the village at night to good congregation and received quite an addition to our salary. Our finances are _____ up some better than I expected. I spent the night with Genl Reynolds who is yet quite feeble but was somewhat more cheerful. Mary and I came on home Monday and when we got home old Dolly was sick, and Mary was sick and I was sick. All of us were affected somewhat alike but we're all better now—and we have Miss Mamie Lee, T. K's daughter—spending the week with us and Tinie James is down today—so we are having young company.

Nov 27, 1899. Wednesday. A long period of anxiety and work has transpired since my last writing. I left home in Chicot Co. Dec 21st. Came to the village. Lela came with me. We spent the night at Bro Horner's and I took train next morning for Fordyce, the seat of our annual conference. Lela took the buggy back home and Mrs Dr Kiggs (so called) went with her. Bro W. T. Mathis came with me to conf. We spent one night in P. B. and attended the Gospel Mission work conducted by Bro Holcome and wife. They are doing a great and good work. Bro Mathis was carried away with them. We went on to Fordyce the next day, landed there in time to hear the opening service by Dr. Sanders at the school building. The next morning the conf. opened. Bishop Galaway in the chair. We had an exceedingly pleasant conf. with the exception of some rain. I was read out to my surprise to Redfield Circuit - landed at P. B. Monday eve and met Bro Lauder milk who was overjoyed at my coming to this work. I came out home with him and sent for my family to come on so I have no. been back to my old work at all. It is so sad to tell old friends goodby. Lela and the little ones came on to me the second week after I had been here. I secured a house at White Sulphur Springs where we are now living. Mamie and Mag will be on next Saturday. Tom came up last week and brought old Dolly and the buggy up. I have filled all my appointments but one. We had a good Christmas and have also had a good pounding by the good people. I have set things pretty well in order and think the prospect good for another year. Today was masonic installation and our folks attended. We had a good dinner. The weather is cloudy and cool. We have had one little set back. We were invited out to

Sister Petties to spend the evening. We hadn't been there long when the young folks began the music and soon some of the worldly jurry ladies began to dance - so we took our departure and came home. I don't think it will happen again. I have not succeeded yet in getting my piano out from the depot and am bothered about it.

Nov. 31, 1899. Sunday. We are in the midst of Winter and the earth is covered with snow. Yesterday, I succeeded in getting a wagon to go after my piano. Bro. Tim Traler went after it and Bro Loudermilk and I went in to Pine Bluff and waited until the North bound train came and Mamie and Mag and Miss Tinie James came. The train was one hour & 20 minutes late, which threw us until late in the night. We had a cold drive of 8 miles out home. Bro'L. took Mamie in the buggy with him, and I had Mag and Tinie with me. We got home all right and found good warm fire and after a bite of supper we were all right. We will have a good deal to do yet before we can be well fixt. I have an appointment to preach today at Sulphur Springs but owing to the inclement weather I don't think I will have much congregation. Lauder milk has come.

Jan 3, 1900. All are well. We have had several days of very cold weather and we have been closely confined to the house. Mr. Kairy and his wife and Miss Samuel Lindsey came to see us today and we had a real good time. They took dinner with us and took in the Spring. The weather is some what warmer tonight. We have had snow on the ground since Saturday night.

Sunday at eleven I preached at this place and had a splendid prayer meeting night.

pg 437 Jan 12, 1900. Friday evening the girls are all awirl fixing for a tacky party. I went of last Saturday by way of P. B. on my way to Redfield. Benny Watson went to the citty with me. I took dinner late in the evening and got to Redfield late. Went to Bro. Cantrells and spent the night. Sunday was a very pretty day and I had a good congregation. I preached at night to crowded house. I took dinner with Bro. Wheat. I took the train Monday morning, stoped at PB to dinner and took Cotton Belt RR and went to DeWitt. Got there at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4. Spent two days with Walter and the little girls. Smallpox scare was there and I left there yesterday morning and landed at home last night and found Lela Sick. Bessie has been a little sick, too, but is better, now. Willard is 1_____ (his blank)

Jan 17, 1900. The weather cloudy and threatening a storm. I went to the neighborhood of White Hall last Saturday. I spent the night with Bro. Foley, a good consistent baptist, who says that none but Baptists can be saved and deals in bilings-gate and abuse of the methodist. He don't seem to have much to say against Presbyterians and others--but the Methodists are the ones he fears most. I enjoyed the old gentleman's discomforture over the whitsit decission. The old gentleman says Whitsit lied for money, however--he was at White Hall to church and seemed to endorse what I said, came up and gave me his hand in hopes of meeting me in Heaven. I took dinner after preaching with Sister Lemond and drove to Jefferson Springs.

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Got there late so we deferred the preaching until night and had a good congregation and a good meeting it was my first visit to Jef Springs and the people seem to be very pleasant. While there I got a letter from Sister Cantrell telling me of their great luck in getting the money raised to repair the church. Monday morning I found that I had a very powerfully sore hand caused by shakeing hands with so many people. Sunday, I spent the night with Bro Bradley a very excellent couple. I got acquainted with Dr. Wheet and am much pleased with my people all over the work. I find things so different here to what they were in Chicot. I started home Monday morning after meeting with my old friend Jesse Carl and having a good long talk with him. I came on down and took dinner with Bro Baldwin and came on home by way of P.B. in afternoon. I found Lela in bed where she has been ever since tho not very sick. My hand is some better at this writing but is still quite sore. We are progressing quite nicely with our Parsonage and I think ere long we will have a preachers home. Miss Tenie James went home last Sunday. Got a letter yesterday from Bro Boley of Grand Lake; we were all delighted to hear from him.

Jan. Tuesday. After the 3rd Sunday. Sunday, I preached to a pretty well packed house at Sulphur Springs at 11⁰⁰ and at Macon at half past three. The day was pretty and we had good congregation. I spent the night with Bro. Carl and had very pleasant time. I came on home Monday, stopped and took dinner with Sister Culpepper & family. Came on in afternoon and called on old Bro. Dyson who is quite old and feeble. Got home late in evening and found Lela sick and she is in bed this morning. The rest are all up. I called on Bro. Vick on my way home. The morning the wagons began bringing our lumber for Parsonage and the work will soon be begun.

Jan. 31. Wednesday. Miss Mary Watson has just run off with our little Francis Willard. I don't know what we will do with these folk, about these babies unless we sue somebody for kidnaping. Last Saturday was our 1st Quarterly Conf. at Union. I went over Saturday morning. Bro Scott was there, on time and Bro Bond came with him from P. B. We had a good sermon at 11⁰⁰ and dinner prepared by good Sister Horton at the church and after dinner we held our Q conf.

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Quite a good congregation were present. It was very cold and we did not have service at night. The next morning was cold, cloudy and snowing--and I rather doubted Bro Scott getting out but when the hour arrived Bro did too. He walked out from P. B. Young Bro Wynn came out with him and Bro Scott preached one of his very best sermons. It was splendid. We went to Bro Wilsons for dinner and after dinner Bro Scott went home. Bess is helping me to write and ain't it pretty writing. I spent the night with Bro Wilson both Saturday and Sunday night and came home Monday morning. It was very cold and I stoped at Bro Smithwicks and got dinner last Saturday. I was somewhat surprised at the intelligence by one of our literary sisters that I was a fac simile of Bro Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Poet. Yesterday, I spent at home doing up chores and today I went to Bro Gus Petties and watched at the degrading Johnie Petties hat blew in a brush heap and was burned up and we all had a big laugh. I called on sister

Price and Sister Porterfield and am now at home. The young folks are preparing for a Parsonage supper and it is awful cold.

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Feb. 10, 1900. I am now preparing to start off for my appointment at White Hall and Jeff. Springs. I left home last Friday week on my way to Redfield. Went up the road toward P. B. until I reached Bro Pennies and turned there to take a neas-cut through the country and got lost and found myself at Sister Springfields $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from S. Springs. I turned then to White Hall and got to old Bro Davises before night where I spent the night and went on Saturday to Jef Springs. Miss Lizzie Davis went with me and we took dinner at Jef S with good Dr. Wheat' and then went on to Redfield in afternoon. I found that our people there had been quite busy in repairing our church which had been nearly wrecked by storm and the church was ready for service and we had preaching Saturday night and on Sunday at eleven. The house was crowded and on Sunday night there was elite larger crowd. Monday night I preached again, and Tuesday night, also. Had two accessions to the church. Bro & Sister Curklin. On Wednesday, I went down to Bro Waddels and married his daughter, Miss Hanah - to Mr. Louis Butler. We had splendid dinner and a good crowd, Sister Sumer-ville with me. I spent most pleasant time at Bro Angus Mackniels. Wednesday night it rained hard and Thursday Miss Lizzie & I started home. We made it to Bro Davises by 10. I took dinner and came on home in evening through the coldest wind I almost ever experienced. I found that the people had put out appointment for me to preach so after a drive of 30 miles I went and preached to very good congregation and last night I preached again and I will now soon be off again. All well.

Feb. 13, 1900. Have just returned from Jefferson Springs. Have had good time at White Hall. Sunday had one addition from the M. B. Church. I spent the night Saturday night at Sister Lemmens and took dinner with Sister Hillsins - the old dutchman. Went on in the afternoon to Jef Springs - had small congregation. I spent the night with Bro Bradley and took dinner with Dr. Wheet. While there I met Sister Cantrell and Sister Wheet. After dinner I started for home and got to Bro Baldwins and it rained on me all the way. I stoped with Bro Baldwin and came on this morning and found Rob here and now Bro Laudermilk is here and talking a streak.

Feb 15, 1900. Thursday. This has been a very interesting day. Our people gathered in and worked all day on our Parsonage and we are getting along well. I went yesterday and saw Bro Sherwood, who is very ill and I fear will not get well. Some of our young men went up tonight to see him. We had an excellent dinner at the church today, and all seemed to enjoy it very much. The day has been cloudy and cold all day and is quite blustery, tonight.

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Monday, Feb. 20, 1900. I have just arrived at home this afternoon from Macon where I went yesterday afternoon to fill my appointments. Had good congregation and heard good report of the services. I went home with Bro Lemmon's family and spent the night very pleasantly. I preached yesterday at eleven at this place. Had good congregation. The weather was very cold.

I was quite hoarse. The Ladies of W. H. Society sent communication by me to the people of Macon soliciting aid - to help them in a supper next Friday night for the candidates for the benefit of the Parsonage - and this morning they loaded me up with Chickens and butter and set some money last Saturday. Three of the candidates were here at the Springs and gave talks on the great needs of the Country: Mr. W. Sorrels and Mr. Young and Mr. Tiny were present. Bennie Watson was called to the chair. Our family are all well, and the people are seen green (seeing green?) sanguin over the success of our Parsonage. I called on my way home to see old Bro Dison, who is very feble.

Wednesday, Feb 28. The weather cold and stormy - nothing being done - Miss Nannie Watson started for Texas today. Sister Pettis is with us today. Rob has terrible cough. We are all up today. Our Parsonage has come to a stand still, but will be started again in a few days.

Feb 26, 1900. Monday. Last Friday night our Ladies H. W. S. had their supper for the benefit of the Parsonage. Some of the candidates from P. B. were out and tho' the night was stormy - we had quite a crowd and everyone was loud in their praise of the supper. I never saw a public gathering conducted more genteel. The receipts were \$18.50 and now our parsonage work will go on -

pg 442 Friday night. Cleared off - very cold and all day Saturday was very cold and blustery. Sunday morning was cold. I went to Goodfaith. Had moderately good congregation took dinner with Bro Walker - at the mill and went in afternoon to Union, where I had good congregation. After services, I went home with our Chicago friend, Bro McCollum - and spent the night. Had delightful night. The young folks gathered in afternoon and we had singing. I came on home this morning. Called on Bro Sherwood and find him improved. I also called on old Mr. Robinson - found no one at home but the old lady. I find all up at home. The weather is moderating some.

Feb. 28, 1900. Wendsday. This is a gloomy disagreeable day. Last night was stormy all night and it's snowing this morning. Everything has gone wrong. The hogs have been annoying us until I had to fasten up the gate between us and Sister Watsons. The family and everything else seem to take pleasure in my discomforture. Our Parsonage is at a standstill. I went over yesterday with Rob and we put in part of the day putting on lathing. I suppose that in a few days the work will begin again - The rain flooded us so terribly last night that our bridge is moved this morning.

March 5, Monday. Have just returned from Redfield where I went last Saturday. Rob took me in Saturday morning and bro't old Dolly & the buggy back. I went around and bo't some furniture from Mr. Atkinson. Spent the day mostly in town and took the train late in the evening. I saw quite a number of my old friends. I had good congregation Sunday at eleven and at night Major McCoy went up Saturday evening. electioneering Sunday at eleven. I slowed him up on the whiskey question. I think the whiskey ites are going to be snowed under in this election. I had two fine congregations. Spent

the night Saturday night with Dr. Reynolds and last night with Angus McNeil. I came this morning to P. B. took dinner today with Bro Anderson and met quite a number of the Brethren.

pg 443 Met Bro Harrison - Bond, and McKay - and Fen? Bro Loudermilk was in town and I came out with him. All are well. Bro Sherwood is not expected to live long.

March 7, 1900. Tuesday. All day it has been raining and is exceedingly gloomy. We expected to work on the Parsonage today, but have been knocked out. Mag and I went this afternoon to see young Mr Green, who is quite sick, and some of the young folks are going tonight to set up with Bro Sherwood, who is no better, and can't last many days longer - unless there is a change. A condition is confronting us. Just at this time, that is quite discouraging and forestalls me in some of my planing, however - I suppose it comes in a life time and will be left behind - when we go hence -

March 10. Saturday. This is a beautiful clear day. I am now getting ready to start to White Hall and Jefferson Springs and am not feeling very well. Our young folks kept me awake until late and am feeling badly over it. Our folks are all up. Our work on Parsonage has been at a standstill for several days, but we will have another working in a few days. Last Wednesday Bro Horton came after me to go up to Bro Sherwoods. He sent for Bro Carr and we met there and held special service for him. After reading 5th chapter of James I annointed him with oil and Bro Carr lead in prayer, after which we had music and another prayer. Mamie went with me. She sang Never Alone. Bro Sherwood is very much edified and I understand is getting better tho the Dr had given him up.

pg 444 March 15, 1900. Thursday. For several days I have not written anything. I have been working some on our Parsonage. Yesterday was election day and the whole country is stird up over the results. The whiskey element are determined to cary the day at all hazzard. This county is dominated by the whiskey power--and largely on account of the dominance of the Baptist Church in this country. Wherever they are strong the whiskey element have friends. Yesterday I received a telephone message to come today sure to White Hall Church so this morning I hitched up and started out early - not withstanding the ground was covered with snow. It began to rain last night and this morning the whole earth was covered with snow. I went fully expecting to find someone to bury, or to mary, and to my surprise when I arrived at Bro Pilkington's I found that the Ladies had resolved to organize a Women's Home Mission Society and wanted me to help them, so after I dried and warmed up we proceeded to organize and made better headway than the Judges of yesterday's election did, who were in an adjoining room manipulating and changing votes for McCoy. I returned home, tired and cold and disgusted with politics. Rob went last night and sat up with Bro Sherwood - who is yet quite sick and not expected to recover. Our Missionary Institute is now going on at P. B. and I expect to go up tomorrow. Our young folks went tonight to Baptist meeting of some sort. I think they are intending to have another straightening up.

pg 445 March 17, 1900. The weather is very cold for this time of year. Thermometer down to 30° and somewhat cloudy. Yesterday morning early I went into P. B. thinking to meet with the brethren in the closing services of the Missionary Institute but got there too late, but had the pleasure of a few hours of social enjoyment with Bro James Hawley and family. I took dinner with Bro. H. Met Sister Louis Hawley from El Dorado—with her children—beautiful interesting little boys—and girl. In the afternoon the young ladies—Sister Hawley's Sister and little Miss Hawley took me in the buggy down to the P. O. While standing around I found that outrageous frauds had been practiced in the recent election and that the whiskey element had triumphed in defeating the better element and had by fraud put in to office all the men who were not elected. We are expecting trouble in the matter.

March 19, 1900. Yesterday morning I preached at S. Springs to good congregation, notwithstanding the bad weather. I was feeling very bad - but got through with the sermon somehow. I came home in the rain and after dinner hitched up old Dollie and rolled out to Macon.. I had moderately good congregation and made a failure. Couldn't get my mind to act. I spent the night with Bro Helvy who has an afflicted child. During the night we had heavy rain and heavy thunder. I met quite a number of the citizens at Bro Helvy's store, and find that there is a great deal of excitement over the frauds of the election. I suppose that tomorrow is the day for the contest. We anticipate some trouble. I came on to Bro. Vick's and took dinner, after which I came on home and find all up.

pg 446 March 24. A stormy, rainy day. Yesterday was a tragic day. Our Bro. J. R. Sherwood died night before last. I was with him only a short time before he died. Mamie had been with them for two days. We came home late in the evening and he died not long after we left him after a long lingering disease. Yesterday, he was burried at Union Church at 3°. It was one of the most largely attended funerals I have ever seen. We had our program somewhat frustrated by the failure of the Coir (choir?) I never was more rattled and said what I had to say in a maze of confusion. After prayer by Bro. Anderson of first Church at P. B. I said my say and then called on Bro Car who was present who gave us a real treat in remembrance of Bro Sherwood's past life. I then called on Bro Browning D. D. who also gave us a thrilling and loving tribute to the memory of our "Sainted Brother", after which we had song - and closed with prayer by Bro James Hawley of Lake Side Church, after which the masonic fraternity took charge of the remains and he was buried in the midst of a host of weeping friends. We came home late in evening and I am now trying to get ready for tomorrow.

March 29, 1900. This is Thursday and a very blustery, disagreeable day. There was terrible thunder and lightning during the night and the weather is cool and blustery today. Last Sunday I preached at Goodfaith to very good congregation and had quite a demonstration season of Grace. A number of people came forward and gave me their hand seeking for the higher life. This doctrine is wanted through out our church.

