

# The Sentinel



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LIVING HISTORIANS

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## "On Shiloh's Bloody Hill..."

*It was the Sixth of April  
Just at the break of day  
The drums and fifes were playing  
For us to march away.  
The feeling of that hour  
I do remember still,  
For the wounded and the dying  
That lay on Shiloh Hill.*

*About the hour of sunrise  
The battle it began,  
And before the day had vanished  
We fought them hand to hand.  
The horrors of that field  
Did my heart with anguish fill  
For the wounded and the dying  
That lay on Shiloh Hill.*

*And early the next morning  
We were called to arms again,  
Unmindful of the wounded  
And unuseful of the slain.  
The struggle was renewed  
And ten thousand men were killed  
This was the second conflict  
On the famous Shiloh Hill.*

*Before the day was ended  
The battle ceased to roar;  
And thousands of brave soldiers  
Had fell to rise no more.  
They left their vacant ranks  
For some other ones to fill,  
And now their mouldering bodies  
All lie on Shiloh Hill.<sup>1</sup>*

To be truthful about it, I was looking forward to going to the 145th Anniversary Shiloh event about as much as I would have a trip to the dentist, however the promise of a campaign adjunct with old friends from the 1999 Red River Campaign made what was otherwise wholly mainstream event hard to pass up.

So it was that at 5:30 on Thursday afternoon, a road trip crew assembled out at my place in Scott to car-pool out to southern Tennessee. Steve Shore, Ken Nations, Jerry Simpson, Ethan Webster, and new member Rusty Guanere took to the cars and headed for Corinth and Shiloh.

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**Band of Brothers...** Members of the Capitol Guards cross Review Field, on the right flank of the Hornet's Nest at Shiloh National Battlefield Park at the point where the 6th Arkansas attacked as part of Shaver's Brigade on April 6, 1862.

## "Fight's On!" Again at Marks' Mills...

The Capitol Guards & friends will be donning the "Army blue" (again) and joining forces with the 37th Illinois and a few other friends for the third biennial attempt at reenacting the April, 1864 Battle of Marks' Mill at and around the Marks' Mill Battlefield State Park on the weekend of April 28-29, 2007.

Marks' Mill Battlefield State Park is about 8 miles east of Fordyce on Arkansas Highway 8. From Little Rock, take I-530 south to Exit #10, and bear right on US 167 through Sheridan. Keep going south to Fordyce. When you arrive in Fordyce, cross US 79 and proceed to the junction with Hwy 8. Turn left on Highway 8 and proceed approximately 7 miles to the site.

An alternative route is to head down to Pine Bluff and take Highway 79 south through Rison to Fordyce. Turn east on Highway 8 and go out to the site. This way is a little closer for me, so I'll probably go down and back through there. It also goes

through the old Ashcraft family place down in Cleveland county, and not having been down there in a couple of years, I'll stop off in Pansy on the way home and visit my Confederate ancestry.

The park is a teeny-weeny little place... a parking lot, a fenced-in area, and an interpretive pavilion. Across from the north side of the park is a dirt road leading back into the Marks community and the actual battlefield. We'll be camping back in this area, on either side of the road. I am unsure about separation or division of the camps between Union/Confederate/civilian or whatever, but us bluebellies will probably be clustered up together, camping light. The 6th Arkansas and 37th Illinois will be falling in together as a consolidated company, along with a few strays, so we ought to have a pretty good little group.

The Marks' Mill reenactment is tied together with the "Fordyce on the Cotton Belt" festival, a local "hometown hootenanny" in downtown Fordyce. This is the reason for

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**145th Shiloh** (continued from Page 1...)



Members of the Capitol Guards at 145th Shiloh: Corey Platt, Ken Nations, Rusty Guanere, Steve Shore, Ethan Webster, Jerry Simpson, and Tom Ezell.

We had an eventful trip, with no lack of entertainment on the way, and high spirits. We crossed the Mississippi River just before dark, and since there are very few taverns of any sort on this route, we stopped on the east side of Memphis for supper, and then set back off into the gathering darkness. Getting stuck behind an errant teamster caused a small deviation from our planned path, but we quickly got oriented and back on the right trail, and pulled up in Michie Tennessee shortly after 10:30 p.m. The event flyer was misleading as to the registration point for the event, and signage was rather crude and misleading, but we finally arrived on site to find that registration had closed for the night, our camp was somewhere out there past the dark trees, and in addition to the howling winds it was beginning a thick, misty drizzle.

So we unslung our bedrolls and threw down for the evening on the floor of the registration tent, figuring to be first in line when somebody who knew something showed up the next morning. We were joined shortly by a few stragglers from the 2nd Arkansas Rifles, and with a slug of Tennessee Spring Water to ward off the growing chill, we bedded on for the night. The wind flapping the tent made for a restless evening and the temperature kept dropping, but the drizzle did end after an hour or so. We rolled out at sunrise, shifted into uniform, and got signed in. Our partners from the 3rd Arkansas showed up about this same time, having spent the night in the wagon park, and we set out to find the battalion's camp. We unloaded our gear, staked out a claim on a high spot for Saturday evening and set a couple of shebangs, then it was time to stash the wagons and get ready to march.

Re-enactor parking turned out to be approximately a mile and a half away, out next to the main highway, so it was a long walk back into Confederate camp on the opposite side of the event site. Ken and I made it back in time, but once we started organizing the companies, I turned out to be an extra officer, and it was just a bit too far back out to the wagons to galvanize to my private's gear for the time that we had. So I toddled along with the file closers for most of the next thirty hours, sort of like a spare tire.

From the initial concept of having two full battalions, one from Louisiana and one from Arkansas, what we actually wound up with was three companies of about 24 to 30 rifles apiece. Louisiana formed the first company, from members of the 19th Louisiana and a few friends, Arkansas formed the second, color company with members of the 1st Arkansas, 3rd Arkansas, Confederate Guard, and the 6th Arkansas; and Texas formed the 3rd company with members of the Texas Rifles from King's Texas Brigade. Richard Holloway of the 19th Louisiana served as battalion commander, Mark Kalkbrenner of the 1st Arkansas as battalion major, and Keenan Williams of the Confederate Guard commanded the Arkansas company. Fred Anthamutten of the Texas Brigade served as the battalion's sergeant major. I acted as lieutenant and file closer for the second company.

On the march with us was a small battalion made up of members of the 1st Arkansas Battalion under Rob Sanders, and a company of cavalry organized around the 8th Texas Cavalry, "Terry's Texas Rangers."

With weapons inspected, we moved out to the spring to fill canteens, then with the cavalry out front, we moved down a forest road to the west, and the march was on. The column snaked its way down through a narrow valley and wound around to the right into the bottoms, where the cavalry had found and engaged the Federal outposts. With the popping of carbines to our front, we brought the AR/LA battalion on the right by files into line, while the 1st Arkansas filed behind us and formed line of battle on our left. We loaded our muskets, and then the command



An old campaigner: Ken Nations ready to move out of Friday morning.



The Captain, fitted out for the campaign march.

was "Forward!" and we moved gingerly through the tangled underbrush, wait-a-minute vines, and briar patches.

After a couple of hundred yards, we found a heavy skirmish line of Federals in hasty entrenchments overlooking a creek bed. The Confederate line took them under fire, and then began pushing forward to close with them and drive them back. They had plans to stay right where they were, however, and Holloway's battalion began pushing platoons, and then companies across the creek to keep up the pressure. Once the whole battalion was across, we rushed by companies, and drove the Yankees away from the creek and back up a

## Battle of Shiloh 145th Anniversary Re-enactment - March 16-18, 2007



Company D, "19th Louisiana" on parade Saturday morning at 145th Shiloh



Though campaign mode was only specified for the tactical on Saturday, the 6th Arkansas boys traveled light all weekend. Jerry Simpson sets up his shebang in the base camp.



Ethan Webster, Jerry Simpson, Ken Nations, and "Mudcat" (Rusty Guanere) pause during a hasty bivouac Friday afternoon down in the creek bottoms



Company D, 1st Platoon pauses during wagon detail on Friday afternoon.



Jerry, Ken, and Ethan in camp Saturday morning after pulling the 1 to 4 a.m. shift on picket guard.

**145th Shiloh** (continued from Page 3...)



Friday night's camp in the woods... it got pretty cold, and campfires were kept busy.



A reminder not to play cards with the Captain... a game of Bluff under the light of a candle.



Campaign camping... Time out to sew up the seat of the Corporal's pants.



We found the Yankees holding a line along a ridge top, overlooking a creek bed. This is the first of three successive positions from which we would drive them on Friday.



The Yankees are brought to bay in an open field at the close of the tactical on Saturday morning, before falling back into the line forming along the Sunken Road.



Packing up to resume the march Saturday morning...



One of the mule-drawn wagons that supported the Battalion during the weekend.

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Hasty earthenworks from Friday night's camp



The attack up the "Bloody Hill" on Saturday morning, where we paid such a high price for such a small piece of real estate, but still drove the Yankees back toward the river...



Rusty Guanere with the battalion colors



In this attack, 1st Sergeant Shore went down when Yankee minie ball shattered his right knee, and when the battalion moved forward he was taken prisoner by these vile Yankees.



After leaving the event, we took a whirlwind tour of the nearby Shiloh National Battlefield. Here we are at the Confederate Monument near Cloud Field.



Yes, sir... Chicks dig Rebs! Visitors in the 6th Arkansas camp on Sunday morning



On the retreat... Ethan and Ken packing out late Sunday morning

**145th Shiloh** (continued from Page 5...)



Hallowed ground... Corey and Mudcat at the reproduction of Shiloh Meeting House on the Battlefield Park.



At the marker between Seay and Fraley fields, where Shaver's Brigade and the 6th Arkansas began the battle before daylight on April 6, 1862



Albert Sydney Johnston swore that "Tonight we'll water our horses in the Tennessee River." We settled for abating our appetites at the Catfish Hotel, but here we are at the Tennessee before setting out for home.

long hill. While the Yankees disappeared over the crest of the hill, we placed the Texas company in skirmish line behind a small crest to provide security while the other two companies moved into the bottoms on the other side of the creek to set up a bivouac area for the night. I was detailed to go with the chief of the pioneer party to set up an out post line and hasty fortifications for the evening, and took off downstream to survey and map the area. We found a good, defensible line, came up with an engineering plan, and came back and briefed Colonel Holloway for his approval. Sanders' Battalion, which had started the fight on our left, had crossed behind us in the scuffle with the yankees and now held the right side of the line. We established a contact point to tie the two battalion's defenses together, then took a quick break for a drink of water



Tennessee recently dedicated a beautiful new monument to her troops who served at Shiloh

and a few bites of cold beef from the haversack.

No sooner had I dropped my back and unrolled my ground cloth, came the order to pack up again, as we were moving out. Lots of the troops grumbled, but having been on campaign before with this brigade, I figured this was simply par for the course. I stuffed my gum blanket back into my knapsack, re-did the seven straps and buckles, took a sip of water, and was ready to go again. This time we wove the battalion in column along the forest road, crossed the creek, and began pushing farther up the hill to our front. Almost as soon as we cleared the small crest we ran into our old friends theyankees, and began putting pressure on them. They were no more than a few dozen, however, and as we began skirmishing aggressively up the slope, they gave ground grudgingly. Sanders' battalion came up in line on our left, and as the brigade moved forward together, we drove them over the top of the hill and into an open field and continued on across that field. The Federals fired a few parting volleys, then turned and disappeared into the woods in the distance.

