

The Sentinel



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LIVING HISTORIANS

[HTTP://WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/CAPITALGUARDS](http://www.geocities.com/capitalguards)

Marks' Mill: "You Fought Splendidly"

The third iteration of the biennial re-enactment/battle demonstration at Mark's Mill has come and gone, and in looking back, there were many improvements from 2005. As before, the Capitol Guards and friends joined forces to portray the 36th Iowa Volunteers, which served in the original battle in 1864. We were joined this year in blue by our friends from the 1st Arkansas who have taken up a federal impression as the "redlegs" of the 5th Kansas Cavalry.

Numbers were down substantially from years past... both because of rising gas costs and declining interest in re-enacting, as well as a heavy schedule in April. This was the third high-interest event in April for the Guards -- after Confederate Flag Day and Pleasant Hill -- and the fourth or fifth for our friends in the 1st and the 7th Arkansas. Looming on the following weekend was the regional event in Jefferson, TX and a hastily revived event at Chalk Bluff, up in far northeastern Arkansas. The heavy scheduling of events is simply overwhelming the declining number of re-enactors available to support them.

At any rate, we came to Marks' Mill ready to support Ol' Glory and have a good time and a hard fight. Falling in with the 36th at Fordyce in addition to the Captain in his role as "Capt. O.B. Joyful" and Orderly Sergeant Steve Shore were Privates Bob Black, Rusty "Mudcat" Guenard, Randy Puckett, David Sesser, Jeffrey Stewart, Richard Stewart, and Ethan Webster. All together with the "5th Kansas," we fielded an average of 17 rifles for the weekend, which put us one rifle ahead of the Confederates, who were represented for the weekend by the 7th Arkansas and the 31st Louisiana.

The growing 6th Arkansas Citizens supported us as well by setting up a respite in the civilian camp. and we are heavily beholden to Jan, Suzie, and Tifney for the hot meals and coffee, cool tea, and warm hospitality show to the weary Yankee soldiers through the weekend.

The Federal camp this year returned to the high ground several hundred yards back in the piney woods from the main state park area, where we managed to stay out of the mud and had a lot less interference from traffic and its associated noise. Plus, this gave us the feeling of being out in the howling wilderness of southern Arkansas similar to the spring of 1864 and helped foster a good spirit of comradery between the Boys in Blue.

I arrived shortly after dark Friday night along with a small convoy, finding that the bushwhackers had strewn the community with "Wanted" posters for Captain Joyful and Captain Kalkbrenner of the redlegs. Steve had been setting out the camp streets, and Bob had brought and set up the famous "Hotel de Black," the Sibley tent. Things were getting a little crowded over in the company street, so I pitched my little dog

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Marks' Mill 2007... Members of the Capitol Guards and friends line up for review at the close of the Saturday afternoon battle demonstration. L to R: "Captain O.B. Joyful," Orderly Sergeant Steve Shore, Bob Black, Randy Puckett.

Berryville, Arkansas May 18-19-20, 2007 Civil War Shooting Competition

by Steve Shore

The next event for the Capitol Guards will be the Arkansas State Muzzle-Loading Rifle Championship Matches at Berryville, Arkansas on the weekend of May 18th-20th. There will be 85 shooting events - starting at 0800, Friday May 18th and ending Sunday the 20th.

Flintlock & percussion - rifles, pistols, trap w/shotgun, women's events, youth and over 60 competitions.

There is a small camping fee and registration.

AWARDS CEREMONY @ 1400 hrs Sunday.

I will give you two ten-round packages of .577 minie balls, if you compete! Teams need their uniform/acoutrements/musket and canteen to be on the line. If your not sure how it all works, I will train you! You'll have plenty of time to get the hang of it.

Bring your tents or campers.

It will be food, friendship and FUN for thirty-two hours!

Contact Steve Shore for more information!!!!!!

Dawn Reconnoiter Near Mark's Mill

By 1Sgt S. Shore

On Friday, April 27th 1864, while en route from Camden, Arkansas to Pine Bluff, a hand written letter and a WANTED poster was found nailed to a tree along the Camden Road.

The letters content indicated that members of the 'Wretched Mess' were operating in the area and threatening all Union forces that they encountered. These soldiers would be subject to attack at any time and anywhere. It was signed by the commanding officer of the 'Wretched Mess'.

The WANTED poster had two drawn facsimiles of Captain M. Kalkbrenner of the 5th Kansas and Captain O. B. Joyful of the 36th Iowa. It threatened to capture and hold them as prisoner, if not take further actions against their lives. We were not going to tolerate these hostile threats against our officers.

Before daylight, Saturday morning, the NCO's of the 5th Kansas and 36th Iowa took it upon themselves to ensure the upcoming day's route was reconnoitered.

A small squad of six men was quickly organized to check the Camden Road heading towards Marks Mill. SgtMaj Hutcheson and 2Sgt Lewis of the 5th Kansas as well as 1Sgt Shore and Privates Guenard, Puckett, and Sesser of the 36th Iowa departed base camp. We instructed our remaining NCOs of our plans and to have the army ready to move out at 7:00 a.m. along the Camden Road if we did not return.

Proceeding in single file with full gear, extra ammunition and a day's rations we set out to reconnoiter the area. We knew the soldiers in Camden were starving and badly needed to get the food and supplies stored in Pine Bluff. We also wanted to thwart the 'Wretched Mess' threats.

Upon departure, the trail wound through the dim morning twilight. It cast shadowy figures around every turn. Slowly we walked forward looking for camp fires or the smell of wood smoke.

Private Guenard was placed at the head of the formation. We next divided our formation along both sides of the road with five yard intervals between men. The road snaked left and right until we reached a large forest which had been cleared by the local secessionists.

It was at this point that the Camden Road turned due East with the cleared area on the North side and the dense forest on the Southern flank. We had seen no sign of recent footprints along the road, which raised our suspicions. This would be a perfect location for an ambush of an unsuspecting army and wagon train on the march.

As the sky began to lighten, we stood listening for sounds of activity. Observing at the edge of the clearing, the tell-tale sign of gray wood smoke appeared approximately two hundred yards down the road from our position. Three shadowy figures stood at the point of its origin.

Before departing Camden, we had been informed that the Marks homestead and mill was approximately one mile away from this clearing.

How many more men were there? Were they friend or foe? Were they members of the 'Wretched Mess' or Confederate deserters in the area? We needed a plan.

It was decided that Private Guenard would casually walk down the road in an attempt to draw them out or get a visual on their uniforms. Once they began to follow him, we would capture one to present to our Captains as a trophy. If we were overwhelmed by numbers, we would disengage and return to base camp with information to pass on to our officers for their day's strategy.

Given his orders, Pvt. Guenard shouldered his Springfield. He began whistling a fine tune and strolled down the road. Once he was half way between the enemy and our position, he yelled out and discharged his piece.

The figures were caught off guard.

Pvt. Guenard retreated to a safe location North of the road and reloaded, as we watched for a response should they mount horses to attack him. He yelled again and fired his musket. They did not respond.

He reloaded a third time and after a verbal exchange, they fired a few pistol shots in his directing at which time he fired and ran back towards us.

We formed a line of battle across the road, so that these unidentified individuals could see us. Still they did nothing!

These individuals could not have been the notorious 'Wretched Mess' that was feared by everyone in the surrounding area. They must have been carpetbaggers or deserters?

SgtMaj Hutcheson and I agreed to terminate the reconnoiter and return to the army and prepare to move forward. No other information to pass on at this time and we believe our mission will be a success! God save the Union!

Your Obedient Servant,

J. S. Shore

1Sgt, 36th Iowa, Co. B., USA

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Marks' Mill '07 (Continued from page 1)

tent off to the side of the Sibley and set up housekeeping there. Friday evening was spent getting everyone settled in, and chatting quietly around the various camp fires. The bushwhackers were seen flitting in the shadows from time to time, and so it appeared that Marks' Mill '07 was off to a typically good start. I turned into my blanket roll near midnight, and despite a few stobs here and there under the ground cloth, passed one of the better night's sleep that I've had this year.

Reveille for some came early, as the NCO's decided to set the tone for the event by getting a leg up on the bushwhackers and keeping up the pressure all weekend. Mounting a pre-dawn patrol, they went in search of the bushwhacker camp and greeted the outlaws with a fistful of leaden "blue pills." The remainder of the camp stirred with the dawn, and we went about getting coffee and breakfast, counting noses for the morning report, and otherwise getting organized.

While the Saturday morning parade in Fordyce was still on the schedule, the city was less supportive this year, and we had to provide our own transportation down to Fordyce and back to take part. We made quite a respectful showing though... and were greatly aided by the 31st Louisiana's sound system on their SCV truck playing Scottish marches to keep step by. The parade was its usual route, a little less than 2 miles, with the Federals leading out this time behind Ol' Glory,

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The bushwhackers of the Wretched Mess made their biennial appearance at Marks' Mill; this time the Captain had a little something for them.

Battle of Marks' Mill Re-enactment - April 28-29, 2007



Captain O.B. Joyful and his bodyguard



Sunday afternoon parade at ENDEX and the end of the event.



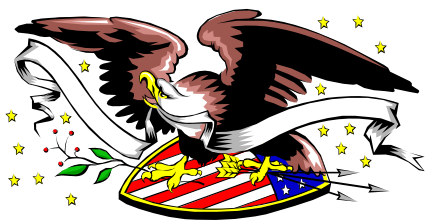
Capitol Guards line up for the Cotton Belt parade in downtown Fordyce



A short rest before departing for the tactical on Saturday afternoon



"Be vevy vevy quiet... we're hunting bushwhackers!"



"Keep a sharp eye out on the left, there... them bushwhackers is awful sneaky!"

Marks' Mill '07 (Continued from page 7)



Keenan Williams keeps a sharp eye on the skirmish line...

See, they done stole Chinacamp's pants and left him to fight in his drawers...



The Rebs come out to fight in the open, while the Iowa skirmishers keep their cover.



The 36th deploys in skirmish order...



First Sergeant Shore gets the guys lined out on Sunday afternoon



The "huddle" before Sunday's game.

followed by the 31st Louisiana and their sound truck, then the Confederate infantry and lastly the Ricebird Artillery mounted on their lowboy trailers. Bob Black and I got a big kick out of it, especially when we had to hike the whole route back to the start point to fetch our wagon for the ride back to camp out in the woods.

On arrival back in camp, we had time for a short rest and cool-down and lunch before it was time to saddle up to move out for an afternoon tactical to be fought along a wooded trail out to the pastures where the

late afternoon battle demonstration would be fought. Missed coordination led to the various groups departing at randomly scattered intervals, but in the end this simply made the Great Bushwhacker Hunt more fun, and more memorable for all.

Assembling at the Federal camp, we waited nearly half an hour for the redlegs to show up, then with the clock ticking down, we set off to go find the trail we were supposed to defend. Shots could be heard in the distance, indicating that the fight had already begun, and our assistance would be appreciated. Hiking a little less than a mile up Highway 97, we found the trail opening behind a rustic cabin, crossed a wire fence then set out down the trail.

Almost immediately we alerted as Steve saw someone coming down the trail from the other direction, and we scurried for cover. It turned out to be one of the bushwhackers, "Torch," who was sore-footed and out of water. He was dumbfounded to wlak into a blocked ambush and be taken prisoner. After interrogating him to find out what was going on down the trail, I summarily shot him for the bushwhacker that he was, and set out to go help Hutch and the redlegs with the rebel horde.

Improvising some tactics, we set off in a loose column, stalking our prey by following the occasional footprints in the soft earth as well as the trail of cartridge papers once we found where the combat had begun. After awhile, we saw movement up ahead where the rebels had set up a hasty defense along a treeline bordering a patch of clear-cut trees. We deployed into skirmish line and eased forward...

Marks' Mill '07 (Continued from page 7)



Home Sweet Home, in the Sibley...



Officers' quarters were a little simpler...



And a whole lot fancier back in civilian camp, where the boys take a break Saturday evening.

A cry from the rebel line and a single shot indicated that we had been seen, so I gave the order to open fire, and we began to press the rebel sentinels closely in an attempt to drive them back so that we could join forces with the redlegs. Loading and firing furiously and on the move, we stormed their first line and drove them out, some stubbornly at the point of the bayonet. The element of surprise still played in our favor; after a brief attempt at a stand, the rebels fell back loosely to a crossroads which turned out to be the end of the tactical lane, held by our friends the redlegs. All agreed that the search and destroy mission through the wooded lane was an excellent scenario, and a good demonstration of solid light infantry tactics.

After a brief rest and re-grouping, we moved down the road to the field for the battle demonstration, and replenished water and ammunition while we set up the field for the afternoon battle.

The Saturday afternoon battle would be a demonstration of fighting in skirmish order on our part, as we set up a skirmish line along a small rise at the east end of the field, the Iowa volunteers on the left of the line, the redlegs on the right. As we withdrew, we would fall back to either side of the artillery gun line, and try to draw the rebels into an apparent gap in our defenses.

This plot worked perfectly, as the Confederates took the field advancing in line-of-battle, and took the bait of trying to drive into the gap -- which turned out to be an unseen bog, allowing us to counterattack and hammer them between our pair of skirmish lines. The bushwhackers

moved in to turn our left flank, which I then withdrew to the far side of a creek bed while continuing to keep up the fire. By now our ammunition was running low after two hard fights, and men were steadily filtering to the rear or dropping out with empty cartridge boxes. We began a slow but steady retreat, and brought our colors off the field unsullied by the hands of the traitors.

We rallied the troops again for the spectators and fired a volley in salute, and then headed back to camp to clean weapons, rest, and prepare an evening meal. The Citizen's Corps had a fine meal of beef brisket, boiled potatoes, and apple cobbler ready, in addition to the supper of beef stew and cornbread offered by the event staff.

Another new feature for this year was a camp dance, held at sundown. I spent a quiet hour visiting and talking tactics with the other officers, watched the dance for awhile, then headed back to our camp in the piney woods where I shared the campfire with Jeffrey, Richard, and Bob until the rest of the troops came in from the dance. Again as tattoo floated through the woods, it was "lights out" for this old warrior.

The bushwhackers had had a tough event and high casualties over the event, and they packed it in shortly before dark on Saturday evening. This didn't deter Mudcat and Randy, however, who continued to take their taste for night adventures out on the hapless Rebs from the 31st Louisiana, with random picket firing through the night.

Reveille on Sunday was pretty laid back, as we again scuttled around to re-stoke the campfires, police the camps, and get the coffee pots to bubbling. The Citizens of the Sixth again provided a hearty breakfast of biscuits and gray, coffee, and salt pork to the hungry soldiers. With a rather uneventful morning until formation for battle around noon, we spent our time chatting around the fire, and then the heathens who failed to respond to church call went on fatigue detail to break camp and pack the wagons.

Sunday's formation found us reinforced by Keenan Williams and his son, Joel (or "Chinacamp," as he's known) and a similar scenario to the day before. The Federals staked out an outpost line in skirmish order, only to be pounded by a Confederate artillery barrage, followed closely by an infantry assault. As before, we gave ground grudgingly, yielding only when the cartridge boxes ran low and we had to take cover behind the gun line.

And then it was over for another biennium, with a final parade and salute to the somewhat sparse crowd. While we had a lot less community participation at this Marks' Mill event than in the past, from the reenactor perspective this was possibly the best one so far, with old and trusted friends working hard together to "make it real" for each other. And as always, if we can make it real for the guys in the ranks, pleasing the crowd will quite often take care of itself.

On the way out of camp, we did take time to pause at the original battlefield a short distance away to pay our respects to the Boys of '64 who still sleep under the sod & pine trees. Peace to their ashes...

COMMENTS ON ACCURACY IN LIVE FIRE WITH YOUR MUSKET

by Bill Adams

The soldier and his firearm were an inseparable unit, the building block of Civil War armies. Countless enactors, collectors, educators and writers that elaborate about the nuances of soldier life, tactics, arms and equipment have never actually fired a bullet from an original or reproduction firearm. Live firing period firearms completes the understanding of that one-man, one-gun unit and gives one a greater appreciation of the weapons, the men that used them and our continuing fascination with the era.

Quite often we focus on “de-farbing” our weapons, the details on how to make mass-produced replica arms accurately resemble original arms. Your reworked weapon may closely resemble an original rifle musket, but how *accurate* is that accurately detailed arm? The ultimate proof of a firearm is how well it delivers its projectiles to the intended target. The original arms were designed with a point blank range of one hundred yards and were made to neutralize enemy soldiers, not to be target grade weapons; yet, they are surprisingly accurate and capable of grouping their shots into a regulation tin cup at one hundred yards. Many reproduction arms will do the same once a bullet and load combination is developed and the sights and lock are set up properly, but few can do so as they come out of the box.

Original arms with good bores usually perform better than “untuned” reproductions. That can be attributed to better fitting of the components and better “fit” to the shooter, better (sharper) sights, progressive depth rifling and locks with smoother let-offs and faster lock times than those of the reproduction arms.

Most reproductions are not rifled like the original arms. The rifling in the US Model 1855 through 1864 rifle-muskets is nearly identical with that of the Type III P-53 Enfield. The P-53 and the US Pattern rifle-muskets had three-groove progressive depth rifling that was 0.015 inch deep at the breech tapering to 0.005 inch (five *thousandths* of an inch) deep at the muzzle. The .577 P-53 rifling had a twist of one turn in 78 inches and the Model 1855 through 1864 .58 caliber rifle-muskets had a twist of one turn in 72 inches. The bullet, charge and lube that work well in a 0.580 inch bore, original barrel with tapered depth rifling and a 1:78 inch twist may not work well in a reproduction barrel with 0.005 inch uniform depth rifling with a 1:48 or a 1:60 inch twist and a bore size of 0.595 inch. The reproduction arms can be made to shoot well, but not necessarily with the same loads as other arms of the same model, even if from the same maker. Guns from the same replica manufacturer may have different rifling twists or different numbers of grooves and different bore diameters within the same model series.² The shallow rifling found in most reproduction arms can deliver respectable accuracy, and some of the period military target arms had shallow rifling.

Good sights contribute to good accuracy. The investment cast rear sights on most reproductions are relatively crude in that the notches are not always well defined. Further, many replica sights are *inaccurately* reproduced. Rifle sights may be encountered on rifle-muskets and vice versa. Sight location can have an effect on the clarity of the sight picture. The three-leaf sights on Springfield style arms are set close to the breech and provide a long *sight radius* (distance between the front and rear sights). Theoretically, the further apart the sights, the greater the accuracy. Conversely, poorly defined sights can be ten feet apart and you will still have trouble hitting the target. The long-range sights on Enfields and Model 1855 arms provided a better defined sight picture and a longer effective range than the post-1858 American weapons with one hundred, three hundred and five hundred yard leaf sights.