47 The church has fallen into monetary attitude and has lost sight of the wrighter's matters. In the afternoon, after a rest and dinner at Bro Asmons, I went to Union where I met good congregation and preached on the Transfiguration. I spent the night with Bro Gresham and had quite pleasant time. I got acquainted with old Mr. Wynn. I find him under the hallucination of the soul sleeping craze that has been going the rounds and Sister Gresham, too. I came home Monday, called awhile on my good friends McCollum - who seem to be great admirers of mine. They are Episcopalian and the good sister called me out on the question of dancing - having been in the habit of giving dances at her house, and in Justification of her social conduct she quotes her Episcopal minister?(his question mark) and says he sees no harm in the matter - but delights to see the young folks enjoy themselves - Alas what a travesty on the Christ spirit in the man.

Mamie has had a sad crisis in her life, today. She has just had a big cry because she wanted a calico dress - and so, I had to let her have 2 silver D's to go and get her and Mag a dress. I am not well at all and sometimes feel that I never will be in right good health again. The lightning struck close to Bro Loudermilks house last night and tore things up, but did no serious damage. We are still knocking along on our Parsonage and hope to continue it until finished.

March 29, 1900. This is Friday and quite cool. I fear we will have frost tonight. We are all up but my health is not good. Yesterday, we worked on the Parsonage and part of the day today. Yesterday evening late we were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of Walter Poynter, my nephew from DeWitt. I wrote a communication yesterday to the Graphic of P. B. It may bring us a little help for our Parsonage. I will be off in the morning for Redfield. Will go on train and be back about Monday. Mamie is going home with Walter in the morning.

pg 448 April 14. This is Saturday morning and a beautiful morning - after some of the heaviest rains this country has ever experienced and the latest cool weather we have had for years. There has been frost every morning for several mornings. I have just returned home from one of the saddest missions of my whole life. On last Saturday, two weeks ago, I was summoned to the sick bed of my son Tommie, in Chicot Co. He was at the home of Mr. D. C. Connerley's with severe attack of pneumonia. He had been sick several days when I got to him and we did all that human skill and love could do but on Last Monday at 5° he passed away and left us bereft. Oh! How sad to tear away from Papa's first born. We never understood fully the virtues and noble character of this noble boy until it dawned upon us that we had to surrender him to the cold embrace of death. I was alone with him and his plaintive cry to see Mama and Mamie and Mag, and Rob, all called in their turn, and the dear little ones. He was perfectly resigned to go; but O: how his heart yearned to see the dear ones at home first; I can never forget it. Up until the last he persisted in going to see the dear ones. He could not reconcile himself to the thought that he could not see Mamie and the dear ones - and made one of the most heroic fights for life.

449 Dear Darling Boy: Papa's first ray of sunlight on Earth. How hard to give thee up—but thou didst not leave papa without full assurance of thy love for him. Honored were the Angels that were commissioned to bear thee to thy Celestial home. One so true, so good, as Thou: Years will roll on. Perhaps — are spreading papa with shadows of doubt and uncertainties but Thou art safe — to abide in Glory — and await papa's coming. Look out, my son. Keep thine eyes along the silvery pathway that leads to the gates of the city, and one day not as thou didst when thou was't suffering the anguish of disease, but as one anxious to share the Celestial rest with papa who is so tired of the Journey. Look out, son. Papa is coming and instead of papa encircling the sick form of his boy, it will be thine arms around papa's buried form and Thou wilt help us through the Gates. Farewell for a little while. He was buried at old Carmel graveyard in the midst of weeping friends. No more precious memento could have been left him than the briny tears that waters the flowers on his grave. I left there last Wednesday and came to the village, spent the night with Genl Reynolds and came on home the next day. I found all up, but utterly prostrated with grief. We are all up, now, and the sun is shining once more.

pg 450 April 16, Monday. Yesterday was a sad, but glorious day. It was the day set for the memorial service of Bro Sherwood. I did not feel myself in any condition to preach his funeral after the sad experience through which I had passed, but I trust the Lord was with me and we had a splendid service. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion by Mis Mary Watson and the girls and we had a large congregation. I made mention in the connection of Tommie's demise and the effect was good. There was considerable shouting and I think lasting impressions were made. In afternoon, the rain began to fall — and I was prevented from going to Macon to fill my appointment in afternoon. We are all up. Sister Lockheart has been quite sick. I went over and gave her some medicine and learn she is some better.

April 20, 1900. Yesterday and today we have been quite busy working with Parsonage. Yestr. I was called in twice to see Sister Lockheart who is quite sick. She is now some better. Our young folks were over last night sitting up with Mrs. Green's sick folks. There is considerable sickness in the country. The weather keeps so cool — almost cool enough this morning for frost. I have not been feeling very well for several days, tho am feeling some better today.

April 21, 1900. This is Saturday, clear and cool. We are all up but I am not feeling very well. Mamie has been to Bro. Laudermilks for several days and just returned home this morning. Our young folks held Cangaroo Court last night, and I hear this morning some complaints of the ruffness of the language used. I fear they will runn the thing in the ground. Sister Lockheart is some better. Our young folks have gone to P. B. and our work on Parsonage has stoped for today.

May 9, 1900. For some time I have written nothing. Last Saturday, a week ago, I went to P. B. and took train for Redfield where I preached on Sunday at eleven and night. I was suffering very much with Rheumatism and had to

do my preaching sitting in my chair. I spent the week in Redfield and preached on Wednesday at Bro. Waddell's on the Ark. River. I spent the night with them and came out to Redfield Thursday. I visited most of the houses for our District Conf. on last Tuesday. I preached at 11^o and baptised 2 infants. Sister Blair's and Sister Conley's babies. I took dinner with Bro McNeil and in the eve I took train and went to Hensley where I had sent them an appointment the day before. When I got there, I found they had failed to put out the appointment, and no one was looking for me, and I met with a cold reception. A drunk man met me at the train and told me to get on the train and go on, but I paid no attention to him, and went on down to Sister Durden's where I sent out some of the girls and circulated the appointment and at 8^o I went over to the schoolhouse where I found a large congregation. The house was well crowded with attentive listeners. Some gentlemen were there from Memphis and were well pleased. They took up a collection and raised me \$3.70. I spent the night with Mr. Archard. The next morning, I took the train and came on to P. B. I failed to meet anyone there to come home - and came out home with Bro. Hugh Wilson and spent the day. I spent the night with Bro Will Simpson. The next morning Rob came after me and I came on home and have been very nearly confined to my room ever since with rheumatism.

pg 452 Thursday, 17th. Last Saturday I went to Bro. Burkhalters who lived near White Hall and spent the night with him. On my way up I called on Bro Baldwin and took dinner tho Bro B. was not at home. Bro Burkhalter has some remarkable children. He has one little girl, only 8 years old and 4 months, who can read any writing or print. I preached Sunday at W. Hall to very good congregation. They have the church beautifully finished. I took dinner with old man Hullseine? the dutchman. After dinner I drove to Jef. Springs where I preached at night to good congregation. I have had to do all my preaching for some time sitting down tho' have had good results. I spent the night with Bro Bradly. I came on home Monday stoped on my way and took dinner with Bro Pilkington. Met Bro Wheet there and we had real pleasant time. After dinner I came on home feeling utterly worn out, Tuesday, Bro Few and Bro Bond from P. B. came out and spent the day with us and we had a real good time. Lela spent the day with Sister Wilson. I went up in the evening and took supper with them. On my way home, I was called in to see Sister Baning, who was taken suddenly with cramping. She is better, now. Yesterday morning, a gentleman came for me to go and bury an old Lady 81 years old - Mrs. Callet. She was a Campbellite. The trip was a long ruff one and wearied me very much. My rheumatism is very troublesome, yet. Mag went with me. We stoped at Bro Carls and got some dinner which did me a great deal of good. We got home late yesterday eve.

pg 453 Monday, June 11, 1900. Have just returned from White Hall where I went yesterday morning. I preached at eleven oclock siting in my chair as usual. After services I went to Bro Davises and took dinner. After dinner I returned to the church and held services for the burial of a Mr. Parnell's little babe. It was only 5 or 6 days old. I came down in the evening to Bro Pilkington's and spent the night. Professor Wheet came late and we had pleasant night. Since my last writing, many things have passed that has

not been recorded. We are now living in our new Parsonage. We have been in for nearly three weeks. Mamie came home from DeWitt with Bessie the day we moved in our new Parsonage. Bess had a splendid time and captured the Town. Everyone went wild over her. I have been scarcely able to sit up three weeks, with my Rheumatism.

Went on the 4th Sunday to Goodfaith. Lela went with me. We took dinner at Bro Pennies. After dinner I was taken with fever and it began to rain and I did not get to go to Union. Lela brought me back home in evening, quite sick. I preached at eleven to crowded house and had a splendid meeting. Had to sit in my chair. On the day following, I was in bed all day, but got up Tuesday morning and started to Red Field. Went to Bro Baldwins and took dinner and went on in afternoon. Got to Dexter and was caught in rain and had to stop over night with a Mr Gibs. Went on Wednesday to Boyd Schoolhouse where I had an appointment to preach at night. Had small congregation notwithstanding the rain. Thursday morning I went on to Jef Springs and spent the night with Dr. Mason and preached at night to good congregation. I went on Friday to Redfield where we were rained on until Sunday morning. I was suffering all the time very much with my rheumatism.

On Sunday we had children's Day. I gave them a talk and preached at eleven to good congregation. I went to Hensly and preached at night to big congregation.

pg 454 I took the train Monday morning and came on to Redfield. Took dinner with Bro McNeils and started on to White Hall in evening where I preached at night to small congregation. Had some rain every day. I spent the night with Sister Lemons and came on home - Tuesday, and was taken quite sick and was in bed all last week until Sunday. I am now at home and Miss Lula Davis and Miss Mary Watson and all the school children are here drilling for the concert and the babble of the Bable did not produce more confusion.

June 13, Wednesday, 1900. We have just had one of the heaviest rains of the season and several of the neighborhood children are here. Miss Mary Watson is here and has been practicing on the piano. I am to have preaching here tonight, but I doubt now, if there will be any congregation. I am feeling some better but am suffering considerable with rheumatism. We are now making preparation for the District Conf. and our young folks are makeing all sorts of preparation for concert tomorrow night.

June 27, 1900. Wednesday. Last Tuesday week I went to P. B. and took train for Redfield where our District Conf. was to convene. On Wednesday, our brethren began to assemble and on both the up train and the down train, the brethren were piling in, and at the night service there was a good congregation to greet Bro Whaley with his opening sermon, which was good. The conf. was opened Thursday morning at 9:30. Bro T. O. Scott in the chair. Bro. R. T. Davis was chosen Sec't during the day other Brethren came in until we had some 32 or 33 preachers, and a fair delegation of lay delegates. We had a fine order of preaching all the way through by Bros. Whaley, Drake, Godley, Moore, Evans, Anderson, Christmas, Few, Kadle. The conf adjourned Sunday night with Resolutions of thanks to the good people of Redfield for

their Regal entertainment.

pg 455 We all left Monday morning for home. I chanced to meet with Mr. Ryan at P. B. and came on out home with him in the evening. I found Sister Baring quite sick and also Mr. Hanah. We are now adjutating camp meeting and think we will have one about the 6th of Sept. We have had rain every day for a week. I was sick when I went to Redfield and have been sick the whole time. Had fever every evening. My Rheumatism is some better but my general health is very bad. The Brethren suggest that I go to Hot Springs but I can't go.

July 6, 1900. Friday. I haven't written anything for some time for the reason that I have been confined to my bed since last Monday until now. On last Sunday, I went to Goodfaith and preached at eleven to crowded house. Went and took dinner at Bro Walkers. After dinner I discovered that I had some fever but went on to Union where I preached in afternoon to small congregation and went home in evening with Bro Phelps and spent the night. Felt very well when I got there, but had a bad night. Came home Monday morning. Called on Bro Walker who had been quite sick, but was up. I came on home and was taken with fever which lasted me all the week until yesterday evening. We sent for Dr. Donnelson Wednesday. He came out and gave me some medicine. I am now up and trying to get ready to start to White Hall tomorrow. I dread the trip as it is so hot. We have had a few days of dry weather - and very warm. The 4th passed off very quietly. Our Ladies had a little ice cream supper was all. We have had quite a stir in our neighborhood. Mr. Smith, our Marshall for some cause has resolved to have no more visiting at his house by the Kids and has ordered them to stay away.

pg 456 July 18, 1900. Last Saturday I went to Bro Pilkingtons on my way to White Hall. Spent pleasant night tho had some little fever, I suppose from the hot ride that I had taken. I took dinner on my way up with Sister B. Sunday morning was clear and pleasant. We all went up to church where I found good congregation and I preached at 11^o. After preaching we had church conference and straightened up the Roll. We have 46 names at that place. I took dinner with Sister Lemmon. Bro Burkhalter our cranky skeptic took dinner with us. He is a strange thing. After dinner I discovered that I had some fever. We had quite a rain storm which soon passed off in afternoon. I started on to Jef. Springs where I arrived a little before sundown and preached at night to small congregation. Our church at that place has been newly painted and looks splendid. Bro. Bradley deserves much praise for this work. I spent the night with him and started out Monday morning for home. Came on down as far as Bro Whites and took dinner. After dinner, Sister Baldwin and a Mrs. Harver came in and spent the afternoon. Late in evening I came on home feeling badly with some fever. I am now at home recovering for next Sunday. The night was very cool and delightful for sleeping. Little Frances Willard had a chill during the night and was quite sick. We are giving her medicine, today.

July 17, Tuesday. Haven't written anything for several days. Just at this time there is a terrible cloud coming up and bids fair to be a severe storm. Our little Bessie is quite sick, but I think will be better soon. I was

called on yesterday to go and see Mrs. Cox who was quite sick and very badly scared. She is much better today. The rain is now falling in torrents. The two sister Petties are with us today. My health is bad yet but I am feeling some better.

pg 457 The Chinese War is all the excitement just at this time. They have committed some barbarities that are revolting and deserve punishment, and I think they will get it. Last Sunday, I tried to preach at White S. Springs. I was scarcely able to stand in the pulpit but did the best I could. We had large congregation and a glorious meeting. A number of our Pine Bluff friends were out and entered into the enjoyment of the meeting. I have learned since that they were very much surprised to find that we could have such services out in the country. They are not done talking about it, yet. I was so overcome that I could not go to Macon so have concluded to give them the 5th Sunday all day. I tried to put in the day today hanging doors. Am still working on the Parsonage. The weather has been quite warm but the nice rain that we've had has cooled off the air. Rob is down in the bottom with Gus Petty at work.

July 19, 1900. Thursday. I am not feeling well this morning. Some young gentlemen(?) (his ?) with less brains than money, and less money than anything else, came over to have a game of yum yum and staid until a late hour. In _____ with the fact that Bess had fever all night I did not get much rest and am feeling very bad this morning. This state of affairs has been going on for about four or five years and has well nigh worn me out. Yesterday was a pick-nick day at Caldwell Springs and all the Tuffs from Town and country were out and danced all day and until late in the night. I tried to work a little yesterday and hang the front doors and _____ some pieces to finish up in front. I see that I am going to have to do most of the finishing of the Parsonage myself. It seems to me that we are having more sickness here than we had in Chicot Co. We had rain this morning and yesterday there was quite a shower. Bro. Laudermilk was down to see us yesterday, and bro't us some vegetables and a bottle of Grape Juice. I am still feeling very weak and am constantly suffering.

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July 21, 1900. Cloudy and raining. Rob is up this morning - but taking medicine. Was quite sick last night. Our Ladies had their Ice Cream Supper last night at the Pavilion and some of the P. B. folk came out and turned the affair into a dance. Among the number were Bro. Browning's stepdaughter and numbers her self among the high kickers. Dr. Browning is striving to build up a mission in the suburbs of Pine Bluff and his devoted stepdaughter is doing what she can to offset his work. May the Lord have mercy on Dr. B. The receipts of the supper I think amounted to some \$13. dollars and if our Ladies and friends had labored as hard in taking honest collection as they did for the supper they would have accomplished more and had a clean conscience this morning. It is the hardest thing in the world for us to get our people to come out from the World. Two or three worldly minded old maids and widows in the church can keep the Devil's halter on the church all the time. Tomorrow, I go to Goodfaith and Union.

July 27, 1900. We have had rain most every day for over a week. Crops, where worked, are looking well. I think my health is improving some, but am feeling badly, yet. Can't get my strength. Quite a number of the P. B. people came out to the Springs last night and had a real Jollification, dancing and so forth. Our ladies went to P. B., yesterday and purchased a very nice suit of clothes as a present to their pastor. We appreciate it very much. Miss Mary had much to do with the matters of saving the money, and we will remember her for many days to come. We are making preparations to go to Macon Sunday and will have a basket dinner meeting and preaching morning and evening. We have quite a lot of sickness in the neighborhood.