The afternoon shadows were growing, and the Confederate brigade withdrew a short distance and took position just inside the tree line on the south side of the open field. Here we set up camp for the evening.

The Texas company drew the first detail for picket duty, while Arkansas and Louisiana downed small trees to build hasty breastworks for defense, and as a partial protection from the wind which still swept across the hilltop we were on. Then all hands were called for fatigue duty as we had to move the three quartermaster and ordnance wagons from our old camp in the creek bottom up to the top of the hill. These were full-size wagons, however they only used a two-horse or two-mule team, and so their pulling power was sorely limited. The wagons were brought to the bottom of the hill, unloaded of their cargo, and then while the team drove to the top of the hill, their cargo was hand-carried up by relays of soldiers, and the wagons re-loaded back at the top of the hill. This took a little over an hour, so when we got back into camp we busied ourselves setting out our bedrolls, cleaning weapons, and kindling fires for coffee, cooking, and warmth. Several foragers received a pass to go and see what could be scrounged from the neighborhood, but came back mostly empty-handed.

We drew picket duty from 1 to 4 a.m., so the Arkansas boys took what rest they could once darkness fell, chatting quietly and then spooning up close to the campfires. We got up a small poker game for awhile, but it had been so long since anyone had seen a paymaster that we were soon gambling for anything from buttons, candle stubs, calling cards, etc.

Like the previous night, it was cold, moonless, and windy, though punctuated with occasional firing by the pickets at shadows in the night. Rising before daylight to stoke the fires and huddle for warmth, we heard the crash of musketry in the far distance as the "dawn attack" scenario launched over at the main event site. "Think we ought to be worried about that?" someone asked in the darkness. "Naww...." came the reply.

**145th Shiloh** (continued from Page 6...)

Reveille came at sunrise, and the small battalion stirred about getting breakfast, cleaning weapons from the evening before, and in some cases catching a quick rest after dawn picket duty. Corporal Williams had literally lost his pants in the briar patches the day before, and took advantage of the company tailor's services to sew up the seat of his britches.

We took advantage of the nearby field to hold a short battalion drill and practice a bayonet charge with cold steel, something we expected to use on the Yankees that afternoon. While the wagons took the opportunity to refill the water tanks, we policed the camp, formed up, and made ready to resume the attack.

Both battalions moved out in column, crossed the open fields, and wound down into another narrow defile as we had the day before. Up ahead the cavalry began firing, indicating they had found the Yankees. We formed columns of companies to get more firepower up front to address this, then wheeled into line of battle and found ourselves moving into a similar situation as the day before, attacking across a creek bottom, with the enemy holding the high ground on the other side. The line bobbed and weaved as we tried to keep some semblance of a firing line while still moving through the briars, fallen logs, and small timber, with officers steadily encouraging, "Come on, careful of your file partner, get up there on the line!"

And as before, we found ourselves fronted with a deep, running creek, and a steep slope up which we would have to go to cross bayonets with Billy Yank. By companies we hustled down and got through the creek and started up the other side, then once all the companies were across and roughly on line, the command was "Forward!" and up we went. This hill was very much steeper than the ones we had done the day before, a 45-degree slope of steeper, and we were scrabbling up like monkeys, using all four feet and hands and grabbing on to anything we could to pull ourselves up with rifles, cartridge boxes, and our packs and bedrolls.

Here on "Shiloh's Bloody Hill," we took our heaviest casualties, more than a dozen actually falling out of the ranks from the exertion. First Sergeant Steve Shore was nearly to the top when a Yankee ball shattered his knee and dropped him like a rock. Captain Williams went down, as did many others.

Enough of us got to the top to drive the enemy fiercely back, taking revenge for our fallen comrades, and giving but little quarter to those who had tried to get us in such a fix. Holloway's battalion drove the federals back to a wire fence line, then pinned them down with fire while Sanders' battalion flanked to the left to overrun a two-piece artillery section. We pursued the Federals past the guns into a cutover clearing, with light timber and irregular fence lines, and paused briefly to reform our lines. With so many leaders down, everyone yelling differing and conflicting orders, chaos reigned. The Yankees were seeing this, and made ready to charge us and drive us back. I looked around and found myself the only officer remaining with the company, as Captain Williams was still down and had not rejoined the company, and seeing that the Yanks were just about as confused as we were, decided that the folks who got their stuff together first could carry this field, and Billy Yank needed to get in high gear if he was going to get ahead of me.

I drew my sword and moved to the front of the company, rallying the stragglers and re-establishing the line by physical example. We fired a volley to shock Billy and clear our weapons for the advance, then the line rolled forward and we drove everything before us like reapers in a wheat field. Halting only occasionally to deliver a volley, we drove the federals, now broken and disorganized, from fence line to fence line before us, until they had only an open, cut-over cotton field to their rear. The Federal broke and rallied behind the crest of a small rise in the back side of that field, and we finally paused our line to re-organize, take a small rest, and re-fill our cartridge boxes.

As we rested, many of our wounded and stragglers caught up with us and rejoined the ranks. Captain Williams was among them, and

I returned the company to his control and re-took my place with the file closers.

With the brigade now reconstituted and having caught our breath, we unfurled the colors again and moved forward to drive the Yankees from the cotton field. Now it was still two small Confederate battalions plus cavalry against a medium-sized federal infantry battalion, and we were able to box them in and drive them into a tree line behind a small dirt road. Here their resistance stiffened as they were reinforced by friends coming up from the camps to their rear, and we were unable to make any better progress. We withdrew to the small rise in the cotton field, where we were met by our ordnance wagons to replenish our ammunition and water, and wait for the rest of the Confederate army to join us to make a bigger assault on the federals holed up in the woods.

At this point in time, we had re-joined all the others in the reenactment for the Confederate attack on the "Hornet's Nest" around 2 p.m. While waiting for the big show to start, we grabbed a few hasty bites out of the haversack, sucked down the water left in our canteens and refilled them from the wagons, and rested from the hard fighting of the morning while counting our casualties. From our small company we had lost Major Kalkbrenner and Sergeants Shore and Hutcheson to real injuries and ailments, and others, not used to wagging all their worldly possessions with them on this sort of march and fight were on the edge of exhaustion. Our little half-hour break did a world of good for the weary rebels.

At last all our reinforcing brigades had moved into place on our right, and the signal was given to move forward and renew the attack. We held the left flank of the rebel line as it rolled forward, and we hit the Federal skirmishers behind their fence rails and hasty emplacements pretty hard, and went at it with them in hand-to-hand combat, bludgeoning through and taking their first line in a ditch at the edge of the cotton field. We drove them scrambling to their main line in the rear. We rolled forward to keep the momentum of our attack, but it seemed the whole darned Yankee army was down behind that little row in a bunch, and we were pushed back, and withdrew to the tree line on our side of the field to re-group.

"Bayonets! Fix bayonets!" was the Colonel's command, and the seldom-heard *snick-snick-snack* of cold steel clamping onto the muzzles of our Enfields and smoothbores was enough to put a chill up this old soldier's back. Once ready, we lowered our muzzles and moved forward at the double-quick, but were halted and blown back by massed volleys from the federal line. Pulling back to re-organize, we charged again, then again, then a final try before we had been literally blown away as a fighting unit, and little heaps of gray jean and bloody rags littered the field like the fallen petals of the peach blossoms in a nearby orchard.

The few survivors gathered near the cotton field ditch to seek cover from the buzzing minies and round ball still blasting from the Federal line, and waited it out until the battle was over. I had gone down in the second charge, and having accounted for all of our mess, limped off the side of the field and headed back to base camp to check on our casualties.

Mark K. and Hutch had mostly recovered from their ailments for the present; and I found Steve at his shebang resting his knee on a blanket roll. While it had swollen fiercely at first, the swelling had gone down and the pain was responding well to doses of laudanum and blue mass. The remainder of the battalion was returning to camp by now after having taken part in a parade of all the units past the crowd, and Steve received the gentle attention of one of the first aid teams coming by camp with bags of ice. While Steve iced his knee, Jerry and I cut timber to make a set of crutches for him, and he was soon able to limp up to camp with us in search of supper that didn't come out of a greasy haversack. "Private Mike" was sold out of his Indian Fry Bread, so we settled for taco salad at the little Mexican cafe set up at the top of the second hill down the road from camp.

The wind had never really abated, and gray clouds filled in the rest of the sky, and for nearly an hour now just before dark snowflakes were

**145th Shiloh** (continued from Page 7...)

dancing down between the trees. We took shelter in the activities tent for a short while to get out of the wind and take advantage of the warmth. and visited for awhile with our pards while listening to the evening's dance band warm up. While they certainly weren't what you could call a "period" band, they certainly could pick and actually sing, so it was a pretty pleasant deal.

After a break for the artillery night firing demonstration, the evening camp dance got going, and since the tent offered a warm spot out of the wind, it was well-attended. I headed back into base camp to stoke the fire and throw down my bed roll for a long-anticipated nap. One of the California boys from our company had brought his trumpet, and we had a pleasant hour of "dueling bugles" with the cavalry camp across the road, though the valved trumpet had a definite advantage over the pony soldiers' bugle. Shortly afterward the guys came trooping back into camp, and after a round or two of Tennessee Spring Water to settle battle-worn nerves and ward off the chill, only snores were to be heard in the Capitol Guards' spartan bivouac.

It seemed to be a warmer night than the two previous, or maybe it was simply the presence of my quilt and coverlet from my extra bedroll that made a difference, but I slept much better than the chilly tossing and turning of the previous two nights. Maybe it was the Tennessee Spring Water... I rose a little before dawn to stoke the fires and get warm by the fire as we chatted quietly and watched the rest of the army come awake around us.

First order of business was a trip to the sinks, and we headed up as a group to Private Mike's to sample the Indian Fry Bread (which was indeed pretty good). Then it was down to the Mexican Cantina for coffee, biscuits, and gravy to go with the fry bread. We toured the sutlers, but there wasn't much there. While there were four rows of sutler establishments present, these were all the folks who couldn't make it onto the 1st Confederate Division vendors list due to the quality of their goods or offerings. There were a few strays here and there, and we did find a nice deal on a Springfield rifle kit from Dixie Gun Works, and Ethan found a deal on some jean cloth from one of the vendors.

Meanwhile, the Captain hiked over to the next county to fetch his wagon and stage it so as to pre-load our gear for a quick exit once our obligations were over, so we stashed our packs and shebangs, and Tom swapped out his frock coat and saber for a shell jacket and Enfield for the afternoon's fight.

Heading back down to camp, we had a visit from a group of comely young ladies the fellows had met at the dance the night before, and made a last check on weapons and gear for the afternoon fight. Our numbers were down somewhat due to the previous day's casualties, but we policed the camp, formed up, and after a refresher class on skirmish drill for our role in the afternoon's defense of the Confederate line, we headed out for the battlefield.

We were on the same piece of ground we had fought over the previous afternoon, this time due to the reversal of the lines, we were on the far right flank of the Confederate line. Sanders' battalion of the day before had rejoined the rest of the 1st Arkansas and the Trans-Mississippi Brigade, so we had only our little three-state battalion and a few straggling Texas Rangers to cover our front and flank.

Chaos still reigned though... as three or four U.S. battle flags indicating the approach of Buell's counterattacking army popped up over the horizon to our front, the officers were still petrified and confused as to how to best meet this threat and defend our little line. Details were hurriedly sent out to gather fallen timber and set up a hasty defense, but instead of deploying as skirmishers as planned, groups of troops were clustered together in a formation that was sure to get easily overrun once the yanks closed in on us. To ensure our swift demise, a fallback position behind a small pile of dirt laughingly named "the Alamo" was designated only 20 yards behind our first line.