The sight radius is shorter on weapons with long-range rear sights because the sights are closer together, but the *eye relief* (distance from the eye to the sight) is greater and the sight picture is clearer. Because of the clear sight picture, the drop in the stock and the shoulder fit, the

easiest Civil War infantry arm to sight in and shoot is usually a US-style, curved butt plate, rifle or rifle-musket with a long-range rear sight. Although their stocks have less drop, all reproduction Enfields have long-range sights and most are less expensive than Model 1855 reproductions. Another consideration is that repro arms offered by a given maker may include both Springfield and Enfield models, yet the weapons often share the same barrels with different breeches. Mechanics, fit and sight picture are thus paramount, as there will be little or no difference in accuracy potential from model to model despite the additional cost.

ACCURACY, BULLETS, AND CHARGES.

Military rifle matches were very popular in England during the Victorian era. The most used arms in those matches were service rifles and rifle-muskets. Although the small-bore (.451 caliber) rifles that resembled Enfields dominated the longer-range matches, the “government gas pipes” proved to be quite accurate out to six hundred yards. The accuracy of the Whitworths, Kerrs and other English small-bore rifles is legendary, and those arms are often associated with Confederate sharpshooters, yet the typical Confederate sharpshooter used a standard .577 caliber “Enfield.” This section is merely a basic introduction to shooting the rifle-musket, and does not attempt to create instant sharpshooters.

The US .58 caliber rifled arms were expected to place all of their shots in a four-inch circle at one hundred yards. During the US small arms trials, some arms fired from machine rests produced 2.5 inch groups at two hundred yards. Enfields were culled if they had a mean deviation of over twenty-four inches at five hundred yards. The US bullets would penetrate four inches of pine at one thousand yards. The service charges required to send those heavy bullets to distant targets produced significant recoil. The standard service charge for .58 caliber American rifle-muskets was sixty grains of FFg powder. Most British made Enfield cartridges were loaded with sixty-eight to seventy grains of Fg powder. Hans Busk, a noted shooter and writer of the era advised that dumping out part of the service charge lessened the recoil without lowering short-range accuracy. Some of the loads suggested herein reflect Busk’s recommendations.

A weapon’s potential for accuracy is affected by the quality of its ammunition. A soldier’s cartridge box might contain mixed ammunition from different suppliers that was loaded with different charges or grades of powder, and had bullets of differing weights and diameters. Such mixed ammunition would not produce consistent accuracy.

You can fire original style projectiles from your authentically modified rifle musket. Start off by measuring the bore and try to get bullets that are between 0.002 and 0.003 inches smaller than the bore size.⁴ You can buy bullets from a field merchant for the initial test firing of your weapon, but if you plan on doing much shooting, you should invest in a bullet mold, a melting pot and a pouring ladle. If you cast bullets, use only pure lead to ensure expansion of the bullet skirts. Authentic style projectiles include the Lyman 575213, Lyman 575213 OS, the Lyman Garrett bullet, the Lee “minie” style molds and the reproduction Gardner and Wilkinson molds available from Greg Edington.⁵ There are no readily available molds for Pritchett bullets (most Pritchett bullets were made by compression, not casting). Lee aluminum molds are suggested for the beginning caster, as they are inexpensive and easy to use. Consider acquiring a sizer that is 0.002-0.005 inches smaller than bore size and run all of your bullets through it to ensure uniformity and fit. The Lyman 575213 “minie” bullet is basically a Pritchett bullet with American-style grease grooves. Nearly identical bullets were used in the Civil War. The Lyman Garrett bullet resembles a Pritchett bullet,

Live Firing (Continued from page 6)

but is much lighter and quite accurate out to one hundred yards. The Lyman 57521305 bullet is a clone of the US Harpers Ferry bullet designed by James H. Burton.

A good bullet lubricant is essential to accuracy and ease of loading. In a period test, one Enfield P-53 was fired over 16,000 times without cleaning when loaded with government lubricated bullets. The period bullet lubricants were usually made with beeswax and tallow—the proportions of ingredients varied by country and manufacturer. Lubes are commercially available, but you can make your own authentic lube by mixing twenty-five/fifty percent beeswax to seventy-five/sixty percent unsalted tallow. If you have trouble locating tallow, an adequate substitute is fifty/fifty beeswax and Mobil I synthetic motor oil, fifty/fifty beeswax and peanut oil, or forty/sixty beeswax and Crisco or similar shortening. ° Heat the ingredients until the mixture liquefies, but do not get it hot enough to start a rolling boil. Dip the bullets base down about half way into the hot mixture and then set them base down on a paper plate or piece of aluminum foil. Excess lube will drain off the bullets leaving the grooves filled and a light coating on the sides. It is not necessary to put lubricant in the base of the bullet. If you use the commercially available plastic or cardboard tubes to make up your cartridges, first charge the tubes with powder, then insert the un-lubed bullets nose first down as far as the upper grease groove. The tube will grip the bullet nose, and you may dip the exposed base into the hot lube using the tube as a handle.

Tests of over a dozen original and reproduction arms resulted in the best all around load combination being a Lyman 575213 bullet (or clone) with a charge of 42.5 grains FFFg or fifty to fifty-five grains of FFG Goex powder lubed with beeswax and tallow. An alternate charge is forty-one to forty-three grains of 1-1⁴g powder and the Mobil I lube. Those bullets and charges will often produce one hole, five-shot groups at fifty yards and silver dollar-sized groups at one hundred yards when the weapon is fired from a rest. Lighter charges can be used with lighter bullets. The 405 grain Garrett bullet with a charge of thirty-five grains of FFFg produced excellent results in most of the reproduction arms with shallow three-groove rifling. The modern “target” RCBS bullet with forty to forty-two grains of FFFg Goex also grouped well in most reproductions and in many original arms. Other shooters may get different results.

TUNING.

“Tuning” a reproduction lock can vastly improve the weapon’s accuracy. Lock tuning is beyond the scope of this section, yet simply dismantling your lock and filing or polishing the sides of the mainspring and sear spring where they rub against the lock will speed up lock time. Purchase a set of needle files at a hardware store or flea market. They only cost several dollars and are useful for re-cutting screw slots, reshaping sight notches, and removing the burrs from the edges of springs. Take the mainspring out of your lock, smooth the edge of the lock side of the spring and also draw file the grinding marks off of the spring. Any filing or grinding lines should run the length of the spring, not across it. Some of the repro plates are quite rough. Smooth off the back of the lock plate with a hand stone or emery cloth. Get some cold blue solution or a cold blue “pen” to touch up the sights if you reshape the notches. A black permanent marker can touch up any sight reshaping done at the range.

AT THE RANGE.

The assumption is that the reader has some experience firing blanks, but may have no experience firing projectiles from a rifle-musket. The safety rules for both are basically the same. If you have never fired a muzzle-loading firearm with live ammunition, contact an experienced shooter for advice?

The opening shots: After you arrive at the range with a properly cleaned rifle-musket and make sure of your backstop, post a target 12/

2 yards from the firing line. Why so close? That 121/2 yard initial sighting-in distance was recommended in nineteenth-century handbooks for sighting in a rifle for one hundred (and one thousand) yards. When you line up the sights on the target, you are looking along the *line of sight*. That line is straight from your eye through the rear sight, then the front sight, then to the target that you want to hit. The line of sight does not coincide with the flight of the bullet. Since the bore of the rifle is below the sights and the muzzle is inclined upwards, the bullet starts out below the line of sight, crosses it traveling upward, stays above it briefly, then begins to fall downward, crossing the line of sight exactly at the target if the sights are properly calibrated and aligned. The point at which the bullet first crosses the line of sight averages somewhere between ten and fifteen yards in front of the muzzle, with the average being 12 1/2 yards. Use a small bull’s-eye or aiming point on a *big* piece of paper, and shoot from some kind of rest. You will probably forego the rest, as you will feel that the target is simply too close to require one.

1. Step up to the firing line and fire a few caps to dry any oil that might be in the bore. Always fire the first cap downrange from the shoulder. Fire the next cap at the ground in front of the firing line. If the nipple is clear, the force from the cap will move the grass or sand. You may fire additional caps to get the feel of the trigger and let-off. Leave the last spent cap on the nipple and leave the hammer down. *Never* load with the hammer cocked and the nipple left uncovered.

2. Stand the weapon upright in front of you with the top of the barrel facing down range. Pour the powder into the muzzle from the side of the barrel—do not place your fingers or hand directly over the muzzle. If you do not use commercial tubes or paper cartridges to load, use individual vials or small containers that hold a pre-measured amount of powder for one shot.

3. Place the projectile in the muzzle—hold it loosely between the thumb and forefinger and set the base into the muzzle with your hand off to the side of the barrel. *Do not* press the bullet into the barrel with your thumb.

4. Pick up the ramrod and place the head against the nose of the bullet and start to push the bullet down the bore. When the bullet is down the bore a short distance, slide your fingers up the ramrod while raising your arm and re-grasp the rod where the threaded portions starts and push it down swiftly and firmly to seat the bullet against the powder. Seat the bullet firmly, but do not pound on it. Seat each successive bullet with the same pressure. *Never* fire a muzzleloader unless the projectile is seated firmly against the powder charge! Doing so can cause the barrel to bulge or burst.

5. Rest the ramrod against the bayonet that you have stuck into the ground. Using two ramrods comes in handy—leaving one in place under the barrel helps balance the weapon and dampens recoil. It also prevents having your hand near the muzzle to return the ramrod to the channel.

6. Come to the position of “ready.” Pull the hammer back to full cock, and place a cap on the nipple.

7. Assume a comfortable shooting stance. Bring the butt of the weapon up to your shoulder and hold it firmly back against your shoulder.

8. Align the sights on the target. Use a “fine sight” with the top of the front blade just showing in the bottom of the rear sight notch, and resting at six o’clock on the bottom edge of the black bull’s-eye.

9. Slowly pull the trigger. Yanking the trigger will cause a miss.

10. Follow through—remain in position for a second after the weapon fires.

11. Lower the weapon to the ready position and look at the target. There should be a bullet hole in or near the black. Before proceeding, check the hammer and make sure that it is still down on the spent cap. Do not remove the spent cap. If the hammer has blown back or the spent cap is missing, there is a problem with the nipple or mainspring that needs to be corrected. If everything looks good—reload.

Live Firing (Continued from page 7)

12. Fire four more shots aiming at the very same spot each time. If the holes are close to or touching each other, you are on the right track. If the shots are in the black or very close, you are in luck.

13. If the shots are spread out all over the paper, something is wrong. You are jerking the trigger, anticipating the recoil or flinching. You should start over and shoot from a rest to get an idea of what to do next. If the bullets are not made from pure lead, they may not be expanding into the rifling—the extreme indicator is that there is a keyhole (sideways impression of the bullet).

14. If the shots are high, use a needle file to deepen the rear sight notch approximately $\frac{1}{100}$ inch for each inch you wish to move the impact downward. If the shots are low, change the sight picture so you are using more front sight (half sight). Moving the sights left or right is beyond the scope of this section. Some small adjustments can be made with the files, but others may require adding or removing metal.

15. Once you are getting acceptable groups, move the target out to fifty yards. You may have to compensate for vertical dispersion by using more or less front sight. If you are still getting good groups, repeat the procedure at one hundred yards. If you are having problems, you either need to start again at $12\frac{1}{2}$ yards or seek advice from an experienced rifle-musket shooter. Many new weapons require sight or lock adjustments that cannot be easily accomplished at the range.

TIPS AND CAVEATS.

Use common sense and apply what you have learned about safety when enacting.

Never smoke while shooting black powder. *Never* load from a powder flask! A powder flask is a potential bomb.

Never shoot an original arm or a used arm without first removing the barrel and checking to make sure that it was not “deactivated” or was once a lamp with a hole drilled in front of the breech plug or through the bottom of the bolster. Before firing a used or borrowed weapon, have it checked by a gunsmith or experienced shooter for lock function, nipple condition and to ensure that there are no bullet skirts in the barrel.

Firing defective bullets sometimes results in the forward portion of the bullet tearing away and leaving a ring or skirt of lead in the bore. A skirt will keep the next bullet from seating to the correct depth, may push down and block the flame passage from the cone, or may later be blown out when firing a blank.

If you forget to put in the powder, remove the nipple and pour some powder into the passage that leads into the barrel—use your nipple pick to push as much powder as you can into the barrel. On an US Pattern 1855 or 1861 weapon, you can remove the cleanout screw and pour powder into the opening. Then replace the nipple and/or screw and use your ramrod to seat the bullet all the way down. Then cap the piece and shoot it clear. After attempting to clear your barrel in the above manner, use your ramrod to check to make sure that the bullet was fully driven out of the bore and that the barrel is completely clear. If it is not, use a bullet puller, or repeat the process above—making sure to ram the projectile all the way down each time before you attempt to shoot it out of the barrel. If you cannot ram the ball down the bore, you must either use a bullet puller or blow the projectile out with compressed air or have the gun disassembled and push the bullet out through the muzzle. Pocket-size compressed air bullet dischargers are available from many black powder suppliers.

Make sure that your target has an adequate backstop. Do not shoot at trees or hardwood logs—that old oak tree or log is harder than you think. Bullets do ricochet, and may bounce straight back at the shooter.

Protect your sight and hearing. Safety glasses may not be authentic, but are a wise safety precaution. Cap fragments can spray around and hot gas may escape. Earplugs should also be worn. Cook-offs are a potential hazard with any muzzleloading weapon. Always leave the hammer down on a spent cap while loading. Do not press the bullet into the bore with your thumb or finger.

Stick your bayonet in the ground and use it as a ramrod stand. Sticking the ramrod in the ground will damage the threads. Keep the head of the rod off the ground—dirt will stick to it and transfer into the bore. Make sure that the ramrod head on a Springfield style ramrod is not excessively cupped or has a sharp inner lip—it might bite into the nose of the bullet and pull it up away from the charge as you are withdrawing the ramrod—the barrel may burst if the bullet is not fully seated. Hold the ramrod between your thumb and forefinger when loading, and do not wrap your hand around it. You do not want your hand over the muzzle if the weapon fires prematurely.

Finally, here is a hint that even the veterans forget to their dismay: It is not necessary to load by the numbers when firing at the range, but one aspect of the loading drill is important: keep the ramrod channel toward you when loading. Your hands and the rammer will likely get slippery from bullet lube. If your fingers slip off of the ramrod when quickly ramming home a charge and the sight is facing you, the front sight blade will slash open the backs of your fingers as your hand drags over the sight.

The above instructions cover only the barest essentials of shooting live ammunition from your rifle-musket or rifle. They will not make you into an expert marksman, but may add a new dimension to your understanding of what it was like to “see the elephant.”

NOTES:

1. Many of the original Enfields were rifled on American-made rifling machines supplied by Ames Manufacturing Company.

2. A check of five rifle-muskets from one maker disclosed bores sizes from 0.575 to .0.595 inches. A wider sampling disclosed variations in the number of grooves, and the rifling twists in arms from the same maker. The bores of three rifle muskets from another maker varied from 0.580 to 0.595 inches.

3. A grain is a weight measurement, not a quantity. Seven thousand grains equals one pound. The British service charge was $2\frac{1}{2}$ drams. A dram is $27\frac{1}{32}$ grains. Confederate-made powder had a tendency to be finer grained than US powder and was of higher quality. The original service charges varied somewhat depending upon the period of use, and projectile designs and diameters and grades of powder varied during the service lives of the .577 and .58 caliber English and American arms. One advantage of those heavier-than-original reproduction arms is that their weight helps to dampen the felt recoil.

4. Try to stay within 0.010 inch smaller than the land to land bore diameter. The heavier bullets often shoot well even when as much as 0.020 inch undersized, but do not press your luck. Make sure that the bullets that you buy or cast will easily fit into the bore of the weapon. One advantage of those much-heavier-than-original reproduction arms is that their weight helps to dampen the felt recoil.

5. Greg Edington of Bridesburg Armory can be reached at (937) 525-0012 and gedington@cfannet.com.

6. Some shooters fill the hollow bases of the bullets with shortening. That works well, but it will sometimes melt and affect ignition.

7. Check the web sites for the North-South Skirmish Association (<http://www.nssa.org>) or the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association (<http://nmlra.org>) to locate a range or club near you where you can get assistance with shooting.

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34th Annual Arkansas State Championship Shoot Berryville, Arkansas

May 18,19,20,2007

at

Luther Owen's Muzzle Loading
Range and Park

Medals - Individual Matches 1-3 Places

Trophies & Merchandise - Aggs. 1-3 Places

Firing will begin at 8:00 a.m. Friday & Saturday and continue until 5:00 p.m. both days. Firing will begin at 8:00 a.m. Sunday and continue until 12:00 noon. No relay started after 12:00 noon Sunday. Time Limit: 30 minutes per relay - 10 minutes to post targets. Ranges and covered firing line off-limits after 7:00 p.m. Civil War Shooting Demonstration on Saturday at 5:30.

Covered Firing Line, Trap Range, Good Camping Grounds, Water, Firewood, Showers,

Limited Electricity (first come - first served), Bring your Guitars, Banjos, and Fiddles. [No Camp Fires North of Ditch in Traders Row].

REGISTRATION: Registration Fee \$3.00; On Aggregate Entry by Aggregate Only at \$2.00 Per Match; No charge for Arkansas State Championship Aggs. [Nos. 12 and 241 and Junior Hunter Safety Agg. [No. 561; Husband and Wife Match \$5.00 Per Couple; Daily Rifle, Pistol, and Bench Re-entry Matches \$2.00; Trap Re-entry Match \$2.00; Other Trap Matches \$3.00; Practice Targets \$.50.

CAMPING FEE: \$10.00 per camp (+ \$5.00 if you use park electricity). Pay at the Registration & Scoring Shed. Non-camping shooters pay registration and entry fees only. Camp fees are used to maintain and improve the range and park. Camps and trade tents may be set up anytime after 8:00 a.m. Tuesday preceding the shoot.

NOTE TO TRADERS: We have plenty of space on Traders Row - No charge for traders to camp or trade. Traders requiring additional information, contact Bob Wiley, 960 Midway Rte., Monticello, AR 71655. Phone 870-367-7176; email wileybw@earthlink.net.

AG&FC Junior Hunter Safety Award... **Attn: Junior shooters bring your hunter education card.**

Dealers Welcome: 90% of merchandise must be muzzle loading related.

[Please No Noise After 11:00 P.M. Parents or guardians responsible for children's actions.]

