



The JOURNAL

CIVIL WAR SESQUICENTENNIAL ISSUE

TO COLORED MEN!

FREEDOM, Protection, Pay, and a Call to Military Duty!

On the 1st day of January, 1863, the President of the United States proclaimed FREEDOM to over THREE MILLIONS OF SLAVES. This decree is to be enforced by all the power of the Nation. On the 21st of July last he issued the following order:

PROTECTION OF COLORED TROOPS.

"WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, July 21."

"General Order, No. 233.

"The following order of the President is published for the information and government of all concerned:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 20.

"It is the duty of every Government to give protection to its citizens, of whatever class, color, or condition, and especially to those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations, and the usages and customs of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color, is a relapse into barbarism, and a crime against the civilization of the age.

"The Government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers, and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color, the offense shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners in our possession. It is, therefore, ordered, for every soldier of the United States, killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier shall be executed; and for every one enslaved by the enemy, or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to prisoners of war.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"By order of the Secretary of War.

"E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant General."

That the President is in earnest the rebels soon began to find out, as witness the following order from his Secretary of War:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, August 8, 1862.

"Sir: Your letter of the 3d inst., calling the attention of this Department to the cases of Olin H. Brown, William H. Johnston, and Wm. Wilson, three colored men captured on the gunboat Isaac Smith, has received consideration. This Department has directed that three rebel prisoners of South Carolina, if there be any such in our possession, and if not, three others, be confined in close custody and held as hostages for Brown, Johnston and Wilson, and that the fact be communicated to the rebel authorities at Richmond.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

"The Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy."

And retaliation will be our practice now—man for man—to the bitter end.

LETTER OF CHARLES SUMNER,

Written with reference to the Convention held at Foughkeeps, July 15th and 16th, 1862, to promote Colored Enlistments.

BOSTON, July 15th, 1862.

"I doubt if, in times past, our country could have expected from colored men any patriotic service. Such service is the return for protection. But now that protection has begun, the service should begin also. Nor should relative rights and duties be weighed with nicety. It is enough that our country, aroused at last to a sense of justice, seeks to enroll colored men among its defenders.

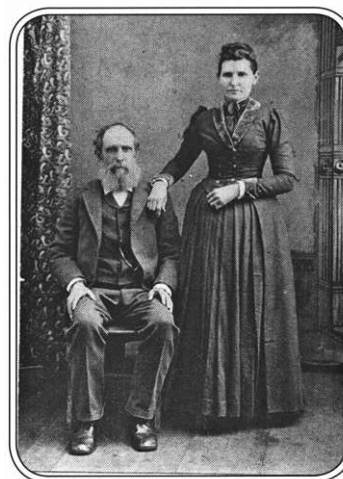
"If my counsels should reach such persons, I would say: enlist at once. Now is the day and now is the hour. Help to overcome your cruel enemies now battling against your country, and in this way you will surely overcome those other enemies hardly less cruel, here at home, who will still seek to degrade you. This is not the time to hesitate or to boggle. Do your duty to your country, and you will set an example of generous self-sacrifice which will conquer prejudice and open all hearts.

"Very faithfully yours,

"CHARLES SUMNER."



The Memoirs
of Ulysses S. Grant
Grant in Arkansas and Missouri



Letters to Dear Joe:
Diary of a Civil War soldier

Arkansas in the Civil War: *Paths Taken, Paths Not Taken*



MISSION: The mission of the Fort Smith Historical Society, Inc., founded in 1977, is to publish *The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society* and through *The Journal* and other activities to locate, identify and collect historical data; to publish source materials and historical articles, all pertaining to the City of Fort Smith and the immediate surrounding area. Preservation of Fort Smith history is our primary mission and to this end, we always welcome the loan of Fort Smith historical material and will return it promptly.

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Membership in the Fort Smith Historical Society includes a subscription to *The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society*, which is published semi-annually. Correspondence concerning current or back issues of *The Journal*, membership dues, and all business matters, should be sent to:

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Attention: Nancy Ciulla, Treasurer
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Fort Smith, AR 72913-3676

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Our website is updated regularly and contains information on the Organization, Membership, Back issues: How to order. Tables of Contents of Back Issues, Contacts & Links, Archives, and a Gallery of Historic Images: Views of old Fort Smith.

See the Google group. Fort Smith History Forum, for a bulletin board of current research questions. Readers may post their own research questions or topics in hopes of furthering their own research.

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JOURNAL

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COVER: **Main photo:** Poster created during the Civil War. Image courtesy of the National Archives, Record Group 165: Records of the War Department General and Special Staffs, 1860-1952

Top right photo: General Ulysses S. Grant works on his memoirs shortly before his death. Image courtesy of Photographs Division of the Library of Congress.

Lower right photo: Marvel and Jacintha Sue Sadler Rhyne. Photo courtesy of Karen Carroll Jackson.

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In Memoriam

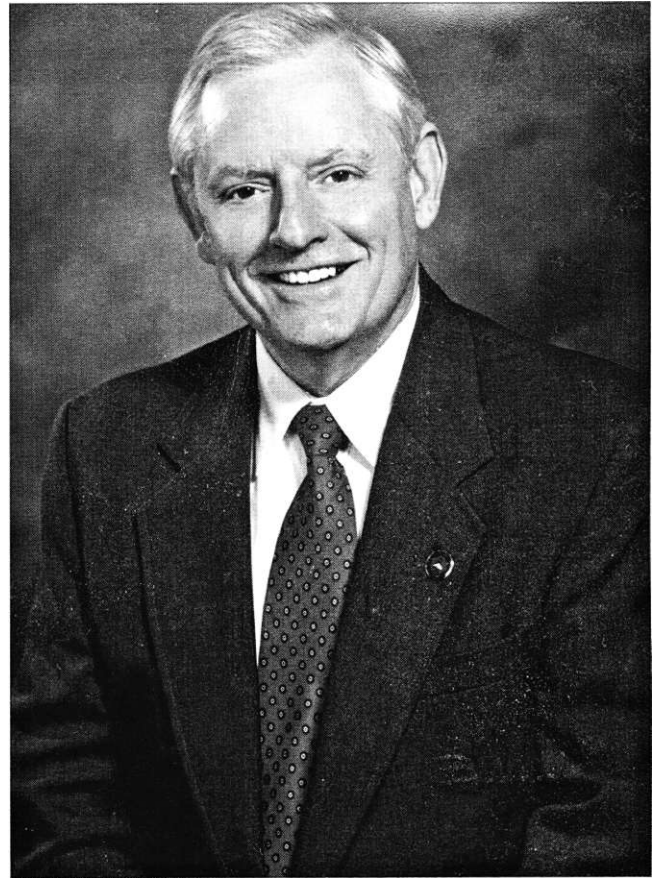
C. Ray Baker Jr. **1939-2011**

Charles Ray Baker Jr., beloved mayor of Fort Smith for twenty years, passed away March 4, 2011 at his home. He was born on August 8, 1939, in St. Edward Hospital to parents, Charles Ray and Helen Westbrooke Baker, who preceded him in death. He is survived by his wife of 46 years, Nancy; son, Brett and his wife, Mary, and children, Alexis and Zachary; daughter, Tiffany Null and her husband, Greg, and their children Hannah, Rachel and Jacob; two sisters, Toy of Fort Smith and Theda Jackson and her husband, Ron, of Greenwood.

Ray attended Rogers Elementary, Darby Junior High and Fort Smith High School (Northside). He always wanted to teach and to pursue a career in politics, and determined to achieve these goals by attending Fort Smith Junior College (now the University of Arkansas at Fort Smith), Peabody College, and University of Arkansas in Fayetteville. He later received a master's degree in education from the University of Arkansas. Ray began his teaching career at Ramsey Junior High in 1961, later transferring to the newly constructed Southside High School in 1963. He was a member of the original staff at Southside, where he taught history for forty-four years. He was the last remaining member of the original Southside staff at the time of his retirement in May 2007.

Baker was chairman of the Social Studies Department and was Senior Class sponsor at Southside for thirty-three years. A Fulbright Scholar in 1964, he studied for six weeks at the University of Beirut, and was also a Milken Foundation Award winner. He was selected as the Arkansas Teacher of the year in 1984, and one of the three finalists for National Teacher of the Year. He was the Daughters of the American Revolution National American History Teacher of the Year in 1984. He was the president of the Fort Smith Classroom Teachers Association and the president of the Arkansas Education Association.

Southside Principal Wayne Haver said Baker loved teaching American History, loved his students, and was a truly dedicated teacher, organized and thorough. Haver is quoted as saying, "I know of no other teacher that had such a positive impact on students as Ray Baker. I would tell people, give me a school full of Ray Bakers



and I could change the world."

Baker entered city politics in 1981, when he was elected director at large, a position he held until 1990. In 1990, he made the decision to run for mayor and was elected and re-elected four more times, resulting in his serving as mayor for twenty years. He loved this community and its citizens and was the No. 1 cheerleader for Fort Smith, the face of Fort Smith. His dedication to this city and its citizens was tireless. Ray was full of love and compassion, a friend to everyone, always ready to help with city and community endeavors as well as church activities.

He taught the Uplifters Sunday School at First United Methodist Church, an intergenerational class of adults from their thirties to retirement age, for more than twenty years. He was remembered by David Orr, pastor of the First United Methodist Church, as a man of great faith, with irrepressible joy and gladness in his life. He will be missed by family, friends, and the citizens of Fort Smith. Because of him, we can say, "Life is still worth living in Fort Smith, Arkansas," Orr said.

News & Opportunities



COURTESY OF LYNN WASSON

FORT SMITH MUSEUM OF HISTORY board president Phil White, from left, Carole Barger of the Fort Smith Historical Society, Jaunice and Richard Griffin, donors, and Joe Wasson, videographer and interviewer, stand at the entrance of the Griffin Theater in the Darby Room at the museum.

Griffin Theater Opens At Fort Smith Museum Of History

For the past five years, the Fort Smith Historical Society's Oral History project has been videotaping the living histories of World War II veterans and local residents who have shared their first-hand experience of Fort Smith's—and America's—past.

Since February 12, the public has been able to see excerpts of this fascinating research in a new theater that opened in the Fort Smith Museum of History. The theater is a gift of Richard and Jaunice Griffin to the Historical Society and is also the museum's newest permanent exhibit.

From 100-year-old Benedictine nuns who recall coming to the new St. Scholastica Monastery in the 1920s, to farm boys who left home for the first time when they shipped out to the Pacific, interviewer Joe Wasson has listened to and recorded the life stories of more than 220 people, collecting more than 500 hours of priceless historical information.

Watching these stories told by those who were there brings the viewer vividly into the past and can create an understanding of what has shaped our present.

After the Japanese attack on the U.S. Navy in Hawaii on December 7, 1941, everyone knew the country would go to war. The next day, President Franklin D. Roosevelt asked Congress to declare war and called the bombing "a date which will live in infamy."

Mark Your Calendar! 30th Annual Frontier Achievement Awards Ceremony and Fort Smith Historical Society Annual Membership Meeting Thursday, April 14, 2011, 5:30 p.m. Riverfront Park Building on Clayton Expressway

The Fort Smith Historical Society joins with the Fort Smith Chamber of Commerce in honoring citizens, businesses, and industries that have made an outstanding contribution in the historical development of our city and/or helped to preserve the heritage of Fort Smith at the 30th annual Frontier Achievement Awards ceremony. Please join us for this important event.

The Fort Smith Historical Society's annual general membership meeting will follow the Frontier Achievement Awards Ceremony. An election of board members and officers for 2011-2012 will be held during this meeting. Enclosed with this *Journal* is a ballot with the candidates being presented by the nominating committee for election. Ballots may be brought to the meeting or mailed to:

FORT SMITH HISTORICAL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 3676
Fort Smith, AR 72913-3676.

Please try to attend both the Achievement Awards and the general meeting.

It was a date that would change everything for a generation of Americans, taking millions of them away from home for the next four years and affecting their lives long after. Volunteers, Joe Wasson and Carole Barger of the Fort Smith Historical Society, decided to begin almost all of their interviews by asking, "Where were you when you heard about Pearl Harbor?" Many local veterans' answers will be seen in one of the video stories visitors to the new Griffin Theater can watch.

"One of our veterans, Gerald Sloan, told me his class had only found the little island of Japan on their

classroom map a few days before the attack," Wasson said. "Mr. Sloan said he remembered wondering how such a tiny little dot on the map could go to war with the United States."

Another man interviewed, Swede Lundquist, didn't have to wonder—he was at Pearl Harbor aboard the USS *Monaghan*, with only practice ammunition on deck that fateful morning. When a Japanese mini-sub rose from the harbor waters and took aim at his ship, Lundquist loaded, fired and hit it with a wooden dummy projectile. His ship then rammed and sank the sub.

Because of a \$10,000 donation for the creation of the new theater, these and many other stories will be accessible to museum visitors, students, and researchers. Richard and Jaunice Griffin made their generous gift to help the Historical Society share the videos.

The 18-seat theater, tucked into a corner of the museum's William O. Darby Room, has a 60-inch, high-definition video screen and sound system. A video selection system designed and contributed by Todd Walker of Norman, Oklahoma, will allow the public to choose from a menu of video clips edited by Wasson. Over time, he hopes to provide an excerpt of every interview the Historical Society collects.

Because World War II veterans are coming to the natural ends of their lives, Wasson's mission has been to interview as many as possible since beginning the project in 2005. "Today, the youngest a WWII vet can be, even if he fibbed about his age to enlist, is about 82," he explained. "We are losing these voices."

The Department of Veterans Affairs has estimated that the approximately 16 million Americans who served in World War II are dying at a rate of more than 1,000 a day.

The Historical Society gives DVD copies of each two-hour interview to every veteran's family. Collecting new interviews takes priority over producing the family's videos, Wasson explained, although he works hard to produce videos for the veterans and their families as soon as possible. Many veterans have only ever spoken of their service during these interviews.

Wasson's questions begin before and go beyond the war.

"Fort Smith history is actually my original interest," he said. Besides the important and often dramatic accounts of the war, the videos contain a wealth of colorful local history.

From an interview with Bob Martin, stories are captured about the mischief an enterprising boy could get away with in the 1930s in Fort Smith. Martin's entertaining boyhood recollections include picking up scrap metal for candy money, selling empty bottles to bootleggers, working as a Western Union telegram bike messenger and going over the bridge to Moffett to see early airplanes at Alexander Field.



COURTESY OF FORT SMITH MUSEUM OF HISTORY

COLONEL WILLIAM O. DARBY receives a DSO ribbon.

Interviews from the Fort Smith Historical Society's Oral History Project include one with a man who met Darby during World War II.

Wasson has recorded the accounts of many young men who worked in the Civilian Conservation Corps to support their families. Young audiences will hear a lot from men and women about the hardscrabble conditions in Arkansas and Oklahoma during the Depression.

Amazingly, they also can see it. Because of a donation by the Respass/Berch family, excellent footage filmed by the late Judge Paul Wolfe will be shown in the theater. His well-made amateur movies are a treasure, documenting everyday life in Fort Smith.

Clips include a parade on Garrison Avenue in the late 1930s, a fond look at all the congregants at First Christian Church on a Sunday in 1936 and again in 1954, and a tour of the interior of the 1887 Sebastian County Courthouse, ending with the demolition of its clock tower. Wasson hopes to find more films made in Fort Smith that can be digitized for the theater, if they include interesting public events.

Several years into the project, Wasson was invited to interview some of the oldest Benedictine Sisters at St. Scholastica Monastery. One, Sister DeChantal, 104 years of age, recalls cleaning the paint from the windows when the building, built in 1924, was new.

"The Sisters have been some of our most interesting historical interviews," he said. "I certainly did not know that St. Scholastica was integrated in September of 1952, two years before Brown v. Board of Education,

maybe the first public or private school in the South to integrate." Sister Conseulla Bauer (who died in January at age ninety-four) was principal of St. Scholastica, a girls boarding school, when it accepted its first black student.

In 1962, the nuns realized the black students were helping plan and decorate for the school prom but not attending it. The Sisters invited a few local boys to properly escort the young ladies. Public schools in Fort Smith were not to integrate until 1964.

Wasson also has interviewed some Sisters of Mercy and Father Placidus of Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, who was living in retirement at Subiaco Academy before his death in 2009.

Wasson taped the last two members of Fort Smith High School's class of 1930 at the school they attended the first year it opened, now Northside High School. Both age ninety-eight, Charles Reutzel and Blanche Collins DeLong declined a ride and drove themselves to the interview.

"There is nothing more valuable than hearing about the past directly from the source," Wasson said of the interviews. "I can never anticipate what they will tell me. No one would be smart enough to ask all the right questions—it's what they explain while telling their own lives that brings out the most amazing stories."

He noted that 70 percent of Americans alive today were not yet born at the time of President John F. Kennedy's inauguration in 1961. Yet, he has interviewed people who can remember the celebration of the end of World War I in 1918.

The theater is a major new asset to the museum, offering a multi-media exhibit with material that will frequently change. The Historical Society and museum already enjoy a mutually beneficial relationship, although they are separate organizations. In 2005, the museum allowed space for brothers Al, Steve, and Mike Whitson to build a video studio for the Historical Society. Many have taped interviews there. Others are interviewed at their own homes.

Museum board president Phil White donated construction materials and built the Griffin Theater with Wasson and other volunteers.

As a thank-you to the museum, Wasson has plans to work with Darby and Presson Watkins, nephews of General William O. Darby, to make a video about the life of the Fort Smith war hero. The Griffin Theater open February 12, 2011, in observance of Darby's 100th birthday. The exhibits of the Darby Room, which were removed during the theater's construction, were reopened to the public that day.

"I would love to have interviewed Darby, but, of course, he was killed in action two days before the Germans surrendered in Italy," Wasson said. "But I was surprised in an interview with a veteran from Van Buren to record a first-hand memory of Darby."

One night in Italy in 1945, Darby looked up that

soldier in camp to introduce himself not as an officer, but as a person from Fort Smith. Darby returned several nights, Wasson said, "to shoot the breeze with the fellow and talk about old home folks." This regular enlisted soldier and Darby were simply glad to talk about home.

"Every single veteran I have interviewed, from World War II, Korea and from Vietnam and the ongoing Gulf War, says the same thing—that they are not heroes; they say they didn't do anything special," Wasson said. "But what they did was extraordinary and their stories can give us and future generations a very human perspective on history."

—Lynn Wasson

Third Annual Fort Smith Heritage Festival

**Various Venues with Immaculate Conception
Catholic Church as Headquarters
Downtown Fort Smith, Arkansas
Saturday and Sunday, April 9 and 10, 2011
10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Free Admission**

The Fort Smith Heritage Festival benefits the Community Clearinghouse's Meals for Kids backpack program and features a glimpse into Fort Smith's rich history. Walk down the Heritage Trail of Fun at this downtown event featuring tours of local historic sites, including the Fort Smith Museum of History, the National Historic Site, Fort Smith National Cemetery, and historic churches. Also, children's events, chuck wagon lunches, Natchez Nation pow wow, farm animal zoo, live music. Western re-enactments, and arts and crafts vendors.

- Entertainers, Vendors and Exhibitors in the I.C. Parish Hall.
- Antique car show in the church parking lot, children's activities in the parish hall and parking lot.
- Living History Tour of Garrison Avenue—Learn the history of Garrison Avenue.
- Sunday: "Down By the Riverside"—Free Gospel Concert at Pendergraft Park

Don't Forget... Tales of the Crypt

Tales of the Crypt will be presented on Sunday, May 1, 2011, from 3:00 to 5:30 p.m. You may come at any time as groups of about 20 people are conducted through the tour about every 15 minutes. It is not necessary to arrive at 3:00 p.m. Because this is a walking tour, be sure to wear cool clothing and comfortable shoes. The program is free, so bring all

**KAREN CARROLL
JACKSON**
*Great-great-
granddaughter of Marvel
and Jacinthia Rhyne*

instrumental in preserving the Rhyne family history, as well as that of John D. Arbuckle, nephew of General Matthew Arbuckle. The Arbuckle, Carroll, and Rhyne families were important to the history of this area and will be covered further in later articles.

Donors

September 1, 2010-April 1, 2011

- Fort Smith High School Class of 1950
- Emery Lundquist
- Bob Worley
- Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Stein under Alvin S. Tilles Endowment

Special Collections Department of the University Libraries at the University of Arkansas Announces *Index Arkansas*

The Happy Hollow Foundation of Fayetteville funded a two-year project to update the online index of journals, bulletins, and historical resources of Arkansas county history. This service is available to everyone free of charge. *Index Arkansas* is contributing to the renaissance in research on topics of Arkansas history, and will become indispensable to researchers in the study of our state.

The automated counting system tells its creators that more than 5,000 people per month use the *Index* already. You are invited to check it out.

<http://arkindex.uark.edu/>

Third Annual Fort Smith History Conference The Civil War in Arkansas: Voices from the Dust'

The Civil War has been called the War Between the States and the War for Southern Independence, but in *The War Prayer*, Mark Twain referred to it as "a hurricane of fire." This year, 2011, marks the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the war in Arkansas, and first among the many events commemorating this historic event was a conference here in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

For the third consecutive year, Fort Smith was the site of a regional history conference. On January 29, "The Civil War in Arkansas: Voices from the Dust" convened in the Smith-Pendergraft Center on the campus of the University of Arkansas at Fort Smith to commemorate the sesquicentennial of the war and

its repercussions in Arkansas.

Preconference events began January 28 with an off-site visit to Fairview Cemetery in Van Buren, Arkansas, led by cemetery director Randy Smith. Afterward, participants moved to Van Buren's historic Drennen Scott House, where they were greeted by Tom Wing, assistant professor of history and director of the Drennen-Scott Historic Site for the University of Arkansas. Wing presented a program on the renovation and preservation process at the Drennen House. Afterward the audience was treated to a living history workshop with Doug Kidd re-enacting life as a Confederate soldier.

On Saturday, January 29, the conference kicked off with an 8:30 a.m. registration and breakfast in the Reynolds Room of the Smith-Pendergraft Campus Center. Welcome and opening remarks were made by Martha Siler, conference chair and director of the Clayton House Museum. Keynote speaker Tom DeBlack of Arkansas Tech University then presented his address, "The Effects of the Civil War and Reconstruction on Arkansas," followed by a first-person living history portrayal session by Doug Kidd.

Paper and lecture sessions followed, featuring the following scholars:

- Mike Bradley—"Uniforms: Beyond the Blue and the Gray"
- Kimble Talley—"Free Persons of Color in Antebellum Arkansas"
- Ellen Lewis—"The Wound Has Never Healed"
- Martha Siler—"Tales of the Crypt Programs: Portraying the Civil War to Modern Day Audiences"
- Leita Spears—"The Clayton Family in the Civil War"
- Kimble Talley—"Slaves in Arkansas During the Civil War"
- Russell Baker—"In Search of the Blue and Gray: Looking for Civil War Ancestors"
- Joe Hamilton—"Music in the Civil War"
- Tom Wing—"A Rough Introduction to This Sunny Land: The Civil War Diary of Private Henry A. Strong, Co. K. Twelfth Kansas Infantry"
- Kevin Jones—"The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant: Grant in Missouri and Arkansas"

Conference chair Martha Siler and her co-chair, Leita Spears, were pleased at the participation of more than 100 historians, teachers, and Civil War re-enactors and enthusiasts. The response of those participating was overwhelmingly positive. Plans are now in the works for the fourth annual history conference in Fort Smith in 2012.