While all this was going on, the Yankee battalions were steadily advancing on us. Our first ragged volley at less than a hundred yards

slowed them, but they halted, volleyed back, then pushed forward, rolling over us like a carpet and smashing effortlessly through our little cluster of rebel defenders.

Our swift demise at the hands of Buell's bluecoats also signalled the end of our obligations for the event, and after accounting for our pards, we checked out, straggled back to the rear, linked up with Steve and Ken and headed for the wagon. While the battle was still raging in front of the final line of spectators, we were rolling out and headed for the parking lot. The ever-inefficient event staff had shifted the traffic pattern though, so we had to seek out a roundabout way to find Ken's truck, and after quickly cross-loading gear, we headed out for a whirlwind tour of the actual Shiloh battlefield a few miles to the north, since many of our pards had not had a chance to see the field at Shiloh yet.

We hit the bookstore at the visitors center, then stops at the Confederate monument, the Hornet's Nest, Water Oaks Pond, Shiloh church, Seay's and Fraley's Fields, the Johnston death site, and Bloody Pond, taking a few photographs at each. Then it was on to our last and most-anticipated destination, a late lunch/supper at Hagy's Catfish Hotel on the banks of the Tennessee River where we hooked back up with Kalkbrenner & Hutcheson before setting out for the Trans-Mississippi and home.

All in all, as I thought about our experiences at 145th Shiloh and compared it to the original Confederate experiences detailed in Wiley Sword's *Shiloh: Bloody April* (my sutlering purchase from the expedition, acquired at the NPS bookstore), what we did was very much like the original battle. Inexperienced officers and soldiers who, despite nearly a year of service were just now hearing the sounds of minies and round ball whistling past their ears... of trying to move parade ground battle formations through thick forest, briars, crooked creek beds and fence lines... of companies and units getting thoroughly mixed up and confused, not knowing which company you were with when catching back up to the firing line, and the haste of not being able to sort things out before moving forward to the attack again, or falling back to the next defensive position... of the chaos of officers and sergeant yelling conflicting orders at the same time... the clouds of powder smoke hanging in the thickets... of helling around through the briar patches and creek beds... and you know, that's just what we experienced on the campaign march. I wasn't real enthusiastic about the event at first, but as we got into it on the march, it started to feel a little real. That got cured as soon as we got back into the regularly-scheduled re-enactment (I noticed how they kept our group way out and away from the crowd, for some reason... We made them look bad!) But while we were on the campaign trail, it was definitely worth my time out there. I've been wimping out a bit recently, and it was educational to go back out and sleep on the ground with just a gum and one blanket.

Lastly, the human portion of sharing these experiences and hardship with friends in the Capitol Guards, and the way the men of the 6th Arkansas stepped up and dealt with and overcame every adversity without complaint, the example they set in the field, made me very proud to be a small part of this group.

Captain Williams expressed his sincere appreciation of the way the Guards performed at Shiloh 145th: *"It is always a pleasure to work with you. I always try to keep the impression of a volunteer and it is good to have a regular around. I would like for you to express for me to the Sixth Arkansas my appreciation. I was thinking of the battle of Chippewa (in the War of 1812) on the way home and the British officer's exclamation of consternation when he saw the troops move forward in militia gray — 'those are regulars, by God!' Steve as first sergeant and the rest of the boys in the mess were a comfort. I did not mess with them much because it was clear they could take care of themselves. I could devote my time to the support and hand-holding of others. These men were just there like they should be."*

Well done, pards... and I look forward to the next time we meet!



# HOW WELL DOES YOUR UNIFORM FIT?

by Don Williams

Most of us are justly proud of our appearance in the field. While attention to historical authenticity of the material and manufacture of our clothing and equipment is critical, perhaps we should be careful not to look *too* good when it comes to the way our uniforms fit. Recall that the average soldier was stuck with the clothing he was issued and had to suffer whatever indignities and discomfort might occur thereafter.

I was recently reminded of this when I came across an account from Private George W. Peck, who enlisted in the 4th Wisconsin Cavalry late in the war, mainly for what he readily admitted was the attraction of the bounty money.\* As he states in his humorous memoir titled *How Private George W. Peck Put Down the Rebellion*, "I thought the war was nearly over, and the probabilities were that the regiment I had enlisted in would be ordered home... I would get my bounty, and a few months' pay, and it would be just like finding money."

Not long after enlisting, Peck was issued the regulation cavalry uniform, after which he recalled,

*"One day it was announced that the quartermaster sergeant had received a quantity of clothing, and the men were ordered to go and draw coats, pants, hats, shoes, overcoats, and underclothing, as winter was coming on, and the regiment was liable to move at any time. Something happened that I was unable to be present the first forenoon that clothing was issued, and when I did call upon the quartermaster sergeant, there was only two or three suits left, and they had been tumbled over till they looked bad. I can remember now how my heart sank within me, as I picked up a pair of pants that was left. They were evidently cut out with a buzz-saw, and were made for a man that weighed three hundred [pounds]. I held them up in installments and looked at them. Holding them by the top, as high as I could, and the bottom of the legs of the pants laid on the ground. The sergeant charged the pants to my account, and then handed me a jacket, a small one, evidently made for a hump-back dwarf. The jacket was covered with yellow braid. Oh, so yellow that it made me sick. The jacket was charged to me also. Then he handed me some undershirts and drawers, so coarse and rough that it seemed to me that they must have been made of rope, and lined with sand-paper. Then came an overcoat, big enough for an equestrian statue of George Washington, with a cape on it as big as a well tent. The hat I drew was a stiff, cheap shoddy hat, as high as a tin camp kettle, which was to take the place of my nobby, soft felt hat that I had paid five dollars of my bounty money for. The hat was four sizes too large for me. Then I took the last pair of army shoes there was, and they weighed as much as a pair of anvils, and had rawhide strings to fasten them with. Has any old soldier ever forgotten the clothing that he drew from the quartermaster?"*



*Those inverted pots for hats, the same size all the way up, and the shoes that seemed to be made of sole leather, and which scaped the skin off the ankles. Oh, if this government ever goes to Gehenna, as some people contend it will, sometime, it will be as a penalty for issuing such ill-fitting shoddy clothing to its brave soldiers."*

One wonders whether some of the old veteran non-commissioned officers in the regiment deliberately arranged to issue the leftovers to late-war bounty men like Peck as a sort of revenge. Even so, there are enough similar accounts of issue clothing to suggest that Peck's experience was not atypical of what many other soldiers encountered as well.

\* These excerpts from Peck's memoir appeared in *Military Images* magazine, Vol. 23, No. 1.



AN AVERAGE ARMY "FIT."

**Marks' Mills** (continued from Page 1...)

some of the weirdness of the event schedule, such as the optional parade in downtown Fordyce, and the delay of the Saturday battle until 5 p.m. ... lots of folks and stuff will be shuttling between Fordyce (where the hootenanny and the spectator parking is) and the reenactment site, which is way out in the piney woods close to nothing else. (If you want to get away from it all, Marks' Mill is a good place to start.)

The event hosts will provide firewood, water, and straw for bedding, and there should be a fair amount of deadwood for campfires as well. The event site is oriented more toward campaign camping than anything else; the original Federal units were on the march as guards for a wagon train at the time of the battle and were traveling light; given good weather most of us will likely be campaigning it, though we will have a number of tent flies available "in the wagons" in case bad weather happens. Shelter halves (dog tents) are ideal if you have one (being Federal issue items), if not, we'll have shelter available under the company flies.

The Capitol Guards commissary will be providing a period meal for our consolidated company on Saturday evening; otherwise you should bring appropriate rations for other meals from Friday evening until Sunday noon.

No word yet on the availability of sutlers or food vendors at this event... The first year we had both, but the last time, there was nothing at all. I would planto be self-sufficient for the weekend; the closest place to "forage a meal" will likely be 8 miles away in Fordyce. Please plan and pack your haversack appropriately! Hardtack, cornbread, pork or bacon, and coffee are good period foods appropriate to this event.

**Schedule of Events**

**Friday, April 27**

- Registration and Camps open
- School programs at Courthouse in Fordyce .

**Saturday, April 28**

- Formation and Safety Inspection ..... 7:00am
- Early morning tactical
- Camps open to the public ..... 9:00am
- Bus pick-up for Parade (optional) .....10:00am
- Parade in town (optional) ..... 11:00am
- Drill and demonstrations in the camp areas ..... 9:00am - 4:00pm
- Formation and Safety Inspection ..... 4:00pm
- Battle ..... 5:00pm
- Camps close to Public ..... 7:00pm

**Sunday, April 29**

- Camps open to the public ..... 9:00am

- Period Worship Service .....10:00am
- Drill and Demonstrations ..... 9:00am - 12:00noon
- Formation and Safety Inspection ..... 1:00pm
- GO HOME ..... 4:00pm (times subject to change)

The event flyer states that "Usual Battalion and Division regulations and standards will be enforced by appropriate staff officers. I have not seen the scenarios for the battles, but the woods down there are pretty thick. The battle demonstration field will be in the same place as the last time, an open pasture 1.5 miles west of the park on Highway 8. The rest of the area is heavily forested, with a few very small clearings.

It looks like we will be heavily outnumbered again, so come prepared and fired up to take on and whip the entire Southern Confederacy. In addition to the Rebs, our old friends the bushwhackers will be back – apparently with reinforcements. We will have our old bag of nasty tricks for the Johnnies, as well as a few new ones. It will behoove you to brush up on the School of the Skirmisher, as I do not plan to fight in the open, nor do I plan to "fight fair", either... at least to the point that means standing up somewhere and trading volleys with the Johnnies. There will be some pretty hot fighting, most of it in skirmish order, so I encourage you to bring lots of ammunition. Bring at least 40 rounds for each engagement; 100 rounds per man (50 per battle) may be a better estimate of what you'll be shooting. We will probably get a belly full of fighting this weekend. Expect no quarter from the damned Secesh... and be prepared to give none in return!

This event will also see us unfurling for the first time "OI' Glory," the new U.S. National Color that we bought last month. If you haven't seen her yet, this will be pretty impressive in its own right, and makes a nice addition to our collection of various battle flags.

**Western Federal Impression**

At the January planning session, we agreed to pursue a Federal impression for this event. We will be deploying to Marks' Mill in Army Blue, and will portray Federal troops for the entire weekend. We will be located in the Federal Camp all weekend, so you can leave your gray at home. There was no Confederate infantry at this April, 1864 battle, but 2,500 of Fagan's Arkansas and Shelby's Missouri cavalry.

The Federal forces at Marks' Mill were the 2nd Brigade, 3rd Division, VII Corps, consisting of the 43rd Indiana Infantry, 36th Iowa Infantry, 77th Ohio Infantry, and a small contingent of the 1st Iowa Cavalry, escorting a large train of more than 200 wagons, teamsters,

and Union-sympathetic refugees.

