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Canright, Solomon, 1842-
[s.l.]: [s.n.], [unpublished]

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JUN 23 1952

Waukesha County Historical Society

WAR DIARY
OF
SOLOMON CANRIGHT,
WAUKESHA, WIS;
CO. A, 28th WIS. VOLUNTEERS
1863 and 1865

Copied from files of
Waukesha County Historical Society Museum.

November 15, 1951.

WAR DIARY OF SOLOMON CANRIGHT
WAUKESHA
CO. A, 28th Wis. Volunteers.

The 28th Regt. Wis. Vol., Col. J. Lewis commanding. Left Camp Washburn for the seat of war. We moved into Chicago at night or at dark, and were marched to the Ill. Central depot where we waited until about 11 o'clock and all got under way and went with lightning speed over the Ill. prairies. We arrived in ~~Carro~~ on the evening of the 22nd and then hustled aboard the steamer David Tabyin (?) and soon we were floating down the Father of Waters and at the break of dawn we landed. We found the place very that Col. and the Captain with him... ordered on ~~to~~.....first rebel hunt in the town.....(Repetition)

We found the place when we landed at Columbus, Ky., with real excitement, even to a report that Col. Lewis was going to attack the town. We were immediately on board the boat anent on our first rebel hunt at Union City, a small town, but no rebs. The next morning we returned to Columbus. The next day we took the steamer "Black Hawk" down the River to Jackson where we destroyed two gun.

Feb. 23, 1863. After waiting and waiting we have, at last, received pay from Uncle Sam up to the 1st of November. We expected to receive about 4 months' pay but we are very well satisfied. We intend to live now as long as our money lasts. We received orders or dress parade to prepare ourselves to leave on the morrow. The Col. said we were going into danger but he hoped we would behave as men.

Feb. 24, 1863. On board the Steamer Diana. We entered Yazoo Pass about 3 o'clock p.m. The Pass is about 6 miles below Helena. It is a small stream which is entered by cutting the levee away and letting the waters of the Miss. rush through. We made about 5 miles to-day.

Feb. 25, 1863. It has rained all day. We are making very slow progress. The River is so very crooked and narrow that it is almost impossible to get along.

Feb. 27, It is a very fine day. We are tied up for all day, to wait until gun boats go ahead.

Feb. 29 To-day is the last of winter. We have been slowly making our way down Yazoo Pass. We cannot go more than five miles a day on account of the river being narrow and crooked. When we will get to one's journey it is impossible to decide. We have blockaded our decks in case we are attacked by the rebels But I do not think there is much danger. If we are attacked I will try and do my duty to my country. We expect to enter Coldwater River tonight.

Sunday, March 1, We are still in the Yazoo Pass. We made about 5 miles. We have to tie up about every 40 rods. I will be glad when we get out of this awful country. There is nothing to be seen all along the Pass but swamp lands, overflowed with the waters of the Miss. Once in a while we pass a large plantation which looks very cheering to us. I wrote a letter to Em this morning. This P.M., our Chaplain preached us a sermon from the text "What must I do to be Saved."

March 2, We left Yazoo Pass and entered Coldwater River. We had just entered the River when the steamer ran into a tree and stove in our wheel-house which made us tie up for all day. The report has come that Genl. Jackson is at Yazoo City with 30,000 men prepared to receive in true rebel style. There are 3 ironclads and one mortar gone by us today. I suppose they are going ahead to keep the road clear.

Mar. 3rd. This morning we received permission to go on shore and do some cooking. I, with 5 or 6 others went on shore but, instead of cooking we made tracks for the Steamer Citizen which lay about half a mile up stream and had aboard a sutler from whom we wished to make some purchases. After we had waited about an hour we succeeded in getting a guard and went on board. When we returned we found the Diana had moved down the River leaving us behind but we got a boat and were soon on board,

While on board the Citizen the body of a negro was brought down in a blanket and taken to the shore and thrown into a hole, without even a box to be in. It appears that the negro had come across a barrel of sugar and ate so much as to cause his death. The remarks that were made on the occasion showed how little is thought of the niggers. Some said they guessed he would eat no more sugar; others that it was good enough for the old niger and others said that they hoped all the niggers would be served the same way.