The conference luncheon was provided by the College of Humanities and Social Sciences of the University of Arkansas-Fort Smith. The conference was sponsored by the W. H. H. Clayton House, the Fort Smith Historical Society, the Fort Smith Museum of History, Historytellers, and the University of Arkansas-Fort Smith History Department and College of Humanities and Social

Sciences. This conference was supported in part by a grant from the Arkansas Humanities Council and the National Endowment for the Humanities.

—By Dennis Siler

Memorial Donations

In Honor of Ray Baker

By Lutheran-Duval Neighborhood Association

do Carolyn Plank

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Letters From Readers

Inquiries will be published in the *Journal* as space allows and should include the following:

- Your full name and address
- Full name of ancestor about whom you desire information
- Definite time period (birth, marriage or death date, or date appearing in a certain record at a definite time period.)
- Specific place of residence at a certain time period.
- State the relationships (names of parents, names of children, names of brothers and sisters, or in-laws.)

Material should be submitted using word-processing programs supported by Windows. Do not abbreviate any words; put all surnames in capital letters; capitalize only the first letter of given names and places; write dates as follows (Day, Month, Year, example: 25 January 1978.)

Suggestions for Submission of Articles

We welcome the submission of articles, previously unpublished, covering significant historical events and persons in the Fort Smith and surrounding area. Manuscripts, including quotations and footnotes, must be double-spaced, using *The Chicago Manual of Style* (University of Chicago Press). Footnotes should be numbered consecutively in the text, assembled at the end of the article, along with a list of any additional sources. The author's name, address, phone number and email address should appear only on the title page. Manuscripts may be submitted on CD disks, using word-processing programs supported by Windows. Photographs should be submitted in digital format.

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Arkansas in the Civil War

Paths Taken, Paths Not Taken

By Tom DeBlack

In recent years, a host of new books has brought a new focus on the Civil War years in Arkansas. But if we are to truly understand the war, it is first necessary to understand the times in which it took place.

In the 1850s Arkansas enjoyed a prosperity that was unprecedented in its history. That prosperity touched every part of the state, but it was most pronounced in the cotton-growing regions of the southern and eastern lowlands. In comparative terms, Arkansas ranked sixteenth of the thirty-three states in terms of real estate and personal wealth per capita. Never again in its history to date would it regain that lofty position. As we are all too well aware, we rank in the low forties in many economic indicators today. The war was the great dividing point, and so it is fitting that we turn our attention to that conflict that so disrupted our state's history.

The Civil War was a bitter, bloody, brutal, and tragic time for our state, a disaster of the first magnitude. That seems obvious. But no war in our history has been so romanticized, glamorized, and glorified as the Civil War. The Civil War often inspired great acts of courage and heroism, both on the battlefield and off. But it was seldom chivalrous, almost never romantic. It was a tragedy from which we have never fully recovered.

Some aspects of the war in Arkansas are unique or significant. The first is the widespread nature of the war. There were more than 770 Civil War engagements in Arkansas, and while none of these matched the scale of a Gettysburg or Vicksburg, it has become evident that the war touched the lives of thousands of Arkansans all over the state.

The second thing that strikes many people who study the war in Arkansas is the divided loyalties that existed here. Most are familiar with the fact that Arkansas did not secede in the first group of states that left the Union between Lincoln's election in November 1860 and his inauguration in March 1861. In fact, the first statewide convention called to consider the issue of secession in March 1861 steadfastly refused to take the state out of the Union. It was only after Fort Sumter and President Lincoln's subsequent call for troops to suppress the rebellion that Arkansas cast its lot with the Confederacy on May 6, 1861. Even then,

widespread resistance to secession and to Confederate authority in the state persisted. By 1862 enlistments fell off dramatically, and the Confederacy had to resort to a draft. Historian Bill Shea has argued that even though Arkansas seceded, it was never a truly a "Confederate state."

The activities of the Arkansas Peace Society in north central Arkansas in late 1861 and early 1862 have been well chronicled, but what is less well known is the amount of resistance that soon manifested itself in other areas of the state. Historian Carl Moneyhon has demonstrated that by late 1862, dissent against the war and resistance to Confederate authority was strongest in southwest Arkansas, where there was a developing plantation agriculture and a significant slave population. This discontent was brought on, in part, by increasing hardships, but class divisions were also plainly evident. Many non-slave-owning Arkansans were especially angry at the provision that exempted one white man for every twenty slaves on each plantation.

Some recent evidence suggests that by the end of 1863, even wealthier Arkansans who had supported secession were having serious second thoughts. In a letter addressed to "My Old Friend Gov. Harris Flanagin," a prominent Dallas County slave owner named Maurice Smith wrote, "Over the course of the past few months," the "strength and position of the enemy" combined with "the disaffection with the soldiery and the gloomy prospect for subsistence on our part, the distress and disaffection throughout the length and breadth of our state," had convinced Smith "that the people would tomorrow, if not restrained, vote the state back into the Union by an overwhelming majority. Secession is dead—the principle was wrong, although advocated by us both." Smith never mailed his letter, but the sentiments he expressed provide clear evidence that disaffection with the war transcended class lines.

A third aspect of the war in Arkansas that had great significance for the lives of the state's citizens was the brutal guerrilla conflict. We tend to know something about the big battles—Pea Ridge, Prairie Grove, Helena, Little Rock—but the historian Dan Sutherland has called the guerrilla war "the real war"

in Arkansas. The fact that Arkansans were so divided in their loyalties made the guerrilla conflict that much more intense.

Bill Shea has noted, "Dozens of county and local governments ceased to function.... Taxes went uncollected, lawsuits went unheard, and complaints went unanswered. With courts closed and jails open, the thin veneer of civilization quickly eroded. Incidents of murder, torture, rape, theft, and wanton destruction increased dramatically." There are countless stories that describe this aspect of the conflict.

Following the Battle of Prairie Grove, a group of men professing to be Confederate partisans visited the William Morton home on the western edge of the battlefield. After gaining the family's confidence, they seized William Morton and tied him up. "Old man," one threatened, "it's not your politics I care for, it's your money, and we're going to have it." When Morton refused to reveal the location of the money, the men heated two shovels in the family fireplace and began burning the bottoms of his feet. Morton's daughter Nancy threw water on the shovels and on the fire, but another member of the gang pointed a pistol at her and beat her on the back and arms. When Morton still refused to give up his money, the gang took him outside and threatened to hang him. Finally Morton gave in. The gang took all the money, ransacked the house, and departed. "We all then went to bed shivering with cold," Nancy Morton remembered, "afraid to make a fire."

Another example concerns the Williams family of Conway County. The patriarch of the family, Jeff Williams, was a staunch Unionist from the northern part of Conway County. After a stint in the federal Army, in which Williams lost two brothers, a nephew, and a brother-in-law to disease, the family spent several months in Missouri. When federal forces captured Little Rock in the fall of 1863, the Williamses and many of their Unionists neighbors returned to Conway County, where they formed an independent company to provide information for Union forces and to protect their homes and families from the bands of outlaws and Confederate guerrillas who roamed the region. These activities made Jeff Williams a marked man.

On the night of February 12, 1865, a force of Confederate guerrillas numbering between sixty and 100 men surrounded Williams's house near Center Ridge and called for him to come out. Williams told his wife, "My time has come." As he opened the door with his gun in hand, he was struck and killed by a volley of buckshot fired from twenty-five yards away. In the days and weeks that followed, Jeff Williams's son, Leroy Williams, assumed command of his father's company and began a personal crusade to avenge his

father's death. In a series of separate incidents, Leroy gunned down as many as sixteen members of the band that had murdered his father, sometimes charging into a gang of his enemies with a gun in each hand and the reins of his horse between his teeth. His exploits earned him the nickname "Wild Dick." When the war ended, many former Confederates refused to surrender until Williams's independent company was disarmed. When asked shortly before his death in 1924, how many men he had killed, Leroy responded, "Too many, but I like (sic) three more." Like Williams, many residents of Conway County were slow to forgive and forget their wartime experiences. The bitterness engendered by the war would haunt the county long after the conflict had ended.

A fourth element that made the war in Arkansas unique was the ethnic diversity of those who fought. The Trans-Mississippi was the most ethnically diverse theater of war. The first black soldiers were mustered into federal service and first saw combat here. In Arkansas members of the "Five Civilized Tribes" (Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole) would fight for both sides in the war. One of the war's greatest atrocities, the battle of Poison Spring, took place in Arkansas and involved blacks, Indians, and Caucasians.

Then there was the concept of "total war," making war against civilian populations and destroying private property. Generally thought to have been introduced by William Tecumseh Sherman in his "march to the sea" in 1864, total war emerged in Arkansas in 1862. Samuel Curtis's federal army re-entered Arkansas from Missouri in late April 1862 with the goal of seizing Little Rock. But Curtis eventually had to give up that idea and turned his army east toward Helena. As it went, that decision cut Curtis's army off from its base of supply; thus the men lived off the land, destroying what they could not consume. Confederate general Thomas Hindman responded with a "scorched earth" policy to deny the federals needed supplies.

A federal soldier remarked, "Both armies are engaged in destroying; what the enemy leaves, our men destroy. The enemy destroys Union property, and the Union troops destroy secesh property—and there being only two kinds of property, it is all destroyed."

Then finally there was the advent of emancipation. Lincoln's preliminary Emancipation Proclamation was announced in September 1862 and went into effect on January 1, 1863. But as early as the summer of 1862, as Curtis's army made its way through the Delta toward Helena, thousands of slaves left the plantation to follow the federal army. Unlike other federal commanders, Curtis made no attempt to return the slaves to their owners. Angered by the fact that his army's progress had been hampered by obstacles

constructed by slave labor, he declared runaway slaves who fled to his lines to be "contraband of war" and provided them with "free papers." One such paper read:

Jerry White, a colored man, formerly a slave, having by direction of his owner been engaged in rebel service, is hereby confiscated as being contraband of war, and not being needed in the public service, is permitted to pass the pickets of the command northward, and is forever emancipated from his master, who permitted him to assist in attempting to break up the government and laws of the country.

By command of
Major-General Curtis

The vast majority of Union soldiers had signed on to fight to save the Union and was unhappy when the war turned into a crusade to end slavery as well. For many, however, their first face-to-face encounter with the institution changed their thinking. "I am not yet quite an Abolitionist," one wrote, "but am fast becoming one." An Illinois officer wrote, "Now I have witnessed the unnaturalness of slavery with my own eyes and with disgust."

Many former slaves suffered greatly as well, but the war had also ushered in the "day of jubilo," the coming of freedom so long hoped for. A Chicot County slave remembered the arrival of federal troops on her plantation. "I heard them tell all the slaves they were free," she remembered. "A man named Captain Barkus who had his arm off at the elbow called for the three near-by plantations to meet at our place. Then he got up on a platform with another man beside him and declared peace and freedom. He p'inted to a colored man and yelled, 'You're as free as I am.' Old colored folks...that was on sticks, throwed them sticks away and shouted."

The freeing of the slaves was a monumental achievement, but the Civil War remains one of the greatest man-made disasters in Arkansas history. By best estimates, more than 6,800 white Arkansans died in battle or from disease in Confederate service, and another 1,700 lost their lives in service to the Union army. At least 1,500 black Arkansans were killed in Union service, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, more died in Freedman's camps, where the death rates often reached fifty percent.

Countless other men who survived the war were scarred for life, both physically and emotionally. Some chose not to return to the state, but rather to start over somewhere else. Although exact figures are unavailable, it is clear that the state's white population declined dramatically as a result of the war, perhaps by as much as fifty percent. Governor Isaac Murphy speculated that the state's black population suffered a

similar reduction, a loss of some 50,000 people.

Property losses were staggering. In August 1865, Governor Murphy noted in a letter to a friend, "Our state is a picture of desolation. The great majority of the people reduced to poverty." The hardships and suffering the war inflicted on the residents of the state are impossible to quantify, but they are clearly revealed in the remembrances of those who lived through them. "We were without a dollar, our Negroes were freed, our horses and mules had either been 'pressed' [impressed] or confiscated," a Camden woman remembered. "We had no hogs, no poultry except one old turkey hen that had stolen a nest in the woods and so escaped."

For many Arkansans, black and white, poverty would be the war's greatest legacy. Economically, Arkansas would remain tied almost exclusively to agriculture, with its well-being tied to one crop that languished for almost a century—cotton. Arkansas had chosen to go down a certain path in 1861, and that path had disastrous results. In light of this turn of events, it is tempting to wonder whether things could have turned out differently. Were there paths not taken that could have yielded a different outcome? What if things had gone in a different direction?

The first "What if that deserves consideration occurred in 1819 as Congress debated what would come to be called the Missouri Compromise. Northern Congressmen sought to ban slavery in the Arkansas Territory, which at the time had a slave population that amounted to only 11 percent of the total population. The full House defeated this attempt but only by a vote of 89-87, with four Northerners voting with the South. By this narrow margin, the history of Arkansas was changed. What if those four Northerners had remained true to their section?

The second instance occurred in the spring of 1861. As noted earlier, Arkansas had not joined the group of states that seceded after Abraham Lincoln's election in 1860. What if the second secession convention that assembled after the attack on Fort Sumter had acted differently and refused to take the state out of the Union? Would Arkansas have avoided the war's death and destruction, or would it, like Missouri, still have been ravaged by invading armies and fierce guerrilla fighting? Or would Arkansas have experienced a kind of Virginia-West Virginia situation in reverse with the secessionist part of the state seceding from the Unionist part? Or, what if support for the Confederacy had gotten so low in late 1862 or early 1863 that the state had decided to re-enter the Union? Could it have avoided many of the difficulties associated with Reconstruction?

And finally, what if Confederate leaders in Arkansas had concentrated on defending the state rather than trying to secure Missouri for the Confederacy? "I must have St. Louis," Confederate commander Earl van Dom

wrote to his wife in 1862, "Then Huzza!" But before he even set foot in the state, his army came to grief at Pea Ridge. John Marmaduke led an unsuccessful raid into Missouri in the spring of 1863 and barely managed to get back to Arkansas with his command. Even more disastrous was Sterling Price's invasion in the fall of 1864 after the Confederates had finally seized the initiative by defeating the federal attempt to move from Little Rock to Shreveport in what came to be called the Camden Expedition. The bedraggled federal army was driven back from Camden to the safety of Little Rock with heavy losses.

But instead of consolidating their position and confining the Union army to a few strong points, the Rebels threw away their success with another ill-fated invasion of Missouri. In September 1864 Price led 12,000 men north into Missouri (4,000 without weapons, 1,000 without horses.) He crisscrossed the state from east to west but was unable to seize either St. Louis or the capital of Jefferson City. By October he was near Kansas City and two Union armies were converging on him from different directions. The Rebels fled south through western Missouri and Kansas, crossing the Arkansas River, and continuing south through the Indian Territory, finally crossing the Red River into Texas and then turning east, reaching Laynesport in southwest Arkansas in early December. Only 3,500 troops remained, two-thirds of them unarmed. The Confederate army in Arkansas was finished as a fighting force.

These alternate paths or "What ifs" are intriguing, but in the final analysis we can only speculate about what might have happened. One thing is clear however, the sesquicentennial of the Civil War will give us a chance to better understand where we as a people are going by looking more closely at where we have been, to better understand who we are by examining, seriously and thoughtfully, who we were.

About the Author

Thomas A. DeBlack, PhD. is professor of history at Arkansas Tech University, in Russellville, Arkansas. Dr. DeBlacks teaching specialties are Arkansas History, Old South, New South, the Civil War and Reconstruction, and the American West. He is the past president of the Arkansas Historical Association and the Arkansas Association of College History Teachers. Dr. DeBlack is the author or co-author of several books. In 2003, his book With Fire and Sword: Arkansas 1861-1874 was named the initial winner of the Butler-Rommel Arkansas History Literary Prize. He also co-authored a college-level textbook Arkansas: A Narrative History, which won the Arkansas Library Association's Arkansiana Prize in 2003. Dr. DeBlack has been at Arkansas Tech since 1995.

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Marvel Rhyne

Letters to Dear Joe

When Marvel Rhyne marched away to war on September 8, 1863, he left behind his eighteen-year-old bride, Jacinthia Sue Sadler Rhyne, whom he had married just three months previously. In his letters to "Dear Joe," he repeatedly assures her of his undying love and his faith that they will soon be reunited.

Marvel Rhyne's diary, *Letters to Dear Joe*, was copied many years ago by Ella Westmoreland Carroll, wife of their grandson, Forrest Arbuckle Carroll, and made available to the Fort Smith Historical Society by their great, great-granddaughter Karen Carroll Jackson.

These letters are reproduced as written without editing for spelling, capitalization, sentence structure, or abbreviations. Where names or dates are documented in the historical record, complete names or dates will appear in brackets.

Sept. 8, 1863:

My dear Joe—I left you this morning, you, my wife, my Hope, my all, in cause of my Country. It was indeed a bitter Pill. Never the less, it was the only alternative to preserve, untarnished, a good name.

We staid all night in a thick brush, eleven miles from home, and eleven of us. On the we took a circuitous route. Leaving the Town of Waldron 7 miles on our right. Arrived at Col. Bursers, where we staid all night at but little cost. On 10, we arrived at Mt. Ida; staid with Judge Stall, where we faired Tolerable well, though at more cost. On the 11th, N. Fort, R. Miller, and myself took leave of the rest of our crowd, and took up line of march. Arrived at the Cado Creek [Caddo Creek], where we Found the Battalion in camped. The Maj. appeared to be very Glad to see us. Here we remained, and recruited for some days.

ON the we moved down to the gap. H. H. Hadson and myself got and invitation to spend the night at Capt. Grants, some 5 miles from Camps, where we rec'd very kind treatment of the family. After Breakfast, on 21, we returned to camps.

In the Evening, I was placed over the ordnance department, and daded with the appellation of Capt. Of ordnance. This office claims my attention nearly all the time. Here, we arrested a great many deserters going North. One day I disarmed 30; Even taking their Side arms, which was painful to me, as I was confident they were good Southern men. However, I was informed that it was my Duty.

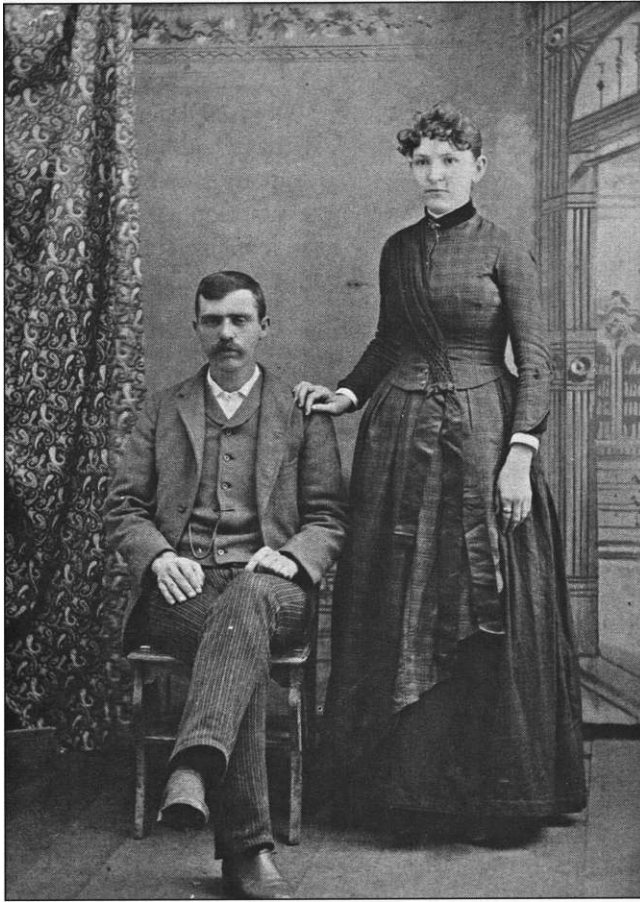


COURTESY OF KAREN CARROLL JACKSON

MARVEL RHYNE, born 1823, and Jacinthia Sue Sadler Rhyne, born 1845, married June 8, 1863.

About the first of Oct. [October 1863] the Quarter Master and myself was posted off to Arkadelphia to draw clothing, ammunition, &c. and returned to the Command on the 4th. The command was then on its way to Arkadelphia. On the next morning, I rec'd. some pressing Solicitations to run for Maj., which I declined; not being well enough posted in Military Tacticks. However, our Maj. Was not promoted to Leiut. Col., and the Maj. Was not needed.

On this day, the Maj. requested me to fall back, back myself, in the rear, and watch for deserters—which I did; and about one oclock, I jumped one up, ran him 2 miles, caught him, and placed him under arrest. This day, I lost sight of the Battalion, and fell in at Cabell Head Quarters, where I found Leiut. Ragon, who treated me very well. On next Morning, I returned in search of our Battalion—found it coming in, which now made



COURTESY OF KAREN CARROLL JACKSON

MATTIE RHYNE CARROLL, daughter of Marvel and Jacintha Rhyne, born 1864. Married DeRosa Carroll, born 1862, son of Henry M. Carroll and Mary Elizabeth Arbuckle.

a better appearance than ever before. We had seven companies, all very near full. We marched in, and took a position in the Brigade. Here we spent our time as well as we could. Had General Inspection on the field by Gen. Holmes [Theophilus H. Holmes], and Marmaduke [John Sappington Marmaduke]. Here I saw more men and horses, motion than I had ever seen before. Our battalion came off second best.

Oct. 1863

While at Arkadelphia, I was confined at my post nearly all the time, as we were near the Feds and had to Issue cartridge any hour, and Picket, all the time. Tat is, our troops, as I never had to stand myself True, I went with one scout of about twenty five hundred, to cut off a Federal scout, that was making their way to Tulip, in dallas County. We failed to take them, and was in much trouble to get back to our camps, in a dark night—Nearly all night in a swamp, which I thought was a considerable Catastrophe; but I will be able to speak of a much greater. Ere I conclude this Dirie, or Book of Travels.

While at this town, we had rather the largest

Mary Elizabeth Arbuckle

DeRosa Carroll's mother, Mary Elizabeth Arbuckle Carroll was the daughter of John Davis Arbuckle, nephew of Gen. Matthew Arbuckle. General Matthew Arbuckle, who arrived in Fort Smith in 1822, was never married. The greater part of his estate was left to his nephew, John D. Arbuckle, whose family occupied the Arbuckle Plantation home site, northeast of Lavaca on Highway 96. General Arbuckle is buried in the family cemetery near the old plantation site.

Battalion in the division and getting on well, until our Maj. got a scout of 33 men to visit Scott, Franklin, and Sebastian counties, and him to head it. The result was that about 60 of our men followed, which lessened our Troupes, considerably. Here, I was almost compelled to accept of the office of Adjutant, the Second office in the command, and, by accepting of it, I incurred also the Sargent Maj. offices, So you begin to see how much is on my hands—Ordnance office. Adjutant, and Sergeant Maj. True I have the Liberty of appointing a Sergeant Maj., but choose to perform it with the other, too.

On the 20th, we all took up the line of March, and came to Princeton, County, Cite of Dallas Count, 45 miles west of Pine Bluff While at this place, I got along very well with all my duties. Here, I led our Battalion to the field for Inspection, rec'd. and Introduction to our Inspecting officers.

