Six counties of Arkansas and two parishes of Louisiana are watered, drained, benefited and beautified by Bayou Bartholomew. Like all true bayous, Bartholomew has no natural spring for a source but well within the memory of the earlier recorders, it began in one stream and ended in another, as the terrific earthquake convulsion, during which Nature threw up a great dam and permanently closed the visible connection with its original source, the Arkansas river. Since that cataclysm, the beginning of Bayou Bartholomew comes in a underseepage from the river and is to be found today clear, fast trickling, some 20 miles west of this earthquake dam in the low rises of sandy ground and gravel beds beyond Sulphur Springs, 10 miles northwest of Pine Bluff.

This slender, silver thread of the bayou's beginning gains rapidly in course and depth as it wanders sluggishly back and forth in a somewhat southeasterly course out of Jefferson county. Farther on it lays diagonals Lincoln county, touches Desha and Chicot counties and flows tortuously through the entire length of Drew and Ashley counties, then out of the state of Arkansas into Morehead parish, Louisiana. It flows through Ouachita parish until it is discharged into the Ouachita river. Although the bayou gives up its separate channel, it retains its individuality. Rivermen and other observers testify that the remarkable peculiarities of Bayou Bartholomew remain discernible beside the limpid stream of its host, the Ouachita, and that the bayou's distinct churning current of the Mississippi.

It has been conjectured that in some remote period Bayou Bartholomew was an old channel of the Arkansas river, or the trace of the still mightier current of the Mississippi. In places the banks are higher than the stream and the whole sluggish stream is amazingly crooked in its meanderings. It never overflows its banks. Although 20 feet wide and the larger bends are found extensive lakes that in some mysterious subterranean manner must take all of the surplus high water, or did so before modern drainage canals and river levees changed the character and contour of the countryside.

On the map of this unique bayou region, six counties and two parishes, the line indicating the coursing circuit of Bayou Bartholomew's nearly 500 miles, looks like a message upon the typewriter, as if inscribed in the mighty hieroglyphics of the Creator. An early definition of the word reads: "Bayou, to designate a stream, is smaller than a river but larger than a creek, is a familiar term in the geography of but four of the United States, and true bayous are found only in these four, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi. This latter is often called the 'Bayou State.'"

Nutall says "bayou" means a dead river, a sluggish stream, and uses the word "bayoue;" the French slang expression for "channel" is "bayoue.

Of all the streams having this corrupted French word for channel as part of their identifying alias names, none is more picturesque than Bayou Bartholomew. Its prehistoric mounds and Indian relics, its tortuous length of almost 500 miles, its water navigation by steamboats plied two-thirds of that length, the fish, turtles and mounds teeming in its slow depths, the wild game and birds that are found there, the lush beauty of the moon-floated growth along its banks and watercourse, the vivid color of the blue water hyacinth, yucca, spider and white water lilies that spread over its surface a perfumed carpet of flowers—are all found here.

The Arkansas poet, Joie Franca Capleman, describes it:

"For that is where the grey moss grow. The berries from the golden land flow, Where the wild duck wings And the flower-crowned rims. And the sound of the eagle.

"Let me go where the grey moss hings, Where the swaying stumper becomes, Where the boy tree blooms. Tall magnolias bloom And the great live oaks are kings."

The name "Bartholomew" seems to be indicative of fickleness, both in the trend of the bayou and in the spelling of its name, for no stability is found in either. It is known that Bayou Bartholomew derives in one direction in its channel for part of the year and then, without warning or discernible cause, it may reverse itself and in another direction for a variable time. And it is said that one of the earlier men of this name, William Bartholomew, who married Anne Lord, about 1620, wrote his name in many styles and used various spellings thereof—often adding an "o" with flourishes for emphasis, specially on Sundays. Perhaps that is the reason why this application was given to this unique and changeable stream.

Several explanations are offered as to the reason for the application of the name to this stream which is likely, yet unlike, the other bayous so frequently referred to by poets and prose writers.