Friday, March 6, 1863. For three days we have been moving down the Coldwater. It is quite a fine river and, on the shore, there are many fine plantations and as we passed along the negroes crowded down to the banks to see how the horned Yankees looked. One old darkey came down who was very anxious to buy some tobacco. We inquired why they did not raise some for themselves. He said he would if we would let him stay long enough to raise some. We told him he should not be disturbed at which he seemed very much pleased and began to dance a jig.

March 7, We entered Talachie River last night. It is about as large as the White River, Ark. The woods, on either side are all overflowed with water making it present a very dismal appearance. Our Major said this morning that it was about 130 miles to Yazoo River where the rebels are aching to see us come. It rained last night but to-day it is cold and cloudy. We have just passed a peach tree in full bloom.

March 10. It is just two weeks today since we came on board the boat and there is no prospect of our getting off as yet. For 3 days we have moved down the Talachie. We have passed some splendid plantations but no white men were to be seen. We asked the darkies where Massa was and all the answer we got was "gone down the river." The darkies appear to be glad to see us. They all came down to the bank and cheered us as we passed. Occasionally we saw a white woman

but they were about as scarce as chickens' teeth. A white woman down here is about as much of a curiosity and does us about as much good to see one as a good dinner. Yesterday we passed plantations where the cotton was all burning up. We supposed it had been set on fire by the rebels. Today it is very rainy. Our quarters are worse than any pigpen ought to be. Tomorrow we expect to enter the Yazoo.

March 11. Today we halted at a large plantation where we found plenty of forage both for man and beast. While we were waiting at the plantation word was brought that the rebels had fired into an ironclad about three miles below where we were. So we were ordered ashore in light marching order and were sent ahead in order to come in on their rear. We had marched about two miles when--WHIZ--went a cannon ball right over our heads and then, another, through the tree tops making a noise like so many demons. At last there came one whizzing along and struck a tree about 20 rods ahead of us. We were then ordered to file right and form in line of battle, but the rebels changed fire from us to our Gun boats. They sent a shell into the port-hole and hit a shell which our men were about to put into their gun, which made both explode and killed three men, wounded 14 more. Our Gun boats then retreated back to our transports and we were ordered to advance about a mile where we halted, stacked arms,, and laid ourselves down with our accoutrements on in order to be prepared for action in case we were attacked; but we remained undisturbed till morning. This is our first sight of the rebels and we have come to the conclusion that they handle their rifle balls very careless. It is impossible for us to decide how strong their entrenchments are, or what their number is. I suppose we attack them tomorrow morning

March 12. Deployed as skirmishers on the banks of the Talachie. We supposed, yesterday, that we would attack the rebels in their stronghold but instead of that we were ordered to find a good tree to jump behind in case we were attacked.. So here we are--some lying behind trees and some behind logs waiting for the rebels, to come, when my opinion is they are either receiving re-enforcements or are skedaddling. It would not do for use to take any advantage of them by pitching into them.

March 13 On board the Steamer Diane. We slept on board the steamer last night. Early this morning we were roused from our slumber and ordered to get ready in light marching order. We marched about 2 miles when we halted and remained there about four hours when we were ordered to retreat back about one mile so as to be out of range of the rebel guns. At 11 o'clock our gun boats and mortar opened on their fortifications. The fire was returned some time with spirit but they grew less and less and, at last, entirely ceased. Whether they are coming or not to surrender is a question to be decided.

We were held as a reserve force to go and storm them out if our gun boats did not succeed but we were not called for and, at sundown, we marched back to the boat.

Saturday, March 14. Our Company were left to guard the boat while the rest of the Regt. went on picket. We had to clean the boat which kept us busy all the forenoon. In the afternoon I wrote a letter to Em.

Our Regt. attempted to storm the batteries but could not reach it in conveyance of the water. Our mortar threw a few shells among them. That is all the fighting we have had to-day.