On the 25th, I rec'd orders to have 2 days Rations cooked, and Issue 25 rounds of cartridges to every armed man. In the evening, Gen. Marmaduke led of with 1500 soldiers, 12 pieces of canon. They attacked the Feds at Pine Bluffs. Our Battalion stood the fire very well, for 6 hours. We failed to take the place. They were well fortified. We lost 3 men out of our Battalion, and, I am sorry to say that D.L Logan was badly wounded and left on the ground, one of his legs badly Broken, and last heard from he was in a very precarious Situation. Lieut. Bangs, and the Hammonds, Mark and Hemrod was taken prisoner. We returned on 27, and, on the 28th, we retreated in the direction of this place, and got here, on the 30th, at Camden; and. My dear Joe, could have seen the Trials we underwent, in crossing the River Ouachita, your Tender heart would bee greatly Effected. The truth in, we arrived at the River sometime before Sundown, and kept up the crossing of the trains all night, and it raining and dark. Our trains got over about daylight, next morning. I set up I the rain all night, and suffered much from cold and hunger, but we soon struck camp, and was ourselves again; and the Generals Sent

off and got 2 BIBIs.
Of whiskey and Issued
it to the soldiers, and
they soon got happy,
and begin to Laugh
and Hollow Like wild
men. We remained
but a little while,
till we were ordered
to report to General
Pagan's Brigade [Maj.
Gen. James F. Pagan,
commanded the First
Arkansas Infantry,
CSA] on the First day
of November.

Nov. 1863—On this
day, we were ordered to
send out nearly all the
armed men we had, to
see where the Enemy
was. They went out,
and retook Princeton,
where we had retreated
from on the 28th.

On this evening,
I was in my way in
Camden, to find the
church where Bro.
Moses had informed
me was a grand revival
going on among
the soldiers, when I

discovered a little child that reminded me of sweet little
Minni Leon—God love her soul, and preserve her dust
in form, till the Resurrection Mom.! My mind reverts
back to days of yore, when I can see a claim to such a
one, and hear the sweet music in my Ear of her Prattling
tongue, and hurried steps to meet me, when I returned
from my business. Those flowers have passed away, but
may the Great God bless us soon with Peace, and, like
old Job, with flowers as fair and beautiful. So, Oh God,
hear my prayer and answer my supplication! Bring me
to see that one I have left behind; that one I yet love
more than silver or gold, or all this empty world. You,
Joe, who animates my hope, and disperses my gloom,
or despair, would take possession of my days and grief,
destroy my way worn spirits. Oh, then my God, Suffer
my Joe and myself to live to see an end to these Quarls,
Those unholy days. Oh, God! do hear me, in behalf of
my dearest object on Earth, and let her meet me, at my
return. Oh, my wife, my Joe, my all, meet me when this
cloud of darkness shall have passed away; that we may
walk, hand in hand, through this Illnated and God
forsaken world, to a peaceful residence near a throne



COURTESY OF KAREN CARROLL JACKSON

ELLA WESTMORELAND CARROLL, born 1893, wife of
*Forrest Arbuckle Carroll, born 1892, son of DeRosa A. Carroll
and Mattie Rhyne Carroll.*

that is high and white.
So, Amen.

Since we came
to this place, I
have had but little
study employment,
consequently I have
spent several pleasant
days in Camden. I
have been invited to
dine with several of
the Private families,
and find the ladies very
kind to the soldiers. At
least, they are kind to
me. I have made some
acquaintances among
the ladies that I shall
not soon forget. As
you know, when one
casts his bread upon the
waters, he will find it
again, after many days
hence. A good deed is
never forgotten when
bestowed upon the right
kind of an object.

I was out on the
street, a day or two
since, and wishing
to get my dinner,
and Stepd into a fine
looking mansion and

told the Land Lady I would like to take dinner with
her. She told me I was welcome. She soon had a fine
dinner for me and Capt. Woosey. Would not have any
pay. On the next day, she had me to take dinner, again,
an, when I went to leave, in the Evening, she told me
to call at on o clock the next day, and bring my friend,
and she would have us the best in her reach. On the
next day, I took Bro. P. Mosses and brave Capt. Woosey
and Carroll, and you bet we met a fine dinner, sure
enough. I had a long confab with the Land Lady; we
spoke on many Topics—the church, the war, the peace,
the separation of Husbands and wives, Death and
Judgement. In the first place, she was a member of our
church. She was much dishartened about the war, but
when she heard me through, her spirits was somewhat
raised. I told her I thought we have peace. Ere long and
then her husband would have a chance to return from
the army beyond the river. She heaved a deep sigh,
and she did not think she could stand it to hear of his
death, in his absence. I encouraged her by telling, her
that I thought Providence would preserve her husband
and my wife, until we saw peace. Then she asked about

you. I told her, as near I could. She pitied you, being so young, and so lately married, I could not help but say God will watch over you for good. In my absence. I also found out, by conversation, that She, as well as myself, had Experienced Trials by the dread Monster, death. When I left, I thought I would call occasionally. I have met other kind ladies, here, who think something of the soldiers who are defending Their country. My Dear Joe, I don't want any of these things to trouble you in the least, but, rather, allow them to give you comfort, since it is much better for me, as such Kind Ladies drive away man's dull cares from that one that loves you better than his life. Besides, I never see a lady, much less receive a favor from one, but what I can see you, in my imagination, and long to be with you. There is no one on Top of the Earth that could enchant me enough to Touch my married vow. So, I pray you, should any one raise any kind of a report on me, believe it not, as I intend all such to prove false. For if ever I tried to live right, it has been since I parted with you, and am bound to continue that course, God being my helper. I should not have mentioned those things but I learn that some one has told in our settlement, that I was a powerful man after women. I am, I agree, fond of a good Lady's company; that you are aware of, but, at the same time I seek no association with any but virtuous Ladies, and shall live for you, and you, alone. You have been acquainted with me Long. Your Ma, and your Aunt Lovenia. Those things ate enough to drive any glimmer from your Eyes, should any ever make its appearance in my absence. So, God love you, my Dear Joe, for if I ever get home, I will tell you many things. Then it will be that we can be happy on bread and water, if we should have nothing more. Were it not for you, my wife, I would be tired of this troublesome world, but I do ever think I want to live worse than I ever did, and for no other purpose but to make you happy; so God love you and preserve you and me, to meet at the conclusions of these Troubles, when we can Enjoy that happiness that is denied us now. God grant us this Boone. My Dear wife, I do think that our Father will hear our prayers, but, should I be mistaken, I may have joy in another Source. If I am fortunate to live to see an end to this Strife, I will have joy with you. If not, I will try to go, in advance, to meet [End page 12, begin page 13, there appears to be a page missing here.]

conversion—some 5 or 6—and it would do you good to see them and hear them cry for mercy. I have never saw people so anxious to get to church, as these poor soldiers. I have seen many of them baptized both by emersion and pouring. Saw 8 (eight) dipped in the river Ouachita last Sabbath. Could not get near enough, scarcely, to hear the ceremony.

The Methodist have given up their meeting house, which hold say 300. It is always full before the time

expires. I saw, I think, 100 soldiers take the sacrament one time, and apparently all in earnest. God love them and grant they may all taste of the good word of God, and the power of the world to come. I have seen nothing during the present war that favors our independence so much as the great desires of these soldiers, not only privates, but officers likewise. This revival commenced on the other side of the Mississippi river, and I am satisfied that, if God is with us in reigion, he will give us our independence. So mote it be. Amen.

I saw Boone Chism a few days since, fresh from the other side of the Mississippi. He was well and hearty. Also there is a young man in our camps, fresh from the fight of Gen. Brag [Gen. Braxton Bragg, CSA] and Rosecrances [Gen. William S. Rosecrans, USA, retreated from the Battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19-20, 1863.] We gained, there, one of the greatest battles in the war—killing and taking over 150000 thousand lost 30000 thousand. Gen. Lee gained a complete victory over Gen. Meade, on the Potomac, driving the Feds within their ditches, at Washington City.

President Davis [Jefferson F. Davis] made a speech at Chattanooga, stating that, if he [Gen. Lee] destroyed Gen. Rosecranes army, we would have peace soon, and we learn the has accomplished that end, my dear Joe, I do so look for peace this winter. The vice president Stephins [Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States] is now gone to Europe, as we learn from the Feds, with full power to treat with them. I read two letters from Gipson's old company, beyond the Miss., since the fight they participated in at Chattanooga. Old Skinners's other son was killed there, and many of the boys wounded, etc. Claybron Cauthron is Capt. Caloway Scott first Lieut., Henry A. Sadler, 2nd, Hurt's son 3rd. There is yet 30 of the old Co. that has not been killed, nor run away home. I am glad Henry has so conducted himself so as to gain that office.

All the territory we traveled over, from the time we struck the mountains we saw but little else, all our stay above the Cado Creek, etc. The rough country continued until we got in about 15 miles of Arkadelphia, when the count assumed about the appearance of our own valley [Boone]. There is no range from the time we passed Scott county and no cattle worth a naming. I saw families in Montgomery County, without a milk cow, and no one family had many. They don't expect any realization from milk cows, and from nothing else, by the signs of the times, and the most of them have but little farms, and looks like they are perfectly satisfied to live from hand to mouth. It is true, there are a few who seem to take some interest in the improvement of their farms and houses and, once in a while, you find one with some talents. However, when we struck the county of Clark, the citizens became wealthier, and appeared to think

more of themselves and their country. As we neared the town of Arkadelphia, we came to some very fine dwelling houses, and fine fertile farms, worth many thousands of dollars. Arkadelphia is the count cite of Clark—a very pretty place.

After we left here, we crossed over a very poor country, for 30 miles, and came to the county cite of Dallas, called Princeton. This is a small place, though they had a good ceminary, Methodist church and court house.

From thence, to this place, is a very poor, barren country, and for miles, apparently as level as a house floor. More than half of the timber ar groth, is pine—a country I never did admire, and, to this day, I have seen no place or country I like as well as our valley. The land, around this place is tolerable good, though principally sandy. The Ouachita is a beautifil little river, and you would be somewhat amused, looking at what we call sipress trees. They are in places in the lowlands, as thick as bushes on the hills. They grow from 3 to 6 feet tall without a limb or bud. Some of them are from 2 to 3 feet, at the ground—I mean across the trunk, and tape to the top, which look something like

a _ sure enough. This town is one of the best in the state, and may well be called Old Camden. Some blocks are almost equal to any inland town, and one of the finest court houses in the state, a methodist church, and a Presbitarian, also Baptist church, and an Episcopal church. The town is scattered a mile and a half, many fine dwelling, business housed, and cleaver citizens.

Nov. 21 [1863]. I see that many soldiers have professed Christianity since we came to this place, though none of our batt. I am truly goad to see such a felling in camps, and pray God to continue it, until they all find peace, etc. It seems more like a big camp meeting, than an army of confederate soldiers preparing to meet the Lincoln hordes of the United States.

On yesterday, the funeral services of Lieut. Col. Corbill of Missouri came off—which was a grand scene, followed by many troupes. On the interment 15 platoons was fired off

Our Maj. has now been gone 34 days, and not heard from for 20 days. I am getting fearftxl the will not soon return. Neither has any of the scout got back, or those following after him. I guess some of them have been at home and may be there yet.

We are trying to get off to go as near Mount Idea [Mount Ida] as we can get, so that we can hear from home occasionally, but am not certain yet whether we will get off or not.

The news came in, again this morning, confirming Rosecrances surrender [Rosecrans did not surrender his force to Bragg.] to Gen. Brag. God grant it to be so, for then I would expect an armistest, and get see you, my dear wife, my Joe—yours truly, Rhyne.

Nov. 23

Yesterday I was out in town the better part of the day, and must confess that I met up with one of the most bitter Cambellite [Campbellite] ladies I ever saw. She would not listen to a thing but such as suited her doctrines. I made an effort to leave a time or two, but she would invite me to be seated. I finally left, for most assuredly, I was not well pleased with her, although she is a sencible woman or rather informed well in their own creed.

I was also on the field, the day before when there was at least 2000 spectatars out of ___besides those under arms, etc. I am not able to say how many armed men was on the field, though all that was in our bounds etc.

I am with you, Joe, when ever I am asleep and God grant that I will be with you awake ere long. This is my prayer, at least twice a day, if no oftener. You can scarcely imagine how much I crave to be as we were before I entered the service of the Confederate Army.

My dear Joe, I don't think I have stated anything to you about our fair. I am satisfied with our rations as to the time I entered Head Quarters, which was about 12 days after I saw you. Since that time, I faired much better, as the Maj. would have us good as he could get, and so long as the Maj. was with us I had nothing to do toward preparing the rations for the table, as he had a black woman, who was very good cook. When he left us, 37 days since, he left one Negro man for us at Head Quarters, to cook, and bring water, etc. Since we came to this place, we have sugar, and molasses, and good pork, and beef, but little flour, as the do not make much, here. Consequently, we wish to move back toward the mountains again, and think we will, ere long.

10 more our men got in yesterday that been on the Scout to our county. They were closely pursued by the Feds. Lieut. Crosson got one of his rib broke, and our Sergeant, Dr. Bush was taken, with several others, by the Feds, and carried to Little Rock.—So good by, Joe—Rhyne.

Since writing the above, I have visited the Camden graveyard, and to say the least, I do assure you I find much taste displaid by the friends of the deceased. The inclosures of the most of the lots were only common, such as railing with pailing all painted white, and the most of the tombstones of marble, plain simple, like Mennie's. Others was inclosed by a brick wall, and 4 slabs of marble, forming a box over the grave, with the inscription either on the covering slab, or one of the side ones. Others were similar, with large tombstones resting over the head, variously carved, and from 6 to 10 ft. tall. Must have cost over a thousand dollars. Some of those large ones had the Holy Bible cut, and lying on the top of the marble heading, while the children had a lamb carved.

and lying over their breast. Others lots was inclosed with iron railing But the most magnificent thing I saw was 1. T. Hills family vault, which was dug in the side of the hill, and built of brick, about 10 feet square. The top being of an oval form. The top and side was covered over with earth, but the front was naked, and run up square, like unto a city front, with an iron door or shutter in the center, and slabs of marble on either side, with various inscriptions there upon. Inside, the different vaults was made so as to chamber each member of the family, which they placed in a fine coffin, and placed the vault, where their friends can go and see them at their leisure. I was groping around among them, while the rain was gently falling, which is naturally a gloomy time and more so, when my mind wandering back to the lonely tomb stones of my once happy family, but they are better off than we, who are exposed to the cold charity of time. But Joe, my dear wife, I love you, and long to see the day when I can fulfill my married vow. When I can dote upon you, and you upon me, thereby make and create joy for each other that will last us through, and in. Eternity. I know I will be happy, Joe, if I ever find you again.

Nov. 27 [1863]

On the evening of the 23rd, Maj. Woosley [William] and the adjutant arrived, after an elaps of 37 days. I was just starting up to Pagan's Head Quarters for some orders in relation to our Batt. going back. I was, indeed, glad to see them, as I saw, of a truth, our Batt. would go under, if he did not return soon.

On the 24, we got off 14 officers after their men, and the Batt. agreed to stay here, till they returned. I was with the Maj. all the next day. About 3 hours before day, on 25th, the courier brought word of the advancing Feds, in 3 miles of us. All was bustle and confusion. Cavalry, Artillery, infantry, and all in motion to meet them. The firing, in about 1 mile of our camps, one hour before day, lasted until day, and all proved a farce. Was just gotten up to deceive, and try the pluck of the army.

I am going out to a private residence in town today, to get something good to eat, etc.

I sent you another letter by those officers. Trust you will get it, and may our great God bless, and bring us together soon, is my prayer.

Nov. 29

Dear Joe, I again resume my epistle to you. This is the Sabbath day, and a colder one than I expected to find this winter, so far South as we are. I must say it is far too cold for the small quantity of bead clothes I have. But let that pass. I do not wish to molest you with any complaint whatever. However, I will pen another trial the soldiers are heir to. Night before last, I came in from McMutrey's Head Quarters perfectly wet, about dark. All fires in our camps were out and the water standing 2 to 6 inches deep

all over the encampments—in tents as well as outside. I had, in my tent, the ordnance tent, a few boards that I got upon, and fared much better than I expected, though, ere morning the ground was frozen sharply. This kind of weather would, it looks like, kill a horse.

Well, Joe, when I begin to look around me, I can not see one man of the company, Priddy's old company, left. They are all gone to the Feds, or bush wacking, or somewhere else. I have not seen one of them for 40 days. They may, some of them, come to us again. I cannot say, as they are now reported absent without leave. I am now entirely among strangers. However, I am getting on as well as I can, and will do the best I can, for myself

But enough of this. The Lord has mercy on whom he will and I think he will take care of not only me, but you. And Joe, every day I live, I become more and more convinced that the day of slavery is nearly over. I see that the world is getting down on it, and, if our Heavenly Father is down on it, likewise, we will have to give it up. I, for one, is submissive to the will of God. If slavery is wrong, I am willing to give it up. If not, I am willing to support it, but my fears are elicited in the cause, at present, and my feelings somewhat disturbed. And I now think as I did in the outset, that, when the union was dissolved, the only security for slavery was cut off. So I now am ready to say that, of this war goes on one year longer, the slaves will all be set free in 25 or 30 years, at fatherest. But I trust it will not last so long, and I pray God that he will shorten those days, and let us enjoy peace.

Capt. Moles brings word of W. K. Perkins death by the Jahock [Jayhawk]. I am sorry—I tried to keep all my friends from bush whacking, but could not. —Good by. Dear Joe.

Dec. 1, 1863

My dear Joe, I again resume my diary. One more month have passed off since the Backbone fight [Sept. 1, 1863 in South Sebastian Co.], and we are something over two hundred miles from that place, and I trust, in three more months, I shall be at home with you, my sweet Joe. Capt. Ashmore got here yesterday, and said he passed by my house, and you were all well. That is all he knew. I did expect to get a letter from you and, oh Joe, had you have known how much good it would have done me, I think you would have had one ready on all occasions for me. But God love you, Joe, I will never think hard of you for those neglects, as I know you are young and inexperienced. I think I will soon have a better day, and would to God it was now.

Oh, Joe, did I but have these wars under my management, we would soon have peace, and return of all absent ones to their dear companions.

I am now seeking for an office on Gen. Pagan's

staff. That is, promotion from staff of Woosley's Batt. to Pagan's staff, still in the ordnance department. I hope I may succeed. If I get the appointment, I will be transferred to brigade. I am well pleased with the station I now occupy, but I am fearful that our Batt. will go under, and, should it fall, I would rather have a permanent situation in the Brigade which would be apt to stand as long as the war.

I was at Head Quarters this morning and, learned that we had gained another victory, _____ and [John C.] Breckinridge attacked old [Gen. Ambrose E.] Bumside at Knoxville, Tenn., and whipped him. Taking the place. So roll on sweet moments, and let us go home.

So, good by, dear wife, my Joe

News came at Headquarters last night that old Brag thrashed Gen. [George Henry] Thomas, Federal commander, at the Lookout mountain, Tenn. Our scout, that left us at Arkadelphia 43 days since, are now returning. I hope they will all get in again.

Capt. Ashmore tells me that Dr. Priddy, and many others, has got tired of the Federal papers, and are on their way out.

I have been up to headquarters, today to get five of our men released from the guardhouse. They were picked up in Polk County.

I met with Dr. W. L. Minefer in the army. He was very friendly. You know we once had a fight at Roseville. He now speaks to me as far as he thinks I can hear him. I also learn that Dr. Griffin will be in our camps, soon.

I learn that one of our men, while on the scout, in our county, killed old Daniel Jeanics, of Yell County. I am sorry the old sinner turned out to be jahocking [Jayhawking]. If he is as bad a man as represented, he ought to have been killed.

Capt. Howell, from Danville tells, me that Wm. W. Sadler deserted the army, and joined the mountain men. If so I lay it all to the Jeames—no one else.

My Dear Joe, I still possess the same pride I always have. I dress, at least, once a week, wash my neck and breast, etc., as often 3 times a week. As once keep my feet as tho' I had privilege of sleeping upon your white sheets, etc. And my head washed and combed 7 times a week as though I was wit you and a half dozen other ladies and gentlemen. And Joe, there is one thing a little surprising. I now weigh 155 pounds, making a gain of 35 pounds since I left home.

On yesterday, when I made out my ordnance report, for the chief of ordnances, I received some honors from the headquarters of my department. (Ordnance department) Mr. Howell, chief of Ordnance, is a very fine officer. He tells me he used to think a great deal of your father, consequently, is a great friend of mine, to fall back to.

Billy Sadler, I am indeed sorry that he did not have a little more pride, and continue in our army till peace

was made. He fought like a hero in every engagement, and then, at an unlucky hour deserted, and went to the mountains, and of course has, ere this, gone to the Feds. Poor fellow; will never regret it but once, and that will be as long as he lives. Would to God he had have moved up to our settlement, when I sought him so to do, for then, I am satisfied that he would have been with me now, instead of disgrace to himself and relatives, who are toiling at the point of the bayonet, and elsewhere, for freedom and exaltation, or distinction, in the world. And dear Joe, Letty, I think, has persuaded Bill to lie in the mountains and you, my sweet wife, like a soldier, agreed for me to go South. Consequently, if I never see you again, I will leave you my good name. However, I think I will meet you, after the war. So farewell. Dear Joe, —Rhyne.

Dec. 4 [1863]

Dear wife, I again resume my pen, to write you, my dearest object on earth.

The revival of religion has not yet subsided at this place, and I do hope it will continue through the war.

We are thinking we will soon get permission to fall back towards Ft. Smith. Gen. Fagan is trying to move as many of his troupes as possible. The infantry cannot git about well enough, when the country is run over like this is, by the enemy. I think the aim is to fall back the other side of the Ark. River, and cut off the Federal supplies, thereby draw them back beyond the river. I pray God to assist us in getting back our country, that I may get to see you, my dear Joe, as we have been now separated longer than we ever was, since we first met at marrson's [Morrison] Bluff, and you bet I long to see the day and hour that we shall meet each other again. And Joe, the Bible says where two of us are both agree to pray for, it shall be given them of God. So, Joe, never get up of a morning, nor retire of a night, without asking God to bless you and me, and unite us again, soon. I believe, if you will assist me in this thing God will hear us and answer our supplications. And while you pray, do not act selfish, but pray for our enemies, likewise.

Well Joe, my arms and legs look a third larger than when I left home, and the gold wring you put on my finger you know was very loose, but, at present, is making a considerable dent around my finger. I do not think I can ever get it off, till I get poor again. And Joe, I must say, I never see it but what I think of you, and may you rest assured I will never dishonor it, nor you, my dear wife. So good by—Joe.—Rhyne.