Aug 2, 1900. This is a beautiful clear morning. We are all up but not well. Little Don was quite sick all night. I was to have gone yesterday to help Bro. Browning at P. B. in a meeting, but was unable to go. It rained the most of the day, yesterday. Rob went into P. B. yesterday and assisted Mr. Springfield in fixing the telephone wire. We had a message from DeWitt day before yesterday, but could not tell what it was. Rob is helping Bro Petty this morning in cleaning out his well. Last Sunday quite a number went with me over to Macon. We had basket dinner on the ground and a large congregation. Preached morning and afternoon. I never had much greater confusion to contend with. 3 trains passed while preaching and 3 children kept up such a squall that the congregation could not hear me, but I kept whacking away and got through somehow, but it was very poor—preach. Little Don was taken quite sick on the ground, and we had to bring him home sick. I took up a collection to help us in putting down pump at the Parsonage. I made an urgent plea and got 85—cts—about 1 ct. a piece to the crowd and this is the country where the conf. expects us to raise a thousand Dollars 20th cent. funds. The old lady and Willard are having quite a time to see who shall have authority—We are expecting little Cora over in a few days.

pg 460 Aug 8, 1900. All is calm and serene. The sun shines bright and all nature is still. I went last Friday to P. B. expecting to preach for Dr. Browning but when I got there I found Bro Few was on docket, so I had nothing to do but to witness a dull, lifeless city style of mockery and nothing done. Saturday, after a pleasant night at Bro Monks, I went up in Town and met with several of the Brethren at Bro Andersons. We took dinner with Bro A. Bro. S. F. H. Johnson was there and Bro Hawley and myself. We had a very pleasant time after dinner. We went to the church and witnessed the funeral services of Dr. Mills conducted by Bro Carr, Hawley and Anderson. It was quite a Grand affair after which I went to Redfield. Met on the train Capt Rice of Varner and Miss Mary Douglass on their way to Eureka Springs. Capt R. was going to L. R. Miss Mary is old and haggard. She used to be beautiful but alas—her follies have ripened into ruin. I landed at Redfield in time to go with Bro McNeil to Waddell Chapel to preach at night, but the congregation were gone and we had no preaching. We returned to Redfield. I spent the night with Bro Mc and on Sunday I preached at eleven at R.F. to good congregation and went in evening to Mansley. Had only small congregation but good service. Spent the night with Sister Archard. I returned to Redfield

Monday morning and spent the day. Came down in the evening to P. B. Jumped off at the C. B. crossing and went over to Bro. Monks where I waited until night services at Bro Browning. Tuesday I went over and preached to small crowd of attentive listeners and had good service. Went back and spent the night with Bro Monk.

pg 461 Tuesday Morning I came on out on foot to Bro Boboes - Bro Penny - overtook me there, and I came on out home with him and took dinner. After dinner I walked over to Bro Asmons and chatted with him until Bro. Wilson came along. Bro A. is suffering very much with carbuncle on the back of his neck. I came on home and found all up but little Cora, my niece from DeWitt - who came over last week to spend a while with us - and was sick when she came and still has fever. We are expecting exciting times in a short time.

Aug 14, 1900. Tuesday. Do not feel like writing much. Have been stupid all day. I went last Saturday in company with Bro Tom Traylor - to White Hall. We stoped on our way up and took dinner with Bro Simpson. Enjoyed ourselves very much, went on in afternoon to old Bro Davises, where we spent the night. I preached at eleven at White Hall to good congregation and had good interest. We went back to Bro Davises and took dinner after which I took Sister Blair to Dexter where she took train for Redfield, her home. I left Bro T. there. I arrived at Bro Boyds just before night and spent the night with him. He has a nice family - a bright interesting little mute boy. We all went over together to church. I had a good congregation at Jef Springs at night and a real good interest. Quite a number came forward and gave me their hand desiring to be saved. I spent pleasant night with Bro Boyt and started early Monday morning for home. Came on back to Bro Davises where I had left Bro Traylor and found him and the girls gone somewhere so I had to wait until their return which made us until after dinner getting started. We arrived at home late and found all up. Cora is improving. Bro Dyson came after me last Friday to go and see a sick family and yesterday they were after me to go back and see them again. The husband is better but the wife was worse. I fear she will die.

pg 462 Aug. 16, 1900. This is a pretty warm morning and bids fair to be a very hot day. We had quite a good prayer meeting last night at the M. E. Church and we are looking forward to our camp meeting with some degree of interest tho' I think we will be defeated in our object to build an arbor but we have the advantage of a good, large church and plenty of water. We are over in the wilderness beyond Jourdon where there is much water. Our home is under no little anxiety this morning. Little Bess has been quite sick since yesterday morning with flux and we were giving her medicine all night. She is a little better this morning but Don has another chill and I fear will be quite sick. Besides, we are expecting other troubles all in a heap. There hasn't been a day since my arrival on this work that someone of the family have not been sick and the outlook is exceedingly discouraging. Little Willard is up in my lap contending with me about the rights of property. She says the pencil is Mattie's and I guess she is about right.

Aug. 18, 1900. I went with Bro Laudermilk day before yesterday to Bro. Helms. The Bro robed his Bee hives and we brought some nice honey home with us. This was my first visit to Bro. Helms. We returned in the evening to find both Don and Bess in bed but some better since which time both of them have been quite sick. Old Dollie brought us a fine colt last Thursday a week ago and we have had much trouble to keep the mules from killing it. I sat up a good deal last night with Bess and am feeling very bad today. I have had a heavy cloud hanging over me for several days. A matter of very grave uncertainty. I hope my apprehensions are wrong and that the matter will be satisfactory.

pg 463 Willard has just been over to Bro. Pettus and is loth to come home. The weather is very warm.

Aug. 20, 1900. Monday. I preached yesterday on the subject of Baptism to a good congregation among whom were a number of Baptists and I think my talk had good effect. After preaching I was notified by Bro Culpepper that my services were needed at the old Curl burring ground to bury Mr. Clay who had gotten killed at Rison while at work at a mill. It was a very sad accident so distressing to hear the plaintive cry of the widow and orphan. I went home with Bro Curl and rested until church time. I left Bro Curl quite sick. Had a large congregation at the Macon church and a good interest. Several came forward and gave their hand for prayer after the services were over. I came on home - arrived at 11^o and found that in my absence I was presented with a new heir - a little girl without a name had come. The surprise was a very agreeable one. Yesterday, the matter of our well for the Parsonage was brought before the people and amount was raised sufficient to dig it. We are getting on well on that line, but all the family are complaining.

Aug 21, 1900. We are having a great time in this camp this morning. Everything on the place was sick last night. Little Bess has been very sick and we had to be up with her most of the night. Rob had a hard shake in the night. Don is crying with sore mouth. Mamie has been quite sick but is a little better this morning. Cora has missed her fever and we are having a time to find enough for her to eat. All the folks have been in this morning to see the little Babe and are discussing names for it. Bro & Sister Beadsley were out to see us yesterday and will spend several days in the neighborhood. Miss Mary Watson has already been up to see us and suggested a name.

pg 464 Bro L. wants us to name the baby after his wife. The man has come to dig well.

Sept. 5, 1900. We have our well dug and after some trouble I think we will have plenty of good water. Last Tuesday morning (last) I took horse and went to Princeton where Bro B. A. Few was holding camp meeting. Staid with him two days. Had splendid meeting. I met with quite a number of Lela's people. I preached on Thursday afternoon to an immense crowd and had an immense meeting. I returned home Friday, was most worn out. The distance

is about 40 miles. On Saturday I went to P. B. and took train for Redfield. I took dinner with Bro Joe Hawley and went round and spent pleasant evening with Bro Anderson. I landed at Redfield late, spent the night with Bro Blair and preached to small congregation at eleven but at night I had crowded house. I took dinner with Sister Hamond. Just at dinner we had fine rain. My house at night was crowded and I had a splendid meeting. I took morning train Monday which was two hours late, causing me to wait until after dinner. I took dinner with old Bro. Campbell near the station and just had time to eat. I landed at P. B. in afternoon. The train was a long excursion train and crowded. I met Bro. Will Simpson at P. B. and went out home with him and spent the night. I started yesterday morning and walked out home and found our folks are fixing for the camp meeting. Bro. Anderson and Bro. Bond came out today but will go back this evening. We are all up but not very well.

g 465 Sept. 11, 1900. Am now having a great meeting at White S. Springs. I commenced the meeting last Thursday night and preached Friday night. Bro. Anderson from P. B. preached Friday at eleven a great sermon. Saturday, I preached at eleven and night, and Saturday at eleven and night, and Sunday at eleven. There was 4 or 5 hundred people present. The whole ground was covered with people and I preached the best I could. Sure had splendid meeting. Sunday night had splendid congregation and good meeting. Monday, had Bro Stone and Dr. Donnelson from P. B. Bro. Stone preached yesterday at eleven and last night we had some 8 or 10 at the alter. Bro. A. and the Dr. went back to P. B. last night. Our little Willard and the little baby are both sick.

Oct. 1, 1900. The morning is beautiful and cool. Our camp meeting ended without many campers, but we had splendid meeting. I went from here to Good faith and continued the meeting from Tuesday night until the following Sunday at eleven. We wound up with one accession and a general revival in the church. I went in afternoon to Union and had good service. Spent the night Sunday night with Bro Gresham and came on home Monday and rested until Tuesday night and commenced a meeting at Macon and continued until Friday night. I visited among my people and we had a good meeting. One accession (Bro Hunter) came home Saturday morning from Mr. Leroy Culpeppers. Bro Scott came out from P. B. and preached at eleven and in afternoon. Held our 3rd Quarterly Conf. and preached Saturday night to moderately good congregation and Sunday at 11^o to good congregation, notwithstanding we had rain, and the Baptist Brethren were carrying on their meeting. They have been carrying on their meeting for over a week, and had 2 back-sliders reclaimed. Bro A. preached Sunday night and we had one accession. (Bro Tanner Bass) a young man from an old hardshell family.

pg 466 Dur Quarterly Conf was good and our reports were encouraging, showing an improvement over anything in the past history of the work. Bro Scott spent the night with us and left this morning for P. B. Bro Davis and we had our Babies Baptised yesterday at our Parsonage in the midst of a good congregation of people (Little Rosa Poynter and Margaret Lucille Davis). Our Baptist

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friends make a great to do because Christian parents give their children to God in baptism and have had much to say about it. We are all up now. I have many laughable incidents to record but have not space.

This is Saturday, Nov. 10, 1900, and I have not been able to record anything for a long time. On the first Tuesday before the first Sunday in October, I began a meeting at Redfield and continued over the first Sunday in October. Had a good meeting with two accessions. Came home on Monday and went back to White Hall and commenced a meeting on Tuesday night before the 2nd Sunday and continued over Sunday. Was most rained out. Preached on Sunday to good congregation and went on at night to Jef Springs. Got there quite sick and was hardly able to preach, but had good meeting considering the confusion. Came home Monday and called on my way back at Bro Baldwins and took dinner. Came on home in afternoon and started out Tuesday for Macon where I held a meeting until the following Thursday night, when I was taken sick and had to close the meeting. I suffered all night with Rigors and fever and got up early next morning and started home. Had chill all the way. Got home early and shook for an hour after getting by the fire. I immediately put myself on course of medicine and on Friday night, pneumonia set up a full case and such suffering is impossible to describe. It was the following Tuesday before I could get a physician. Dr. Dighton came out in the evening but did nothing. Said I had the case under controll and there was nothing more for him to do. The Dr. was exceedingly kind. The next morning Dr. Donelson came out and pronounced my case - a full case of Pneumonia but took the same position that Dr. Kite took - and did nothing. Said I had the case under full controll, and to go on, in the afternoon. Dr. Caruthers came out. He was sent out by other parties who were concerned about me. He pronounced it the same thing and did nothing, but sent me a tonic the next day, the second dose of which set up something like corrosive poison in my stomache, and came near killing me out right. The medicine was all right, but was compounded to strong for my condition - and all night long the pepper and my family were working like heroes to keep me alive and I never endured such suffering in my life. The next morning we sent in after Dr. Donelson who came out in evening and spent the night with me and after a while succeeded in giving me relief, but this gave me a relaps - and on the second night after, the pneumonia set up again in my right lung - and I had a awful time. Dr. Donnelson came out and spent another night with me and after twice despairing of my recovery, I began to improve slowly. I battled off the disease and with the assistance of friends and the Kind providence of God I have pulled through, and now after 23 days of confinement to my bed in suffering I am up and slowly recovering strength to go conference tho since my sickness our 4 Quarterly Conf was held - and it looks like my people have blocked the game on me and are going to let my finances go by default. They have taken advantage of my sickness. During my sickness the friends of our neighborhood and the brethren of P. B. have been exceedingly kind.

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pg 468 Nov 16, 1900. This is Friday, the day set for the adjourning session of our 4th Quarterly Conf. This morning was a little cloudy. The clouds have passed away and the prospect is for a pretty day. We are expecting the

stuard from the various appointments' to report today and make final settlement. Am gaining strength slowly and hope to be able to start Monday for Redfield. The health of the family is good, now. Bro. Laudermilk was down this morning and considerably discouraged over the finances at this place, but it will be all right in the end. Mamie received a letter, yesterday from Bro. S. H. Horner at Lake Village wanting her to come and do some office work for them. She may be gone before we get back from Conference.

Dec. 13, 1900. Have just arrived from White Hall where I preached last Sunday. This is the first service I have held since Conf. I was scarcely able to go to Conf. but did go and had most interesting Conf. Bishop Galaway presided. Drs. Hass, Win____, Pritch Dubrose, and other conventional Brethren were present. My home was with Bro Flem Parker and B.J. Bro Davis was my roommate. We were most pleasantly entertained. After conf. I went to Clark Co. to my wife's Father's where she was on a visit and spent a week there. We arrived at Little Rock on our way home late on last Wednesday night and spent the night there. Bro Riffin was there with his family and we all spent the night at the same place. He had 8 in family. I we had 7-15, we landed at P. B. at eleven Thursday and Rob came in after us and we came on out to Bro Wilvens and took supper and then came on home and spent one day and two nights at home and rolled out to my appointment. My wife's trunk was miss sent on our way home and we have not found it, yet. Yesterday morning, when we got up at Bro Baldwins we found old Dollie very sick and had to remain there until this morning before we could come home. All were well. I have just received call to come to Redfield to marry couple next Wednesday week.

pg 469 Dec 14, 1900. Yesterday evening late, I received notice that Sister Harding was dead and I was requested to conduct the funeral service at her home this morning at 10:00 and I was up soon this morning and went over arriving just at ten. The weather was very cold and I suffered some and was in a shiver when I got there. Found the house crowded and Bro Carr from P. B. present. I read the burial service and sang a song and Bro Carr made a talk and they took her to the Symetery at P. B. and she was buried. Bro. C. accompanied the corpse to the burial and I returned home. There was a large concourse of people present. Sister Harding was a general favorite of the country and will be greatly missed.

I was very much worried this morning. Our trunk has not yet arrived from Lela's visit to her fathers and when I started in to P. B. the check for the trunk could not be found and has not been found yet and our trunk is out and most of the children's clothing and some of mine, too. It has clouded up and is turning cold. Have been chopping some wood and am very nervous.

Jan 2, 1901. I have neglected writing anything for some time. Since writing my last, Christmas has come and gone and many other things with it. I went to Goodfaith on the 4th Sunday and had good congregation. Lela took little baby and went with me. We took dinner with Bro and Sister Wilson after which we went to Union and had good service. We went home with Bro.

Horton and spent the night very pleasantly. They loaded us up with meat and such things and we came home. I went to Redfield on the 19th of Dec to marry Mr. Delonce to Miss Flora Smithwick.

We had terrible rainy time on the second Sunday in Dec. I went to White Hall. I find that since my departure to conference "The widow of discontent" to every community "I mean Madam Rainer" has been quite busy stirring up strife, but finally the effects have fallen back on Madam Rainer and she is now "sulking in her tent". She'll come out all right after while with renewed vigor and friendship.

pg 470 We had watch night services New Years eve at the M. E. Church and our Ladies had a very nice supper for the accomodation of any from a distance. Quite a number were present and we had a most interesting service. Our quire rendered sweet appropriate music. Miss Mary Watson our organist was fully up to the occasion with her selections and was of no little consequence in the matter. She was prompt and ready so that there was no pause or delay between services. Bro Taylor of the Mis Baptist Church P. C. was present and made the opening prayer. I read some appropriate Litature and made a little talk and thus we kept the audience entertained until the hour of 12 and called the congregation to silent prayer, broken by prayer led by myself, at the close of which we discovered that all the whistles in Pine Bluff and elsewhere in hearing were blowing and ringing in the New Year of the beginning the 2,000 century. We had song (All hath the praise of God), after which Bro Taylor pronounced the Benediction and we were through. There was but one thing to mar the happiness of the occasion, the absence of Sister Petty and family, and Bro Lauder milk's family, all because of tatling among themselves. Everyone present seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

Jan 9, 1901. The weather cloudy. After a very heavy rain all night last night. The weather has been splendid until now. Since my last writing I have been to Redfield where I preached last Sunday to splendid congregation, both morning and night. I was there on the Sunday before, also, it being the 5th Sunday but we were nearly rained out. I returned from Redfield last Monday, met Bro. Ben Watson at P. B. and came out home with him. All are up.

Yesterday, I had a call to see Sister Taylor, the wife of our Baptist preacher. She was quite sick all night last night.

pg 471 Yesterday, a very important transaction occured in our family. I traded old Dolly and the colt off for a black horse and the family were very much frustrated over the affair - however - I believe - all are getting reconciled. Rob and I have been quite busy building our stable. Rob has gone to town today. I have been looking with some anxiety for our Pollices money to come - but have heard nothing from it lately. We may here something today. There is a little Domestic trouble in our family and two of the Kids are getting quite a drubbing.

Jan 25, 1901. Since my last writing some very exciting and remarkable incidents have ocured. The Queen of England died on the 26th and all the world

are either expressing sympathy or considerable concern. Last Sunday I preached at Goodfaith and the Springs. Had good congregation at both places, notwithstanding there was small pox near Goodfaith Church. Last Tuesday I went to Stuttgart to attend the missionary Institute. Quite a number of the preachers did not get there. Our preachers are getting tired of so many meetings, tho we had a splendid time. My home was at Bro Strongs and Bro Frank Scott was my home mate. A most excellent Christian Gentleman. I stoped in on my old friend Col. R. H. Crocket. The old Col. is getting feeble - seems to be greatly interested in my success. We are having a great deal of sickness. There three cases of Gripp or pneumonia in the neighborhood. Rob has had spell of Gripp - and Frank Baning is very sick with pneumonia. Walter Springfield is quite sick and others.

It is warm and cloudy this afternoon. Miss Mary Watson and Johnnie are taking supper with us.

pg 472 Jan 29, 1901. Cloudy and threatening rain. Rob's Gripp has run into a severe case of pneumonia and I am having a sad time. Last Sunday I went to Macon at eleven o'clock, but did not go to Union in afternoon. Returned and found Rob very bad off. He is getting along tolerably well at this time, but is very sick. The other two boys, Frank Baning and Walter Springfield are both very sick. It's going to be a close rub for all three of them. Our prospect at Macon I think is better than last year. Everything is moving off nicely. Bro Lauder milk was up to see us last night and reports all well, yet, tho we are expecting some of them to take small pox everyday. There is a great deal of it in Pine Bluff at this time.