RANGE RULES:

- National Muzzle-Loading Rifle Assn. (NMLRA) rules apply except where amended within this schedule.
- Each competitor is fully responsible for his or her own targets following registration. He/she will post and pull their own targets and turn in fired targets to the Range Officers.
- All verification by Range Officers must be signed by said officer before the target is removed from the target frame.
- Any target or match may be shot in any relay.
- No practice targets may be posted without the Range Officer's permission (based on available space on the range). All targets must be pulled at the end of each relay.
- Iron sights are any metallic. (No tube sights.) Open (no peep sights or tube sights.)
- Guns may not be primed until on the line and pointed downrange. No guns may be loaded until the command is given that the range is "hot," commence firing. No firearms may be handled while any person is downrange, except to remove a firearm or place a firearm at the loading bench.
- All shooting will stop at the command "Cease Fire." Loaded guns

at this time will be fired into the ground between the firing line and the 25-yard line, and not on a target.

• Scoring will be "Center of Hole" for all targets. Decisions of Scoring Director is final.

• Round balls only, with cloth patch. Exception: Muskets may use round or minie balls, "Unlimited" may use round ball, bullet, or sabot.

• All matches fired from the offhand position: Standing on both feet, no other portion of the body touching the ground or any other supporting surface. The rifle will be supported by both hands and one shoulder only. The rifle must lie in the palm of the hand.

• Shots on the wrong target will award the shooter with the score minus one point. The target owner will not be penalized. Must be confirmed by Range Officer.

• All guns will be loaded at the loading tables in the rear of the firing line.

• No smoking within 10 feet of the firing line. No consumption of intoxicating beverages at the firing line, or while shooting.

• All regular matches are open to juniors and ladies. A JUNIOR is a shooter who has not reached his or her 16th birthday. A SUB-JUNIOR is a shooter who has not reached his or her 12th birthday. OLD TIMERS are any individual aged 60 or over.

• To enter Agg. (match #) 56 a junior must show his or her Hunter Education Card (from any state) at time of registration.

• Any targets to be fired for practice: 50 cents.

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ARKANSAS MUZZLE LOADING RIFLE ASSOCIATION MILITARY MUSKET TEAM MATCH MAY 19th, 2007

At 5:30 p.m.

BERRYVILLE, ARKANSAS
Luther-Owen Memorial Range

Teams will consist of four shooters dressed in the same style uniforms or outfits to represent a military period of American History between the years 1700 to 1865. Competitors may use original or reproduction military type flintlock or percussion muskets for this competition. This event will be scheduled for Saturday afternoon, May 19th at 5:30 p.m. after the days competitions have ended. Depending on the total number of teams registered, two teams will fire at a time for this competition until all teams have completed.

Shooters will only compete on one team. The objective is very simple; Your team will come to the firing line with all your ammunition, accouterments and weapon. The Range Official will have positioned the team targets at the fifty yard line. These targets will be B-27 Black Silhouette Police Targets. Four targets will be side by side with a 2" gap between targets mounted on a 1/8" thick, 4' x 8' sheet of plywood. There will be a ten foot space between teams targets. Each shooter will fire at his numbered target.

Once the two teams are on the firing line and the targets posted, the Range Master (AMLRA member) will give shooters the command, "You have one minute to SNAP CAPS".

Weapons must be pointed down range in a safe direction when discharging caps.

Shooters will have at least twenty paper cartridges. No powder horns or plastic speed loaders allowed in this competition. Colonial Militia may use loading blocks and paper cartridges. After one minute the Range Master will command, "CEASE FIRE".

The next command will be "LOAD AND COME TO THE READY". Shooters will now load, prime and come to the ready position with fingers out of the trigger guard.

The Range Master will now tell shooters that they have five

minutes to fire as many rounds as safely possible. "SHOOTERS ARE YOU READY?" If both teams are ready, the Range Master will next command "READY, AIM, FIRE"! The Range Master starts the stop watch.

At this command all shooters will begin firing. If a safety violation is observed by the Range Master, the shooter will be removed from the firing line as his/her team continues firing.

This year, the firing line will be on the grass and ram rods may be stuck in the ground if the shooter desires. Any cartridges or caps dropped on the ground during loading is lost. Weapons malfunctions should be corrected as it would have been accomplished in battle. If a ball is stuck and cannot be cleared or completely rammed to fire, the shooter must exit the firing line, automatically disqualifying any further involvement. Non-rammed projectiles can explode the barrel.

After four minutes, the range Master will give the command, "LOAD QUICKLY, BOYS" which is a signal that one minute is left in the competition.

After five minutes, the Range Master will command "CEASE FIRE and COME TO THE READY". Any shots fired after the cease fire will be deducted from the center hits of that teams targets. Team members with loaded weapons will point the musket downrange and raise their left hand. The Range Official will instruct the team member to fire at a designated point down range clear of the targets. Once all shooters have discharged their weapons, ramrods will be inserted in the barrel for the Range Official to inspect.

Teams may go down range to check and score their targets after the "All Clear the range is safe" is given and muskets are at the loading bench. New targets will then be posted for the next relay to begin.

ADDITIONAL REQUIREMENTS:

1. Team weapons will all be of the same ignition type, percussion or flintlock.
2. Flintlock weapons will have a flash protector attached to the flash pan to divert flames away from other team members.
3. Military calibers may be between .54 and .75 calibers.
4. Authentic weapons must pass a safety inspection.
5. Round ball or Minie Ball allowed. NO BUCKSHOT or BUCK & BALL rounds.
6. Ramrods will either be returned to the ramrod channel after each loading or stuck in the ground. They will not to be laid on the ground.
7. All accouterments associated with the team, should be appropriate for that team's time period.
8. All equipment needed for the competition should be on each shooter.
9. Any dropped items are lost to the competition and must be left on the ground until the competition is over.
10. Shooters CANNOT Gang Shoot one target with the intention of shooting out an area so that there is no way of telling how many shots missed the target. If three holes are touching to make a triangle with a hole in the middle, the team will only be awarded three hits and no more.
11. NO GLOVES ALLOWED!
12. NO BARREL WRAPS!
13. Total hits on the targets is what counts. If there is a tie in the number of total hits, the score of hits in the 9 and 10 ring will be the tie breaker. If that is a tie, then it will be the

number in only the ten ring. If that is also a tie, new targets will be posted at 75 yards and the teams in question will have three minutes to shoot again for the top score and honors.

14. Certificates will be awarded to the top three teams.

15. For further information, contact Steve Shore at (501)985-0560 or spflyboy@hotmail.com.

RANGE COMMANDS

- Shooters to the firing line.
- "You have one minute to SNAP CAPS" (time 60 seconds)
- "CEASE FIRE"
- "LOAD AND COME TO THE READY"
- "SHOOTERS ARE YOU READY?"
- "READY, AIM, FIRE"! (start the stop watch)
- "LOAD QUICKLY, BOYS" (yelled at the four minute mark)
- "CEASE FIRE and COME TO THE READY" (at the end of five minutes)
- "Are there any loaded muskets?" (Discharge away from targets)
- "All Clear" (after checking Muskets)
- "The range is safe!" (place muskets at the loading bench)



Ken Nations of the Capitol Guards and his target at the 2006 Match

SIGHT PICTURE & AIMING



1st. **Fine-sight** is when the line of sight is taken along the bottom of the notch of the back-sight, the fine point of the foresight being only seen in the alignment as A, fig. 1.

2d. **Full-sight** is when the point of the fore-sight is taken in alignment with the shoulder of the notch of the back-sight, as B, fig. 2.

3d. **Half sight** is when the point of the fore-sight is aligned midway between the shoulder and bottom of the back-sight as C, fig. 3.

The ordinary rules for aiming are intended to apply to the **half-sight**, and that as some of the rifles may carry high and others low, allowance must be made for such defects, by aiming with fine sight when the rifle carries high, and with full sight when it carries low.



W.J. Monagle and Ken Nations on the firing line at Berryville in the 2006 match.

A CITIZEN OF THE TOWN...

Little Rock in the Antebellum and War Years

by Tom Ezell

"Littlerock in Arkansas, the damndest place I ever saw."
— Friedrich Gerstäcker, 1842

For more than forty years, the Capitol Guards have represented the most noted of Little Rock's contributions to the Confederate Army, and our impressions have focused mainly upon the military aspects of that impression, the Western Confederate soldier. This month's *Sentinel* seeks to look a little farther back into the past, at the home town of the Guards, and what it was like to have been a citizen of the town of Little Rock on the eve of The War...

Established in 1819 at the point where the first rock outcropping was encountered as one moved up the Arkansas river, marking the line between the Delta and the escarpment of the Ozark and Ouachita mountains, Little Rock in 1860 was a community the size of the present day Arkansas towns of Lonoke or England. Arkansas' capital city was an isolated frontier community, still being cut out of the wilderness. The capital city of 1860 occupied a relatively small portion of the present-day downtown area. By modern standards, Little Rock was a very small town. The 1860 census showed a population of 3,727 white residents and 1,100 slaves. Markham Street was a rutted, unpaved thoroughfare that paralleled the river. It was the longest street in town, but businesses and residences occupied only about six blocks east and west of Main Street. The central business district ranged south only about four blocks south on Main Street, four blocks on East Markham Street and three blocks on West Markham Street. Beyond this perimeter east, south and west, there were farms and a few dozen scattered homes, some of which were of substantial and attractive construction.

To visualize our hometown at the opening of the Civil War, you should forget today's image of the city, and imagine the Arkansas River with no bridges (only a steam ferry), and the city bustling with horses and buggies, horses (or mules) and wagons, and occasionally an elegant coach. Riverboats and stagecoach traffic were the city's major ties with the outside world.

To appreciate the city as it was, one must visualize the veritable forest in which the community was developing. There were trees everywhere at a time when shade was summertime's only air conditioning. Within a decade or two of Little Rock's establishment some of its most prosperous residents were able to turn their attentions to creating ornamental gardens on the grounds of their homes. The residences of Chester Ashley, Albert Pike, Samuel Weaver, William Woodruff, Alexander George, and other well-to-do Little Rock residents are known to have had such elaborate gardens. By the 1850s Little Rock's

gardens were lovely and numerous enough that the city was sometimes called the "City of Roses," a name sometimes heard today despite the drastic difference in landscaping.

The city's streets were surveyed shortly after Arkansas' admission to the Union in 1836, and they cut almost perfect east-west and north-south squares. The north-south streets still retain their names from the 1850's, from east to west these were: Bird, Collins, Rector Avenue, Ferry, Sherman, Commerce, Rock, Cumberland, Scott, Main, Louisiana, Center, Spring, Broadway, Arch, Gaines, and State. The names of the east-west streets were changed to numbers in the late 1880s, in antebellum and Civil War Little Rock these were known as, from the riverfront and going south, Water (or Front), Markham, Second, Mulberry (Third), Walnut (Fourth), Orange (Fifth, now Capitol), Elizabeth (Sixth), Chestnut (Seventh), Holly (Eighth), Maple (Ninth), Caroline (Tenth), Sevier (Eleventh), Fulton (Twelfth), Arsenal (Thirteenth), Watkins (Fourteenth), Woodruff (Fifteenth), Pope (Sixteenth), and Russell (Seventeenth). Additional streets were created as the city grew rapidly after the War, but these blocks defined the city limits for the late 1850s and early 1860s.

As in colonial times, most Main Street buildings were called "stands," and judging by pictures and accounts, customers and owners did a lot of standing. Street names and numbers were used so seldom that business addresses were commonly referred to as next to some other stand or city landmark, for example, R.L. Dodge's drug store, "2 doors west of the Anthony House."

By antebellum standards, Little Rock was a cozy, tidy little community. As the capital of the state, the city's pulsating heart before and during the War Between the States was its most attractive public edifice, the picturesque State Capitol on West Markham Street, two blocks west of Main Street. It was a showplace by day and a veritable vision by night. In a day when candles and kerosene lamps were the

customary source of light, Arkansas' Greek Revival white State Capitol glowed inside and out after dark. It was the city's biggest user of manufactured illuminating gas.

The decade before the Civil War was a time of modest growth and improvement in Little Rock. The town's population increased by about 1,500 between 1850 and 1860, but until the late 1850s the pace of improvement was slow - so slow that in 1857 the *Arkansas Gazette* felt compelled to give "the whys and wherefores of Little Rock not improving faster." The major problem, according to the *Gazette*, was the attitude of property owners in Little Rock's business district: "They ask almost New York prices for [business property], and will not improve it



The heart of Little Rock in the 1850s and 1860s lay in the central business district along Markham and Main streets. This is Markham street in the summer of 1863, standing at the intersection of Main Street and looking east toward the present-day River Market district. The three-story building at the left end of this block is the **Anthony House**, Little Rock's finest hotel of the times. The Capital Guards had their meeting rooms and armory in the basement of this building. Note the unpaved streets, brick and frame construction of the buildings... and even the gas-lit streetlights that made Little Rock the most cosmopolitan city in the state.

A Citizen of the Town (Continued from page 7)



Little Rock, Arkansas in 1864

themselves.”

The pace of change began picking up in the last few years before the Civil War when, again in the words of the *Gazette*, “a spirit of enterprise and improvement” dawned upon Little Rock. During those years a railroad connecting Little Rock and Memphis finally showed signs of becoming a reality, a college opened in Little Rock, a gas works brought a new method of lighting the town’s homes and businesses, and a telegraph line at last gave Little Rock the ability to communicate rapidly with the rest of the nation. Then came the Civil War, halting for several years any further improvements and disrupting those already in place.

The new technology which began arriving in Little Rock before the Civil War, particularly the railroad and telegraph, was of tremendous importance in helping the town stay in touch with the rest of the United States. By the 1850s the number of steamboats docking at Little Rock’s landing had increased enormously over the 1820s, but the unreliable water level of the Arkansas River still frequently prevented the arrival of steamboats. When steamboats could not reach Little Rock, supplies became scarce and expensive - and local newspapers had less news of the world to report. The railroad and telegraph promised to remedy these problems by providing more dependable and much faster transportation and communications.

Serving as the capitol of the territorial, and later the state government of Arkansas, state government and administration played a large role in the city’s commerce, focused mostly around the State House and neighboring buildings. And since newspapers of the 19th Century

served primarily as outlets of political advertising and opinion, Little Rock claimed a large share of the state’s resources in this business. Because Little Rock was a somewhat isolated frontier town, most of the news of the outside world arrived aboard river boats and stage coaches. Bundles of newspapers and magazines were in all cargoes unloaded in the capital city. Horseback transients were the chief source of news about other frontier towns. The city’s principal newspapers were the *Daily True Democrat* and the *Arkansas Gazette*, though for varying times in the mid-19th century there were lesser publications like the *Old Line Democrat* and the *National Democrat*.

At the beginning of the sixth decade of the 19th century, Little Rock had a reputation for culture and health. Its culture derived from the fact that most of its inhabitants had migrated from the northeast where many received advanced educations and virtually all had at least an elementary education. Unlike most frontier towns of the period, Little Rock was almost 100 percent literate. Day-to-day life in the 1850s and very early 1860s probably differed little from that of the 1840s and even earlier. Supplies arrived by steamboat more frequently and in larger quantities; city government began to pay a little more attention to public improvements, such as street maintenance; the use of stoves for heating and cooking became more widespread; and in 1860 gas for lighting became available. Otherwise, there was not a great deal “new and different” about daily life in Little Rock in the period just before the war.

The city had 14 manufacturing plants employing a total of 73 men. There was a small foundry, a chair manufacturer and two mining companies, one for lead, the other for slate. Government, of course, was

A Citizen of the Town (Continued from page 8)



A good example of the commercial district in downtown Little Rock is this 1865 view of the **Badgett Block**, one of the city's hottest business addresses. Located on the east side of Main Street between Markham and 2nd streets, this shows the typical retail stores of the time, known as "stands" in the language of the day.

the city's principal occupation. Merchandising was the next most important enterprise. Many residents farmed and kept livestock in town and outside town. The rest of the working population were carpenters and other craftsmen.

Doctors and lawyers arrived early. William Kilgore Smith, M. D., advertised his services in 1830 as a Surgeon Dentist, indicating he would remain at the Anthony House for a few weeks. What we should not forget, however, is that the medical profession was almost totally unregulated so that there was no "quality assurance" on doctors in general. There were a few really good doctors, wagon loads of mediocre ones and a few real quacks. Medical science of the time was quite unsophisticated to begin with; so those doctors on the low end of the scale were just a whisker above a witch doctor, full of outdated ideas about "humors: superstition and religious cures. The germ theory of disease would not develop for another ten years, so while surgery was improving its capabilities via the use of anesthesia, medical practice overall remained largely homeopathic. The city's reputation for health may have derived from its community pride and the care that was taken to keep the city neat. Little Rock escaped the small-pox and yellow fever epidemics that afflicted other areas, and some explanation of this might be found in the fact that, in 1860, the city counted 14 medical doctors among its residents.

As the seat of state and county government, Little Rock boasted of a large number of attorneys in both governmental and general or private legal practice. There were 30 lawyers living in Little Rock in 1860, most of them employed by the state government. While many attorneys of the city had attended at least some years of college out of state, legal education was much more informal on the frontier, and a person wishing to obtain a law license would arrange to study, or "read law" under the supervision of a practicing attorney until he retained enough to pass an oral examination before the local courts, and thereby be "admitted to the bar."

The Merchants & Craftsmen

Most of the businesses in Little Rock provided goods or services, and most business activity still took place near the Arkansas River. Commercial buildings were clustered along what now is East Markham Street and at the north end of Main Street. A flurry of construction in 1858-60 produced at least four new commercial buildings on Main, plus a livery stable and a warehouse on Commerce Street just off Markham.

Merchants, the backbone of every town, were economically weak. In eastern Arkansas the old agriculturally-biased common law rapidly was being modified to suit the needs of commercial capitalism. One of the few changes to reach Arkansas was abolition of imprisonment for



This is Little Rock's first church building, the Baptist Church (built in 1829) which stood on the south side of 3rd Street, between Main and Scott. Arkansas' first Secession Convention was held in this building in the early spring of 1861, moving to the State House for the actual vote to secede on May 6. Note the separate doors on the west end... Men and women sat on separate sides of the sanctuary during worship services.



This is the State House in its original configuration, where the front of the building faced the River. (The current version came about during renovation in the 1880s.) The two outlying wings, holding offices of the state Executive branches, were connected to the main building by covered walkways, or colonnades.