Sunday, 6th, 1863

Dear Joe, I feel lonely, this morning, and did yesterday. Was in the blues, worse than I have been for some time. Oh! How glad I would be to hear the glad news of great joy! Ohm that the people of this land was

oall of my faith and feeling. For then I know I would see you soon, my dear wife. For what is the Confederacy worth to me, without thee. I have no offspring to contend for—nothing but you. And should I never see you again, what is the wide world to me? But oh! My dear wife, I yet to have faith in that God, that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will take care of you and me. No, Joe, God's promise is to us, if we but discharge the duty mad obligatory upon us. So, my Joe, live faithful, and pray much. God has promised to hear the prayers of the righteous, and answer their supplication. Oh! That every man and woman in the South and North, would pray continually for peace, until God answers it, and grants us the boone. Oh! What fools many are, in this world. To strive to get up a war—a war that cost a nation her all, and turns out so many thousands of widows and orphans, exposed to the cold charity of time and separates so many thousands from those they love better than their own lives. But, my dear Joe, I am determined to try to get to heaven, let the war go for or against us, as I consider it the all important thing in war or peace, but especially in war. And, my dear wife, I wish you to know that I am better satisfied about my religion than I have been for 15 years, that I now recollect of I did not go to church today, but I have spent a portion of it in secret prayer, and must say I was happy, and could pray for our enemies, as freely as for friends. And you may rest assured. If I never return home, that I am gone to Heaven, to await your coming. But dear Joe, I do crave to live that I may comfort you, and you, me. And I do think that our heavenly Father will spare us, that we may see some pleasure together. I never have been situated so I could enjoy myself In the first place, my mother died when I was a child, and had a cruel stepmother over me. And, when I became a man, I was too proud to enjoy poverty, and when I got something ahead, I was too fearful of falling back, to enjoy it. So, just at the time, when I was able, the war came upon us, and many other things, which I cannot speak of here. So I married you, and, in less than 2 short months, I had to give you good bye, which was a great trial to me—much more that I let on, and now, I would think it hard, indeed, never to see you again, and I must believe we will meet when the wars are over. Rhyme

Dec. 7 [1863]

Dear Joe—The pony I spoke of, proved to be more clumsy than Dock though where I made the trade, and for sometime after, I was pleased with him, but instead of him getting better, he grew worse. Fell down with me to his knees, many times, and once, when we were on a march, he came very near turning a sumerset, and, if he had he would killed, or nearly killed me. So I swaped him off for a mule, give \$40 to boot. The mule was a fine traveler, but great kicker. Came near killing the wagon

master of our Batt. I could not coury him, for fear of a blow from his heels, so today, I have swaped him off to our Maj. for a noble little horse; give \$50 fo boot, again which makes me out \$40 between this one and Lazy Dock, and over 4 months ride. This horse has too much of what Dock lacked—mettle; yes, mettle; to the bottom. I an fearful he will be hard to manage in a drill parade, or charge. However, if I am not deceived, he is a great horse for this business, if I can just manage him. It is a hard matter to keep up a horse in the army. We hardly ever get fodder, and feed on the ground, etc.

There is several of our Batt. now in the guard house, and one Capt. under arrest, Capt. A. However, I think them innocent of the charges. So good By, dear Joe.

Dec. 8th

This day 3 [?] years ago, the first blow was struck, in this unholy war. There has been tens of thousands who have been swept off of this green earth into eternity, and millions have died through exposure, in one way or another. And turned out over ten thousand widows and orphans, pennyless, exposed to the cold charity of a cold and ill natured world. Beside those who have something to go through bereft of all that is near and dear to them, in this life, and destroy one of the best and most fertile countries beneath the burning luminary of heaven, and produced more sorrow that any war ever known. But, my dear Joe, I am still in faith that we will meet to talk over those trials, etc.

We are now, or our men are, building pontoon bridges across Ouachita river, at this place. Our advance gaurds were fighting the Feds, early yesterday, and, as well as I can learn, all of the fighting was before night. That is, all we had near Princeton [Dallas County, Arkansas]. This morning, nearly all the cavalry went on the scene of action. They were off before day, followed by some pieces of heavy artillery. I am of the opinion that we will gain the day this time. I see passing a dark looking coffin for one of our officers, who fell on the field yesterday. This is the 9th day.

Well, Joe, I made a bad swap when I got the horse I spoke of on yesterday. I was afraid he would kill me, and others got afraid of him, too, so I was like to get him off, though I found a young man who had a pretty bay pony, who offered me an even swap and I took him up. Thought I would rather lose 2 or 3 hundred dollars than to ride him and risk his tricks and my life. If I had him at home, you would like him sure.

Dec. 12

Well Joe, I am in low spirits this morning on the account of our batt. I now see but little chance for it to stand. Our officers has returned without their men. I am truly sorry that we are destined to be consolidated; then I may have to take my gun and go in the field—a

service I do not admire. But, however, I will do the best I can, and trust providence. God, who takes care of the sparrow, will watch over us for good. If it is the best for us to meet again, we will. For know that I am trying to live in a way that I think He will direct his providence in our favor. Oh! That everyone would do right, for then I think God would remove this curse from our country. But Joe, live right, so, if we never meet on earth, we may meet in that rest, prepared for us Amen—Rhyne

Dec. 13 [1863]

Dear Joe, I retired on Sun. night, praying God to show me something tending toward the end of this war, and thereby see whether the spirit of the Great I Am was with me or not. I would not pen a dream of this kind, if I was not a believer of visions, etc. In the first place, I have heretofore desired more than one object, and, through nightly visions, have met with circumstances which confirm them, which afterward came to pass, which you are acquainted with some of them. But, in accordance to it, we will not have peace as soon as I supposed, when I left home. Then, I told you I believed I would be at home by planting time. The whole of it is about this—that our Generals will be discharging their troupes on May, next, and may the Great God prove it so to be, and let us meet then, or before. So good bye dear Joe. —Rhyne

Dear Joe, we had a blustering night last night, and a blustering crowd, nearly all on my bones, as my religion was different than theirs, or my ideas about women more sacred than some of my opponents. I am not, nor never was, a man to jest much, consequently I am taken for earnest, which I am glad of

I am now in hopes that we will soon get back to the mountains, where I can hear from you again, dear Joe. We are hoping to get our batt. merged into a regiment, in order to get back to Sevier County, about 150 miles from you. Then I could have a chance to write you again, and receive news from you. And my dear Joe, the thought of never seeing you again is a killing one to me. However, I trust in God for mine and your protection, and I do believe that our Heavenly Father will watch over us for good. If it is best for us not to meet again, it will be so; if not, he will have us meet on the other side of Jourdain, where we will never part again, where we will meet those gone before. But, Oh God! Suffer us to live, after this war is over, that we may enjoy many things that has been denied us now. —Rhyne

Dec 15, 1863

This day, I have hired D. L. Logan's negro to Capt. Ashmore. He is to give one suit of clothes, and \$12.00 (twelve dollars) extra, each month. Logan also has one more and mule, which the authorities have turned

over to me, to take care of, which I am obliged to put to services on order to have them fed, etc. I would have them sold, but cannot get the money to Mrs. Logan. And, if she had it, it would soon be worthless, where she is. Consequently, I wish to do what I think is the best for her. I peace is made soon, she will get them. If not, they may go like many other things; though what I can do for her, I will.

Nearly all the Generals are here, and near here, E. C. Smith [Edmund Kirby Smith], and Home, [James F.] Fagan and [Mosby] Parsons. Everything looks like a forward move. The news of another great victory of Gen. Brag came in last night. Hope it is true. Nevertheless, I hope there will be no more battles on this war.

Dec. 17

This day, we elected T. M. Gunter Lieut. Col., and am no more called Woosleys batt. I presume I will still hold my position, it being all I desire, as any other office would expose me to the inclemency of the weather, etc., more than it does.

Well, Joe I have been out of money a few days, and was pestered. I sold some studs I had, but this morning, as I was going to the ordnance office, to make my weekly report, I discovered Andy drunk, and he told me he had some money for me. So, he paid me the note you have against him. Then, as usual, I thought of David, who said he never knew the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. So good bye, dear Joe. —Rhyne

Dec. 20 [1863]

Since writing you before, I have lost my horse. He has been gone 3 days. I never expect to see him again, although a very fine little horse. I have had two or three men hunting for him, and this morning I got a pass from Gen. Fagan, and started old Bro. Stone to hunt. He may find him, but I think all doubtful.

My Dear wife—This is a cold time for one who has but one blanket. However, I have done extremely well, considering. The Maj. loaned me a quilt, and my fellow has one, and between us, we have an old straw bed, and two saddle blankets. I am, as I always knew, a man of cold habits. Where many can lie down and sleep all night, I would freeze to death. When the weather is moderate, I can sleep, but cold nights I am up much of my time, praying for peace, and thinking of you, dear Joe, and what we once were, and grieving over the times, and hoping for better days. Days in which I will be free to stay with you, the only source of happiness left for me.

I am now willing to give all my land, etc., except our home place, for peace, if it would do any good, but it would not. Consequently, I shall hope on for peace

through providence of God. He who directs all things for the best, and I trust he will soon settle this affair in some way, and of course it will be well done, and consequently, let it go either way, I will endeavor to be satisfied, as I would rather have peace and you with me, than to have the whole Confederacy, and lose you, my dear Joe. Ohm how bad I want to be with you now, as I am very unwell. Have taken a deep cold, and I do know this is no place for one who is unwell. No good place to rest. True, I have a tent, and much better provided for than many. There is but 3 tents in our batt.—Col. T. M. Gunter, Maj. Woosley and myself But all the world could afford would be of little satisfaction without you.

Our river is now very high, and the boats running. All our generals have _____ at this place. They are in conference on something, though I know not what. So good bye Joe —Rhyne

Dec. 22

On last evening, about dusk, fire broke out in Camden. First started in a book store on Main St. All the soldiers were called, and in spite of all their efforts, 5 buildings were burnt down; one book store, one drug store, shoe shop, silver-smith office, one store house. There was great excitement. I was unwell, consequently stopped where the retreating ladies were stationed.

I like our new Col. well. I am, at present, rooming with him, and perhaps will all the time. The Maj. left yesterday, with a few men, to recruit our regiment. Hope he may succeed. Truly yours—Rhyne

I am still adjt. and ord. officer, and am doing as well as I can.

This is Christmas. On last night our boys paraded and marched before our tents, about dark, and called on the Col. for a speech, which he delivered for them, and they retired. About 9 o'clock in the night we heard a tremendous yell coming through the old pine field, where our batt. was encamped, and all of a sudden, they ran upon us, and seized the Col. and called for a treat, speech, or bumping. He arose, and made them a good speech. They cheered him sharply. No sooner than he was through, they bounded on me for a speech. I being wholly unacquainted with them, nevertheless, we have a good time of it. This storm came from the Infantry. On the morning, the boys of our batt. came around bright and early, and demanded \$5 from each officer, to provide them a treat. All who did not pay was to be carried to the river Ouachita and ducked. Parson Moon thought he was slighted, and refused to pay, so they took him to the water and cast him in. The boys are now drinking their dram, and will get drunk, certain.

Dec. 27 [1863]

This morning, Col. Gunter was ordered to this out-

post, with a part of his command, leaving myself and one Lieutenant and a few soldiers to keep camps, etc.

Dec. 31

I was ordered to report to Pagan's Headquarters new year's morning [January 1864], which I did, and about 12 o'clock, received orders to go to the out-post, 28 miles, and make out muster rolls, and return with them by the 4th. Well, I started, as cold as it was, and Joe, I do think I never saw such a time of riding on ice, etc., and a little the coldest day. I got to Gunter's camps, three hours after night, and Joe, you must believe me, there was icicles on my mustaches, as thick as your little finger, which nearly close my mouth. Had to warm my mouth to release it of the ice. Well, the next morning, I went to work, and got through 12 o'clock, on the 3rd, and myself and our Inspecting General Rapling left for Camden again. In this time, it had sleeted, so our horses mad but little headway, and we stopped and staid all night, when we got the best fair I have had for some time, and a good bed to rest our wearied limbs upon. On the 4th, we got to Camden at 12 o'clock. Found all right, in camps. So good bye, Joe—Rhyne

Jan. 14 [1864]

Dear Joe, I assume my writing again. The last few days I have spent in some way or other, as agreeable as possible for one of my peculiar temperament. I am sometimes fearful this war will not find an end, this winter, but I pray the great God to close it in short order. I do think our heavenly Father will bless you and I, and many more, with peace ere it is long. And, my dear wife, I do crave peace, and my home, with you in my arms, more than honors, wealth, or all this world can afford. My dear Joe, if I was to suffer my mind to rest upon you too much, I would be one of the most miserable beings in the army. But Joe, I think of you much, and dream of you often. Nevertheless I am exercising my mind in every way I can, to make me happy, though in a channel of right and justice to all, and particular you, my Joe. At the same time I pray at least twice a day, and think I am prepared to meet my God, and your God. I have contended all the time, since I have been in the service. I have inforced honesty as the best policy, and have had a hard time to satisfy a soldier, if he lost his horse by a thief, that he ought not to steal another. Nevertheless, I have succeeded to prove it by losing my mule, and getting it again. Also, about 4 weeks ago, I lost my horse, and waited patiently ever since, and today, I was sitting in my tent, busily writing, when I heard someone ask where Capt. Rhyne was. At the same time saying that he saw someone in town on his horse. I jumped put and wrote him a pass, and we cut for the court house, and the Post Commander, to, told us to prove him, and take him, which we did, and

repaired to our camps, where it seemed all was proud to see Peter after 5 weeks absence.

I am now out \$110.00 in horses since I left home and paid out for you \$91.00, and, for myself, in different ways \$209.00, making, in all, \$410.00 and but little over 4 mo. since I left you. The money is so little account that I do not see what the soldiers will do. If the Government can get goods, they do not cost so much. What the soldiers draw from the government is reasonable. Say a good domestic shirt \$3.00, drawers, cotton \$3.00, over shirts, wool \$9, cap \$2, pants, wool jeans, \$9, wool blanket \$12, Mexican blanket, \$7, beef 100 per lb., pork, 150 per lb., sugar, 15 & 160 per lb., when we can have it through the military powers. Outside of that power, or protection we pay for our whistle. Say \$1.25 per lb. for sugar, 330 for flour, soap, \$1.00 per lb., washing, 500 per garment, and we pay from 15 to \$25 a shirt, and pants, coats, etc. in proportion. I saw little caps sell for 40\$, fine coats 300\$ and boots 100\$. In fact, there was offered, for one pr. fine boots 300\$, a medium pr. shoes 45\$, and so on &c.

We received a dispatch, last evening which indicates a move, for our commander to Centre Point, which will bring me in hearing again, of Home. I think I will be, then in less than 150 mile from you, my Dear Wife, and I do pray God that I may be favorid with a chance of feeling the warm pressure of your tender hand, once more; and Oh! Joe, do think that our Great God will take of us, till the lifting of the war, and suffer us to meet after it is over. This is what I ask of him, above taking care of our souls and O, my dear Joe, if we are allowed to live with each other, after these trials are over I do think we will be a happy couple. I know I will endeavor to make you happy, and I am satisfied I can as I know you are as kind and Gentle a being as any other, living, on the green earth. Knowing these things, as I do, and myself, as I do, there will be but little difficulty for us to make up this last time this unholy war has produced in our history. I must confess, Joe, I can scarcely contain myself, when I begin to think this war cannot last long, at most, and oh, dear Joe, if I ever get near home, and know you are alive, I do not think I would help running, and throwing my arms around you, if there were ten thousand spectators in view. My God, preserve us, for such a meeting, and that, soon my dear Joe; Amen. Marvel

Jan. 15

On last Sabbath, I visited the Episcopal church, the only one I have ever attended, and must say I was gratified, to some extent. The church was well decorated, with adornments of Ever Greens. The pulpit, or battery, as some of the boys called it, extended from the floor to the first overhead, in front of which was three small stands, where the minister would stand, and read or preach.

There was three rows of Pews or seats. Gen. Holmes was seated in front of the stand, and others in their proper places. On either side of the church was 3 large hooks of Evergreens, and 6 small ones; several hanging over his Battery. Then from each corner of the house, started a Rope of Evergreens, as thick as your body and crossed, right in the center of the Bilden, over the reach of a man's head. Those small alters, or stands, were likewise adorned with Evergreens, while large ones was furnished with Evergreens, and some large blossoms, made of cotton &c. In the far end of the house, and opposite the battery, was a piano, and here the musicians were seated, all at their proper places, and as silent as death.

When the old priest came slipping out from behind his Battery, looking like a ghost sure enough, and nelt down by one of the small stands, robed all in white, like unto a winding sheet. At his appearance, from behind the wardrobe, the Piano struck a tune, and all the singers pitched in the ring. The musick ended, and the Preast would read, and all the members repeat after him, after which, he prayed, and the repeated after him, and so on, for an hour or so. Then the Preast Preached a short sermon, and dismiss, them till next Sunday.

On yesterday. Hill's Company, from Johnson County, came in. I went over to see them, found George Turner, Big James and Bob Cravin. Was indeed glad to see them. They have been Bush Whacking, and tells me that Bro. Mike and Albert had taken the oath on the Federal side. Also, Albert's John was forced into the Service against his will. They may all give it up, and go to the Feds, that choose, but I prefer to stay on our side, until it goes under, and then I will go with it. That is my feelings on the subject of the war, and I know it to be yours. Dear Joe. If I know myself, I am very much in favor of peace, and do think it will come Ere long, but if I knew if would last 10 years, and you and I were to live, I would rather (stick, starve, stay) than to be in the Federal ranks one day.

Jan. 16

This morning, your cousin, Andrew Hays, who belongs to Pagan's Brigade of Infantry, heard of my whereabouts, and came to see me. He has grown much larger than he was when you saw him, and I think, much calmer in feeling. At least he appeared Sober and Serious. Also, your Uncle Jack was up here, and came with him to see me. Your uncle looks much like he did when you last saw him. I taken them over the river, to see the Cravens. They send their love to you all and says they would like to see you very much & Uncle Jack told me to tell you and ma they are so far doing well. Had lost nothing by the Feds of Jayhawks, but did not know how long it would continue so.

Your Uncle Sam is in Texas, carrying on a distillery,

and selling whiskey at 40 dollars a gallon; which out a thousand dollars per day.

On yesterday morning all the town bells commenced Ringing, I looked in that direction, and the town was on fire, again, which Burnt a square, taking a hotel &c. This is the 5th time this town [Camden, Arkansas] has been on fire since the war commenced. Many of the soldiers, I believe, wish to see it all bum down, as they well so high to them, but this is a bad spirit, that I never have possessed, and I trust never will. Nor do I think any Christian can harbor any such feeling toward another.

The other night, about 12 oclock, I heard some cussing very hard, and asaying he would cut your head off. Presently, in runs a negro, which was rather under my control, and asked me to go over to their Tent, as Geo. Brimer was about to kill him. About this time, up come Brimer, with a drawn sword, saying he would cut his head open, &c. I tried to find out what was the matter, could not. Up stept others and told him that he ought not to play cards with the negros, and expect them to obey him. I then told Mr. B. that he must be not guilty of it again; and he should not. He then put up the sword, and returned to his quarters, and called me over there. When I got there, he gathered up his gun, and commenced loading it, and ask me what we were laughing about, after he left, in a very abrupt manner. I told him we were laughing at the way he done acted, as I thought he was crazy. He ranted awhile, and I asked him what he was loading his gun for. He give me no answer; I asked him the second time and got no answer. I then begin to think, like others, that he was going to use it on me, and looked at Capt. Woosley, who I knew was armed. He was watching him, and intended to shoot, as soon as he raised his gun. However, he took the precaution to Set it down. We then placed him under guard. He Beged mightly, and said he had nothing in the world against me. I went for his release, though he had to remain some time.

On the 18th, [January 1864] I rec'd. orders from Col. Gunter, who was still at Princeton, to have everything ready to go North by the time he came in. On the 20th, we Bid Farewell to old Camden, all in good spirits. The first day, all got on well, but on the Evening of the 21st, one of our sick boys was Lying near a fire, when an old pine stump accidently fell across his shoulders, and, as we thought, killed him; However, he came to and about the first he said was that everything was trying to kill him. He was an orphan boy. The Physetian was called, and we left him there with a nuss. He has got well, and returned to camps.

On the 23rd, we arrived at Washington, here I saw Charley Wood, and Campbell Finley—Finley had just returned from beyond the Miss, and had a letter for you. He says Henry Sadler is well and harty.

On the 24 we came to Columbus [Hempstead County, Arkansas], and on to Gen. Cabells Hed Qrs., where we stoped one day, and saw a poor Deserter shot, on the 26.

On 27 we came on to Browns Town [Sevier County, Arkansas], and taken Quarters, and on the 28th I visited Mr. Blackstones, and staid all night with them. I find here, many of our own county folks and acquaintainces. On this evening, I have an invitation to dine with some preachers from Washington County, This Feby. 3—So good by, Joe

Feby 13

Dear Joe—Since writing you before, I have been on a tour recruiting the Batt. Visited____, Bellville, Rolling Fork,____, Little River, and on to the Choctaw Nation [Indian Territory]. In my rounds, I came across Mrs. Elkins, and sent you a letter by her. I was indeed glad to have a direct line to send you a letter, and also glad to think I will more than probable have a chance to get yours like____by the Drs. Lady, when she comes on.

My Dear Joe—I wish you knew how bad I want to see peace, again; and I do think that it will come soon. My hopes Brightins Every day, and I pray God to send it soon. Even today. Our country is mined, but if they will make Peace, I think we can yet live, by help of God. We will go to our Brigade day after to morrow.—so good by

Feby. 15

On yesterday, I wrote you, and the Evening before, I was with Mrs. Lee & Humphry. It did, indeed, afford me much pleasure to see some of our own county Ladies. I find Blacksons Family very clever to me; they will do anything the can, and charge nothing.

Col. Davis met me, yesterday, with the hand of fellowship; also R. C. Sadler. Consequently, the war is making friends of Enemies, and Enemies of Friends _ So the world wags.

Col. [William M.] Hardwick came into camp, this moming, as Polite as Ever.

We are now camped where we can see all the Reftigees from our County, and Sebastian, and Johnson, and Franklin, &c.

Feby. 21

Dear Joe; I was with you all night, last night, and fell asleep to day, and was with you again, and I do hope the God we serve will soon call us together to Part nomore, on the account of Wars. I enjoy myself well, when my hopes are Bright, but ever, when I think Peace far off, I am Blue, sure. However, I scarcely ever see the dark side. I do hope that I may not, as I do think I will soon hear of peace, and God grant that it will come to day. I am truly tired of this bloody and unholy war, and pray God to Shorten it, and I believe he will soon settle it. I am of the opinion that I will get home by June, and on! my God—don't let me be disappointed.

This county is one of the best parts of Ark. The soil is composed of Black, waxy land and Produces fine com

and cotton. The groth of Principle of ash, Hecary, and oak, with right smart Bodark.

On the highest of these hills, we can find Ennumerl sea shells of all kinds and colors. Bound to have been once the bed of the old ocean, and thrown up by ruptue.—So good By my dear Joe, my wife, my all.—Rhyne

Browns Town, Arkansas. March 10,1864

Dear Joe, I am once more resuming my Direy. We have been at this place near 21 mon [End of word cut off He has been here since Jan. 27, 1864] and I must confess I have had a good time, here. The neighbors, or citizens, have all treated me like a gentleman. Mr. Can-has given me several good meals, and had my washing done Ever since I have been here, and only charged half price. She also furnished me with 48 sheats of Paper to write to you. Miss Press Davis Darned 1 pr. Socks for me, while Mrs. Lewis healed and toed 2 pro. socks. Mrs. Blackston colared ad made me 1 pr. Pants. Mrs Kinsworthy lent me some good hard soap, and has given some good eating, time and again. Uncle Max Cravens gave me a Bead Spread worth 30\$. Mrs. Cowly Says She will let me have Paper to write you, when I can have a chance to send it. All these things make me desire to see you, as I never goto a party, nor nothing of the kind. Many of our officers and privates atten those Parties and Dances, regular, and it does Seen to me very rong. Indeed. When I first married, I laid all such things aside, and Ever have since, and ever will, so long as I have you for my sweet companion. Some who have a wife at home, are trying to marry again. Oh! What a disgrace upon our race. God preserve the Inocent from the foul and Slanderous. Joe, the longer I am away from you, the more determed I am to act the part of a faithful and kind husband. We will be able to see each other this Season, I think, and then we will have a chance to talk over many things. So god love and Preserve us both, is my Prayer.—good By Joe.