By the time of the ambush at Marks' Mill these men were veteran campaigners. For the wagon escort detail they were traveling light—each soldier carried only three days' rations, 60 rounds of ammunition, and a blanket. A proper impression for the troops on the Camden Expedition in April, 1864 would thus be:

- Federal fatigue jacket (dark blue 4-button sack coat - lined or unlined). (NCOs are authorized and encouraged to wear the Federal dress, or frock coat),
- Sky-blue infantry issue trowsers
- Forage cap, Hardee hat, OR black or dark blue slouch hat. (Officers, too...)
- Infantry-issue brogans
- Civilian-pattern (cotton) or federal-issue domet flannel shirt.
- .58 caliber 3-band rifle musket, either P1853 Enfield or M1861 Springfield.
- M1855 pattern .58 caliber cartridge box (if you have the standard .58 cartridge box, this is the right one), cap box, Gaylord pattern bayonet scabbard & bayonet. (no Enfield bayonet scabbards — these were mostly used by the Rebs, who got the leather along with the rifles)
- M1858 pattern federal smoothsided canteen
- tarred (black) haversack
- federal issue gray or light tan blanket, rolled into a bedroll.
- Rations: (two days')

- 1.5 lbs salt pork or bacon
- 18-20 hardtack crackers
- 1/4 lb coffee
- 1/4 lb brown sugar
- foraged fruit/vegetables as seasonably available
- pilfered poultry, ham, bacon, etc. seized from local smokehouses. This is the basic, essential kit, what else you bring will depend on your style of camping for this event.

If you do not have your Federal gear yet, or are missing a particular item, please contact Steve or Tom and we will arrange to get you kitted out. The Company Loaner Box will be available at the event site with spare Federal uniforms and gear.

**Guiding Impression:**

**The 36th Iowa Infantry**

The guiding impression for the Capitol Guards at Marks' Mill will be Company B, 36th Iowa Infantry. For some of us, this won't be the first time that we have crossed paths with the 36th Iowa, since we represented this regiment,

along with Captain Edmund Joy of Company B at the re-opening of the Old State House Museum in July, 2000 as well as the Marks' Mill event in 2003. The 36th is typical of the western federal regiments that served in Arkansas, serving briefly in the early attempts to capture Vicksburg, then assigned to the Federal garrison at Helena, where it took part in the battle of Helena and the Little Rock Campaign in the summer of 1863. The 36th was involved in the capture and garrison of Pine Bluff following the fall of Little Rock, then returned to winter quarters near the Little Rock Arsenal. The 36th provided the guard detail for, and was present at the hanging of David O. Dodd on January 8, 1864, then marched out with Steele's expedition in March, fighting at Elkins' Ferry, Prairie D'Ane, and the occupation of Camden. Their being detailed to guard the wagon train would lead to a Significant Event in the regiment's history.

## Arkansas to Observe Confederate Flag Day on April 7th

While no detailed information has been released yet by the Arkansas Division, SCV, the scheduled date for Confederate Flag Day in Arkansas is April 7th, 2007. We will publish the details and schedule separately, as soon as we get them.

Confederate Flag Day is established by public law in the State of Arkansas, one of the only states to still officially designate such a day. While many Southerners celebrate Flag Day on March 4, the day the first "Stars and Bars" (1st National) flag was raised in Montgomery, Alabama in 1861. Arkansas law sets the date for Confederate Flag Day as the Saturday immediately preceding Easter Sunday, using the symbology of resurrection associated with the Easter holiday. The Arkansas Sons of Confederate Veterans and affiliated groups such as the United Daughters of the Confederacy usually celebrate the occasion with a memorial service and program on the State Capitol lawn, near the Confederate monument.

**This is an optional event** for the Capitol Guards, however the SCV urges that all available reenactors come out to support this event. The reenactors will assemble in the parking lot across the street from the Capitol building at 12:00p.m. and conduct the necessary weapons checks and inspections. (All muskets and other weapons carried on the Capitol grounds must be inspected by the Capitol Police as well as our standard safety inspections.) Bring your musket, bayonet, cartridge box and other accoutrements, and at

## Annual "Battle of Pleasant Hill" to be held April 14-15

The 28th annual "Battle of Pleasant Hill" will be sponsored by the Town of Pleasant Hill, LA and the 3rd Louisiana Infantry on April 14-15; one week late this year in order to avoid the Easter weekend. The Pleasant Hill reenactment is held each spring on the weekend nearest the anniversary on the April 9, 1864 battle, and takes place on the original battlefield, which is preserved under private ownership by the Poinboeuf family. The 3rd Louisiana promises us a return to the "good ol' days" with "new battle scenarios, pyrotechnics, and an emphasis on battle plans that will be both satisfying for the reenactor and visually appealing to the spectator." Early reports indicated that the pyrotechnics would be left out of this year's event, since that crazy dynamite guy managed to blow the side out of one of the cattle ponds last year, but correspondence from event coordinator Scott Solice indicates that the full pyro suite is still on.

Unlike previous years, Pleasant Hill is not a maximum effort event for the 6th Arkansas, but we'll be taking a small mess-sized group down for the weekend, and auctioning our services to the highest bidder. Contact Tom Ezell if you're interested in going to Pleasant Hill with the group.

We have an option to march in a parade in downtown Pleasant Hill on Saturday morning, and scripted battles will be fought at 2:00 p.m. on both Saturday and Sunday. The event organizers will provide firewood, straw for bedding, a powder ration, and possibly a hot meal (Louisiana jambalaya) on Saturday night. There will be a camp dance on Saturday night in which to pursue the Louisiana belles. There is a registration fee of \$5.00 per person, due and payable as you arrive on site.

We'll plan to go Confederate for this one, but like any event this far South, you need to pack your Federal kit as well in case we need to galvanize. This is an event in which the local folks don't like to galvanize, since their namesake units were engaged here. Me, I plan to do the blue this weekend...

We plan to camp campaign-style, but will have our yankee shelter halves just in case the

weather turns bad on us. Depending on how much room there is in the orchard behind the dog trot house, we'll be in there somewhere, or will take to the woods on the edge of the pasture.

Several food vendors will be available on-site Friday afternoon until the close of the event on Sunday evening, so there's no need to starve. Bring appropriate rations to dine from your haversack, or plan to subsist from the food vendors on-site.

Event host Scott Solice of the 3rd Louisiana remarks, "*The normal rules for safety will be followed at all times. No one will be allowed on the field under the influence of alcohol. Illegal substances will not be tolerated at all and will be reported to the proper authorities. All weapons will be inspected before the battles on both days. At no time will paper or the ramrod be placed in the musket when loading. We ask that all combatants be registered with a unit on the field. To participate you must be a member of a unit or a unit commander vouches for you. That commander will be responsible for your proficiency in drill. All troops will be inspected before each battle. This inspection will include weapons, uniforms and equipment. Please, remove all wristwatches and modern eyewear. All battalions that participate will stay together and under their own commanders.*"

*Unattached companies will be assigned to a battalion. The chain of command will be followed during the battles. The overall commander will issue orders to the battalion commanders and battalion commanders will give orders to their captains.*

*This year's scenario will be more involved and will include hand-to-hand combat between two pre-determined companies. The battles will start out of sight of the spectators and will work their way to the open field. More cartridges may be needed than have been used in the past. As is always the case, the Federals will be outnumbered. Please consider bringing both uniforms and galvanizing for one battle. Too many Confederates on this field can get a little congested."*

least three to five cartridges and percussion caps.

Activities and "tailgate time" to visit with friends from other units will begin at approximately 10:30 to 11:00 a.m., depending on when most folks show up.

The Flag Day ceremony itself will begin at noon, and usually lasts around 45 minutes or so. Following the ceremony, Captain Ezell (who will be Private Ezell for this ceremony)

invites all members of the Capitol Guards and the 37th for refreshments at a nearby establishment, where we may slake our thirst.



And as promised, we continue with the adventures and "Further Mishaps" of Corporal Si Klegg and his pard, Shorty...

## CHAPTER VI.

### BATTLE OF STONE'S RIVER—THE 200TH IND. IS PRAISED FOR BRAVERY.

THE fagged-out 200th Ind. was put in reserve to the brigade, which lay in the line-of-battle. After having got the train safely into camp, the regiment felt that it was incapable of moving another foot.

While their coffee was boiling Si and Shorty broke off a few cedar branches to lay under them, and keep out the mud. The rain still drizzled, cold, searching and depressing, but they were too utterly tired to do anything more than spread their over-coats on the branches, lay their blankets and ponchos over, and crawl in between.

In the few minutes which they allowed to elapse between getting into camp and going to sleep they saw and heard something of the preparations going on around them for the mighty battle, but body and brain were too weary to properly "sense" these. They hardly cared what might happen to-morrow. Rest for today was everything. They were too weary to worry about anything in the future.

"It certainly looks, Shorty," said Si, as he crawled in, "like as if the circus was in town, and the big show'd come off to-morrow, without regard to the weather."

"Let it come and be blamed to it," snorted Shorty. "They can't git up nothin' wuss'n we've bin havin' to-day, let them try their durndest. But I tell you, Mr. Si Klegg, I want you to lay mighty still to-night. If you git to rollin' around in your usual animated style and tanglin' up the bedclothes, I'll kick you out into the rain, and make you stay there. Do you hear me?"

"You bet I'll lay quiet," said Si, as together they gave the skillful little kick only known to veteran campaigners by which they brought the blankets snugly up around their feet. "You could sooner wake up a fence-rail than me. I want to tell you, too, not to git to dreamin' of pryin' wagons out of the mud, and chasin' rebel cavalry. I won't have it."

The reveille the next morning would have promptly awakened even more tired sleepers than Si and Shorty. Even before the dull, damp drums began rolling and the fifes shrieking the air of enforced gaiety along the sinuous line of blue which stretched for miles through red, muddy cotton fields and cedar tangles wet as bathroom sponges, there came from far away on the extreme right a deepening roll of musketry, punctuated with angry cannon-shots and the faint echo of yells and answering cheers.

"That's McCook opening the battle," said the officers, answering the anxious looks of the men. "He's to hold the rebels out there, while Crittenden sweeps around on the left, captures Murfreesboro, and takes them in the rear."

Miles away to the left came the sound of musketry and cannons, as if to confirm this. But the firing there died down, while that to the right increased with regular, crashing volleys from muskets and artillery.

The 200th Ind. was in that exceedingly trying position for soldiers,

where they can hear everything but see nothing. The cedar thicket in which they stood shut off the view in every direction. The Colonel kept officers and men standing strictly in place, ready for any contingency. Si and Shorty leaned on their muskets and anxiously watched the regimental commander as he sat rigidly in his saddle, with his fixed gaze bent in the direction of the awful tumult. The Adjutant had ridden forward a little ways to where he could get a better view. The other officers stood stiffly in their places, with the points of their drawn swords resting on the ground, and their hands clasped on the hilts, and watched the Colonel intently. Sometimes they would whisper a few words to those standing near them. The Captain of Co. Q drew geometric figures in the mud with the point of his sword.

Constantly the deafening crash came nearer, and crept around farther to the right. Si gave a swift glance at Shorty. His partner's teeth were set, his face drawn and bloodless, his eyes fixed immovably on the Colonel.

"Awful fightin' goin' on out there, Shorty," said Si, in hushed voice. "I'm afraid they're lickin' our fellers."

"Confound it!" snorted Shorty, "why in thunder don't they move us out, and give us something to do? This is hell standin' here listenin'."

A teamster, hatless and coatless, with his hair standing up, came tearing through the brush, mounted on his saddle-mule.

A chorus of yells and curses greeted his appearance. It was immense relief for the men to have something to swear at.

"Run, you egg-sucking hound."

"Run, you scald-headed dominic."

"Somebody busted a cap in your neighborhood, old white-liver."

"Seen the ghost of a dead rebel, Pilgarlic?"

"Pull back your eyes, you infernal mulewhacker. A limb'll brush 'em off."