Some of the other familiar and famous bayous are Teche, La Fourche and Atchafalaya of the Evangeline country, Baird, Ambeau, Meto, Caney, Flat, Plumb, Waterskee, Bump, Buhloch, Barth and Salt, of other Arkansas and Louisiana sections. One of the picturesque explanatory reasons of the origin of the name of Bayou Bartholomew is that it was given by a religious explorer to honor one of the twelve apostles, St. Bartholomew, who, impelled by some spiritual inspiration, became a missionary who wandered ceaselessly afar and in a leisurely fashion healed, taught and converted countless peoples in many countries, just as beatific Bayou Bartholomew, a stream without a perceptible spring source, flows through many townships of several counties in two states, watering, draining and improving each one by the contact.

A deeply entrenched theory is that the bayou was named for one of the historic "10 men" left with De Fonti in 1666 by La Bale to establish the fort in the newly explored wilderness west of the Mississippi river. This theory is given greater credence because the bayou once was used as a yardstick to measure and designate the location and extent of the famous Spanish Island Grant made by the king of Spain to Baron de Bastrop. This Bastrop Island was in the United States and was a line of land on each side of the full length of Bayou Bartholomew and dates the first recognized use of the name as applied to this particular bayou as 1797.

Some 22 years later a property owner, Ambrose Bartholomew, lived on this bayou, where a settlement was being started on the pine-covered bluff of the Arkansas river in 1813, and this color the popular and plausible version of how the bayou received its name. This Frenchman might easily have been living right beside the bayou when the Bastrop grant was made in 1797.

The region through which Bayou Bartholomew meanders is divided into two distinct types of land and soil, one with its equally attractive advantages, people and industries. The bayou upland or hill country drew settlers seeking the powerful streams and the fertile bottoms. These lower lying areas along Bayou Bartholomew are fertile, but subject to overflow, not from the bayou but from backwaters of the Mississippi river. The bayou occupies a deep channel bordered by broad flat "bottoms," containing countless sluices, swamps and brakes with low ridges or hummocks scattered throughout the flat, poorly drained stretches.

These Bartholomew Bayou bottoms cover a remarkable scope of country and are of an abilval nature in distinct character from the soil of the river bottom lands in Ashley and other counties. These are termed the "first bottoms." Partaking of the features of both the uplands and of the bottoms are the "flatwood uplands." These lie mostly in Drew county east of the rolling upland belt, and consist of a broad flat area bordering the "first bottoms." This flatwood area is from 20 to 50 feet lower than the rolling uplands. They slope with a sharp, sudden drop down 10 to 15 feet to the "first bottoms." All of these bottoms constitute an important part in the sections wherein they lie. Both the surface and under-drainage were so defensible that formerly much of the fertile value of the land went to waste, unrepresented and uncommercialized. For a long period the beauty of the Bartholomew Bayou was unnoted.

Wild cane grew in rank density in the bayou braves and swamps, providing abundant food and shelter for the wild creatures of that long past time, and later made excellent pasturage for domestic animals after the coming of the pioneers.

The heavy forest timber that grew along most of this bayou district were of cypress, oak, gum and nut trees with dogwood, redbud, plum and other smaller flowering and fruit trees in the dense undergrowth. All along the Bartholomew forest appeared tropical and exotic because of the fan-palm trees beside the Indian trails and the gray Spanish moss festoons overhead. These heavy forest growths indicated the richness of the soil and presented a prohibitively expensive supply of food and building materials for the early homesteaders. Yet their impermeability and enormous girth were not without their advantage to the early settler, obstacles to be overcome with great labor before settlements could be made. Also this forest growth retarded all effort at farming.

But in return they gave rise to the profitable timber and fruit trees which have lasted even to this time. Fortunes were made in those major lumber activities and are indicated in the newer development of the pulp and paper industries.

In the days of the rise and fall of those prehistoric peoples, the River Dwellers and the Mound Builders and in the later periods of the better known Indian tribes, Bayou Bartholomew was a favorite canoe route often used to avoid the swifter and more frequented waterway of the Arkansas river and its tributary, the Smokey river. This avoidance of the main streams prevailed especially in times of hunting expeditions, or when the tribes were on the war path, or while the big rivers were at flood stage or during their overflow. As the bayou never overflowed, the whole canoe journey could be made by the Atchafalaya bayous, the Ouachita river, around Bayou Bartholomew, thence through a short strip of the Smokey back into the upper Father of Waters, and on to the Great Lakes without a single portage, which was an enormous advantage when danger threatened.