April 3

Near Washington, Arks.—Der wife—our long visit was broken at Browns Town on 27th._____as we learned the Troublesome Feds was advancing by way of Camden. We took up the line of March via Columbus, Washington, and on to the Ouachita, above Camden; upon which the Comd. was ordered to Arkadelphia, while the Trains was ordered to Camp Bragg, 22 miles Southwest of Camden, from there to camp Marmaduke, 6 miles of Washington, by way of Centerville. We had a hard tome of it, both night and day. We made the round in one week. The last dispatch, from Gen. Corbills, states that our army has the Feds Surrounded near Arkadelphia. Our whole army is there. Nevertheless, I

am fearful the Enemy will be too strong for our men; if so, we will have to cross Red River. I am, as Ever, in good faith that this war will End, this year. So good By, Dear Joe.

Marvel Rhyne died on January 20, 1904, and was buried in Oak Hill Memorial Cemetery in Booneville, Logan County, Arkansas. Jacinthia Rhyne died March 6, 1925, at Charleston, Franklin County, Arkansas, and was buried beside her husband in Oak Hill Memorial Cemetery in Booneville.

Below is a short, 1890s biographical sketch of Marvel Rhyne, taken from *Biographical & Historical Memoirs of Western Arkansas*, The Southern Publishing Company, Chicago and Nashville, 1891. Logan County.

MARVEL RHYNE, a prominent pioneer and merchant of Booneville, was originally from North Carolina, born in Lincoln County, March 28,1823, and is a son of Michael H. and Barbara (Wethers) Rhyne, both born in North Carolina. The father was a tiller of the soil, and moved from North Carolina to Tennessee, in 1832. By his marriage to Miss Wethers he became the father of ten children: Dicey, Anna, Eliza (wife of Silas Dothrow), Vardsey, Albert, Isabela, Michael H., John, Marvel and Caroline, whom we have named in the order of their births. The mother of these children died in Lincoln County, N.C., in 1827. The father then married Miss Peggy Hoyle, who bore him twelve children. He died in 1860, and his second wife followed him to the grave in 1880.

Five of the children came to Arkansas. Marvel Rhyne was married May 29,1859, to Miss L.A. Sadler, daughter of O.D and Eliza Sadler, and to them were born three children: Minnie L. (deceased), Horasio, and one died unnamed. Mrs. Rhyne died at Booneville, Ark., in 1863, and June 8, of that year, Mr. Rhyne wedded Miss Jacinthia S. Sadler, daughter of Elwood and Martha Sadler. Seven children blessed this unionD three sons and four daughters: Mattie E. (wife of D.A. Carroll), John E., Lucy (living), Lucy (deceased), H.C. (deceased), Clara (deceased), Elisyzie (living), and Marvel (deceased.) In 1863 Mr. Rhyne enlisted in the Confederate Army under Gen. Cabel, and he participated in the battles of Poison Spring, JenkinsDFerry, MarkS Mill, and was with Gen. Price in the Missouri raid. He served until cessation of hostilities, being discharged at Fort Smith in July. He then returned home and engaged in agricultural pursuits, which he continued until 1868, when he embarked in merchandising in Booneville.

He is one of the countys esteemed citizens, and one of its thoroughgoing business men. He carries a stock of goods valued at \$5,000, and is doing well. He is a Mason, Booneville Lodge No. 247, and he and wife are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

They contribute liberally to all worthy movements.

The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant

Grant in Missouri and Arkansas

By Kevin L. Jones



PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS DIVISION, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

ULYSSES S. GRANT WORKS *on the last bits of his book at Mount MacGregor in June 1885. Grant wrote notes to his doctor, letters, and edited the book up until July 19, 1885, according to most scholars, just days before his death on July 23. Grant wore the scarf and such because of chills and swelling, even though it was June.*

The *Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant* provides perspective on some of the most traumatic experiences in the public memory. Grant's thoughts on the Mexican War, the Civil War, Lincoln's assassination, and Reconstruction, for example, were of great interest in 1885 when the text was first published, and are still in demand. Missouri

and Arkansas were the setting for many dramatic parts of Grant's life. Grant recalls Missouri and Arkansas in numerous chapters with a common language and detail that has engaged many readers. Grant's text fills a social and historical need, as a balance between myth and historical fact. Grant wrote while confronted with death and bankruptcy, viewing a memoir as the best

opportunity for removing debt and for providing his unique perspective of historical events. *The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant* is the standard by which many later military and post-presidential memoirs or autobiographies are often judged.

Grant's *Personal Memoirs* was the first successful post-presidential memoir. Grant's accumulated status and rhetorical skill contribute to national memory, show Grant's duty to family, and model characteristics for later texts. A secondary focus of this study reviews Grant's connections to Missouri and Arkansas during the Civil War.

The Origins and Purpose of *The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant*, (1869 to 1885)

After two terms as president, Grant quietly welcomed a retreat from Washington. During his post-presidency, Grant was more concerned with money, touring the world, and assisting veterans. Grant did not have the luxury of a presidential pension, nor did he have his military pension, because he had resigned his commission to run for office. It was not until March 3, 1885, that he was restored by a special act of Congress to the rank of general of the Army and thus given his due pension of \$13,500.¹ Grant explains his central purpose in the preface to *The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant*:

Although frequently urged by friends to write my memoirs I had determined never to do so, nor to write anything for publication. At the age of nearly sixty-two, I received an injury from a fall, which confined me closely to the house, while it did not apparently affect my general health. This made study a pleasant pass time [sic]. Shortly after, the rascality of a business partner developed itself by the announcement of a failure.²

Additionally, had he not suffered an accidental leg injury in 1883 and discovered his aggressive throat cancer in the autumn of 1884, his memoirs might not exist. Until 1884, Grant was content to allow others to debate his life and his legacy.

Grant injured his hip December 24, 1883, after a fall on the ice that confined him to bed for weeks and made him walk with a cane thereafter. Many historians have noted that the winter convalescence caused Grant to review much of the literature of his day from Civil War veterans and to ruminate about his own role in history.

Grant's health, finances, and the literary production of others increased his desire to write his own accounts. By 1885, many former generals had published memoirs. Union General William T. Sherman earned \$25,000 for his 1875 memoirs, while

former Union General Lew Wallace had authored the celebrated *Ben-Hur* and several war articles. In 1884, Sherman was set to reissue his memoirs but waited for Grant's next move. Former Confederate General James Longstreet also published his own recollections in *The Century's Battles and Leaders* series in 1885. Grant's health and constant reading inspired self-reflection, while his financial woes influenced drastic action. These factors serve as major catalysts for the creation of *The Personal Memoirs*.

Grant wrote his memoirs for many reasons, but the primary goal was to remove debt. Grant went bankrupt in May 1884 due to the financial failure of Grant and Ward, the Wall Street firm established by Ferdinand Ward and Ulysses S. Grant Jr. In the 1880s, many capitalized on Grant's heroic deeds, good nature, and misfortune.

The Century Company and Mark Twain Suggest Memoirs

In 1883, *Century Magazine* editors Robert Underwood Johnson and Richard Watson Gilder, and Century Publishing President Roswell Smith asked Grant to write an article for their *Battles and Leaders* series. Grant replied, "It is all in Badeau," referring them to his former military aide's highly successful three-volume *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*. He added that it was also one of his superstitions not to retrace his steps.³

The Century people persuaded Grant to write about the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, the Wilderness Campaign, and Appomattox, paying \$500 for each article. Mark Twain notes in his *Autobiography* that he was "enthralled by the prospect of publishing Grant's book and was more than willing to outbid the Century Company for that privilege."⁴ Twain's letter to his niece's husband, Charles L. Webster, who would eventually publish Grant's book, makes clear his sense of the work's promise: "If these chickens should really hatch according to my account. General Grant's royalties will amount to \$420,000, and will make the largest single check ever paid an author in the world's history."⁵

Roswell Smith did not think an author advance was in order and offered a ten percent royalty, with an expected sale of 25,000 copies. Additionally, he offered to publish, promote, and distribute the book to literary agents.⁶

Twain explained the necessity of an advance and royalties in a later conversation with Grant about publishing. Twain remarked that Sherman would have made more (and Grant also) if he would sell by subscription instead of in trade, as Twain's new novel, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, was about to be

distributed in that manner.⁷

Twain persisted, explaining, "Give me the book on the terms which I have already suggested that you make with the *Century* people—twenty percent royalty or in lieu of that seventy-five percent of the profits on the publication go to you, I to pay all running expenses such as salaries, etc., out of my fourth."⁸ Grant was skeptical, as he did not realize how Twain could make money, yet Twain exclaimed that he [Twain] "would make \$100,000 within six months."⁹

Later, during another call on Grant, the conversation focused upon a contract between Grant and the publishing company of Twain's niece's husband, Webster:

Twain seemed to have remembered everything. Not only did he stipulate that Grant would be entitled to a 20 percent royalty payment, Twain had put aside \$10,000 as an advance—a highly unusual practice at the time—for Grant's use in the belief that while Grant was writing his book, he and his family would need money to live. Twain also stipulated that in the case of Grant's death, the rights to the book would be assigned to Julia, who could then transfer the book to Charles Webster for the sum of \$1000—a detail that Twain had had Webster insert in order to keep Grant's creditors from seizing the book's profits.¹⁰

Twain's advance, coupled with security of the text in lieu of Grant's death, were most likely influences in Grant's signing with Webster. Twain met with Grant frequently over the next ten months, and the two became close friends. By February 1885, Grant signed with Webster for the memoir, although he was already writing.¹¹

The *Century* published Grant's Shiloh article in February 1885 "to great acclaim." Grant's writings made "The *Century* series one of the most popular (if not the most popular) magazine series of his, or any time."¹² Grant's content and initial purpose for writing were due to the original verbal agreements with *Century*. Interestingly, Grant had been working on his other three articles since July 1884. As Mark Perry wrote in *Grant and Twain*:

[H]e viewed the publication of his memoirs not only as a fitting coda for his life, but as the sole means at his disposal to retrieve his reputation and leave his family financially secure. By the end of October 1884, Grant had nearly completed his second of four articles for the *Century* and was beginning to prepare a draft outline of his memoirs.¹³

Twain persuaded Grant to write of his life from birth through the Civil War, as Grant continued his

memoir while the *Century* articles were finalized for publication. The last three *Century* articles, written in the spring and summer of 1885 (Vicksburg, The Wilderness and Appomattox), were published in the *Century* during September, November and February 1886. Grant was paid for his articles as he wrote them, but it was agreed by *Century* editor Johnson, Grant, and Twain that the articles should also promote *The Personal Memoirs*. The first volume of *The Personal Memoirs* was published December 1, 1885, and the second on March 1, 1886.¹⁴

During the writing of *The Personal Memoirs*, Twain neglected his own writing and focused on Grant's book and the marketing of a new typesetting machine. Twain visited Grant often, helping clarify Grant's intentions, organizing chapters, proofreading, discussing illustrations, bindings, and marketing of *The Personal Memoirs*. Twain had never read the proofs of any other author, but made an exception once Grant asked for his opinion:

He made a few emendations for grammar and punctuation and made no editorial comments. This disappointed Grant, who would have welcomed comments from the reigning master of literature of the day. Fred hinted to Twain that such comments would be much appreciated. Twain was taken aback by this news. "I was much surprised as Columbus's cook would have been to learn that Columbus wanted his opinion as to how Columbus was doing the navigating." Twain told Grant that his writing was direct and unmarred and of the highest literary quality.¹⁵

Twain served Grant not only as publisher, but also as a reader, printer, compiler, and adviser. Twain developed what subscription canvassers would say, suggesting they wear their former Union uniforms whenever possible, and organized the logistics of nationwide presses, binderies, and engravers to ensure Grant's memoirs were presented in the best method possible. To Twain, Grant's book was an impressive, almost sacred monument necessary for any true American's home, and he marketed it as such. Twain also knew Grant's book would make money. As of October 1885, 300,000 sets of *The Personal Memoirs* were sold by subscription.¹⁶

Writing Process for *The Personal Memoirs*

Grant wrote what would sell, which was his military history in his own words. Grant did not think people wanted to read about his politics. In many respects, Grant did not think it would be "presidential" to discuss the inner workings of the executive branch, laying bare every minute detail of governance. Grant also did not feel the need to tout his achievements

while in office—his efforts to squelch the Klan uprisings, guard against Indian attacks in the West, protect natural resources, work toward civil rights, fair trade, and industrial might, among other issues. In contrast, presidents who write memoirs now must cover minute details and topics that Grant only alluded to briefly.

Grant wrote of his glory days, but not primarily as a deflection of criticism. He wrote what his audience wanted most. Had he lived, Grant may have written more about Reconstruction, westward expansion, the Gilded Age, and his role as president, but as time and audience demanded, he fulfilled that duty. Grant debated whether to write about his entire life, including his presidency, but he literally ran out of time. Grant explained the largest problem with the *Memoirs* in his July 1, 1885, writing of the preface. Grant sought the reader's forgiveness for not covering more:

In preparing these volumes for the public, I have entered upon the task with the sincere desire to avoid doing injustice to any one, whether on the National or Confederate side, other than the unavoidable injustice of not making mention often where special mention is due. There must be many errors of omission in this work, because the subject is too large to be treated of in two volumes in such way as to do justice to all the officers and men engaged. There were thousands of instances, during the rebellion, of individual, company, regimental and brigade deeds of heroism which deserve special mention.¹⁷

Grant wrote through adversity, as he had throat pain as early as summer of 1884, yet cancer was not diagnosed until October 1884. It is a wonder he wrote at all, let alone at such a pace from November 1884 to July 19, 1885, when he handed his last handwritten notes to the transcriber. Grant died four days later on July 23, 1885.

Grant's original manuscript, now housed in the Library of Congress, shows numerous drafts of the *Century* articles and Grant's two-volume *Personal Memoirs*, written mostly on legal pad with stylus pen and often edited with pencil or another pen. The latter half of the preface also enlightens the reader as to Grant's physical decline during the writing and is evidence of his determination:

The first volume, as well as a portion of the second, was written before I had reason to suppose I was in a critical condition of health. Later I was reduced almost to the point of death, and it became impossible for me to attend to anything for weeks. I have, however, somewhat regained my strength, and am able, often, to devote as

many hours a day as a person should devote to such work. I would have more hope of satisfying the expectation of the public if I could have allowed myself more time. I have used my best efforts, with the aid of my eldest son, F. D. Grant, assisted by his brothers, to verify from the records every statement of fact given. The comments are my own, and show how I saw the matters treated of whether others saw them in the same light or not. With these remarks I present these volumes to the public, asking no favor but hoping they will meet the approval of the reader.¹⁸

Grant made careful revisions, sought documentation, and understood the art of every word for present and future audiences.

In reference to Missouri and Arkansas in particular, Grant wrote of rioting in St. Louis, his doubt as a major commander near Florida, Missouri, against Thomas Harris, and showed how Trans-Mississippi commands from Jefferson City to Helena operated. The following reveals Grant's humor, as he recounts crossing a large open field in front of many Confederates, to catch awaiting riverboats at Belmont, Missouri:

While on the truce-boat I mentioned to an officer, whom I had known both at West Point and in the Mexican war, that I was in the cornfield near their troops when they passed; that I had been on horseback and had worn a soldier's overcoat at the time. This officer was on General Polk's staff. He said both he and the general had seen me and that Polk had said to his men, "There is a Yankee; you may try your marksmanship on him if you wish," but nobody fired at me.¹⁹

Additionally, some parts of his Missouri years were discarded. Grant mentions Nathaniel Lyon's actions at the St. Louis arsenal in *The Personal Memoirs*, but the following manuscript section recalls Lyon's death and the Battle of Wilson's Creek:

[M]y campaigns had not yet begun, for while seated at my office door, with nothing further to do until it was time to start for the front and saw a train coming into the depot not far off. It was not the hour of the day for any regular train so that I was in some anxiety to know what it was all about. It was known that General Lyon had an engagement with the enemy under McCullough a short distance south or southwest from Springfield [Missouri]. A stranger to me, who preferred to be a scout in the employment of the departmental command had come in a day or two before this and told me that he was just from Springfield. He said there had been an engagement between the troops. He told me of this engagement, and of the death of General Lyon, that the National troops had been successful in the fight and that McCullough had retreated moving his artillery into a ravine and burying it with brush. To facilitate his

retreat and in hopes of concealing his artillery guns so that it they might be recovered at a later day.²⁰

Grant also omits the pivotal battles of Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove, but cites the importance of Sterling Price and Earl Van Dom's other movements. Additionally, Grant mentions the defense of Arkansas Post to retain the Arkansas River, but his focus was Vicksburg. Grant would not have amassed the number of troops at Vicksburg without Curtis' March 1862 success at Pea Ridge or Herron's December 1862 success at Prairie Grove.

Grant notes typical Union strategy regarding Confederate railroad supply lines in Chapter XXX, and he attacks the plan's implementation:

[December 1862] General Halleck ordered troops from Helena, Arkansas (territory west of the Mississippi was not under my command then) to cut the road in Pemberton's rear. The expedition was under Generals Hovey and C. C. Washburn and was successful so far as reaching the railroad was concerned, but the damage done was very slight and was soon repaired.²¹

Grant is focused on destroying railroads as he mentions Helena, Arkansas, in Chapter XXIX of *The Personal Memoirs*:

There was at this juncture, a large Union force at Helena, Arkansas, which, had it been within my command, I could have ordered across the river to attack and break up the Mississippi Central railroad far to the south. This would not only have called Van Dorn back, but would have compelled the retention of a large rebel force far to the south to prevent a repetition of such raids on the enemy's line of supplies. Geographical lines between the commands during the rebellion were not always well chosen, or they were too rigidly adhered to.²²

Grant provides Sherman's movements in Chapter XXXI, during January 1863 when Sherman, "on his expedition down the river he had 20,000 men, taken from Memphis, and he was reinforced by 12,000 more at Helena, Arkansas." Sherman and Admiral Porter, according to Grant, "decided that neither the army nor navy could render service to the cause where they were, and learning that I had withdrawn from the interior of Mississippi, they determined to return to the Arkansas River and to attack Arkansas Post about fifty miles up that stream and garrisoned by about five or six thousand men."²³

Grant notes Helena's importance, in Chapter XXXVIII:

On the 4th of July, General Holmes, with an army

of eight or nine thousand men belonging to the trans-Mississippi department, made an attack upon Helena, Arkansas. He was totally defeated by General Prentiss, who was holding Helena with less than forty-two hundred soldiers. Holmes reported his loss at 1,636, of which 173 were killed; but as Prentiss buried 400, Holmes evidently underestimated his losses. The Union loss was 57 killed, 127 wounded, and between 30 and 40 missing. This was the last effort on the part of the Confederacy to raise the siege of Vicksburg.²⁴

According to the *Encyclopedia of Arkansas History and Culture*, Grant hoped to squelch supply ship attacks on the Arkansas and Mississippi rivers. By January 9, General John McClelland helped secure the Mississippi with 33,000 soldiers and moved upriver toward Fort Hindman at Arkansas Post. Author Josh Jenkins notes, "The defeat cost Confederate Arkansas nearly one-fourth of its troops."²⁵

Grant recalled Arkansas' overall strategic importance also in Chapter XLVII, "When I assumed command of all the armies the situation was about this: The Mississippi River was guarded from St. Louis to its mouth; the line of the Arkansas was held, thus giving us all the North-west north of that river."²⁶ Grant's comments are often direct and do not cover the numerous skirmishes throughout Arkansas during 1864, as other areas distracted him from Arkansas:

Banks had got so far that it seemed best that he should take Shreveport on the Red River, and turn over the line of that river to Steele, who commanded in Arkansas, to hold instead of the line in Arkansas.²⁷

Chapter XLIX reveals the shifting seat of war from the west to the southeast and mid-Atlantic, which isolated western commands. "General Steele still commanded the trans-Mississippi, or Dept. of Arkansas. The last named department was so far away that Sherman could not communicate with it very readily after starting on his spring campaign..."²⁸

Arkansas is also represented in the "Report of Lt. General U.S. Grant of the U.S. Armies 1864-65," as reproduced in *The Personal Memoirs*. According to the 1865 report. Grant wanted "to protect the loyal people" west of the Mississippi through garrisons, military control of the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers and confront "guerillas scattered throughout Missouri, Arkansas, and along the Mississippi River."²⁹ Furthermore, in the 1865 report. Grant recalls the March 1864 Camden Expedition:

Major General Steele left Little Rock with the 7th army corps, to cooperate with General Bank's expedition on the Red River, and reached Arkadelphia on the 28th. On the 16th of April, after driving the enemy before him,

he was joined, near Elkin's Ferry, in Washita County, by General Thayer, who marched from Fort Smith. After several skirmishes, in which the enemy was defeated. General Steele reached Camden, which he occupied about the middle of April.³⁰

Grant wanted Arkansas to remain lawful, yet the attention given to the eastern half of the state encouraged guerillas to flourish during the rest of the war and beyond. By focusing attention on Lee and eastern battles, Grant gave up western Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Kansas, and Indian Territory.

Self as Narrator in Memoir and Organization

Most critics agree that Grant accomplished most during the Civil War. Prior to the war, he hated military life and tended to drink. After resigning his commission. Grant was a failed businessman and an average farmer. During the war. Grant built a reputation for direct communication and bold, unrelenting action.

Readers may find Grant's sense of duty, because he kept writing through his terrible illness, although one might argue that money was the driving force. Additionally, Grant wanted to set the record straight and reminded readers frequently that he was telling his own version of events. He reviewed few battles or events after the war in which he was not a participant, such as those in Arkansas, in *The Personal Memoirs*.

The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant established the critically and monetarily successful post-presidential memoir. Grant's four articles for *The Century* quadrupled subscription, and his memoir text set many publishing records.

Although critics may suggest Grant's memoirs sold well only as a tribute or because of celebrity, many critics of *The Personal Memoirs* often proclaimed Grant's gifts as an author. Rossiter Johnson, of *The Dial* wrote in July 1885:

[T]he General proves to be an exceedingly entertaining and often picturesque writer, while the grand simplicity of his character and frankness of his utterances give unusual value to all that he says as historical testimony.³¹

The two-volume set of *The Personal Memoirs* numbered 1,231 pages, (the first published December 1, 1885, and the second March 1, 1886) which included the manuscript itself, numerous illustrations, maps, and facsimiles of major documents. Grant finished on July 16, 1885, and made minor changes until the July 18, when the final manuscript was delivered to his publisher. Grant died July 23, 1885.

One of Grant's major objectives was met as *The*

Personal Memoirs quickly sold half a million copies, allowing his wife two of the largest royalty checks in publishing history to that date. "The first volume of *The Personal Memoirs* of U.S. Grant was published on December 1, 1885. On February 27th of the next year, Twain presented Julia Grant with a check for \$200,000. To that time, it was the largest royalty payment ever made in U.S. publishing history." The writing provided "\$450,000 to Julia Grant and \$200,000 for Twain."³² *The Personal Memoirs* has since never gone out of print.

Of Grant's memoirs, William T. Sherman would comment, "Other books of the war will be forgotten, mislaid, dismissed. Millions will read Grant's *Memoirs* and remember them. His expertise as a writer does not surprise me, for I have read hundreds of his letters and know too well his style and flawless effort at turning a phrase."³³

Historian Bruce Catton argued that Grant was involved with every word, punctuation, footnote, and detail. Catton saw the text as "surprisingly good" and "well written, with a literary quality that keeps it fresh."³⁴

Author Gore Vidal also praised Grant highly: "It is simply not possible to read Grant's *Memoirs* without realizing that the author is a man of first-rate intelligence. As president, he made it his policy to be cryptic and taciturn, partly not to be bored by politicians and partly not to give the game away... His book is a classic."³⁵

By writing *The Personal Memoirs* and publishing them with Twain's help. Grant saved his family from ruin and contributed to the national memory regarding one of its most turbulent eras. Grant solidified his legacy not only as a military leader, but also as an American writer. The storytelling techniques employed through humor, direct and clear language, modest assessment and logic, endear his work to literary critics, as well as historians.