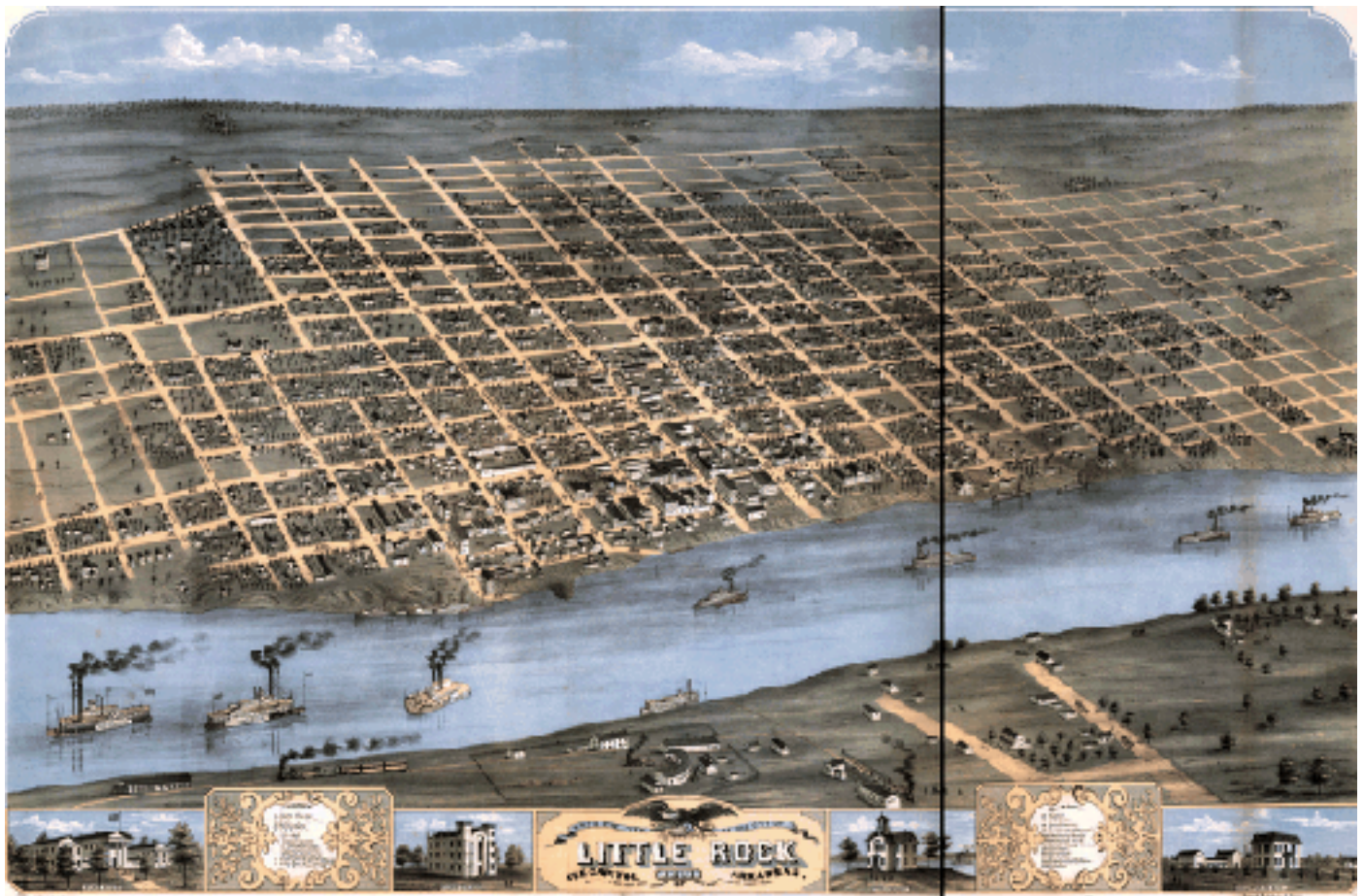


This summer, 1863 view shows Little Rock's business district along the west side of Main Street, looking south from the Markham intersection. (The Badgett Block would be on the east side, on the left side of the street from these buildings.)

debt. The plantation system often led to wealth and power for planters rather than merchants, with planters owning the towns.

The range of business was considerable. The first merchants supplied hunters with trading goods and necessities such as salt. Farm wives needed dyes and a few manufactured goods such as cotton cards. Planters bought in large quantities from stores catering to the plantation

A Citizen of the Town (Continued from page 8)



The end of the Civil War saw a great expansion in Little Rock's population and industry, a boom which lasted until the Panic of 1873. This image, from the 1870 City Directory, shows the heart of the old town, as well as the growth of the residential areas beyond the old Arsenal and Mt. Holly Centery, which were on the edge of town in 1860. Compare this image to the city map on page 8...

trade.

The General Store, or mercantile was one of the most important places in any community—a supply center, social rendezvous and cultural link with the outside world. Although competition was not generally a problem to the 1860s storeowner, he still had some formidable obstacles to overcome to be successful. He had to acquire a stock of goods, transport them, dispose of the bartered goods that came into his store and raise the cash to meet his obligations. Although being a store owner was something of a status symbol in antebellum America, there were real down-sides to the job: long hours, a considerable amount of physical labor, the cussedness of some customers and the drudgery of keeping the ledger straight. Many a young man who aspired to be a merchant found these things out the hard way when hired on as a clerk or stock boy.

The owner and his family often performed all the various tasks: clerk, accountant, cashier, purchasing agent and stock boy. Cash registers had not been invented yet, so cash was kept in a safe or just a box stashed away somewhere. The heart of the operation was a ledger book, in which were recorded amounts paid out and amounts paid in or owed. Surviving ledger books are interesting indeed, for not only do they list prices of goods, but sometimes tell us something of the nature of the goods themselves. A general store combined the functions of grocery, dry goods, pharmacy and hardware store.

There are some other things worth remembering about the General Store of the 1850-60s. Packaging as we know it was not invented yet. Bulk goods were sold right out of the box, barrel, bolt or bale. Even the paper bag was years in the future; the storekeeper of this era used the “scoop, weigh, wrap and tie” method of packaging the customer’s order.

Before 1900, a certain percentage of the rural merchant’s business was done without exchange of currency. The barter system still lived—store goods in exchange for farm produce, home-manufactured goods, or other services. If the store sold alcohol, it often served as sort of a neighborhood bar. Even if the storeowner believed in temperance and refused to sell spirits, the “social gathering” aspect of a bar was enacted as the locals often gathered in or about the store to gossip or do business.

China, pottery and other kitchen items were imported, but Arkansas attracted a number of artisans who set up shop making hats, boots, silver, watches and a variety of furniture items. Gunsmiths did a flourishing trade, with Little Rock’s Jacob F. Trumpler preeminent in the field.

Seven different hotels served the needs of travelers and local citizens in Little Rock, at rates ranging from \$3 to \$8 per week for room and board, or more if one preferred the warmth of a fire. In the days before automobiles, it took so long to get anywhere, so people needed a lot more places to spend the night. Most of the local trade was in the form of the few people going “out” for a meal, since the hotel also served food. Restaurants were uncommon, so the hotel served in its place. If the hotel had a bar, then it also got that trade as well.

There was usually a large shed behind the hotel that was used to shelter horses. Smaller hotels may have had only a corral to keep the horses in, leaving the care of them to their owners. Larger hotels often had a building to keep the wagons and carriages themselves out of the weather. The hotel usually fulfilled some of the roles of a livery stable as well, especially if the hotel was in a town that had a railroad stop in it. Much like the car-rental agencies in today’s airports, a person would get off a steamboat or stage coach and rent a horse or buggy rig to travel

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to his or her final destination, or have an employee of the livery stable do the driving much like a modern taxi service.

The Anthony House was considered to be the finest hotel in town, and one of the finest in the Southwest, though this surely really meant "west of Memphis." The Anthony contained 22 guest rooms, a 60-foot dining hall, several parlors, and rooms for public meetings. It also served as the local stage coach office, with the weekly stage services pulling up at and departing from its front. Nicholas Peay was the hotel keeper, leasing the building and its grounds for \$400 per year. Mr. Peay was the father of County Clerk Gordon N. Peay, who was the company commander for the city's primary militia unit, the Capital Guards. Probably as a result of this close relationship, the Guards held their meetings and social functions at the Anthony, and kept their armory in the basement of the building.

Another very respectable establishment was C.L. Jeffries' City Hotel on Main Street, though records of the actual qualities of service are lacking. Little is known about the city's other hotels, the Eagle, National, and Franklin Houses, or the Washington and the Rock Hotels.

Little Rock generally supported enough trade to keep a man fully employed. Women found honest work as milliners and less honest employment as prostitutes. No married woman, however, had any right to retain her earnings, whatever the source.

Little Rock offered a variety of service businesses. Gambling dens were ubiquitous in the early days and competed with saloons and billiard parlors. Little Rock's Magnolia House, located on Ashley's Row on Markham Street in 1854, offered the "Choicest liquors ever brought to the State mixed in style not surpassed by any artiste west of New York." The proprietors assured the public that ice would be kept "the entire summer season, or as long as money could produce it." Ice was cut from rural ponds during the winter, and if properly stored, would last until July. Its availability made beer, a German introduction, more popular. The George family, also from Germany, opened Dutch Garden, an outdoor recreation place with walks decorated with roses and carnations leading to a honeysuckle arbor. Accompanying music came from a grand piano.

Nineteenth century merchandising relied heavily on individual initiative. At least one Little Rock merchant made annual visits to Philadelphia to place his orders. Others relied on family connections in larger cities for supplies and credit. Although most Arkansas cotton ended up in New Orleans, merchants from Louisville, St. Louis and Cincinnati tried to capture the Arkansas market for food and manufactured items. Ohio, for example, grew most of the apples sold in Arkansas. That one could purchase oysters, champagne, cigars, brandy, Parisian silk hose, cashmere and alpaca in addition to the best furniture, silver, glass and china is a tribute to the versatility of Arkansas merchants in overcoming transportation problems and an underdeveloped economy.

The one professional installation that you would not find in Little Rock, or elsewhere in Arkansas for that matter, was a bank. The Arkansas legislature experimented early on with the establishment of state chartered banks, the State Bank (located at the intersection of Center and Markham, opposite the State House) and the Real Estate Bank (located on the southwest corner of Markham and Cumberland) but due to a combination of greed, mismanagement, and outright embezzlement by the operators, the state banks soon bankrupted themselves and the state treasury which backed them. With both citizens and legislators licking their wounds from the national Panic of 1837, Arkansas's constitution was amended to prohibit the establishment or operation of banks within the borders of the state.

Arkansas's economy was therefore extremely cash-poor. What money that did appear might be counterfeit, and merchants needed to be aware constantly of the status of banks in order to discount their notes appropriately. Although all talked of the advantages of a cash system, merchants bought on credit and extended terms to customers as well. The credit system invariably led to over-extensions followed by

bankruptcy. Because it was quicker to liquidate a store than a farm or plantation, merchants suffered the most from these disruptions. Many simply started up again, and little stigma seems to have been attached to the process.

Basically, the great majority of "currency" that existed during the 1850s and 1860s was what we would call today Store Credit slips and bank checks. You know, when you take something back to a store and they don't give you your money back, they give you store credit? Think of that as money. And when you go to a bank and need a paper document that is guaranteed good, but you don't want cash, you can get a certified check or a bank check? Well, bank checks are almost unheard of nowadays, but they were an instrument of exchange in the mid century. Here how it works: You work for a living. When payday comes up, you actually don't get any money as we would define it. There was no such thing as United States paper currency. Coins were very rare, and most banks hated giving them out of their precious cash reserves. So, banks got their own notes printed up, and these were called "bank notes." In most places (except Arkansas, where there were no banks to start with) everyone in town dealt with the same bank or two, so it was no problem taking these notes to another merchant in town and using them for money to buy something.

But for the most part, you didn't have to use these bank notes, because merchants in town operated on a ledger credit system. After all, why ask you for money when you weren't going to get paid until the end of the month? But everyone knew you were good for it, because you were a sober God-fearing man and held a regular job. (And you thought credit was a new thing.) And if you had something that someone could use (food, professional services, etc.) the true barter system would come in place and you would give it to the merchant for a specified price. If the merchant didn't have anything you wanted at that time, he (or she) would give you store credit. Or, you would deduct your fee from their ledger (your account in their ledger). Now, if you needed to pay the doctor for that last visit, you gave him the store credit and the rest was put on your account at his ledger book.

National currency (greenbacks) were started because of one important fact that did not figure into the above pre-war system: Travel. Yes, you might have a pocket full of Memphis Friendly Hometown Bank notes, but what good was that in a store in Philadelphia, where they never heard of you, your bank or Memphis? A nationwide acceptable method of exchange was necessary.

The hardest concept for modern folks to accept is that in the pre-Greenback era all economy was barter, and almost none of it is barter now. I say all economy was barter because coins actually contained an amount of precious metal that equaled their face value. If you had a \$5 gold piece or a gold nugget of equal weight, they were both worth \$5. It's just that coins were a publicly accepted medium of exchange. Today, coins do not contain the weight of metal equal to their face value.

The Laboring Class

Cities needed skilled workers, then called mechanics and artisans. Occupations included carpenters, masons, smiths, plasterers, brickmakers, tailors, hatters, shoemakers, bakers and a number of more specialized crafts. The frontier traditionally offered these people higher wages. In the South, however, many found themselves in direct competition with slave labor and at a political and economic disadvantage. The Little Rock Mechanics Association was formed in 1839, and the plasterers got together to define rules for their trade and a method of pricing. But when work began on the State House, the Commissioner of Public Buildings placed advertisements in Kentucky newspapers praising the prospects of Arkansas and soliciting workers below the local pay scale.

The state penitentiary's practice in the 1850s of leasing convict labor and training inmates in skilled crafts greatly upset the workers, who feared the cut-rate competition. Town politics always were

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vigorously contested, and Little Rock newspaper readers frequently encountered frank appeals to class prejudice directed at the laboring man's vote. One issue on which most Arkansas whites could unite was the status of the free Negro. Artisans and mechanics were unable to avoid slave competition because of the economic power of slaveholders, but they could destroy the free blacks, who had few supporters.

The Harness Maker and the Shoemaker—Harness makers can still be found catering to the horse-loving crowd but the shoemaker is almost extinct. While Little Rock had 20 men who claimed shoe and boot-making as their trade, by the beginning of the Civil War, the shoemaker was already in decline. Factory-made shoes were becoming widely available. Something to remember here—a shoemaker (also called a cordwainer) makes shoes, while a cobbler just repairs them.

Almost every town in the state had at least one blacksmith (Little Rock had 19, by the 1860 census), and the perception of his profession is enshrined in a mental image of a hammer ringing against the anvil. The truth is, by the 1860s the blacksmith was performing many tasks normally associated with today's machinist. Many household implements were factory-made and inexpensive that the blacksmith could not compete in making them. Anvils, trivets, pots, flatware, boot scrapers and the like were no longer beaten out in town on the anvil they were purchased in the store. There was more machinery around, however, and machinery broke down. The blacksmith was now being called on to make special bolts, replace shear pins and pour Babbitt bearings. Wagons of needed parts made or replaced, and the smith often nailed the iron tires on wooden wheels as well. Most town blacksmiths also functioned as farriers; they shod horses, mules and sometimes oxen. The local auto mechanic is a direct descendant of the blacksmith.

The Carpenter, Joiner and Cabinetmaker—The carpenter was on the lowest rung in the woodworks hierarchy. Above the carpenter was the joiner, and above him was the cabinetmaker. This hierarchy was determined by the relative amounts of accuracy and general experience required in mastering the trade. The basic job of the carpenter was supposed to be the construction of buildings. General woodwork seemed to be their market in the farm towns. Carpenters had their hands in making or fixing just about anything wooden, and there was still a lot of wood being used in those days. The local cooper (a guy who made barrels, wooden buckets and the like) was rare, so carpenters sometimes had to fix stuff the cooper would have done. Some carpenters even made baskets!

The Wagon Maker—These people did as much business in repairing wagons as they did in actually making them. Many farm wagons of the period were purchased without any superstructure, so the wagon maker often was called on to make a box, rack or bed for a factory-made wagon undercarriage. Sometimes a whole wagon was built from scratch, but this was becoming less common as larger companies were making mass-produced wagons available at reduced cost.

The Tailor—Some of the clothing worn by people of the period was still made in the home, but the growing ready-made clothing business made it cheaper and less time consuming, at least for men's clothing. Besides the people for whom there was no sewing talent left at home, there was an ongoing interest in fashion. For both of these groups, the tailor was the man or woman for the job. Little Rock had 23 tailors, some who were dressmakers, too.

Sewing machines were available prior to the war, and in some cases, the tailor was nothing more than someone who owned a sewing machine. The time period between the rise of sewing machines and the availability of factory-made clothes was a heyday for the tailor who owned a machine. By the 1870s, factory clothing was cheap and available, so that the tailor was left with little more than doing alterations.

The Tinsmith—The tinsmith was already becoming scarce by the 1860s (Little Rock had 9). By this time period, tinware was being mass-produced in large shops and either sold through general stores or by peddlers. The blacksmith probably did any tinwork that had to be done

locally for this time period. Tinkers, on the other hand were still tramping the roads, fixing used tinware for a night's room and board. The tinker repairs tinware, but does not actually make it.

The Sawyer—Saw mills were sometimes located near towns, but were more often located near the timber used as raw material. By 1860, there were a few portable steam-powered mills that could be taken to where the timber was. Remember—for most towns that had been established for fifty years or more, there was much less standing timber on the hills back then than there is now. Most of the hills were bare! The great majority of lumber-industry jobs like logging operations and sawmills were located close to the big woods. The logging towns that appeared in some of those areas were similar to the typical farm town presented here with the obvious exceptions. The goods and services catering to farmers were absent or not very prevalent, and some were really rough places—with full-time saloons and without churches or schools.

The Mason—Arkansas had many clay deposits suitable for making bricks, and Little Rock's first brickmaker advertised in 1821. Bricks could be made on the farm or plantation by shaping the wet clay and letting the sun dry it. Fired bricks were more enduring. Little Rock's first mansion, erected by Robert Crittenden, "a home so spacious it was seriously considered for the capitol" required more than 300,000 bricks. Businesses used bricks extensively because they were fire-resistant. By 1827, Little Rock boasted sixty buildings, of which eight were frame and six were brick. Brick was considered lowly compared to stone, so the State House builders covered the brick with masonry painted to simulate the appearance of stone. Little Rock had 8 stone- and brick masons, the ledger book of one listed the various jobs being done in the years 1855-58: laying bricks, laying stone, making stone walls, inscribing headstones and even "metalling the road."

Arkansas merchants, artisans and mechanics were of diverse origins. The first blacksmith in Little Rock was a native of Vermont; some Irish, brought to Arkansas with the intention of settling in Yell County, chose to stay in Little Rock, where the Hibernian Benevolent Society was organized in 1851 to aid the poorer members. A few Jews came to antebellum Arkansas. Most were of German origin and located in the principal plantation towns before the Civil War. Even more numerous were the Scotch-Irish, many of whom had roots in North Carolina.