Jan. 31, 1901. How rapidly things transpire and changes take place. It has not been a great while since we were all making great plans for the future and now it would seem that's all over. Best laid plans may be frustrated and possibly utterly defeated. Rob's case of pneumonia has taken on a very bad turn. Yesterday, his case was so discouraging that we sent in after a doctor. Even last night at 9 o'clock good Dr. Kite came out. He gave me a prescription to be filled but could do nothing more for him at present than has been done and I think his prospects are somewhat improved this morning if he gets no setback. I think his chances are improved this morning. Our other cases are improving, I think. This is one of the most beautiful mornings, the weather fair and cool. Our neighbors have been very attentive and kind to us. We are brought under everlasting obligation to Ben Watson for the very kind interest he has taken. I am fearful I will not be able to fill my appointment at Redfield next Sunday.

pg 473 Feb. 2, 1901. The watchers still their vigil keep. Rob is still at a critical point. Sometimes he seems to be a little better and then there are some symptoms that are not so good. We had last night Ben Watson and Jonnie and Mr. Ross Ingraham. Our folks are all worn out. Bro Baning came over this morning and reported Frank as doing well. Walter Springfield is still improving. Sid King has been reported to me as quite sick and wants my attention, but I cannot go now. The weather has changed on us, some. It is raining this morning. Johnnie Watson is staying with us this morning. I will fail to get to Redfield this trip.

Feb. 4, 1901. Cloudy and cool - has snowed a little this morning. Rob is a little better but very low. I went over this morning to see Walter Springfield whose condition is very bad. He was somewhat improved this morning. Went on up to see Sister Banning and Frank - found them both improved some. I went on over to see Mrs. Jennings' baby who was quite sick. He came over after me, yesterday, but I could not leave Rob, and sent some medicine. I could not go to Redfield last Sunday. I regret this very much. My work is suffering for want of attention, but I cannot help it. Will have to work all the harder when this "calamity is overpast". Have just learned that Walter Springfield is worse. Benny Watson has been very faithful and kind to us during our sickness and we shall ever hold him in grateful remembrance. Bro Springfield bro't me a nice load of wood this morning. This will relieve me of a burden for a while. It has been announced by our Maid De Affairs that dinner is ready, so I will close.

Feb 8, 1901. There is gloom all over the country this morning, raining heavily and sickness still prevailing. Twice during the night I was called to go and see Walter Springfield who is thought to be in a dying condition. Have just returned from there and left him resting some easier. His father sent to P. B. for Dr. this morning. I don't think he will do him any good tho there are some possibilities of a change.

pg 474 Rob is complaining some this morning and is not doing quite so well, tho we hope his improvement will continue. I am almost worn out and am due at White Hall next Sunday. Sickness is all over the country.

Feb. 12. Tuesday. Cold and cloudy. Had call this morning before day to go and see Sister Price's little child who is very sick. I then went to see Bro Jennings' sick child and then to see Sister Brannon and child. All the sick are improving. Rob is considerable better but complains a great deal. Walter Springfield died last Friday night and was buried Sunday. I went to White Hall last Sunday. Had good congregation. I staid Saturday night with Bro Pilkerton and returned home Sunday eve. I took dinner with Sister White. Miss Lizzie Davis came home with me. We received the sad intelligence Sunday that Bro J. J. Bond was dead, and also that Sister Henry of Redfield was dying. Bess has been a little sick but is improved today.

Feb 13, 1901. All goes wrong. Everything seems to be upside down. I suppose the Devil has been around on a visit. The sick are getting on very well, and I have had no call today as yet. The weather is somewhat cleared up and is pleasant.

Feb 19, 1901. The weather is clear and cool. I have another case of pneumonia on hand. Sister Lockhart is quite sick, also Mr. Price. Both are mending. Rob had a little return of fever yesterday eve - and a bad night but is better this morning. Lela is now at work making me a medicine case so that I can carry my medicines with me. I am pretty well worn out waiting on the sick. We had a splendid day Sunday and splendid services at both Goodfaith and the Springs and I think we have somewhat routed the Devil. At Goodfaith I had a real rally of the church and many came forward and

covenanted to live more consecrated. Bro Wilson, P. C. of the C. P. Church was there and seemed to enjoy the service very much. Our congregations were good at both places. Yesterday, Lela and I went over and spent part of the day with Sister Coi. Davis. I called on Bro Green and found him much improved. Our country is getting very much interested in Mrs. Nation, the saloon smasher - and the enthusiasm is spreading. The country is improving in health - and I hope to have a little rest soon.

Feb 22, 1901. This is the first snowy day of the season. We have had one of the prettiest winters I have ever seen - has been cool and clear all the time until now - it commenced snowing this morning and has been improving all day. Rob still improving slowly. My pneumonia patients are all improving. Sister Lockhart has been very sick indeed, but is better now, and I think will get up in a few days. We are looking for Miss Nannie Watson home from Texas today. Miss Mary went into P. B. this morning, facing the wind and snow. She will have a lovely day, no doubt. Miss Willard has hold of the end of my pencil and I am writing under difficulties. All hands are quite busy. It has been intimated that we are to have a wedding at our house soon, so you can guess who it is. Willard is teasing me to take her - with her old box.

Feb 28, 1901. The snow fell all day yesterday and turned very cold last night. This morning is beautiful and clear. We had a Mr. Barnet to stay with us last night. He is an artist and Mamie is taking lessons. This morning, Miss Nannie Watson came home from Texas last eve. Miss Mary had a blustery drive for nothing. My patients are all off of my hands and I am relieved.

March 9, 1901. All up this morning. Bess had chill yesterday but we gave her medicine and I think she will be all right. It rained yesterday and last night. I start this afternoon to White Hall & Jef Springs where I will preach tomorrow. I went to Macon and Union last 4th Sun day. Lela went with me. We had fine congregation at both places. We took dinner at Bro Simses and went on to Union in afternoon where I preached to good congregation. We spent the night very pleasantly at Bro Wilson's and we went into PB the next morning, tho there was snow on the ground. It snowed during the night. Lela made some purchases and took dinner with Sister Anderson. I took dinner down town at the Barbecue stand. We came home in afternoon and found all well.

On last Friday afternoon, I started to Redfield. Miss Lizzie Davis went home with me and I spent the night with them and went on Saturday to Redfield where I preached Saturday night to good crowd. Spent the night with Angus McNeil. Preached Sunday to very good congregation and received one by letter into the church, Bro Haines. Went and took dinner with sister Hammut after dinner, Went over to Bro Blair and took a walk over the hills. While out the Mayor and Jessie came after me. My Bro Haines who I took into the church had concluded that single blessedness was a mistake and wanted me right now, so I went around to Bro. Cantrell's and soon had him joined in Holy Wedlock to Sister Stands, a wortny widow, after which we all walked over to Bro.

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Cantrell's fishpond and fed the fish. This is a curiosity to see the hundreds of little fish almost coming out on high land to get their feed. I preached at night to crowded house and had three to the altar. Spent the night with Bro McNeil. I left the Town in some excitement over a case of smallpox. A negro woman died on Sunday and was buried Sunday night, and on Monday morning, there was three cases of white people broken out. I came down to Karny? Monday and preached Monday night. We had a full house. This was the first preaching they have had at that place for several years and I have agreed to give them a regular Monday night appointment. Old Sister Davis came home with me from Redfield. Tuesday morning was very cold and Windy. We came on to their house by noon. I took dinner and came on home in afternoon, and found some more patients on hand. John Watson and Kirb Ingraham are here and kicking up some so I must quit.

March 29, 1901. This is just such a morning as is best fitted to bring out all the gloom and sadness of a man's nature and to give emphasis to all the discouraging conditions that may surround one. The clouds hang low and heavy, sending showers pattering upon the housetops and the wind seems especially adapted to the slamming of doors and old window shutters sending a somber gloom over and through all nature animates and in-animates. I have been housed for nearly two weeks in close attention upon my little Bessie Moore, who has had spell of pneumonia. This is the third case in our family since Nov 6 and is trying our patience and also our faith very much. It is a good and propitious time to reflect and take account of our spiritual stock on hand. Mine, I find is in pretty good order and will keep. I am at least assured of one thing; that if I were a bankrupt in this commodity, just at this time "I would of all men be most miserable". My soul has been tried in the fiery furnace by the experiences inflicted upon me - by the conference for the past 20 years - the character of my works has been such as to look like the conf. had no other use for me than to fill some station in the church least deserved and not to be thought of by any of the brethren. After I have taken these works and built them up, they have then come into demand, and I sent out to suffer (me and my family) on some other neglected or run down Territory. As I reflect upon the causes of my being here, and of the sufferings and privations of the last year and a half I am almost in a condition to wish the friend (?) (his ?) who petitioned me here - had been in Texas or Heaven; and there is no light to us, from the gleanings of the future as we do not know what is in store for us next year - perhaps be sent to some interior, desolate poverty stricken field, where there is nothing, the possibility pleasure or prosperity never the less it may be best under the providence of God, for no cross, no crown.

Last Sunday I left Bessie, sick as she was, and went to Macon and advised the SS, after which I preached at 11^o to good congregation. I took dinner with Bro Sims and went on in evening to Union where I preached to good congregation. A half past 3 took collection for conf. dues, \$1.35. I came on home in evening, got here by sundown, having made a ride of 21 miles - and preached 3 times - round Bessie no better - and have been by her bedside most of the time. As a matter of exercise - I would run out and work a few minutes on my lot and have succeeded in adding to our Parsonage comforts -

start of a good lot with improvised buggy shed. Bessie, I think is a little improved - but very sick - case doubtful. I am so happily (?) (his ?) situated that I can't have a doctor and have to care for my own sick. It may be best.

April 1, 1901. Another rainy, gloomy day. For the last two weeks, we have been keeping constant vigils at the bedside of our little Bessie and for several days her life has been in the ballances and with anxious care we have been watching to see which way the scales would turn tho' this morning we are rejoicing over the prospect of her recovery. Yesterday was my day to have preached at Redfield, but of course could not go, however last night tried to preach here at Sulphur Springs.

pg 479 Had moderately good congregation for short notice. Several there who have not been to church before. Bennie and Mag were with until a late hour. Yesterday, I went to see Bro Hanna, who is very sick. They sent for me Saturday. Sister Lockhart sent me a nice pie yesterday for dinner which I appreciate very much. Our mile Boys are being very much bothered having to stop every time it rains (see the marks over this book - thats Willard's work).

April 17, 1901. This is a terribly rainy, gloomy day - Commenced sometime in the night - and has rained incessantly all day. On last 1st Sunday I went to Redfield - spent Saturday night with Bro A Campbell - and had the disagreeable company of a man drinking. I went up on the train from P. B. Sunday was a beautiful day, and we had a most beautiful day for our Easter service. Had a good congregation at eleven- and at night I had splendid congregation and good meeting - quite a number came forward for prayer. Sunday night I spent with Bro Holiman. Monday, I took dinner with Bro _____ (his blank) a Baptist preacher in afternoon I came to Kernig and preached at night to crowded house. A good many came forward for prayer. We had a glorious meeting. I spent the night with Mr. Fred Aoptin. Monday morning was cool but clear. I had not had a good night's rest and was feeling badly. I went to the station to wait for the train and was feeling very bad. I took a little Paregoric which seem to set up something like congestion or cramping of the stomach and I thought I would die for a while. Bro Lowe and several others were with me - among the crowd was a young man who had been converted sometime during my preaching either at Redfield or at Kernig and was going home to tell his parents. He lives in Missouri. I got some better by the time the train came and came on to P. B. When I got there I met my dear Lela their or at least she was there for me in the buggy and was waiting at the station. We went over with Bro. Richie and waited until after dinner, when we went up in town and did some snopping. I bought me a nice suit of clothes preparatory to starting to New Orleans - to the great Missionary conf. We came home in the afternoon. I was quite unwell and went through a course of medicine and was in bed for several days, however - last Saturday I was able to go to Jet Springs. Took old Sister Davis up to White Hall to her home. After Dinner I went on to Jet Springs and spent the night with Bro Peters and family. Sunday morning we had fair congregation and I preached to them the best I could. On Saturday

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night Mr. Boyt came up from P. B. very much intoxicated and kept me up until midnight with his maudlin drunkenness so that I was exceedingly stupid all day Sunday. After preaching I took dinner at Bro Peples and went on to White Hall where I preached at three oclock. On my way down, I found one of my old stewards living on the road - having recently moved over from Wabaseka and is fixing him up a splendid house. I came on down after services and spent the night with Bro Pilpington. Monday I went to P. B. and spent most of the day. I attended the protracted meeting at first church and heard Bro Hays from Morrilton. He is a good talker but oh how sad is that meeting. Those dear P. B. people will never have a meeting until they clean up their old drunk shops.

pg 481 May 9, 1901. I am at home once more after a series of protracted stays from home - since my last journal I have passed through some of the most eventful and interesting incidents of my life. Our third Quarterly Conf. was held on the 20th of last month. Bro T. D. Scott present and presiding at Macon, we had good meeting, but poor collections. I wish we had some plann for the raising of our necessary funds without having to burden our regular services with these collections. Bro Scott went with me to Union in the afternoon on Sunday, and preached for me to moderately good congregations. I left him there in charge of Bro Will Simpson who took him on home to P. B. I came on home - and Monday went into P. B. on my way to New Orleans. At P. B. I met with Bro Scott who was a little short of means to take him the trip and we went around to the Citizens Bank and I drew out sufficient to run us through. I went out home with him and took dinner and met Bro Frank Scott there. We had splendid time socially. We went down in afternoon and met with Bro Few and several of us went out and took supper with him. We had a lively crowd. Bro Whaley, Bro Dickerson, Bro Frank Scott were there. We took the train at Hadock for New Orleans to the World's Missionary Conf. and what a crowd there was! Preachers, delegates and women. We had a lively crowd. It was not long until the preaching had right or way. Everything was turned over to us. Conductors, Engineers, Porters, and everybody seem to realize that it was a great occasion and opened the way to us. At every station we would take on more preachers until when we got to New Orleans all our trains were crowded.

pg 482 and at New Orleans everything was done to make for us a pleasant time. There was an Army of Methodist preachers and for six days there was a constant shower of spiritual blessing to preachers and the people. I had a home with Mr. Ed Curtis at Elk place, a most delightful home with nothing to molest or to make afraid. Our Bishops were there and all the notable missionaries of the world were there. Many of the notable women were there. There were estimated to be 5000 people there. One of the greatest features of the occasion was Dr. Howard Taylor and wife who conducted the half hour Devotional service every day at eleven oclock. This was the greatest religious gathering ever held at New Orleans or any other city. Bishop Galaway delivered his great speach on Sunday night and spontaneously there was contributed \$50,000 - fifty thousand DL. We adjourned Monday night and started home. Our crowd on the Texas and Pacific Road. It was a time never to be forgotten. Since my return I have been to Redfield and filled my appointment at that

place and Kernig. Had most splendid congregation. The young ladies at Redfield had had a supper and raised a right handsome sum for me. On my return. During my absence from home one of my especial lady friends has passed away. Sister Hanna, a good Baptist sister. I am very much grieved. If I had been at home when she was first taken might perhaps have saved her, but she is gone and the Lord knows best.

pg 483 May 15, 1901. On last Sunday, I was at Jef Springs at eleven oclock. Mamie went up with me and spent the night Saturday night with Sister Bradley. We took dinner on our way up at Bro Baldwins and made it to Jef Springs in afternoon. Bro Bradley is very anxious to sell me a property at that place and if I do not close bargain for property at Redfield, may buy there. I had good congregation Sunday at eleven oclock. The people had prepared for basket dinner and singing in afternoon but the rain set in at eleven oclock and it rained incessantly until nearly night. Quite a crowd came down from Redfield and Kernig on the train and returned in eve. I had preaching again at night and had a very fair congregation. We spent the night at Bro. Bradleys and started out Monday morning and made it to Bro Baldwins by dinner and while there he and I arranged to go to Memphis next Monday week to the Confederate reunion. I came on home in afternoon and found all well. We have had delightful rain all over the country and everything is looking cheerful today. Lela and I went to P. B. to visit Sister Eaton, one of my old time friends. Lela brought some work home with her to do for them. We went down through town and did some shopping and came on home. It has been an exceedingly pleasant day. I met quite a number of friends in P. B.

pg 484 June 12, 1901. Nearly a month has gone by since last I wrote anything. This life has been so much filled up of late with unusual results that it would take a whole volumn to hold all. After my return from New Orleans, I took up my regular line of work and find my appointments promptly. We had Children's day at Macon on last 4th Sunday and I preached to full house at eleven. Took dinner on the ground and went to Union in evening. Lela was with me. We came on home Sunday eve and I started out soon Monday morning to P. B. where I took train for Memphis to the reunion of the Confederate Veterans. This was one of the greatest assemblies I ever witnessed. Two hundred thousand people were there and the whole thing from beginning to finish was a perfect throng of excitement. Myself and Bro Baldwin were together and had a great time. I met several of my old time friends among whom were Tom Ward and Wyley Washington and Jim Mayo. dear old friends. We had a real baging time. We returned home on Thursday and did not stay to the parade which was the greatest thing ever seen in Memphis. My whole time has been taken up ever since my return a great cloud has hid our Community and we are trying to get things straightened out. Bennie Watson and Rob went to Little Rock last Saturday morning to have their sow beat and staid over until Monday. I went up from Jefferson Springs where I had preached Sunday night - on Monday morning and met the boys at the East Depot and we went out to the Land Agency of Butler & Johnson, who took us out to Butler Addition and I bought 2 two lots. The boys will go back next week and go to work building houses on them. I bought a house and lot in Redfield where perhaps we will make our home. Last Sunday, Lela and I started

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out to White Hall, having been rained out Saturday. We took dinner at Bro Baldwins and went on and I preached at White Hall at half past three and then drove in to Jef Springs and preached at night. I returned from Little Rock Monday and spent the night at Bro Bradley's and came on home Tuesday. Learned on the way that there was likely to be trouble in Pine Bluff over the killing of the two negros (the Flukers) last Saturday. Bro Hawley came up from the Springs where they have quite a picknick and sat a while with us today. I have been all over the country and Bro Scott now wants me to go and help Bro Williams in a meeting at Center Campground. Last night I spent the night at Bro Portis Wilsons and went into Town this morning - drew out \$100 and sent to Bennie Watson at Little Rock. I also drew out \$20 and paid to R. G. Atkinson, which makes \$40.00 that I paid him for 4 month's house rent. We learn that the boys and girls at Little Rock are getting on well.