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Steamboats and Beyond

Steamboat Captain Hugh L. Rogers — 1812-1893

By Charles Edward Rogers

Editor's Note: Captain Hugh L. Rogers was introduced to our readers in articles published in two previous Journal articles, Vol VI, No. 1, and Vol 18, No. 2. The following memoir by his great-great-grandson, Charles Edward Rogers, fills in the rest of the story.

Born in County Armagh, Ireland, Captain Hugh L. Rogers came to America in 1824 with his family, locating in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Educated in Pennsylvania, he had navigated the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, built railroads in North and South Carolina, sailed on a canal in Virginia, and run fast horses on the race track by 1850. He has been depicted as a "popular and somewhat eccentric commander who owned and operated his own boat, the *General Shields* in the 1850's."¹ As owner of four steamboats—the *Raritan*, *Bertrand*, *General Shields*, and the *Osprey*—he traveled the Ohio, Mississippi, and Arkansas rivers. He owned blooded race horses in Kentucky, and he never lost his love of fast horses; for many years he was a familiar figure at the annual meets on the Fort Smith race track.

Captain Hugh L. married Matilda Lowe of Kentucky, who bore him two sons, Edward James, born in Kentucky on January 11, 1845, and James Patrick, born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1850. After Matilda's death during the Civil War, he brought his sons to Fort Smith in 1863. His second wife, Eliza Dagg, came from Ireland in 1853 and attended St. Anne's Academy in Fort Smith. In later years, she married Captain Hugh L., who was twenty-five years her senior.

Captain Hugh L. was successful in real estate holdings, owning a great deal of land in Fort Smith. He was always generous toward his church with his wealth. After his death on October 18, 1893, Eliza had the huge stained-glass window over the north entrance to the Immaculate Conception Church done in his memory. The engraving reads: "Donated by Eliza Rogers in Loving Memory of her Husband Captain Hugh L. Rogers."²

Background

Captain Rogers was born in County Armagh, Ireland, probably in the town of Keady, on June 12, 1812, and came to America with his parents, James and Alice (Cassly) Rogers in 1824. He was one of ten children, but the only siblings I know of are his brothers



COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 1: *Portrait of Captain Hugh L. Rogers*

Patrick and I. C.³ and sister Letitia.⁴

Most of what is known about Hugh L. Rogers' early life is from *Sebastian County, Arkansas Biographies*, The Goodspeed Publishing Company, 1889:⁵

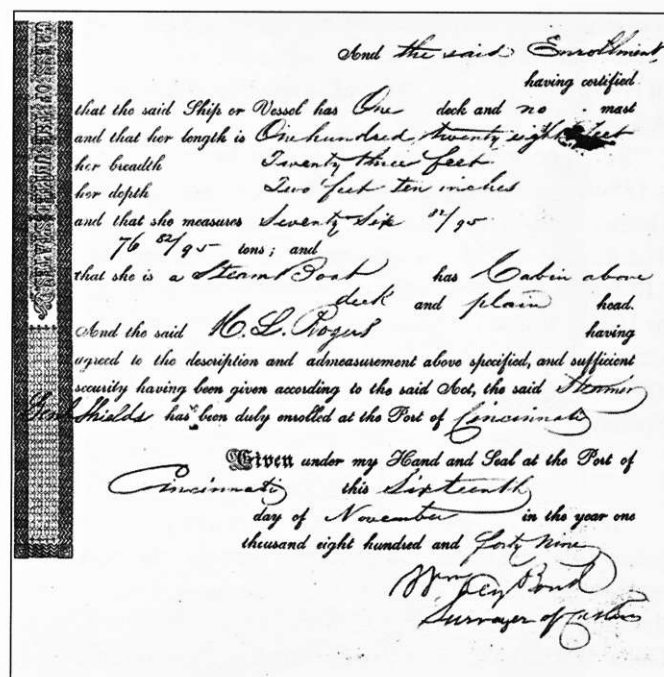
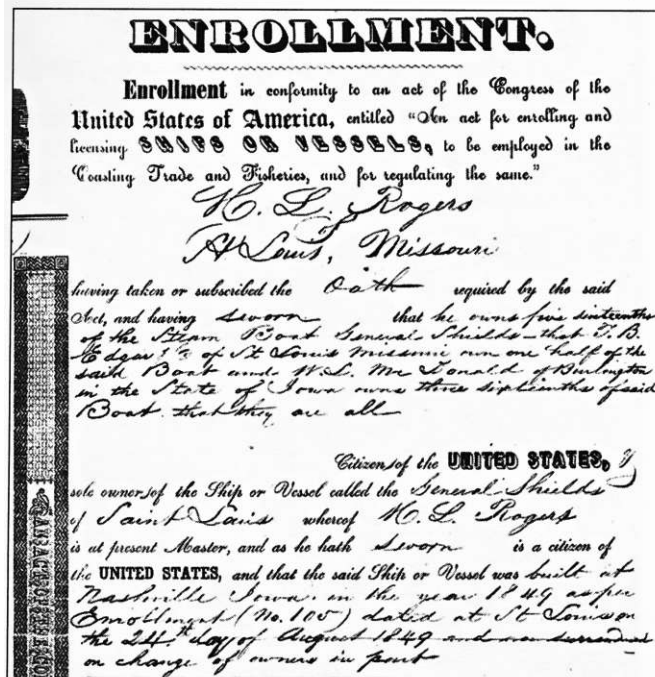
Hugh L. Rogers received a good practical education in Pittsburgh, learned the engineer's trade, went on the Ohio River, and navigated

and its branches for several years. He was a judicious financier, saved his money, and finally left the river, going to Washington City, where he worked as overseer for his



COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 2: *James Patrick Rogers (standing) and Edward James Rogers*



IMAGES COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURES 3A AND 3B: General Shields Enrollment Document

brother, I. C. Rogers, on the Alexander Canal for some time. Abandoning this he went with his brother on the railroad from Hicksford, Virginia, to North Carolina, where they took a forty-two mile contract on the Raleigh & Garton Railroad. He had by this become the owner of many slaves, and when this contract was finished he moved his force into South Carolina and took a contract on the Louisville, Cincinnati & Charleston Road. With a brother-in-law of General Wade Hampton III, he took a contract on the Central Railroad, the same road being torn up by General Sherman in his march to the sea. He next moved his forces on James River Canal, Virginia, and took a contract that lasted one year. After this he went through to Raleigh, North Carolina, and gathered up the blooded horses he had been purchasing. He then made an extensive trip over the South, visiting all the principal marts, and selling all kinds of stock, including Negroes. He had become the owner of some of the fastest running horses of the day and visited the principal race courses of the country, matching races for fabulous sums. In Galena, Illinois, he beat O'Kelly and Maurice O'Connell with his stock. He next went to Mineral Point, Wisconsin, won a race and sold stock, selling one filly for \$2,000. After this he went to Raleigh, North Carolina, and rode horseback from Nashville, Tennessee, to that place. Mr. Rogers was familiarly known as one of the leading sportsmen of his day. On reaching North Carolina he found his experience as a sportsman had not been very successful financially, so he returned to the river. The first steamer he owned was the Osprey, and on her he moved the Mormons from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Iowa. He finally sunk her. He afterward owned several boats, but finally built the *General Shields*, and ran her for many years, doing much shipping on the Arkansas River with her to Fort

Smith. After this he made an extensive trip over the West, and saw many of the Mormons at Salt Lake, whom he had moved some years before from Nauvoo, Illinois. Captain Rogers finally settled down in Fort Smith, where he still resides as an object of interest to all who know him.

Several sources show that Captain Rogers' navigation took him far from Fort Smith. As noted above, he helped transport Mormons from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Iowa aboard his first steamship, *Osprey*.³ The *Osprey* was a 128-ton side-wheel paddle steamboat, 150 feet in length, built at Pittsburgh in 1842.⁴ The *Daily National Intelligencer* reports the presence of the *Osprey* in the area in July 1843⁵ and again in October 1844.⁶ However, conflicting information indicates that the *Osprey* was commanded by Captain George C. Anderson of St. Louis, Missouri, and that he was part owner with four others.⁷ Another source cites that the *Osprey* was in the St. Louis and Galena, Illinois, trade under the command of Captain N. W. Parker in 1845 and 1846.⁸ The *Osprey* was reported sunk, not an uncommon occurrence on the rivers in 1848.⁹

It was not uncommon for vessels to change hands, and the year of loss fits in nicely with Captain Hugh L. Rogers taking command of the *General Shields* in 1849. (The namesake of the boat. General James Shields, was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810 and served in the Mexican-American War under Zachary Taylor and later as a Union general in the Civil War.¹⁰)

Ships or vessels employed in the coasting trade and fisheries of the day were enrolled and licensed according to an act of the U.S. Congress. Figure No. 3 shows part of the enrollment document proving that H. L. Rogers

was part owner and master of the *General Shields*, a seventy-six ton, stem-wheel packet, 128 feet long, built in Nashville in 1849.⁶ She was snagged and lost on the Arkansas River in June 1851.⁶

References No. 6 and No. 11 show that the *Bertrand*, a 145-ton steamship, ran from St. Louis, Missouri, to Galena, Illinois, in 1846 with Rogers acting as master. The *Raritan*, a 138-ton side-wheel paddle steamboat, 118 feet in length, was in service at Galena under Rogers in 1846.⁷ It was listed as abandoned in the same year.⁸ Captain Rogers was at Galena with the *Raritan* in 1846, according to records of the Minnesota Historical Society.

Family Records

By great good fortune, several years ago I came into possession of a collection of family records, photographs and various other documents that were handed down through my father's sister, Clairine, to her eldest son, Donald, who gave them to me. Notably, these consist of a day book or ledger that Captain Rogers kept, a prayer book belonging to Mary Ella "Minnie" Rogers, daughter of Edward James, in which she recorded family history, and a number of photos and documents, including the portrait and photo shown in Figures No. 1 and No. 2.

My speculation is that Captain Rogers' first wife, Matilda L. (nee Lowe), and his two sons accompanied him on some of his travels. Mary Ella's prayer book entry shows that Edward James was born in Covington, Kentucky, on January 11, 1845. James Patrick was born in West Point, Iowa, on September 29, 1847.

Figure No. 5 shows that Matilda died August 22, 1848, and was buried in Fort Madison, Iowa, after they had been married for seven years and seven months. Edward James would have been three years and eight months old, and James Patrick would have been eleven months old.

There is no mention of Hugh and Matilda having other children, but Mary Ella's prayer book has the following entry: "Meary Samel (sic) Rogers, Daughter of H Rogers & M Lowes: Bom Feb 12, 1842, in Raleigh, North Carolina." See Figure No. 6.

Figure No. 7 shows she married Thomas C. Rogers (year illegible) and died July 26, 1869, at age twenty-seven in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hugh's brother Patrick had a son, Thomas C. Rogers. (I understand that it was not unusual for cousins to marry.) Alice Clay's accounting⁹ shows that Thomas C. married for the third time in 1876 after two previous wives died. These facts seem to come together to tell a part of the family history previously unknown.

Where Is Captain Hugh L. Rogers?

The 1850 U.S. Census of Fort Smith lists Hugh L. Rogers as thirty-eight years of age, his occupation as

Edward James Rogers
Son of H Rogers & M Lowe
Born Saturday 11th 1845 in
Covington Kentucky
James Patrick Rogers
Son of H Rogers & M Lowe
Born Sept 29th 1847 West
Point Iowa

COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 4: Prayer book entry of birth date and place of birth for Edward James and James Patrick Rogers

Matilda L. Lowe
wife of Hugh Rogers
Died Aug 22, 1848
at Fort Madison
State of Iowa

COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 5: Date of death and burial place for Matilda Lowe Rogers.

Meary Samel Rogers
Daughter of H Rogers & M
Lowe; Born Feb 12th
1842 in Raleigh N.C.

COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 6: Prayer book showing the birth of a daughter to Captain Rogers and Matilda Lowe.

Married
Thos C Rogers & Mary S Rogers
By the Rev Father Bell at Cinncin-
Christi Church Newport Ky Sept 4/57
VESPERS.
Mary S Rogers - wife of Thos
C Rogers died Feb 26th 1869
Cincinnati THE EVENING OFFICE

COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 7: Prayer book entry of Mary S. Rogers' marriage and death.

"Capt. Steamboat," with a worth of \$25,000. He was apparently living in the John Rogers Hotel, and there is no mention of children.

Captain Rogers was not found in the 1860 U.S. Census of Fort Smith, most likely because he was not there. The 1860 U.S. Census of Cincinnati, Ohio, does

March 1862

H L Rogers	Dr	cr
Cash from Mrs		
Antion twice		
one thousand each	2000 00	
Cash from W B Antion	500 00	
" " " " "	700 00	
" " " " "		\$3200 00
Cash paid for Mules		335 00
to Wood two mules		200 00
" " Horse		480 00
3 Mules from Camp		150 00
1 Horse " "		80 00
1 " Bay Rat tail		277 00
2 Mules from Keen		60 00
1 Hagon "		110 00
1 Bay horse traded for mule		50 00
Hagon		10 00
Horse collar		5 00
Harness		10 00
Corn		1 50
Hay		2 00
Bills at Scrabbleville		17 70 50

COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 8: Sample page from Hugh L. Rogers' day book showing his name.

June 1st 1862

Cash Paid for	
433 head Cattle	
at 23 \$ a head	9959 \$
Black woman	
& two children	1500 \$
Ponies & Piggy	340
saddle	13 50
Paid out	\$11812 50
in Texas	
To Max Langdon	
Sold 433 head Cattle	
at 39 a head	3897
	1299
Sold 16887 \$ for	
first 9959 cost	
	6928 Profit
	3434 half
	13600
	2550

COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 9: Day book entry showing transaction of cattle and horses.

show an Edward, age fifteen, and James, age eleven, were living with Hugh's brother Patrick. (James should have been listed as age thirteen.) Patrick and his wife, Emma Lawson, did not have children with those names.

The 1870 U.S. Census of Fort Smith lists Hugh L. Rogers as sixty years of age (all other records show he would have been fifty-eight) and his occupation as farmer. His second wife, Eliza (nee Daggs), is listed as thirty-five years of age, a "trophy wife" twenty-five years younger than Captain Hugh. The age difference is consistent with other data, but other records show she would have actually been thirty-three. No records have been found documenting when they were married. Two children are shown living at the house, Richard, age fourteen, and Alice, age twelve. (Affidavits at the time of Eliza's death state that she and Hugh never had children.)

The 1880 U.S. Census lists Hugh L. Rogers as sixty-seven years of age (he would have been sixty-eight), and his occupation as farmer. Eliza is listed as forty-four, (she would have been forty-five).

Captain Rogers' Day Book

The day book is in general good condition, considering it is 150 years old. The earliest entry is dated October 1, 1859, and the last is October 25, 1881.

Although there is not a title page with Captain Hugh's name as owner or author, his name appears five times at the top of pages.

At some point in time, the day book was also used as a scrapbook, and there are two newspaper articles on the death of his brother Patrick, "an old and very successful river man" and "a highly esteemed citizen of Cincinnati."^^ In addition, there is a newspaper article on the new side-wheel steamer *Pat Rogers*^ There are three newspaper articles on race horses pasted in the day book and several handwritten pages on the pedigrees of horses, which is consistent with Captain Hugh's known fondness for horse racing. ^^

Here we see a shift from plying the waters of the Arkansas and other rivers to land-based endeavors. As a child, I heard stories that some of our ancestors were horse thieves. The day book reveals that from 1859 to 1870, Captain Rogers was, in part, engaged in large transactions buying and selling horses, mules and hogs that took him in to Texas, Figure No.

On June 1, 1862, in Texas, he paid out a total of \$11,812.50: \$9,959 for 433 head of cattle, \$1,500 for a black woman and two children, \$340 for ponies, and \$13.50 for a saddle. He then sold the cattle for \$16,887 for a profit of \$6,928. In today's dollars, \$16,887 would

Apr 1862

Mules & Horses sold to
Major Oden Masters

1 Black Horses	190.00
1 Bay Horse with Saddle	
Brought at 200	190.00
Bay Bat tawl	80
Dr Snider	175
	190.00
2 Mules from Wood	3.35
	400.00
2 " " Keer	2.87
	400.00
3 " " Crank	480
	600.00
2 " " Hicks	210
	300.00
2 Wagons	110 for Hay
	1867 " 1 Horse
	\$346.00

COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 10: Day book entry showing transaction with Major Oden Masters.

be equivalent to approximately \$372,000 and the profit would be \$152,000. From this we can see that Hugh L. Rogers was used to dealing with large financial transactions

In April 1862, he sold horses and mules to, apparently, a Major Oden Masters for \$2,460 for a profit of \$593.19. There was another entry with a similar transaction.²⁰ Given the timing, these transactions may have been related to Civil War needs.

On August 9, 1862, he paid \$1,002 to a Mr. Hicks for his farm of 266 acres, \$825 for mares, colts and a bay gelding, and another \$150 for cows and calves. Figure No. This may account for Hugh L. Rogers listing his occupation as farmer in the 1870 U.S. Census.

Other Activities

On October 13, 1874, Hugh L. Rogers, Esquire, was elected as a justice of the peace for Upper Township, Sebastian County, Arkansas.

Captain Hugh L. Rogers died in Fort Smith on October 18, 1893, at age eight-one. The record from the Brnie Brothers Funeral Home does not list a cause of death.²¹ The cause of death was senility, an inglorious end for an accomplished and colorful man, according to oral history.²² Hugh's second wife, Eliza, died May 29, 1917, at age eighty and is buried next to Captain Hugh L. in Calvary Cemetery in Fort Smith, Arkansas. From other sources, we know that Captain Hugh and brother Patrick's parents are buried in Cincinnati, as is Patrick.⁵

Acknowledgements

Many thanks are due Alberta Blackburn, who provided valuable information and references from

Aug 9th 1862

Cash Paid By H.S. Rogers
to J.M.H. Hicks for his
Farm & improvements

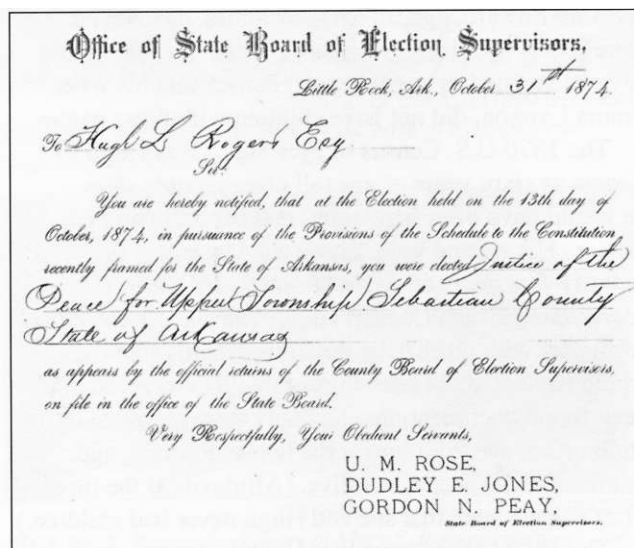
126 acres	840.00
80 acres choll land	
Paid J Mc Jones	160.00
To get deed on same	2.00
<u>Cost of Farm</u>	<u>\$1002.00</u>

Stock from Hicks

1 Black Mare & colt	225.00
1 " Mare; Hiss Mare	150.00
1 Bay Mare	150.00
1 Bay Mare & colt	100.00
1 Bay Gelding	150.00
1 Pony Mare & colt	50.00
	<u>\$825.00</u>

COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

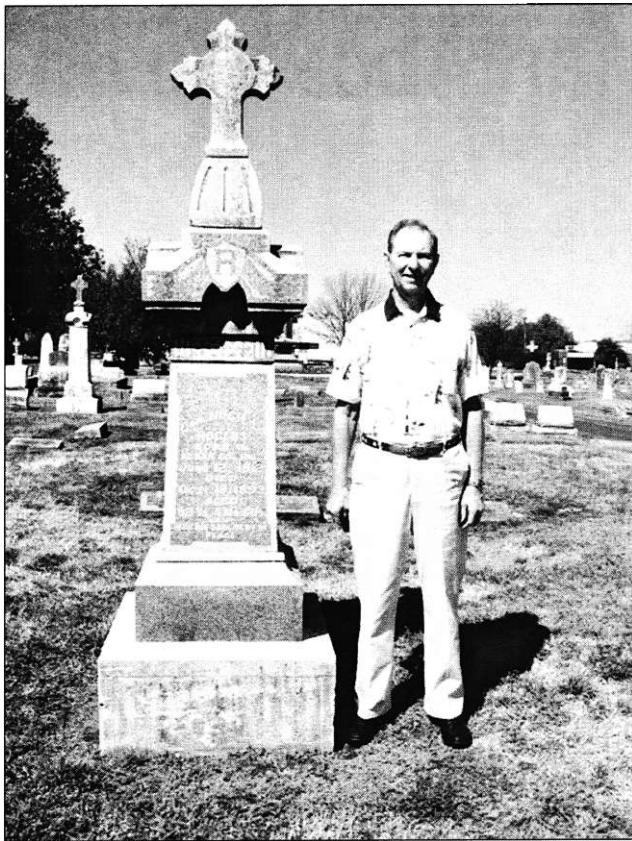
FIGURE 11: Day book entry showing purchase of farm.



COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 12: Hugh L. Rogers elected justice of the peace.

her years of research on the Rogers family. Her encouragement, as we shared information, is greatly appreciated. Thanks also to Jerry Hendricks, who served as our tour guide on my first visit to Fort Smith in about sixty-five years or more. His knowledge of Fort Smith,



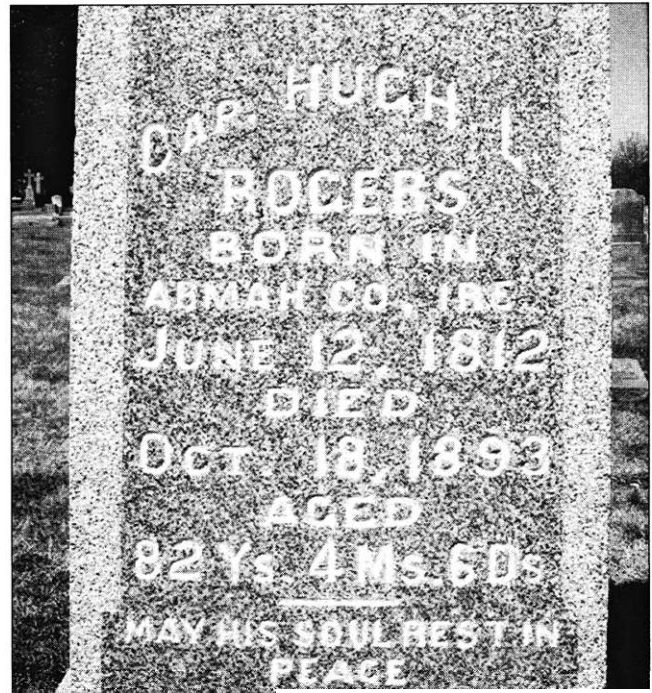
COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 13: Author Charles Edward Rogers stands next to the tombstone of Captain Hugh L. Rogers and Eliza Rogers.

the Rogers family history, and the part played by Eliza was most helpful.