"Retired Folks"—A common thing today, but rarer than hens' teeth back then. Old people were supported by their children. If they did not have children, they could hire people to work their farm or run their business and use any profits to support themselves. Truly miserable was the plight of the elderly with no dependents to care for them and no means of supporting themselves. Most townships had a very small fund for supporting the paupers of the area, and many of these people were the senior citizens who had no means of support. One of the most conspicuous institutional failures was Arkansas's response to the problems of poverty. Since the Elizabethan Poor Law of the sixteenth century, it had been the responsibility of local governments to set up programs to deal with those who could not support themselves. Territorial Arkansas, however, enacted a law requiring families to assume that burden.

In 1836, the state assigned the poor to the counties and even ordered them to pay the medical expenses of non-residents. This generosity was short-lived, for in 1846, the non-resident clause was repealed. Little Rock had the greatest transient population and hence the greatest problem, for the aged, who would later constitute the bulk of poverty cases, were conspicuously absent. In 1860, only a thousand persons were age sixty-five and over, and those over forty-five amounted to only 1.8 percent of the state's population.

Little Rock's response to its poverty problem was to build a poor house in 1848, two years ahead of the proper authorizing legislation. By 1854, the Arkansas *Gazette* reported that the house was too small

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and the poor would be better served on a farm with "pure air and cool shades." Judging by the reports of grand juries and the esteemed Dr. R. B. Jennings, the fifty to seventy inmates were poorly treated: the bedding, "old, ragged and filthy," was never washed or changed, passing from inmate to inmate; corn bread and soup served without utensils was the sole diet; there was "nothing indicating the execution of a single sanitary measure;" and even to hardened nineteenth century nostrils, "the odor in the wards was, in several instances, intolerable."

Better off, it seems, were the inmates of the Arkansas State Penitentiary, located on a hilltop a little less than a mile west of the city's business district. In 1858 it held 85 inmates, typically for offenses such as murder, horse stealing, larceny, and negro stealing. More than a third of the inmates were labeled as "intemperate" (e.g., alcoholics) and a quarter were illiterate. One of the more modern correctional institutions of its time, the penitentiary sought to reform its inmates by teaching them a trade, for example, tailoring, wagon and harness-making, and carpentry. At the beginning of the Civil War, this captive labor force would be put to work making uniforms and equipments for Arkansas's state troops.

Factory Workers and Urban Slavery

Slave labor was not confined to the farms and plantation of the Toothpick State. Despite the attention given to plantations and plantation slavery, about half the slaves in Arkansas did not live on plantations. Some were factory workers, others lived in towns, and a majority were held by small farmers in family-sized units or as individuals. Individual blacks were used in sawmills, tanneries and on steamboats. Many of these diverse occupations involved life in Arkansas towns and villages. Even semi-urban areas provided opportunities for slaves to work as domestic servants and as skilled and unskilled craftsmen. Women were much in demand for domestic work. In Little Rock, women constituted 56 percent of the town's 846 slaves.

Lawyer Chester Ashley's establishment contained stableboys, a blacksmith, gardeners, cooks, maids and nurses. Other urban occupations included butcher, house painter, shoemaker, brick maker, stone mason, and latherer and plasterer. A group of the Ashley slaves made up a band that hired out for dances.

Not only was the work of urban slaves different, but living conditions were less constraining. Many, especially those with skills, "hired their own time." "I have not set eyes on Manuel since last Saturday," wrote the wife of Senator Fulton, who added, "He is indeed his own man." An 1856 Little Rock ordinance prohibited slaves from living "separately and to themselves detached from the immediate and direct supervision of their owners," but the practice remained common. Slaves who hired their own time and paid their masters regularly could expect to be given much free time, the *True Democrat* complained in 1859:



A better view of one of Little Rock's gas streetlights, a simple glass lantern atop a cast iron post. The lamp-lighter used a ladder, steadied against the crossbars, to climb up, open the gas valve and light the lamp each evening, repeating the process each morning to turn the lamps off.

Negroes traverse the streets at all hours of the night free from hindrance... are permitted to carry knives and pistols and in case of a quarrel they draw their weapons with as much bravado as Baltimore or New Orleans rowdies.

Town slaves in Little Rock

had another option rarely found in the rural areas: education. Wesley Chapel, the black Methodist church, supported a Sunday School that taught reading, writing and spelling.

A final point of interest is the fact that there were no free blacks in Little Rock in 1860. Everywhere in the slave states, many blacks were being manumitted or were purchasing their freedom, but the Little Rock City Council adopted an ordinance forbidding free blacks to live in the city. Almost daily, the *Arkansas Gazette* and the *True Democrat* published advertisements offering \$50.00 and \$100.00 rewards for the return of runaway slaves.

The transformation of town structures from primitive log cabins to frame and brick buildings depended on the speed of economic development. The first dwelling at Little Rock was a simple hunter's shelter. Cabins made of round logs followed, later replaced by those made of hewn logs. As soon as sawmills arrived, not only could frame houses be erected, but older log structures could be covered with clapboard. The Hinderliter house in Little Rock, today a part of the Historic Arkansas Museum, was an example of this, and an unknown number of homes around the state belied their humble origins.

Most prominent in the town were the public buildings. In Little Rock, the State House, which faced both Markham Street and the Arkansas River, offered a good example of Greek Revival architecture. Designed by Kentucky's Gideon Shyrock, it was perhaps the first professionally planned building in Arkansas. The architect's designs, however, were too expensive to execute, so Shyrock's assistant, George Weigart, and Governor John Pope modified them. Arkansas's first two ill-fated banks also erected significant buildings, and the federal government began work on the arsenal complex in 1837, erecting a Gothic-towered building in 1841. It still stands as the Museum of Science and History in MacArthur Park. St. John's College also looked like a medieval fortress, and it became Little Rock's education center in 1859.

The town's churches developed slowly. The first church was a log structure erected by Baptists and later sided with clapboard. Presbyterians built a frame building, and the first brick church was erected by the Methodists in 1833. When the Christians (Campbellites, now the Church of Christ), who had inherited the old Baptist Church, decided to erect a new building in 1845, the *Gazette* reported that it would be "larger and more imposing in appearance than any church in the city." However, the rival Presbyterians started a new church and in 1852 dedicated their 1,600-pound bell, which had been shipped from Cincinnati. Evidently, none of these buildings, or those of the Catholics and Episcopalians, was designed by professional architects. In one instance, a master carpenter was responsible for the design; in another, the minister.

Business architecture looked remarkably similar to that of colonial times. The shops, or "stands" stood next to each other for the length of the street. Fires invariably engulfed whole blocks even when the buildings were made of brick with slate roofs. Town real estate was a lucrative investment, and few merchants owned their own buildings. Travelers stayed in hotels, the most famous of which in Little Rock was the Anthony House, a brick structure that lasted from early statehood to 1875.

On the southeast corner of town stood the city's most prominent reminder of the federal government in Washington, DC – the U.S. Army's Little Rock Arsenal. Constructed in 1837, the arsenal ground held a large central armory or warehouse with three floors connected by a tower with a central hand-powered cargo elevator. Flanking this Tower Building was a post administration building and the commanding officer's quarters, to the rear (south) surrounding the parade ground were troop barracks and officers quarters. Behind these were a series of stables, workshops, and laboratories for the manufacture of small arms cartridges. While the Arsenal had seen a great deal of activity during the 1840s and early 1850s, by 1860 it had been designated as an "arsenal

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of deposit," simply warehousing nearly 10,000 stands of small arms and a battery of field artillery dating from the War with Mexico. The garrison had dwindled to a single military storekeeper, Dr. William Totten, and his assistant. Thus, the community was greatly alarmed in early November, 1860, when a battery of regular soldiers from the 2nd U.S. Artillery landed at the city's waterfront, re-garrisoned the federal arsenal and brought it back to a regularly manned military post.

Another significant step forward for the city was the construction of an institution of higher education, St John's College. For many Arkansans it was a proud day when this "first rate institution of learning" opened. Sponsored by the Grand Masonic Lodge of Arkansas, St. John's was a men's school incorporated by the state legislature late in 1850. During the summer of 1852 the school's board of trustees purchased one hundred acres of land immediately east of the U.S. Arsenal. The trustees planned to retain forty acres for the school's use and subdivide the rest for sale as building lots thereby creating an endowment for the school. Once the property was purchased, though, fund-raising problems delayed further progress in establishing St. John's until 1856.

In November of that year the *Arkansas Gazette* reported that "an accomplished architect is now employed... in preparing a plan for the college buildings, etc." The main building was to be comprised of a towered central section and two wings, all constructed of brick in the Gothic Revival style – a new architectural style for Little Rock in the 1850s. As planned, St John's would have been Little Rock's grandest building with the exception of the State House.

In 1857 the trustees of St John's announced sufficient funds had been raised to begin construction of one wing of the college building. The east wing alone would comprise St. John's College for the time being: "Though but a part of the entire plan, it will have the appearance of a complete building of itself, and will be sufficiently commodious to answer all the purposes of the College for a number of years." By September of 1857 the stone for the east wing's foundation had been quarried at Big Rock and the college building committee was planning a trip to Cincinnati to buy ready-made windows, doors, blinds, and other materials. Construction of the wing began shortly thereafter; the cornerstone-laying ceremony was held on November 5, 1857.

Of the large building planned for St. John's only the east wing was ever built. Opening in the fall of 1859, the college operated for only two school years before closing because of the Civil War. St. John's did reopen following the war, but the main building never was completed.

After the war started, St John's soon was pressed into military duty. It first served as a Confederate hospital, but when Federal troops occupied Little Rock in September of 1863 it became a Union hospital.



Only what was planned as the east wing of the academic buildings of St. John's College was ever constructed. The school opened in 1857, but closed in 1861 when the student body enlisted in the Confederate Army. Used by both sides as a hospital, in January 1864 the lawn shown here in front of the building was the site of the execution of David O. Dodd.

During 1864 an additional eleven frame ward buildings were constructed around the existing brick college building, providing a 908-bed hospital where over 8,000 patients were treated by the end of 1865. The college property was evacuated by the military in the spring of 1867, and St John's was able to reopen for the 1867-68 school year.

In addition to St. Johns' College, there were five small private schools, two for girls and three for boys, which provided elementary and secondary education for the city's children. The teacher was sometimes a farmer or businessman who taught school in addition to his agricultural duties, or by someone's servant who was fit for the task. Other towns hired a young man or woman specifically for the task, and the seasonal appearance of these people was usually notable news for the community. Some of these teachers were real characters. Teachers of the period had to be very strict disciplinarians: the parents expected it and the students would become uncontrollable without it. The school year was short: rural students began school after fall harvest (November or December) and finished before spring planting (March).

In terms of the day-to-day lives of Little Rock residents, perhaps the biggest change in the years just before the Civil War was the introduction of gas lighting. A manufactured gas works went into operation on July 31, 1860, lighting the State House, most of the business houses, and many of the finer residences in Little Rock. The iron lampposts for streetlights were late in arriving (because the Arkansas River was not navigable), but by September, twenty-six gaslights illuminated Little Rock's streets. The Little Rock Gas Company manufactured illuminating gas by distilling coal in its plant on the river bank between Scott and Cumberland Streets. The manufacture of coal gas could create a terrible stench, making the use of gas extremely unpleasant at times, but gas lighting still was considered quite an improvement over candles and oil lamps. It provided considerably brighter light, illuminating buildings and streets as never before.

The construction of the first telegraph line to reach Little Rock proceeded more smoothly, though it came too late to be of much use before the Civil War. A line connecting Memphis and Little Rock was proposed in March 1860, and construction of the wire line commenced in May of the same year. Less than a year later in January of 1861, the completed line went into service, for the first time providing Little Rock newspapers with up-to-date news from all parts of the nation. Snow and Ketchum were the first contractors to set up telegraph operations in the town and were soon replaced by H.A. Montgomery of Memphis, who completed the telegraph line connecting Little Rock and Memphis in January of 1861. Like construction of the Memphis-Little Rock Railroad, use of the new communication system soon was interrupted by the war.

With special problems of police, fire, sanitation and health, towns needed a wide range of police and taxing powers. Little Rock led the way in 1825 when the territorial legislature incorporated the capital. The first ordinances banned any shooting in the streets on Sunday, prohibited slaves from dancing and ineffectually regulated gambling. Three years later the city even banned shooting in the streets during weekdays.

Town services were primitive. A town constable did the policing, and the inefficiency of these elected men was legendary. Little Rock used a town patrol to police slaves but with poor results. Jails, often made of logs, were inadequate, with escapes so common that they were hardly counted. The discovery in 1842 that Little Rock Mayor Samuel G. Trowbridge was head of a gang of burglars and counterfeiters did little to increase public confidence.

The most desired town service was fire protection. Most communities had a fire bell to summon all residents to turn out with buckets. By the nineteenth century, the steam engine had been adapted for firefighting and every town worthy of its name acquired an engine. The addition of an engine led to the creation of volunteer fire departments, but in a major fire, such as that which destroyed several blocks of Little Rock's Main and Markham Streets in 1854, machine and men labored

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side by side. Little Rock's engine, acquired in 1840 and the first in the state, did not save Judge Daniel Ringo's house, for the hose pulled so much Arkansas River mud into the engine that it clogged. Obviously, effective firefighting needed a reliable water source, but aside from the River. Little Rock had only cisterns.

Some confusion existed in the nineteenth century in distinctions between streets and sewers. "We would call the attention of the city authorities to the great nuisance, caused by throwing all sorts of trash, dead cats, rats, &c., in the cross street, near the *Gazette* and *Democrat* office," one of the papers noted in August 1857, adding that "in this hot weather, the odor from a dead rat, is rather too much for weak nerves." The unpaved streets were often little more than mud holes. Pranksters once planted a dummy in one mud hole, and a coroner's jury was duly summoned to investigate the alleged corpse. A wagon bound for the cemetery in 1863 sank in the mud and remained there all day. "I never saw such mud in any town," a wartime visitor observed.

One of Little Rock's more serious environmental dilemmas concerned an intermittent and unpredictable creek which cut diagonally across the center of town from west to east, and which, for lack of a better name, was called the "Town Branch." In normal years this stream was placid enough, meandering slowly through town, and caused little more than a debris-filled eyesore, as the local citizens used it for a trash dump. On occasion, however, a heavy rain would send it on a rampage than even its deep-sided ravine could not contain. Flooding would occur, bridges would be swept away, and intersecting streets badly eroded. Time and again the local newspapers urged the city council to remedy this deplorable and destructive situation, either by re-routing the channel or by clearing out the stream bed to allow freer flow of water. Evidently local officials were unable or unwilling to cope with the problem, as the Town Branch carried its bad reputation through the late 1880s.

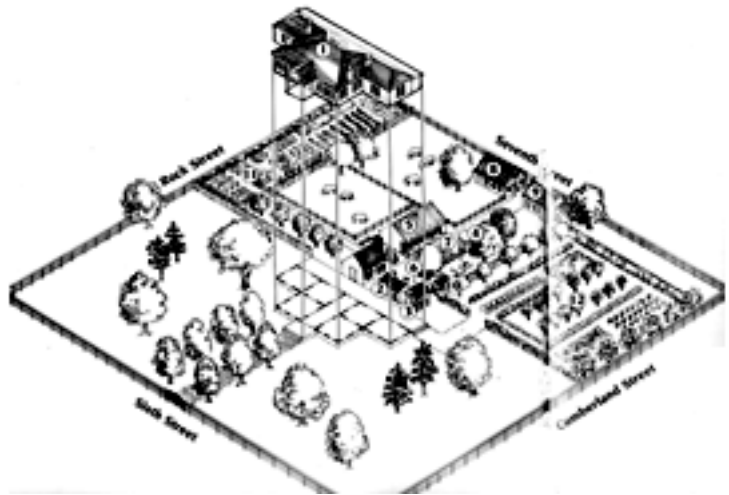
Residences

In the beginning, the elite built their homes near their work. The mansion of Chester Ashley, so imposing it served as a hotel into the twentieth century, was just a short distance from the State House on East Markham. As population increased, commercial demands led to the dismantling or conversion of residential property. William E. Woodruff became one of Arkansas's first suburbanites in the 1850s by building a new country house just outside town. Suburban spreads had room for extensive gardens, both ornamental and useful. Absalom Fowler and Albert Pike, both of whom grew rich from the tangled affairs of the banks, led the way in building showcase mansions on what was then the edge of town. Pike's mansion, now known as the Pike-Fletcher-Terry house, is located on East Seventh Street in downtown Little Rock. It now serves as the Arkansas Arts Center Decorative Arts Museum.

Most town residents were not rich enough to afford elaborate homes. Their small frame or brick structures were often in a plain Greek Revival style or were "vernacular," that is, made without a formal plan by practical carpenters. Windows were almost prohibitively expensive. Two stories was the practical limit; canvasses hung and papered might substitute for plaster, and taking in boarders was a matter of course.

By today's standards the life styles of even the most affluent Little Rock households of the 1840s were not particularly luxurious in many respects. Day-to-day life had changed little from the late 1820s because most of the technological advances which would dramatically affect domestic life were still to come. The only way of alleviating the burden of daily chores was to be wealthy enough to have slaves or servants to perform them.

Even households staffed by servants endured conditions which



Many of Little Rock's nicer homes featured nearly urban farmsteads, with flower and vegetable gardens, servant (slave) quarters, and pens for horses, milk cows, and hogs. This is the Weaver-Field house (home of Omer R. Weaver, Little Rock's first battle casualty in the Civil War) located at the SE corner of 6th and Cumberland Streets.



This 1863 view of a back yard in the residential area shows an important feature of Little Rock homes during the times... the privy, or "necessary house." Here two adjoining homes have their privies located side by side along the back fence line. Little Rock had no sanitary sewers. An 1833 city ordinance required persons owning or occupying a lot where a "necessary house" was located to keep "the same in a neat and clean manner." Contracts were awarded for the cleaning of privies and the removal of "night soil," and the city ordinance further required that privies be equipped with watertight boxes easily accessible to the privy-cleaner. Note the gardens and sheds visible, as well as the purple martin house at the right... to help on mosquito control!

might now be thought unbearable. Samuel Weaver, for example, had a large contingent of workers catering to his needs, but his house, heated only by fireplaces, probably would be considered cold and drafty today. Stoves were finally available in the latter half of the 1830s, but until then fireplaces were usually the only mean of heating a house. A fireplace was located in each major room of the Weaver-Field House, and the basic construction of the fireplaces varied little. The human effort required to tend these fireplaces and keep a house tolerably warm on a winter day was enormous, and in those days before the widespread use of insulation, standards of comfort in all houses, large and small, must have been far different from those of today.