"Look at his hair—standin' up stiffer'n bristles on a boar's back." "Your mules got more sand 'n you. They're standing where you left 'em."

"Of course, you're whipped and all cut to pieces. You was that when you heard the first gun crack."

"Get out of the way, and let him run himself to death. That's all he's fit for."

"You've no business in men's clothes. Put on petticoats."

"Go it, rabbit; go it, cotton-tail—you've heard a dog bark."

"Chickee—chickee—skip for the barn. Hawk's in the air."

"Let him alone. He's in a hurry to get back and pay his sutler's bill."

The teamster gasped out:

"You'd better all git out o' here as fast as the Lord'll let you.

Johnson's Division's cut all to pieces and runnin'. There'll be a million rebels on top o' you in another minnit."

"Capt. McGillicuddy," said the Colonel sternly, but without turning his head, "either bayonet that cowardly rascal or gag him and tie him to a tree."

The Captain turned to give the order to Corp'l Klegg, but the teamster struck his mule with his whip, and went tearing on through the brush before the order could be given.

Some severely-wounded men came slowly pushing their way



A FRIGHTENED TEAMSTER.

**Si Klegg** (Cont. 'd from Page 12)

through the chaparral.

"It's awful hot out there," they said. "The rebels got the start of us, and caught our battery horses off to water. They outflanked us bad, but the boys are standin' up to 'em and they're gettin' help, an 'll lick the stuffin' out of 'em yet."

The regiment gave the plucky fellows a cheer.

A riderless horse, frantic from his wounds and the terrific noise, tore through the brush, and threatened to dash over Co. Q. Si and Shorty saw the danger, and before the Capt. in could give an order they sprang forward, and, at considerable risk, succeeded in getting hold of the reins and partially calming the poor brute. The eagles on the saddle-cloth showed that he belonged to a Colonel. He was led to the rear, and securely haltered to a young cedar. The incident served a purpose in distracting for awhile the attention of the regiment.

The noise in front and to the right swept farther away for a little while, and the men's hearts rose with a cheer.

"Now the reinforcements are getting in. Why in the world don't they send us forward?" they said.

The Colonel still sat rigidly, with his face straight to the front.

Then the noise began to roll nearer again, and the men's hearts to sink.

The wounded men coming back became a continuous procession. They spoke less confidently, and were anxious to know what was taking place on other parts of the line.

"The whole infernal Southern Confederacy's out there," said one boy, who was holding his shattered right hand in his left, with his thumb pressed hard on the artery, to stanch the blood, "in three lines-of-battle, stretching from daybreak to sunset. The boys have been standing them off bully, though, but I don't know how long they can keep it up. Thomas and Crittenden ought to be walking right over everything, for there can't be anybody in front of them. They're all out there."

Two musicians came laboring through, carrying a stretcher on which was an officer with part of his face shot away. Si felt himself growing white around the mouth and sick at the stomach, but he looked the other way, and drew in a long, full breath.

The storm now seemed to be rolling toward them at railroad speed. Suddenly the woods became alive with men running back, some with their guns in their hands, many without. Some were white with fear, and silent; some were in a delirium of rage, and yelling curses. Officers, bareheaded, and wildly excited, were waving their swords, and calling regiments and companies by name to halt and rally.

The Adjutant came galloping back, his horse knocking the fugitives right and left. He shouted, to make himself heard in the din:

"The whole division is broken and going back. Our brigade is trying to hold the rebels. They need us at once."

The Colonel turned calmly in his saddle, and his voice rang out clear, distinct, and measured, as if on parade:

"Attention, 200th Indiana!"

"Load at will—LOAD!"

A windrow of bright ramrods flashed and weaved in the air. A wave of sharp, metallic clicks ran from one end of the line to the other. "Shoulder—ARMS!" "Right—FACE!" "Forward—MARCH!"

What happened immediately after emerging from the cedars Si could never afterward distinctly recall. He could only vaguely remember—as one does the impression of a delirium—seeing, as the regiment swung from column into line, a surging sea of brown men dashing forward against a bank of blue running along a rail fence, and from which rose incessant flashes of fire and clouds of white smoke. The 200th Ind. rushed down to the fence, to the right of the others; the fierce flashes flared along its front; the white smoke curled upward from it. He did not remember any order to begin firing; did not remember when he began. He only remembered presently feeling his gun-barrel so hot that it burned his hand, but this made him go on firing more rapidly than before. He was dimly conscious of his comrades dropping around him,

but this did not affect him. He also remembered catching sight of Shorty's face, and noticing that it was as black as that of a negro, but this did not seem strange.

He felt nothing, except a consuming rage to shoot into and destroy those billows of brown fiends surging incessantly toward him. Consciousness only came back to him after the billows had surged backward into the woods, leaving the red mud of the field splotted with brown lumps which had lately been men.

As his mind cleared his hand flinched from the hot gun-barrel, and he looked down curiously to see the raindrops turn into steam as they struck it. His throat was afire from the terrible powder thirst. He lifted his canteen to his lips and almost drained it. He drew a long breath, and looked around to see what had happened since they left the cedars. Shorty was by his side, and unhurt. He now understood why his face was so black. He could feel the thick incrustation of powder and sweat on his own. Several of Co. Q were groaning on the ground, and the Captain was detailing men to carry them back to where the Surgeon had established himself. Two were past all surgery, staring with soulless eyes into the lowering clouds.

"Poor Bill and Ebe," said Si, gazing sorrowfully at the bodies. "Co. Q will miss them. What good boys they ..."

"Were" stuck in his throat. That those strong, active, ever-ready comrades of a few minutes before now merely "were" was unspeakable.

His thoughts were distracted by a rebel battery on the hill sending a volley of shells at the fence. Some went over, and tore gaps in the cedars beyond. One struck the corner of the fence near him, and set the rails to flying.

"I like fence-rails in their place as well as any man," said Shorty, as they dodged around; "but a fence-rail's got no business sailin' 'round in the air like a bird."

An Aide rode up to the Colonel.

"The General's compliments, Colonel. He directs me to express to you his highest compliments on the splendid manner in which you have defended your position. You and your men have done nobly. But we are outflanked, and it will be necessary to retire to a new position about a half-mile to the rear. You will withdraw your regiment by companies, so as to attract as little attention from the enemy as possible. As soon as they are under cover of the cedars you will move rapidly to the new position."

"Very well," said the Colonel, saluting. "You will be good enough to say to the General that my men and myself appreciate highly his praise. We are proud to receive it, and shall try to deserve it in the future. His orders shall be immediately obeyed."

"They call this a civil war," said Shorty, as another volley of shells tore around. "Seems to me sometimes that it's too durned civil. If we're goin' to git out of here, we might save compliments for a quieter time."

One by one the companies filed back into the cedars, Co. Q being last. Just as they started the rebels on the opposite hill discovered the movement, raised a yell, and started across the field.

"Halt—Front!" commanded the Captain. "Those fellows are too tumultuous and premature. We must check them up a little. Wait till they come to that little branch, then everybody pick his man and let him have it. Aim below the belt."

The frenzy of the first struggle was now gone from Si's mind; instead had come a deadly determination to make every shot tell.

"I'm goin' to fetch that mounted officer on their right," he said to Shorty and those around him. "Very well," said Shorty. "I'll take that Captain near him who's wavin' his sword and yellin'. The rest o' you fellers pick out different men."

The rebel line was in the weeds which bordered the branch when the Captain gave the order to fire.

When the smoke arose the mounted officer and the yelling Captain were down.

"If somebody else didn't get them, we did," said Shorty, as they

Si Klegg (Cont. 'd from Page 13)

turned and rushed back into the cedars.

The rebels were only checked momentarily. They soon came swarming on, and as Co. Q crashed through the cedars the rebels were yelling close behind. Fortunately, they could not do any effective firing, on account of the brush. But when they came to the edge of the thicket there was a long run across a furrowed, muddy cotton field, to reach the knoll on which the brigade was re-forming. The battery was already in action there, throwing shells over the heads of Co. Q at the rebels swarming out of the cedars in pursuit.

Si and Shorty threw away overcoats, blankets, haversacks and canteens—everything which would impede their running, except their guns and cartridge-boxes. Their caps were gone, and Si had lost one shoe in the mud. They all sat down on the ground for a minute and panted to get their breath.

The rebels were checked, but only temporarily. They were thronging out in countless multitudes, lining up into regiments and brigades, preparatory to a rush across the field upon the brigade. Away to the right of the brigade rebel batteries had been concentrated, which were shelling it and the ground to the rear, to prevent any assistance being sent it.

“Captain,” said the Colonel, riding up to Co. Q, “the General says that we have got to stay here and hold those fellows back until the new line can be formed along the pike. We haven’t ammunition enough for another fight. You’ll have to send a Corporal and a squad back to the pike to bring up some more. Pick out men that’ll be sure to come back, and in a hurry.”

“Corp’l Klegg,” said the Captain, without an instant’s hesitation, “you hear what’s to be done. Take five men and go.”

Si looked around to see if there was someone he could borrow a shoe from. But that was hardly a time when men were likely to lend shoes. He picked Shorty and four others. They flung down their guns and started on a run for the pike.

The batteries were sweeping the fields with shells, but they were so intent on their errand that they paid no attention to the demoniac shrieks of the hurtling pieces of iron.

They gained the other side of the field, but as they entered the welcome shelter of the woods they encountered an officer with a drawn sword, commanding a line of men.

“Stop there, you infernal, cowardly rascals,” he yelled. “Pick up those guns there, and get into line, or I’ll shoot you. You, Corporal, ought to be ashamed of yourself.”

“We’re after ammunition for the 200th Ind.,” gasped Si. “We must have it right away. Where’s the division ammunition train?”

“That ammunition story’s played. Can’t work it on me. Where’s your regiment? Where’s your caps? Where’s your shoes? Where’s your guns? You’re rattled out of your senses. Stop here and cool off. Pick up guns there and fall into line.”

“Name o’ God, Lieutenant,” said Shorty excitedly. “This’s no time for any foolishness. Our regiment’s out there on the hill without any ammunition. The rebels are gittin’ ready to jump it, four or five to one. Don’t fool, for heaven’s sake. There’s not a minute to waste. Come with us and help us git the ammunition. That’s a blame sight more important than stoppin’ these here runaways, who’re no good when they are stopped. Come along, for God’s sake.”



A LUCKY FALL.

His earnestness impressed the Lieutenant.

“Lieut. Evans,” he called out, “take command of the line while I go back with these men to the ammunition train. I can get it quicker for them than they can. Your Colonel should have sent a commissioned officer with you.”

“The Colonel needs all the officers he has left with him,” panted Shorty, running ahead of the rest. “Everybody back there’s got all he can attend to, and we couldn’t really be spared.”

There was a crowd of similar men surging around the ammunition wagons, each eager to get his load and rush back. The covers of the wagons had been torn off, and a man stood in each, pitching the boxes to the clamoring details. All were excited and reckless. The pitching would be wild, or the catching bad, and occasionally a box would strike a man on the head or body and knock him down. He would scarcely stop to answer, but snatch up his precious box and rush off toward his regiment.

“Open out here, let us in,” commanded the Lieutenant, striking right and left with the flat of his sword. It was not a moment for gentle courtesies. The crowd opened up, and Si and Shorty pushed in near the wheels.

“Now give us six boxes in a hurry,” commanded the Lieutenant.

Si caught the first box, Shorty the second, and before the Lieutenant was hardly done speaking the rest had theirs, and started back on the run, accompanied by the Lieutenant. The boxes were very heavy and the mud was deep, but they went faster than they had ever done, even when running from the rebels.