As the bayou made its tortuous, back-lapping, curving way southward in the center of its body and away from the places at which it was possible to ford the stream became exceedingly rare. One of these Bartholomew ford on the map, was used by early Indians and later settlers, by the tribe warriors and white armies. The ford was on the original tract of land bought by Peter Gillam River and owned by his Taylors.

Near this Bartholomew ford is to be found a remarkable array of Indian mounds and an imposing single pile of ancient arrow heads. (Negro field hands plow up these valuable signs of another race each spring. The mounds is as tall as a manor house and fully as large. Quite close to this big mound is a smaller one. These four stand on an island. The whole ground is surrounded by water. They stand right in the middle of the stream. As the water makes one of its deepest bends and a canal was cut through the remaining bed of land. In the Independence Institute sent an expedition to Arkansas to excavate Indian mounds. In the ones near the ford on the Taylor plantation on a one day's work they found some remarkable specimens were found. One yielded a complete medicine man's outfit, some red paint, three inches of a stilts workmanship and the remains of many birds. Again about 1915 or 1916, scientists were sent to dig at the Bartholomew Indian mounds. A small mound was opened and a "battle burial" was unearthed. There were four skeletons lying with their feet together and each head pointing in a different direction, north, south, east and west. At the right hand of each there was a large bowl, a small bowl and a large spoon-like shell. One of the skeletons was that of a jawbone of a squirrel. One skull was cracked. It was deduced by those men of science that the Indians had been killed in battle and hastily buried and that they were provided with food to use on their journey to the happy hunting grounds.
White River’s Long Journey


By Tom Shiras

Lacking a few of the minor curves, White River, from its source, far up in the Boston mountains of Madison county, in its course, it flows into the Arkansas near the Mississippi, its meandering from the mountains to the Delta.

The question that White river asks the half-million people who live in its vicinity is: "What is my source, where do I head?" and this is a debatable question at all points on the river. It was further up, some conf AB origin is to Oklahomas, in Kansas, others, Missouris, and still others in Newton county, Arkansas. But very few of them have the right answer.

In discussing the question with a Fayetteville newspaper editor recently, she asked: "What does White river head?" and she was less than 20 miles away from its source. I had just coasted down the grade from the Big Spring where the river heads, on top of all Pettigrew it becomes only a trickle, but it is still White River to the native people of that section, and it remains White River clear up to the Big Spring, from which it heads. Most rivers have several forks near the heads and do not take their names until below these forks, but White river holds its name from its source to its mouth.

One would imagine from the character of the river that the spring from which it heads would be a boiling, gushing spring—a spring like Mammoth spring, or the Cataract spring, or any of the other large springs in the state, but it isn't. It is just an average spring, a gush up like a well, and when the writer was there in late August there was flowing just a bare trickle of water. During wet periods, however, it takes on more life and according to Boston folks, sends quite a stream gushing down the mountain. For a few miles it rises up at Pettigrew, it looks as if it drops about 100 feet to the mile, and during long, rainy periods it must be a roaring little river.

Any way you drive to the head of White river, you will follow one of the most beautiful drives you can make in the Ozarks, because no matter which way you come in, you have to drive through the mountains, and the Boston range of the Ozarks is one of the most beautiful in that area. The elevation above sea level is higher, and the mountains are higher. Topping the high points you meet breath-taking panoramas. The atmosphere is a deep blue, the timber looks like green velvet, and, heads. It is about a quarter of a mile from the village of Boston, Madison county, near the Franklin and Johnson county lines.

The spring from which White river

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from Fayetteville, you take State High-
way 14, and follow White River all the way.
Both the White and War Eagle
valleys are from a quarter to a half
mile wide, very fertile, and the green
growing crops of the valleys make a beautiful forest against the moun-
tain background.

A short distance from Pettigrew, you cross into the Ozark Na-
tional Forest, and from this point to
the head of the river, a distance of about
21 miles, you follow a very beautiful
way along Highway 16 to the top of the
mountain. Each sharp right-angle cur-
vature at the head of a hollow repre-
sents a needle that you pass through. You go through a number of
these eyes, then suddenly without
warning, you come on the top of the
world, and there is Boston, with
its one store and three homes.