Monday morning, Sept. 16, 1901. I am not well this morning. Worked to hard yesterday preaching at Goodfaith at eleven. and at the Springs at night. Had two accessions yesterday at Goodfaith. Had splendid service last night. All seemed to get in the spirit. Bro Tom Traylor led our prayer for us for his first efforts and seemed to thrill the congregation. Since Aug 23rd I have done a great deal of work. Have held two meetings and am pretty well worked down since my last writing one of our most prominent young men died (Bro John Ingraham) a most excellent young man. Quite a number of our young people have joined the church and our P. E. Bro Scott has taken to himself a young wife and so has Robt (Bob?) Robinson. I am informed that one of our old members Bro John King has gone to the wine making and our stuard Bro Gus Petty has gone to selling it, and several of our young men have been made quite drunk. May the Lord have mercy on these luckless ones.

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Oct 22, 1901. A month has passed since writing last, during which time much of interest has transpired. I held a meeting at Macon - had good results. Commenced a meeting at Redfield the 5th Sunday in last month and continued it until after the 1st Sunday in this month. Had one of the greatest meetings ever held in the country. I had Bro Scott with me a few days. He did some splendid preaching. I did most of the work myself and had 43 accessions and baptized 37 of them. Had to baptize four by immersion. I came on from Redfield and held a meeting at White Hall Community on second Sunday and continuously until the following Wednesday. Had 7 accessions and two more to join. I came on home and found Bro Holcomb the Citty Evangelist at Goodfaith holding a meeting. His wife is assisting him and they have had quite a good meeting. 9 have joined our church. I have been with him some looking out for the interest of my own flock. If the people would take as much interest in assisting the pastor as they do transient Evangelist, the pastor could have more success than any Evangelist. I have nearly had 5 to his 1 and yet all the talk is the Evangelist. Bennie and Mag are at home with us. Ben in bad health. We have had one of the most beautiful falls. The weather perfect so far. Lela and I will attend the meeting this afternoon, and then to to Bro Simpsons tonight and to P. B. tomorrow - and attend the W. H. M. Society meeting. On the 1st Sunday I came all the way from Redfield to P. B. and then 10 miles out in the country and married John Eaton to Miss Katy

Culpepper and returned to Redfield - to church that night. and had great meeting. I am now winding up for conference.

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This is Nov 1, 1901, and is attended with a great many things that do not make life pleasant. I am now closing up my second year on this Redfield Circuit and there have been many things pleasant during my stay and some of the most unpleasant of my whole life. The Devil has been stirring up strife since the foundation of the world and I presume will continue to do so until the end of time, and it has not been the wicked element that he has always caused the most trouble. He made Abraham a great deal of trouble. He made Adam all his trouble. He made all the partiochs? seas of trouble. He made Christ all this trouble and in most cases he used those who were supposed to be his friends to crush him and all his saints. So it has been and ever will be. It wurst to be wounded in the house of one's friends than anywhere else. Lela and I went to the Missionary Society at P. B. and had quite a good time. We returned home on Friday night and took in the meeting at Goodfaith. We had moderately good meeting. Bro Holcomb and wife with Banjoe and instrument and kept up quite an excitement and I hope some good has been accomplished. I went Saturday, Lela and I to Bro Helvy's at Grace and spent the night. Sunday, I preached at Macon - my farewell sermon after visiting a very sick woman - sister McDaniel. We took dinner at Bro Simmons and went on to Union in the evening and I preached my farewell sermon there and went home with Sister Vick to Pine Bluff and spent the night and had real pleasant time. We went to church at night and heard Bro Hawley at Lakeside. Bro H. called on me to conclude his service. I made a little talk and called for all who wished to meet me in Heaven to come forward and most everyone in the house came forward. We had a good meeting. We came home Monday morning and found that Bro and Sister Holcomb had closed out their meeting and that Mrs. H. had lambasted the preachers for anything she could think of and some of my own people indorse that kind of Evangelists. I think they have done themselves more harm than they have done the cause good. I am expecting to be moved next year and shall be glad of it. I do not wish to come back to this work, tho I have some very dear good friends here and most of the people have expressed a desire to have me back. Miss Mary Watson for her own foolishness got mad at me and seems to be determined to stay that way - and the wine seller would like to have me away and the redicklous Windy Loudermilk. These three are about all that I know of.

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Nov 15. This is the middle of the month and the time is coming rapidly when I shall have to start to Annual Conference. There are no other set of men that are confronted with the same conditions in life that preachers are. There are many things that bind us to our people and there are many things that are unpleasant, so that we come to the end of our year's labor with _____ of sadness and gladness. Sad to leave dear friends and glad to get out of embarrassments. During the year we have had some marvelous success have had during the year some 70 accessions and our finances moderately good at some of our appointments where they have never been able to pay up before. This year they have paid up in full and I believe that most of the appointments would have paid out but for the interference of some inconsistent

disgruntled member and the ever festive Evangelist with his banjo and fiddle. These are the characters that take now adays. I have been holding some very interesting meetings and have accomplished good. The work will be divided this year and both ends seem to be anxious for me to serve them next year but there is a state of affairs existing here that I don't wish to encounter next year. Some one has recently attempted to burn our Parsonage over us. Providential interference alone has saved us. The fire went out of it's own accord. My self and wife were away and our little ones would doubtless have suffered. The wine business has been making considerable trouble here. Good (?) old Bro King has been manufacturing the stuff and selling to our boys and many of them have been made drunk. I have understood the old man has expressed himself as understanding that I am the only one that has opposed him in the work. He says that Bro Anderson of first Church P. B. sampled it and pronounced it all right but let that be as it may, it is stirring up a good deal of trouble. Our officials of this country are so committed the whiskey element that they cannt afford to notice the matter.

pg 49) The matter of setting our house lies between only two or three and no doubt is the result of the wine business.

I start next Monday to conf and my destiny for another year will soon be settled. I have been right busy of late doctoring the sick. Have two pretty bad cases now on hand. Bro Cal. Davis and Miss Merdis Banning; and several others who are getting well. Old Bro Underwood is quite sick. I went yesterday to P. B. to our adjourned term of Quarterly Conference. Bro Scott was on hand and Bro Horton and Simpson. Our health at present is tolerably good. My friends at White Hall and Redfield presented me with the money to purchase suit of clothes.

Dec. 13, 1901. This is a stormy, rainy day. I have written nothing since before I went to Conf. which convened on Nov 20th at Hope, Ark. I left home on Monday after filling my appointments at Goodfaith and the Springs. At both places we had good congregations and interest. I fully expected to be moved on account of the state of affairs growing out of old Bro(?) King's Lickor wine business - and so notified my people but it seems that the Bishop and his cabinet thought it best for me to return and so I am here for another year. We had a delightful session of conf. Presided over by Bishop Key and things went off smoothly. I opened the conf once. I was somewhat surprised when read out the third time for Redfield Circuit. I have been informed that a petition was sent in for me to be sent to Sheridan Ct. My home while at Hope was at Dr. Gilespies - where Bro B. G. Johnson, A. P. Few, Jack Taylor and myself were comfortably housed. Bro B. G. Johnson was quite feeble and I was broken of my rest some in caring for him. I had to spend all night with Dr. Hunter who was taken quite sick. I staid on Monday night after conf so that I could see Bro Johnson safely up to Arkadelphia, Tuesday morning. We took the train at 5 in the morning and arrived at Arkadelphia at about 7. I spent part of the day visiting friends there and went on to Bro Holmes in afternoon. I walked out a distance of 4 miles and spent a day or two very pleasantly. I left there Thursday and came on to Malvern where I visited

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friends until Saturday when I came on to Redfield where I preached on Sunday at 11° and performed marriage ceremony at 7 P.M. for my young friend Nort Cantrell and Miss Jennie Wheat. This was one of the nicest little weddings I have ever had. We had a splendid supper at Professor Wheat's. I spent the night with my good friend Ang McNeils. Took the train Monday morning and came on to P. B. where after a very nice dinner at my good friend Richies I met Rob in buggy and came on home. The people all seem to be delighted at my return tho there has been no special demonstration. Mabe it is too early yet. I had two calls to see the sick before I got home. All are well and I hope will remain so. Last Sunday I filled my appointment at White Hall to a good congregation notwithstanding the bad day. I did not get to go to Jef Springs at night but spent the night with old Bro Davis. Monday morning we were treated to a fine snow and was confined until about 10° in the house but at 10 the clouds broke away and I hitched up and Miss Lizzie went with me to Sister Sanders at Samples where I attended to some business and had a good dinner after which we returned. I left Miss Lizzie at home and came on to Bro Pilkington's where I spent the night and came on Tuesday to P. B. - called on Will Singord (Sinyard) find him very low with consumpsion and Sister Singard sick with pneumonia. I suppose she is getting better, now. I went day before yesterday and spent the night with Bro and Sister Vick. Am likely to trade my place on Ark River for some property in P. B. Came home yesterday eve. and am resting up for next Sunday, Christmas Eve. Just now we are having a great domestic row. The girls with Miss Nannie Watson are going to the Masonic Lodge to decorate for the Installation next Friday and all the children want to go and Bess is about to have a fit and her Mama is about to raise a disturbance under her skirts., but I believe the storm is about over and the Equator passed without the ship sinking and we are in calm watters again.

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This is a beautiful day after one of the coldest spells of weather for a week or two that we have had for years. Fortunately, the health of the country is moderately good. This time last year we had several cases of pneumonia on hand. Since my last writing I have learned of the death of Jan Singard. It is to be hoped that he repented during his sickness. Sister Cherry is reported quite sick at this time in P. B. I missed my Sunday at Goodfaith Sunday before last on account of the cold weather. Last Saturday, I went to Sister Culpeppers and spent the night. Had very pleasant night, indeed. Preached at eleven, at Macon to moderately good congregation. Took dinner at Bro Simms and went on in afternoon to Union where I preached to fair congregation. We have started off very well and hope to have a good year. The people are becoming very much stired up over the question of the negro - A Beast, or in the image of God. This new Revelation is going to bring about a great revolution on this negro question which is now the great problem of the age. Some of the people are anxious for me to give a lecture on the negro question which I may do later.

Jan. 1, 1902. This is a lovely day. I just returned yesterday from Redfield and Little Rock. I went up on last Saturday to Redfield on train - preached there Sunday at eleven and at night. Had good congregation at night and collected \$22. Spent the night Saturday night with Bro. Conley

and Sunday night with Bro Cantrell. Went up Monday morning to Little Rock and settled up my business, came back in evening to Pine Bluff and spent the night with Bro James Monk. Took in the Hal_____? meeting. Lela came in after me yesterday. While at Redfield I found Sister Blair quite sick with pneumonia and a little baby. Everything is quiet today. Rob is not feeling well and is taking medicine.

Jan. Saturday 4, 1902. Today we have the most beautiful snowfall that I ever witnessed. Snowflakes two inches in length. It has fallen to the depth of two inches and looks as if it were not done. Our folks are all complaining. Lela is sick. Had chill last night and had had fever all day, but is now taking medicine.

pg 494 I have been suffering for several days with sciatic Rheumatism and it has bothered me very much. I had two calls today to see the sick. Mrs. Dalton's Baby and Sister Lockhart who had symptoms of pneumonia. This was my day to go to Redfield but owing to sickness and bad weather was prevented from going. I have just been congratulating myself on getting my property at Little Rock and Redfield all paid for. I am afraid our little Rosa is going to be sick. The large flakes of snow are beginning to fall again and I fear a heavy snow. I failed to chronicle the death of one of our neighbor boys who was killed during the last severe spell of weather. His horse fell on him while on his way home from the Springs and he was almost instantly killed. I preached his funeral at his father's house. Willis J. D. Bass, killed on the 16 of Dec, 1901.

Jan 7, 1902. We are all having a great time with Lagrippe. Nearly everyone of us are sick. I was over last night to see young Bro Harrelson, who I think has attack of pneumonia. Haven't heard from him today. Received letter last night containing Tommie's Policy and also one from Bro Connerley's children and one from Little Cousin Ethelyn Poynter with her picture which I think is real pretty and sweet. They have promised to pay us visit this Summer.

Jan 22, 1902. This Wednesday. Since the 7th we have had a very severe time. I have been very sick with lite attack of pneumonia. Lela has been in bed with pneumonia since last Saturday. Her and I are able to be up today but because we have to be. Little Willard was taken sick with chill last Friday night and has had heavy fever ever since and is in a very critical condition, now. Dr. Donnelson has been to see us twice. Bro Scott came out with him on his first trip. Rob came home a while ago from the mill with chill and has gone to bed. I am able to sit up and give medicine but donnt do anything else much. The weather has been cool all this time rangeing down at about 30°. I was to have married Miss Susie Davis today at White Hall.

* * * * *

EPILOGUE

Robert Harrison Poynter died of pneumonia on February 2, 1902. The story was that, having practiced medicine of sorts and knowing the seriousness of his illness, he knew that he would not recover. There had been a cold spell with freezing rain. The ground was covered with a coat of ice and no one could go for the doctor. As soon as a horse could maintain his footing on the surface, the doctor was sent for, but it was too late for him.

The following pages contain newspaper clippings, minutes of meetings and records of baptism of his children.

Newspaper clipping on page 496:

Buy it in Pine Bluff

Arkansas Post to Become Beauty Spot of State as Result of Recent Act.

Arkansas Post - first settlement in Arkansas and first Capital of Arkansas Territory - is to become one of the beauty spots of Arkansas and work of making 41 acres that has been secured by the Arkansas Post Park Commission a great state park has been begun under the direction of P. C. Howson, head of the Pine Bluff Nursery Company. Mr. Howson is consulting landscape engineers.

By an act of the 1929 legislature introduced by Rep. Ballard Deane of Ark. Co, Ark. Post State Park was authorized and a commission appointed by the governor. The commission was instructed to acquire suitable land at Arkansas Post on which to establish a state park. The Quandt estate donated 20 acres, L. C. Jones, postmaster at Ark. Post, gave $9\frac{1}{2}$ acres and the commission acquired an additional $11\frac{3}{4}$ acres, making in all 41 acres available for the park.

The legislature of 1931 appropriated \$5,000 for the development of the park and Mr. Howson was named consulting landscape engineer to carry out the program.

The Program

In discussing the program that has been outlined for development of the park today, Mr. Howson said: "The plans call for scenic drives through the grounds, leaving the natural scenery intact. An historic center will be created and there will be erected facsimiles of the old capitol, the old fort and trading post as established by DeLonti in 1682. The old Capitol building will be used as a museum. A caretaker's lodge will be builded of logs from one of the oldest houses in the community. An old well and old cistern in the center of the fort area will be preserved. The plan will be carried out closely with markers placed at interesting points.

"A beautiful grove of post oak trees at the north entrance of the park will be used as a picnic ground. It is the intention of commissioners to erect permanent tables and outdoor ovens with an adequate supply of water for use of visitors to the park.

"Other improvements contemplated are a monument to commemorate the Battle of Ark. Post, Jan. 11, 1863; a marker commemorating the establishing of the first newspaper west of the Miss. by the Ark. Gazette, and other markers."

Mr. Howson said today that work proper will be started about May 12. Commissioners already have let Contract for fencing material and as soon as it is placed on the ground a crew of men will be put to work erecting fences preparatory to beginning the work of beautifying the grounds.

The Ark. Post State Park Commission includes: J. W. Burnett, DeWitt, chairman; Mrs. J. F. Weinmann, Little Rock; Mrs. M. L. Sigman, Monticello; Miss

Janie Woodruff, Little Rock; Mrs. J. L. Rosencrantz, Goldman; Mrs. Charles Miller, Little Rock; Mrs. George C. Lewis, Stuttgart; Mrs. W. W. Love, Gillett; Mrs. C. J. Brain, Stuttgart; Fletcher Chenault, Little Rock; S. G. Cantlett, Dardanelle, and Dallas Herndon, Little Rock, secretary, ex-officio.

To expedite the work a sub-committee was appointed from the commissioners as a working committee and includes: Mr. Burnett, Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Rosencrantz, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. C. J. Brain.

Pine Bluff Started It

Pine Bluffians really are directly responsible for the present program of beautifying and preserving Ark. Post, Mr. Howson said. On May 6, 1925, he said, the Pine Bluff Chamber of Commerce, the high school band, and a delegation of ladies representing the Daughters of 1812 visited Ark. Post and placed a tablet to commemorate the site of the first Capital of Arkansas territory.

The inscription on the tablet read: "Ark Post - Here the French under La Salle established a fort and trading post in 1682. Here the first capital of Ark Territory, which was created Mar. 2, 1819. Here was fought a decisive battle of the Civil War, Jan. 11, 1863.

The tablet was donated by the Pine Bluff chapter of the Dau. of 1812 and by dedicating this tablet the first movement was made to creat a state park at Ark. Post, Mr. Howson said. The movement was carried on by the citizens of Ark County to a reality, Mr. Howson said.

Mr. Howson cited a resolution passed by the Floyd Brown post, American Legion DeWitt that contains historical references that should be dear to every loyal Arkansan.

The resolution follows.

On or about the 6th day of March, 1682, old LaSalle, the great explorer of France erected a cross at or near Ark. Post and with his men gathered around him declared that all lands drained by the Mississippi river and its tributaries belonged to the King of France and named it Louisiana in honor of his king. This gave to France its mighty domains in the new world.