“I’m awfully afraid you’ll have a time getting across the field there,” said the Lieutenant, as they came to the edge, and he surveyed the ground in front doubtfully. “Lieut. Evans says they’ve moved a battery up closer, and are sweeping the field with canister.”

“We don’t care what they’re shootin’,” said Si resolutely. “We’re goin’ back to the regiment with these boxes, or die a tryin’.”

“Go on, then, and God help you,” said the Lieutenant. “I’d go with you if I could do any good.”

Si arranged his box for a desperate rush. A blast of canister swept through, cutting down shrubs, splattering the mud, and shrieking viciously.

“Let’s get as far as we can before they fire again,” he shouted, and plunged forward. Halfway across the field his foot caught in a devil’s shoe-string, and down he went in the mud, with the heavy box driving him deeper.

Just then another blast of canister hurtled across the field.

“Golly, it was lucky, after all, that I was tripped,” said Si, rising, stunned and dripping. “That load of canister was meant for me personally.”

Two minutes later he flung the box down before the company, and sank panting on the ground. The others came up after. Some had been grazed by canister, but none seriously wounded. They arrived just in the nick of time, for the regiment had expended its last cartridge in repulsing the last assault, and was now desperately fixing bayonets to meet the next with cold steel. The lids of the boxes were pried off with bayonets, and the Sergeants ran along the companies distributing the packages. The assault was met with a stream of fire, given with steady

**Si Klegg** (Cont. 'd from Page 14)

deadliness, which sent the rebels back to their covert.

An Aide dashed across the field to the brigade commander.

"The line is now formed," he said. "Retire your command to it."

That night, after the battle had ceased, Si and Shorty were seated on a rail by the Nashville pike munching rations which they had luckily found in a thrown-away haversack. They were allowed no fires, they had no blankets nor overcoats, and it was bitter cold.

"Shorty, you said last night you was sure that they couldn't git up nothin' to-day that'd be as bad as what we had yesterday," said Si. "I believe that I'd rather guard wagon-trains and fight cavalry than have such another day as this."

"I think the lake of brimstone'd be a pleasant change from this," snorted Shorty.

**CHAPTER VII.**

**AFTER THE FIRST DAY - THE DISCOMFORTS OF THAT  
LAST NIGHT OF 1862.**

IT WAS so desperately cold and comfortless that Si and Shorty felt that they must do something or perish. There were some fragments of cracker-boxes near. With these they dug a hole several inches deep, put some splinters in, and started a stealthy blaze. They were careful to sit on the side toward the rebels, the better to hide from them any sight of it. It was a very small fire, but there was more relief in it than Si had before gotten from those a thousand times larger. It kept his unshod foot from freezing, and brought the blood back to his numb hands.

"Just think, Shorty," said Si; "night before last we had a whole panel of fence on the fire, and all our blankets and overcoats, and yet you kicked. I believe this is a judgment on you for not being thankful for what you receive."

"Judgment be blowed," ejaculated Shorty. "This ain't no judgment; it's just durned luck—that is, what isn't foolishness in sendin' a boy to mill. If we'd had only half as many men out there in the cedars as the rebels had we'd licked thunder out of 'em. We simply couldn't whip four or five to one. McCook didn't size up his job right."

"Well, we have something to be thankful for," said Si, determined to see the bright side of things. "Neither of us got hurt, which is a blessing."

"Don't know whether it is or not. If we are goin' to freeze to death before mornin' I'd rather've bin shot the first volley."

The misty darkness around them was filled with noise and motion. Men who had become separated from their regiments were wandering around trying to find them, in the bewildering maze of men, wagons and animals. Officers were calling aloud the names of regiments to bring together stragglers. Aids were rushing around to find Generals and Colonels to give and receive orders and instructions. Regiments and batteries were marching hither and yon to get into position and complete the formation of the line for the morrow's battle. The 200th Ind., which had fallen back in good order with its brigade, was well together, and made an island around which a restless sea of humanity flowed and eddied. Cheerless as was its bivouac in the cold mud, yet it was

infinitely preferable to being lost in the inextricable confusion that reigned over those cottonfields on that sorrowful night of Dec. 31, 1862.

"I'm not goin' to freeze to death," said Si, starting up, at last. "I'm going to look around and see if I can't find something to make us more comfortable. Shorty, hold on to that hole in the ground. It's all that we've got left in the world, and if we lose that I don't know what'll become of us."

"Better stay here, and not go wanderin' off into that mob," remonstrated Shorty. "You'll git lost entirely, and never find your way back."

"I'll not get lost," responded Si. "I've got the lay o' the ground in my mind. If I did," he continued proudly, "it'd be easy to find you agin. Everybody knows where the 200th Ind. is." He went only a little ways, and carefully, at first.

He was rewarded by kicking against an object which upon examination proved to be a well-filled knapsack, which someone had flung away in his hurry. He carried it back, rejoicing, to Shorty.

"Finders is keepers," said Shorty, unbuckling the knapsack. "We'll just call this fair exchange for what we've throwed away in to-day's hustle. Let's open her up."

"Some new recruit's," said Si, as they examined the inside. "Looks like the one I packed from Injianny. What's this? I declare if it ain't a pair o' new shoes, and about my size; and some socks. I tell you, Shorty, I'm in luck."

He pulled the muddy socks off his shoeless foot, and drew on one of the warm, homemade affairs, and then the shoe. Both fitted well. He put on the other sock and shoe, and life at once seemed brighter.

"Shorty," said he, "I shouldn't wonder if I could find a blanket and an overcoat. You keep on holding that hole down, and I'll go out agin. I won't be gone long, for I'm dead tired. Just as soon as I find an overcoat or a blanket to put between us and the mud, I'll come back and we'll lay down. Every joint in me aches."

He started off less carefully this time. His new shoes made him feel more like walking. He was some distance from the regiment before he knew it. He found an overcoat. It had been trampled into the mud by thousands of passing feet, but still it was an overcoat, and it was not a time to be too nice about the condition of a garment. Presently he found

a blanket in similar condition. He pulled on the overcoat, and threw the blanket over his shoulders: He felt warmer, but they were very heavy. Still, he thought he would go on a little ways farther, and perhaps he would find another overcoat and blanket, which would fix out both him and his partner.

All this time men were sweeping by him in companies, regiments and squads; batteries were moving in all directions, and mounted officers were making their way to and fro. Filling up the spaces between these were hundreds of men, single and in small groups, wandering about in search of their regiments, and inquiring of everyone who would stop to listen to them as to the whereabouts of regiments, brigades and divisions. No one could give any satisfactory information. Organizations which had formed a line two miles long in the morning had been driven back, frequently in tumult and disorder, for miles through the thickets and woods. Fragmentary organizations had been rallied from time to time. A fragment of a regiment would rally at one



FINDING A GOOD THING.

Si Klegg (Cont. 'd from Page 15)

point with fragments of other regiments and make a stand; while other regiments would rally at widely-separated places and renew the fight, only to be pushed back again toward the Nashville Pike. Regiments and brigades that had remained nearly intact had been rapidly shifted from one point to another, as they were needed, until the mind could not follow their changes, or where nightfall had found them, or whither they had been shifted to form the new line.

At last Si succeeded in picking up another overcoat and blanket out of the mud, and started to go back to the regiment.

But where was the regiment? He had long since lost all track of its direction. He had been so intent upon studying the ground for thrown-away clothing that he had not noticed the course he had taken.

It suddenly dawned on him that he was but one drop in that great ocean of 35,000 men, surging around on the square miles lying between the Nashville Pike and Stone River. He looked about, but could see nothing to guide him. His eyes rested everywhere on dark masses of moving men. Those immediately around him were inquiring wearily for their own regiments; they had no patience to answer inquiries as to his own. Discouraged, he determined to walk as straight ahead as possible in the direction which he had come, and see where that would bring him. He was so tired that he could scarcely drag one foot after another, but he plodded on. At length he drew out of the throng a little, and saw that he was approaching the banks of a large stream. This disheartened him, for they had not been within miles of Stone River during the day. He saw a group of men huddled around a larger fire than had been permitted near the front. This, too, was discouraging, for it showed that he had been forging toward the rear. But he went up to the group and inquired:

"Do any o' you know where the 200th Ind. is?"

The men had become wearied out answering similar questions, and were as cross as soldiers get to be under similar circumstances.

"The 200th Ind.," snapped one; "better go back to the rear-guard and inquire. The straggler-ketchers 've got 'em."

"No," said another; "they skipped out before the rear-guard was formed, and were all drowned trying to swim the Cumberland."

"They say the Colonel went on foot," said a third, "and was the first man in the regiment to reach Nashville. Made the best long-distance run on record."

"You infernal liars," roared Si; "if I wasn't so tired I'd lick the whole caboodle of you. But I'll say this: "Any man who says that the 200th Ind. run, or that our brave Colonel run, or that any man in it run, is a low-down, measly liar, and hain't a grain a' truth in him, and he daresn't take it up."

It was a comprehensive challenge, that would have met with instantaneous response at any other time, but now the men were too exhausted for such vanities as fisticuffs.

"O, go off and find your rattled, lousy Hoosiers," they shouted in chorus. "Go talk to the Provost-Marshal about 'em. He's got the most of 'em. The rest are breaking for the Wabash as fast as their legs can carry them. Don't be bothering us about that corn-cracking, agery crowd."

"Where'd you leave your regiment, you chuckle-headed straggler?"

"You were so rattled you couldn't tell which way they went."



SI'S CHALLENGE.

"Where's your gun?"

"Where's your cartridge-box and haversack?"

"Where's your cap?"

"You were so scared you'd 'a' thrown away your head if it'd been loose!"

"Clear out from here, you deadbeat."

Si was too sick at heart to more than resolve that walked back as nearly as possible in the direction in which he had come. He knew that his regiment was at the front, and he had been forging toward the rear. He knew vaguely that the front was somewhere near the Nashville Pike, and as he wearily wound around and through the bewildering masses, he inquired only for the Nashville Pike.

He reached the Pike, at last, just as he was sinking with fatigue. The dreary rain had set in again, and he had determined to give the thing up, and sit down, and wait for morning. He saw a feeble glimmer of light at a distance, and decided to make one more effort to reach it, and inquire for his regiment.

"Partner, have you any idee where the 200th Ind. is?" he said meekly to the man who was crouching over the fire in the hole.

"Hello, Si," said Shorty. "Thad given you up long ago. Of course, you went off and got lost in that mob, as I told you you would. Next time you'll have sense enough to mind what I say."

"O, Shorty," groaned Si, "don't say nothing. I've nigh walked my legs offen me. I think I've tramped over every foot of ground betwixt here and Overall's Crick. But I've brought back two overcoats and two blankets."

"That's bully," answered Shorty, much mollified. "Say, I've got an idee. D'you see that white thing over there? That's a wagon. The mules 've been taken away, and it's been standing there for an hour. I've seen the Lieutenants and the Orderly-Sergeant sneak back there, and I know what they're up to. They're goin' to sleep in the wagon. Of course, they're officers, and got the first pick. But we kin lay down under it, and get out of the rain. Besides, it looks as if the ground was drier up there than it is down here."

They slipped quietly back to the wagon, and were lucky enough to find a little hay in the feed-box, which they could lay down to spread their blankets upon. They pulled the tail-gate off and set it up on the side from which the rain was coming.

"There," said Shorty, as they crawled in. "Si, what'd you do without me? Ain't I a comfort to you every minute of your life?"