Boston is 2,228 feet above sea level
and is the highest town in the country that comes with high elevations. The build-
ings are painted and well taken care of
and everything has a snugg, comfort-
able look. On the hottest day you can
step in the shade and it is cool, for it
is breezy-swept 24 hours a day. In
the cool, dry, July winter when the
clouds hang low, it is enveloped at
times in cloudy mist. The distant moun-
tain landscapes from this point are
wonderful. On clear days one can see
almost as far from Boston as it is pos-
able to see in the clear atmosphere of
the West. When vision is at its best,
R. Ogden, Boston merchant, says that
when visibility is good they can see
Magazine Mountain, which they esti-
mate is 100 miles away.

More large streams head in a smaller
area around Boston than perhaps any	similar size area in the United States.
You can stand in the center of a 100-foot
circle and throw stones into the head of
White River, Kings river, War Eagle
and Big Mulberry without straining
your voice. If you have a high pow-
ered rifle along, you can drop a bullet
into the head of Buffalo, not far away.

The top of the ridge, where Mr.
Ogden’s store sets, is a very narrow “back-
bone,” and water that falls on the left
side of the road to the store flows into
White River, and that on the right side
into Kings river. The same is true of
Tom Hunter’s home. The water from
the roof of the William Silva home, on
the same ridge, divides between the
White River and War Eagle.

One of the best streams flowing from
these four rivers is divided. Roy Ogden, the
merchant, owns 120 acres on the ridge, which
which takes in the heads of Big Mulberry
and Kings river.

The spring from which White River
heads is in an open pasture, on the
ridge next to the mouth of the old
of the Ogden store. Mr. Ogden uses it
for stock water and has it fenced with
a wire fence that is changed three
feet in height, and is about five feet
deeep and three feet in diameter; is walled up with rock
like a dog well. In dry weather it flows a
very rich brown, and during periods of
rainfall it supplies plenty of water
and flowers. As the area from which the
large height it would be gener-
ally true that water would not be found close by the road, and yet this is
a 28-foot well in front of the store
supplying plenty of water.

At the point of the village where the
head of White River, with Pettigrew
as the center, was one of the largest
packers of hardwood in the world.
M. Spinks, who has been living at
Pettigrew since 1871, said: “When we
housed here in 1871, this country was
a veritable wilderness. Deer, wild-

turkey and all other game was plenti-
ful, and the rivers were full of fish.
The white oak timber in the section
was the finest in the world, immense
stands with huge straight trees. At
that time there were only two stores at
which we could trade and they were
about 40 miles apart. The territory set-
tied up slowly until 1896, when they
constructed the St. Paul branch of the
Franco, then things began to boom. A
great many railroads were in construc-
tion at that time, and the demand for
white oak ties was heavy, and Pettigrew
started as a trade market. I have seen
strings of loaded tie wagons wait-
ing to unload at the tie yard a mile
long.

The hardwood sawmills came next
and millions of feet of the finest white
oak lumber and dimension stock in the
world was cut and shipped out of
here on the St. Paul branch. The sawmills
industry started here in 1869. I made
the first contract for staves in this section
in that year and for a good many years
followed the stave business. The mer-
chantable white oak has been almost
wiped out, and the production of staves
has dropped almost to nothing compared
to early days of the industry.

How about the young growth,” he
asked.

“Plenty of it, but it will take 50
years for it to mature and by that time all
of the folks around my age here will
be gone.”

White River really starts to grow a
few miles below Pettigrew, where Mid-
die Fork runs into it. A few miles
farther on West Fork joins it. Then
Long creek, Bull creek, Swan creek,
War Eagle, Kings river, Beaver, James,
Little Norfork, Crooked creek, Buf-
alo, Northfork, Sylamore and a hun-
don other smaller creeks on down to
Black river, in Jackson county.

After Black river joins it, the
White really becomes a big river—Arkansas’s
one big river, for it has both its sources
and its mouth in the state. With the
exception of about 100 miles of curves
and twists across the state line into
and out of Missouri, where it seems to
be undecided whether to go back home
or not, the whole river is in Arkansas.
On a rampage it has done as much as
several million dollars worth of dam-
age, and it will produce enough electricity to supply Ar-
kansas and adjoining states.

This beautiful mountain brook is White river three miles below its source.

Story of a River

Over in the hills of western Arkansas
several little streams in days long ago
put their mouths together and chanted
down a word that a listener Indian
called Oua-chia.