Little Rock's climate made achieving comfort in the summer just as important as in the winter. Technological advances in this area, first electric fans and later air conditioning were even farther away than advances in heating systems. In the 1840s and for several decades after, ventilation of houses was the sole means of securing any degree of summer comfort.

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The construction specifications for the Weaver-Field House called for "venetian," or louvered, shutters on the outside of each of the large windows. For maximum ventilation, windows (and often doors) stood open in the summer. In order to maintain privacy and security, the venetian shutters were closed over open windows, their louvers still permitting air to circulate.

Allowing plenty of natural light to enter a house was another important consideration in those days when the only available artificial lighting came from candles or oil-burning lamps. (Gas lighting came to Little Rock in 1860.) Along with ventilation, providing natural light partly dictated the placement of windows (their placement also was affected by architectural style; the neoclassical styles called for symmetry in the placement of doors and windows). Natural light also dictated the arrangement of furniture within a room; tables and chairs frequently were placed near windows to take advantage of the light.

Even in the most affluent households, artificial lighting devices were scarce. Rather than being permanently situated throughout the house (as today's electric lamps are placed), candles or lamps were carried from room to room as needed. A single lamp on a central table in the parlor served a family's needs for an evening of reading or playing games in the 1850s.

The necessity for keeping windows open for ventilation and light led to other sources of discomfort which technology could not yet address in the 1840s. Open windows, even those protected by louvered shutters, invited flies and mosquitoes into houses, making life miserable at times. Beds were draped with mosquito netting to provide a measure of relief at night, and persons of greater means could appoint servants to keep the "flies on the move," as Samuel Weaver reportedly did. The development of wire screening for windows and doors was a major breakthrough in domestic comfort.

Water and sanitation systems also were completely lacking in Little Rock during the 1850s. Water typically came from wells, and major houses and other establishments typically had their own wells dug nearby. Cisterns built of brick and lined with plaster were an alternative water source. Keeping them full depended on sufficient rain, which was channeled via downspouts from the roof into the cistern.

The lack of either indoor plumbing or a public sanitation system required the construction of privies, such as the one included in the specifications for the Weaver-Field House. These essential outbuildings, sometimes called "necessaries," generally were located in the rear yard (frequently too near the well). They were supplemented by "chamber pots," or "slop jars," so treks to the back yard could be avoided in the dead of night, but all in all, they hardly approximated today's standards of comfort and sanitation.

While by the 1860s a number of large, architecturally distinguished houses, as well as many more modest houses, were established in Little Rock, daily life in those homes would not be considered luxurious, or even particularly comfortable, today. Moreover, for every major house there were many small cabins or "quarters" which no doubt housed people in conditions that now would seem appalling.

Holidays

Antebellum Arkansas had a limited number of holidays. Thanksgiving was a Northern tradition and did not receive general acceptance until the twentieth century. Labor Day and Memorial Day emerged after the Civil War, and little was done to mark the birthdays of George Washington or Christopher Columbus. That left the Fourth of July and Christmas, with only the former celebrated universally. Typically the Fourth brought displays of patriotic oratory, a lengthy round of toasts at public banquets, and a good deal of disorderly celebration, culminating in the traditional reading of the Declaration of Independence. Even slaves shared in the festivities, for the date coincided fortuitously with "laying by" the cotton crops.

Christmas played a lesser role in Arkansas. Many Protestant

denominations openly denounced the holiday as spurious. The Christmas tree, although seen in Fayetteville before the Civil War, was not common in log cabins until the 1890s. Episcopalians led in commemoration, and the celebration of Christmas flourished most in the southern part of the state.

Because the holiday also marked the ending of the picking season for cotton, slaves were treated to fun and frolic as well.

Close upon Christmas came New Year's, which often generated some revels. Newspaper editors used the first issue of the new year to summarize past events and write predictions, sometimes optimistic and sometimes dire. May Day, an old English spring festival focusing on a May pole and the crowning of a May queen, found a few adherents despite the objections of some denominations.

TRANSPORTATION

Central to the rise of towns was the creation of a transportation network. America used waterways, roads, canals and railroads. No canals ever were constructed in Arkansas, and the state ranked last in miles of railroad track in 1860. Instead, water and roads constituted the basic units of antebellum transportation.

River Transportation

At the beginning of the territorial period, Arkansas still relied on primitive hand-propelled keelboats, canoes and pirogues for water transportation. In 1824, Little Rock found itself without mail service when the mailman's canoe overturned and he drowned. Paddling or poling against the current was intensive and expensive. Yet the first settlers received their salt and other necessities by this cumbersome and expensive mode of water transportation.

The application of the steam engine to boats revolutionized the use of rivers. On March 31, 1820, the *Comet* was the first boat to venture up the Arkansas to the Post. Two years later, the *Eagle* reached Little Rock. The steamboat trip from Little Rock to the White River cutoff took nine days round trip compared to twenty to thirty-five for a flatboat or keelboat. Invariably the first sound of a steamboat whistle caused men and women to quiver with fear and beasts to bolt.

Steamboats encountered a number of problems. Snags in the water could sink a boat. The reluctance of the government to spend money to remove navigation obstacles was a touchy political issue in Jacksonian America. The tendency of ship captains to overfire their boilers occasionally led to spectacular explosions accompanied by great loss of life. "With almost every issue of our paper," the editor of the *Washington Telegraph* wrote, "we are called upon to record one or more disastrous accidents occurring upon our western rivers. To travel on one of our steamboats is equivalent to gambling ventures upon one's life."

Not surprisingly, the average life of a steamboat was only three years. A newspaper correspondent noted in 1861: "The Arkansas is the graveyard of steamboats . . . I noticed the wrecks of the *Frontier City*, *New Cedar Rapid*, and *Quapaw* standing in the water to their cabin floors at various places, some considerable distance apart."

River transportation was subject to other uncertainties. One wedding in Little Rock had to be postponed because there was no flour in town to make the wedding cake and low water prevented the arrival of any boats. The river never rose in 1839, leaving "scarcely water sufficient to float a dug-out." The standing joke was that a catfish wishing to move to another hole had to catch a ride on the back of a turtle.

The boats that plied Arkansas waters were not the large, well-equipped floating palaces that serviced the Mississippi. United States Supreme Court Justice Peter Daniel, who visited Arkansas on his judicial rounds, complained of "very small and unsafe boats . . . crowded with rude, dirty people and scarcely anything eatable." Steamboats did a good trade, especially during the Indian removals when wealthier tribal

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members used steamboats to reach their destinations. Steamboats initially were owned by individuals, often by their captains. Some merchants such as Sterling H. Tucker found owning a boat a useful adjunct to their stores, and corporate capitalism began to enter the picture by the 1850s. Steamboats called "packets" often carried mail and kept regular schedules. Passengers made their Arkansas connections at Montgomery's Point on the White River cutoff or at Napoleon at the mouth of the Arkansas.

Road Transportation

Roads were the alternative to water transportation. By Arkansas definition, a road was "a direction marked out, not a surface to travel over." The oldest roads in Arkansas began as Indian trails. The Southwest Trail, which ran from the northeast to the southwest along the edge of the Ozark and Ouachita escarpments, was the first to be improved. On this road and others some work was done by U.S. Army engineers hence leading to the designation of a "military road."

Government contract specifications called merely for a sixteen-foot-wide lane with brush and saplings leveled to the ground and all trees up to twelve inches in diameter cut to within four inches of the ground. The stumps of trees wider than twelve inches had to be within eight inches of the ground. Little attention seems to have been given to planning, for traveler G. W. Featherstonhaugh observed that although the surveyors had followed the Roman example and made the road straight, they had neglected to remove the hill: "Our horse, therefore, came to a dead standstill." Re-routing the road became a common occurrence. Rather than repair the road, any time a tree fell or a washout or mud hole developed, the travelers simply made a new track around the obstacle. This practice remained standard well into the twentieth century.

Two roads ran south from Little Rock, one to Pine Bluff, the other to Benton. North of the river there was one road west and two east. The city had a road improvement program, but it involved little more than filling holes and ruts caused by carriage and wagon wheels and removing horse manure. The only paved areas were along the docks off East Markham Street where the river boats were loaded and unloaded. Dust was a problem in Little Rock on dry days, mud on wet days.

Although the Southwest Trail facilitated communication and immigration from Missouri, agitation developed early for a road linking Arkansas directly to the east. Here no Indian trail existed as a guide. The first surveyors allegedly crossed over the Mississippi from Memphis to Hopefield, took a look and then went by boat to a point on the White River due west of Memphis. There they stopped, took another look and drew a line connecting the two points. These parts of this Memphis-Little Rock road traversing the swampy lowlands of the Cache and St. Francis River bottoms were almost always under water. Major rerouting became necessary.

"Emigrants continue to flock to this part of the country," the Gazette noted in 1837, "but they do it at a risk and cost of passing the most disgraceful bogs, wilderness, and swamps that can be found." C. F. M. Noland in 1854 added: "Life preservers and diving-bells should occupy the coaches." Eventually the military extended the road from Little Rock to Fort Smith, and another important early road linked Van Buren to Fayetteville, Arkansas, Springfield, Missouri, and St. Louis. Federal road funding largely stopped with statehood, and none of the Arkansas roads progressed thereafter.

Because the state had no money for roads, private enterprise was expected to take up the task. Ferries were licensed on major streams, and with the press of traffic, a two-horse ferry went into service at Fort Smith and a steam ferry at Little Rock. The White, Red, Arkansas and Mississippi Rivers all remained unbridged until several years after the Civil War.

Bridges, where they existed, were normally made with two heavy beams resting on stone abutments as the main supporting structure, and

sometimes had two angled rails and a kingpost pinned together for support. The horizontal beams were then covered with planks laid on cross-wise. Small creeks were crossed by one span. Larger creeks and rivers would have necessitated the addition of stone supports in mid-stream. These old bridges rattled, creaked and swayed when a wagon passed over them. As noted above, there were no bridges across the Arkansas River, a small ferry below the city's river boat landing served this purpose; in 1862 a pontoon bridge was laid across the river above the landing to facilitate military traffic from one side to another.

Travel conditions were primitive. The trip from Washington, Arkansas, to Little Rock by stage coach took fifty hours, and one arrived "more fit for hospital treatment than for business activity." From Hot Springs to the capital, a distance of fifty-four miles, the mail coach took nineteen and a half hours. Wrecks were common, and one left Congressman Thomas C. Hindman partially crippled.

Travelers and editors reached into the depths of printable vocabulary to describe the vehicles that plied the roads. "Miserable, rickety, filthy, slab-sided nuisances, called mail coaches," Batesville editor M. S. Kennard wrote. While in the southwest, William Etter referred to a "rattle-trap sort of non-descript vehicle which has been dubbed a stage." But it took a visiting clergyman, George Foster Pierce, to describe a stage fully:

The stage was a carriage of the sort that is known in different places by different names. By some it is called Jersey wagon; by others, peddler's wagon, dearborn, whimmy-diddle, go cart, but I concluded that the inventive genius of Arkansas had hit the thing exactly, when I learned that it was commonly called a trick. That is the right name, whether we consider its size, its shape, or its business. To put such a thing on the stageline, as a public convenience or conveyance, it is most certainly a trick—and was one of the poorest tricks. Old, shackling, ready to fall to pieces, it looked unsafe to sit in when it was standing still. To cross the mountains with it was daring adventure.

Accommodations along the routes were equally primitive. Food was also a problem for the fastidious who objected to dirty bread, tough chicken with lard poured over it instead of butter and no sugar for coffee. Finally, travelers were infected with fear. An IZARD County farmer put it succinctly: "you will have to come with your purse in one hand and your prick in the other and your hat turned strait up before... If you will maby you will come through safe."

In the first few years of the 1850s numerous proposals were made concerning the best railroad routes in Arkansas. Several railroad companies were chartered, but there was much more talk than action. Only one company actually began construction of a railroad before the Civil War.

The Memphis and Little Rock Railroad was chartered early in 1853, and the survey of its route began in the summer of that year, but the first rails were not laid until June 1857. Though the original construction contract specified completion in 1858, by the end of that year only the easternmost forty miles were finished (from the Mississippi River, opposite Memphis, to Madison, Arkansas, on the St. Francis River). In 1859 work began on the western section between DeVall's Bluff and Little Rock, and was finished early in 1862. By then, of course, the Civil War was underway. The military advantage of having a completed railroad from Memphis to Little Rock was recognized, but work halted and the gap between Madison and DeVall's Bluff remained until after the war. (Indeed, the resource-poor Confederacy took up most of the rails on the Memphis-Madison line to furnish armor for the gunboat C.S.S. Arkansas.) Little Rock's (and Arkansas's) first railroad would not be fully operable until 1871.

The Coming of the War

Everyday life in Little Rock did not change immediately with the start

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of the Civil War in the spring of 1861. Not until early the next year had the war moved far enough west to begin directly affecting the town. In March of 1862 the largest Civil War battle west of the Mississippi was fought at Pea Ridge in northwestern Arkansas. After the battle, some one thousand wounded poured into Little Rock, giving residents their first close-up look at the war. The presence of so many wounded disrupted normal routine because about thirty buildings, including private homes, were pressed into service as hospitals.

The wounded were but one evidence of the war to be seen in Little Rock during the next year and a half. As headquarters for the Confederate Trans-Mississippi Command and location of an arsenal, Little Rock saw its share of military personnel. An influx of refugees created housing shortages, and the Federal blockade of the Mississippi River made many supplies difficult or impossible to obtain. Deterioration of the physical fabric of the town - buildings, fences, streets - occurred as supplies and labor became increasingly scarce.

The Civil War arrived at Little Rock's doorstep in 1863. In August of that year twelve thousand Federal troops commanded by General Frederick Steele set out from Helena, Arkansas, to capture Little Rock Meeting with some Confederate resistance on the march across eastern Arkansas, the Federals did not close in on Little Rock until the morning of September 10, but by the end of that day the town had been taken.

During the Union occupation of Little Rock, a number of houses and other buildings were taken over for military use. For the owners of these buildings, especially the houses, the occupation must not have been pleasant. Nevertheless, Little Rock residents seem to have benefited in some ways from the occupation. More supplies became available, though they were expensive and the military had first preference. Business also began to revive. One local newspaper published a generally cheerful description of Little Rock three months after the start of the occupation:

"One does not see as many carriages as formerly, nor the usual number of sauntering men. On the other hand, the streets are filled with a restless, quick-motioned business people...! Every store and storehouse is full, drays and wagons crowd the streets; two theatres are in full blast and all is bustle and business. The Provost Marshal is having the streets repaired and cleaned, and is otherwise improving the city."

The presence of Federal troops definitely had an effect on Little Rock's appearance. Numerous buildings - warehouses, repair shops, and the like - were constructed for the military, filling up many vacant lots and even whole blocks. The provost marshal not only saw to certain

public improvements, such as street repair, but also ordered work on private property:

The owners and occupants of all houses and lots within the limits of the city of Little Rock will forthwith cause their respective premises to be thoroughly policed; collecting and removing therefrom all filth and garbage, and throwing the same into the river below the steamboat landing...

The city was permanently changed by the Civil War, and its concurrent occupation by Federal troops, not only due to the new construction and the coming of the railroads, but also in the makeup of its citizenry. Many Union officers and enlisted men became enchanted by the town, and relocated to live in the city once mustered out. The state's restoration to the Union saw the installation of carpetbag rule through the fall of 1874, and the establishment of a new constitution which, among other things, made it legal to operate banks again.

Few buildings remain today from the Little Rock of the 1860s, and those that do remain, such as the Old State House, the Tower Building of the U.S. Arsenal, the Albert Pike home, and others have been extensively renovated from their 1860s appearance. Probably the closest approximations to wartime Little Rock are the restored buildings of the Historic Arkansas Museum in the downtown area, as well as the McVicar, or "Ten-Mile House" on Stagecoach Road (the former Southwest Trail.) Still, I hope this short description has given you a taste of life in the city in those long-ago days.

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Further Mishaps to Si & Shorty...

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER QUARTERS - THEY BUILT THEM A HOUSE AND GOT IN OUT OF THE RAIN.

THE NEXT day—Sunday—after the battle dawned as clear, bright and sparkling as only a Winter's day can dawn in Tennessee, after a fortnight of doleful deluges. Tennessee Winter weather is like the famous little girl with the curl right down in the middle of her forehead, who,

"When she was good, she was very, very good, And when she was bad, she was horrid."

After weeks of heart-saddening downpour that threatened to drench life and hope out of every breathing thing, it will suddenly beam out in a day so crisp and bright that all Nature will wear a gladsome smile and life become jocund.

When the reveille and the Orderly-Sergeant's brogans aroused Si and Shorty the latter's first thought was for the strip of canvas which he had secured with so much trouble from the wagon-cover, and intended to cherish for future emergencies. He felt his neck and found the strip that he had tied there, but that was all that there was of it. A sharp knife had cut away the rest so deftly that he had not felt its loss.

Shorty's boiler got very hot at once, and he began blowing off steam. Somehow he had taken an especial fancy to that piece of canvas, and his wrath was hot against the man who had stolen it.

"Condemn that onery thief," he yelled. "He ought to be drummed out o' camp, with his head shaved. A man that'll steal ought to be hunted down and kicked out o' the army. He's not fit to associate with decent men."

"Why, Shorty," said Si, amused at his partner's heat, "you stole that yourself."

"I didn't nothin' o' the kind," snorted Shorty, "and don't want you sayin' so, Mr. Klegg, if you don't want to git into trouble. I took it from a teamster. You ought to know it's never stealin' to take anything from a teamster. I'll bet it was some of that Toledo regiment that stole it. Them Maumee River Muskrats are the durndest thieves in the brigade. They'd steal the salt out o' your hardtack if you didn't watch 'em—not because they wanted the salt, but just because they can't help stealin'. They ought to be fired out o' the brigade. I'm going over to their camp to look for it, and if I find it I'll wipe the ground up with the feller that took it. 'Taint so much the value of the thing as the principle. I hate a thief above all things."

Si tried to calm Shorty and dissuade him from going, but his partner was determined, and Si let him go, but kept an eye and ear open for developments.

In a few minutes Shorty returned, with jubilation in his face, the canvas in one hand and a nice frying-pan and a canteen of molasses in the other.

"Just as I told you," he said triumphantly. "It was some o' them

Maumee River Muskrats. I found them asleep in a bunch o' cedars, with our nice tent stretched over their thievin' carcasses. They'd been out on guard or scoutin', and come in after we'd gone to sleep. They were still snorin' away when I yanked the tent off, an' picked up their fryin'-pan an' canteen o' molasses to remember 'em by."