"You certainly are, Shorty," said Si, as he fell asleep.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A GLOOMY NEW YEAR'S DAY—THE TWO ARMIES LIE FROWNING AT EACH OTHER.

SI WAS awakened the next morning by the rain dashing down squarely on his upturned face. He was lying on the flat of his back, sleeping the sleep of the utterly outworn, and he got the full force of the shower.

"Plague take it, Shorty," said he, kicking his snoring partner,



Si Klegg (Cont. d from Page 16)

"you're at your old tricks again — scrougin' me out o' the tent while I'm asleep. Why can't you lay still, like a white man?"

"It's you, dod rot you," grumbled Shorty, half-awakening. "You're at your old tricks o' kickin' the tent down. You need a 10-acre lot to sleep in, and then you'd damage the fence-corners."

They were both awake by this time, and looked around in amazement.

"We went to sleep nice and comfortable, under a wagon last night," said Shorty, slowly recalling the circumstances. "The two Lieutenants and the Orderly had the upper berth, and we slept on the ground-floor."

"Yes," assented Si; "and someone's come along, hitched mules to our bedroom and snaked it off."

"Just the way in the condemned army," grumbled Shorty, his ill-humor asserting itself as he sat up and looked out over the rain-soaked fields. "Never kin git hold of a good thing but somebody yanks it away. S'pose they thought that it was too good for a private soldier, and they took it away for some Major-General to sleep under."

"Well, I wonder what we're goin' to do for grub?" said Si, as his athletic appetite began to assert itself.

"Our own wagons, that we had such a time guarding, are over there in the cedars, and the rebels are filling themselves up with the stuff that we were so good to bring up for them."

"It makes me jest sizzle," said Shorty, "to think of all we went through to git them condemned wagons up where they'd be handiest for them."

Si walked down the line toward where the Regimental Headquarters were established under a persimmon tree, and presently came back, saying:

"They say there's mighty small chance of gettin' any grub to-day. Wheeler burnt three or four miles of our wagons yesterday, and s'got possession of the road to Nashville. We've got to fight the battle out on empty stomachs, and drive these whelps away before we kin get a square meal."

Jan. 1, 1863, was an exceedingly solemn, unhappy New Year's Day for the Union soldiers on the banks of Stone River. Of the 44,000 who had gone into the line on the evening of Dec. 30, nearly 9,000 had been killed or wounded and about 2,000 were prisoners. The whole right wing of the army had been driven back several miles, to the Nashville Pike. Cannon, wagon-trains, tents and supplies had been captured by the rebel cavalry, which had burned miles of wagons, and the faint-hearted ones murmured that the army would have to surrender or starve.

There was not ammunition enough to fight another battle. The rebel army had suffered as heavily in killed and wounded, but it was standing on its own ground, near its own supplies, and had in addition captured great quantities of ours.

The mutual slaughter of the two armies had been inconceivably awful—inexpressibly ghastly, shuddering, sickening. They had pounded one another to absolute exhaustion, and all that sullen, lowering, sky-weeping winter's day they lay and glared at one another like two huge lions which had fanged and torn each other until their strength had been entirely expended, and breath and strength were gone. Each was too spent to strike another blow, but each too savagely resolute to think of retreating.



A DISAGREEABLE AWAKENING FOR SHORTY AND SI.

All the dogged stubbornness of his race was now at fever point in Si's veins. Those old pioneers and farmers of the Wabash from whom he sprang were not particularly handsome to look at, they were not glib talkers, nor well educated. But they had a way of thinking out—rather slowly and awkwardly it might be—just what they ought to do, and then doing it or dying in the effort—which made it very disastrous for whoever stood in their way. Those who knew them best much preferred to be along with them rather than against them when they set their square-cornered heads upon accomplishing some object.

Si might be wet, hungry, and the morass of mud in which the army was wallowing uncomfortable and discouraging to the last degree, but there was not the slightest thought in his mind of giving up the fight as long as there was a rebel in sight. He and Shorty were not hurt yet, and until they were, the army was still in good fighting trim.

The line of the 200th Ind. was mournfully shorter than it was two days before, but there were still several hundred

boys of Si's stamp gathered resolutely around its flag, the game little Colonel's voice rang out as sharply as ever, and the way the boys picked up their guns and got into line whenever a sputter of firing broke out anywhere must have been very discouraging to Gen. Bragg and his officers, who were anxiously watching the Union lines through their glasses for signs of demoralization and retreat.

"We licked 'em yesterday, every time they come up squarely in front o' the 200th Ind.," Si said to Shorty and those who stood around gazing anxiously on the masses of brown men on the other side of the field. "We can do it again, every time. The only way they got away with us was by sneakin' around through the cedars and takin' us in the rear. We're out in the open ground now, an' they can't get around our flanks." And he looked to the extreme right, where every knoll was crowned with a battery of frowning guns.

"They got their bellies full o' fightin' yesterday," added Shorty, studying the array judicially. "They hain't none o' the brashness they showed yesterday mornin', when they were jumpin' us in front, right, left and rear at the same minute. They're very backward about comin' forward acrost them fields for us to-day. I only wish they'd try it on."

But the forenoon wore away without the rebels showing any disposition to make an assault across the muddy fields. Si's vigilant appetite took advantage of the quiet to assert its claims imperiously.

"Shorty," said he, "there must be something to eat somewhere around here. I'm goin' to look for it."

"You'll have just about as much chance of findin' it," said Shorty dolefully, "among that mob o' famished Suckers as you would o' findin' a straw-stack in the infernal regions. But I'll go 'long with you. We can't lose the regiment in the day time."

"By the way, Shorty," said Si, happening to glance at the sleeves of the overcoats which he had picked up, "we both seem to be Sergeants."

"That's so," assented Shorty. "Both these are Sergeant's overcoats. We'll take our guns along, and play that we are on duty. It may help us out somewhere."

Things looked so quiet in front that the Captain gave them permission, and off they started. It seemed a hopeless quest. Everywhere men were ravenous for food. They found one squad toasting on their rammers the pieces of a luckless rabbit they had cornered in a patch of

**Si Klegg** (Cont. 'd from Page 17)

briars. Another was digging away at a hole that they alleged contained a woodchuck. A third was parching some corn found in a thrown-away feed box, and congratulating themselves upon the lucky find.

Finally they came out upon the banks of Stone River at the place to which Si had wandered during the night. Si recognized it at once, and also the voices that came from behind a little thicket of paw-paws as those of the men with whom he had had the squabble.

Si motioned to Shorty to stop and keep silent, while he stepped up closer, parted the bushes a little, looked through, and listened.

Two men were standing by a fire, which was concealed from the army by the paw-paws. Four others had just come up, carrying rolled in a blanket what seemed to be a dead body. They flung it down by the fire, with exclamations of relief, and unrolled it. It was the carcass of a pig so recently killed that it was still bleeding.

"Hello," exclaimed the others joyfully; "where did you get that?"

"Why," exclaimed one of the others, "we were poking around down there under the bank, and we happened to spy a nigger cabin on the other side of the river, hid in among the willers, where nobody could see it. We thought there might be something over there, so we waded across. There wasn't anything to speak of in the cabin, but we found this pig in the pen. Jim bayoneted it, and then we wrapped it up in our blanket, as if we wuz taking a boy back to the Surgeon's, and fetched it along. We couldn't 've got a hundred yards through that crowd if they'd dreamed what we had. Jerusalem, but it was heavy, though. We thought that pig weighed a thousand pounds before we got here."

"Bully boys," said the others gleefully. "We'll have enough to eat, no matter how many wagons the rebels burn. I always enjoyed a dinner of fresh pork more on New Year's Day than any other time."

Si turned and gave Shorty a wink that conveyed more to that observant individual than a long telegram would have done. He winked back approvingly, brought up his gun to a severely regulation "carry arms," and he and Si stepped briskly through the brush to the startled squad.

"Here," said Si, with official severity; "you infernal stragglers, what regiments do you belong to? Sneaking out here, are you, and stealin' hogs instead of being with your companies. Wrap that pig up again, pick it up, and come along with us to Head-quarters."

For a minute it looked as if the men would fight. But Si had guessed rightly; they were stragglers, and had the cowardice of guilty consciences. They saw the chevrons on Si's arms, and his positive, commanding air finished them. They groaned, wrapped up the pig again, and Si mercifully made the two who had waited by the fire carry the heaviest part.

Si started them back toward the 200th Ind., and he and Shorty walked along close to them, maintaining a proper provost-guard-like severity of countenance and carriage.

The men began to try to beg off, and make advances on the basis of sharing the pork. But Si and Shorty's official integrity was incorruptible.

"Shut up and go on," they would reply to every proposition. "We ain't that kind of soldiers. Our duty's to take you to Headquarters, and to Headquarters you are going."

They threaded through the crowds for some time, and as they were at last nearing the regiment a battery of artillery went by at as near a trot as it could get out of the weary horses in that deep mire. The squad took advantage of the confusion to drop their burden and scurry out of sight in the throng.

"All right; let 'em go," grinned Si. "I wuz jest wonderin' how we'd get rid o' 'em. I'd thought o' takin' them into the regiment and then givin' them a chunk o' their pork, but then I'd get mad at the way they talked about the 200th Ind. last night, and want to stop and lick 'em. It's better as it is. We need all that pig for the boys."

Si and Shorty picked up the bundle and carried it up to the regiment. When they unrolled it the boys gave such lusty cheers that the rebels beyond the field rushed to arms, expecting a charge, and one of our

impulsive cannoneers let fly a shell at them.

Si and Shorty cut off one ham for themselves and their particular cronies, carried the other ham, with their compliments, to the Colonel, and let the rest be divided up among the regiment.

One of their chums was lucky enough to have saved a tin box of salt, and after they had toasted and devoured large slices of the fresh ham they began to feel like new men, and be anxious for some-thing farther to happen.

But the gloomy, anxious day dragged its slow length along with nothing more momentous than fitful bursts of bickering, spiteful firing, breaking out from time to time on different parts of the long line, where the men's nerves got wrought up to the point where they had to do something to get the relief of action.

Away out in front of the regiment ran a little creek, skirting the hill on which the rebels were massed. In the field between the hill and the creek was one of our wagons, which had mired there and been abandoned by the driver in the stampede of the day before. It seemed out of easy rifle-shot of the rebels on the hill.

Si had been watching it for some time. At length he said :

"Shorty, I believe that wagon's loaded with hardtack."

"It's certainly a Commissary wagon," said Shorty, after studying it a little.

"Yes, I'm sure that it's one o' them wagons we was guardin', and I recollect it was loaded with hardtack."

The mere mention of the much-abused crackers made both their mouths water.

"Seems to me I recognize the wagon, too," said Shorty.

"Shorty, it'd be a great thing if we could sneak along up the creek, behind them bushes, until we come opposite the wagon, then make a rush across the field, snatch up a box o' hardtack apiece, and then run back. We'd get enough to give each o' the boys a cracker apiece. The wagon'd shelter us comin' and goin', and we wouldn't get a shot."

"It might be," said Shorty, with visions of distributing hardtack to the hungry boys warping his judgment. "The fellers right back o' the wagon couldn't shoot to any advantage, and them to the right and left are too fur off. If you say so, it's a go."

"If the boys could only have one hardtack apiece," said Si, as his last hesitation vanished, "they'd feel ever so much better, and be in so much better shape for a fight. Come on, let's try it."