"In 1686 members of the band of DeTonti returning from the mouth of the Miss. River where they had been in search of the ill-fated LaSalle on reaching the mouth of the Ark. River prevailed on their leader that they go up the river to where they had erected the cross four years before and there establish a fort and trading post. This they did and settled on the site which is now Ark. Post. In July one year later the remains of LaSalle's brave band struggled into Ark Post and reported the horrible massacre and privations that had befallen their hand at the mouth of the Miss. River.

"It was at Ark. Post that Henry DeTonti established the first mission West of the Miss. River." The river encroaching on the little church, it was moved across the river to what is now known as St. Mary's landing. St. Mary's Church is now located close to Pine Bluff between Sherrill and Altheimer roads and we understand some of the original timbers that was in the church at Ark. Post has been incorporated in the beautiful little church of St. Mary's close to Pine Bluff.)

"Henry DeTonti made the first grant in the La. Territory for religious purposes, giving 10 square miles of land for its maintenance. He supported this mission until his death in 1704.

"In 1719 John Laws placed a colony of Germans near Ark. Post and in 1740 cotton was introduced here as an agricultural crop."

"In 1750 the French government sent worthy girls from the mother country to become wives of the settlers, thereby re-enacting the scenes at Jamestown. Each settler who took unto himself such a wife was given a dower. A cow and calf, five hens, a gun and ammunition, an axe, a hoe, a generous supply of garden seed, thus insuring the establishment of many happy homes at Ark. Post."

"It was at Ark. Post that the territory which now includes Arkansas was delivered to Major B. Manley who succeeded Steven Worrell as Commander of the territory in 1806.

"The first government in what is now the state of Arkansas was set up with John W. Honey as recorder, judge of the probate court and clerk of the court of common pleas Benjamin Foy was justice of the peace, judge of the court of common pleas. Harold Stillwell was first high sheriff.

"Arkansas County was created in 1813.

"Mail was delivered to Arkansas Post every 30 days and was accorded a post office in 1817.

"Arkansas Post was made the seat of government for the territory of Arkansas in 1819 with James Miller as governor and Robert Crittenden as secretary.

"A United States land office was opened up at Arkansas Post in 1820.

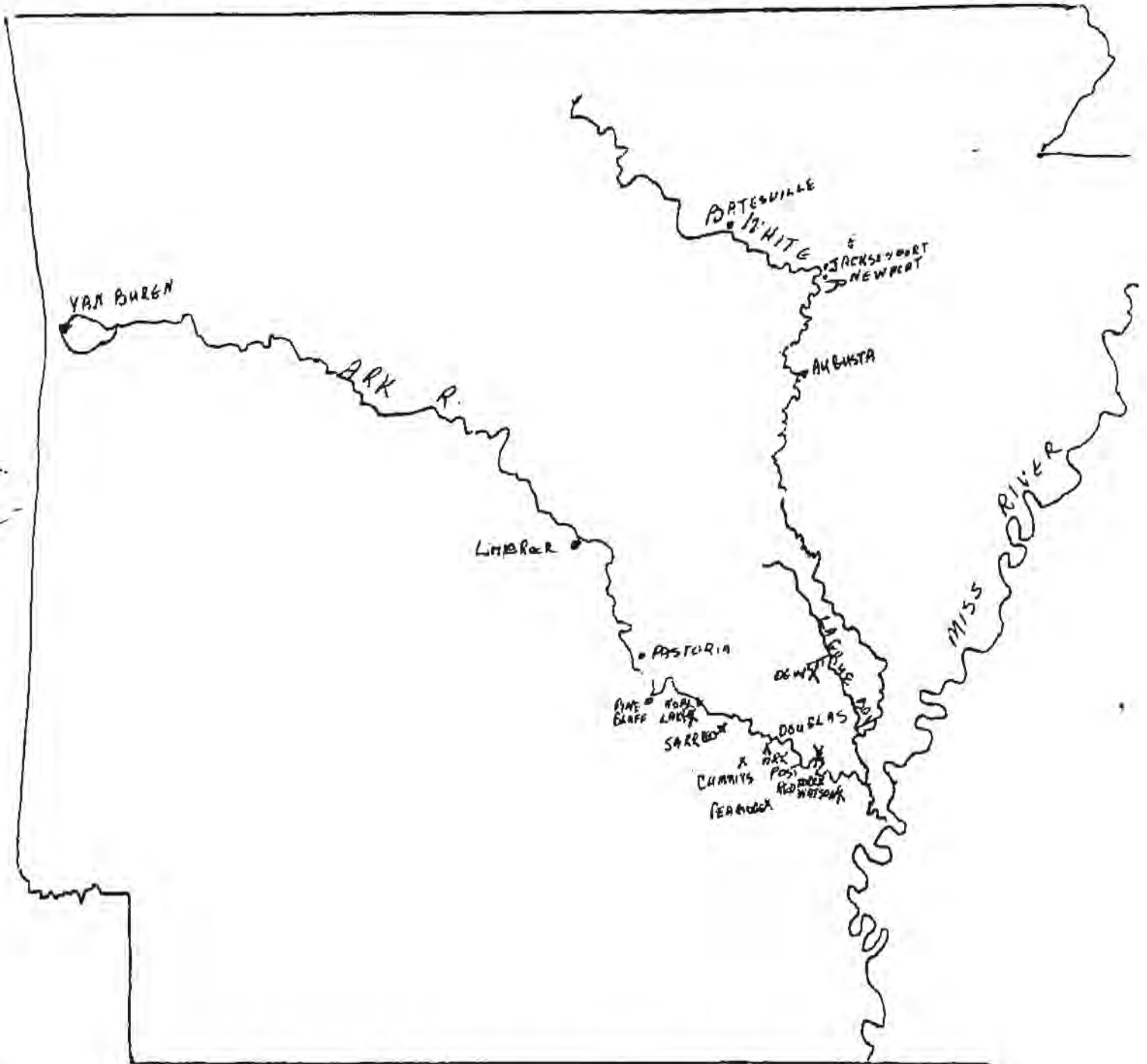
"The first steamboat to visit the territory came to Arkansas Post in 1820. This was the steamboat Comet.

"It was at Arkansas Post that the first issue of the Arkansas Gazette was published, the first newspaper to be published West of the Mississippi River.

"Arkansas Post was the first home in Arkansas of the distinguished Henry W. Conway, who was afterwards killed in a duel with Robert Crittenden as the result of a political quarrel. Henry W. Conway is buried in the cemetery at Arkansas Post. His body rests there in a neglected and almost forgotten grave.

Home probably at Arkansas Post or near by. He had a public landing but never says exactly where except on Arkansas River -

Places he mentions are shown by X



Auburn Circuit embraced all of the Arkansas River from Pine Bluff to Mississippi River - Part of Jefferson, Lincoln and Desha Counties.

DATES OF AMERICAN WARS

Revolution	1776	
Yorktown	1781	
French War	1799	
Tripoli	1805	
New Orleans	1815	
Black Hawk	1832	
Chaputtipic	1847	
Seminole	1842	
Confederate	1861-	to 65
War with Spain	1833	
" "	Phillipine	1899 & 1900
" "	China	1900

Obituary in diary

Mrs. Lucy G. Dyer

Mrs. Lucy Graves Dyer, 48, died at 10 o'clock this morning at the home of her sister, Mrs. W. R. McAlexander, 1207 Elm St., from a long illness.

She is survived by her husband, Robert Dyer and little son, John; her father, J. W. Graves; two brothers, John Graves and Ruel (Chick) Graves, and one sister, Mrs. W. R. McAlexander, all of this city.

In spite of Mrs. Dyer's long illness and much suffering her personality was always a ray of sunshine. She was a charming entertainer, greeting her friends with jokes and smiles at all times and it was indeed much pleasure to be in her presence.

Mrs. Dyer was a consecrated Christian, she enjoyed discussing the scripture and all other phases of Christian works.

She was a faithful member of the First Church of the Nazarines in Little Rock.

"Our hearts are sad at this departure" is the general sentiment of her many friends who loved her very devotedly.

Funeral services will be held Saturday morning at 10:30 o'clock from the Chapel of the Ralph Robinson and Son Mortuary, services by the Rev. John C. Glenn, pastor of the First Methodist Church and the Rev. E. C. Rule, pastor of Lakeside Methodist Church.

Burial will be in Graceland Cemetery.

Pallbearers: Active—Jim D. Martin, L. C. Clifford, F. V. Dickey, Malcolm Randolph, C. A. Land, Walter Gilmore, John Lee, J. Bunn Ezell. Honorary: F. M. Henry, J. P. Baker, H. McGaugh, V. C. Coleman, Roy Custer, E. C. Cochran, Dr. J. C. Beard, Dr. J. M. Lemons, George Payne, Frank Harwell, E. W. Ammons.

(1) THOMAS JAMISON (no dates known)

ONE DAUGHTER: MARTHA JAMISON born 1783
married
DANIEL PEROW MOSELEY born 22 JUNE 1783

MARTHA JAMISON MOSELEY
DANIEL PEROW MOSELEY

JUDITH BELLE (BULL) MOSELEY (no birth or death dates)

MARY E. MOSELEY born 1839
married

WILLIAM W. HARPER (blacksmith)

THAD? MOSELEY

ROBERT MOSELEY

THOMAS

ELIJRA?

JUDITH BELL MOSELY (oldest daughter of MARTHA and DANIEL MOSELY)
married

DAVID EDMONDSON POYNTER

DEC. 23, 1833

(David Edmondson was son of Jesse Green Poynter and Margaret(Kirk?)(May?)(Myers?)
Jesse and Margaret had 10 children-David was the second

(1) JONATHON KIRK POYNTER 1810 to 1875
married
MARY CRUMP 2 JAN. 1835

(2) DAVID EDMONDSON POYNTER 1812 to 1869
married
JUDITH BELLE MOSELY 23 DEC. 1833
(Judith was daughter of Martha and Daniel Moseley

(3) ARIMINTHA POYNTER
married
WINSTON DYSARD

(4) JOHN D. POYNTER

(5) EDWIN L. POYNTER
married
#1 OLIVIA CRUMP
#2 DEBORAH MYERS

(6) EDWARD L. POYNTER
married
CYNTHIA BAYS

(7) JESSE G. POYNTER

(8) ELIZABETH POYNTER born 8 APR. 1820 died 7 NOV. 1866
married
SAMUEL BROWN

(9) LOUISA POYNTER
married
SANDFORD STEWART

(10) WILLIAM H. POYNTER born 25 JAN. 1813
died 29 APR. 1837

DAVID EDMONDSON POYNTER (father was JESSE G. POYNTER)
married

JUDITH BELL MOSELEY
(had five children)

(1) JESSE PEROW POYNTER born 24 JUNE 1835
married
AMANDA COSTER (see page 2)

(2) MOLLY
married
BARNES

(3) ROBERT HARRISON POYNTER
married
#1 HARRIETT EMALINE QUIGG (HADDIE)
#2 BETTY LELA HOLMES (MIMI)

(4) MATTIE

(5) TOMMY died 1853

ROBERT HARRISON POYNTER 23 OCT 1844
6 FEB. 1902

married

#1 HARRIETT EMALINE QUIGG (burned to death)
Had four children

(1) MAMIE ELIZABETH born 21 MAR. 1874
married
JOHN MARION HENRY

(2) THOMAS MOSELEY POYNTER born 1871 died 9 APR. 1900

(3) ROBERT SAMUEL POYNTER born 12 OCT. 1877
died 18 APR. 1941

(4) MARGARET MISSOURI POYNTER (MAGGIE)
married
BEN WATSON

#2 BETTY LELA HOLMES born 6 JAN. 1863
(MIMI) died 20 JAN. 1930

Had five children

(1) MATTIE JANE POYNTER born 19 AUG. 1892
married
JOHN W. GRAVES, SR.

(2) LEIGH DONALSON POYNTER born 18 JULY 1893
died 16 MAR. 1924

married
EVA GRACE NELSON 16 MAR. 1924

(3) BESSE MOORE POYNTER born 5 MAR. 1896
 died 20 APR. 1973

 married
 L. CLAUDE SMITH

(4) FRANCES WILLARD (BILL) POYNTER born 15 MAR. 1898
 died 4 MAR. 1967

 married
 WALTER E. GILMORE

(5) ROSE born 19 AUG. 1900
 died 21 MAY 1921

 never married- died at 21 years of age

This was the diary of my great-grandfather, ROBERT HARRISON POYNTER

FAMILY GROUP No. 12 Husband's Full Name REV. ROBERT HARRISON POYNTER

This Information Obtained From: Cen. Hist. of Ark. Methodism (Anderson)
 Husband's Date: Birth 23-10-1840
 City, Town or Place: Greenup Ky.
 County or Province, etc.: Greenup Ky.
 State or Country: Ky.
 Add. Info. on Husband: New Jersey or Ohio?
 Chr'd: Mar. 13 Aug 1870
 Marriage recorded in New York-(over)
 Death: 6-2-1902
 White Sulphur Sogs. Jefferson, Co., Ark.
 Child # 6
 Burial: Geo. & Martha
 Places of Residence: Monroe Co., Ark.
 Occupation: Minister
 Church Affiliation: Meth.
 Military Rec. Conf.: Ci
 Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.

His Father DAVID POYNTER Mother's Maiden Name JUDITH BELLE MOSLEY
 (Son of Jesse Green Poynter) Harriet Emaline Quigg (Haddie)

Wife's Full Maiden Name J

Wife's Date: Birth
 City, Town or Place: Delanco
 County or Province, etc.: New Jersey
 State or Country: New Jersey
 Add. Info. on Wife: burned to death Chester, PA?
 Chr'd: Death 14 Dec 1880
 ?Como, on the Arkansas River
 Burial:

Compiler: Places of Residence
 Address: Occupation if other than Housewife
 Church Affiliation: Church Affiliation
 City, State: Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.
 Date: Her Father
 Mother's Maiden Name:

Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth) Children's Date Day Month Year City, Town or Place County or Province, etc. State or Country Add. Info. on Children

1 MARIE Elizabeth Birth 21 Mar 1874 Delanco New Jersey lived Redfie
J. M., Henry Mar. Ark.
 Full Name of Spouse* John Marion Henry Death baptized 1872 according to Bible See over her
 Burial children

2 TOMAS Thomas Moseley Birth 1871? died at age 29 in 1900 never marrie
 Full Name of Spouse* Mar. baptized by Rev. Dr. Hofford in New Jersey, in 1872
 Death 9 Apr 1900 Eudora (Died in Carmel, Chicco Co. at home of sister
 Burial D. C. Connerly, according to journal of R.H. Poynter

3 ROBERT Samuel Birth 12 Oct 1877 Crockett's Bluff. never marrie
 Full Name of Spouse* Mar. 1879 Baptized by Rev. Riggins Ark. Co. Was plantation
 Death 13 Apr 1941 Pine Bluff, Jefferson Co., Arkansas mer at Monroe
 Burial Graceland Cemetery, Pine Bluff, Ark. Grocery business

4 MAGGIE Birth lived Pine
Margaret Missouri Mar. baptized 1879 by Rev Riggins Bluff, Ark.
 Full Name of Spouse* Ben Watson Death (Sulphur Spring
 Burial:

5 Birth Tues. Dec. 16, 1874, left Delanco, .J. with wife
 Full Name of Spouse* Mar. and two children for Arkansas, through Philadelphia,
 Death Cincinnati on Central PA RR, Pittsburgh, Columbus,
 Burial Landed at Memphis on 21 Dec.

6 Birth 1875 - Justice of the Peace
 Full Name of Spouse* Mar. Justice of the Peace
 Death: Justice of the Peace
 Burial:

7 Birth died young of diphtheria maybe firstborn.
 Full Name of Spouse* Mar. died young of diphtheria
 Death: maybe firstborn.
 Burial:

8 Birth West Liberty, where Robert Harrison Poynter said he was
 Full Name of Spouse* Mar. born in his journal was in Morgan Co.
 Death: born in his journal was in Morgan Co.
 Burial:

9 Birth West Liberty, where Robert Harrison Poynter said he was
 Full Name of Spouse* Mar. born in his journal was in Morgan Co.
 Death: born in his journal was in Morgan Co.
 Burial:

10 Birth West Liberty, where Robert Harrison Poynter said he was
 Full Name of Spouse* Mar. born in his journal was in Morgan Co.
 Death: born in his journal was in Morgan Co.
 Burial:

FAMILY GROUP NO. 17 HUSBAND'S FULL NAME ROBERT HARRISON POYNTER

This Information Obtained From:

Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband	
1-Cen. Hist. of Ark. Methodism (Anderson)	Birth	23	Oct	1844	West Liberty, Greenup Co., Kentucky			
2-Journal of RHP	Chr'nd							
	Mar.	2	Apr	1890	4 Feb?			
	Death	2	June	1902	Sulphur Springs, Jefferson, Arkansas		pneumonia?	
	Burial				Confederate Cemetery, Sulphur Springs, Ark.			
	Places of Residence (over)	Cumberland Presbyterian and M.E. Church						
	Occupation	Church Affiliation Methodist Military Rec. Conf. Civil						
	Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.	#1. Harriet Emaline Quigg						
	His Father	David Edmonson Poynter			Mother's Maiden Name			Judith Belle Mosel
		son of Jesse Green Poynter			dau. of Daniel P. Mose			
	Wife's Data	Wife's Full Maiden Name #2 Betty Lela (Mimi) Holmes						
	Birth	6	Jan	1863	Arkadelphia, Clark, Arkansas?			
	Chr'nd						had	
	Death	20	Jan	1930	Pine Bluff, Jefferson, Arkansas		diabetes	
	Burial				Graceland Cemetery, Pine Bluff, Ark			
Compiler Betty Crawford	Places of Residence							
Address 100 Nine Oaks Lane	Occupation if other than Housewife					Church Affiliation	Methodist	
City, State Pineville, LA 71350	Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.							
Date 27 June 1979	Her Father	Leigh? Holmes			Mother's Maiden Name			

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Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Child
		Birth	Children were 10, 9, 8, 4 & 2 when Robert Harrison died.						
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.	Leigh Done son was 9. Stepchildren were 18, 15, 14?						
		Death							
		Burial							
		Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
		Birth	Mattie Jane and Leigh Donelson baptized						
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.	in Sherrill, Ark in 1894 by Rev. Thos. H. Ware						
		Death							
		Burial							
		Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
F	Mattie Jane Full Name of Spouse* 1865-1946 John W. Graves, Sr.	Birth	19	Aug	1892	Arkansas Post,		Arkansas	lives in PB Nursin Home (197
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
M	Leigh Donelson Full Name of Spouse* Eva Grace NELSON	Birth	18	July	1893	Pastoria,		Arkansas	
		Mar.	16	Mar	1924	Pine Bluff, Jefferson, Arkansas			
		Death	13	Feb	1977	Pine Bluff, Jefferson, Arkansas			
		Burial	15	Feb	1977	Pine Bluff, Memorial Gardens, Arkansas			
F	Bessie Moore Full Name of Spouse* L. Claude Smith	Birth	5	Mar	1896	Hillsboro,		Arkansas	christene 1896 by S.S.Kuy Stephens,
		Mar.							
		Death	20	Apr	1973				
		Burial	Mt. Prospect Cemetery,						
F	Frances Willard (Bill) Full Name of Spouse* Walter E. Gilmore	Birth	15	Mar	1898	delivered by her father?			had diabetes
		Mar.							
		Death	4	Mar	1967	Tyler, Smith, Texas			
		Burial	Rose Hill Cemetery, Tyler, Texas						
F	Rose Full Name of Spouse* never married	Birth	19	Aug	1900				Baptized b Bro. T.D. Scott at White Sulp Springs,
		Mar.							
		Death	21	May	1921	influenza (pneumonia?)			
		Burial	Graceland Cemetery, Pine Bluff, Ark.						
		Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							22 Sept 19
		Burial							

*If married more than one time, each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

FAMILY GROUP No. 77 Husband's Full Name DAVID EDWARDS PONTNER

This Information Obtained From:

Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Hus.
1-Jayne Poynter	Birth		1812	Mr. Sterling		Kentucky	
Corbin, Kentucky	Chr'nd						
2-Robert H. Poynter's journal	Mar.	23	Dec 1833	Montgomery Co.		Kentucky	
	Death	Fall	1859	(Robert Harrison was 15)		Arkansas	
	Burial		1869?	Lawrenceville?		Ark.	