"I thought you hated a thief," Si started to say; but real comrades soon learn, like husband and wife, that it is not necessary to say everything that rises to their lips. Besides, the frying pan was a beauty, and just what they wanted.

It generally became understood during the day that the Army of the Cumberland would remain around Murfreesboro indefinitely – probably until Spring – to rest, refit and prepare for another campaign. Instructions were given to regimental commanders to select good camping grounds and have their men construct comfortable Winter quarters.

The 200th Ind. moved into an oak grove, on a gentle slope to the south, and set about making itself thoroughly at home.

Si and Shorty were prompt to improve the opportunity to house themselves comfortably.

Si had now been long enough in the army to regard everything that was not held down by a man with a gun and bayonet as legitimate capture. He passed where one of the Pioneer Corps had laid down his ax for a minute to help on some other work. That minute was spent by Si in walking away with the ax hidden under his long overcoat. Those long overcoats, like charity, covered a multitude of sins.

The ax was not sharp – no army ax ever was – but Si's and Shorty's muscles were vigorous enough to make up for its dullness. In a little while they had cut down and trimmed enough oak saplings to make a pen about the size of the corn-crib at Si's home. While one would whack away with the ax the other would carry the poles and build up the pen.

By evening they had got this higher than their heads, and had to stop work from sheer exhaustion.

"I'll declare," said Si, as they sat down to eat supper and survey their work, "if father'd ever made me do half as much work in one day as I have done to-day I should have died with tiredness and then run away from home. It does seem to me that every day we try a new way o' killing ourselves."

"Well," said Shorty, arresting a liberal chunk of fried pork on the way to his capacious grinders to cast an admiring glance on the structure, "it's worth it all. It'll just be the finest shebang in Tennessee when we git it finished. I'm only afraid we'll make it so fine that Gen. Rosecrans or the Governor of Tennessee 'll come down and take it away for himself. That'd just be our luck."

"Great Scott!" said Si, looking at it with a groan; "how much work there is to do yet. What are we goin' to do for a roof? Then, we must cut out a place for a door. We'll have to chink between all the logs with mud and chunks; and we ought to have a fireplace.

"I've bin thinkin' of all them things, and I've thunk 'em out," said Shorty



SHORTY RETALIATES.

cheerfully. "I've bin thinkin' while you've bin workin'. Do you know, I believe I was born for an architect, an' I'll go into the architect business after the war! I've got a head plumb full of the natural stuff for the business. It growed right there. All I need is some more know-how an' makin' plans on paper."

"O, you've got a great big head, Shorty," said Si, admiringly, "and whatever you start to do you do splendid. Nobody knows that better'n me. But what's your idee about the roof?"

"Why, do you see that there freight-car over there by the bridge" (pointing to where a car was off the track, near Stone River), "I've bin watchin' that ever since we begun buildin', for fear somebody else'd drop on to it. The roof of that car is tin. We'll jest slip down there with an ax after dark, an' cut off enough to make a splendid roof. I always wanted a tin-roofed house. Old Jack Wilson, who lives near us, had a tin roof on his barn, an' it made his daughters so proud they wouldn't go home with me from meetin'. You kin write home that we have a new house with a tin roof, an' it'll help your sisters to marry better."

"Shorty, that head o' your'n gits bigger every time I look at it."

Si and Shorty had the extreme quality of being able to forget fatigue when there was something to be accomplished. As darkness settled down they picked up the ax and proceeded across the fields to the freight-car.

"There's someone in there," said Si, as they came close to it. They reconnoitered it carefully. Five or six men, without arms, were comfortably ensconced inside and playing cards by the light of a fire of pitch-pine, which they had built upon some dirt placed in the middle of the car.

"They're blamed skulkers," said Shorty, after a minute's survey of the interior. "Don't you see they hain't got their guns with 'em? We won't mind 'em."

They climbed to the top of the car, measured off about half of it, and began cutting through the tin with the ax. The noise alarmed the men inside. They jumped out on the ground, and called up:

"Here, what're you fellers doin' up there? This is our car. Let it alone."

"Go to the devil," said Shorty, making another slash at the roof with the ax.

"This is our car, I tell you," reiterated the men. "You let it alone, or we'll make you." Some of the men looked around for something to throw at them.

Si walked to the end of the car, tore off the brake-wheel, and came back.

"You fellers down there shut up and go back inside to your cards, if you know what's good for you," he said. "You're nothing but a lot of durned skulkers. We are here under orders. We don't want nothin' but a piece o' the tin roof. You kin have the rest. If any of you attempts to throw anything I'll mash him into the ground with this wheel. Do you hear me? Go back inside, or we'll arrest the whole lot of you and take you back to your regiments."

Si's authoritative tone, and the red stripes on his arm, were too much for the guilty consciences of the skulkers, and they went back inside the car. The tearing off the roof proceeded without further interruption, but with considerable mangling of their hands by the edges of the tin.

After they had gotten it off, they

proceeded to roll it up and started back for their "house." It was a fearful load, and one that they would not have attempted to carry in ordinary times. But their blood was up; they were determined to outshine everybody else with their tin roof, and they toiled on over the mud and rough ground, although every little while one of them would make a misstep and both would fall, and the heavy weight would seem to mash them into the ground.

"I don't wonder old Jake Wilson was proud of his tin roof," gasped Si, as he pulled himself out of a mudhole and rolled the tin off him and Shorty. "If I'd a tin roof on my barn, durned if my daughter should walk home with a man that didn't own a whole section of bottom land and a drove o' mules to boot."

It was fully midnight before they reached their pen and laid their burden down. They were too tired to do anything more than lay their blankets down on a pile of cedar boughs and go to sleep.

The next morning they unrolled their booty and gloated over it. It would make a perfect roof, and they felt it repaid all their toils. Upon measurement they found it much larger each way than their log pen.

"Just right," said Shorty gleefully. "It'll stick out two feet all around. It's the aristocratic, fashion-able thing now-a-days to have wide cornishes. Remember them swell houses we wuz lookin' at in Louisville? We're right in style with them."

The rest of Co. Q gathered around to inspect it and envy them.

"I suppose you left some," said Jack Wilkinson. "I'll go down there and get the rest."

"Much you won't," said Si, looking toward the car; "there ain't no rest."

They all looked that way. Early as it was the car had totally disappeared, down to the wheels, which some men were rolling away.

"That must be some o' them Maumee River Muskrats," said Shorty, looking at the latter. "They'll steal anything they kin git away with, just for the sake of stealin'. What on earth kin they do with them wheels?"

"They may knock 'em off the axles an' make hearths for their fireplaces, and use the axles for posts," suggested Si.

"Here, you fellers," said Shorty, "give us a lift. Let's have a house-raisin'. Help us put the roof on."

They fell to with a will, even the Captain assisting, and, after a good deal of trouble and more cut hands, succeeded in getting the piece of tin on top of the pen and bent down across the ridge-pole. Si and Shorty proceeded to secure it in place by putting other poles across it and fastening them down with ropes and strips of bark to the lower logs.

"Your broad cornice is aristocratic, as you say," said the Captain, "but I'm afraid it'll catch the wind, and tip your house over in some big storm."

"That's so," admitted Shorty; "but a feller that puts on airs always has to take some chances. I don't want people to think that we are mean and stingy about a little tin, so I guess we'll keep her just as she is."

The next day they borrowed a saw from the Pioneers, cut out a hole for the door, and another for the fireplace. They made a frame for the door out of pieces of cracker-boxes, and hung up their bit of canvas for a door. They filled up the



THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

spaces between the logs with pieces of wood, and then daubed clay on until they had the walls tight. They gathered up stones and built a commodious fireplace, daubing it all over with clay, until it was wind and water tight.

"What are we goin' to do for a chimney, Si?" said Shorty, as their fireplace became about breast-high. "Build one o' sticks, like these rebels around here? That'll be an awful lot o' work."

"I've had an idee," said Si. "I ain't goin' to let you do all the thinkin', even if you are a born architect. When I was helpin' draw rations yesterday, I looked at the pork barrels, and got an idee that one of them'd make a good chimney. I spoke to Bill Suggs, the Commissary-Sergeant, about it, and he agreed to save me a barrel when it was empty, which it must be about now. I'll go down and see him about it."

Si presently came back rolling the empty barrel. They knocked the bottom out, carefully plastered it over inside with clay, and set it up on their fireplace, and made the joints with more clay. It made a splendid chimney. They washed the clay off their hands, bunt a cheerful fire inside, cooked a bountiful supper, and ate it in the light and comfort of their own fireside. It was now Saturday night. They had had a week of severer toil than they had ever dreamed of performing at home, but its reward was ample.

"Ah," said Shorty, as he sat on a chunk of wood, pipe in mouth, and absorbed the warmth, "this is something like home and home comforts. It's more like white livin' than I've had since I've bin in the army. Let's act like men and Christians tomorrow, by not doin' a lick o' work o' any kind. Let's lay abed late, and then wash up all over, and go to hear the Chaplain preach."

"Agreed," said Si, as he spread out their blankets for the night.

It had been threatening weather all day, and now the rain came down with a rush.

"Ain't that music, now," said Shorty, listening to the patter on the roof. "Nothin' sounds so sweet as rain upon a tin roof. Let it rain cats and dogs, if it wants to. The harder the better. Si, there's nothin' so healthy to sleep under as a tin roof. I'll never have anything but a tin roof on my house when I git home. And we've got the only tin roof in the regiment. Think o' that."

But Si was too sleepy to think.

CHAPTER XII.

ADDING TO THEIR COMFORT-MAKING ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS TO THEIR "HOME."

SI AND Shorty kept Sunday as planned. They really did not know how tired they were until they formed the resolution to give the day to absolute restfulness. Then every joint and muscle ached from the arduous toil of the past week, added to the strains and hardships of a week of battle.

"Used to seem to me," said Shorty, "that when Sunday come after the first week's plowin' in Spring that I had a bile in every limb. Now I appear to have one in every j'int, and in my brains as well. I didn't ever suppose that I could be so tired, and yit be able to set up and take nourishment."

"Same here," said Si. "Feel as if I ought to be wrapped in cotton battin' an' sweet oil, an' laid away for awhile."

The only thing about them which did not show deadly lassitude was their appetites. Fortunately, the Commissary took a liberal view of the Regulations as to rations, issuing enough to make up for those they had not drawn during the times when his department was not in working order. They ate all these and wanted more.

The Quartermaster had also succeeded in re-establishing relations. They drew from him new under-clothing to replace that which they had

lost, took a thorough wash — the first good one they had had since Christmas morning — beat and brushed much of the accumulated mud — representing every variety of soil between Murfreesboro and Nashville — out of their clothes, cleaned and greased their heavy brogans, and went with their comrades to divine service, feeling that they had made every provision required for a proper observance of the holy day.

Si had a really fine baritone voice, and led the meeting in singing

"Am I a soldier of the cross?"

After church Shorty said: "Si, when you were singing so loud about being a soldier of the cross and a follower of the Lamb I wanted to git right up and tell you that you'd have to git a transfer from the 200th Ind. We've lots of cross soldiers, especially on mud marches, but we don't want any soldiers in this regiment except for the Constitution of the United States and the laws made in pursuance thereof, against all enemies and opposers whatsoever, either foreign or domestic. An' as for follerin' the lamb, you know as well as I do the orders agin foragin'."

"O, dry up, Shorty. I don't believe going to church done you a mite o' good. I tell you it done me lots."

"There you're mistaken," answered Shorty. "It just done me lots o' good. Kind o' restored communications with home and respectable folks once more, an' made me think I still belonged to what the jographies call civilized and partially-civilized people, something that we seem in great danger o' forgettin', the way we've bin goin' on."

The good Chaplain's fervent appeals to devote the day to earnest consideration of their soul's welfare could not keep them from spending the hours in planning and' discussing further improvements on the house.

"We must have a real door," said Shorty, looking critically at the strip of canvas that did duty for that important adjunct. "Muslin looks shiftless, an', besides, I think it's unhealthy. Lets in drafts, an' will give us colds."

"Too bad about our ketchin' cold," said Si sardonically. "Most o' the time lately we've bin sleepin' out with nothin' around us but the State line o' Tennessee."

"Don't be too flip, young man," said Shorty severely. "You have not had a home with its blessin's long enough to appreciate it. I say we must have a real door an' a winder that'll let in light, an' a bedstead, an' a floor o' planks."

"We ought to have 'em, certainly," agreed Si. "But must have 'em is quite another thing. How are we goin' to git 'em? There's 40,000 men around here, snatchin' at every piece o' plank as big as your hand."

"Well," retorted Shorty, "we're goin' to have a real door, a winder, and a plank floor, all the same. They're to be had somewhere in this country, an' they'll have to run mighty hard to git away from us."

The next morning the Orderly-Sergeant said:

"Corp'l Klegg, you'll take five men, go down to the railroad, and report to the Commissary to load the wagon with rations."

Si took Shorty and four others and started off on this errand. He was soon so busy rolling heavy pork barrels from the car into the wagon that he failed to notice that Shorty wasn't with him. Finally they got the wagon loaded and started, with them walking alongside, puffing and sweating from their vigorous labor.

They were not 100 yards away from the train, when the Conductor came storming up:

"See here, Lieutenant," he said to the Commissary, "some o' them men o' yours sneaked around and stole the hind door off my caboose while you was loading up."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the Commissary, firing up at once. "Mine ain't that kind of men. I'd have you know they don't steal. What reason have you for saying so?"

"The door was on the car when I came out to meet you, and now it's gone, and there's been nobody near the caboose but your men."

"I know my men were working hard all the time right under my eyes," said the Lieutenant, growing angrier every minute. "They're not

the men to steal anything, and if they were they didn't have any chance. They were too busy. You can satisfy yourself that they didn't. You see none of them have the door with them, and you can search the wagon. Get right in there and look for it."

The Conductor climbed into the wagon and looked carefully through.

"No, it's not there," he said ruefully.

Then the Commissary's wrath flamed out. "There, confound you, you are at it again, you infernal civilian, slandering and abusing men who are fighting for their country. Charging them with stealing your old caboose door. Think of your disgraceful impudence, villifying men who are shedding their blood for their country by such shameless charges. What'd they want with your old car door? Get away from here, before I lose my temper and do you damage."

The Conductor walked away muttering: "Blasted thieving whelps o' soldiers, what'll they steal next? Lost all my train tools at Laverne, swiped the bedding at Smyrna, got away with our clothes and dishes at Antioch, stole a stove and lanterns at Overall's Crick, and now they've begun on the cars. I'll be lucky to have enough wheels left on the engine to run her back to Nashville."

The Commissary continued to fume about the disgraceful charges brought against his men until they reached camp. The wagon was unloaded and the squad dismissed.

As Si came up to the "house" he saw Shorty busily engaged in hanging the caboose door by means of hinges which he had improvised from some boot tops.

"Why, Shorty," gasped Si, "how did you git away with 'it'?"

"Easy enough," answered his partner. "I saw you fellers gittin' very busy over them pork barrels, an' all the train hands helpin' you. I meandered back to the caboose, gently lifted the back door offen its hinges, slipped down into the weeds in the ditch, an' kept under cover o' them till I was out o' sight. Say, isn't it just a bully door?"

That afternoon Si and Shorty walked over to where a detail of men were at work building a bridge across Stone River, under the direction of a Lieutenant of Pioneers. They had an idea that an opportunity might occur there to pick up something that would add to their home comforts. The Lieutenant was bustling about, hurrying the completion of the work before night. As the detail was made up of squads from various regiments, he was not acquainted with the men, and had much difficulty in assigning them to the work that would suit them best. He came up to Si, who still wore the artillery Sergeant's overcoat he had picked up during the battle, and said sharply:

"Here, Sergeant, don't stand around doing nothing. Set the men a good example by pitching in lively. There's plenty to do for everybody. If you can't find anything else, help dig down that bank, and roll those big stones into the fill. Hold on; I've thought of something else. I want a reliable man to send over for some lumber. Put one of your men on that wagon there, and go with him, and take this letter to Capt. Billings, over at the saw-mill. It's a requisition for a load of lumber. Avoid the camps as much as possible on your way back, or they'll steal every inch of it away from you."

"Very good, sir," said Si, saluting. "Shorty, jump on the wagon there, and gather up the lines."



Shorty very obediently took his place on the seat of the two-horse wagon employed by the Pioneers for their jobs.

"Hurry up," enjoined the Lieutenant; "we need those boards at once."

"Very good, sir," said Si, saluting.

"This is what I call a puddin'," said Shorty, oracularly, as they drove away. "The Lord always kin be trusted to help the deservin', if the deservin' only keep their eyes peeled for His p'inters. This comes from not workin' yesterday and goin' to church."

They drove down to the sawmill, delivered their requisition, and had their wagon loaded with newly-sawn planks. The Captain had the planks carefully counted, the number and feet entered upon the record, and set forth upon the return which he gave to Si to be delivered to the Lieutenant of Pioneers.

"Too dod-gasted much bookkeepin' in this army," remarked Si, rather disconsolately, and he put the paper in his blouse pocket, and they drove away. "Wastes entirely too much valuable time. What'd he count them boards for? Looked like he suspicioned us. How are we going to git away with any o' them?"

"I wouldn't have that man's suspicious mind for anything," answered

Shorty. "He don't trust no-body. All the same, we're goin' to have enough boards for our floor."

"How are we goin' to manage it?" asked Si.

"Lots o' ways. There's no need o' your carryin' that paper back to the Lootenant. I might pick up several hundred feet and sneak away without your knowin' it. Say" — as a bright idea struck him — "what's the use o' goin' back to the Lootenant at all? Neither of us belongs to his detail. He don't know us from a side o' sole-leather. What's the matter with drivin' the wagon right up to camp, and swipin' the whole business, horses, wagon and all?"

"I hain't been in the army as long as you have, Shorty," said Si doubtfully. "I've made some progress in petty larceny, as you know, but I ain't yit quite up to stealin' a span o' horses and a wagon. Mebbe I'll come to it in time, but I ain't quite ready for it now."

"That comes from goin' to church yesterday, and hearin' the chaplain read the Ten Commandments," said Shorty wrathfully. "I don't believe they ought to allow the Chaplains to read them things. They ain't suited to army life; and there ought to be a general order that they're prejudicial to good order and military discipline. Where'd the army be if they obeyed that one about not covetin' a horse or other movable property? I tell you what we'll do, since you're so milky on the thing: We'll drive up in front of our house, unload enough boards for our floor, you git out your gun and bayonet and stand guard over 'em, and I'll drive the wagon down near the bridge, and jump off and leave it."

"All right," said Si; "that'll do splendidly, if you think you kin dodge the Lootenant."