End Notes

- ¹ Sarah Fitzgerald, "Steamboating the Arkansas," *The Fort Smith Historical Society Journal*, Vol. 2, (September 1982): pp 2-30.
- ² Alberta Johnson Blackburn, "Steamboat Captain Hugh L. Rogers, 1812-1893," *The Fort Smith Historical Society Journal*, 18, 2, (September, 1994): pp 21-22.
- ³ *Sebastian County, Arkansas Biographies*, The Goodspeed Publishing Company, 1889, 1361.
- ⁴ Charles E. Rogers, personal papers in possession of author.
- ⁵ Alice Clay, private communication, notes in possession of author.
- ⁶ Conway B. Sonne, *Ships, Saints, and Mariners, A Maritime Encyclopedia of Mormon Migration, 1830-1890*, Salt Lake City Utah, University of Utah Press, 1987.
- ⁷ Joseph Gailes and William W. Seaton, *National Intelligencer*, July 10, 1843.
- ⁸ *Ibid*, October 9, 1844.
- ⁹ George Byron Merrick, *Old Times on the Upper Mississippi: The Recollections of a Steamboat Pilot from 1854 to 1863*. Library of the University of Michigan, 284.
- ¹⁰ Wikipedia, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James_Shields, accessed September 23, 2010, by author.
- ¹¹ Merrick, *Old Times*, 260-261.



COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 14: Captain Hugh L. Rogers' tombstone inscription.



COURTESY OF CHARLES EDWARD ROGERS

FIGURE 15: Eliza Rogers' tombstone inscription.

- ¹² *Ibid*, 286.
- ¹³ *Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society*, Vol. VIII, published by the Society, 1898, 380.
- ¹⁴ Hugh L. Rogers, Day Book, 38.
- ¹⁵ *Ibid*, 10, 17.
- ¹⁶ *Ibid*, 12.
- ¹⁷ *Ibid*, 5, 18, 19.
- ¹⁸ *Ibid*, 35.
- ¹⁹ *Ibid*, 37.
- ²⁰ *Ibid*, 36.
- ²¹ *Ibid*, 43.
- ²² Alberta Johnson Blackburn, personal papers in possession of author.

Samuel White: A Man About Town

By Evelyn E. Tonia Holleman

When George McMann came to Van Buren, Arkansas, before the Civil War, he brought along his slave, Samuel White. On this journey, McMann and White traveled by steamboat, which docked at the natural rock wharf in Van Buren. McMann was buying dry goods, feed, and other goods the pair would take back to Missouri by wagon.

Born a slave in Clay County, Illinois, in December 1827, Samuel White was next heard from on January 28, 1864, when he enlisted in the 57th U.S. Colored Infantry in Fort Smith, Arkansas. White attained the rank of sergeant in Company H. Mustered out of the 57th USCT on December 13, 1866, in Leavenworth, Kansas, he immediately returned to Van Buren, where he had previously met Lucy Smith, the woman he would marry.

During the progress of the Civil War, Samuel White, 57th USCT, was a patient of Dr. James A. Dibrell in 1864. Dr. Dibrell was connected with St. John's Hospital in Little Rock at that time.[^] (In 1840, Dibrell was recruited to practice medicine in Van Buren, Arkansas, by David Thompson and John Drennen and returned with them by boat to Van Buren. He had just graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, class of 1839.[^] On November 9, 1886, Dibrell states he was sixty-nine years old, a physician and surgeon in Van Buren, Crawford County, Arkansas.)

Samuel White's pension file gives insight into the people who lived in Van Buren, both white and black. Many of them were men who had been USCT soldiers in the Civil War, as well as soldiers who joined the Union. Among those mentioned in his files were Dr. James A. Dibrell and Thomas Dodson, another neighbor and fellow soldier. Others mentioned were Ben Johnson, Ross Frock, and Green Harris, who had served in the Civil War with Samuel White.

In 1866, White organized a military company for African Americans and was elected captain of the organization, which was probably one of the first veterans posts for black soldiers ever formed in Crawford County. The formation of a military company indicates there were many black soldiers living in Crawford County at that time.

Information in pension files has led to the discovery of other USCT soldiers in Crawford County. Many have been documented in Crawford County, and eight USCT soldiers are buried in Fairview Cemetery in Van Buren. These eight recently received military headstones. (Many more headstones will follow at a later date.)

IMAGE COURTESY OF TONIA HOLLEMAN

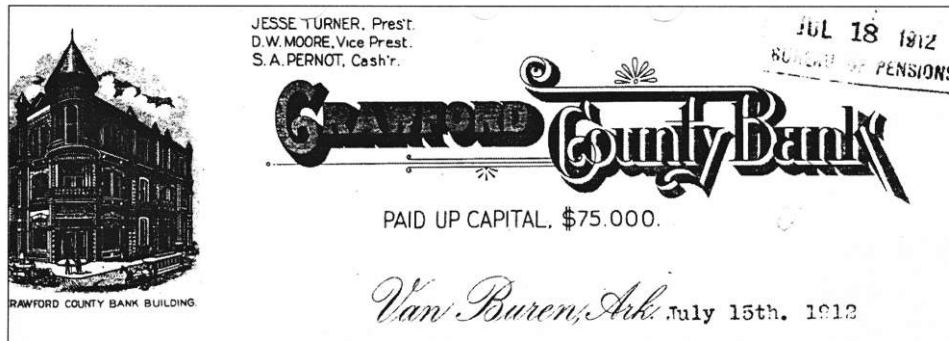
SIGNATURE OF DR. JAMES A. DIBRELL

Samuel White was literate; these skills can be seen on documents he notarized as notary public. He gave many affidavits for USCT soldiers in their applications for military pensions. When donations were taken to buy the court house clock, Samuel White was named among the list of citizens of Van Buren. He had become a minister and married a number of couples from 1868 until his death on February 8, 1908.[^]

White married Lucy Smith in January 1867 in Crawford County. Lucy Smith White was born in 1835 in Kentucky and died in 1912. The couple adopted their only child, a daughter, Annie, who was born in Crawford County in 1886. She died in 1927 and is buried with her parents in the family plot in Fairview Cemetery. Annie White married first William M. Coleman, with whom she had two daughters, Myrtle and Ethel. After William's death, she married her second husband, Charles Norwood, and had daughter Delia Norwood with him.

Records show that Reverend Samuel White bought land in 1870 for \$70 from Green Bean to build a church on the corner of Sycamore Street in Babylon, an area in Van Buren where many black families lived. He was the founder of three churches in Van Buren. The first was New Hope Missionary Baptist Church, founded in 1870. Five of the deacons had been soldiers in the Civil War who had served in the USCT. Juber Russell was in the 83rd Kansas Colored.[^] Thomas Dotson served in Company H 57th USCT.[^] William Moore was in the 11th U.S. Colored.[^] Isaac Trice served in Company A of the 57th USCT.[^] Joseph Bain was in the 11th USCT.[^]

New Hope Missionary Baptist Church, founded by ex-slaves and Union USCT soldiers in 1870, is still in existence in 2011. Of course the congregation does not worship in the original building; a new one is located at 18 South 14th Street in Van Buren. When the railroads were built, the tracks were near the church, and the noise of the trains disturbed the worship. The congregation voted to move the church, moving to 1320 East Main Street in 1903.⁹



To the Honorable Commissioner of Pensions,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I beg to inform you that Lucy White a pensioner under Pension Certificate No. 660,390, died on the 14th. day of July 1912, leaving surviving her Annie Norwood, her daughter, her sole heir.

Will you please send the necessary blank to be filled and executed for the amount of pension due and oblige

Yours truly

J.A. Pernot
Cashier.

IMAGE COURTESY OF TONIA HOLLEMAN

BANK LETTER CONTAINING A STATEMENT OF LUCY WHITE'S DEATH



PHOTOS COURTESY OF TONIA HOLLEMAN

(LEFT) Old New Hope Missionary Baptist Church building in Van Buren, 18 South Fourteenth Street, founded in 1870.

(RIGHT) Current location of New Hope Missionary Baptist Church, 1320 East Main Street. The congregation moved to the new building in 1903.

Around 1880, White called upon his fellow Union soldiers a second time, this time to help in establishing St. Mathew Baptist Church. One was Anderson Graves of the 57th USCT.¹⁰ The other was Washington McClain, who was in the 57th USCT, Company A.¹¹ St. Mathew Baptist Church was located in Newtown, as the community once was called, south of Kibler, Arkansas.

In the Oak Grove-Catcher Community, the third church founded was St. Paul's Baptist Church, founded in 1880 by Samuel White and Robert Lyons of the 57th USCT.¹² Cofounders were Allen Bobo, the first minister of St. Paul's Baptist, and William Holland of the 57th USCT.¹³

After organizing the churches, White became active in the public affairs of Crawford County, Arkansas. In

I, W. V. Boatright, County Clerk of Crawford County Arkansas,
do certify that the Records of Crawford County, Arkansas were
destroyed by fire in the year 1877 and that no public record of
marriages prior to the year 1877 is in existence in this county.

Witness my hand and official seal this 3rd. day of August 1908.

W. V. Boatright
County Clerk of Crawford County, Arkansas.

IMAGE AND PHOTO COURTESY OF TONIA HOLLEMAN

(ABOVE) A 1908 document states that Crawford County marriage records from before 1877 were destroyed in an 1877 fire.

(RIGHT) Samuel White's grave marker, located at Fairview Cemetery in Van Buren.

1871, he was elected chairman of the delegates who were attending the county convention.¹ "He was the first black man to serve on a petit jury on February 3, 1874."²

In August 1871, he helped organize a county barbecue in which most of the political candidates were in attendance and gave political speeches:

"On Friday last the colored people of this county gave a grand Barbecue, at the beautiful grove just this side of Flat Rock Bridge. The day opened fine, was dry, warm and dusty, but nevertheless a large turnout was had; in fact we have never seen so many of the colored people of Crawford County assembled together at one time; a fair estimate of the number present would be from 400 to 500."³

After White's death in 1908, Lucy applied for her husband's Union pension. Since the Crawford County Courthouse had burned in 1877, destroying all marriage records, the marriage was difficult to prove. However, the pension was finally approved, and the pension started the year of her death in 1912. Lucy never received any payment.

Van Buren, Arkansas, is rich in the history of black soldiers, ministers, deputy marshals, and many families whose descendants still remain in the area.

End Notes

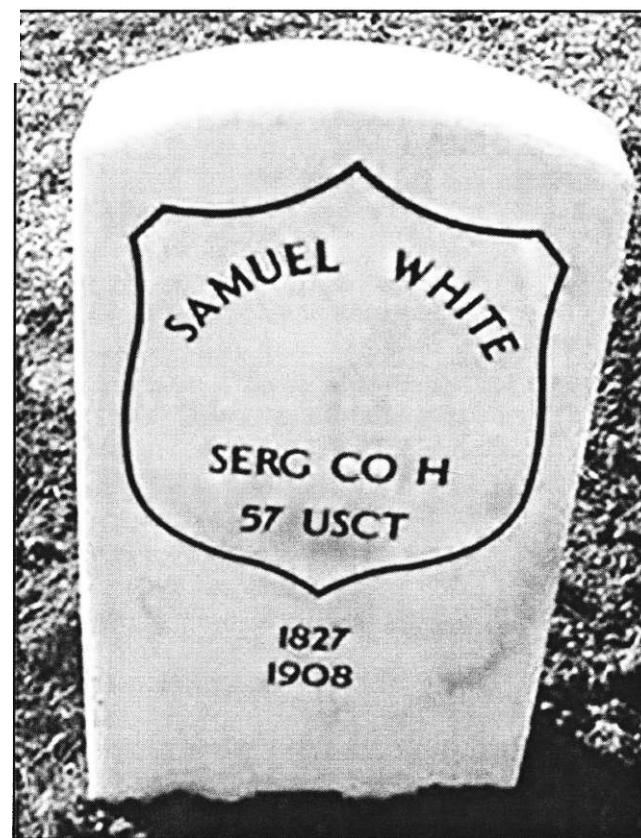
¹Samuel White Civil War Pension File No. 494.026

²Samuel White Civil War Pension File No. 494.026

³Physicians' Affidavit—O. M. Bourland, MD

⁴Juber Russell Pension File

⁵Thomas Dotson Pension File No. 738-290



⁶William Moore Pension File

⁷Isaac Trice Pension File

⁸Joseph Bain Pension File

⁹Mrs. Lola Brown, member of New Hope Missionary Baptist Church

¹⁰Anderson Graves Pension File

¹¹Washington McClain Pension File

¹²Robert Lyons Pension File

¹³William Holland Pension File

¹⁴Abstracts From Crawford County, Arkansas, newspapers, *Van Buren Press*, Roll No. 3, April 20 1869-December 26, 1871, page 186.

¹⁵*Van Buren Press* 1869-1871

¹⁶Roll No. 2, page 293-294

Frederick James Ransom

1926-2011

Frederick James "F. J." Ransom, was born August 20, 1926, and passed away February 21, 2011, in Fort Smith, Arkansas, at age eighty-four. A city native, he had taught in schools in New Jersey and traveled abroad for many years, returning to enjoy his retirement in Fort Smith. F. J. was raised by parents Fred and Edna Reynolds Ransom, who were one of the more distinguished families in this community. His mother, Edna Ransom, was known as the "mother of Mallalieu Methodist Church." F. J. remembered that his father bought RCA records of classical music, opera, jazz, and Fats Waller for him to listen to on weekends. His father often told him of the time he attended an opera performance at the Fort Smith Opera House on Garrison Avenue.

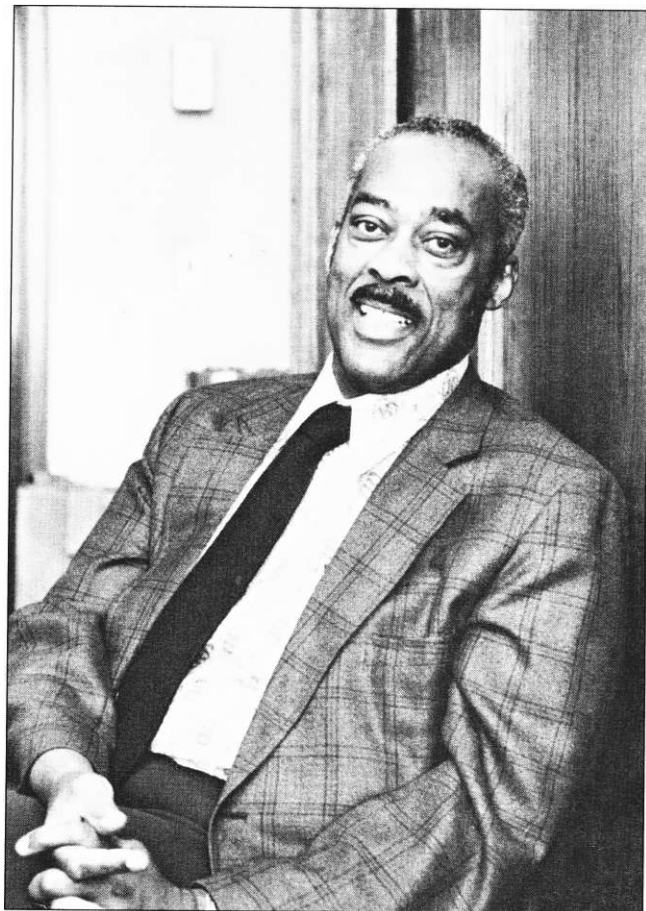
R J.'s grandfather, Alfred Reynolds, was born on a plantation near Russellville, Arkansas, enslaved as a young boy, and taken to Texas during the Civil War. Freed on June 19, 1863—Juneteenth—as news of President Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation reached Texas, Alfred came to Fort Smith. Here, he worked as a personal aide and coach driver for the Bonneville family. After General Bonneville's death, Alfred worked twenty-two years for the Frisco Railroad.



FORT SMITH HISTORICAL SOCIETY
EDNA RANSOM

At the age of four, F. J. attended St. John's Elementary School, where he studied music with Sisters Paula and Carmella, from first through eighth grades. At Lincoln High School he was involved in the school chorus under the direction of high school principal Mr. Charles Williams, who also taught him Latin.

He began his college career in 1943 at Xavier University in New Orleans, where he continued with



FORT SMITH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FREDERICK JAMES RANSOM in Newark, New Jersey.

voice and piano studies. He attended Arkansas A. M. and N. College in Pine Bluff, receiving a Bachelor of Science degree in Music Education in 1948.

After graduation he began his teaching career at Little Rock Dunbar Junior and Senior High School and Dunbar Junior College. After six years at Dunbar he was assigned to Horace Mann Senior High, remaining there until June 1958, when he began his graduate studies at the University of Arkansas, receiving a master's degree in Music.

Searching for financial assistance, he was told that the only scholarship for which he was permitted to apply on an equal basis was the Fulbright Scholarship, as others were not open to blacks. With federal troops in Little Rock to reinstate nine black students in Little Rock Central High School, F. J. was even more determined to make a go of it, completing the application process for the Fulbright in October 1957.

Fulbright Award Given Former Student

A Fulbright scholarship has been awarded to Frederick James Ransom of Fort Smith, a former student at the University. President John T. Caldwell announced today.

The scholarship will enable Ransom to study voice at the Music Academy at Stuttgart, Germany, during the 1958-59 academic year.

Ransom, the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ransom, received one of approximately 900 grants for graduate study abroad that are being awarded under the International Educational Exchange Program of the Department of State. As provided by the Fulbright Act, all students are selected by the Board of Foreign Scholarships. Students are recommended by campus Fulbright committees and by the Institute of International Education.

Funds used to finance these exchanges are part of the foreign currencies or credits owed to or owned by the United States treasury. Under executive agreements with the foreign govern-

ments, exchange programs are being carried out for the academic year of '58-59 in 25 countries.

The International Educational Exchange program is designed to promote a better understanding of the United States in other countries.

The program also provides opportunities for foreign nationals to study in American colleges and universities and for an exchange of teachers, lecturers, research scholars and specialists between the U.S. and more than 70 foreign countries.

Let's Go To Church Sunday

Horace Mann Teacher Wins Fulbright Award

Fayetteville — A Fulbright scholarship has been awarded to Frederick James Ransom, former University of Arkansas student who now teaches at Horace Mann High School in Little Rock.

Ransom, the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ransom, Ft. Smith, graduated from AM&N College, Pine Bluff, after studying at the University.

The scholarship will enable Ransom to study voice at the Music Academy, Stuttgart, Germany, during the 1958-59 academic year. President John Tyler Caldwell announced.

Ex-Resident Gets Scholarship

FAYETTEVILLE, Ark. (Special) — A former Fort Smith student at the University of Arkansas, and now a music instructor at Horace Mann high school in Little Rock, has been awarded a Fulbright scholarship.

The scholarship was awarded to Frederick James Ransom, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Ransom, 2111 North Thirteenth street. Announcement of the award was made Wednesday by Dr. John T. Caldwell, president of the university.

The scholarship will enable Ransom to study voice at the Music Academy at Stuttgart, Germany, during the 1958-59 academic year.

Ransom graduated from Arkansas AM and N college, Pine Bluff, following his studying at the university. He majored in voice and piano at both colleges. He has been teaching at the Little Rock school about nine years, his mother said.

Fort Smith Tenor Wins Scholarship

Fayetteville, Ark. — Frederick J. Ransom, music instructor at Horace Mann High School in Little Rock, who began the study of music while a pupil at St. John's Parochial School in Fort Smith, has been awarded a Fulbright Scholarship for advanced study of voice in Germany.

Announcement of the award to the 31-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ransom of 2111 North Thirteenth Street, Fort Smith, was made by Dr. John T. Caldwell, the president of the University of Arkansas, where Mr. Ransom is working for a master's degree.

The tenor, who received his early music education from Sister Mary Paula, O.S.B., who has labored among the colored for the past 30 years, has been acclaimed on several occasions in Arkansas. He is a graduate of Arkansas AM and N College in Pine Bluff and was choral director at Dunbar High School before Horace Mann High School opened.

Mr. Ransom plans to study voice at the Music Academy in

Stuttgart, Germany, under the Fulbright Scholarship, beginning next fall.

In December 1954 he sang the tenor solo parts in the Messiah in Fayetteville presented by the U of A chorus. In March 1957 he sang with the combined choirs of Fort Smith churches and the Fort Smith symphony.

Music began in the life of the music instructor when he was a first grader in St. John's. He began piano lessons during this first school year, and has continued them ever since.

But opera and classical music found their place in his life after graduation at Lincoln high school and his entrance at Xavier university at New Orleans.

During three years at the university he said leading roles in the operas "Carmen" and "The Marriage of Figaro."

City Tenor To Study Overseas

By ARCHIE LANTZ
Of Southwest-Times Record

"I always knew he was musically talented, but I just wanted him to grow up to be very good in whatever he chose to do. I think he has fulfilled my desire."

That was a statement made by a proud Fort Smith mother whose son has been awarded a Fulbright scholarship which will enable him to study voice in Germany and take another step toward the goal of joining the Metropolitan opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ransom, 2111 North Thirteenth street, learned this week their son, Frederick James, had won the scholarship. Though his parents knew little about its significance, they felt it was an outstanding honor and were happy it was accorded their son.

Ransom, now 31, is a music instructor at Horace Mann high school, but remembered locally and in Fayetteville for his superb performance as a tenor in presentations of the Messiah in both cities.

Solo in Messiah

In December 1954 he sang the tenor solo parts in the Messiah in Fayetteville presented by the U of A chorus. In March 1957 he sang with the combined choirs of Fort Smith churches and the Fort Smith symphony.

Music began in the life of the music instructor when he was a first grader in St. John's Catholic school. He began piano lessons during this first school year, and has continued them ever since.

But opera and classical music found their place in his life after graduation at Lincoln high school and his entrance at Xavier university at New Orleans.

Carmen and Figaro

During his three years at the university he sang leading roles in the operas "Carmen" and "The Marriage of Figaro."

He later graduated from Arkansas AM and N college in Pine Bluff in 1949 and became choral director at Dunbar high school. Later he moved to Horace Mann high school when it was opened.

Though unable to come home often, when he does he still concentrates on opera music. He has a large number of records at his parents home.

The intense musical interest taught his father to enjoy opera.



Frederick Ransom

He said he often listens to it on radio when one is broadcast.

The Messiah performance in Fort Smith was the only one he has seen his son sing, Ransom said, but Mrs. Ransom said she attended his concert at Little Rock and the Fayetteville performance and thought "he was the greatest."

Mail on Monday

Frederick hasn't mentioned anything about his scholarship in his letters, but Mrs. Ransom expects him to soon. Each Monday morning is mail time for a letter from her son.

The announcement Ransom had won the Fulbright scholarship was made by Dr. John Tyler Caldwell, president of the University of Arkansas where Ransom has been working on his master's degree.

The release said the scholarship would enable him to study voice at the Music Academy at Stuttgart, Germany, beginning this fall.

The parents said launching their son on a music career had meant quite a bit of sacrifice to them in paying the bills, but their son stepping toward his goal, was reward enough.

FORT SMITH
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
IMAGES

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

written about

Frederick James Ransom.

In April 1958, he was notified of the grant award for one year's study at the Staatliche Hochschule fuer Musik-Stuttgart State Conservatory of Music in Stuttgart, Germany. He sailed for Germany in September 1958, remaining at the Conservatory as a student until March

1960. While in Europe he performed in opera productions, lived and taught in American Dependent Schools in Paris and Nancy, France.

Returning to the United States in 1962, F. J. enjoyed a long career in the Newark, New Jersey, public school system as a teacher and administrator in music and foreign languages. He performed with the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, the Newark Symphony Orchestra, and in Lincoln Center in New York City. In retirement he traveled many times to Morocco, where he worked with students, assisting them with their entrance exams to various colleges in the United States.