Sunday, March 15. In camp on the banks of the Talachie. This morning we were ordered to pitch tents. We are to wait until reinforcements come before we attack them again. This P.M. I went to a meeting on an artificial hill about 40 ft. high, with peach trees growing around the sides and in full bloom makes it present a grand appearance. We had preaching by the Chaplain of the 29th Iowa Regt. When he had finished Genl. Fisk made some good remarks. I think he is a very fine man. He has got a fine woman, too. She is both good-looking and smart. She follows her husband through thick and thin. It did me good to hear her voice mingled with the rough notes of the soldiers. It made me think of home. That meeting was the best I have attended since I left Wisconsin. I will always remember it as the best Sabbath in the South.

Wednesday, March 18, Yesterday morning we were ordered on board the Diana. Went up the river about a mile when we landed and marched down nearly opposite the ..Fort. where we halted and the 33rd Indiana Regt. went ahead as skirmishers. But they soon returned and said there were no rebels there. So we marched back to camp. To-day I wrote a letter to Justin Deveneau (?) It is very hot to-day.

March 20. On board the Steamer Diane. Last night we were ordered aboard the Diane and this morning we commenced a glorious retreat up stream. Whither we are bound for or what their object is in leaving is more than I can tell. We are all going back in double quick time. At the rate we are going we will be back in three days and we were two weeks in coming which shows that we are better in a retreat than an advance

March 21. We had got as far as Coldwater River when we met reinforcements under Genl. Quimby coming down to help us. We were then ordered to turn back. I suppose we are going to take the fort. Such a foolish piece of business I never saw. Why did we not wait for the reinforcements to come instead of going to meet them?

March 23, It is a very rainy day. I have got my tent pitched on the hurrican deck of the Diana and the rain pours down without. I was sitting in my tents taking notes by the way. We are almost back at our old camp ground. I think there is a good chance for having a fight. The rebels fired into the Lady Jackson this morning wounding one man.

March 24. We arrived at our old camp ground last night. This morning our Regt. was sent out on picket duty. One company were left behind as guard for the boats. 14 rebel prisoners were brought into camp to-day. They were a hard looking set. They had on every variety of dress and looked rather dirty for white men.

March 25. Companies A, B, and C went ten miles up the river on a foraging expedition. We got four head of cattle, a boat load of rails and some corn fodder. We then returned feeling rather tired after carrying rails all day. When we came back we went ashore and pitched tents on our old camp ground that we left a week ago.

March 27. We were routed out at 3 o'clock this morning and hurried on board the Steamer Moderator. We went 20 miles up stream and then landed. Co. B. was sent in a crossroad so as to find any rebels that might be there while we kept the direct road to McNut, a small town, about 10 miles from where we landed and the headquarters of Forest Guerillas who were as mean a set of rascals as ever trod shoe leather. They would come out and fire on our transports and then skedaddle. Well, we had not gone more than 2 miles before we came across five of the rebels on horseback who had been routed out by Co. B and in trying to escape from them they ran upon us. We ordered them to surrender and they, seeing what a determined set of looking men we were, dismounted on the spot and were marched back to the boat. One of them was a Lieut. and one was a small boy, not more than 14 years old.

We arrived at Ft. McNut about noon but no rebels were to be seen, they all having skedaddled when they heard the gallant 28th were after them. We had no sooner got into the town when our Col. gave orders that if any of us strayed from the ranks he should be sent back to the boat under guard. So there we had to stay while the officers went round and gobbled everything they wanted. We stayed there about 2 hours and then started back for the boat where we arrived, just dark, and almost tired to death. It was the hardest day's work I have done in Dixie. I should not have minded it so much if we could have gobbled anything, but for us to do all the work and the officers reap all the benefits I thought was rather tough. We laid down on the floor and slept till morning when we returned to camp. On our road to McNut we passed a large field of corn up about ten inches.

April 3. Last night 5 Co.'s of our Regt. were ordered to get themselves ready for picket. When we were in line 20 spades were given to each company and then we understood we were to act the part of Ladies (?) instead of soldiers. We were marched to within 80 rods of the rebels and were then set at work, throwing up earthworks for protection of our cannon. We worked from 9 to 3 in the morning without hardly a loud word being spoken or the rebels suspecting we were there. The 28th were too smart for them that time.