The Oua-chia is a river of romance,
considering how little we know about it.
It serves a happy valley from Rena
to Monroe and on to the Red River.
The Oua-chia is the official agent of commerce, but it leaves
a trail of beauty for lovers and nature
lovers to enjoy.

It is doubtful if any other small river
in the United States has more influ-
enced human life along its course.
This is shown by the adoption of its
name for there are Oua-chia mountains,
Oua-chia avenue in Hot Springs and
the general water there by the same
name. Then we find Oua-chia College
and Oua-chia street in Arkadelphia;
Oua-chia county, Oua-chia hotel in
Carmen; a town named Oua-chia in
Dallas county, in Louisiana is Oua-
chich and in Monroe is Oua-chia
High School and other institutions
bearing the same name. Banks, stores,
steamboats and manufactured goods
have been named with the same ap-
ellation.

In southern Arkansas the river bathes
the shores of Dallas, Ouachita, Union,
Ashley and Bradley counties.

At the section surrounding the
head of White River, with Pettigrew
as the center, was one of the largest
packers of hardwood in the world.
M. Spinks, who has been living at
Pettigrew since 1871, said: “When we
housed here in 1871, this country was
a veritable wilderness. Deer, wild-

By W. H. Halliburton.

"After the destruction of the tem-
ples of Montezuma," Mr. Lee con-
tinues, "there was nothing left for the
priests, Oco-eh-te-eh, to perform no labor. They emigrated to
the Gulf coast near where San Luis
Potosi now stands, later crossed what
is now Texas, coming into a country to
oppose a while on the Red river.
The fame of the healing waters of the hot springs to this
place reached the wanderers and up
and up a tributary of the Red River they came.
They liked the healing waters of this
country and there flourished a town.
The river took its name from these earlier, Oo-chi-eh-te-eh, later spelled Oua-chia, then Ouachita, by the early
white discoverers and French succes-
sors.

The white man’s history of this stream began with the arrival of Hen-

Bein Delo in 1854. He had heard of
a fabled fountain of youth in the
southwest in the mountains of the
springs. There was an Indian vil-

l.age called Tanoico where, according to De Moxy’s historian, was a “lake of very
hot and brackish water.” In the writ-
ings of De la Vega mention is made
of the river from which the Indians
were to be slaughtered and rounded up in the story of the
war against the Apache.

Another version, and one that com-
pletely confused all previous work of
thorough research by the late Dr. H.
L. Winburn of Arkadelphia who
was convinced that the widespread
Caddo Indians gave the name to their fave-

tory river. The Caddoo, or as the Confesor wrote, from
northern Louisiana to a point
far up into the Ouachita mountains of
Arkansas. They were a warlike people and conducted their far-flung
commerce in the Mohillion tongue—
that of a tribe for which Mobile was
the capital. Dr. Winburn and others,
however, have had no light on the
famous name from Caddo mines.

"In the Mohillion tongue," he said," the
"Ou-chia," pronounced oo-chia or oo-
si, or sunrise, and by accommodation came to connote both sunlight
and to rise. Citronella, ch-o-chia,
ch-i-taw, was the dimuitive form or
term.

"Applying this data to the name of the
river, we are convinced that Oua-
chia was given by the Caddos in
very early times to the beautiful river
that bounded their country on the
north and east for more than 200 miles.
In the Mohillion tongue each syllable
was selected at random.

"It is almost certain that some set-
iment became fixed in the Caddo mind regarding this river and its
name, and the Caddos used it, though rarely, as a term mean-
ing ‘moonlight,’ or the moon rising,
but in a softer and more poetic form,
also as ‘Ou-chia.’"--Wm. H. Halliburton,

"The Father of Steamboating in
Southern Arkansas" is a title early
settlers at Arkadelphia gave to Jacob
Barkman, the pioneer steamboat
here in 1806. The late Mrs. Caddo McCabe,
her grandson, said his first steamboat was named after
him. Some of the old pieces of furniture still to be found in Arkadelphia to this
day bear labels showing Jacob Barkman was its owner.

Carmen has a longer steamboating history than any other city in Arkan-
sas not on the Mississippi. Some his-
tory of Arkansas and Louisiana as
well as information on the Ouachita to Carmen as early as 1825. They are still making
boat.