Fred is survived by godson Stephen Wyatt and

a large extended family, including nieces, nephews, and cousins from the Quinn, Caldwell, Miller, Davis, Jones, and Reynolds families. A longtime member of Immaculate Conception Church, Fred was buried in Calvary Cemetery in Fort Smith.

— Carole Barger

This information was gathered during an oral history interview with Frederick James Ransom by Joe Wasson and Carole Barger on September 11, 2008.



Hangin' Times in Fort Smith



By Jerry Akins

John Stansberry Hanged for the Murder of His Wife

*"Stoically He Meets His Fate
and Without a Murmur Dies"*

(The Elevator, July 11, 1890)

On Wednesday, July 9, 1890, the trap of the gallows of the U.S. District Court for the Western District of Arkansas fell for the thirtieth time, sending twenty-seven-year-old John Stansberry to his court-appointed doom. Stansberry had been arrested almost at his wife's graveside on October 14, 1889, the day after her death.

On the night of Sunday, October 13, 1889, John Stansberry rode up to the home of James F. Johnson crying out that his wife had been killed and his house robbed. In the words of Johnson Todd, who lived with the James Johnson family:

Well, the first I knowed, he come to the place where I lived and he called out to Mr. Johnson; he called several times, and said that his wife was killed and his house robbed. Johnson and I went to his house, and his wife was killed, and her brains all out; hit with an ax, and we took his woman to Johnson's, and she died that night some time.

—Hearings before Commissioner James Brizzolara,
October 23, 1889, 10:00 p.m.

Todd went on, under questioning, to describe how Stansberry arrived, the trip to the house, entering the house, the conditions inside the house itself, and the

condition of Mrs. Stansberry.

Q. When you went in what did you find?

A. I found a woman in bed, killed.

Q. Was she dead?

A. No, sir she wasn't quite dead; she had been hit with an ax.

He then answered questions as to the position of the body, where she had been struck and whether the instrument used was sharp or blunt. Todd said she had been struck with the pole of the ax (the pole being the flat or hammer face of a single-bitted ax), the pole was battered from use, and hair, blood, and brains "was sticking to it." The house appeared to have been ransacked, trunks had been dumped out, clothes were strewn about, and a loaded double-barreled shotgun rested across a trunk. Mollie Stansberry was taken to James Johnson's home, where she expired around two or three o'clock Monday morning.

John Stansberry had told others during the night that on Sunday afternoon he had become "tired" (bored) and had gone for a ride on one of his mules. He had become lost during the ride and had arrived home after dark. As he approached his house, his dog ran ahead of him and barked. Sensing that something

was not right, he called out to his wife and heard no answer. Entering the home, he found the situation described by Todd and went for help. He said that as he rode up to his house, he heard what he thought to be as many as three men ride away on horses. Based on Stansberry's story, James Johnson, Johnson Todd, and others went to the crime scene in daylight and looked for tracks of the fleeing parties but found only the prints of Stansberry's own horses and mules. From their testimony, it appears that they had their doubts about Stansberry's story from the beginning, and Grant Johnson, a lawman of some sort in Indian Territory, was summoned. He, too, investigated the scene and, not being able to substantiate Stansberry's story, arrested him at the cemetery that afternoon, immediately after Mollie Stansberry was put in the ground.

John Stansberry married Mollie Eubanks in Newton County, Missouri, in 1885. In the spring of 1889, he went to Indian Territory and became acquainted with James Johnson and others in the area. In August of the same year, he moved his wife and small daughter to the Pottawatomie Nation. In September, while his wife was visiting a neighbor, the child sustained a fatal head injury, supposedly from a fall from a bureau. After that, the Stansberrys moved to the place in the Creek Nation where Mrs. Stansberry was killed. There, Stansberry seems to have decided that he could better his situation by marrying an Indian woman and thereby gain a right in the Territory.

According to the testimony of Rufus Dugan, on the Monday before Mollie's death, Stansberry told him that he was going to "make away with his woman and get him a right there." That night the two men sat talking by the fire after Mollie had gone to bed. Stansberry told Dugan his plan while sitting in the same room where his wife was sleeping. The following Sunday, she was dead.

Shortly after Stansberry's arrest. Deputy Marshal Crowder Nix sent a request for writ to Marshal Yoes at Fort Smith stating that John Stansberry, a white man, killed his wife, and he named four witnesses. The request goes on to say, "We can prove by the above witnesses that he killed his wife on Sunday night, Oct. 13, 1889 fourteen miles west of Eufaula. Deed committed with an ax. No one was present but circumstance evidences is against him very strong. Please forward a writ at once."

On Tuesday, October 22, 1889, Crowder Nix arrived at Fort Smith and lodged Stansberry at "Jailor Pape's Hotel," as the newspaper sometimes referred to it.

Hearings before the commissioner began October 24 and lasted several days, taking depositions from the four witnesses Nix had named and at least four

others. None of the deponents said anything favorable to Stansberry's case. They seemed to have been suspicious of him from the beginning. The fact that his year-old child had died from a head injury about a month before did not help him any. Neither did the fact that his wife was in bed in her nightclothes and there was no blood anywhere except on the pillow and in water in a wash pan. Also, a loaded shotgun that appeared ready for defense seemed inconsistent with a robbery. In addition, he claimed to have been robbed of three \$100 bills, two twenties, and ten dollars in silver, but the week before, he did not have money to pay Rufus Dugan, his hired hand. James Johnson noted that he said his dog had run ahead of him and barked, but he had not mentioned his dog being with him on his "ramble." Supposedly, he had become lost, and after wandering, he had come to a road and given his mule its bridle and let it take him home. On Monday, James Johnson and others had gone to the crime scene, and Johnson had picked up a grip that was lying on the floor, and Stansberry said, "There, that's what I had my money in." The investigating party looked outside for evidence of anyone coming or going from the scene and found only the tracks of Stansberry's mules and horses. The mule he had ridden left a distinctive print, and those prints led only to the river at Stansberry's watering place and back; at no place did they cross the river as he had said he had done.

Further damaging to Stansberry was the testimony of Grant Johnson and Deputy Nix, who claimed to have overheard a conversation between Stansberry and James Johnson while Stansberry was incarcerated at Eufaula. Stansberry asked James Johnson to carry a note to his father in Newton County, Missouri, asking him to testify that he had given Stansberry \$350 and owed him other considerations, the total value being \$1,000. He offered to pay Johnson's expenses for the trip, and the lawmen claimed that he offered to give Johnson a gray horse he owned. Johnson testified that Stansberry did give him a note for his father but that Nix confiscated it. He denied that he was offered any reward other than his expenses. Johnson said that he told Stansberry, "John, that money story was a weak thing." Stansberry replied that he thought "the officers would get out after these fellows for two or three hundred dollars and everything would quiet down."

A true bill was filed November 14, 1889, indicting John Stansberry for the murder of his wife. On January 18, 1890, Frank Blair, attorney with the Barnes, Boudinot and Reed law firm, filed an application for witnesses in Stansberry's behalf, listing a total of thirteen, including a Mrs. Price. Price supposedly lived nearby and on the fatal day had directed two men who had asked her to prepare supper for them to the home of Mrs. Stansberry, who, she told them, would prepare

a meal. Price was not found at the location given, and a later application said that she had moved to another location, and a new subpoena was issued. Price was not located at that place either. On February 18, 1890, a motion for continuance was filed, one of the reasons being that Price had not been found. But on February 27, 1890, the jury found Stansberry guilty after no more than an hour of deliberation.

On March 5, 1890, attorneys Frank P. Blair and Pres. S. Lester filed affidavits in support of a new trial. Blair stated that with the aid of prominent people in the Eufaula area he had located Mrs. Price and that she could supply information favorable to the defendant. Lester, also a member of Barnes, Boudinot and Reed and counsel in the case, stated that on a trip to Muskogee in Indian Territory, he met James Johnson and was told that W. F. Todd was a notorious liar and that he did not search as thoroughly for tracks or evidence as he had testified. On March 18, 1890, a motion for a new trial was filed but apparently to no avail, for on May 1, Stansberry's death warrant was signed by Stephen Wheeler, condemning him to be hanged on Wednesday, July 9, 1890.

Stansberry professed his innocence until the end. In his last days, he seemed to be unconcerned about his fate and never requested the services of any minister. He was visited by Reverend Lutz, and on his last morning on earth was visited by Reverend Dunn. On the gallows, he declined any religious services, saying that it would do no good. Seven minutes after Stansberry walked out the jail doors, the drop fell, and he was sent to his doom.

Because Stansberry maintained his innocence so stalwartly and because the evidence was circumstantial, some believed that an innocent

man might have been hanged. But one month after the execution, on August 8, 1890, *The Elevator* ran this article:

The Guilt of John Stansberry

John Stansberry, the wife murderer, who was convicted and hung on circumstantial evidence, and died professing to be innocent, thus leaving a doubt of his guilt in the minds of some, told his lawyer, Col. Frank Blair, all about the murder before he went to trial, acknowledging to him that he did the killing. He said that he had been out during the afternoon and came back after dark, as he claimed in his defense; that when he returned his wife was asleep on a pallet. In the afternoon she had been talking to him about the death of their child, and he came to the conclusion that it was time to wind up the matter. Accordingly he got the ax and standing over the sleeping form of his wife dealt her the fatal blow. Blair defended the prisoner at the trial ably, and did everything possible to get a favorable verdict, but after the conviction allowed things to take their own course, knowing as he did the terrible guilt of his client. We understand that Mr. Blair related the above facts a few days ago in conversation with some gentlemen at Muskogee.

Obviously, as evidenced by the appeals and affidavits, Blair did not allow "things to take their own course" but tried diligently to get a new trial and presumably a more favorable verdict.

John Stansberry was the sixty-fourth man executed during Judge Parker's administration and the seventy-first of eighty-six who would be executed during the existence of the U.S. District Court for the Western District of Arkansas.

Sources

National Archives, *The Fort Smith Weekly Elevator*

Frank and Earnest



USED WITH PERMISSION OF BOB THAVES

1911 Newspapers

THE SOUTHWEST AMERICAN

January-June 1911
by Wincie Hendricks

Abstracted from microfilm
in the Fort Smith Public Library.

Editor's note: Most spelling, punctuation and grammar
appear as printed in *The Southwest American*.

January 3, 1911

FAMOUS CHIEF'S BONNET

Geronimo's Fancy Head-piece at Will Wirsing's

There is an exhibition at Will Wirsing's Garrison avenue sporting goods store the fancy bonnet that was worn by the late Indian Chief, Geronimo. Before his death he gave it to another chief who succeeded him, but the successor was superstitious and presented the headpiece to a friend.

It finally found its way to Fort Smith and is attracting general attention in the show window of Wirsing's store.

January 4, 1911

ARKANSAS RIVER IS FROZEN, FIRST TIME IN A DOZEN YEARS Stream is solid piece of ice from bank to bank-Skates being resurrected-Mercury two above.

For the first time in twelve years Fort Smith people can enjoy the pleasure of ice skating.

The Arkansas river at the foot of Garrison avenue is frozen over solidly and a number of lovers of the sport dug up their skates yesterday afternoon and enjoyed themselves. If the weather continues cold there will probably be a large number out this afternoon and tonight.

The only objectionable feature to skating on the

Arkansas is the fine sand which covers the ice dulls the skates and makes it a little difficult to skate. It is probable the skaters will get together today and have the ice swept. The quality of the ice is excellent and with the sand dust removed it will be as smooth as glass.

The ice was thoroughly tested last night and as long as the temperature is below freezing appears to be perfectly safe. With last night's freeze there ought be no danger at all. However a slight wetting as the water is very shallow.

The weather bureau's thermometer at 6 o'clock yesterday morning registered two degrees above zero, the coldest of the present winter.

On the previous morning the mercury descended to seven above zero and was the season's best record up to that time. Colder weather is promised this morning.

The heating systems were working in good order in all local public schools yesterday except the one at the high school. The high school students were dismissed for the morning but sessions were held in the afternoon.

February 24, 1911

GENERAL CABELL PROMINENT HERE Well Known Man, War Veteran Who Died in Texas, is Former Resident of this City

Many of the old citizens of Fort Smith will remember Gen. W. L. Cabell who passed away Wednesday night in Dallas, Texas, at the ripe age of 84. Previous to the opening of the Civil War, General Cabell, then a captain in the United States Army, was stationed with his command at the old Fort Smith military post.

When the bloody strife began he resigned his commission in the army and espoused the cause of the South with all the power of his virile nature and military training.

He saw valiant service in many hard campaigns, both in the army of Virginia and in the Trans-Mississippi department. He rose to the rank of brigadier general, and while campaigning with Gen.

Price in Missouri near the close of the war was made a prisoner.

When peace was declared he was still a prisoner of war in a northern fortress. For several years after the war he again made Fort Smith his home.

Commanded Forces Here

General Cabell commanded the Confederate forces in this part of Arkansas at the time of the evacuation of Fort Smith in 1863. In later years and up to a recent date he was the commander of the United Confederate Veterans of the Trans-Mississippi department, with headquarters at Dallas. General Cabell's son, Duval, is a first lieutenant in the United States army. He visited relatives here this week and was en route to join his command at Indianapolis when apprised of the death of his distinguished father.

General Cabell's wife, who died some 15 years ago, was the eldest daughter of the late Major Elias Rector, one of the most notable men of the early days in Western Arkansas and for many years a resident of Fort Smith.

His remains now lie in the Rector burying ground just east of this city. Elias Rector of the First National bank is a brother of the late Mrs. Cabell, and there are other relatives here. The remains of Gen. Cabell will be laid to rest at Dallas, by the side those of his estimable wife.

April 20,1911

SEEK SALE OF KRONE ESTATE

In chancery court Wednesday a suit was filed praying for the sale of a portion of the Krone estate, and the distribution of the proceeds among the co-owners.

The sale is asked for on the ground that the property is not susceptible of division. The plaintiffs in the suit are Mrs. R. C. Duffie, Mrs. E. L. Porter, Mrs. Henry Grasse and Miss Agnes Oglesby. The defendants are C. A. Krone and J. H. Krone.

The property in question comprises the east half of lot 27, on the south side of Garrison avenue and fronting 25 feet on the avenue; all of the rear of lot 27; lot 8, block 501, Reserve addition; factional lots 9, 10, 11 and all of lot 12, in fractional block 5, Fitzgerald's addition.

The petition sets up that each plaintiff is the owner of a one-sixth interest and each defendant a similar interest derived by inheritance from Mary A. Krone, except that the plaintiff Agnes Oglesby purchased the interest of Rosa Baker, a daughter of Mary A. Krone.

May 6,1911

PEARL STARR IS GIVEN ONE YEAR Fort Smith Resort Keeper and Employee are Convicted of Theft

Another case of interest that was disposed of was the State against Pearl Andrews, better known as Pearl Starr.

She was tried yesterday on a charge of receiving stolen property. The evidence showed that a store at Winslow was robbed last fall and that shortly afterward a trunk was shipped from Pearl Starr's Winslow home to her resort at Fort Smith. Mamie McDonald, who was an employee of Pearl Starr, had the check for the trunk. The trunk was seized at the resort by Fort Smith officers and some of the stolen goods found in it.

Pearl Andrews claimed that she had no knowledge of the presence of the stolen goods in the trunk. The case went to the jury about 10 o'clock last night, and this morning a verdict was returned giving both women a year in the penitentiary.

They appeared in court this morning and both were sentenced by Judge Maples. Pearl Starr is represented by Miner & Miner of Fort Smith. They gave notice of appeal and the bond was made today by Fort Smith parties.

June 4,1911

LINCOLN HIGH COMMENCEMENT

The seventeenth annual commencement of Lincoln High School was held last night at the Grand opera house, which was crowded with friends of school and pupils.

The program opened with a chorus, "Praise Ye," followed by an invocation by Rev. W. M. Jones.

The salutatory address was delivered by Wm. F. Jones and was a dignified presentation of the honor. Pearl L. Sterns gave "The Progress of English Literature." Alpha Davidson "The Road to Success," J. R. Marrison "Ambition," Mable Trammell "Our Life's Work," Sarah J. Quails, "The True and the False," Arizona Storms "Fame," Tom L. Coleman, "Not Who But What," L. B. Bolin the valedictory "Opportunity," and an address by Dr. S. W. Marrison.

Menry Bonner rendered a solo and Miss Florence Vick a musical selection. Miss Florence Clark also gave a solo.

United States District Judge F. A. Youmans awarded the diplomas and the program closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Jones.

Book Review

Lost Among the Ghosts of History Velda Brotherton's *'The Boston Mountains'*

By Loren Gruber

It is through Velda Brotherton's latest book that we meet the real people who settled the Boston Mountains of the Arkansas Ozarks. She resurrects the old times as we tour the old towns, some dead, some dying, some prospering. She introduces us to the tenacious settlers who invested the region with its present-day character.

Supplementing her image-rich prose in *The Boston Mountains*, Brotherton's photographs capture those people, their homes, and towns that otherwise would be lost to all but family albums and fading pictures in historical archives.

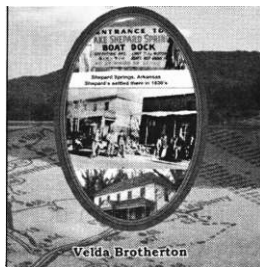
As she loses herself in the Boston Mountains, Brotherton takes the time to interview the descendants of the every — day Davy Crocketts and Daniel Boones who settled the Old Southwest. They planted themselves in the rich soil and grew crops never before imagined. They drank purer water and breathed purer air than they had ever known.

Brotherton's love for people, their places, and their histories is apparent on every page of *The Boston Mountains*. Drawing us into her world of times past and times present, she says, "The past whispers of secrets long kept, hushed murmurs that embrace me as I walk among the tumbled headstones in a long abandoned cemetery, place



BROTHERTON

*The Boston Mountains
Lost in the Ozarks*



***The Boston
Mountains:
Lost in the Ozarks***

By Velda Brotherton
Old American
Publishing Co., 2010
Houston, Texas
ISBN: 978-0-818068-4-6

my hand on the trunk of a splendid maple that has shaded the ancient Ozark soil for a century or more, and turn my face to catch the kiss of afternoon sunlight that fires great oaks into a golden glow."

Brotherton begins *The Boston Mountains: Lost in the Ozarks* with the history of the region, drawn not only from her first-hand observations of the region but also from historical documents. For example, we learn why Sequoyah, creator of the Cherokee written language, was called "pig in hiding."

After providing a brief history of the Boston Mountain region, Brotherton invites us to tour with her. As she says, "This is not a history book, but a book of the people who lived our history." She does so in what could be deemed a travelogue, written with a deft touch, a delicate hand that makes it easy to be "lost in the Ozarks."

Brotherton writes of the "nobodies" who are the important "somebodies." They enriched the region, as well as each other's lives, often with main force and awkwardness in less-than-idyllic circumstances.

We learn of others in history, such as Nathaniel "Texas Jack" Reed who escaped the noose of Fort Smith's Hanging Judge Isaac Parker. We shiver at the mention of the legendary "stranger on a black horse." We chuckle at the odd names like Bugscuffle Road. Brotherton tells us of schools named Who'd A Thought It and Papa Gimme Nickel. She tells us why a town came to be called Hog Eye.

Throughout *The Boston Mountains*, I am there. When Brotherton visits Chapel School District No. 160, she writes, "But on this day, as I stand in the doorway of the eerily silent school house, I hear the clip-clop of horses' hooves. It's probably a couple of Henson boys riding in on horseback. And there come the Preston and Miller kids threading their way toward us through knee-high clumps of meadow grass. But with a second look, all is still, the only sound the chatter of the creek harmonizing with birdsong and a vivid imagination. I must have eavesdropped on the past, not an uncommon thing at all."

As one who has spent many years living in the geologic Ozarks, it is a pleasure to tour with Velda Brotherton. I see new places through her sharp eyes, hear the voices of the Boston Mountain residents, and revisit places where my travels have taken me.

Loren Gruber is a freelance writer, professor of English, and professor of Mass Communication at Missouri Valley College in Marshall, Missouri.

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NOTES:	#	- some sort of graphic is used, other than a portrait.
	*	- a portrait of the person(s) named is on page indicated.
	(- - -)	- for such as title, marital status, degree, etc.
	"- - -"	- for nickname or special emphasis.
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	(gp)	- group picture
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Find the links listed below to aid your research!

Arkansas Stories—A site dedicated to the stories, studies and songs from Arkansas' past, Arkansas' future.

Arkansas Freedmen of the Frontier—The African-American experience in northwest Arkansas is chronicled here. It has a lot of great links and information.

Arkansas Historical Association—The mission of the Arkansas Historical Association is to promote the preservation, writing, publishing, teaching, and understanding of Arkansas history through the publication of the *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* as well as other activities.

Arkansas History Commission and State Archives—The Arkansas History Commission is one of the oldest existing state agencies in The Natural State and Arkansas' official state archives are maintained by the commission.

Black Men Who Rode For Parker—A site dedicated to the African-American deputy marshals who enforced the law in the federal court district of western Arkansas and Oklahoma. Judge Isaac Parker presided over the district in the late nineteenth century.

Center for Local History and Memory—The Center for Local History and Memory at the University of Arkansas-Fort Smith grew out of student-faculty efforts in 1997 to collect oral history interviews to document the first seventy years of the college.

Arkansas Civil War Sites—The Arkansas Civil War Sesquicentennial Commission website with information on Arkansas' participation in the 150th anniversary of our country's struggle with itself

The Encyclopedia of Arkansas History and Culture—The Encyclopedia of Arkansas Project is proud to present these initial entries.

Fort Smith Trolley Museum—For more than 20 years. Fort Smith's trolley museum has worked to educate people about transportation history, restore and maintain antique trolley cars, and even give riders a trip back in time in those streetcars.

Fort Smith Museum of History—The Fort Smith Museum of History acquires, preserves, exhibits and interprets objects of historical significance relevant to the founding and growth of Fort Smith and the region.

Fort Smith Air Museum—Located at the Fort Smith Airport; the museum is a treasure trove of facts

and artifacts that tell the story of Fort Smith's aviation history. Our readers might also enjoy this site on The History of Flight, submitted by one of our readers (Tony, a history researcher and student of Ms. Brooke Pierce in Delaware)—the site provides a fantastic time line that breaks down the early history of flight in America.

Historic Fort Smith—A page containing some general information about Fort Smith history, heritage tourism in the city and links to other sites.

Oak Cemetery—A recognized National Historic Landmark with more than 152 years of history is home to the burial sites of outlaws hanged by order of Judge Isaac C. Parker, marshals, deputy marshals, an Arkansas governor, fifteen mayors of Fort Smith, and the founder of Fort Smith, John Rogers.

The Old State House Museum of Arkansas History—Set in the oldest surviving state capitol west of the Mississippi; it houses a multimedia museum of Arkansas history with a special emphasis on women's history, political history and special programming for children.

Richard C. Butler Center for Arkansas Studies—The Center for Arkansas Studies proudly presents what we hope will one day become the premier online resource for historical information related to Arkansas.

South Sebastian County Historical Society—The South Sebastian County Historical Society, located in Greenwood, Arkansas, is an excellent resource on the history and landmarks of the area.

Wikipedia Entry for Fort Smith—The online, user-created encyclopedia has a descriptive entry about the largest city in western Arkansas.

More Genealogical Links

Fort Smith Library Genealogy Department—One of the greatest resources of local genealogical information to be found in the city. The Fort Smith Public Library is also a frequent gathering place of local historians and history buffs.

Crawford County, AR cemeteries—A rich genealogical resource for Van Buren and Crawford County.

LeFlore County, OK Genealogy—Find birth and death records in support of your genealogical searches involving LeFlore County, Oklahoma.