Sunday, April 5. Last night our Regt. was ordered out on picket. We staid until 3 o'clock in the morning when we returned to where our camp was but it had all disappeared. We were then ordered on board the Diana where we found all our things had been carried on and they were just waiting for us before starting up-stream. We started about 5 o'clock and by sunrise the whole expedition was making a second glorious retreat. What we are going back for is more than I could tell. We have done less this time than we did before, for we did give them a taste of our shells that time and now we are going back, without even exchanging a shot with them. Where we will go now is more than I can tell. We may go up the Miss. or we may go down. We will go where we can do the least good, I am sure of that for our officers appear to see how much expense they can be to the government without doing her any good.

April 7. We had an election on board and I cast my first vote for Circuit Judge. We passed the wreck of the Steamer Senilla, which had been stove in and sunk before she could be unloaded. We arrived to within one mile of Moon Lake where we tied up for the night. Early next morning we were again on our way and by 9 o'clock we were at Helena.

April 9. I have just come off picket duty. I had no sooner got back than we were ordered to strike tents and move to a better place. We got through about noon and were just going to pitch tents when the officers came round and told us they had found a better place for us so we had to march about two miles farther where we had the pleasure of pitching tents in a rain storm.

Diary jumps dates to 1865.

~~January 1, 1865~~ This is our land and last New Year in Dixie. I went to meeting at the Methodist Church.

Jan. 2. Was detailed to go in the woods and chop logs. Worked hard all day.

Jan. 4. Came off the picket in the morning. Had a very hard time. It was so cold it was impossible to get warm.....I tried to do was to set around the fire and tell stories.

Jan. 11 . This is my 23rd birthday to-day. I am getting to be quite an old man. By the time I am out of service I will be 24 years old. I don't know what I will do for a living. It is time I begun to lay up something for old age but I will hope for the best and save my money so that when I get out of the service I shall have something to begin with. I am on guard duty to-day but I'll sleep to-night.

Jan. 13. I was detached this morning to go as a guard for a lumber train. We have been seven miles in the country over some of the worst roads I ever saw. We had to act the part of mules half the time in order to get out of the mud and we got back about as tired as we could be.

Jan. 14. In the forenoon I done my washing. In the afternoon we had batallion drill.

Jan. 16. Chopped wood all day. In the evening I wrote a letter to my mother.

Jan. 17. I went on picket yesterday morning and then to a regimental inspection. We were not released until one o'clock this afternoon. I came in feeling about as tired and hungry as I could well be.

Jan. 18. Worked on fortifications all day and worked hard for a soldier boy.

Jan. 20th. The 28th was inspected by Genl. Renigold. The General is an old man but he is a good soldier, and General.In the afternoon I was attached to work with the Quartermaster.

Jan. 21. We have received marching orders and are to start tomorrow at 2 a.m. to go we know not where. Our Col. said we had a hard march ahead and we must make the best of it..

Feb. 5, 1865. We got back last night from one of the hardest marches we have yet seen. We left here on the morning of the 22nd. The expedition consisted of six Regts. of Infantry, 1500 cavalry and one battery of Artillery all under control of Genl. Carr (?). We marched

8 miles the first day and at night we were detailed on picket. It commenced snowing a short time after we were picketed and snowed most of the night. It was rather rough for men standing in the post for two or three hours without an overcoat to keep us warm but we made ourselves as comfortable as possible and the next morning we started on our way. On the night of the 28th we went into camp near our old house at Pine Bluff. We staid there over night and early in the morning we left for Mount Elbe..... where we arrived..... and went into camp... and then had to go over a pontoon bridge on the road to Camden.

We stayed at Mount Elba two days waiting for the Cavalry transport. They came in on the evening of the 29th, bringing along prisoners... .. The next morning we started for Pine Bluff where we arrived on the morning of the 21st. We were awakened in the night by the rain..... Started on our way to Little Richmond..... and had a hard time...there was so much mud..... We made camp after dark, wet and hungry.. Our hardtack was in pieces but were glad to get that as we had nothing to eat since evening We ate some new-fangled bread and then laid down... told to get what help we could with the rain pouring down on us and am not fond of water under me. The next morning we started without the command.....

..... were ordered there and then started for Little Rock and arrived in the evening of the 5th of Feb. but as tired and dirty a looking as are not often seen. We were then gone seventeen days--going and coming 160 miles It has been hard work..... then marched to Mount Elba with fifty other.....