Places of Residence Lawrenceville
 Occupation Merchandising Church Affiliation Methodist Military Rec.
 Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. (keeping hotel?)
 His Father Jesse Green Poynter Mother's Maiden Name Margaret Kirk? May Bull? Myer.

Wife's Full Maiden Name Judith Belle Mosley

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth							had broth
Chr'nd							Robert fr
Death	1868-1874?			Philadelphia,		PA.	Grandview
Burial							Illinois

Compiler Betty Crawford Places of Residence
 Address 100 Nine Oaks Occupation if other than Housewife Church Affiliation Methodist
 City, State Pineville, LA Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.
 Date 8 May 1979 Her Father Daniel Perow Moseley Mother's Maiden Name Martha Jamison

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Child
1 ?	Jesse Perro Full Name of Spouse* Amanda Coster	Birth	24	June	1835	Jesse Perro?			supported family See over
		Mar.				(age 15) by working in printing			Perow?
		Death				office in Columbus, Ohio.			
		Burial				He or his son Jesse moved to California			
2	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth				Louis Martin was a French painter who lived			
		Mar.				in the household			
		Death							
		Burial							
3	Molly Full Name of Spouse* Barnes	Birth							Lived near
		Mar.							Richnor
		Death							Ark?
		Burial							
4	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
5	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth				#1 wife Harriet Emaline Quigg (Haddie)			
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
M	Robert Harrison Full Name of Spouse* (Lela) #2 Betty Leila Holmes	Birth	23	Oct	1844	Greenup Co., Kentucky			See over
		Mar.							
		Death	6	Feb	1902	Sulphur Springs, Arkansas			
		Burial				Confederate Cemetery, Sulphur Springs, Jeff.			
		Birth				after 1844			Kentucky
		Mar.				measles and whooping cough, Portsmouth, Oh			
		Death							
		Burial							
		Birth				Columbus, Ohio			
		Mar.				lost youngest sister			
		Death							
		Burial							
		Birth				Jane Everette lived with family (orphan) in Arkansas			
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
		Birth				chills			father was surveyer of county. Lived 2 mi.
		Mar.				and			South of Lawrenceville
		Death				fever 1857			(20 acres)
		Burial							Tommy died shortly after arrival

*If married more than once, No. each mar., (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

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FAMILY GROUP No. 24 Husband's Full Name Jesse Perro Poynter

This Information Obtained From:	Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Family	Birth	24	June	1835				Editor & publisher of Dewitt paper in
Eldon L. Banks	Chr'nd							
2900 Rhode Island I.E.	Mar.				age at death	57yr5mo18days		
Albuquerque, N. M.	Death	6	Feb	1892			California?	
87110	Burial							

Places of Residence	Occupation	Church Affiliation	Military Rec.
Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.			
His Father	David Edmonson Poynter	Mother's Maiden Name	Judith Belle MOSE

Wife's Full Maiden Name Amanda COSTER

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth			1844				
Chr'nd				age at death	55 yrs.		
Death	3	Oct	1899				
Burial							

Compiler	Betty Crawford	Places of Residence
Address	100 Nine Oaks	Occupation if other than Housewife
City, State	Pineville, IA	Church Affiliation
Date	8 May 1979	Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.
	Her Father	Mother's Maiden Name

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Child
1	Walter C. Full Name of Spouse* Vallena MAXWELL Gibbs	Birth			1873				Vallena 1874-195 no child
		Mar.							
		Death			1934	Dewitt		Arkansas	
		Burial				Dewitt		Arkansas	
2	Ethel Mae Full Name of Spouse* Hutcherson	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death			1951				
		Burial							
3	Cora Jesse Full Name of Spouse* Lynn S. Banks	Birth	30	Aug	1887	Dewitt		Arkansas	
		Mar.			1913				
		Death	7	Apr	1971				
		Burial				Emerson		Missouri	
4	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
5	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
6	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
7	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
8	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth				Dewitt, Arkansas			
		Mar.				501-946-2841			
		Death				(86 years old (Nov. 1979) and remembers real			
		Burial							
9	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
10	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							

*If married more than once, No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or informants.

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FAMILY GROUP No. 78 Husband's Full Name Jesse Green Poynter

This Information Obtained From:	Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on H
Kentucky Family Archives Vol III October, 1976	Birth	1	Jan	1784			Kentucky	He was a
	Chr'nd							His priz
	Mar.	(1) before		1810	Mt. Sterling, Montgomery Co., Ky			possession
	Death	19	June	1858	Argillite, Greenup Co., Kentucky			were a c
	Burial				Old Poynter Cemetery at Argillite			of Basco
	Places of Residence				Argillite, Greenup Co., Kentucky			sermons.
	Occupation	Farmer			Church Affiliation	Methodist	Military Rec.	Life of
	Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.				(2) Betsy - no children			Hymn boo
	His Father				Mother's Maiden Name			his bibli

Wife's Full Maiden Name Margaret (Kirk?) (May?) (Myers?)

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on W
Birth	21	Jan	1785			Kentucky	
Chr'nd							
Death	26	Apr	1842	Argillite, Greenup Co., Kentucky			age 57
Burial					Old Poynter Cemetery		

Compiler Sandra Sanders	Places of Residence							
Address	Occupation if other than Housewife				Church Affiliation			
City, State	Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.							
Date	Her Father				Mother's Maiden Name			

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on C
M	Jonathan Kirk Full Name of Spouse* Mary Crump	Birth			1810	Mt. Sterling, Montgomery Co., Kentucky		Kentucky	Mary
		Mar.	2	Jan	1835				also bo
		Death			1875	Argillite, Greenup Co., Kentucky			Mr. Ster
		Burial							
M	David Edmonson Full Name of Spouse* Judith Bell Moseley	Birth			1812			Montgomery Co., Kentucky	
		Mar.	23	Dec	1833			Arkansas	
		Death			1869				
		Burial							
F	Arimintha Full Name of Spouse* Winton Dysard	Birth						Montgomery Co., Kentucky	
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
M	John D. Full Name of Spouse*	Birth						Montgomery Co., Kentucky	
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
M	Edwin L. Poynter Full Name of Spouse* 1. Olivia Crump 2. Deborah Myers	Birth						Montgomery Co., Kentucky	
		Mar.	2	Aug	1841				
		Death							
		Burial							
M	Edward L. Full Name of Spouse* Cynthia Bays	Birth						Montgomery, Kentucky	
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
M	Jesse G. Poynter Full Name of Spouse*	Birth						Montgomery, Kentucky	
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
F	Elizabeth Full Name of Spouse* Samuel Brown	Birth	8	Apr	1820			Montgomery Co., Kentucky	
		Mar.							
		Death	7	Nov	1866	Argillite, Greenup Co., Kentucky			
		Burial							
F	Louisa Full Name of Spouse* Sandford Stewart	Birth						Montgomery Co., Kentucky	
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
M	William H. Poynter Full Name of Spouse*	Birth	25	Jan	1813				
		Mar.	29	Apr	1837				
		Death							
		Burial							

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*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, relatives or informant. All had copies in old Poynter Cemetery on top of Hill exactly at the corner of Poynter

FAMILY GROUP No. 20 Husband's Full Name Daniel Perow Moseley

This Information Obtained From:		Husband's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
History of Greenup Co. Kentucky by Nina Mitchel		Birth	22 June 1783	Buckingham		Virginia	schoolteach preacher?
Biggs and Mabel Lee		Mar.	1802				lawyer?
Mackay? Rose Spencer.		Death		lived Greenup Co. 7 mi W. of Greenupsburg, on			
		Burial		Lynn, Kv			Ohio River
Places of Residence 1796-Fayette Co., KY							
Occupation Church Affiliation Military Rec.							
Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.							
His Father				Mother's Maiden Name			

Wife's Full Maiden Name Martha Jamison

Wife's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth		came from Virginia, Culpepper Co. in			1782
Chr'nd					
Death					
Burial					

Compiler Betty Crawford Places of Residence Greenup Co., KY?

Address 100 Nine Oaks La		Occupation if other than Housewife	Church Affiliation
City, State Pineville, LA		Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.	
Date 10 April, 1979	Her Father Thomas Jamison		Mother's Maiden Name

Sex	Children's Names to Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
1	Judith Belle (Bull?) Full Name of Spouse*	Birth				Kentucky	
		Mar.	23 Dec 1833		Montgomery Co. Kentucky		
		Death		Philadelphia,	Pennsylvania		
		Burial					
2	Mary E. (?) Full Name of Spouse*	Birth	1839	Kentucky			lived in household with Judith Belle Poynter
	William W. Harper	Mar.			on 1860 Census of Monroe County, Jackson Township, ARKANSAS		
		Burial		William W. Harper born North Carolina (blacksmith)			
3	Oratio Nelson Jones Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					lived in Greenup Co., Ky after Civil War. He had been a schoolteacher, preacher and lawyer and lived seven miles west of Greenupsburg, on Ohio River.
		Mar.					
		Burial					
4	Shad? Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Burial					
5	Robert Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					Grandview, Edgar Co. Il
		Mar.					1869
		Burial					
6	Thomas Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					Cincinnati Ohio (1852)
		Mar.					
		Burial					
7	Sallarus? Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Burial					
8	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Burial					
9	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Burial					
10	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Burial					

etc. married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other wives, references of marriages.

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FAMILY GROUP No. Husband's Full Name Thomas Jamison

This Information Obtained From:	Husband's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on H.
	Birth							
	Chr'nd							
	Mar.							
	Death							
	Burial							

Places of Residence
 Occupation Church Affiliation Military Rec.

Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc.
 Make separate sheet for each mar.
 His Father Mother's Maiden Name

Wife's Full Maiden Name

Wife's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on W.
	Birth						
	Chr'nd						
	Death						
	Burial						

Compiler Betty Crawford Places of Residence
 Address 100 Nine Oaks Lane Occupation if other than Housewife Church Affiliation
 City, State Pineville, LA Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc.
 Date 13 Aug 1979 Make separate sheet for each mar.
 Her Father Mother's Maiden Name

Sex	Children's Names to Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on C.
1	<u>Martha</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u> <u>Daniel Perow Moselev</u>	Birth	after 1783?			came from Culpepper Co., VA in 1782			
		Mar.		1802					
		Death				still alive but feeble in 1869			
		Burial							
2	<u> </u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
3	<u> </u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
4	<u> </u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
5	<u> </u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
6	<u> </u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
7	<u> </u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
8	<u> </u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
9	<u> </u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
10	<u> </u> Full Name of Spouse* <u> </u>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							

*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. Info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

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^T
Children of Mamié Poynter Henry

- A. John Robert (Jack)
Married Annie Cornell Upchurch. No children. They live at 1709 W. 13th St.,
Pine Bluff, Arkansas.
- B. Marion Gray
Married Mattie Stovall, born Wilma, Ark., Drew County. July 8, 1906.
They have no children. They married 23 Aug 1962 in Long Beach, Calif.
- C. Donald Poynter, never married. Lives with Gray and Mattie in Redfield.

Robert Harrison went to Philadelphia and studied law and medicine. He stayed at rooming house of a widow Quigg. Met and married her daughter, Harriet Emaline Quigg. Their marriage license is recorded in District Court for the Southern District of New York. Hattie had three brothers, Rev. John B. Quigg, the oldest, and William and Samuel.

See notes to Hattie Quigg's Oratio
R. H. Poynter had an Uncle named Nelson Jones, who lived 5 miles below Greenupsburg.

Judith Belle Moseley had brothers and sisters. One brother was named Tom.

TAKEN FROM R.H. POYNTER'S JOURNAL:

27 Nov 1852, met in Helena by father. Traveled 20 miles west to Trenton, then 20 miles west to Lawrenceville, County Seat of Monroe (1 Jan 1853). Went 12 miles the first day, stayed with Wm. Rodgers, then traveled 15 mi., stayed with Tom (Rep. from Phillips Co.), passed 162 acres deeded to Judith Bell Poynter.

Second day, we arrived at Lawrenceville and rested with Mr. Van, Clerk of Court. Rested with them a few days then moved into rented house on Maddox Bay, tributary of White River. Bought home 2 mi. south of Lawrenceville. Father was surveyor of the County. Tommy died. (Baby brother).

Jesse had stopped in Memphis, got a job in Printing Office and remained several years.

1855, got horse and gun (age 11)

First Winter in Ark (52 or 53) bought property of Jacob's widow. Went to Baptist meeting with Jane Everette (orphan girl), was converted at age 10. Parents were Methodist. Also, according to JOURNAL OF RHP: Hattie Quigg's mother died the year before the Fall of 1874, RHP was a member of the Odd Fellow in 1868 (Delanco, N.J or Philadelphia?) Also, Church edifice in Burlington Co., N.J. was completed in 1874, in RHP's memory.

Rose nursed everyone through the flu until she wore herself out and contacted TB. Leigh Donelson took leave of absence and took her and his mom to Arizona. She died on the train coming back through El Paso and Texarkana.

R. H. Poynter patented a cotton planter and a chimney. He also invented a device to keep the ends of rails from bending down. According to his journal, the device was stolen from him and used by the railroads.

Brother of Robert Harrison Poynter: Jesse Prentiss (Perro?) Pounter, born June 24, 1835. Was married to Amanda Coster. Read Goodspeed's History of Eastern Arkansas for more on him.

Robert Harrison came to Arkansas in 1852 and settled in Monroe Co. He was licensed to preach in 1878 by the Quarterly Conference of DeWitt Circuit.

West Liberty, where R. H. Poynter said he was born maybe was Morgan County instead of Greenup County.

Janita (Jon ne' ta) Glover (Mrs. Jerry) does Holmes Genealogy (for a fee?) Mrs. Joe (Claire) Holmes told Ida Janette. See lives at 4008 Holly, telephone 534-6387, Pine Bluff, AR 71603

Robert H. Poynter had a nephew named Lute.

- #1. Jesse Prentiss Poynter. Read Goodspeed History of Eastern Arkansas for more on him. On family's journey to Arkansas territory, Jesse stopped in Memphis and got a job with printing office (Newspaper?) He remained there for several years. He worked for a printing office in DesArc in 1855.

The family came to Ark. to join father on stern-wheel passenger steamer, J. D. Parker. Family first settled on Maddox Bay, John A. Murrell headquarters. Aunt Silvy, a freed slave, cooked for Morrell.

People mentioned in RH's journal: Grandma Wilder, Bill Cumby, Ab Garrison. RH nursed Alex Reese. Simon Lonnehill? was horse thief? RH's brother-in-law (1860 was William Harper.

RH went to school in DesArc (1855) stayed with Hon. Joh C. Morrell, paper editor at DesArc

Judith Belle had brother, Gen. Thomas Moseley, Cincinnati, Ohio, (1852)

- #8. In 1860, Mother took sister Mattie to Pikesville where she taught school and sent sister to a female school near there.

The brother of David Edmundson met boat on banks of Mississippi on the way to Arkansas. He later died and David Edmundson went to settle up his affairs.

Robert Moseley lived in Grandview, Edgar Co., (1869)

27 Nov, 1852, family landed at Helena, met by father, went 20 mi. west to Trenton. Rested one week with family named Kendle. Went 20 mi west to Lawrenceville, County seat of Monroe, Jan, 1853. Rep. from Phillips Co.

162 acres deeded to Judith B. Poynter. Father went farther west. (Aunt BEcky Rodgers?) Mr. Vans. Bought land from widow lady Jacobs.

Louis Martin was a French painter who lived in the household.

Judith Belle had brother named Thomas Moseley. She had brothers and sisters.

Robert Harrison Poynter, born 23 Oct, 1844, in West Liberty, on the banks of the Licking River.