The rest overheard their plan, and began to watch them with eager interest. They made a circle to the right, got into the cover of the brush of the creek, and began making their way slowly and carefully up to a point opposite the wagon. They reached this without attracting notice, parted the bushes in front of them carefully, and took a good survey of the wagon and the hill beyond.

The wagon was a great deal nearer the hill than had appeared to be the case from where the regiment lay, and even where they stood they were in easy range of the rebels on the hill. But the latter were utterly unsuspecting of them. They were crouching down around fires, with their guns stacked, and the cannoneers of a couple of guns were at some distance from their pieces, under a brush shelter, before which a fire smoldered in the rain.

It's awful short range," said Si dubiously. "If they were lookin' they'd tear us and the wagon all to pieces. But our boys is a-watchin' us, and I don't want to go back without a shy at it. Them fellers seem so busy tryin' to keep warm that we may get there without their noticin' us."

"I never wanted hardtack so much in my life as I do this minute," said Shorty. "I don't care to live forever, anyway. Let's chance it."

They pulled off their overcoats, carefully tied up their shoes, shifted around so as to be completely behind the wagon, and then started on a rush through the mud.

For several hundred steps nothing happened, and they began to believe that they would reach the wagon unnoticed. Then a few shots

# Coming Events

**April 7, 2007. Confederate Flag Day observance**, Arkansas State Capitol grounds, Little Little Rock.

**April 13-15, 2007. Battle of Pleasant Hill battle re-enactment**, Pleasant Hill, LA.

**April 13-15, 2007. 145th Anniversary Shiloh Living History**, Shiloh National Battlefield Park, Shiloh, TN.

**April 27-29, 2007. Battle of Marks Mill re-enactment**, Marks Mill Battlefield State Park, near Fordyce, AR.

**May 4-6 Battle of Chalk Bluff Re-Enactment**, near Piggot, AR. Chalk Bluff is one that wasn't on the original schedule because we set our May event as the AMLA shoot in Berryville. In fact, they weren't planning to hold Chalk Bluff this year, but the SCV apparently changed their mind a couple of weeks ago. Most everybody else in the state is part of the TMVI or 1st Arkansas Battalion, and they're planning to go to Jefferson, TX that weekend. I don't mind supporting this one by taking a crew up there, but would like to see our max efforts stay with Berryville. The 7th Arkansas will be providing a federal presence, so if we do support this one, we would be the Confederates.

**May 18-20 Arkansas State Muzzle Loading Championship**, Berryville, AR May's max effort event... Live-fire black powder matches, and the annual Civil War Shoot-Out.

**June 8-10, 2007. Vicksburg Living History**, Vicksburg National Battlefield Park, Vicksburg, MS. Sponsored by the Western Independent Grays.

**June 8-10, 2007. "Battlefire" Civil War Weekend**, Tribbey, OK. Frontier Brigade and most mainstream Confederate units will be going here.

**June 9, 2007. Old State House living history, "Arkansas Becomes a State."** Little Rock, AR. We've been invited, this would be a pre-Capitol Guards state militia/backwoodsman-type impression

**August(?), 2007. Battle of Bloomfield**, Bloomfield, MO. I haven't been to this one before, but have heard a lot of good things about it. Confederate is okay, but I'm probably a little more familiar with the federal end of the story. The original Stars & Stripes newspaper was printed here by the Yankees in 1861...

**September 14-16, 2007 145th Anniversary Reenactment, Battle of Antietam**, Sharpsburg, MD. (national event)

**September 21-23, 2007. Battle of Fort Davidson re-enactment**, Pilot Knob, MO. 6th Arkansas max effort event for September

**September 28-30, 2007. Battle of Mill Springs re-enactment**, Somerset, KY. North/South Alliance Maximum Effort Event.

**October 12-14, 2007. Battle of Columbus-Belmont re-enactment**, Columbus, KY

**October 12-14, 2007. White Sulphur Springs living history & Confederate memorial services**, Sulphur Springs, AR

**October 26-28, 2007. Outpost III**, Rippavilla Plantation, Spring Hill, TN. Immersive (e.g. hardcore) tactical; hosted by the Western Independent Grays.

**November 2-4, 2007. Civil War Weekend & Battle Demonstrations, Old Washington State Park**, Washington, AR.

**November 2-4, 2007. Battle of Pea Ridge re-enactment** (formerly "Cane Hill"/"Battles Around Bentonville"), Bentonville, AR.



## The Captain's Tent

by Tom Ezell

Well, the first big battle of the 2007 season, Shiloh 145th, is behind us, and despite the hype and anticipation thereof, I had a very good time, and came home with a good feeling about our campaign add-on to what was otherwise a very mainstream event. The folks on the other side of the game complained mightily about the shortage of Yankees in their reports on the various web boards, but I never noticed that in our little corner. We always had just about as many bluecoats as we could deal with at the time, or as in the case of the last scenario on Sunday, way too many!

Others in the group got their first real taste of doing a campaign event like this. Campaigning doesn't simply mean living your tent at home, but it means packing all your kit around with you everywhere you go, and living out of your haversack and knapsack. Many started out Monday with what I labeled as "PTMS" syndrome (Packing Too Much Sh\_t), and they paid for it hauling it up and down those hills. ("Gentle hills," the campaign flyers advertised...) Lots of folks aren't

familiar with making a bedroll, and living with it in the field on a multi-day march. Multiple blankets bring weight and bulk, and adding in your gum blanket and maybe extra clothing really adds to the load and discomfort. This, though, is a lesson that each individual best learns for himself through this sort of experience. The old boys called this "getting used to it," modern day troopers "get hard."

With March behind us, we have a busy month ahead. Next weekend (April 7) features the SCV's observation of Confederate Flag Day at the State Capitol. This is usually a politicized event with lots of rebellious speech and chest thumping, and the SCV's increased politicking and internal strife has been costing them participation over the past couple of years. Still, Arkansas is one of the few states that still recognizes this holiday, and it's worth keeping. We cannot let the fire-eaters and modern-day knuckleheads rob us of our heritage in the same manner as the more liberal wielders of hatred and political correctness seek to do.

The following weekend is the annual Rebfest at Pleasant Hill, LA. Some of our new folks haven't been there before, so I'm cancelling my plans to head back to Shiloh, and leading a small mess-sized group back down to Louisiana. These things are always a lot more fun in a car-pool group, and I've got a couple of extra seats available. Let me know if you're interested; we'll be leaving out from Little Rock on mid-afternoon Friday.

Our max effort event for April comes on the last weekend, with the biennial event at Marks' Mills, near Fordyce. We'll be trying to recreate our fun times from the 2003 event, and plan to move our camp

The 6th Regiment, Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, Co. A, the "Capitol Guards" is dedicated to the faithful and historically accurate portrayal of a unit of Confederate infantry in the War Between the States in 1861-1865.

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The 6th Arkansas is always in need of "a few good men" to fill the ranks in service of the Cause. If you are interested in Civil War Reenacting, please call the Captain as listed above.

The 6th Arkansas living historians are available for living history presentations to schools, public and private organizations, and community events. Please contact the Captain.

## The Captain's Tent (Continued from Page 19)

back to our little spot out in the woods and away from the city set up by the Ricebird Artillery, and . We'll have the mess section functional, too, and since there aren't many amenities at this event, we'll do our best to keep everyone's bellies full and spirits high. We'll be the Yankees for this event, along with our friends from the 37th Illinois, and it's always a good time down there in the blue. Expect a few surprises this year, to, as we work on a few ideas with our old friends the Bushwhackers to keep things lively and interesting. Space is running short in this month's newsletter due to the Shiloh coverage and keeping track of Si & Shorty, so I will forward the historical background information on Mark's Mill separately (or simply refer back to the April 2005 issue of the *Sentinel*.)

The 2007 General Assembly is winding down, and among the other damage they've done to th estate, have set up a commission to prepare for the 150th anniversary of the Civil War in Arkansas, which begins in 2011. This commission will be made up of 16 citizens appointed by the Governor and the legislature, as well as the agency directors of the Department of Parks & Tourism, Arkansas Heritage, History Commission, Martin Luther King Commission, and others. Non-voting, advisory members will include the Superintendent of Pea Ridge National Battlefield and the state commanders of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War. Activities of this group should be getting organized later this fall, so it's a good thing to keep an eye on.

As the notes on Shiloh indicate, the Capitol Guards are off to a good season in 2007, and I look forward to serving with you all at Marks' Mills, and maybe seeing a few friendly faces around the fire down at Pleasant Hill, too...

Your pard,

*Sam Ezell*



## Si Klegg (Cont. d from Page 1)

rang out over their heads, followed a minute later by a storm of bullets that struck in the mud and against the wagon. But they reached the wagon, and sat down, exhausted, on the tongue, sidling up close to the bed to protect them from the bullets.

Si recovered his breath first, caught hold of the front board and raised himself up, saw the boxes of coveted hardtack, and was just putting his hand on one of them when a shell struck the rear end and tore the canvas cover off. Si sank back again beside Shorty, when another shell burst under the wagon, and filled the air with pieces of wheels, bed, cracker-boxes and hardtack.

"I don't want no hardtack; I want to find the bank o' that crick," yelled Shorty, starting back on the jump, with Si just six inches behind.

The bullets spattered in the mud all around them as they ran, but they reached the creek bank without being struck. They were in such a hurry that they did not stop to jump, but fell headlong into the water.

"Them hardtack wuz spiled, anyway," said Shorty, as they fished themselves out, found their overcoats, and made their way back to the regiment.

They received the congratulations of their comrades on their escape, and someone fished out all the consolation that the regiment could offer—a couple of brierwood pipes filled with fragrant kinnikinnick. They sat down, smoked these, and tried to forget their troubles.

The cheerless night drew on. No fires were allowed, and the men huddled together on the wet ground, to get what comfort they could from the warmth of each other's bodies.

The temper of the rebels became nastier as the day wore away, and under the cover of the darkness they pushed out here and there and opened worrying fires on the Union line. Suddenly a battery opened up on the 200th Ind. from a bare knoll in front. The rebels had evidently

calculated the range during daylight, and the shells struck around them in the most annoying way. They threw up showers of mud, scattered the groups, and kept everybody nervous and alarmed. The regiment stood this for some time, when an idea occurred to Si and Shorty. They went up to the Colonel and explained :

"Colonel, we've studied the ground out there purty carefully, and we know that the knoll where that battery is in close range o' that crick where we went up this afternoon. If you'll let a few of us go out there we kin stop them cannoneers mighty soon."

"Sure of that?" said the Colonel alertly. "Dead sure."

"Very well, then," said the Colonel promptly. "I've been thinking of the same thing. I'll take the whole regiment out. Put yourselves at the head, and lead the way."

The regiment was only too eager for the movement. It marched rapidly after Si and Shorty up the creek bed, and in a very few minutes found itself on the flank of the obnoxious battery, which was still banging away into the line which the 200th Ind. had occupied. It was scarcely 200 yards away, and the men's hearts burned with a fierce joy at the prospect of vengeance. With whispered orders the Colonel lined up the regiment carefully on the bank, and waited until the battery should fire again, to make sure of the aim. Every man cocked his gun, took good aim, and waited for the order. They could distinctly hear the orders of the battery officers directing the shelling. Three cannon were fired at once, and as their fierce lights flashed out the Colonel gave the order to fire. A terrible simoon of death from the rifles of the 200<sup>th</sup> Ind. struck down everything in and around the battery.

"That dog's cured o' suckin' aigs," said Shorty, as the Colonel ordered the regiment to about face and march back.

The 200th Ind. heard no more from that battery that night.