Feb. 9. We are still in Little Rock expecting every minute to receive marching orders. I have been at work, all day, chopping wood and I feel quite tired and hungry but we have nothing to eat now is there any signs of our getting any. Little Rock has been the worst place rations we have been in as yet.

Feb. 10. The long looked for orders have at last come. We are to leave tomorrow morning on the cars for Duvall's Bluff. From there we go on a boat bound, I suppose, for New Orleans. I have sent some things home and the remainder I have packed in my knapsack. It looks terrible heavy for a little fellow to tote but I guess I can stand it.

Feb. 11, 1865. We were drummed out at 3 o'clock this morning and marched to the cars where we were crammed in together so close it was almost impossible to move. A keg of beer was then rolled in and at 6 o'clock we took a farewell look at Little Rock and were going as fast as steam could carry us to Duvall's Bluff.

Hardly had we got under way before the boys burst the keg of beer and after drinking all they wanted threw the remainder overboard. By the time we got to the Bluff the boys felt pretty merry.

When we arrived at the Bluff we found the steamer "Sir William Wallace" waiting to carry us down the River. We were soon on board, Co. A occupying the hurrican deck. We had just got under way when we saw a Co. B boy running along the bank trying to get us to stop and take him on board. As he was running along he fell into a pool of water and I am afraid the poor fellow was drowned for the boys from the Bluff had not rescued him when we left.

At 12 o'clock we passed what was once the village of Clareston(?) but not a house was to be seen, all having been burnt to the ground. We went to within 30 miles of St. Charles and then tied up for the night.

Feb. 12. We started early this morning on our way down the River. It has been a very pleasant day for boat travelling and I enjoy it very

well. The first thing that we saw that was of any interest to us was a large black bear on the bank of the River, poking his head through the cane-break and looking as though he would like to make our acquaintance.

At 10 o'clock we passed the steamer *Commercera* and *Paragon* bound for Duvall's Bluff. We passed St. Charles this forenoon and found it much changed from what it was two years ago when we were there. It is now held as a military post. It is now 3 o'clock and we have just passed a stream that connects the Ark. and White Rivers and is known as the cut-off. We expect to stay at the mouth of the White River tomorrow, I mean tonight, and in the morning start on down the Mississippi.

Feb. 14. On board the steamer *T. C. Swan*. On the night of the 12th we reached the mouth of the White River and were ordered on shore where we encamped for the night. In the morning camps A, B, D, and I were put on board the *T. C. Swan* and at 8 o'clock we were on our way down the River. All the places of importance we saw yesterday were Napoleon and Ganges Landing. With these exceptions there was nothing to be seen but the low bottom lands of the Miss. We run all night last night. It was a cold, rainy night. Bert and myself made our bed on a pile of corn in the lower deck and we managed to keep quite comfortable.

When we awoke this morning we were at Millican's Bend. We passed the house where Genl. Grant had his headquarters before his attack on Vicksburg. At 11 o'clock we came to the celebrated city of Vicksburg. It has been rightly named, "The Gibraltar of America." The city is on a side hill which has a gradual slope to the River. It is surrounded by hills on which the rebs. had had their fortifications and batteries which extend quite a distance in the country. The streets of the city are, a great many of them, cut through hills, which makes high banks on each side. Into these banks the Rebs dug holes for their wives and children to stay in while the fighting was going on. The city is now held by negro troops.

Feb. 15. Left Vicksburg last night at 6 o'clock and kept moving all night.. At 12 o'clock to-day we passed the city of Natchez. The city is situated on a high bluff so that it was impossible for us to see what sort of a city it was.

Feb. 16. Passed Baton Rouge, the capital of La., last night. In the morning we found ourselves passing through some of the most splendid country I ever beheld. From Baton Rouge to New Orleans it is but one continuation of splendid Plantations and dwelling houses. As far as the eye can see on either side of the River it is just like a garden. The houses of the planters are surrounded by all kinds of shrubbery and orange trees were to be seen loaded down with ripe oranges. It looked splendid and we enjoyed the ride very much.