1848, moved to Springville, Ohio, on Ohio River (stayed one year - had cholera)

1849, moved to town (Portsmouth, Ohio, for one year, had measles and whooping cough)

1850(1847) Moved to Columbus, lost everything. Jesse Perro was 15 and worked in printing office.

Winter of 59 (48), father came to Arkansas (Helena) Mother recounted farm life in Kentu Nov 14, 1852, left Columbus by train to Cincinnati. (Uncle) Gen. Thos. Moseley lived in Cincinnati. Stayed several days.

Between 3rd and 8th day of river journey, saw Uncle at boat landing. On 8th day, landed at Memphis (November 27, 1852), landed at Helena.

Judith Belle had two brothers: Gen. Thos. Moseley and Col. Robert? Moseley, who fought with the Yankees in the Civil War.

Daddy's cousin Cora (Banks) remembers "Uncle Bob" as a joker and as a kid she always was glad to have him come for a visit.

Read Goodspeed's History of Eastern Arkansas for more on Jesse Perro Poynter

Cora Bank's family in N.E. Mo. (one daughter, 3 grandchildren and 8 greatgrandchildren).

Jesse P. Poynter, editor of the DeWitt Gazette and county treasurer of Arkansas County, is a native of Kentucky, in which state he was reared and educated until fourteen years of age. Then he went to Ohio, and in 1852 came with his father and family to Arkansas, locating in Monroe County, but remained only a short time. Going thence to Memphis, Tenn., he was employed on the Memphis Bulletin until 1858, after which he returned to Monroe County. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the Twenty-fifth Arkansas Infantry, holding the position of first lieutenant, in which he served until 1864, when he was transferred to the Forty-seventh Arkansas Cavalry; he took part in Price's raid through Missouri, Kansas and the Indian Territory, and was appointed first lieutenant of Company K. After the war he engaged in farming, which occupation he followed until 1879, when he moved to DeWitt, and was employed at his trade as printer. Mr. Poynter married Miss Amanda Coster, of Monroe County, and to them have been born three children; Walter, Ethel May and Cora. Mr. and Mrs. Poynter are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity and is a Royal Arch Mason. In 1886 he was elected county treasurer, and reelected in 1888, and fills the office with entire satisfaction to the community, and with credit to himself. In 1883, in DeWitt, he started a paper called the SENTRY, which he published until 1884 when he started his present paper.....(From Goodspeed History of Eastern Ark,

Rd. and Rt. 1. The stones have fallen over and we couldn't find them for the underbrush. New Poynter cemetery is across the road.

#1. Son of Kirk Poynter:

- A. Edward L. (born 24 Mar., 1844, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Buried in Poynter Cemetery, Greenup Co., Ky.) Died 8 Jan 1929. Widow Margaret Crump Poynter.
 - (1) John
 - (2) Calvin
 - (3) Anna

Argillite and Russell, Ky?

David Edmonson Pa.

Judith Belle Moseley died in Philadelphia, PA.

As per notes found in Mother's papers:

Grandfather Jesse Poynter was editor of newspaper in Columbus, Ohio. His son, Robert Harrison, our Grandfather, and his brother, Jessie, came to Arkansas near Dewitt. Also, Sister Mollie came to Arkansas. Jessie's son, Walter died in Dewitt. Molly Barnes lived near Ichnor?, Grandfather's sister. Jessie moved to California.

One brother of David Edmonson died in Ark a few years after David Edmonson Poynter came to Ark. The Poynter family started in Jew Jersey, with cousins in Springfield, Missouri. They went from N.J. to Columbus, Ohio. One Newspaper editor in Columbus named Poynter (Jesse?) Family split, part went to St. Charles, Ark (Bro of David Edmonson?)

Jesse Green Poynter had brother named Ed. Also, mentioned Kirk Poynter, Calvin Poynter.

Kentucky Pointers: Brothers Joseph, M. Pointer, married 1863 - Ray Co.
Chas. Wesley Pointer Many preachers in their line
Wm. Duncan Pointer

North Carolina Pension Abstracts of the Revolution and War of 1812:

Dec 4, 1833, Jesse Poynter of Greenup Co., Ky, swore affidavit for Josiah Westlake, then 74 years old, who was trying to obtain a pension.

From "History of Greenup County": The immigrant, William Moseley, came from England to Virginia between 1612 and 1650. His descendant, Daniel Perow Moseley was born in Buckingham, Virginia, June 22, 1783. When he was 13, he came with parents to Fayette County, Kentucky. In 1802, he married Martha Jamison, daughter of Thomas Jamison, who also came from Virginia (Culpepper County) in 1782.

William W. Harper, blacksmith, born in North Carolina, (1832?)

Mary E. Moseley Harper, born Kentucky, 1839.

Their son: David L. Harper, born 1859-60 in Arkansas (Monroe County, Jackson Township)

A list of the first 1000 soldiers taking oath of allegiance as directed by the Act of General Assembly, 1792, at Winchester, Kentucky.

(see page 824)

see also page 824-825 of

Genealogy of the Moseley Family (in press) Ancestor Hunting by Mildred Watkins

see also page 831 of Revolution from Portland, Oregon (pg 831)

Revolutionary Soldiers in Kentucky - Greenup County

Robert Moseley, lieutenant Personal file #246
Feb. 15, 1819 Nov 11, 1818 pg. 69

Other names of soldiers in Greenup County - see page 831 of Revolution from Portland, Oregon

see also page 831 of Revolution from Portland, Oregon

Daniel Perow Moseley, b. 22 June 1783 in Buckingham (Culpepper Co?) Virginia. He was a schoolteacher, lawyer, and preacher. He lived in Greenup Co., Ky. 7 mi. West of Greenupsburg on Ohio River in 1796, came to Fayette Co., Ky when he was 13. Was buried in Lynn, Kentucky. Was Major in War of 1812 and Indian War, 1832.

Read History of Greenup Co., Ky by Nina Mitchell Biggs and Mabel Lee Mackay.

The immigrant, William Moseley, came to Virginia from England between 1612 and 1650.

FAMILY GROUP NO. Husband's Full Name *ROBERT HARRISON*

This Information From: Husband's Day/Month/Year City County State Ex. Info

Birth *3-24-1893*

Chr'nd

Mar.

Death *7-11-1974*

Burial *ROSE HILL CEMETERY TYLER SMITH TEX*

Places of Residence

Occupation Church Affiliation Military Rec.

Other wives

His Father *EZEKIEL S. GILMIRE* Mother's Maiden Name *MARY ELIZABETH HEN*

Wife's Full Maiden Name *FRANCES WILLIAM PAVANTON*

Day Month Year City County State Ex. Info

Birth *3 15 1898*

Chr'nd

Death

Burial *3 4 1967*

Compiler Places of Residence

Address Occupation if other than Housewife Church *M.E.*

City, State Other husbands if any

Date Her Father *ROBT HARRISON PRINTER* Mother's Maiden Name *BETTY LEA HOLMES*

Sex	Children's Names	Date	Day	Month	Year	City	County	State	Ex. Info
1	<i>WALTER P.</i> Spouse <i>ELAINE ISABELL</i>	Birth	<i>1</i>	<i>10</i>					<i>MARRIED</i> <i>LITTLE ROCK</i>
		Mar.							<i>OK</i>
		Death							<i>DATE OF SUE</i>
		Burial							<i>MARRIED HIM</i>
2	<i>ROSE CLIFORD</i> Spouse <i>LEONARD E. DAVIDSON</i>	Birth	<i>10</i>	<i>14</i>					<i>WALTON</i>
		Mar.							<i>2 CHILD</i>
		Death							
		Burial							
3	<i>BETTY EVA</i> Spouse <i>NOT MARRIED</i>	Birth	<i>MAR</i>	<i>3</i>					
		Mar.	<i>JUNE 9</i>	<i>1946</i>		<i>TYLER</i>	<i>SMITH</i>	<i>TEXAS</i>	<i>2 DAUGHTERS</i>
		Death							<i>REBECCA</i>
		Burial							<i>CYNTHIA KAY</i>
4	<i>BELLA LEAH</i> Spouse <i>JOHN EDWARD ELLISON</i>	Birth	<i>12-27-22</i>			<i>LIVES STATE SCHOOL</i>			
		Mar.						<i>ABELINE TEX</i>	
		Death							
		Burial							
5	<i>ROBERT HARRISON</i> Spouse <i>PATSY BASS</i>	Birth	<i>12-27-22</i>						<i>5 CHILDREN</i>
		Mar.	<i>8-2-1946</i>			<i>TYLER, TEXAS</i>			<i>CHARLIE</i>
		Death							<i>CAROLYN</i>
		Burial							<i>FRANCES</i>
6	<i>FRANCES SIDNEY</i> Spouse <i>WM NICHOLSON II</i>	Birth	<i>12-28-25</i>						<i>JOHN H.</i>
		Mar.				<i>TYLER SMITH TEXAS</i>			<i>JAMES RAY</i>
		Death	<i>CANCER</i>			<i>PATSY DIED CANCER</i>			
		Burial				<i>HE MARRIED ANOTHER PAT?</i>			<i>PAT & PAT?</i>
7	Spouse	Birth	<i>SEPT. 11</i>						<i>3 BOYS</i>
		Mar.				<i>HOUSTON - HARRIS TEX</i>			<i>GARY</i>
		Death							<i>GREG</i>
		Burial							<i>ALLEN</i>
8	<i>RICHARD GREY "DIA"</i> Spouse <i>NITA THOMPSON</i>	Birth							<i>12 CHILDREN</i>
		Mar.							<i>TAYNA</i>
		Death							
		Burial							
9	<i>JAMES DONALDSON</i> Spouse <i>MARY RAINES</i>	Birth	<i>SEPT 21</i>						<i>WM NICHOLSON</i>
		Mar.				<i>DAVIS OKLA - HAD 3 CHILDREN</i>			<i>RICK</i>
		Death				<i>DIVORCED - MARRIED A</i>			<i>DAVID</i>
		Burial				<i>LINDA - ALORA + KAREN</i>			<i>LARRY</i>

BIRTH
MAR
DEATH
BURIAL

HAD 1 DAUGHTER
CYNTHIA KAY

The bearer hereof Root H Byntes having been duly
recommended, and having been examined as the
Discipline directs, by the Quarterly Conference, Switt
Circuit of Little Rock Dist of Little Rock Annual
Conf. of the M. E. Church, South, is hereby auth-
orized to preach the gospel, according to the
rules and regulations of said Church.

Signed in behalf of said Quarterly Conf
Wm. Stinson, Secy
Switt Arks Mo. 23 1878

Andrew Hunter P. E.

Red Fork Nov 2 1879

Received ~~Horace Jewell~~
Horace Jewell P. E.

diary of

Robert Harrison Poynter

1844 Born in west Liberty Ky Oct 23
Father David Edmonson Poynter
Mother Judith Ball ~~Edmonson~~ Moseley

852 Nov 27 landed at Helena from Steamboat (14 day trip)
to go to 160 acres in Mother's name (Reclaimed by father)
25 mi from Helena. Went 20 mi to Trenton to home of

853 Jan KENDLE - went 20 mi W. to Lawrenceville (passed by
the 160 acres "deeded in fee simple" to Mother.
Stayed with Tom repr. from Phillips Co.

Lived in Lawrenceville, Monroe County. Father
Co. Surveyor and Post Master - Storekeeper. Merchant
Hotel Keeper

1855 went to phase in decade - lived with Hon. John C.
Murrece - paper editor (brother Jesse Perrow Poynter
worked for printer).

pg 14 + 15 - stories of outlaws + desperadoes - Murrece,
Garrison, Lumby, Dennihill
Dan Wilder regulator
Alce Reese

1860/61 Carried mail from Trenton to Aberdeen to Little Cypress
Carried news of Civil war coming - Manassas - Bull Run
(pg 24) Secession -

(pg 27) joined Baldwin "Moorse Blues" Infantry Co.
left Indian Bay - was sick & couldn't go.
Employed as neighborhood picket to watch
for Federal troops.

2 winter joined infantry under Capt Dick Davis, Hawthorne Regiment + Fagan's Brigade went to Camp at L. Rock. Had pneumonia there - Hosp to wife - sent home to die with pulmonary infection of lung. (Gen Price Gen Fagan discharged ~~by~~ ⁱⁿ writing.

863 July - Rejoined Gen Price in advance on Helena
Col Hawthorne said ^{RH} too weak to go into battle so he was used as courier. Then joined Washington's Independent Scout Cavalry - Wm Mayo Capt.

Battle of St Charles - gunboat sunk - eye witness account (pg 33 + 34 + 35)

other battles pg 36 - to 51
Surrendered at mt
Paroled at end of war at Jackson Port.

866 went to study Ministry at Valley Grove -
Pres. + professor Dr Wilder(?) Wilburn(?) School went under.
Taught school at Augusta Ark. then Independence County -

868 ^{12/16} Started East to visit relatives - Married + acquired property.

73 - Ruined by Jay Cook's Speculation + Depression.
(Chairman of Pkg. Committee Church in Burlington Co. (Delaware N.J.))

74 fall - Left for Arkansas
Arr in Ark Dec 1874

1775 -
(Pg 2) Weged Organize first Met. dist. Mission Church in
Monroe County. Rev. Geo. Alonely was P.E. & Rev.
Bracelee was P.C.

(Pg 24)
1784 (good)
First Denom. Preacher of Valley Grove - Wheeler 12 yrs.
earlier was Convent at joined Church. 1 St. Louis
for ministry.

1777(?)
1780 (Pg 70)
After 2 yrs Convent and Co to form. In fall of '77 over
out crop & Convent Proclerts Blg - this got Relaxed
3 mo. brought ancee place near Levent & formed
1878 - while there he

(Pg 71)
Organized first prop. breaking tree between the
Lagrange east of Levent - in Sidcom Near London.
3 mi E of Levent - Built Camp ARBOR
On Hugston Rd.
Went to camp & recommended license & preach
for him. LITTLE PRAIRIE MISSION area
constituted & Rd. Fryer went to take dry pit.

(Pg 27)
1783
1789
Sale farm back to person he bought it from
and started ministry. - 30 mi to this work -
then Monroe & work. family waited at Bro. Lewis
Hallers house at edge of Swamp in Little Prairie
and he came for them - Joseph large tree &
went after K.H. Spols. the place was in Swamp;
so there - then went to headlands of Little Prairie
at edge of all water. Sheat where would be N.H. Spols.
went to home of Bro. Nelband & around Swamp
to pick up family in Denoe. On Mon. went to
Bro. Brinkets to get for you to move tree to first
Personage - a little tree built of dry branches - 2 rows -
in a beautiful grove just on edge of prairie

(Pg 74) Hand written

Did good work that year Had 5 appointments + was first preacher ever assigned to that area. Had been a part of Decitt Circuit. - but several years since any regular preaching there.

8729 typed

1st yr of Ministry at Little Prairie I organized Camp meeting. Was first Protestant Preacher that ever organized a Church at the Foot of Ark

Recd. \$60 first yr for his service. & Collected \$40 Conf. Money.

book 2

after 1st yr at Little Prairie Mission at next Conf. was read out as supply to Little Prairie Mission Bro. Parace Jewell for 2nd time was P.E. That year moved to River for convenience as part of work now lay on that side - 3 appointments on So. side of River - Red Fork, Watson & Pendleton

879

Another man by name of Armistead was sent in by P.E. to take charge of part of territory but did not specify division.

was admitted to Conf. at Camden in 1879 by Bishop Pierce in class of E. B. Kelley, O. C. Robertson, Geo W. Burnett, E. W. Eavans, A. T. Stanley, etc - sent back on Red Fork Circuit. No. of River was taken from him & given to Ark Post Circuit Wm Rogers was P.E.

(Pg 80)

(Pg 80) Camp Meeting at Little Prairie

1880 - Red Fork Circuit again.

(pg 83) Embarked in Mercantile business on bank of Ark. River 2 mi below Red Fork "where I had bought some land" + for 2 yrs - ^{Feb 1880} Star-leading-sawmill, gin - in business with young man by name of John Snyder - Sawmill owned by another (Chidester) Pg 123
Snyder died.

12
83
32
Feb
Continued preaching + in business with former partners father. ^{Chas Snyder pg 114} Assisted in all Revivals + Camp Meetings. Married all the folks near me. That year married Mattie Grugin(?) Gruger(?) to Ben Franklin of Catfish Point Miss.

84
Pg 91+92
Appointed to former work 1885 wound up business + free to do ministry. Had own home on banks of Ark River Neighbor Sam Chidester

ed) pg 90 Begins Record of Ministry work

- Wm Burnett pg 74
- Dec Jardins pg 93
- Mary People pg 93
- Mr Morris pg 91
- Sister Banks - Douglas pg 91
- Sister Davis pg 74
- Sister Bern Luible pg 94

pg 95) Steamboat E V Coe
pg 97) " Ida Orrick

(8997) I have a public landing -

Bro. Seaman

Sister Weeks

Capt. Jones

Bro + Sister Wiley, young people, ^{and} Mrs. farms

Joe Garretts

Sister Dennis

Bro. Willis

Sick away from Home

Capt. Henson

Mr. Counts

Mr. Nelson

Capt. Ferris

Genl. Green at Cummins Place

Lem Burnett

~~Peter~~ Jackson

Sister Kirby

Bro. Casperwoods

went to my place at Como + set out fruit trees.

Sleambat R. L. Cobb

" Ed Foster

Sleambat Rice

May More (store back-Bank covering) + More House

2161 wife keeps P.O., rec. frt., + all other business

Pg 167 Steamboat Joe Peters

175
176 Camp Meeting L. Prairie - preached
30 mourners

married Marcella Hamersley to Henry Samons

179 married S. D. Hughes + Ellen Chester

85
181
182 Ministry makes me a living

182 married Charles Wallace to Jimmie Coose
at Coose Homestead

183
85-86? moved to upper place

192
Pg 180 said Dr Hawley my lower place (lower on the River)

193 took Skiff + went down River to view old place
"where I lived with poor little wife"

192 played piano

193 played violin

195 Made deed to Dr Hawley of old place + 60 acres
of land to nephew W. L. Harper

1887 went to Brinkley to Conference