"O, he be darned," said Shorty scornfully. "I could git away from him if I wasn't 10 years old."

They carried out the plan. They drove up in front of their residence, and threw off a liberal quantity of the boards. The other boys raised a yell, and made a break for them. But Si ran inside, got his gun, and established himself on guard.

"Don't you budge an inch from there till I git back," shouted Shorty, as he drove away. "Don't let one of Co. Q lay a finger on them. They're the durndest thieves outside the Jeffersonville Penitentiary. You can't trust one o' them farther than you could sling a bull by the tail. I'll be back soon."

Shorty drove gaily down until he got close to the bridge. The Lieutenant had been impatiently expecting him, and as soon as the wagon came surrounded by a crowd of men to unload. The Lieutenant looked over the load.

"I wonder if he sent enough. Let me see your return," he said, looking up at the seat, where he expected to find the Sergeant he had put in charge. But the seat was empty. Shorty had jumped down, prudently mingled with the crowd, avoided the Lieutenant's eye with much more than his usual diffidence, and was modestly making his way back to camp behind a thicket of hazel bushes. When he got to the house he was delighted to find Si still master of the situation, with all the boards present and accounted for. They quickly transferred them to the interior, and found that they had enough for a nice floor, besides a couple of extra ones, to cut up into a table and stools.

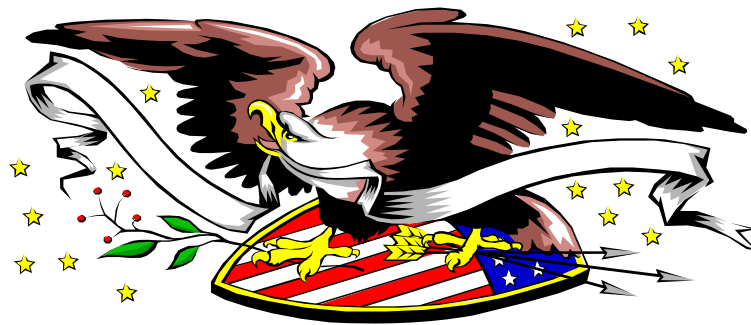
"You done good work in keepin' the other boys offen 'em, Si," said he. "I was afraid you wouldn't. The only thing I've got agin Co. Q is that the boys will steal. Otherwise they're the nicest kind o' boys."

A couple of days later they got a pass to go down to Murfreesboro' and look the sleepy old town over. They were particularly interested in the quaint old courthouse, which had once been the capitol of Tennessee. They happened into one of the offices, which was entirely deserted. On the wall hung a steel engraving of Jeff Davis in a large oak frame.

"That blamed old rebel picture oughtn't to be hangin' there, Si," observed Shorty.

"Indeed it oughtn't. Jeff ought to be hung to a sour-apple tree, and that glass'd make a nice winder for our house."

"Indeed it would," Shorty started to answer, but time was too precious to waste in speech. In an instant he had shoved an old desk up to the wall, mounted it, and handed the picture down to Si. They wrapped it up in their overcoats, and started back for camp. They had seen enough of Murfreesboro for that day.



Editors note: This book was published by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, a publishing house originally created by the Grand Army of the Republic (G.A.R.). The NATIONAL TRIBUNE was later known as STARS AND STRIPES and then was sold to the U.S. department of Defense in May of 2002 for \$85,000. As far as can be ascertained, the 1910 copyright for Si Klegg has expired and is now in the public domain. My family and I have enjoyed reading Si Klegg aloud in the evenings and hope that you to may come to enjoy this look into the life of a Civil War soldier.

PREFACE (1910)

"Si Klegg, of the 200th Ind., and Shorty, his Partner," were born more than 25 years ago in the brain of John McElroy, editor of **THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE**, who invented the names and characters, outlined the general plan, and wrote a number of the chapters. Subsequently, the editor, having many other important things pressing upon his attention, called in an assistant to help on the work, and this assistant, under the direction and guidance of the editor, wrote some of these chapters. Subsequently, without the editor's knowledge or consent, the assistant adopted all the material as his own, and expanded it into a book which had a limited sale and then passed into the usual oblivion of short-lived subscription books.

The sketches in this first number are the original ones published in **THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE** in 1885-6, revised and enlarged somewhat by the editor.

Those in the second and all following numbers appeared in **THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE** when the editor, John McElroy, resumed the story in 1897, 12 years after the first publication, and continued it for the unprecedented period of seven years, with constantly growing interest and popularity. They gave "Si Klegg" a nation-wide and enduring celebrity. Gen. Lew Wallace, the foremost literary man of his day, pronounced "Si Klegg" the "great idyl of the war."

How true they are to nature every veteran can abundantly testify from his own service. Really, only the name of the regiment was invented. There is no doubt that there were several men of the name of Josiah Klegg in the Union Army, and who did valiant service for the Government. They had experiences akin to, if not identical with, those narrated here, and substantially every man who faithfully and bravely carried a musket in defense of the best Government on earth had sometimes, if not often, experiences of which those of Si Klegg, Shorty and the boys are strong reminders.

Many of the illustrations in this first number are by the late Geo. Y. Coffin, deceased, a talented artist, whose work embellished **THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE** for many years. He was the artist of **THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE** until his lamented and premature death, and all his military work was done by daily consultation, instruction and direction of the editor of **THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE**.



The Captain's Tent

by Tom Ezell

THE NUMBERS GAME...

We've all seen it on the field at event after event the past year or so... Numbers are down at Civil War reenactments. At Marks' Mill each side fielded no more than 17 riflemen, and the same has been the norm at many other events this year. Unit rosters typically reflect a dozen or fewer men in each company who regularly show up for events. Is it \$3 gas? A plot by the Politically Correct to demean our heritage? Those nasty old hardcores taking over the Division and ruining The Hobby As We Know It?

If you are concerned about lower numbers at events then I have a few theories and the politics and other differences between groups reenactors isn't that big a reason. We are indeed seeing lower numbers across the board in our hobby. I theorize a few reasons:

- **We live in a pop culture these days.** Much of people's interests are driven by what is "cool" and popular at the time. CW reenacting took an upswing with the Ken Burns *Civil War* series back in 1991. There were also other movies like *Gettysburg* and *Glory* in 1993 and 1994, and computer games, books, etc. that brought attention to the subject of the American Civil War. Note that WWII reenacting became very popular after realistic movies like *Saving Private Ryan* and *Band of Brothers* came out, accompanied by books, computer games, etc. The Civil War reenacting hobby is in need of a "Saving Private Ryan" type movie (and *NO, Gods and Generals* did not live up to a Spielberg or any other standard).

- **We have a real war going on right now in Iraq.** I know a number Reenactors here in Arkansas, including some of the guys in our group or other groups we reenact with have had many guys currently in Iraq, have returned from Iraq, and some on their way back to Iraq. Real war often makes "playing war" somewhat trite.

- **Age of reenactors.** The average age of reenactors is increasing. With very little new young blood coming into the hobby, we will continue to see a decline in participation at most events. You can blame it on lousy public education, computer games, lack of interest in outdoor activities, etc, but it seems to have an impact on our hobby. Also, refer back to the first point on pop culture.

- **Same old, same old.** Many of us (including me) have that "been-there, done-that" attitude and thus have grown bored of the same events year-after-year. Event organizers and supporting reenactors have grown comfortable and complacent in their style of reenacting to the detriment of overall numbers. Most events should be planned in two year cycles rather than every year as well. Our society seems to constantly be in need of being spoon-fed entertainment. I don't agree with this, but it seems to be true and it puts more pressure on organizers to do something fresh and different.

- **Real world obligations.** Well, this fact has always been there, but it seems worse these days than in years past. Job, family, and home life allow us little time to reenact. It seems we need to work more and more (and both spouses working) to support the government's need for taxes and to support our lifestyles (college fund, house payment, car payment and

big TV, computer, video games etc to spoon feed us our daily dose of entertainment).

- **Event conflicts,** or better said, the absence of event deconfliction. The vast majority of events are crammed into an eight-week time frame between the middle of March and the first week of May, and a second six-week phase between the middle of September and the first week of November. Everyone wants to have their big event or their little hometown heritage festival within these particular schedules without regard to what's happening on adjacent weekends. And no organizer is willing to budge on that schedule, either. The declining numbers of reenactors usually can get away from real world obligations for only one, occasionally two weekends per month, and must make a drastic choice as to which events he or she can support. The result is what we saw at Marks' Mill, where the artillery outnumbers the infantry of both sides and you try to portray a major battle with maybe thirty to forty riflemen at the most.

Lastly, I think you could say that the division in our hobby that occurred in a big way in the late 90s to early 2000s is also a contributing factor, but not the biggest one. Over the past couple of years I've attended both campaigner and mainstream events and saw number down on both sides of the hobby. The impact seemed to be most marked at mainstream events because you will see the impact and disparity of numbers as they are typically larger events.

What has happened is that a certain sector of the hobby stopped progressing or slowed progression while others progressed at a greater speed and thus left to start have a different reenacting experience. It isn't right or wrong, it just IS. Thus, I truly feel that the declining numbers in our hobby has little to do with "Us vs Them" and more to do with cultural influences.

Absent universally addressing all the reasons catalogued above, I don't see a short- or a long-term solution. Perhaps the most viable option is the "Event Conflict;" however each little group attempts to do that at the beginning of each year in setting out our event schedules. As noted, the organizers are very reluctant to give way on their event, and any reenactor "boycott" to enforce deconfliction runs a strong risk of the event disappearing from the calendar, possibly forever. Arkansas has very few large events, only Prairie Grove and Old Washington every other year, so most of us wind up going out-of-state on \$3 gas to get the experience of maneuvering in battalion-sized formations. Likewise our small numbers and shrinking local participation don't encourage the major battalions to regularly support events here. (The "1st Arkansas Battalion" these days draws most of its membership from Oklahoma; the TMVI, outside of its Texas-centricity draws mostly from eastern Texas and central/western Louisiana).

The bright side to all this doom & gloom forecasting is the increasing cooperation and partnership between a number of our local units, specifically the 1st, 6th, and 7th Arkansas and the 37th Illinois. This has been proven at nearly every event thus far this year, culminating in our recent adventures at Shiloh and Marks' Mill, where the unit-to-unit trust and experience was such that we were able to do a number of things typically banned at events, such as the display of cold steel. Hopefully this partnership can continue and grow in the future despite the disparate higher affiliations of each group.

One thing that does set the 6th apart is our search for new and different things to get away from the "same old same old" excuse... One of those things is this month's event at the State Muzzle-Loading Championships up at the Luther-Owen Range in Berryville on March 18-20. Several in the group have been participating in the monthly matches held at Hattiesville, and now the invitation is out to join us in toeing the line and seeing how well we can match our Rebel forbears in their skill with an Enfield Rifle. My personal experience in this has been a healthy dose of Humility each time I've shot for score, a record only

Coming Events

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.

SERGEANTS' TIME

Sharing VS. Taking Advantage

by 1st Sgt Shore

We've come a long way in the past ten years. My first major reenactment was the 135th Battle of Shiloh, Tennessee. I purchased a new 'A' Frame tent. It was to be my home away from home while in the field. As with most personal items, I do not mind sharing as long as you treat them, as if it or they were your own. You protect it or secure it. You clean it and take care of it and if it should break for some reason, you would repair it or buy another to replace it. You should also ensure it is in the same condition when returned as it was when given to you.

Bob Black shared my 'A' Frame with me at Shiloh. He helped me set it up and take it down. We both highly loved it as the event was cancelled Saturday afternoon due to the torrential rain storm. When all the fire pits were full of water and looking like small ponds, we had a sterno stove in the tent brewing coffee and watching everyone swimming past.

Bob and I have spent the past ten years talking about the fun we had at Shiloh. While all campaigners were miserable, we were high and dry. We began talking about the purchase of a larger tent... one that everyone could stay together in. One that would cut down the personal expense of purchasing several smaller tents and maybe relive some fun times together.

In 2001, Bob bought the Sibley. It was quickly dubbed "The Hotel de Black". It has been a shining light on many a cold night since then and

numerous people have stayed in it without rent.

During the 2004 Prairie Grove, he was told it was not authentic and then the rains came. The commanders then commandeered this unauthentic tent for their meeting. The negative statements are always from the jealous. He taught me how to set it up by myself prior to the 2006 Prairie Grove event, so it can be done. After Prairie Grove, it came down in a snap with the help of a couple guys.

What I'm trying to say is simple: if you're planning on using someone's equipment or staying in their tent, do the right thing! We as reenactors are attempting to walk the walk and talk the talk. They were honorable people back then, that cared for their fellow man, even if they were their enemies. Let's help each other to accomplish the mission and not offend anyone.

That entails language also. Some of the language used in mixed company around the campfire at Marks' Mill would have blistered the ears of the most jaded mule driver, much less the fair ladies. Our forefathers would have been stunned. Please watch your tongues, and save the "soldier talk" for soldier times!

Our forefathers considered 'work' as fun, over idleness. When you arrive at an event, lend a helping hand when you see someone setting up. Do the same on Sunday before departing. If you stay with someone, ensure you thank them properly for sharing with you, help in breaking down and packing up, and you will be welcomed in the future! Enough said!

"Press on!"

J. L. Shore

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.

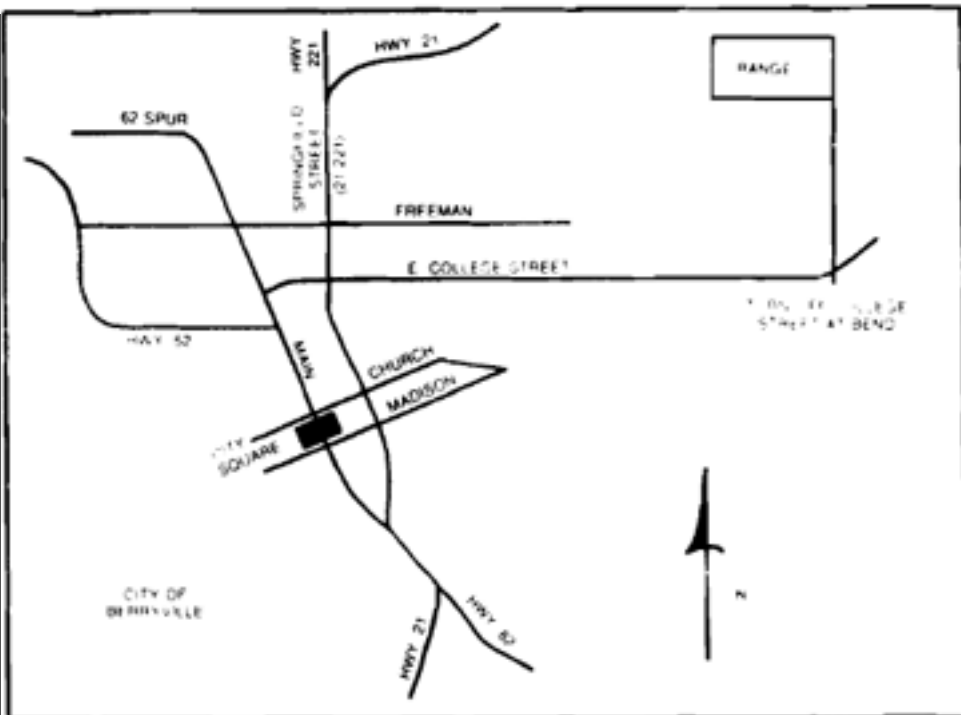
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The 6th Arkansas is always in need of "a few good men" to fill the ranks in service of the Cause. If you are interested in Civil War Reenacting, please call the Captain as listed above.

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



Sketch map to the Luther-Owens Range in Berryville, Arkansas. From Little Rock, take I-40 West to the 125 Exit in Conway. Turn North on Highway 65 to Harrison, then go West on Highway 62 to Berryville where this map picks up.

DAILY VICKSBURG WHIG [VICKSBURG, MS], March 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Matters in Arkansas.—From a young man, a native of this city, who has just effected his escape from Arkadelphia, Arkansas, and arrived home, we learn the following interesting facts relative to affairs in that State:

The rebel ordnance department established at Arkadelphia about July last, is at present under the control of Major George D. Alexander. There are about one hundred and fifty men employed in manufacturing powder, cartridges, shoes and stockings, and repairing guns. The guns manufactured here are of a very interior quality, and are known as the Hindman rifle. Since the establishment of the ordnance department, which consists merely of rough sheds, up to the 10th of January, the time our informant left, only seventy-two new rifles had been made. The moulding of bullets is all done by hand, and of course progressing about as rapidly as the stocking of guns. About fifty negro boys were engaged in moulding bullets, but the lead running out the work had to be suspended. The rebels had in the ordnance department a patent bullet moulding machine, but were unable to use it, as there was not a man in

The Captain's Tent (Continued from Page 28...)

slightly bettered when I switched my Enfield for a two-band Mississippi Rifle. The key lesson has also been that it is not at all farby or inauthentic for a skirmish or battle line to be blazing away, and no casualties falling! I second Sergeant Steve's invitation to come out and play with us at Berryville, and taste yet another shrinking hobby: traditional black powder marksmanship. The stores are filled with these faux muzzleloaders that really are contraptions for shooting modern components with black powder substitutes, and the folks carrying the old long rifles and Hawken's are fading almost as fast as the reenactors. Berryville will indeed be an event where two fading hobbies can

the whole state of Arkansas who could be found to place the parts properly together. The gun stocks are also made by hand, and no one had ingenuity enough to make a turning lathe.

Families throughout the whole State of Arkansas are in great distress, the children in most instances going barefooted. Clothing is scarce; nothing but homespun can be obtained, and that in small quantities. The soldiers were all clothed in these goods. Tea or coffee is never seen, and there is but little sugar and salt. The latter article is worth fifteen dollars per bushel at the works in Arkadelphia.

A new paper was about being started in Arkadelphia, to be called the War Times, and to be edited by a Baptist Minister, known as Parson Moore. The type, press, etc., are on hand, and the men ready to commence the work, but the publication of the sheet has been delayed, the proprietor not being able to purchase a ream of paper. Common white writing paper is worth four dollars per quire.

The rebel army in Arkansas have all kinds of arms, from Enfield rifles down to the old flint locks. The majority of them, however, have good Enfields. The soldiers' fare consists of corn bread and beef. The men die rapidly of the measles, which is a fatal disease in that State. The people generally are sick of the war, and care not how it is settled.

definitely feed off and reinforce one another.

My apologies for the long missive this month, but I've got nearly a year of the *Sentinel* to try and make up for! I do hope you're enjoying the content this year, and as always, this is YOUR newsletter, not mine, so comments, suggestions, and especially contributions are always welcomed!

Hoping to see you on the firing line at Berryville...

Tom