At 5 o'clock in the evening we were at the great city of New Orleans. We found ships, gun-boats and Gulf Steamers anchored in the River which made it look like a seaport city. We were landed on the opposite side of the River in a small town, called Algiers. We have had no chance to look through the city of New Orleans but from what we can see from this side of the River, I think it is a splendid place.

Feb. 17. We drew dog tents last night and we have got them pitched on a fine grassy lawn. They are just high enough to crawl into but they are better than nothing. The weather is just like a Wis. summer. We have washed up and are now ready to get at something else. We are to have dress parade at 4 o'clock.

Feb. 19. A very fine day but no one would know it was a Sabbath morning for all the stores are open and as much business done here in Algiers as on any other day. Billy Campion and myself took a walk through the town. It is a dirty, sickly place.

Feb. 20. We have received orders to be ready to leave tomorrow bound, I suppose for Mobile. We are ordered to send everything home but what we are going to carry with us. I am going to send a few things and among them this book so this will be the last I will write in it.

Solomon Canright.

FROM SOLOMON CANRIGHT'S DIARY, 186 1863-1865

DEATHS IN CO. A., 28th WIS. REGT. VOL. 1862

Peter E. V. Gillit	Died 1862	at Camp Washburn,	Nov. 30
Anson E. Bailly	" 1863	" Helena, Ark.,	Feb. 28
Joseph Hannah,	" "	at Lamb's Plantation,	
		Helena, Ark,	Feb. 9
George C. Jeffery,	" "	" " " "	Mar. 6
C. H. Churchill,	" "	" " " "	Mar. 8
Henry Baner	" "	Memphis, Tenn. #	31,
Samuel Carver,	" "	on Board Steamer St. Louis,	
		Apr, 8,	
John Williams,	" "	at Helena, Ark.,	Apr. 12
Herman Rose,	" "	" Memphis, Tenn.	" 20,
Albert Howard,	" "	" Helena, Ark.	Mar. 17
Fred Gripps,	" "	" " "	Apr. 17
Clark H. Wildish,	" "	" " "	Aug. 21
Francis H. Churchill,	" "	" Waukesha, Wis.	Sep. 11,
James I. Reed,	" "	" Memphis, Tenn.	Sep. 11,
Jacob Harrison,	" "	" " "	Sep. 20
William Swan,	" "	" " "	Oct. 30,
Nathan Brooks,	" "	" Mound City, Ill	Aug. 4,
G. T. Alexander,	" 1864	Pine Bluff, Ark	April 27,
C. Tack,	" "	Little Rock, Ark	Apr. 18,
I Woodcock,	" "	Pine Bluff " "	Aug. 3
C. D. Luce,			

DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY

CO. A., 28th Wis. Regt.

P. Phillips,	Discharged,	Dec. 3, 1863
H. G. Mead,	"	Apr. 4, "
G. H. Daubner,	"	Apr. 8, "
James Barnes,	"	May 8, "
John Young,	"	May 21, "
O. S. Mead,	"	May 9 "
George Bense	"	--
George H. Holms		

DESERTED IN CO. A, 28th WIS. REGT. VOL.

Burr S. Cook,	in Camp Washburn,	Oct. 11, 1862
Charles Phillips	" Helena, Ark	Jan. 25, 1863
Charles Larkin,	" " "	" " "
Corp. Werter S. Smith,	at Waukesha,	May -----

U. S. PRICE LIST OF CLOTHING COMMENCING NOV. 12, 1863

Hat	1.65	
Feather	.15	
Cord & Tassel	.12	
Eagle	.02	
Bugle	.03	
Cap	.58	
Dress Coat	7.00	
Infantry Pants	2.50	
Cavalry Pants	3.65	
Flannel Sack Coats,	unlined	2.35
" " "	Lined,	3.12
Flannel Shirts		1.53
Knit Shirts		1.28
Flannel Drawers		.90
Knit Drawers		1.04
Socks		.32
Sewed Shoes		2.05
Pegged Shoes		1.48
Overcoats		7.50
Woolen Blankets		3.25
Rubber "		2.48
Poncho		2.75
Knapsack complete		1.85
Haversack, Plain		.33
" Painted		.48
Cantons, Painted		.41

Written by Solomon Canright,
Pine Bluff, Ark